

## GEORGE BIRD ON CANADA

Former Florence Man Who Has Removed to Far Northern Country Writes an Interesting Letter to the Tribune Telling of the Conditions and Methods of Agriculture in His New Home in Canada in the Beautiful Spring Time.

Wileox, Sask., April 7, 1910.—Editor Florence Tribune: As we are now settled in our new home, I will tell you how we like it. It is certainly an immense country, 169 acres being considered a small farm. The soil is like the country, immense, and according to reports the crops produced on it, ditto.

The land is almost a dead level. We can see twenty-five miles south and fifteen miles west. The Moose Jaw creek meanders through our place in width anywhere from ten to forty feet wide, with plenty of fish after the June rains and plenty of ducks and geese before.

Easter Sunday the northern lights were a grand sight, the center of radiance being directly over us, shooting rays of light in all directions except south. April 6, at 6:15 a. m., we saw towns fifty miles away, but they were upside down about one hundred feet in the air. They appeared to be within two or three miles of here. To the north and south of us they were so directly in line with the sun they were right side up and on the ground, but double their natural height. The mirage lasted three-quarters of an hour when it slowly faded from sight.

Plows are running on every side by horse-power, gasoline, steam and oxen. Not much grain has been sown yet but will be next week. Most of the plowing is done by four-horse teams and gang plows which turn forty inches to a round; a six-horse outfit turns 60 inches to a round. Though five feet to a round is quite a chunk it doesn't make a very big hole in a field a half mile or mile wide. There are several gasoline plows around here using eight gang plows. Some do fine work and some do not, depending (as with horses) largely upon the driver.

The weather up here is pretty fair. Easter Sunday we had a rain, then one about every other day last week and another last Sunday. I suppose we'll have our seven weeks' rain all right. The temperature runs on an average from 49 degrees to 60 degrees, though several mornings it freezes so hard we couldn't run the plows till noon. The frost is out of the ground about two feet to thirty inches now.

GEORGE T. BIRD.

### Card of Thanks.

We take this means to thank our many friends, the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers, and the Independent Order of Odd Fellows for their kindness and sympathy shown us in the recent bereavement of Benjamin.

D. V. SHIPLEY AND FAMILY.

### NOTICE TO PROPERTY OWNERS.

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

GEORGE GAMBLE.

Fire Inspector.

### Boys' Acre Corn Contest.

To the Nebraska boy under 18 years of age, growing the largest yield of corn from one acre of ground, in year 1910, \$50; the second, \$25; third, \$20; fourth, \$15; fifth, \$10; and to the sixth, seventh, eighth, ninth, tenth and eleventh, \$5 each.

The entire labor of preparing the ground, planting, cultivating and harvesting of this acre of corn to be performed by the contestant, who enters contest by recording his name in the office of W. R. Mellor, Secretary, Lincoln, not later than May 20, 1910.

Said acre to be measured, husked and weighed in the presence of two disinterested free-holders, residents of said county in which the acre of corn is located. Said committee to forward affidavit as to weight and requirements of specifications in this contest to the secretary of the State Board of Agriculture, not later than November 15, 1910. The contestant shall file with the secretary a full and detailed account of his method of performing the work, fertilizer used, if any, and character of the soil on which the crop was grown. On request of secretary a sample of the ten ears must be exhibited by prize winners at the office of the Board in Lincoln.

Over 90 boys entered this contest last year and one boy succeeded in raising 113 bushels on one acre. Boys of Florence, why don't you try? State Fair Sept. 5th to 9th.

Banker Rix is proud of a Japanese shrub that is now covered with flowers on his lawn. Some of the flowers are seven inches across.

## FIREMEN ELECT NEW OFFICERS

Officials to Serve for the Forthcoming Year Are Elected at a Meeting Held Monday Evening.

The volunteer fire department of Florence met Monday evening at the city hall and elected officers for the coming year and listened to reports of the outgoing officers.

The following are the officers elected:

President—L. H. Imm.

Vice President—Henry Hollingsworth.

Secretary—C. B. Kelly.

Treasurer—W. B. Parks.

Chief—Robert Golding.

Assistant Chief—Roy Wilson.

Fireman—Dr. C. A. Sorenson.

First Assistant Foreman—Harry Swanson.

Second Assistant Foreman—T. W. McClure.

Trustee—Henry Anderson.

Trustee—Frank Brown.

Trustee—A. B. Anderson.

The affairs of the company are in splendid condition and a prosperous year is looked forward to.

Presbyterian church was un-

usually well attended at the funeral of Mrs. A. W. Stanley last week. Her daughter's, classmates and teachers in the high school attended in a body. The choir of the Coffman Sunday school sang the anthems and Rev. Mr. Hilkeman preached the sermon. Among those present from Omaha, Florence, and Douglas county Elder Steyer and wife, William Steyer and family, W. Lonergan, from Tekamah, Henry Poole and his sister, Mrs. Moore. There was an unusual display of flowers.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

The Omaha Bee had the following good words to say of Florence last Sunday under a large head: That real estate will move rapidly in Florence this year was assured Tuesday at the election, when the issue of improving the city was at stake and won out. Paving of Main street is now half completed and in another thirty days will be finished and open for the heavy automobile travel that always comes with the warm evenings. There is now under way plans for a complete sewer system, that the beautiful suburb on the north can have all the modern conveniences of city life, as well as the beauties of the country. About forty new houses are now under construction and many more are planned for erection in the near future. The hillsides on the west of the city are rapidly being turned into sites of residences of people endowed with a love of nature, for nowhere in the whole state is such a panorama of artistic scenes spread out by Mother Nature for its lovers. Acre tracts near the city are also in big demand and this week two big farms changed hands, to be divided up in five and ten-acre tracts, to be put on the market this summer. There is such a demand for this class of property that it is sold almost as soon as it is put on the market.

Anderson & Hollingsworth, T. W. McClure and Thomas Dugher have an agreement to close their stores all day Sunday in order to give the clerks a needed rest. People can greatly help by doing their purchasing Saturdays.

The Court of Honor gave a delightful social at Adams' hall Tuesday evening that was enjoyed by a large crowd.

William Ely and E. T. Brillhart of Lincoln spent Monday in Florence in the interests of the Independent Telephone company.

### NOTICE.

There will be a meeting of the Improvement club of Florence at the city hall Tuesday evening. Important business will come before the club and all are invited to be present.

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## FRANCHISE IS EXTENDED

Council Holds a Special Meeting at City Hall Monday Evening to Talk Over Telephone Matters and Finally Pass an Ordinance Granting the Independent Telephone Company an Extension of Time. Also Pay Off a Few Bills to Wind Up Year.

The city council held a special meeting Monday evening to dispose of a batch of business before the last meeting of the fiscal year.

The Independent Telephone company being in the hands of a receiver preparatory to a reorganization, was instructed to secure the re-enactment of the franchise to operate in Florence with an extension of the time for commencing business. Therefore they asked that a special meeting be held and the extension granted.

Being a telephone matter there was lots of talk about the matter, in fact the council tanked so much they burned the fuse out of the electric lights and were left in darkness until a man could be sent to replace the fuse.

After the call, to consider any and all matters that might be presented had been read and all councilmen had answered present, the ordinance, 268, was taken up and read and compared with the old ordinance it replaced.

Rule six was suspended unanimously and the ordinance placed on its second and third reading by title and passed with the approval of all the councilmen.

The council ordered electric lights placed at Fifth and Madison and State and Buffalo streets.

The following bills were allowed, all voting yes but Kelly who kept his record of the past year straight by voting no.

George Gamble ..... \$12.50

W. R. Wall ..... 9.00

Bell Drug Co. .... 7.75

G. W. Cooper ..... 10.00

Earl Cosner ..... 28.00

M. Clements ..... 40.95

J. P. Crick ..... 80.00

Charles Cottrell ..... 19.25

M. E. Clements ..... 38.50

Larry Fay ..... 14.00

Councilman Price insisted that the street car company be made to widen the temporary crossings over its tracks on Main street.

Carl J. Larson of the Drayage company said he had broken his wagon while attempting to drive across the crossing on Briggs street and Main.

The fire department registered a kick with the council that the law was not being lived up to in regard to insurance companies paying the occupation tax and it was suggested filing complaints against the property owners who had failed to notify the clerk of the names of the companies they were insured in as is required by law.

Considerable discussion was had on the grading contracts let last year, after which adjournment was taken.

A number of old friends of Mrs. J. A. Holtzman tendered her a surprise party on her birthday, but made a mistake and came a week too late. All enjoyed themselves and went home happy at 11:45 p. m. Those present were: Mr. and Mrs. S. S. Van Horn, Mr. and Mrs. W. Simmons, Mr. and Mrs. Booth, Miss N. McKisick, Mr. and Mrs. Hollo, Mr. J. Kerns, Mrs. Mersick, Mr. Van Horn, Mrs. Agnew, Miss Agnew, Mr. J. B. Roseboro, all of Omaha; Mr. and Mrs. J. Roth and Mr. and Mrs. Weaver, Mr. and Mrs. Gamble, Mr. and Mrs. J. Long, Misses Maggie and Ethel Long, J. H. Lowry and family, W. B. Parks and family of Florence. Through an oversight this was left out of last week's paper.

Miss Martha Wallace of Omaha was the guest of Mrs. E. L. Platz Tuesday.

Mrs. Charles Smith and Miss Dorothy Smith of Omaha were guests of Mrs. J. B. Brisbin Monday afternoon.

Work on the pavement is progressing nicely and by next week the last half of Main street will be open for travel.

The Clover Leaf club will meet at the home of Mrs. A. B. Flint Saturday to perfect the organization and adopt a constitution and by-laws. Four new members have made application.

The Royal Neighbors surprised Mrs. J. H. Harvey Tuesday afternoon and presented her with a gold pin emblem of the order as a token of farewell. An enjoyable afternoon was had.

G. W. Mancini started work on the new sidewalks around the school house this week.

Professor McLane returned Sunday night from Fremont where he had been in attendance upon the meeting of the school teachers.

## BASE BALL SEASON NOW OPEN

Park Under New Management Will Be Scene of Many Good Games This Summer.

Frank Brown and George Siert have purchased the ball park and will present to the fans games every Sunday. The Monmouth Parks, a very fast amateur team, will play most of their games there.

The season opened last Sunday when the first game of a double-header resulted in a victory for the Storz Triumphs from the Alamito Creamery company's nine by the score of 12 to 1. The game was far better than the score indicates. The creamery nine has a good bunch of ball tossers, but lack practice. During the game the Alamitos pulled off a couple of neat double plays. The Triumphs played with a determination not shown before this season and worked together with machine-like precision. Hirsch twirled magnificent ball at critical periods.

Batteries: Triumphs, Hirsch and Coe; Alamitos, Adams and Hachten. Struck out: By Hirsch, 9; by Adams, 2. Bases on balls: Off Hirsch, 2; off Adams, 1. Hit with pitched ball: By Adams, 4. Two-base hits: Durkee, E. Drummy. Three-base hits: W. Drummy, Baer, Hirsch. Stolen bases: bases: McLean (2). Umpire: E. Holmes.

The Mandy Lees defeated the Monmouth Parks by a score of 5 to 0 in a fast and good game at the second game of the double-header. The Mandy Lees played good clean ball from the start and have the making of a good team. They wish to book games with any of the fast amateur teams.

There will be two good games played at the park Sunday afternoon and the lovers of base ball are assured a good exhibition of ball playing.

## PONCA NEWS

The Ponca Improvement club held its regular meeting Monday, April 4. The treasurer's report shows a balance on hand of about \$30. The standing road committee, Mr. T. E. Price, A. Johnson and H. L. Snyder, were present and reported that the work on the Calhoun and loop roads would be done in the spring. The committee on Fairview bridge reported that the prospects are good at present to get the bridge on the proper place of the railroad. N. H. Anderson also reported on work necessary on the bridge and road in front of Dinken's place. Prof. L. W. Chase of the University of Nebraska accepted the invitation to visit Florence and Ponca the first part of May. Mr. Albert Fairbrass also reported on a new road along the Missouri river bottoms. New members are joining the club at almost every meeting and the club is full of ginger, prosecuting the work on hand to an early completion.

The little Presbyterian church of Ponca was most beautifully decorated with apple blossoms and other flowers and plants for last Sunday's services and in the evening four members were received. Dr. R. M. L. Braden, the pastor-at-large of Bellevue, and Elder Charles G. Carlson of the Florence church officiating.

Mrs. Otto Barsch and daughters, Anna and Alwina and Miss Prudence Tracy of Florence were guests at the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Hamann last Sunday; also Rev. W. J. Primrose of Bellevue.

The young people of the Ponca Presbyterian church will give a dramatic social at the Fairview school house, Friday evening, April 22. An interesting literary and musical program has been prepared. The proceeds will be given to the church treasury and it is hoped that a large attendance will be present to help the cause and encourage the young people.

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

Why not join the agency force of The Midwest Life? It is just closing its fourth year and has \$2,150,000 of insurance in force with satisfied policyholders. It treats its agents and policyholders on the square and has never had a law suit of any kind or description. Claims are paid promptly as soon as the proofs of death are submitted. The policies of The Midwest Life are fair and liberal and premium rates are low. There is an increasing determination on the part of Nebraska people to patronize safe and conservatively managed Nebraska companies. They are realizing more and more that money paid a company like The Midwest Life remains in Nebraska; that it is loaned here; stays here in panics and financial depressions, and is not sent away when most needed. There are good openings for three or four more General Agents and any number for local or part time men. Write N. Z. Snell, President, at Lincoln.

Change for the Better. The moving picture theater will hereafter be under the management of J. J. Cole, who will give historical and educational pictures of travel interspersed with comedy and illustrated songs every Friday, Saturday and Sunday nights. He will present only the highest class pictures and at the same admission prices, 10 cents for adults and 5 cents for children.

Steve Goodsell was removed to the home of his son, Frank Goodsell in South Omaha Tuesday. Mr. Goodsell has been ill for some time and it is hoped the change will benefit his health.

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## KILLED THEIR BEST FRIEND

City Council Are Startled by Appearance of an Old Friend, but After Learning What the Friend Wants and Who He Is, Deliberately Kill Him Without Giving Him a Chance to Save His Life by Pleading His Cause.

The city council sat in smoking session.

The mayor was trying the cigars the telephone people had given him, and the air of the room seemed impregnated with the delicate aroma of a tannery.

A father rose to his feet. With his left hand he made a motion, and a solemn hush fell over the assemblage that promised to submerge them.

There had come a knock, gentle, feeble, at the outer door.

"What skate is that, that asks admission?" asked one of the fathers, flecking the ash from his half-burned cigar. "Bid him enter, slave."

The marshal threw wide the portal. A long roll of paper with a piece of pink ribbon around its neck, to hold it together staggered into the room. Those present felt the silence, and the thick, murky hush.

"What would you have?" spoke the man on the high chair.

The roll coughed hoarsely and pulled at the ribbon around its throat. Then, sinking into a desk chair, it replied in muffled tones, with many hacking coughs: "I have come to be passed."

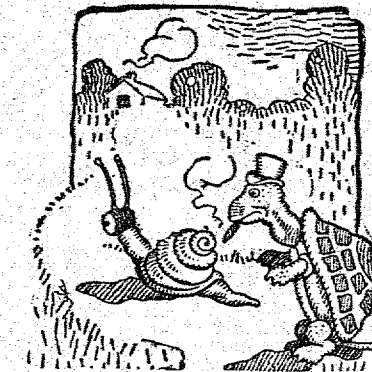
Four of the fathers straightened in their seats.

# Hood's Sarsaparilla

By virtue of its unequalled blood-purifying, nerve-strengthening, stomach-toning, appetite-restoring properties, is the one Great Spring Medicine.

Get it today. In liquid form or chocolate tablets called Sarsatabs. 100 doses \$1.

NO TIME TO LOSE.



Turtle—Wait a minute; I want to see you!  
Snail—I can't; I'm in a hurry; I want to get home before dark, and it's nearly 12 o'clock now.

## A Minister's Indigestion

Rev. Fletcher of Tennessee Suggests a Remedy Based on Personal Experience—You Can Get It Free.

There is nothing that is so much sought after as a remedy for stomach trouble, and hence you will be interested to know how the Rev. A. J. Fletcher of Rutherford, Tenn., whose picture we present herewith, cured his indigestion. To use his own words, and old folks, its purity is vouched to the Government, and results from its use are guaranteed. If you have never tried it send name and address for a free trial bottle, which will be cheerfully sent to your home prepaid. If there is any medical advice that you want, or anything about your condition that you don't understand, write the doctor. Address your letter, Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.



Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin has been sold in drug stores for twenty years. The price is only 50 cents or \$1 a bottle. It is especially adapted to the uses of babies, children, women and old folks. Its purity is vouched to the Government, and results from its use are guaranteed. If you have never tried it send name and address for a free trial bottle, which will be cheerfully sent to your home prepaid. If there is any medical advice that you want, or anything about your condition that you don't understand, write the doctor. Address your letter, Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

**Newfoundland's Bad Record.**  
The Newfoundland Society for the Prevention of Tuberculosis is carrying on a vigorous and necessary campaign this year in the island. The death rate from the disease in Newfoundland is very large. About one in every five of the total population dies of it, and, what is worse, in the last six years the death rate, which is stationary or decreasing elsewhere, has increased about 50 per cent. This is due largely to the native horror of fresh air in the house.

There is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease and prescribed local remedies, and by constantly failing to cure with local treatment, pronounced it incurable. Science has proven Catarrh to be a constitutional disease, and therefore requires constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address: F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, Ohio. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Making a Guess.**  
"Johnny, do you know why I am going to whip you?"  
"Why?"  
"Because you struck a boy smaller than yourself."  
"I thought maybe it was because I am smaller than you are."

We would willingly have others perfect, and yet we amend not our own faults.—Thomas a Kempis.

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

A good many things are important, if true.

**THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**

The first aid to a weak stomach, sluggish liver or constipated bowels should be the Bitters, because it has proven its right to be called "the best." It is for Indigestion, Costiveness and Malaria. Try it.

## STORIES OF CAMP AND WAR

### SOLDIERING ON THE PLAINS

How Sioux Chief Two Face Ran Up Against Gen. Connor and Had His Plans Frustrated.

Company D, Sixteenth Kansas cavalry, to which I belonged, had never been with the regiment a great deal, we being generally on detached duty. We had been sent to the Rio Grande against Maximilian early in 1865, but the order was countermanded while we were at Council Grove, Kan., on the Santa Fe trail. We lay at the Grove about three weeks, when we received orders to report to our regiment at Fort Kearny, by way of Fort Riley, Kan. A few miles out of Fort Riley we saw our last settlers—one lone family—on Salt creek. We struck the Little Blue in Nebraska. We traveled along it for some days, when we came to what had recently



As Soon as Two Face Saw Him He Started for the Door.

been a settlement. The buildings were made of sod, covered with brush and hay, with dirt on top and walls about three feet thick. It looked like a visitation by Indians. They had tried to set fire to the roofs. Some of the doors were partly torn down and the boards ripped off; the windows were also broken, writes Robert Bayles, in National Tribune.

The first place we struck after leaving there was a stage station, not a great ways from where Hastings, Neb., is now. They informed us that the settlement had been wiped out by the Sioux Indians under Two Face. We proceeded to Fort Laramie, and while we were lying at Fort Laramie a woman and child were started back to the States under an escort. The woman was one that had been carried off in the Two Face raid. She had been brought into Fort Laramie by Two Face himself, he expecting to make something out of the transaction.

When Two Face appeared at the fort he inquired for the big chief, expecting to be sent to the post commander. Instead of that he was sent to Gen. Connor. As soon as Two-Face saw him he started for the door to go back downstairs. When the general asked the Indian what he wanted, Two-Face, thinking to make the best of it, told the general he had a white squaw to trade for hog and coffee. Gen. Connor asked him where the white squaw was. The Indian answered: "Away off."

Gen. Connor made up his mind that the woman was not far away; so, telling the Indian to sit down while he wrote a letter, he wrote an order to the post commander to have a scouting party go out back of the fort in the hills for a mile or so and see if they could not find a white woman with an Indian or two, and if they were found to bring them to him. In an hour or so the general was informed that the woman and child were found, and nearly naked, and guarded by two Indians, who were brought to the fort with them. Gen. Connor in his interview with the woman found that she, with two children, a boy of seven and a mere baby in arms, was taken after a desperate fight. There were about 100 Indians in the attack. They backed her husband to pieces in front of her eyes.

After traveling for several days they came to an Indian village, where they put her to work doing all kinds of drudgery. Two Face used her as he wanted to, and when he got tired of her traded her off to another Indian for some ponies. She was used in the same manner by this other Indian. As soon as she got through telling her story Gen. Connor ordered the three Indians to the guard house, with strict orders to see that they did not escape. He then ordered a court-martial to convene the next day. The result of the court-martial was that Two Face was hanged and the other two Indians were sent back to the guard house.

## REAL CURES BEING MADE.

Permanent Cures, Not Temporary Relief Result from United Doctors' New Treatment.

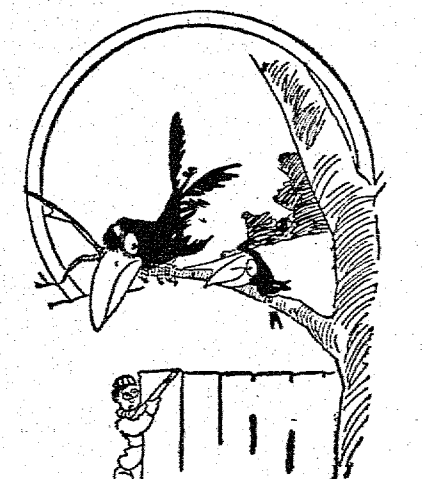
One of the great differences in the treatment used by the United Doctors, who have their Omaha institute on the second floor of the Neville block, corner Sixteenth and Harney streets, and the treatment used by ordinary doctors, is that the United Doctors treat and remove the underlying cause of the disease, while the ordinary doctor often only treats the symptoms. The result of the United Doctors' treatment is a permanent cure. The cause of the trouble is removed and the patient stays well.

A case which illustrates this point nicely is that of Mrs. B. Lee of 1406 Douglas street, Omaha, Neb., who was cured last year and now, after the lapse of all that time to test the permanency of the cure, she is still strong and well and writes as follows: Omaha, Neb., Dec. 9th, 1909.

Dear Doctors:  
For six years I was afflicted with stomach trouble and indigestion. For several years I could not eat anything without great suffering and distress and was compelled to live on milk toast and I run down in weight to almost a skeleton. I had a pasty complexion and bad color, and as several of my relatives had succumbed to tuberculosis I feared that the same disease was to be my fate.

I began treatment with the United Doctors in January of this year and in three months from the time I started in I was a well woman and have remained well ever since. I have gained in flesh until my friends hardly know me and am feeling fine in every way. I can now eat anything I want at all times and can sleep every night. I am sound and hearty and owe my present good health entirely to the treatment of the United Doctors, whom I cannot thank enough for what they have done in my case.

WELL, WHY NOT?



Jimmy Crow—Say, maw! Mrs. Crow—Yes, my son. Jimmy Crow—If flies can fly, why can't crows crow?

### DELAY IS DANGEROUS.

When the kidneys are sick, the whole body is weakened. Aches and pains and urinary ills come, and there is danger of diabetes and fatal Bright's disease. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys and impart strength to the whole system. Mrs. M. A. Jenkins, Quanah, Texas, says: "I was so badly run down that the doctors told me there was no hope. I was so low my relatives were called in to see me before I died. Different parts of my body were badly swollen and I was told I had dropsy. Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life, and made it worth living."

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

Used to It.  
Recently a lady witness in a court up the state was subjected to a troublesome fire of cross questions, and the lawyer, thinking that some apology was necessary, tried to square himself. "I really hope, madam," said he, "that I don't annoy you with all these questions."  
"Oh, no," was the prompt reply; "I am accustomed to it."  
"You don't mean it?" wonderingly returned the lawyer.  
"Yes," rejoined the lady, "I have a six-year-old boy at home."

**His Face Was Turning Yellow**  
Someone told him that sallowness was caused by an inactive liver. He began taking NATURE'S REMEDY, his natural color returned, his brain cleared. His liver was again active. NE tablets never fail to correct the liver, they remove the bile, aid digestion and tone the system. Better than Pills for Liver ills. Take one tonight and you'll feel better in the morning. Get a 2c Box. All Druggists. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

**Ungenerous Lavishness.**  
"Your former husband never complained about the alimony!"  
"No," answered Mrs. Flimglit, "he was brute enough to say his motto was 'Freedom at any cost!'"

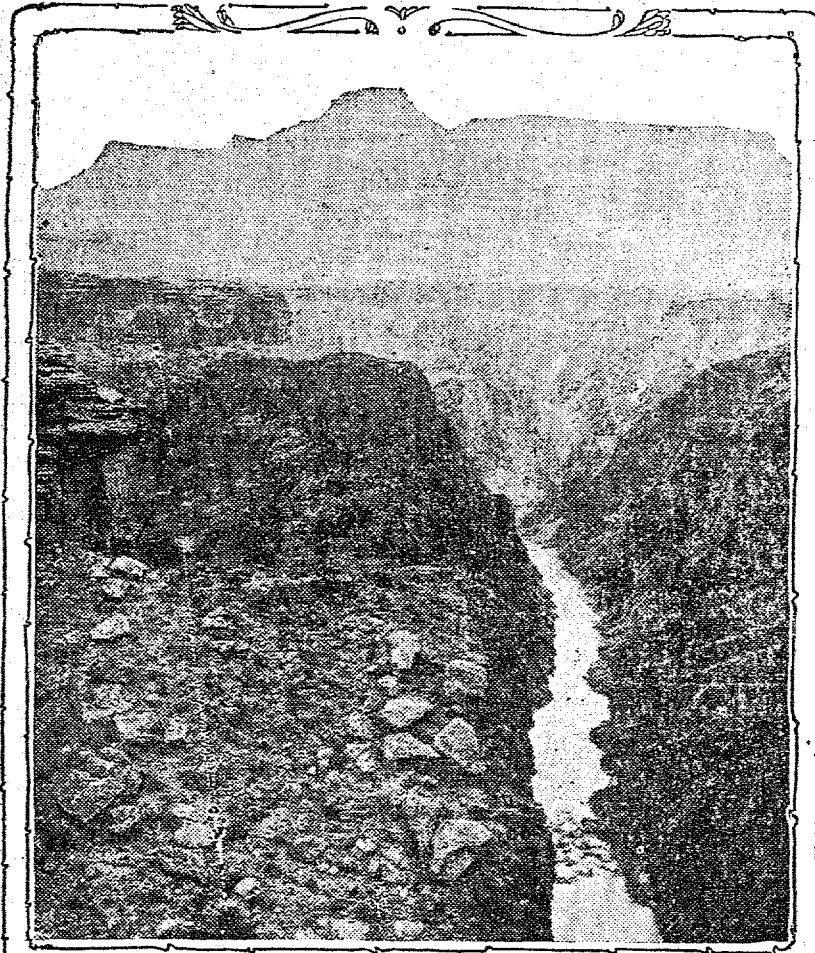
**When Rubbers Become Necessary**  
And your shoes pinch, shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Cures tired, aching feet and takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Always use it for Breaking in New shoes and for dancing parties. Sold everywhere. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Usually the Case.**  
"Did your wealthy old uncle leave many heirlooms?"  
"Oh, yes. A new hair looms up almost every week."—Smart Set.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar is never doped—only tobacco in its natural state.

If there really was a foolkiller the world would soon be depopulated.

# DESERTS OF COLORADO



COLORADO RIVER AND GRAND CANYON

THE Colorado desert contains enough wonders to make it attractive as a field for the traveler of an inquisitive turn of mind who enjoys visiting little known territory. There is opportunity for adventure and scientific study. There are miles upon miles of sand dunes whose rippled surfaces remind one of the sandy bottom of a pool of water and whose aridity and menace to the inexperienced are unsurpassed by the worst sections of the Sahara or Tibetan deserts. Before the waters of the Colorado poured into the Salton sink, creating a lake nearly 500 square miles in area and 80 feet deep, there was a marsh with an incrustation of salt from six to twelve inches thick. This salt was so pure that the bed was worked with success commercially. It was constantly renewed in a way that would seem mysterious in the almost rainless land to one unacquainted with the geological conditions existing beneath the sloping surface of saline crystals. Water flowed down through the soil from the mountains bordering the desert on either side at some points under a pressure of 48 pounds to the square inch. It forced its way up to the surface and was there evaporated, leaving the salt behind.

Mud volcanoes provide interest and excitement for the adventurous traveler. Before the Colorado burst through into the irrigation canal just below Yuma and flowed north through the dry channels of two ancient rivers into the Salton sink, there used to be mud volcanoes north of the Mexican border and just south of the sink. They were drowned in the lake which resulted from the floods of the Colorado. There are such volcanoes, however, in the desert in the northern part of Lower California. The volcanoes seem uncanny, so strangely out of place do they appear in the silt plain which constitutes most of the desert surface.

The solifataras in California before their submergence had been visited a number of times by explorers, although not always with safety. They rose near mounds of volcanic rock. One explorer, in attempting to cross the thin crust which covered the hot mud bog separating the mounds from the solid ground broke through and was scalded so seriously that his explorations had to be abandoned and his life was in peril for a time.

The miniature craters looked much like dilapidated beehives and emitted sulphurous vapors that, crystallizing, lined the vents with glittering yellow crystals. The hot water around the bases of some of the fumaroles was so acid that shoes or clothing moistened with it were destroyed.

The second group of solifataras is about 40 miles south of the international boundary line, near the base of a dark butte named Cerro Prieto. They are much more active than were those on the north side of the line. They boil constantly and emit unearthly sounds.

One of the riders of a big cattle company, according to a tale going the rounds of the cattlemen, while under the influence of liquor, visited this infernal region with its puffing jets of steam, sulphurous odors, treacherous marshes and weird coloring. He decided to explore the interior of one of these Stygian caves. He had hardly disappeared from view before he reappeared in a sobered state and started on a dead run for his pony.

"The crust's too thin in this neighborhood for me!" he exclaimed. "I don't believe the end of that hole is more than 40 feet from hades, and while I'm a fair gambler and only an ordinary sinner, I don't want to take any chances hereabouts. Calexico and the forget-it water for mine."

In some not distant prehistoric time the space now occupied by the desert was the head of the Gulf of California. The water line on the rocks and the beach line in the sands can

still be plainly seen. Over the floor of the desert are scattered myriads of shells of water mollusks. The mouth of the Colorado river was then in the neighborhood of Yuma, Ariz., 60 miles north of its present junction with the gulf. At the present time the river is discharging annually into the gulf enough of the silts scoured out of the great canyons in Utah and Arizona to cover a square mile 53 feet deep.

Water is not the only element of nature which has had a hand in creating this the most arid desert in North America. The wind has done its share as a sculptor and transporter of soil. Sweeping down through the northern pass it carries countless tons of the sand deposited there by a group of small streams toward the southeast, throwing it up into great sand dunes along the southeastern edge of the depression. These dunes are six or seven miles wide and approximately 50 miles long. The movement of the sands across the desert is almost constant at certain seasons of the year, when the wind is from the north. The clouds of sand can be seen approaching while they are yet a great way off.

The erosive power of these tremendous sand blasts is incalculable. Dense and resistant rocks are deeply etched. It is necessary to place stones around the bases of the telegraph poles along the Southern Pacific railroad, otherwise they would be felled by the cutting edge of the sand stream. The sand etches off the softer parts of the wood, leaving the knots and harder rings in strong relief, erodes the fishplates and bolts of the railway track and polishes and then cuts through as by acid tin cans strewn along the track.

A local hurricane which occurs off the east coast of Lower California in the origin of its name, "El Cordonazo," has a connection with Oliver Cromwell. There is a legend among the people of that section that the lord protector once visited that coast in the course of the seventeenth century, and ravaged it so severely as a buccaneer that when it fell to them to name the hurricane they could think of nothing so suggestive of its powers of depredation as Cromwell's visit, and named it accordingly.

There is excuse enough for the barrenness of the desert, as the rainfall is an unknown quantity. It is extremely capricious. Sometimes every season of the year will be accompanied by a fall of rain. Occasionally it will forget to fall at a season. It has been known to rain when no clouds were visible. In this strange country rain is a marked occurrence.

### Luxuries Imported by Chinese.

The table luxuries of the Chinese in this country are supposed to be confined to chop suey, rice and shark's fins, apart from the sweets that are imported from the Celestial empire for their use. It is not generally known that chop suey should not be included among the dishes to which the so-called Celestials are used in their own country. It is a concoction made popular in California years ago when the Mongolian cooks catered, for the first time, to the Caucasian appetite. But there is a fidelity to their native productions that is responsible for another food imported by them, despite the fact that the same might be obtained here in abundant quantity, namely, eggs. The custom house records show that in 1908 there were imported from Hong-Kong 11,801 dozen eggs, exclusively for the use of the Chinese.

**Needed Reform in China.**  
According to the Peking Daily News, the Chinese ministry of the interior intends to make investigations concerning the prohibition of early marriages, which it considers to be attended with evil results. The age may be fixed at 20.

## FAMOUS DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.



### HAD A PRIVATE MENAGERIE

No Other Explanation for Colonel's Extraordinary Outbreak Seems Possible.

"Hit's a wonder to me," said the old family servant, "dat de ol' kunnel don't go into de circus business, out an' out—he see so many animiles 'long 'bout de Chris'mus time, an' dey does sich funny tricks! Leastways, dat what he say. Only yistiddy de preacher come ter see him, ridin' of his ol' blin' hoss—I mean de hoss what blin' in one eye—an' w'en de kunnel spied him he holler out: 'Git off dem two elephants, an' tu'n dat tiger loose, for he bite de life outen you!' An' shoo dem two monkeys off yo' shoulder, an' don't let dat giraffe poke his long neck in my winder!' Well, sub, de preacher wuz c'lar kerdumfuzzed, he wuz, seein' ez dar warn't nuttin' 't all dar but him an' his ol' blin' hoss; but w'en he mean de kunnel grab his ol' war musket an' holler dat he'd shoot dem monkeys off his shoulder, de preacher say: 'Lawsd he'p him!' an' de time dat ol' blin' hoss made git-tin' back ter whar he come fum wuz too quick ter be sot down in de racin' rickords!"—Atlanta Constitution.

**A Small Loaf.**  
A half-famished fellow in the southern states tells of a baker (whose loaves had been growing "small by degrees and beautifully less") who, when going his rounds to serve his customers, stopped at the door of one and knocked, when the lady within exclaimed: "Who's there?" and was answered: "The baker." "What do you want?" "To leave your bread." "Well, you needn't make such a fuss about it; put it through the keyhole."

**Tuberculosis in Ireland.**  
A bill will be brought before the British parliament calling for steps to be taken to prevent the high mortality from tuberculosis in Ireland. The bill will demand the compulsory notification and registration of tuberculosis cases, the establishment of special institutions for consumptive patients, the instruction of the public about this disease, and improved control over the meat and milk supplies.

**Getting in Deep.**  
"Father," said little Rollo, "what is the fourth dimension?"  
"Why—er—my son, that is hard to explain to the inexpert intelligence. It is something that may exist, only you can't locate it."  
"I know. It's like the piece of pie I'm to get when there is company to dinner."

**Anything in a Name?**  
"Say, pa?"  
"What is it?"  
"Can a rear admiral go to the front?"—Judge.

It is always a shock to a man to discover that a woman "knows her own mind," when he marries her under the impression that she hasn't any.

**Many a Clever Housewife**  
Has learned that to serve

# Post Toasties

Saves worry and labor, and pleases each member of the family as few other foods do.

The crisp, dainty, fluffy bits are fully cooked—ready to serve from the package with cream or good milk.

Give the home-folks a treat.

**"The Memory Lingers"**  
Pkgs. 10c. and 15c.

Postum Cereal Company, Ltd., Battle Creek, Mich.

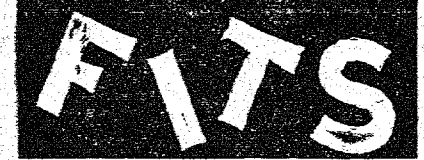
# WORTH MOUNTAINS OF GOLD

## During Change of Life, says Mrs. Chas. Barclay

Graniteville, Vt.—"I was passing through the Change of Life and suffered from nervousness and other annoying symptoms, and I can truly say that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has proved worth mountains of gold to me, as it restored my health and strength. I never forget to tell my friends what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me during this trying period. Complete restoration to health means so much to me that for the sake of other suffering women I am willing to make my trouble public so you may publish this letter."—MRS. CHAS. BARCLAY, B.F.D., Graniteville, Vt.

No other medicine for woman's ills has received such wide-spread and unqualified endorsement. No other medicine we know of has such a record of cures of female ills as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. For more than 30 years it has been curing female complaints such as inflammation, ulceration, local weaknesses, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration, and it is unequalled for carrying women safely through the period of change of life. It costs but little to try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and, as Mrs. Barclay says, it is "worth mountains of gold" to suffering women.

Trial Bottle Free By Mail



## FITS

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Trial 42 Bottle of Dr. May's Epileptic Cure.

It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory Under Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Guaranty No. 18971. Please write for Special Free 42 Bottle and give Act and complete address.

DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York.

Please mention this paper. Druggists all over.

## Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

### CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver.

Stop after dinner—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

GENUINE must bear signature:

Free A Package of "Paxtine" Will Be Sent Free of Charge to Every Reader of this Paper.

## PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at druggists or by mail.

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., Boston, Mass.

## WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It:

"I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. Feed the best and cheapest and get the best results. Your market will be more certain. Your farmers will produce the supplies. Wheat can be grown up to the 60th parallel 180 miles north of the International boundary. Your vacant land will be taken at a rate beyond present conception. We have enough people in the United States alone who want homes to take up this land."

### 60 ACRE FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

70,000 Americans will enter and make their homes in Western Canada this year. 1000 more and another large crop of wheat, oats and barley, in addition to which the cattle and sheep will be raised. Cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta.

Free homestead and pre-emption areas, as well as lands held by railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions.

Adaptable soil, healthful climate, splendid schools and churches, and good railroads.

For settlers' rates, descriptive literature "The Best West," how to reach the country and other particulars, write to Dept. of Emigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT  
Room 4 Bee Bldg. Omaha, Neb.  
(Use address nearest you.)

## PATENT YOUR IDEAS.

They may bring you thousands of dollars. Write to the Patent Office, Washington, D.C.

## WORLD OF WONDERS

### FOLLY TO TALK OF THE MONOTONY OF LIFE.

Surely There Can Be No Excuse for Even a Moment of Dullness of One Will But Pause and Consider.

There are not a few women in the world to-day who complain bitterly that their life is insufferably dull. They are almost bored to death with the monotony of their existence. The consequences of a dull life are serious, for dullness propagates a host of evils such as slander, malice, and strife. "If the brain sows not corn it plants thistles."

"When I hear," said a public man, "that any one has been speaking ill of me behind my back, I am not angry with him, but I merely say to myself, 'How dull he must have been to have had nothing better to do!'" And yet no intelligent person should live a one-toned (monotonous) life. Life monotonous! when we are every moment touching this wonderful world of five points—hearing, seeing, smelling, tasting, feeling. Life monotonous! when our sojourn in this world—of which, as Goldwin Smith said, we know as little as the mole knows of the world of vision—is so brief, and so uncertain. Life monotonous! in a world of some 1,200,000,000 living human beings, not to mention the animal creation with its wealth of intelligence. Life monotonous! with such an inlook! outlook! uplook! Surely there is no excuse for dull monotony in such a world, and, above all, in such an age as ours.

However restricted may be the circumstances of the daily life, it is possible to maintain among least things what Wordsworth calls "an under-sense of greatness."

This is an absolute and never-failing cure for dullness and monotony. The cultivation of ideas is the real charm of life. No life can be commonplace and uninteresting where the mind is kept uppermost.

An idea is still the alchemist that turns the world to gold. However petty may be a woman's occupation—and let it be remarked in passing that it often calls for greatness to do little things—she can, according to her capacities (and capacity increases by cultivation) revel in what Macaulay calls "the infinite wealth of the mental world." There is no irksomeness, no want of variety, in the thought world.

No two days of any intelligent life ought to be exactly similar. Every day should be a fresh beginning. Every day should be enriched with little excellences which are, after all, so great!

"Fear not," said the late Cardinal Newman, "lest thy life come to an end, but rather lest it never have a beginning."

### To Remove Whitewash.

When the ceilings or walls of rooms have been covered with several successive coats of whitewash and this withstands the scraping process, commonly applied with a stout broom or scraper, the following treatment will be found successful in removing it. Take three pints of flour and beat smooth with cold water; then pour boiling water to it until it is cooked into a fairly thick paste. Dissolve one pound of alum in hot water and pour it into the paste. Apply this over the adhering whitewash on walls or ceiling, being careful to cover it thoroughly. Then close the room, and let it stand over night. In the morning the bits of lime which may be left clinging to the walls are easily brushed off. Before papering a room all nail holes and cracks in the plaster should be filled with a stiff paste of plaster of paris mixed with water. This should be allowed to dry before the paper is applied.

### The Shrines of Chili.

At various places in Chile, dotted up and down the countryside, may be found many small shrines. Some consist of a small, hut-like arrangement, others are mere holes cut into neighboring rocks; while others, again, are nothing more than a hollow pile of stones. They usually mark the spot where some one has met his death by violence, and the shrine is built by the pious friends of the deceased, who keep candles burning in it to light the departed soul on its way. One little cement hut which I saw was rather a neat one of its kind, and must have taken some trouble to set up, as it is placed about ten miles from the nearest township and on a very bad road. The melted wax from the candles has flowed down the side of the hill. The inscription on the cross reads: "In remembrance of Richard Fuenzalida."—Wide World.

### Fattest People in Europe.

Prof. Lyde, in a recent lecture, described the Danes as the fattest people in Europe. The pre-eminence he ascribes to their lethargic ways and their habit of munching sandwiches all day long. But visitors to Denmark have noticed that even the factory hands, whose hours are much longer than in this country, and who cannot be accused of lethargy, are, generally speaking, noticeably stout. The large consumption of cream may be partially responsible for this. It is continually served up in what appears to the Briton most incongruous company. Thus "ollebrod," one of the most popular of Danish dishes, is made of salt herrings smothered in cream and mixed with raw onions, black bread and beer.

## FEAR RETURN OF THE DEAD

### Significance of Strange Funeral Rites That Preval Among Uncivilized Peoples.

Nearly all savage people (and not a few civilized ones), dread lest the dead should return to trouble them. For this reason an Australian tribe will always desert a camp in which a man has died, and erect new miamias at some distant spot. Among many African tribes a hole is knocked in the wall of a hut in which a man dies, and the corpse is carried through that instead of through the doorway, so that the spirit of the dead man may not be able to find its way back. Some Bornean tribes have a similar dread, and elaborate precautions are taken to prevent the dead from returning to the living. At the graveyard a stick, cleft in the shape of a V, is placed in the ground, and through this the funeral procession passes in single file. As soon as the coffin has been placed on the stage erected for the purpose, the people commence their return, following one another's heels as quickly as possible, saying as they pass through the V-shaped stick: "Keep back, close out all things evil and sickness." When the whole party has passed through, the cleft ends of the stick are tied together, and this is then regarded as "a wall that separates the living from the dead." By so doing they believe that they shut out the spirit of the deceased. They believe that the spirit of the dead is not aware that life has left the body until a short time after the coffin has been taken to the graveyard, and then not until the spirit has had leisure to notice the clothes, weapons, and other articles belonging to its earthly estate, which are placed with the coffin.

### Pastor's Puzzle Made Plain.

The pastor of a West Philadelphia church was very much surprised and pleased last Sunday night when in the course of the service a crowd of persons fully 40 strong entered and seated themselves in the rear pews. The service continued with the clergyman congratulating himself on his unusually large congregation when suddenly the door opened and a man stuck in his head.

"Here she comes," he announced in a loud whisper.

Instantly the late comers arose en masse and rushed to the door. The pastor was so perplexed at the strange occurrence that after service he spoke to one of the vestry who had been standing by the door.

"Don't you know what happened?" asked the vestryman, laughingly.

"No," answered the clergyman, "but I would like to."

"Why, a car broke down right in front of the church. Everybody got out after a few minutes, and, seeing a chance to sit down, they all came in here, leaving one man on watch."

### Dating a Skull.

The ingeniousness in placing the date of the Gibraltar skull at 600,000 years ago lies in the fact that the basis of argument thus laid defies reasonable dispute. Working from so long ago it is manifestly difficult, if not utterly hopeless, to come to more reasonable things. If the life-date of an unearthed skull is placed, say, at 10,000 years ago, some one may rise and remark that it would be more conservative to date the find at, say, 7,500 years ago. But what would be thought of an archaeologist or any other sort of "gist" who metaphorically stared Prof. Keith in the face and asserted that instead of 600,000 years ago, the Gibraltar woman whose skull is under observation lived perhaps only 597,500 years ago? The excellence of the Keith hypothesis (if one may call it that), is apparent.

### Another Dodge.

Theodore P. Shonts, at a dinner in New York, told a street railway story. "A man boarded one of the long-run surface cars with an enormous sack," he began.

"You'll have to pay for that sack," said the conductor, sternly.

"Oh, no," said the passenger. "Oh, no; I never pay for it."

"Off it goes, then," the conductor decreed, and he seized the sack and heaved it forth into the street. It fell heavily, with a dull thud.

"The passenger leaped off after it, wringing his hands.

"My goodness!" he cried, "you've killed my partner."

### Origin of the Bayonet.

The bayonet was due to the fortunate inspiration of a Basque soldier, who, when he and his regiment, having expended their ammunition, were driven to bay in a mountain ride near Bayonne, suggested that they should fix the long knives with which they were armed into the musket barrels and charge the enemy. This advice, which was followed with complete success, was the means of introducing the weapon to the notice of military Europe.

### Advertising.

"Why do you insist on making advertisements on the unpopular side of a subject?"

"Well," replied Senator Sorghum, "the people see so many arguments on the right side of a question that the only way to get a reputation for sensational originality is to contradict them."

### A Leaning to Art.

"Which do you prefer, art or nature?"

"Art," replied Mr. Crosslots. "The pictures in the gardening magazines always look better than what comes up from the seeds you buy."

## UNCLE JOE CANNON

### HE ALSO SPEAKS WELL OF CANADA.

No matter what may be the opinion of Mr. Joseph Cannon, no matter if he may be looked upon by some as a czar, and by others as a big warm-hearted man, with many of the instincts that make humanity very bearable, all will admit that he is a man who has been advertised more than any other man in the United States. What he may have to say therefore on any subject, will have weight. Observant, he speaks his mind freely. He was interviewed the other day by the correspondent of a Canadian newspaper. He spoke of his admiration for Canada, and he is quoted in a way that pictures fairly well the person of the man. The correspondent says he launched out into personal biography, proverbial philosophy, political comment, cynical scorn, broad profanity and sentimental poetry such as one rarely hears in the space of an hour. He discussed the Canadian tariff, and then said: "People say I break the Ten Commandments, all of them. But I don't, at least not often. I did break one of them up in Canada two or three years ago. As I rode from Winnipeg to the Rockies over your great West and saw the finest wheatfields in the world, I thought of Virginia and a lot of our States, and I smashed the Tenth Commandment every hour of the journey. Yes, sir, I coveted my neighbor's land." Coming from a man of the fame of Mr. Cannon, these were words that should have some weight with the Americans who may still have doubts of the advantages that are offered to them in Western Canada. A home amongst the wheatfields. Hundreds of thousands of Americans are adopting it. They go to Central Canada, to any one of the three Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta, or to the Coast Province of British Columbia, take up their homestead of 160 acres, and probably pre-empt another 160 acres, or it may be they do not care for pioneering twenty or thirty miles from an existing railway, and purchase a farm. Then they settle upon it and, having no clearing away of timber they begin at once to cultivate it, and make money. That they make money and much more than they could possibly make on the high-priced farms they have left, is the evidence of hundreds of thousands. They do not leave civilized life, they but remove from one sphere to another. They have splendid social conditions, churches, schools, rural telephones, splendid roads, railways, convenient just the same as what they left, and what is more, they get much greater returns from their crops, which give abundant yield. The climate is perfect, and it is no wonder that most flattering reports are sent back to their friends in the States, and it is no wonder that Joe Cannon was tempted to speak as he did. He "coveted" his neighbor's land.

### Stern Justice in Russia.

In five years 6,288 death sentences have been pronounced by Russian judges and 2,855 of these were carried into execution. This is an average of 104 death sentences and 48 executions for every month. But there were some months in which the number ran up to 220. January, 1908, was the richest in executions, there having been as many as 19 in one day.

### Hopeless.

"Your store is no good, sir! I asked for lace curtains last week, and I couldn't get 'em."

"Indeed?"

"Yes. And I asked for silk socks yesterday, and I couldn't get 'em."

"That's strange."

"And to-day I asked for credit, and can't even get that. Is this a regular store, or what?"

### A man's idea of a generous act is

having a chance to take all another fellow's money and leaving him some loose change.

### Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, cures diarrhea.

### Money cannot make a man good,

but it can give him the conditions of a good life.—William Smart.

## Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

For over 40 years this celebrated remedy has been making women's lives happier—healthier—safer.

Many thousands of women have testified to its wonderful effect.

## The "Favorite Prescription" is

THE ONE REMEDY that can be depended upon when there is any derangement of the distinctly feminine organism. It purifies, heals, soothes, builds up.

THE ONE REMEDY which absolutely contains neither alcohol (which to most women is rank poison) nor injurious or habit-forming drugs.

THE ONE REMEDY which is so perfect in its composition and so good in its curative effects as to warrant its makers in printing its every ingredient, as they do, on its outside wrapper, verifying the same under solemn oath.

It is needed when backaches make life miserable—when a sickening, dragging, bearing-down feeling makes work a weary agony—when sick headache, nervous irritability, loss of energy and appetite indicate derangement of the womanly organism. It is a purely vegetable compound, being a glyceric extract from native medicinal roots and can not injure in any condition of the female system.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets help the effect of all other medicines by keeping the liver active and the bowels open. They regulate and strengthen Stomach, Liver and Bowels. Easy to take as candy. At all dealers—get what you ask for.

World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

900 DROPS

## CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT  
Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

### INFANTS & CHILDREN

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral NOT NARCOTIC.

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHER

Pumpkin Seed -  
Almonds -  
Rochelle Salt -  
Anise Seed -  
Sassafras -  
Aloes -  
Worm Seed -  
Clarified Sugar -  
Wintergreen -  
Peppermint

A perfect Remedy for Constipation, Sour Stomach, Diarrhoea, Worms, Convulsions, Feverishness and LOSS OF SLEEP.

Fac Simile Signature of  
Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,  
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old  
35 Doses—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act  
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

# CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

## The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of

Use For Over Thirty Years

# CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK, OIT.

## 40,000 FARMERS AND DAIRYMEN

all over the country are using the National Cream Separator every day in the year. Most of them have tried other makes but find the

### National Cream Separator

superior in every point of importance. Their accumulated experience should be of great value to you in selecting a separator. Read the following:

NORTH STOCKHOLM, N. Y., March 24, 1909.

The Hastings Industrial Co., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sirs:—There is no machine that will come up to the NATIONAL in all points. They turn easily, are easy to clean and they are durable. Have used it eight years, and it is running fine today.

Yours truly,  
(Signed) S. S. CURTIS

Your dealer will demonstrate a National free of charge if you insist. Our illustrated catalogue mailed free to farmers and dairymen.

THE NATIONAL DAIRY MACHINE COMPANY  
Goshen, Indiana Chicago, Illinois

# MICA AXLE GREASE

is the turning-point to economy in wear and tear of wagons. Try a box. Every dealer, everywhere.

## STANDARD OIL CO.

(Incorporated)

## PINK EYE

FOR DISTEMPER, CATARRHAL FEVER AND ALL NOSE AND THROAT DISEASES

Cures the skin and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for brood mares and all others. Best kidney remedy. 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle; \$5.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturers.

SPOHN MEDICAL CO., Chemists GOSHEN, INDIANA

## Gillette

For Every Man and All Men

NO STROPPING NO HONING

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

## Turlock Irrigation District

of California

The LAND OF SUNSHINE and OPPORTUNITIES. Healthful Climate. A-1 Land; ABUNDANT WATER at low rate; Peaches, Apricots, Figs, Olives, Sweet Potatoes. Alfalfa and Dairying pay better than \$100.00 per acre yearly. Write for illustrated booklet.

DEPT. B. TURLOCK BOARD OF TRADE, Turlock, Cal.

## PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

## W. G. SHINN

Manufacturer of COPPER CABLED LIGHTNING RODS

## Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

MAKES WEAK WOMEN STRONG, SICK WOMEN WELL.

For over 40 years this celebrated remedy has been making women's lives happier—healthier—safer.

Many thousands of women have testified to its wonderful effect.

## The "Favorite Prescription" is

THE ONE REMEDY that can be depended upon when there is any derangement of the distinctly feminine organism. It purifies, heals, soothes, builds up.

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World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

# The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.  
Office at  
**BANK OF FLORENCE**  
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.  
LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.  
E. L. PLATZ, Editor. Tel. 315  
JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr., Tel. 155  
Published every Friday afternoon at  
Florence, Neb.

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

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

**CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.**  
Mayor ..... F. S. Tucker  
City Clerk ..... Charles Cottrell  
City Treasurer ..... W. H. Thomas  
City Attorney ..... R. H. Olmsted  
City Engineer ..... Harold Reynolds  
City Marshal ..... Aaron Marr  
Councilmen:  
Robert Craik,  
J. H. Price,  
Charles Allen,  
Dan F. Kelly,  
Police Judge ..... J. K. Lory.

**Fire Department.**  
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1. FIRE DEPARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the second Monday evening in each month. Louis Ihm, President; W. E. Wall, Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; George Gamble, Chief.

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

Florence, Nebr., Friday, April 15, 1910

## BRAIN STORMS

Clear up.

There's a reason why you should read the ads in the Tribune.

To the Commercial club: The saddest words ever written, "It might have been."

"April showers bring forth May flowers." But where the dickens are the April showers?

The way to have a city beautiful is to clean up the yards as well as the streets and alleys.

While the council was about it why not make the street car company pave its portion of the street instead of just fixing up the crossings.

Tel.: Florence 146 or Douglas 16. Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

They say a camel can go nine days without drinking. Convey the news to them that Lincoln went dry.

An Old-Time Quiltin'-Bee. Yes, 'twas a grand reception, all in first-class, high-toned style, 'tith flowers everywhere an' fruits as high as they could pile!

The aristocracy was there, all gorgeously arrayed; While fiddlers, hid behind some palms, jest played an' played an' played.

Lucindy—she's my wife—was decked in dresses rich an' rare. 'tith flounces an' 'tith fureblows, an' flowers in her hair;

Yit, somehow, as I look at her, it all come back to me— That night when first I met her at an old-time quiltin' bee.

How mem'ry keeps a-runnin' back to other days an' scenes! I sometimes 'most fergit the part o' life 'at intervenes.

Betwixt them years when all I owned was boyish hope an' health 'An later times 'at brought me more o' worriment an' wealth.

An' at that big reception, in the midst o' beauty's glare, Her face, though old an' wrinkled, was the dearest picture there— The one whose smile o' friendship has been sweetest, far, to see Since first I felt her glances at that old-time quiltin' bee.

In them good days us old folks call the "happy long ago." Some afternoon the girls 'ud meet an' gally chat an' sew,

An' keep it up till evenin', when the boys 'ud congregate An' hold a sort o' party till the night was growin' late;

N' 'en when the quilt was finished, why, they'd take the family cat An' place her in the middle o' the quilt an' holler "scat!"

The boy an' girl she jumped betwixt, so everybody said, Of all 't was at the quiltin', why, they'd be the first to wed.

An' so that night I mention, when the quiltin' all was done, The girls was eager fer to see which way the cat 'ud run;

I won't fergit Lucindy, as I saw her by my side, Ner how she blushed a crimson as they called us groom an' bride.

We yowed 't was all an accident, an' so I've allers said; But, anyhow, afore a year had passed away, we wed,

An' to this day they ain't no scenes 'at seem so sweet to me As mem'ries o' the evenin' at that old-time quiltin' bee.  
—Nixon Waterman.

**CARRIAGE FOR SALE.**  
Will sell cheap my fine family carriage, almost as good as new. Examine it at my barn in Florence.  
R. H. OLMSTED.

Help the clerks by making your purchases early.

This is supposed to be spring but no rains seem to spring on us.

It can't be charged up to the Imities for they did not call a meeting until after the election.

Why can't everybody put their shoulder to the wheel and push for a bigger and better Florence.

The census man will soon start out to learn all you know. Give him the glad hand and help the good work.

It's easy to see why James C. Dahlman wants the capitol removed from Lincoln. There's no votes there for him.

Look out when you go out in the country these days as the flowers have pistols and there is shooting besides the bursting of buds.

A man said to the editor the other day, "I don't like your paper," and the editor replied, "No wonder you don't for you never pay for it."

The livest wire in Florence is the Commercial club but at present it is disconnected from the battery of influence.

Were you ever in love? If so you know how irrational you were. All the obstructionists are in love—with themselves.

About the first work of the new council will be to act upon the application for liquor licenses and they will grant them although some of the applications are not according to law.

Halley's comet is approaching nearer the earth every day and if you don't like the Tribune as well as you did formerly, just blame the comet, not the editor; he has troubles of his own—a wife and four children.

The formation of the club of boys to study lives of presidents of the United States and the club of girls to study domestic science show a healthy tendency on the part of the children to equip themselves for the battle of life.

In studying the lives of presidents the boys are sure to absorb a great deal of political economy and the citizen of the future will have need of this learning, which is sadly deficient these days. Likewise the girls in studying domestic science for the day has passed when the girl can go into the home unequipped for its duties. Let the good work go on.

For Sale—Grape vines. Telephone Florence 3503.

The Boys of Honor will meet Tuesday afternoon at the city hall and organize a municipal government with all officers. They cleared over \$8 on their entertainment of last Thursday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Riemer attended the wedding of Miss Edith Vapor and Mr. William F. Fraenkle in Omaha Tuesday evening.

During the past week John Lubold sold three lots in block 92 to Omaha parties who will build on them at once. He also sold two lots to Frank Pascale who will improve them at once.

Walter Van Plank who has been in Chicago and Buffalo, N. Y., on business for some time returned Tuesday.

W. A. Yoder returned Sunday from Fremont where he attended the meeting of the school teachers.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hunt will entertain the members of the Imogen Study club and their husbands Friday evening. A fine musical program will be given.

The Ladies' Aid society elected officers Thursday afternoon and officers of the Presbyterian church held a business meeting at the parsonage Friday afternoon.

Fort Calhoun. Mr. Doyle of the Mutual telephone office and his stepson, Arthur Berrie, have gone to Idaho.

Henry Wulff, who moved from the farm to Bennington a few years ago, has bought a livery stable.

It seems there was a Fort Atkinson in the northern part of Iowa during the Mexican war that has been confused with the old fort in Washington county, 1819-1827.

Mr. Pearson, living on the bottoms, sold one of his horses to Scott Allen for \$250.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris Staben buried a son, their first born, about a week old in the Fort Calhoun cemetery, April 4. In spite of busy times a large company of people came in from the farms with them. Elder W. H. Woods officiated at the cemetery.

William Sierk marketed cattle at South Omaha, Monday.

There was a very large attendance at the funeral of the aged Dedlef Rohwer, who died on Long creek last week. Rev. Mr. Hilkeman preached the sermon. He was buried at Fort Calhoun.

## GREAT FUN FOR THE BOYS

Nothing Appealed to Them More Than Practice of Mashing Pins on the Railroad.

Away back there most of us remember the joyful if somewhat dangerous amusement we had in mashing pins on a railroad track. There was nothing like it.

To begin with, they didn't want us to do it, and there was an idea in our youthful heads that if ever a railroad man caught us putting things on the rails he'd skin us alive.

But there was something fascinating about it, and we all did it. Ordinary pins would do, but horseshoe nails were fine. Sometimes we would put a bit of metal across a pin and make a sword.

We'd creep out of the fence corners and carefully lay our pins along the track just before the Limited came along. A freight would mash pins, of course, but took too long in passing, and always jarred the pins every-which-way.

"Look out!" somebody would shout; "here she comes!" And away down the track, beyond the wide, sweeping curve, you could see the black smoke belching from the engine's smokestack. Then in a few moments you'd hear the rails singing, and in a few seconds more you would see the train swing into the straight-away track in the cut, headed for you like a streak.

Then you'd scramble down into the fence corners again and wait, gripping your teeth hard together. The train would bear down on you, faster and faster. The roar became like that of a great storm. The very earth was jarred; the rails rang madly, and with a gusty, heat-filled dash of metal and varnished cars the train sped past like a tornado, leaving behind it a sucking wind and an aftermath of sweeping dust, roaring on into the distance.

You'd catch your breath and rub the dust out of your eyes, and then go look for the mashed pins. Some of them you'd find, all right, but some would be hopelessly lost. Those on the track would be mashed as flat as any child would want—just as thin as paper.

Why, a train would flatten you like that if you lay down on the track. Then somebody would see away down the rails a hand car coming, with men in dirty blue pants pumping up and down, and there would be a scramble for safety.

If they ever caught you mashing pins on their tracks they'd sure skin you!—Galveston News.

**A Stand-Off.**  
Her—Do you love me?  
Him—Yes, dear.  
Her—But how much?  
Him—Just as much as you love me.  
Her—Brute!—Cleveland Leader.

**A Doctor's Wooing.**  
When Dr. Johnson asked the Widow Porter to be his wife, he told her candidly that he had no money and that his uncle had been hanged. The widow replied that she cared nothing for his parentage; that she had no money herself, and that, though she had no relation hanged, she had 50 who deserved hanging. So they made a match of it.

**Burn Requires Care.**  
Do not neglect a burn as soon as the first sting is passed. Should there be the least sign of inflammation or of pus accumulating call in a doctor at once. In case of bad burns it is sometimes necessary to wrap the victim in cotton to keep out all air. In such case the doctor would naturally be in charge.

**Never in This State.**  
What heartless creatures some men can be! News comes from Ohio that the dean of a girls' school has been starving the dears in order to apply the board money to the school's debts. That could never happen in Texas or Maine. We didn't say anything about New Hampshire.—Kennebec Journal.

**Rise to the Occasion.**  
It is a commonplace that we cannot answer for ourselves before we have been tried. But it is not so common a reflection, and surely more consoling, that we usually find ourselves a great deal better and braver than we thought.—R. L. Stevenson.

## NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a corporation under the laws of the State of Nebraska under the name of Keirle Grading Co.; that the principal place of business of said corporation is at Florence, Nebraska, with authority to transact business throughout the United States; that the general nature of the business to be transacted by this corporation shall be a general grading, contracting and construction business, and in connection therewith it shall have the right to buy, hold, exchange, mortgage and convey real estate, and to purchase, own, sell or exchange horses and mules and all such other personal property as it may deem proper and necessary in connection with its business; also to borrow money and give its notes and other evidence of indebtedness and to secure the payment thereof, and generally to do and perform such other business as may be incidental to grading and general contracting business; that the capital stock of said corporation is \$10,000.00, divided into 200 shares of the par value of \$50.00 each; that \$6,000.00 of said capital stock shall be subscribed for when the corporation begins business, and all stock shall be fully paid up when issued and be non-assessable; that the corporation shall commence business on the 15th day of March, 1910, and terminate on the 15th day of March, 1925; that the highest amount of indebtedness authorized shall not exceed two-thirds of its capital stock; that the affairs of the corporation shall be conducted by a board of not less than three nor more than five directors to be elected by the stockholders, and by president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer to be elected by the board of directors; the articles of incorporation may be amended at any annual or special meeting.  
Listed March 15, 1910.  
C. J. KEIRLE,  
N. C. BONDESEN,  
R. H. OLMSTED.  
M 18-25, A 1-8.

**Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal Order of Eagles.**  
Past Worthy President..... James Stribling  
Worthy President..... E. L. Platz  
Worthy Vice-President..... F. B. Taylor  
Worthy Secretary..... M. B. Thompson  
Worthy Treasurer..... Henry Anderson  
Worthy Chaplain..... Daniel Kelly  
Inside Guard..... Wm. A. Scott  
Outside Guard..... W. A. Dunn  
Physician..... Dr. W. L. Ross  
Conductor..... P. H. Peterson  
Trustees: W. B. Parks, Robert Golding, W. P. Thomas.  
Meets every Wednesday in Cole's hall.

**ORDINANCE NO. 266.**  
Introduced March 7, 1910, by Councilman Chas. H. Allen.

AN ORDINANCE fixing the salaries of certain city officers and requiring bonds for the faithful and honest discharge of their duties in certain amounts, and repealing all ordinances and parts of ordinances heretofore in force fixing the salaries and bonds of said officers.

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

Section 1. The several city officers herein named shall receive the following compensation for their services, and they shall give bonds for the faithful and honest discharge of their duties in the amounts herein specified.

Mayor	Salary per Annum	\$500.00
Clerk	per Month	50.00
Treasurer	per Month	50.00
Attorney	per Month	50.00
Physician	per Month	50.00
Conductor	per Month	50.00

Sec. 2. The compensation of the Marshal, which shall include his compensation as overseer of streets, shall be \$65.00 per month, and his bond shall be in the sum of \$500.00.

Special policemen shall receive the sum of \$2.00 per day.

Sec. 3. The compensation or salary of all agents of the city, not herein specified, shall be fixed and determined by ordinance and shall not be increased or diminished during the term for which said officer or agent shall be appointed.

Sec. 4. The official bonds herein required shall be approved by the council before any such officer shall enter upon the duties of his office.

Sec. 5. That all ordinances and parts of ordinances heretofore in force fixing the salaries and bonds of said officers, and all ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance be and the same are hereby repealed.

Sec. 7. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.  
Passed and approved this 4th day of April, 1910.  
CHAS. M. COTTRELL, F. S. TUCKER,  
City Clerk. Mayor.

Attest: A15-22  
Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**Church Services First Presbyterian Church.**  
Sunday Services.  
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.  
Preaching—11:00 a. m.  
C. B. Meeting—7:00 p. m.  
Mid-Week Service.  
Wednesday—8:00 p. m.  
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.  
William Harvey Amos, Pastor.

**Church Services Swedish Lutheran Ebenezer Church.**  
Services next Sunday.  
Sermon—3:00 p. m.  
Sunday school—4:30 p. m.  
Our services are conducted in the Swedish language. All Scandinavians are most cordially welcome.

## LODGE DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

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

**STORE NEWS**  
That is what your advertising is, and it will be of interest to the public, and bring to you that increase of business you are looking for if you give us your store news to print.

**WHY?**

# CLEARANCE SALE

OF LADIES SLIPPERS FOR ONE WEEK AT

# THE NEW STORE

THOMAS DUGHER, Proprietor

Sat., April 16th, 1910

One Photo free to all pupils of the Florence school who bring this coupon to

EMORY, the Photographer  
End of Car Line

EMORY, the Photographer  
End of Car Line

**DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED**

**THE KNABE PIANO ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR**

MARK HAMBOURG  
EUGEN D'ALBERT  
BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN  
P. TSCHAKOVSKY  
ZAVER SCHARWENKA  
DR. PARIS VON BULOEW  
ALFRED GRUNFELD  
TERESA CARRENO

### The Florence Tailor

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

Suits to Order \$25.00

Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing

## MEALS

The best in the city for the price.

Over Henry Anderson's GIVE US A CALL

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

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

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted

### McCoy & Olmsted

Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law

652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16

## Rockmount Poultry Farm

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Tel. Florence 315 FLORENCE, NEB.

## Henry Anderson THE SCHLITZ PLACE

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

Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

### THE NEW POOL HALL

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

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

### BLACKSMITH SHOP

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

### C. A. BAUER

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING  
Repairing Promptly Attended to.  
2552 Cuming St. Omaha, Neb.  
Tel. Douglas 3034.

## DR. SORENSON

Dentist

Just South of Bank of Florence

Good Work—Reasonable Prices

Telephone Florence 178

## 5 to 10 Acre Tracts

AT FARM LAND PRICES  
Two miles west of Florence

Prices \$150 to \$175 Per Acre  
One fourth cash, balance easy terms

**Garvinhurst Acres**  
Just South of Briggs Station  
Paved road to Florence

**THOR JORGENSEN**  
FLORENCE, NEB.  
Telephone Florence 367

## FRESH MILK

DELIVERED ANYWHERE  
IN FLORENCE

## WILL LUBOLD

Telephone Florence 165

## THE SERGEANT'S IDEA

By G. STANLEY ELLIS

(Copyright, by Short Stories Co., Ltd.)

"A wise man," said the sergeant, "will often be a fool, but a fool will never be anything else. And a few wise men are worth more than a heap of fools, or perhaps even than a heap of wise men. And a few fools are worth more than a heap of fools. As how? Thus. When we were at Parda, up in what they call the hinterland, beyond Bamboa, which is on the west coast of Africa, the lieutenant and I, and a sergeant of the 'Lions,' the King's Own, and 200 of our niggers made a reconnaissance. When we were three days' march beyond Parda we became aware of a big crowd of niggers, who seemed to wish to bar our way. We judged that by the fact that no fewer than 2,000 of them came up against us with all the weapons they could muster—bows and arrows, spears and such things. Those of them who had trade guns, with gallant disregard of the danger to the men at the butt ends of the old gas-pipes, fired them off at us. At last the lieutenant said:

"Sergeant Harding, the men, for raw blacks, have stood very well. But they're getting a bit out of hand now, and there are at least a dozen down. Do you think any of yours have enough grit in them to cover the—er—retirement?"

"Well, sir, I don't feel very sure of them. Their fellow-heathens have put the fear of God into them. But I'll try with them."

"They stood—oh, yes, they stood—ever so much better than I'd ever expected to see them stand. I retired them by alternate half-sections. The retiring half-section did its work thoroughly and retired for all it was worth. The covering half-section did not seem to have its heart in its work quite so much as the other had, but when I saw a man getting nervous I distracted his attention from the enemy by attacking him in the rear with my boot. When night fell the attack dropped off bit by bit till it ceased and we rejoined the main body."

"So the lieutenant and I and the Lion took our rations together, for when you are schooling niggers in

said the lieutenant. 'They'll cut and run if they are left in camp without one of us.'

"Then I'd like Sergeant Harding with me, sir, and the black sergeant, Big Tom, and 60 good men."

"Do you think that will be enough?" asked the lieutenant.

"I remember, if what Mr. O'Donovan told me was right, sir, that Skobelev had only 150 against 6,000."

"All right, sergeant. I don't question your reminiscences; but what General Skobelev had doesn't prove what you ought to have. As you yourself said, you are not a Skobelev, so take as many as you think you want."

"Sergeant Harding, Big Tom and 60 men will be quite enough, sir," said the Lion, who was an obstinate man.

"When will you start?"

"About 12, sir. I shall take 20 men on the right flank, Sergeant Harding 20 men on the left flank and Big Tom 20 men for a frontal attack. The frontal attack will be the easiest, if I judge the ground right. We shall be all in position before one o'clock. Allow half an hour for delay or going astray, and we shall all attack at half-past one, when I send up a rocket from the right flank. That will be at the darkest time."

"Make it a quarter past one, sergeant," said the lieutenant. "If the others are not up by a quarter of an hour after time, they will either have entirely lost their way or they will have been cut up. In either case they will be of no use to you and though our blacks will fight when properly led, they won't bear waiting in the middle of the night. Even trained white soldiers want some nursing for that."

"Very good, sir," said the Lion, and at twelve o'clock we started.

"With my 20 men I crept on and on through the dense bush, wherein we heard the forest beasts rustling their way through the underwood. Once, for a moment, I saw a pair of yellow eyes glare full into mine, and I brought my rifle to the charge. I was in mortal fear of treading on a snake, which is a thing I hate. Taking one thing with another, I think the niggers, when they object to night expeditions, are certainly right."

"But at last we got close on the left flank of the enemy and there came a time of waiting which seemed hours. I found the lieutenant had been quite right in saying that a quarter of an hour was enough. That quarter's wait in the dark as a C. O. without any one with whom to rub shoulders, being miles above all sympathy and advice, seemed a whole long night to me. I give you my word, it's more companionable and cosier to be in the ranks than to be an officer. The only companionship I had was the chattering behind me of the teeth of the niggers, who were both cold and afraid, and it was all I could do to keep my own from chattering. Just when I thought I could hold on no longer, up went the Lion's rocket with a whizz. It was better to me than the Crystal Palace on a Thursday, or Brock's benefit, or even than the policeman's fete. I never saw a finer display of fireworks than that rocket. We fired a volley, jumped up and ran in with the bayonet. When I met the Lion, five minutes later, in the middle of the enemy's camp, there was not a live and unwounded adversary who was not running for his life; for an untrained black man who wakes up in the middle of the night, to see what he thinks is a fiery serpent in the air and to feel what he knows is a bayonet in his stomach or the small of his back, develops running powers not to be got by training. And we let them run; we were pleased to see it. Next morning, after occupying the camp all night, we marched to our main body. The lieutenant turned out to meet us."

"What did you do, sergeant?"

"We buried three of the enemy, sir, and have 10 prisoners and 120 guns."

"Where are the rest of the enemy?"

"I don't know, sir," said the Lion, "but I should think they are about in Zanzibar by now."

"I'm proud of you, sergeant," said the lieutenant. "It was a very ticklish operation with so few men."

"No, sir," said the Lion with a blush; "it reminds me of what Mr. O'Donovan said Skobelev said. Irregular troops, even of the very bravest, are subject to panics. A night attack is the most nerve-shaking of fights; for irregular troops, if their lines are penetrated, it means destruction. The object being not to cut to pieces, but to strike terror, a small number can make as much noise as a large one. A small party is less liable to confusion and to killing each other. If a small party is destroyed, the destruction does not endanger the main body."

"Thank you, sergeant, very much," said the lieutenant. "But I will not tax your memory any further. I shall recommend you for the D. C. M." "District court-martial, sir?" said the Lion, with open mouth.

"Not this time, sergeant—Distinguished Conduct medal."

Theater as a Sanctuary. Of sanctuaries for the eighteenth century debtor the value of the patent theater must not be overlooked. So long as the actor was in the bounds of the playhouse he was safe. There was John Palmer, for instance, who lived in his dressing-room at Drury Lane, London, for months. But engagements—even at Drury Lane—come to an end, and at length Palmer was required at the Haymarket. The journey was a dangerous one. Necessity, however, always fosters invention. They packed him in a cabinet, put the cabinet in a cart, and called him "scenery."

## CLAUDIA

By GABRIELE ASHLAND

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I was pursuing my course along Grant avenue with my head in that bent, thrust-forward position which the San Francisco winds make so necessary, when an exclamation of recognition made me look up to behold in a white gown that was much too elaborate for the street, and a black hat that might have been an umbrella placed crooked on its handle—Honora. "Well!" she said.

"Quite, thank you," I replied.

"I didn't ask a question," she remarked in a slightly surprised voice.

"Oh," I apologized, "I thought you inquired after my health."

"Well, anyway," said Honora, "you are just the man I want."

"Singular," I replied, "you Honora, are just the woman I want; now why should we not?" But Honora cut me short.

"I've just come from Dora West-thorpe's lunch and they were all raving about Claudia."

"Who in the world is Claudia?" I asked.

Honora held up her hands in a Morgan-like attitude of despair. "Such ignorance!" she exclaimed. "Claudia is the Spiritualist, the Spiritualist! the new Spiritualist! She goes into trances and gives you letters and messages from your dead sisters, and I want you to come there with me." "But I haven't got any dead sisters," I objected.

"Don't be idiotic! I shall ask to communicate, and she will go into one of her trances and give me messages and write a letter. We can show it to Dad at dinner, and then to-morrow I shall win my bet—a pair of gloves."

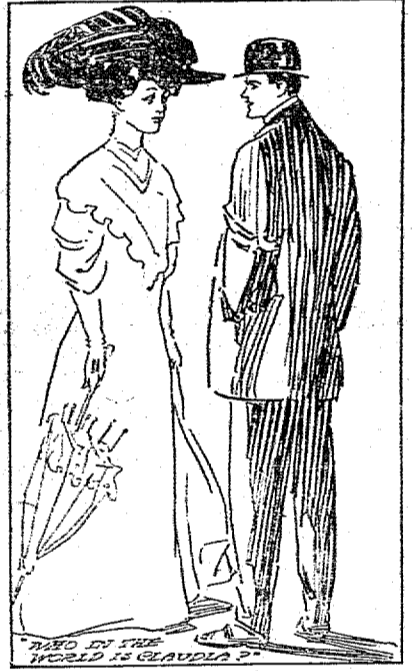
"But where do I come in?" I asked.

"Why, you will be the witness to substantiate my statement."

"But no one will believe me!"

"Not as a rule, I know," agreed Honora, with startling rapidity. "But you see I will be there to substantiate your statement, and the skeptics—there are always skeptics—at a dinner party—will back us up. Besides I don't quite like to go alone."

That settled it, of course. If Honora admitted that she was not equal



to the spiritual ordeal single-handed, what could mortal man do but offer his services as escort?

I do not know exactly what I had expected Claudia to look like, but I do know that her appearance gave me a distinct shock of surprise and relief; and the disgust with which the general surroundings outside and in had inspired me gave place to a feeling of pity that one so young should have to resort to fraud to live. She was at the most twenty-five, slight and pale, with a mass of lusterless brown hair coiled on the top of her head. Her eyes were large, and of a pale color that was neither blue nor green, but a shade or two of each.

"You wish me to aid you in communication with the other world?" she asked.

"Yes," answered Honora gently, and I could tell from her voice that the medium's appearance had moved her to the same feeling of pity that it had me. "I wish to speak to communicate with Dad—my father."

Claudia fixed her eyes half vacantly on her. "The spirit world is very near me at this hour and very near you. I will do my best," she said; then, in a more matter-of-fact voice, "You wish to converse with your father?"

"They tell me that you will write communications from the dead; can you not for me? I—I should like to have some of dear Dad's words to take home with me," answered Honora.

"I see," she said in a dull, monotonous voice, "a man sitting at a table—he is a middle-aged man, tall and broad, handsome—handsomer than most men of his years. He has a sunburned face, gray hair which is very thick, and a short, gray mustache. He is sad and troubled, and he thinks of his daughter." She paused, then went on in the same expressionless voice: "He takes his watch from his pocket, opens the back and looks at the portrait there. It is the portrait of a young woman taken many years ago, the mother of his daughter. He gazes at it some minutes; then he kisses it, and throwing his arms on the table, he buries his face in them and bursts into tears, the tears of a strong man under the weight of a sorrow he cannot bear." Again she paused, for a longer time, then went

on. "The telephone rings and he gathers himself together and answers it in a firm voice. Then he comes back to the table, takes up his pen and writes—"

She ceased speaking and the hand with the pen began to write. Honora leaned forward and crept closer the better to see what was written. The pen began to write halfway down the sheet:

"My little girl must forgive me and be brave. It was the only thing to do. The only way to provide for your future. They may say what they like of me; part of it will be true and part the kicking that goes to every man who is down, but they cannot touch you, my darling. Be brave, little girl, and remember that in whatever others duties your father may have failed, he loved you as he loved your mother, faithfully and to the last."

The pen stopped writing abruptly and the hand dropped from the paper to the woman's side. Then Claudia gave a shudder and a gasp and jerked her head forward. The horrid, vacant look in her pale face gave place to the normal expression, and she stood up.

Honora was waiting for me outside. "Isn't it good to be out in the sunshine again?" she exclaimed. "Oh, Jack, wasn't it a joke, the way she bit?"

It was, and I laughed. The bare idea of Clinton Wortley, banker when he was not a clubman and clubman when he was not a banker, with two hours cut for church on Sundays, writing a letter of such sickly sentimentality was ludicrous in the extreme.

Honora laughed too. "Won't it be fun at the dinner to-morrow night?"

A long night's work made my awakenings an hour later than usual, in consequence of which dilatoriness I had to rush breakfastless for my train. As I took my seat in the smoking car a newsboy passed through with his shrill cry of "Papers! Examiner! Chronicle! Call! All about the suicide of a well-known banker!" I beckoned him to me and bought one. One the first page, in scarlet letters an inch and a half in length, the suicide of the prominent and popular banker, Clinton Wortley, was announced. I gazed at it in stunned horror, not able to take in that it was Clinton Wortley, the man that I knew, Honora's father, whose fate was there in these huge scare-lines. Then a man I knew slightly, leaned across the aisle and said, conversationally: "Awful affair, this of Wortley's, isn't it? You knew him, didn't you?"

"Yes—yes," I answered. Then I realized it, and thought of Honora, poor little Honora, all alone at this crisis. I would go to her at once; but first I must know all about it. In those six columns was told the story of a man who had invested heavily in mines which, after paying a couple of dividends, had failed. The man's losses were unknown to the world, and with the lust of gambling still on him he had taken a large sum from the bank's funds and invested it in another mine. Anyone would have called this latter a safe investment, and he should have been able to repay not only the bank but himself his loss on the other speculation; but by the rascality of some official of the mining company it had also failed, leaving Clinton Wortley a pauper save for the house in San Francisco and the ranch in the southern part of the state which he held in trust for his daughter.

The letter to Honora was heart-breaking. In a few words he told of his "sin" and assured her that the law could not touch her. He advised her to sell her estates and change her name, and if ever she met a good man who would give her an undisciplined one for her own, to tell him the truth. He ended up by begging for forgiveness and telling her to be brave.

The last few lines seemed familiar, and my mind flew back to the events of the previous afternoon. Again I was in the little room on Ellis street, the Englishwoman with the vacant eyes was writing. Mechanically I felt in my coat pocket and drew out a folded paper, unfolded it and compared it with the last part of the paper. Word for word they were identified.

Daughter of Manufacturer. Miss Mary MacArthur, who is in this country in the interest of the Woman's Trade Union leagues, is 29 years of age, and was born in Glasgow. Her father was a manufacturer, and it was in this way that she became interested in employees. As an employe herself, in her father's office, she came to know the true conditions, and sympathized with the working people rather than with the manufacturer. She was appointed secretary of the British Woman's Trade Union league six years ago, and represents 200,000 working women. She has given evidence before Parliament in regard to sweating and represented working women at the International Council in Berlin.

Catering By Slot. Among the catering curiosities of Ostend is an automatic restaurant installed in the Rue Ruede Flandre. The various cooked viands on little paper trays are displayed in glass-fronted compartments of a long buffet, and are released for consumption by placing a 10-centime or other piece in the proper slot. Sandwiches, sausages, sardines, cheese, roast beef, filleted fish, etc., are thus obtainable; and drinks, including lager beer, vermouth, cognac, bitters, etc., are dispensed on the same plan. The Automatic restaurant is greatly in favor with the humble trippers who flock into Ostend on Sundays and fete days.—The Caterer.



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## NEW FOOTBALL RULES MAKE A SAFER GAME

SIX CHANGES ADOPTED BY COMMITTEE FOR THE INTER-COLLEGIATE GRIDIRON CONTESTS.

SAFER football and the elimination of the danger of having the gridiron game wiped off the list of sports at the big colleges are aimed at in the six changes made in the rules by the intercollegiate football rules committee which met in New York a few days ago.

The first change adopted was the removal of the present restriction that a runner receiving the ball directly from the snap back must run five yards to one side. This, in the opinion of the committee, will give the quarter back greater opportunities to make good runs; will offer an opportunity for quicker plays, and create a need for the exercise of more strategy.

The second change provides that seven men be kept by the offense on the line of scrimmage. This will prevent the drawing back of linemen for offensive plays and is a direct blow at mass plays.

The third change is the prohibition of the diving tackle.

The fourth change consists in the division of each half into two periods of 15 minutes each. This change is made so that there may be better opportunity to determine the physical condition of players.

Another clause under this fourth division directs that a player compelled to leave the game may return during a subsequent quarter if he recovers sufficiently.

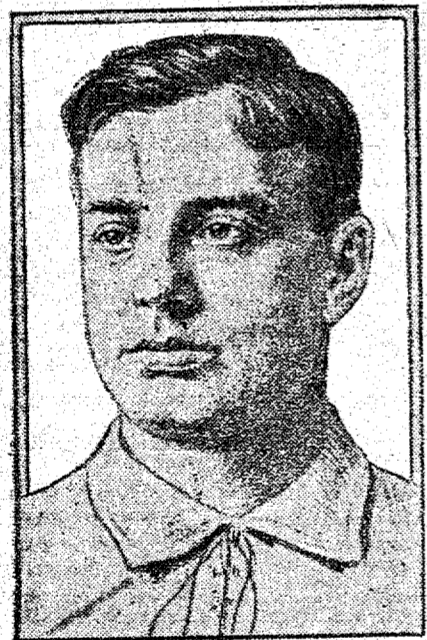
The fifth change provides that no pushing or pulling of the runner with the ball is to be allowed.

In analyzing the source of injuries to players the committee found that the diving tackle and the repetition of massed attacks at one point were the chief causes of harm.

The sixth change prescribes that an outside kick must advance the ball 20 yards from the line of scrimmage. That is, if the ball strikes the ground short of 20 yards the offense becomes offside. This rule is also aimed at mass plays.

Having made these six changes to throw safeguards around the game, the committee took up a discussion of two plans for directing the style of playing and strengthening the offense sufficiently to balance the new opportunities for defense. The first plan contains two main features—first, the limitation of the forward pass to territory behind the line of scrimmage; second, limitation of the width of scrimmage lines.

## IS PROMISING OUTFIELDER.



Roland Barrows, a White Sox recruit from New Bedford of the New England league.

## SON OF A MILLIONAIRE TO PITCH FOR PHILLIES

Another millionaire's son will break into the big leagues as a professional baseball player this season. Abe Rachlin, the Newark boy who was taken to Southern Pines with a half dozen other southpaws for a tryout by the Philadelphia nationals, is reputed to be the son of a millionaire, and while his family is not anxious to have him play the game for coin, they want to see him make good at anything he attempts. And he is stuck on baseball. It is said his father has offered him \$200 for every game he wins if he makes good.

Rachlin is 20 years of age and played in the Newark City league last season. He has lots of speed and good curves. Johnny Miller, the Pittsburgh second baseman, claims that Abe is a better hitter than he is, and says that if he doesn't make good as a pitcher he can play the outfield.

Rachlin will be the second millionaire on the team. Lew Moran's father has a barrel of mintage and gets \$100 every time he wins a game.

Abe was so anxious to go south with the Phillies for a trial that he told Fogel he would pay his own way, but Horace has decided to furnish him with his expenses.

## Bloomington Gets Coast Player.

The Bloomington club completed a deal by which Outfielder Long will be traded to Los Angeles for Outfielder Godwin. The latter is to be delivered immediately. Long will remain with Bloomington until the end of this season.

## EXPECT GOOD UMPIRING IN THE NATIONAL LEAGUE

PRESIDENT LYNCH, ONCE GREATEST INDICATOR HOLDER, INSTRUCTS MEMBERS OF STAFF.

CLUB owners, managers and players as well as the fans in National league cities are waiting with great interest to see what kind of umpiring the games are to have this season.

Ever since Thomas J. Lynch, once the greatest umpire of them all, was elected president of the league, it has been understood that he would work to bring about needed reforms in the work of the men who decide the plays on the diamond.

Mr. Lynch has added one new man to his staff of umpires, having selected Gus Moran from the Southern league. Moran is an old player and is popular among a large acquaintance of ball tossers. He has made a good record as an umpire and under the direction of Lynch ought to fill the position in the big league without trouble.

President Lynch had his umpires meet in New York recently and they went over the new rules. They have explicit instructions to run the games in an orderly manner. There will be no more rackets like the one between Klem and Evers last year which put the great second baseman, Chance and Steinfeld out of the game at a critical stage of the big race. The fans, especially, want to know how Lynch is going to turn the great national pastime into a pink tea. It's going to be a hard job, but Lynch is determined to remove rowdyism from the game. Johnny Evers is not a rowdy and no more gentlemanly fellow plays baseball. He is high strung, alert and a brainy player.



Gus Moran.

Klemm and Evers couldn't hitch, and it was natural there should be a clash when two such men ran foul of each other.

In the past the fans often have been disgusted at a fielder who threw his glove up at a ball which he could not catch. This probably never will be seen again, as a batter will be allowed three bases instead of one if the ball is brought down. In the past an umpire has gone from bench to bench getting the batting orders. Hereafter each captain must deliver his lineup to the official at the home plate.

After a pitcher is ready to pitch, a batter will not be allowed to jump from one batter's box to the other. This is taken to be a slam at Hans Wagner, who frequently tries to puzzle a pitcher in this fashion. In days of old a runner was allowed only one base when the ball passed the fielder and hit the umpire, who was standing on foul ground. Now the runner may take as many as he can.

It is probable that little coaching will be done from the players' bench as the umpire is instructed to fine each player who yells or interferes \$10 for the first offense. If there be a second offense, the umpire can send the entire benchful of substitutes to the club house, the captain being allowed to call them out as they are needed thereafter in the game.

Never more will the term "wild pitch" or "passed ball" be seen in the summary. Both terms are eliminated and they will hereafter be set down as plain, unadorned errors. When a runner is put out between bases the player getting the put out also will be credited with an assist if he makes a throw with the ball in the play.

More work is set down for the poor umpire. For instance, when first and second are occupied the official behind the plate shall, when the ball is hit fair, run to third base and judge the play at that point. The field umpire will remain at first to take the play there.

## Outguess Wagner, Reulbach's Tip.

Pitcher Reulbach of the Cubs is quoted as saying: "The only way for a pitcher to handle Hans Wagner is to outguess him." If this is the case the vast majority of the pitchers have been poor guessers in view of the fact the Wagner has clouted his way to the top as regularly as a clock for 13 years.

## Dahlen an Old Timer.

If Manager Dahlen of Brooklyn can play one more season he will have outlasted all the infielders who broke into fast company in 1891.

## THE ONLOOKER WILBUR D. NESBIT.

### The LASS of SIX or SEVEN



Wee lass of six or seven,  
Out yonder at your play,  
You run among the roses,  
For you the branches sway  
And every bud unclases,  
And all the world is fair—  
So do they play in Heaven,  
The little children there.

Wee lass of six or seven,  
With hair of tawny gold  
Whereon the sunlight glinteth,  
Seems trying to unfold  
The marvel of its tinting  
In ringlets and in curls—  
So do they gleam in Heaven,  
The locks of little girls.

Wee lass of six or seven,  
Your laughter ringing free  
Has no half-tones of sorrow  
To its lilt for me;  
You think not that to-morrow  
May shadow half your joys—  
So do they laugh in Heaven,  
The little girls and boys.

Wee lass of six or seven,  
You sing a child-made song  
Of careless rhyme and meter,  
Yet in its raptures throng  
That no art may make sweeter  
Nor study make more fair—  
So do they sing in Heaven,  
The little children there.

I sometimes think that Heaven  
Is made for little ones—  
No place of wall and column  
Beyond the farthest suns  
All marvelous and solemn,  
But full of laugh and play—  
Wee lass of six or seven,  
You echo it to-day.

### An Embarrassing Situation.

"What in the world has become of that Black Spanish rooster I bought last week?" asks the chicken fancier, coming into the house Sunday morning. "I'll bet there's an organized gang of chicken thieves around here, but how they picked the lock on that coop is more than I can guess. Well, let's hurry to church. Won't do any good to worry about it now. We'll stop at the police station and leave word on our way."

With a guilty flush on her face his wife puts her new chateleur hat, which is adorned with some beautiful Black Spanish plumes, into the wardrobe and says:

"I've got a sudden headache, dear, and don't believe I will go."

### A Better Grade.

"So Mrs. Wantin's children have the whooping cough?" asks the caller. "It's too bad. She has always seemed so terribly afraid that they would catch that disease. She must be awfully exercised over it."

"No," explains the friend. "She really seems happy about it."

"Happy?"

"Yes. You see, she is absolutely sure they took it from the children of the rich family in the next block to her house."

### An Oak Park Comment.

(For every infant born in Oak Park Ill., it is proposed to give a box of cigars to the father and a book to the mother.) I'd like a baby brother—Yes. A baby sister might be nice. But she would get too scared, I guess. When I play with my pet white mice. But papa says it is a joke. "We've got more children," "My stars! Buhshides, he say, he never smoke, An' mamma don't get time to read."

My papa read th' papers when They offered that prize of cigars An' that nice book, an' grinned, an' then My mamma she just say: "My stars! You say the fam'ly keeps you broke, An' that there's lots to clothe an' feed— Buhshides, you know, you never smoke An' I don't get time to read."

I'd like a baby brother—or A baby sister, second choice. But papa says he's waitin' for Us kids to grow up. He'll rejoice He say, to puff cigars until he choke An' buy libberies—yes, indeed! But now he can't afford to smoke An' mamma don't get time to read.

### Looking Ahead.

"Why do you carry two of every kind of germ, father?" asks Ham, during the cruise of the ark.

"Because," Noah explains, "after a while there are going to be so many people on the earth that unless some of them can find reason to be scientists there will be too much idleness."

Saying which, he makes the two feets move over to the other dog so that the first dog can sleep a little while.

### Hearsay.

"I wonder if that is the woods that the robbers live in. My papa says robbers live in woods."

"Maybe it is. Maybe that's where the coal man lives."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

## PRESERVE A SILK SKIRT

Some Simple Precautions That Will Mean Addition to Life of Garment.

Now that taffeta petticoats are coming back again it is well to know how to make them last as long as possible.

Do not choose a silk that has much dressing in it, as it cuts much more quickly.

Do not have much shirring or tucking as the effort to keep dust brushed out is hard on the petticoat.

Do not fold in a chest or trunk as the creases will cut quickly. Hang by straps to the waist band.

Have a silk skirt put on a narrow band; pulling on a draw string, besides giving greater bulk, cuts the material.

One woman says her skirts wear longer if she hangs them upside down by loops placed on under side of ruffle.

Do not save your taffeta petticoats. They will cut from hanging too long in a closet, so you might as well have the satisfaction of wearing them out.

## The Home.

Stuffed potatoes are made by mixing cheese and bread crumbs in with the contents.

A few allspice are an improvement to stews, thick soups and gravy. They give almost the same flavor as if wine had been added.

Plaster figures in hard or alabaster finish are easily cleaned by dipping a stiff toothbrush in gasoline and scrubbing into all the crevices.

If you have a black gown that needs freshening, cleanse it thoroughly with clear black coffee diluted with water and containing a little ammonia.

After the weekly washing rub a little vinegar and spirits of camphor over the hands. This will keep the hands in good condition summer and winter.

Garments that are to be hung out to air can be put on hangers rather than pinned to the line. This prevents sagging or marking with the clothespins.

### Cleaning Lace.

Pure alcohol can be used with wonderful success as a means of cleaning black Spanish or chantilly lace. The alcohol should be poured into a clean basin and whipped with the hand until it is frothy, when the lace should be dipped into it and well worked about with the fingers until the dirt is removed. After gently squeezing out the spirit the lace should be laid on a folded cloth, the patterned edge fastened down with a pin. When perfectly dry the lace should be unpinned and pressed gently between the palms of the hands until smooth in lieu of ironing it, as this would flatten the pattern and spoil the color.

### How to Broil Steak.

While broiling a steak, first wipe with a cloth wrung out of cold water; trim off superfluous fat. With some of the fat grease a wire broiler; place meat in broiler (having fat edge next to the handle); broil over a clear fire, turning every ten seconds for the first minute that surface may be well seared, thus preventing escape of juices. After the first minute turn occasionally until well cooked on both sides. Steak cut one inch thick will take five minutes if liked rare, six if well done. Remove to hot platter, spread with butter and sprinkle with salt.

### Scalloped Apples.

Stir together half a cupful of sugar, the grated rind of half a lemon and a pinch of cinnamon. Soak two cupfuls of bread crumbs in half a cup of melted butter. Put a layer of bread crumbs into a buttered pudding dish; then a layer of sliced apples, and finally a layer of the sugar and cinnamon, etc. Alternate the layers until the bowl is full, having a thick layer of bread crumbs on top. Bake until brown, that is for about 30 minutes, and serve with cream or hard sauce.

### Roast Beef.

Prepare for the oven by dredging lightly with flour and seasoning with salt and pepper; place in the oven and baste frequently while roasting. Allow a quarter of an hour for a pound of meat if you like it rare; longer if you like it well done. Serve with a sauce made from the drippings in the pan, to which has been added a tablespoonful of Harvey or Worcestershire sauce and a tablespoonful of tomato catsup.

### Peppers Are Handy.

It is a good plan to have a can of Spanish peppers always in the house. They can be easily and attractively used in an emergency. Sandwiches may be made of them, or they may be used to garnish leftover meats, etc. Cut the meat into cubes, cover with bits of pepper and bread crumbs and brown.

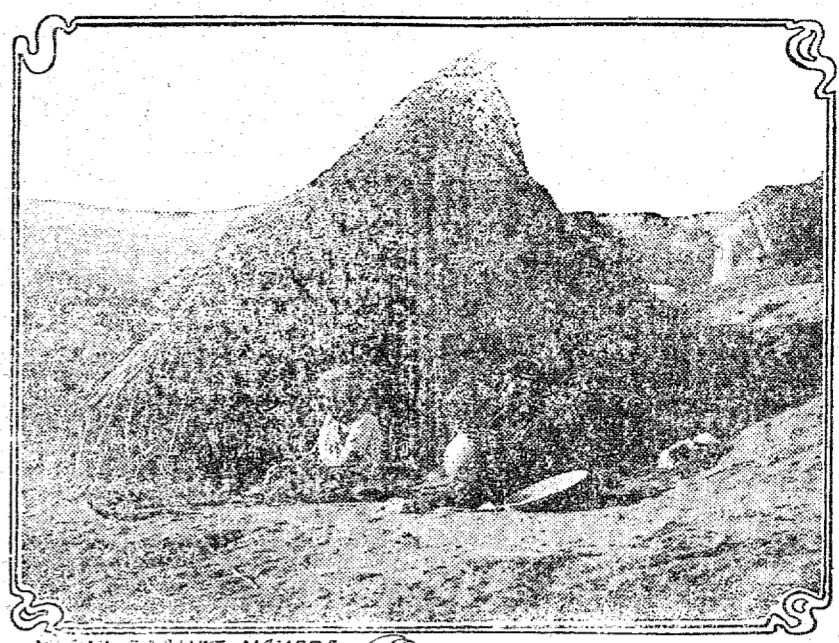
### Dustless Duster.

A dustless duster, that is, a duster which takes up the dust without scattering it, can be made by dipping an ordinary red bandana in thin paraffine and then letting it dry out nicely.

### Baked Apples.

One cup granulated sugar in pudding dish, one-half teaspoon of cinnamon, pinch of clove stirred in sugar, one cup cold water; put whole apples in; cover and bake slowly.

# IN THE YAQUI LAND



YAQUI BASKET MAKERS

LEAVING the city El Paso on pleasure and exploration bent, a party of eight men, with full camp and hunting equipment, started into the almost unknown country of the headwaters of the Yaqui river. The first lap of the journey lay over the Rio Grande, Sierra Madre y Pacifico railroad to Casas Grandes.

Arriving at Casas Grandes we were met by "Pink" Robinson, about the only American living there. He escorted us to his saloon, from where we were to make the start. After selecting eight riding horses and six pack animals from the corral, we began laying in our supplies from the one store in the town. "Pink" helped us find two mozos who agreed to go with us as guides and cooks and general help. They were called Luis and Felipe. It took our combined English, Spanish and deaf-and-dumb vocabulary to make ourselves understood, but we managed fairly well after a little practice. We learned that one of them had been down on the Gavilan river some years before and thought he could take us through all right, though the river was high at this season. All being in readiness, the word was given and we were off into the hostile and fascinating land of the Yaquits.

Between Casas Grandes and Coronel Garcia we passed acres of roofs of prehistoric dwellings. The rains have washed the earth down from the surrounding hills until they are all covered except the gables, and it is known as "The Gable City." Out from Casas Grandes some 25 miles are the ruins of ancient dwellings whose history is a sealed book. The white walls of these ruins can be seen for miles, occupying as they do a site on the mountains. No legend of their builders exists. The Indians simply know the place as Casas Grandes (Big Houses) and will not go to them, believing them to be the dwelling place of evil spirits.

After two days' traveling, we entered the valley of the Gavilan river. On every hand as we passed through this almost unexplored country we found traces of its ancient peoples. It is apparent that two distinct races have inhabited the valley. The one was a people who were given to agriculture, and who must have been a large and powerful tribe, as the valley for hundreds of miles bears evidence of their thrift. On the mountain slopes walls of stone follow the canyons in every direction, making terraces. In one canyon there are 70 terraces one above another, and in another there are over 100. Some of the walls are ten feet high, while others just protrude from the ground. These range in length from 50 to 100 yards.

These terraces are now largely overgrown with trees and vegetation. On all the high hills there are piles of rocks in the form of pyramids and half moons. Some of these pyramids are 30 feet high and 200 feet around. What was their purpose is not known. Penetrating farther into the valley, in the most sequestered parts of the mountains, we came upon cliff dwellings. Some of these dwellings were 1,000 feet up the sides of an almost perpendicular wall, and in every narrow canyon we found the terraces for raising corn and cotton as in the wider portions of the valley. Some of these cliff dwellings are three stories high, made of a white cement so strong it is almost impossible to break it with a pick.

That these people were gradually driven back by hostile tribes is evident from the fact that the farther one penetrates into the interior the more difficult of access become the dwellings, and at last they become mere caves in the mountainside, showing that from a strong and prosperous people they were driven into poverty by a stronger enemy who lived upon the labor of their predecessors. One curious feature of this valley is that for miles at a stretch in different sections of the valley, bits of broken glass and pottery are scattered over the ground. Where all this pottery came from and how it came to be scattered over such a territory is a mystery.

Frenchman Pioneer Aviator. M. Ader, the Frenchman said to have flown about 1,000 feet in 1897 with his steam-propelled monoplane, the Avion, has been decorated with the red ribbon of the Legion of Honor. His machine is said to have embodied the wing-warping principles since patented by the Wrights.

### Would Not Take the Trouble.

There were 140,000 women entitled to vote at the London county council elections recently, but it is said that very few, comparatively, took advantage of the fact. Those who were interested took great pains to show the women how necessary it was for them to vote.

There is one canyon where the superstitious guides will not go, saying that those who venture there never come back. It is said to be inhabited by a wild tribe of Seras, who live in burrows like animals. They are perfectly nude, and are accredited with being cannibals. One authentic record which proves that this tribe really inhabits the valley came to our knowledge. A Spanish gentleman with his young son were making the trip to a small town called Alamos. Losing their way during a heavy storm, they found themselves in this valley. While returning to the proper course they saw numbers of nude Indians of small stature, and very dark, emerge from the cave-like dwellings. However, they appeared to be very much frightened at the sight of a carriage, something which undoubtedly they had never seen before, and quickly disappeared from view, giving no evidence of their supposed bloodthirsty character, and showing every sign of fear at the apparition of strangers in their territory.

E. G. WHEELER.

## INDUSTRY IS LOOKING UP

Whaling Business Again Profitable After Long Years of Serious Depression.

The fluctuations of the whaling industry in Newfoundland are most amazing. A little over ten years ago, on June 25, 1908, the first whale was killed by modern methods in these waters, and yet within five years the flotilla grew from one steamer to 18, and the annual kill from 43 to 1,473. The result was a slump, after conditions akin to those of the "South Sea Bubble" or the "Dutch Bulb mania" being created in a mild form. The industry went to pieces in a single year or two, nearly all the steamers were sold off, and \$1,500,000 was hopelessly lost.

One concern had expended \$70,000 in the purchase of a steamer, the building of a "whale factory," and the operation of these for two years and never killed a whale at all, says P. J. Magrath in Canada. Another lost a similar amount and had a catch of but four fish; a third caught only eight, when it required at least sixty to make the venture pay, and it had paid so well a year or two before that dividends of 35 to 50 per cent. were realized. Now the industry is recovering again, and the few concerns that have survived stand to make a substantial profit.

Scientists tell us that the whale is not a fish, but an aquatic mammal that can remain below water only a brief period, as it must relieve its respiratory organs. It suckles its young as do the beasts of the field; it is warm blooded, and its flesh is like meat. The whale family consists of two groups—the toothed whales and the bone whales. Of the former are the cachelot or sperm whale, famed for its spermaceti or cetaceum, and the orca or killer whale, which, like the other, yields a liberal supply of oil as well from its blubber coated carcass. Of the bone whales there are the bowhead or right whale, the monster of the north, and the rorqual or rarer whale of the temperate regions.

The bowhead inhabits the arctic and the cachelot the tropics. The cachelot and bowhead in these torrid and frigid waters of the globe have been hunted remorselessly by whalemen for centuries, but the rorquals, which are much speedier, have enjoyed a comparative immunity. Some thirty years ago the Norwegians utilized steam vessels for hunting them.

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# The Island of Regeneration

By CYRUS TOWNSEND  
AND  
BRADY  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY TRAY WALTERS

The first impulse of the woman was to laugh. The next impulse was to take off the palm leaf hat and stand with bowed head and clasped hands. What marvelous miracle was this that throughout the years which she could no longer doubt this man had been alone on the island, there had survived the one childish habit of prayer and that the one vestige of language which had remained to him was the language of petition. She did not believe in it, of course. It was absurd to her, but it was none the less wonderful. It filled her with a certain awe. It was as if some power had maintained a hold upon the consciousness of this man in this way.

"Now I lay me down to sleep!" How long it had been since she had said that! She believed nothing, she cared for nothing, but the woman hid her face in her hands for a moment. She clenched her teeth and forced out of her mind that which at that moment was striving for birth. She was to teach this man everything. She was to make him know life and history. She was to bring him in touch with all the glories of to-day and she recognized in that hour, although she did not and could not admit it, that perhaps he might teach her something as well, something that she had not known or something that she had forgotten, without the knowledge of which all her science was a vain, a foolish, a futile thing.

The little prayer was ended. The man rose to his feet. She took her spade and went back to the place where the bodies had lain and there began carefully to scrape away the earth, examining scrupulously every shovelful ere she threw it aside. In one place where the hand had lain, she remembered, her labors were rewarded. She came across two rings, a diamond and a plain circlet of gold. These she placed in her tunic with the collar and continued her digging.

It was growing late and growing dark, but she left no square inch of ground unexplored. She found nothing else. The rings belonged to a woman evidently. Her surmise in that particular was right. There were no other metal parts of her apparel left. The nails in her shoes, the steel of her corset had rusted away and left no sign. There was nothing remaining but the two little baubles pressing against her own warm flesh.

So intent had she been that the sun had gone down before she ceased and upon the island there descended that quick and sudden night of the tropics. The wind had risen, the old ocean was thundering on the barrier reef and a heavy sea breeze was shrieking through the trees. The sky on the horizon was overclouded and the clouds were rising rapidly. There would be a storm, which was developing with tropic rapidity. Quickly she retraced her steps along the sand toward the cave on the other side, the man following.

They had progressed not more than half way when the storm burst upon them. Peals of thunder and flashes of lightning filled the air. It was such a display of the Titanic forces of nature as might have appalled the stoutest heart. It filled the woman with a vague terror. She noticed with satisfaction that the man was entirely unmoved by the terrific demonstrations of nature. By the flashes of lightning as they stumbled along in the otherwise total blackness she could see his face serene. In a moment of apprehension she caught his hand with her own and clung to it tightly. It was the unconscious appeal of the physical weaker to the physical stronger. Her hand had clasped the hands of her fellow creatures many times. Never before had his palm met the palm of human being, much less a woman's. She could feel that tremor run through him, but by instinct, as it were, he met her hand clasp with his own, and together they made their way to the cave.

They had scarcely reached it when the rain burst upon them. The heavens were opened, the floods descended, they beat upon the sands in fury. She could not drive him out there in that flood for the night. She motioned him to come within the entrance of the cave which was sheltered from the wind and which was dry and still. She made him lie down near the entrance and then, withdrawing herself into a recess at the side, she disposed of the oars, which she had carried home on her shoulders, in front of her from wall to wall and lashing them with the rope to her person made another feeble barrier, but which would yet give the alarm to her and waken her if it were moved. And presently she went to sleep. She was too tired even to speculate on her discoveries or to piece them together; that would be occupation for the morning.

## CHAPTER V.

The Voices of the Past.  
It rained hard during most of the night. The woman slept lightly and whenever she woke she could hear outside of her sanctuary the roar of the storm. The man, as usual, slept the long hours through as undisturbed

best make, and although it had gone with her through the waters such was the workmanship of the case that it had taken no harm. It was ticking away bravely, marking time. She thought that for her time had stopped, and yet she was glad, indeed, for the almost human sound it made when she laid it lovingly against her cheek.

There were the hairpins, also, for which she was most grateful. They enabled her to keep her hair in order. She had a wealth of glorious hair, black as the midnight sky. With the aid of the mirror and of the comb, which also was a priceless treasure, she arranged it carefully according to the mode which best became her. Sometimes when she had finished her toilet, she shot a glance at the watchful man, a human, natural instinctive glance, but she was able to detect no change in his mental attitude, which was that of such complete and entire adoration, mingled with timidity and hesitation, that no transient change apparently was able to modify it. He looked upon her as he might have looked upon a god, she thought, had he known what a god was and had there been such a thing to look at.

There was also the pair of scissors, together with the little housewife with needles and thread. Mirror, hairpins, scissors, sewing materials, comb—woman's gear and the Bible, a woman's book, she reflected with a certain bitterness, unconscious of the truth of her thought—a book for children, old women, and women-led men! Well, that philosophy upon which she prided herself must come to her assistance now and she could not afford to disdain the volume which was all that the world of many books offered to her for her purpose, because she did not believe in it. The truth was in her and she could tell him what it was despite the assertion of the printed pages.

In the leather bag there was absolutely nothing except broken glass and scratched bottle tops of silver and the bag itself was ruined. She separated the pieces of metal and the metal fittings of the bag, which were also of silver, and filling the rotting leather with sand she presently sank it in the lagoon.

Last of all she examined what she had brought from the other shore of the island the night before. The silver was tarnished, but by rubbing it in the sand she soon brightened it. It was heavily engraved and she had no difficulty in making out the words: "John Revell Charnock—His Dog." After that was a date "July 22, 1875." John Revell Charnock then would be 21 years old, assuming that this was he and that the dog had been given him when he was born. It was more probable, however, that he was from three to five years old before he became the owner of a dog, which would make him about 25.

The man before her looked younger to her scrutiny than that. Care and trouble had passed him by. With nothing to vex him he might have been any age. He would probably look just as he was for 20 years or more. Still fancifully adjusting external relations to internal relations, which, after all, she realized was the secret of life according to her favorite philosopher, she concluded that the man was 25, three years older than she at that moment, a proper difference in their ages for . . . Her face flamed. She scarcely knew why, yet she turned to an inspection of the rings.

The first was a diamond, a solitaire, of rare beauty, she judged. Although she was not especially expert in such matters, she deemed it must be of great value. There was no inscription of any sort within the narrow hoop of gold, although she searched keenly the inner surface. The diamond was curiously set. There was an exquisite tracery of a little coat of arms on either side of the setting, done in miniature but with a skill to marvel at, too small even for her brilliant vision to decipher in detail.

The other she recognized with a sneer as one of those fetters of convention, a wedding ring. It was a heavier hoop of gold much engraved within. She washed it in the stream and rubbed it in the sand until she could make it out. "J. R. C." she read, "to M. P. T." There was a date after, September 10, 1869, and then these cabalistic words, "II Cor. 12:15," which she presently divined to be a reference to some text in the Bible, fit source from which to select the "posy of a ring," agreeable to those who submit to such ancient follies as the well-named bonds of matrimony.

She reached for the Bible and with unfamiliar fingers searched through it until she found the place: "I will very gladly spend and be spent for you; though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved." The beauty of the phrase caught her fancy. She read with a strange new interest the chapter in which these words were shrouded. The touch of human passion came to her across the long years and with the ring sparkling in her own white hand she embodied its tradition in personality and the woman who had been so loved stood before her. Her eyes fell again upon the man and the dream was broken.

She pieced together now all that she had of him, smiling as she did so at the thought of certain strange stories she had read wherein men of marvelous deductive powers had brought to solution problems which appeared as impossible of detection as this presented to her.

John Revell Charnock, evidently the father of the man of the island, had married one M. P. T. on the 10th of September, 1869. Perhaps within a year afterward this John Revell Charnock, assuming him, as was likely, to have borne his father's name, was born. The best English stock in the colony were Massachusetts and Vir-

ginia. The stern piece of the boat borne the name of a Virginia river and of a Virginia town. The man before her was a Virginian, therefore. Say he was born in 1871, it would make him 25 years old, in accordance with her first guess. The father and mother, possibly ruined by the results of the civil war, had embarked on some vessel to seek a fortune in a new land. Something had happened to the ship and the woman, the little boy and the dog had landed in some way upon these shores alone after some horrible voyage, perhaps like that she had passed through. The boy must have been five or six years old, else he would have died being deserted. The woman had, indeed, died, and the dog with her, and left the lad alone. Alone he had been for a score of years on that island. What watchful Providence? . . . Stop! She believed in no Providence. What strange mysterious fate kept him from the fate of the other two, had preserved him alone . . . for her?

So she wove a history out of her treasure trove for this man, a history which at least satisfied her and which the more she reasoned about it and the more she tested it, seemed absolutely adequate and entirely correct. Well, she had opportunity now and she was glad. She faced the future calmly, recognizing her chance and her work and set about with systematic method, order and persistence to teach this man what it was to be a human being, to give him, as rapidly as she might communicate it and as he might receive it, all the learning she possessed, to compensate him with no further delay for those 25 years of silence.

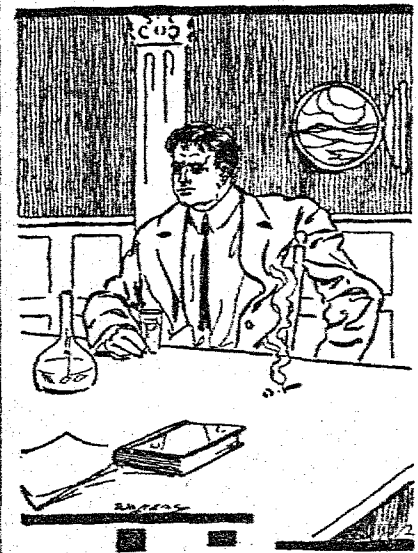
Was it for this she had been trained and educated at great cost of time and money and effort? That she being a woman should give it all to this one man without money and without price?

## CHAPTER VI.

The Baseless Fabric.  
True philosophy is ascetic. It may best be practiced under conditions in which the material is in abeyance. It exalts the spiritual. It is distinguished by indifference to environment. There is nothing so fatal to its profession as extravagance. Frugality is to the philosopher what modesty is to a woman—the essential thing without which it and she cease to be.

The atmosphere into which Katherine Brenton was suddenly plunged by her bold step was the very antithesis of these requirements. It was unhealthy, and like unhealthy air it bred disaster. She had been trained to independence of conditions, to disregard of circumstances, as well as to disdain of restraint; but there was that within her surroundings which, from her first experience of them, she felt instinctively to be vitating, which tended to deprave, which precluded the exercise of clear, uninfused mentality. Especially in her case was this true since the luxury with which she had been surrounded appealed so subtly to the preponderant, and it must be admitted, immortal feminine in her composition. Sex distinction, sex difference was the one thing against which she fought. Sex equality was the supreme good to be desired in her scheme of right relationships between the individual and the universe. While she rebelled against her sex, yet she rejoiced in it. Glad was she sometimes on that very account that to her was given the opportunity to prove her superiority to the limitations, disabilities and man-made trammels of womankind.

Born of two fanatics on the same subject, whose insanity was modified and mollified by brilliancy of intellect in every other field of investigation and experiment, Katherine Brenton had been trained to the hour for her profession, for the exploitation of her principles. The greatest of universities pointed to her with peculiar pride as one of the children of the free; free from everything in thought and determined to be free from everything in action. Much was expected from her and the world was not disappointed at the first result of her mental labor. There were certain old-fashioned people who deplored the perversion of so much talent and even genius to the defense of error, but these did not count. The world bought her book in thousands, read it avidly and regarded it as the last word of the last woman of the end of the age on the sex problem. Cleverly disguising her philosophy in the form of fic-



In His Anger He Resorted to Drink.

tion, with one bound she had leaped to the fore front of all the writers struggling for recognition. Publishers sought her. Magazines pursued her. Another book took shape in her mind. Singularly enough her education and the erratic bent of her mind had left her primarily quite unspoiled. She

was the product not merely of her age, her environment, her parents, but of a long generation of people to whom her thoughts would have been as abhorrent as her person was agreeable. The unconscious Christianity which surrounds the world and especially the world of woman kept her pure and sweet and lovable—these in spite of, not because of, her perverse and perverted philosophy. Though she defied convention in its spirit, she was naturally subject to it in its exercise. For instance, to her the marriage bond was, indeed, a bond, the marriage vow a confession of weakness—on the part

of the woman, at least—and the marriage relation an acknowledgement of inferiority—again on the part of the woman. She would have none of these things in her life. Yet, as she thought, she had given her heart to a man—alas, the submission to the eternal law!—and although their relationship was sanctioned by nothing but their affection, it was to her as pure and as holy a thing as if the contract had been witnessed and blessed by a thousand priests. What was it to him? She counted without the other sex. Many other women unfortunately have done the same.

Not content with the writing of books, her intense devotion to her cause, coupled with her unflagging energy, had found vent upon the lecture platform. The curious crowded to her feet at once, so bold, so radical, so beautiful and so innocent. One of her first converts had been the only son of a multi-millionaire, bygone bonanza king of the Pacific slope. His conversion was not so much an effort of pure reason as of primal passion, although that fact was in no wise apparent to her. She would find that out later. This modern Hypatia, skilled in the learning of the schools, burning with exhaustless zeal, permeated with fiery energy, was yet as innocent in some ways as any of her humbler sisters. As that good book which she disdained in the newer illuminations which had come to her, might have said of her, she was in the world but not of it.

Unconsciously she fulfilled many injunctions of him who had she but known it was the greatest of philosophers. Naturally she kept herself unspotted from the world. Yet when the young man who had engaged her affections proposed to her that they should put her theories in practice, after some hesitation she had acceded to his proposition. It was a species of self-immolation not far from heroism that made her consent. Indeed, she did not realize how heroic it was. With no other ceremony than a clasp of the hand and an unspoken, wordless promise of trust, devotion, single-hearted alliance, publicly and before God and man, without a thought for the one and with no full realization of the thoughts of the other—at least on her part—they had gone away together, hand in hand; he and she together, in love like any other pair since Eve mated with Adam in the dawn of the world's first morning.

Yet there has never been an Eden of which man has known without its serpent. In the cabin of that gorgeous yacht, Sathanas reared his head. The first week or so of the adventure had been filled with idyllic happiness, happiness so great that it was strong enough to quiet certain low, still, small voices of conscience which the woman rightly ascribed to a strange atavism of ancient prejudice to which her philosophy was as yet unequal.

However, such conditions did not long persist. Her disciple was inclined, presently she found to her sorrow, to take a somewhat lower view of the situation than suited her own high-souled views. The ardor of her devotee cooled as his passion increased. Shut up in the narrow confines of a ship—great and splendid though this yacht was beyond imagination—little characteristics heretofore unsuspected developed in the mere man. The course of true love was not so smooth as the summer seas over which they sailed. The air in which they lived was ruffled by furies in which experience would have found presage for coming deeper storm. The image that had feet of clay sought for similar earthly alloy in the companion image which was made of pure gold all through, and finding it not, resented it desperately. The convert having gained his desire, weakened in his principles. There was no relaxation in his devotion, in his tenderness, in anything outward and visible, but the high philosophy which had made the joint effort almost a self-sacrifice of demonstration was slowly vanishing from one heart while the other clung the more tenaciously to it.

It was the old, old story. In a little the catspaw developed into the tempter. When it appeared it came with surprising swiftness. The woman found that in neither abstract thought nor mental speculation was there any protection for her. There might be no God in heaven, but there was a conscience in her breast. Finally she broke away from the man so far as she could do so when they were both in the same ship of which he was lord and master. She would have nothing more to do with him save that which common decency and the bare civilities of life demanded of her. Denied the privileges upon which he had counted, the man grew savage and showed the cloven foot. The disagreement became a quarrel. The quarrel ran through several phases. Ashamed of himself he had recanted at first. Then he had sworn again allegiance to the specious philosophy which she now realized he had only professed consciously or unconsciously, that he might possess her. But she was not deceived. There was no truth in his words; his asseverations carried no conviction to her soul. Again he stormed and raged; once more he apologized and appealed, but the

periods of calm grew shorter and the periods of storm grew longer and more vehement. The woman alone was steadfast. She was overwhelmed with shame, the horror of the situation was rising upon her.

## ARE SMALL, BUT INTELLIGENT

Pygmies of Northwestern Rhodesia Surely May Be Called a Class Unto Themselves.

Of the pygmies of northwestern Rhodesia a modern traveler writes: "The Batwa stand about four feet high and are long-armed, short-legged and ugly, being usually prognathous. The legs are disproportionately short, the feet large and the body is covered with a sort of down. Both sexes affect a state of complete nudity. They have their own tongue, but usually know a little of the languages of their big neighbors. No attempt is made to till the open forest glades they depend for food on game and what they steal from the fields and plantations of the surrounding tribes.

"Though there are seven different tribes of pygmies they appear to have no tribal organization. It is the custom for a group of families to attach themselves to a negro chief and in return for food to assist him to fight his enemies. The standard of morality of these little people is high and, strange to say, they are remarkably intelligent.

"The wild beasts living in this forest are killed for food, even the elephant. Pitfalls, snares and heavily weighted spears are used, but their favorite way of hunting an elephant appears to be with bow and arrow. Poisoned arrows are shot into him and the great beast is followed until he falls, when the little hunters camp round the body and feast on the carcass until it is finished."

## COINAGE WITHOUT A FLAW

Assay Commission Finds Work of the Various Mints to Be Beyond Criticism.

The government of the United States no longer tests its coinage by having a congressman bite a silver dollar and then ring it on a bar, according to William B. McKinley, of the house of representatives for Illinois, who is in the city as a member of the annual assay commission, which began its work at the Philadelphia mint yesterday, says the Philadelphia Ledger.

The commission for the examination of the currency is appointed yearly by the president, and meets in this city. Among those on the committee is Dr. G. L. Shinn, of this city. One coin selected at random is taken from every 1,000 issued by any of the four mints of the country and forwarded in a sealed envelope to the Philadelphia mint for examination by the Assay commission in the second week of February of each year. The commission takes specimens at random, carefully weighs them and then assays them to get the fineness.

Asked if the commission was "finding many bad ones," Congressman McKinley replied, "not many." None that fell short from the permitted variations in weight or in fineness, which are infinitesimal, has been discovered in years.

## Influence on Environment.

The parrot which belonged to the rich malefactor sat in his gilded cage, contemplating a price-mark which had not yet been removed. Presently the magnate approached, and the bird looked at him. He had been on the witness stand that day in an important case, and was feeling rather elated over his successful testimony.

"Hello, Polly!" he greeted the bird, sticking his finger through the bars.

"Hello!" responded Polly, ignoring the finger.

"Does Polly want a cracker?"

The bird cocked its head to one side inquiringly. The magnate laughed at its manner. Possibly the bird had not quite understood the question.

"Does Polly want a cracker?" he repeated.

The bird still looked at him with slanting vision, but made no reply.

"Oho!" he laughed. "You're not hungry. Have you had your dinner?"

"I don't remember," croaked the bird, and the magnate ordered the butler to remove it from the premises forthwith.—Lippincott's.

## Aluminum in Textiles.

The increased facilities for extracting aluminum from clay have brought the price of that metal, which was once \$40 a pound, down to about 20 cents. Naturally it is being used more and in more various things than it was when the price was so high, one of the latest uses to which it has been put being the warp in textiles. These are used for evening cloaks and theatrical costumes. It makes the figure of a woman look as if it had been dipped in silver. Of course, the metal is drawn into very fine threads and is then used in the textile smooth or twisted.

Other things into which it is woven are neckcloths, pompadours, shoes, belts, neck ties, shawls, hats, etc. Aluminum yarn is now being woven into shoe strings for ladies' shoes.—The Pathfinder.

## When He Shakes Off the Chains.

"McGoosler, the first baseman, is putting up a big holler because baseball players are slaves."

"Is he? What's his salary?"

"Thirty-five hundred."

"Well, if he quits being a slave he has his old profession to fall back on."

"What's that?"

"Washing bottles in a pop factory at seven a week."

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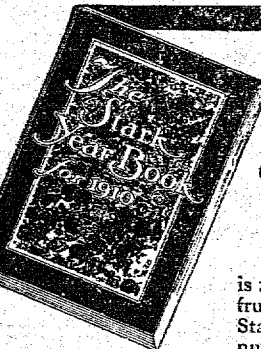
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Marian managed to stifle upon the little maid, as she shook her head. "No, Marie, I am quite comfortable." The letter was lying on the table now within reach, but she was afraid to glance toward it, knowing that the handwriting would at once betray its author.

"Very well," said Marie. As the maid left the room, Marian clutched the letter with an odd little cry. It was from Forrest, dear old friend. She could always depend upon him! She tore open the seal.

She turned page after page in feverish haste. At the end she bowed her head in her hands and though harsh, choking sobs forced their way to her lips, her eyes remained dry.

The letter was kind enough, but self-centered and egotistical in tone. Forrest Newbury wrote that he remembered everything. He would always love her, but he cherished her rather as a vision, a dream to be satisfied in the hereafter, than as a woman made for the brutal cares of life. He was very poor and his parish was growing. He was bitterly sorry to hear of her ill health. He would run down to see her as soon as possible. There must, of necessity, be some delay, as his people required so much of his time and energy. In a word, as Marian confessed to herself, in spite of all his tactful rhetoric, he did not want her, a burdensome invalid upon his hands.

She sat before the fire for an hour, or a minute—she could not have told which—musing. It was the entrance of Marie that finally roused her.

"A gentleman, Miss Marian. Shall I show him in?"

Marian spoke listlessly. "If you please, Marie." She remembered that Dr. Morley had told her that as he was unusually busy, his assistant would make the customary call that evening.

She did not raise her head until the footsteps paused at her side. Then she cried aloud and her face grew strangely white as she raised her eyes to those of Robert Thornton.

"You, you," she gasped. "You—There was a wondrous tenderness in his dark eyes as he answered her. "Did you not expect me?"

She sobbed, half dazed: "I do not know; I do not know. I would only be a burden. I—"

He knelt at her side. "Little white flower," he said, "I am glad that you are frail and weak, that you can no longer walk, for now you will see how great is my love—and my strength will be enough for two."

She pushed him aside, then, with a strange roughness. "It is a lie," she said. "Forgive me, but it was only to test you, to see what love means to a man. It is true that I have been very ill—that the crisis was reached a week ago, but it was for better, not for worse. Soon I shall be well."

Then, as he sprang toward her in the firelight, she sobbed against his shoulder. "And I love you."

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**FLORENCE TRIBUNE**

## Marian's Two Letters

By Edith Gray

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Marian Westbrook sat in the great living room of the old Westbrook country home, her hands lying idly in her lap, her brow knit in strange abstraction of thought.

After all, she wondered, had she been justified in writing as she had to Forrest Newbury and young Robert Thornton? She recalled the wording of the two letters. Each line was strangely vivid, even though she had hurriedly scratched off the notes a few days before, fearful lest, in pausing for careful composition, she lose courage and fall altogether in taking this important step.

In Forrest's note she recalled the old days they had spent together in the little village where his father had officiated in the quaint, ivy-grown church of St. Vincent, and where his grandfather had preached before him. She spoke of the long summer days spent in gathering flowers and playing tennis on the Westbrook courts and of the autumn evening confidences before the very fireplace into which she was now gazing so intently. She ended the note briefly:

"You asked me many times during those days one question. You recall it? I never wished to marry. I was selfish, perhaps. I am still selfish. Last night, when Dr. Morley told me that that the illness against which I have been fighting so desperately had at last reached its crisis and that the change was for the worse, I decided that I could no longer live in hopeless, bitter loneliness. If you still want me, I will marry you."

The second note was less intimate, but equally to the point. She had met Robert Thornton on a western trip the previous summer and it was with peculiar forebodings and many inward promptings that she had finally summoned courage to send him the simple little note.

"My Dear Mr. Thornton," it ran. "I remember that we were standing at the top of Mount Winslow and the



Her Brow Knit in Strange Abstraction of Thought.

wind was keen and sweet against our faces, when you asked me that question for the first and, and perhaps (who knows?) the last time. You said then, 'If ever you are tired, if ever you are lonely, you have only to summon me. I will come.' I am no longer that active, free-limbed girl whom you used to compliment on mountain climbing. I am a hopeless, helpless invalid, but I am summoning you."

Marian Westbrook knew that both notes had reached their destination some 36 hours ago and that if they had been received and promptly answered she might expect the replies by the evening mail. What would be the result of her impetuous daring?

Of Forrest Newbury's answer she was reasonably certain. He was a frail young clergyman and had always in spite of frequent advances on the part of many moonstruck damsels of his city parish, held aloof, cherishing as he frequently wrote her, one glorious image in his heart. Marian Westbrook, of the old days, had been inclined to treat the serious young preacher as a joke. Since her father's death and the recent illness that had cut her off from active life and caused so many of her old friends to fall away from her, she turned back, with not a little tenderness, to the thought of renewed intimacy with the old lover and friend.

About Robert Thornton she was not so certain. His was of a more robust care-free nature, unhampered by the visions and moods of the temperamental young parson. She wondered if he still remembered her and, if he did, whether that memory held anything of affection.

Well, it was a game well worth the playing. She had shown her hand and now it was left to the ever ruling Fates to decide the issue.

The great hall clock at the other end of the room ticked on monotonously. The girl shook back the soft lace from her wrist and searched the table beside her for some paper or book with which to distract her thoughts. She picked up a volume of poems, but threw it aside.

The clock struck slowly. Marian counted the eight strokes with breathless intensity. Then she heard the doorbell ring and tried to settle herself composedly as the white-capped maid entered the room.

"One letter, Miss Marian. Can I do anything for you?"

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