

## TUCKER WINS FOR MAYOR

The Biggest Vote in a Local Election Attests Interest of the Citizens in Welfare of City and Sixty-one More Vote for Tucker Than for Rogers, a Gain of Eighteen Over Last Year. Bondesson, Siert, Craig and Feldhusen Are Other Winners.

The largest vote ever recorded in the city was cast Tuesday when for the second time F. S. Tucker beat W. E. Rogers for the mayorship.

All through the day the candidates and their friends labored to get out the vote and carriages flew here and there through the dust and dirt all day long and when the polls closed a tired and dirty bunch of men gathered to watch the count.

The north ward ran behind the south ward in the number of votes cast the same as it did last year.

The election this year is even more decisive than it was last year and the people were all informed as to where the candidates stood on the paving as well as other questions, for last week the Tribune printed the statement of each candidate over his signature just what he was making his race on.

There is no question but what the people endorsed the going ahead of improvements and to that end it will be the duty of the incoming officers to finish the paving on Main street, levy the tax for the same and equalize it. Then they will be free to inaugurate many other things that are essential to the growth of Florence and which the people plainly said they are in favor of.

Last year Tucker won out in the north ward by 15 votes; this year his majority was an even 50. In the south ward last year he won out by 28, this year by 11.

John Bondesson for clerk received exactly the same number of votes in each ward, 118, or 236 in all, making his majority 160. Last year Cottrell won out with a majority of 56.

One of the big surprises was the walk-away of George Siert for treasurer, he receiving 213 votes to Parks' 96, a majority of 117.

For councilman from North ward R. B. Craig received 90 votes to 63 for F. D. Leach, a majority of 27.

For councilman of the South ward Carl Feldhusen received 93 votes while D. F. Kelly only got 65. Feldhusen's majority was 28.

For engineer John Lubold received 2 votes in the North ward and 4 in the South ward. Willard received 7 votes in the South ward. There was no one on the ballots for this office and it was friends of these men who wrote their names on the ballot.

After the count of the ballots a large crowd of citizens wended their way to the home of Mayor Tucker to congratulate him. They brought music along with them and spent a pleasant time. After refreshments, including ice cream and cake, had been served, cigars were lighted and the crowd preceded by the music, marched up to Main street and further celebrated the election.

In another column will be found the vote in detail compared with the vote of last year.

## Idle Chatter

The Imogen Study club of Florence met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. M. C. Coe. The club is studying Hamlet this winter and has called two extra meetings to finish the play before its annual meeting the first Thursday in May. In all probability an informal social evening will be given Tuesday of next week at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt at which the husbands of the members will be guests.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

The Pleasant Hour club will meet at the home of Orle Wilson Friday evening, April 8.

Price your property right and Thor. Jorgensen will sell it for you. Tel. Florence 367.

The Ecnerolf club gave a most enjoyable dance at Adam's hall Wednesday evening.

Everything in hardware, paints, oils, farm implements, oil and gasoline stoves.—J. H. Price, telephone 2221 Florence.

Hugh Suttie, Newell Burton, Dave Andrews, Robert Golding, John Lubold, L. R. Griffith, D. F. Kelly, Joe Thornton, C. H. Thompson and Will Chism formed a party that celebrated the election Tuesday. L. R. Griffith acted as host.

## ROOSTER GOT A GOOD JAG

A Sight That Met a Florence Man Recently When He Went to Look at His Prize Bird.

Milo, a prize Plymouth Rock rooster, had led a blameless, sober, yes, a patriarchal life up to last week. Then all was changed. A man west of town owns Milo and the rooster's amazing change of conduct pained him greatly. Worst of all, the rooster induced six hens hitherto modest and lady-like, to join him in alcoholic dissipation.

The man heard Milo crow continuously for ten minutes and went to see what had given rise to that unprecedented musical outburst. A bacchanalian spectacle greeted his staring eyes. Milo lay on his back in the barnyard. He was crowing with all his might, wagging his head foolishly and kicking. Around and around him staggered the six hens. Plainly they had lost all sense of hen propriety. They became a barnyard ballet corps. Coquettishly and clucking joyously they went wiggling around their lord and master. From their way of dancing they might have been drilled as the six Salome sisters. Their dancing ardor gradually cooled and they zigzagged off to their roosts.

It turned out that a mince pie, heavily charged with brandy and rum, had fallen from a kitchen window sill.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

## Idle Chatter

The World-Herald Monday had the following of interest to people of Florence: "The postmaster general, after having the matter under consideration since August last, has finally reached a decision against extending free mail delivery to the town of Florence. The people of Florence have made every effort to bring the town within the conditions which the postoffice department lays down. They have greatly improved their sidewalks; they have laid many blocks of fine pavement; they have caused numbers to be affixed to streets and to houses and stores, and it has been hoped that the postmaster general would permit the free letter carrier service to be extended from Omaha to the town of Florence. In finally reaching a decision adverse to the town of Florence, however, the postmaster general informs Representative Hitchcock that the service could not be extended at this time, giving as the reason that the service of two carriers would be needed to serve the 1,700 people of Florence with two deliveries daily. He stated that the population of Florence is extended over an area of three square miles and that the carriers so employed would serve less than one-half the usual number of people, thus making the cost excessive. It is believed that the strict conditions imposed by the postoffice department concerning Florence are due in part to the determination to retrench and reduce expenditures in the postoffice department and unfortunately the city of Florence seems to be made a victim of this policy. There is still one more card to be played that may result in free delivery at once and that was played this week. At any rate the delivery is only put off until fall."

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

The Boys of Honor presented Franklin Pierce Jolly to a very appreciative audience at Cole's hall Thursday evening. Mr. Jolly pleased his audience immensely and showed his versatility as a performer. The boys netted a neat sum which they will use to secure club pins.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

Some miscreant rang the fire bell Tuesday evening, but vanished before the boys got to the engine house. They were very indignant at the false alarm and dire things are threatened the perpetrator.

Big sale of shoes at cut prices at Anderson & Hollingsworth.

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker entertained a large party Tuesday evening after the count of the ballots. Music by the Mancini stringed orchestra, speeches and songs made a pleasant evening. Those present were G. M. Mancini, P. A. Haskell, C. J. Kierle, Nick Rocco, Larry Foy, E. L. Platz, J. H. Price, Louis Grebe, R. H. Olmsted, L. W. Ihm, John McGregor, O. R. Potter, Martin Ihm, Dan Tomasso, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Van Plank and Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tucker.

## The Election Returns

	1910			1909		
	Ward	No.	So.	Ward	No.	So.
For Mayor—						
F. S. Tucker	104	87	191	61	68	131
W. E. Rogers	54	76	130	53	55	108
J. J. Fox	..	..	..	9	10	19
For Clerk—						
J. Bondesson	118	118	236	160	..	..
C. A. Grigg	33	43	76	..	..	..
Charles Cottrell	..	..	..	69	86	155
J. A. Frankenkiller	..	..	..	10	8	18
A. F. Close	..	..	..	52	47	99
For Treasurer—						
George Siert	110	103	213	117	..	..
W. B. Parks	43	53	96	..	..	..
C. A. Grigg	..	..	..	34	37	71
W. H. Thomas	..	..	..	81	90	171
H. Moeller	..	..	..	9	10	19
Councilmen—						
F. D. Leach	63	..	63	..	..	..
R. B. Craig	90	..	90	27	..	..
C. Feldhusen	..	93	93	28	..	..
D. F. Kelly	..	65	65	..	..	..
F. M. King	..	..	..	38	..	..
J. H. Price	..	..	..	83	..	..
C. S. Duke	..	..	..	5	..	..
George Sorenson	..	..	..	47	..	..
C. H. Allen	..	..	..	86	..	..
H. Peterson	..	..	..	5	..	..

## PROCEEDINGS OF THE COUNCIL

Monday Evening Councilman Allen Reaches the Height of Oratory in Depicting the Awful Condition of a Pond of Water in the South Ward, Winding up With the Declaration That He Will Dig a Ditch by Himself and Drain it if Necessary to Do So.

The city hall was well filled Monday evening to hear the burning words of Councilman Allen in his plaided harp abated the nuisance of a pond of water in the south part of the city. He did, for at Third and Washington the Co. was a large pond of water that's bel partly on the waterworks company ground and partly on the street. It was a big nuisance and endangered the health of the people in that part of the town. To drain it would take 510 feet of tiling, but if necessary a ditch could be run down Washington street to the river and the work should be done either by the water company or by the city and the water company stand its share of the expense.

A red hot discussion followed when Allen brought in the name of John Simpson, a former mayor, in discussing the dump on land owned by Mr. Dreese. Simpson explained what he knew of the situation and asked Allen where Third and Washington streets were, but Allen didn't know where, but knew the location of the pond.

Waxing eloquent he called on the councilmen from North ward to say something, but they gracefully sidestepped by saying it was too far south for them to know anything about it.

Kelly remarked that the kids had to have some place to swim in during the summer time and to skate on during the winter.

"Who put that water there?" demanded Allen. "That is what I want to know. If the council won't drain it I will take a shovel myself and dig the ditch that will."

"Referred to the committee of the whole and city attorney," said the mayor. But it didn't seem to satisfy Allen, who jumped to his feet and exclaimed:

"Why, it is said that girls go in swimming there and the men sit on the banks and watch them. Is this to continue?"

A communication from the residents in the vicinity of Fourth and Sheffield streets, requesting a light at that corner was read and referred to the street and alley committee. After which Allen moved that it be ordered placed and all voted for it, so the light will shine forth.

The police judge reported no business during the month of March.

The estimate of Engineer Crick on the pavement was approved and placed on file, all except Kelly voting for it.

The report of the city treasurer was read and placed on file.

The following bills were allowed: A. Marr.....\$69.00 Electric Light Co.....3.12 Tribune.....12.19 H. Cosner.....9.00 A. Bloom.....65.00

Ordinance 267 fixing the salaries of the officers was read the third time and after amending it by raising the salary of the marshal to \$65 passed. Mayor Tucker reported appointed Mr. Holtzman and Henry Wilson as judge and clerk of election in place of Mr. Estill and Mr. Ryan. They were confirmed.

## WASHINGTON IS LOOKING GOOD

L. N. Warlier Writes Interesting Letter From That State for Benefit of His Local Friends.

Winlock, Wash., March 26, 1910.—I saw in the Tribune a letter from California to our Florence friends. I thought I would write one from Washington.

The wheat and oats are looking nice and green now. The garden truck is also up. The maple trees at beginning to leaf out. And while you are talking about trees, there are some here you have to look twice to see the top. There are trees here that are 150 to 175 feet tall. They run from one foot to seven feet in diameter. The cedar shingles that are used there are principally cut from dead trees. The timber that fire has run through about twenty years ago and the cedar is just as sound today as when the fire went through. In this part of Washington it takes a long time to clear out a farm, but when you get it cleared the land is very productive. They are way behind here in the timber land with their methods of farming to what they are in Nebraska. It is a mistaken idea for a man to think he can get government land with timber on here as that has been taken a long time ago. Land is very cheap here according to what land is worth in Nebraska. Will write you another letter in the near future.

L. N. WARLIER.

## NOTICE TO STOCKHOLDERS.

We, the undersigned, having purchased from the officers of the Florence Athletic association the fence, to have all stockholders present their grandstand, and paraphernalia, desire stock to F. P. Brown or W. R. Wall and receive all moneys due on same.

FRANK P. BROWN, GEORGE SIERT.

## BRIGGS NEWS

Callers at Stull's Sunday were Messrs. Vincent Sawhill, Ben Sawhill, James Vak, Rudolph Vak, Joseph Korinck, Charles Otren and Harry Olson.

Mr. and Mrs. Bruce and daughter, Muriel of Omaha, were visitors at Stull's a few days this week.

Mr. Korinck planted oats this week.

Mr. Rease Sims is working for Mr. H. Freed at present.

Potato planting is going on rapidly here.

There will be lots of fruit here if we do not get that awful freeze.

Mrs. H. Stull was on the sick list a couple of days this week.

Misses Bernice Ruth and Olive Metzinger were callers on Mrs. V. Sawhill last Tuesday.

Miss Vivian Stull of Omaha was visiting her grand parents, Mr. and Mrs. Stull.

Mr. Jacob Stull is working in Omaha now.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—Anderson & Hollingsworth.

City Attorney Olmsted defended the council from the slanders he said had been made, after which E. L. Platz, W. E. Rogers, F. S. Tucker, W. H. Thomas and Hugh Suttie spoke.

## TEACHING HIM TO SAVE

Fond Father Tries to Inculcate the Saving Habit into His Boy's Mind and Buys him a Bank to Keep his Money Starting off the Savings Bank With a Liberal Allowance and is Wonderfully Surprised at the Result.

"That boy of mine will be the death of me some day," declared The Man who is a fond father and rather proud of the fact. "Some time ago I thought it was about time to begin teaching him the lesson of saving his money instead of spending it for candy, as had been his wont, so I bought him a toy bank and told him that hereafter I would insist on his conducting his financial affairs on a strictly business basis, and that whenever he had enough saved up I would enter his name on a bank book. That seemed to please the boy, and he faithfully promised that he would conduct his bank on business principles. I started the bank with a modest amount, and then waited to see how it would come out.

"Yesterday I chanced to think of the matter and I demanded that he bring me the bank, thinking that perhaps he had enough saved to entitle him to a pass-book. He brought me the bank, although not willingly, and I was surprised to discover that there was not a cent in it.

"How about this, son?" I asked sternly.

"Me and Jimmy Jones was playing bank the other day," was his explanation.

"Well?"

"I was president and Jimmy was cashier."

"Well?"

"Say, pop, what do you suppose? We hadn't been playing more'n five minutes before I caught Jimmy trying to rob the bank."

"Well?"

"It didn't do him any good, for I had got there ahead of him."

"Where do I come in on this son?"

I asked, thunderstruck at the calm way he was facing the matter.

"Well, pop, we played that you was the indignant depositor what roared for his money. But it won't do you any good now, pop, 'cause the bank's busted, and that is all there is to it. I tell you what, pop, it was a bad smash."

"I don't know where that boy got his idea. Certainly not from me!" added The Man quickly, as he looked thoughtful.

## FOR SALE.

Forty acres of fine farming land, all under cultivation, located on Briggs road about four miles northwest of Florence. Also fifty-one and a half acres of equally as good land, with improvements, located on the macadam road about four miles northwest of Florence, Douglas county, Neb. For selling price and further particulars inquire of Emma N. Chase, Telephone: Florence 1502.

## A CHALLENGE.

The Mandy Lees of Omaha would like to get games with any teams in Omaha or vicinity. Calhoun preferred. Address H. Brown, care of George H. Lee Co., 1115 Harny street, Phone Douglas 838.

John N. Westberg of Omaha was the guest of J. B. Brisbin Sunday.

The Improvement club will meet at the city hall Tuesday evening.

Prof. McLane left Thursday for Fremont to attend a meeting of the school teachers there for three days.

P. H. Peterson was mad Monday evening. He expected his wife to meet him at the end of the car line with the carriage, so he could ride home. She not having arrived when he was ready to go home he started to walk, but when he got home there was no wife and no buggy, so back he had to hike, so she wouldn't wait all night. They say walking is good, but "Pete" don't agree with them.

W. H. Nelson and family of Omaha moved into the Smith house on State street this week.

The Ladies Aid society of the Presbyterian church met at the home of Mrs. P. A. Haskell Wednesday. The afternoon was spent in sewing for a rag carpet and a prize was given to the lady sewing the best ball, but deponent saith not who got the prize.

Mrs. F. H. Hartman entertained the whist club at her home Friday afternoon, Mrs. Harry Brisbin winning the prize.

There will be a base ball game at the park Sunday afternoon between the Monmouth Parks and some other good amateur team.

## TREASURER MAKES HIS REPORT

W. H. Thomas Submits Statement to Council of the Moneys Handled by Him in March.

W. H. Thomas, city treasurer, made his monthly report to the council Monday evening. The report shows that he did not take up any of the outstanding warrants, confining his activities to the collection of \$62.14 of which \$46.51 went to the general fund and \$15.63 to the water fund. Evidently the citizens are in no hurry to pay their sidewalk tax for he collected nothing for that fund.

Following is the report in full:

March 1—Balance in general fund .....\$ 29.26  
March 12—Received from water rent.... 10.00  
Apr. 2—Received from county treasurer ... 26.51—\$ 55.77  
March 1—Balance in water fund .....\$308.58  
Apr. 2—Received from county treasurer... 15.63—\$324.21  
March 1—Balance in sidewalk and grading funds..... 144.95  
Apr. 1, 1910 total in all funds \$554.93

W. H. THOMAS, City Treas.

## Idle Chatter

Eight young misses met on Friday last at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt and organized a club to be known as the Clover club of Florence. The object is the study of domestic science and to study the home life of American and English writers. The club will meet once in two weeks on Saturday afternoons. A competent and experienced cook will instruct the club once a month, demonstrating the work that has been previously learned. The girls will adopt a club pin, probably a four-leaved clover. Four more girls have decided to join next meeting. The officers elected are: President, Miss Olga Jurgenson; vice-president, Emma Brennaman; treasurer, Olga Pearson; secretary, Lura Holtzman; chairman finance committee, Mollie Suttie; chairman social committee, Viola Johnson; reporter, Rena Fox. These officers are elected for four months. The following is a list of the members: Olga Jurgenson, Emma Brennaman, Olga Pearson, Lura Holtzman, Rena Fox, Mollie Suttie, Viola Johnson and Dorothy Foster.

Ask your grocer for bread from the German bakery.

Mr. and Mrs. Irving Allison entertained at cards Wednesday evening.

J. Jeffrey Dary of Omaha spent Wednesday with Florence friends.

For Sale—Extra fine Evergreen seed corn. Phone 462.

The Court of Honor will give a social Tuesday evening at Adam's hall. Ice cream and cake will be served. General admission, 15 cents.

The merchants of Florence, in closing their stores on Sunday, are to be commended, and the people should make an effort to help the cause by purchasing all their merchandise on Saturday. When a clerk works six days in a week he is entitled to one day and the people should see that he gets it.

The Eagles gave a social session Wednesday evening and those present enjoyed the burlesque boxing and wrestling matches to the limit.

The school board at its session Wednesday evening re-elected all the present teachers for the ensuing year. May 26 was set as the date for the commencement exercises.

William Ely of Omaha was the guest of Florence friends Wednesday. Being such a good talker he is still connected with the Independent Telephone company.

M. Benjamin Shipley, the 21-year-old son of Mr. and Mrs. D. V. Shipley, who was killed in a railroad accident at Sheridan, Wyo., was buried from the home of his parents Monday afternoon. Rev. Charles Savidge of Omaha officiated at the funeral. The pall bearers were Fred and Frank Shipley of Gretna, Neb.; Will H. Thomas, P. H. Peterson, Clarence Wall and E. D. Hasgood of Sheridan, Wyo., a member of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of that city of which the deceased was also a member, who accompanied the relatives and remains here. Mr. Shipley left many friends here who truly mourn his untimely death.

Where, oh where is the Commercial club of Florence? Starting out auspiciously it now lies dormant and the good work they could do lies untouched.



# The Island of REGENERATION

By  
**CYRUS TOWNSEND  
BRADY**  
ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATERS  
COPYRIGHT 1901 BY W. C. CHAPMAN, CLEVELAND, OHIO  
SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage, and not able to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him. She finds him in an attitude of prayer, babbling an incoherent jargon. She finds a human skeleton and the skeleton of a dog. She finds a Bible and a silver box bearing the name of John Revell Charnock, with a date 25 years before her landing.

## CHAPTER III—Continued.

It was not long before she reached the barrier reef. It stood up a foot or two above the water now, the tide being low, and she clambered upon it. The sharp rocks cut her naked and tender feet, unused to such exertions and unfitted to such demands, but she persevered. The boat had been beaten to pieces. It had been forced over the reef by the hurl of the sea. The stern had been wedged in between some projecting rocks. The rest of it had been torn away and had fallen into the lagoon. There was no wind, the sea was unruffled. She could see as if through a glass the wrecked remains of the boat. There was nothing in it except the battered motor, useless for days before she landed, since her supply of gasoline had been exhausted. Everything else had been washed out of it and carried into the deeper recesses of the lagoon where they were inaccessible to the human vision.

Stop! Under what remained of a piece of thwart she caught a little gleam of metal. Calculating the distance nicely, she plunged in and dove. Keeping her eyes open she easily found the piece of metal, dislodged it from the place where it had fallen and came to the surface with it. It was a sailor's sheath knife with a bit of lanyard fastened to it. She had had a fancy to wear it in her sailor's blouse and she had missed it since she had come ashore.

But there was nothing else in the boat, not a thing; nothing on the barrier reef. She tried to pull the stern away where it had been wedged, but found that impossible. She tugged at it valiantly, but could not move it. In despair she turned to the man who had watched silently as usual and peated. He seemed to understand; for he came and with great effort lifted the torn part of the boat from the rocks and laid it down at her feet. She threw it into the water, where, of course, as it was wood, it floated easily. Then, with a nod to him she plunged in and together they guided it to the shore, he taking his cue from her action.

She had a fancy to test his strength and she managed to convey to him by signs, mainly by trying herself in vain to pull it apart, what she wished him to do. The impossible to her was child's play to him, and in a moment the several pieces of the boat which made up the stern were scattered on the beach. There was one straight piece which went across the stern of the boat and made a little box for the coxswain to sit in, which would do for a shovel. It was too wide, but she broke it against a big stone and was possessed of what she wanted. The ends were rough and scratched and unfit for her hands, but these she smoothed by the aid of her knife. She sharpened the other end and soon had a rude semblance of a shovel. She intended to use that on the boat on the sand the next day.

Finished with this, she looked at the man and sighed in despair. Could she ever get rid of him? Instantly there flashed into her mind that which she had before overlooked as of no moment. A long, heavy boat rope, the boat's painter, she had noticed when she dove lay floating by the side of the boat from which it had not been severed. An idea came to her. Dropping the shovel and followed by her satellite, she plunged in once more and again swam to the boat. Wasting no time, she dove as before, found the rope and having previously opened her knife, cut it quickly and came to the surface gasping.

There were perhaps 10 or 12 feet of it. It was a stout piece of rope, of unusual quality, as had been everything on board the yacht. The very best of stuff had gone into it and she did not believe any man on earth could break it. She had amused herself on the cruise by learning the rudiments of seamanship and she could tie knots like any sailor. This little accomplishment was to stand her in good stead. She wrapped the rope around her neck, plunged in the lagoon for the third time, and swam once more to the shore.

She led the way up the sands to the palm grove. Then she tied the rope around the man's neck, not in a slip noose, of course, but in a hard circle, and quickly made a running bowline around the nearest tree. He had not made the slightest resistance. He had no idea evidently of what she was doing or the purport of her motions. Then she turned and went away from him quickly. He started for her at once and was nearly jerked from his feet by the tautening of the rope. It was a new situation for him, yet his hands instinctively went to his throat and he strove to tear away the noose,

putting forth such a prodigious amount of strength that she stood in horror lest he should part the lashing. But it was made of stout stuff and he had no purchase; although he pulled until the sweat stood out on his forehead from the violence of his efforts, they were of no avail. She had not dared to interfere or to say a word, but when she saw his efforts slacken, she pointed to the sands to indicate to him that he was to sit down, and then she went away conscious that while the rope held she was free. She was conscious of another thing, too, and that was that he was learning a sad and bitter lesson of physical restraint to which he had never before been subject.

She had rejoiced in his companionship, of course. It had given her something to do, her mind something to work upon, and would do more in the future, but she never enjoyed a moment's freedom more. She ran to the little amphitheater formed by the cliffs where the cave was and throwing aside her blouse and skirt, she luxuriated in a bath in the fresh, cool, delightful waters of the pool at the base of the fall. There was a certain amount of apprehension, for, of course, he might break his tether at any time, but she was sufficiently confident not to let this take away the pleasure she felt in the bath of fresh water after the long experience with the salt seas. If she had had a cake of soap she would have been completely happy.

She had much to do and she could not linger. For one thing, she had to face the problems of clothes. She had absolutely nothing when she landed except what she wore. Besides the usual underwear these consisted of her blue serge blouse and skirt—a short skirt at that—and a silk petticoat. She left the blouse and skirt outside on the rocks where they would soon dry in the sun. They had been wetted so often that there was no possibility of their shrinking further. Then she took stock of the rest. With needles and thread, of which she possessed some store in the housewife which had been saved from her bag, she thought she could make shift to manufacture three or four garments, open at the neck, without sleeves and with skirts that came to the knee, garments just sufficient for modesty. There was no other need for clothes, so far as that went, in that balmy island.

Naturally she shrank from this, but unless she resorted to this expedient her clothes would wear out all at once. Indeed, they were in none too good a condition as it was, and when they were worn out she would have nothing. She would not have hesitated a moment had it not been for the man, but now, of course, the decision in her mind was one to which she must come.

Unlike most overeducated women, she was still expert with her needle, and as her garments were to be of the simplest she had not much difficulty in making over her silk skirt in the way she fancied. Belted in at the waist, it would do. She would use the rope that bound the man for that purpose, keeping it always about her. She had, of course, but one pair of stockings and one pair of light canvas boating shoes, which were almost cut to pieces. She would have to go barefoot.

Putting her blue serge dress and the rest of her clothing carefully away, including her shoes and stockings, she stepped out on the sands, bare armed, bare footed, a gleaming figure like to an Olympian goddess. She was a woman naturally dark in complexion, and while the sun would probably burn her cruelly and burn her young flesh, never exposed to its intensity, darker she would not grow red or blister. She was thankful for that with unconscious femininity. At any rate, she must get used to going out in the sun without a hat, too. People, natives who were born and lived in this latitude, did become accustomed to such things, she knew, so undoubtedly could she.

With these thoughts, she stepped around the beach, headland and walked across the beach toward the palm tree where she could see in the fading light of the afternoon her prisoner was still tied.

Modesty is a negative term. That which is indecent exposure in a ballroom is the height of convention on a sea shore. Certainly this man had no concept of such a quality. He had not noticed before when she had come out barefoot to swim to the barrier reef, and yet somehow she fancied as he stared at her approaching that this time she marked the difference. And a slow, fiery blush flamed over her from her bare feet to her bare head, extended along her bare arms. She stopped under the persuasion of impulse to turn and go back to the cave and resume her clothing, at least so long as it might last. But she was a woman of strong will. She reasoned that all the emotions to which she was subject were in her own bosom; that the man before her neither knew nor cared as to the things which vexed her. So she went on.

She had in her hand the sailor's knife, with the blade open. She could not tell exactly in what mood her prisoner might be. Indeed, she approached him with a certain terror, accounted for partly by the situation and partly by the fact that in making this change in her garments she had, as it were, cut herself off from civilization and brought herself in some degree at least nearer his physical level. But she could not leave him there all night. Summoning her cour-

age, therefore, and with a bold front before him, she advanced to the tree and untied the rope from the trunk and untied it from his neck as well. He stood silent, unresisting through it all, a rather pitiful figure she thought at first, until he was freed from the degrading halter.

Then she waited in intense and eager curiosity as to what he should do next. The iron in his situation had eaten into his soul. He had been mastered by force. He could not understand it. He did not love the mastery. Still, without the knowledge of his own powers, there occurred to him no way to resent the ignominy to which he had been subjected. He turned and walked away from her. She stood amazed, staring after him. It was the first time he had withdrawn himself from her presence. Where was he going? Was this a declaration of war? Was there to be enmity between them? In vague terror, moved by a sudden impulse again, she called him. "Man!" she said.

He stopped, hesitated, looked back, turned and went on again. He was deeply hurt. She could not see him go. It was unthinkable that he should go. He was dangerous away from her. By her side she could control him. "Man!" she called again.

But this time he did not heed. An idea sprang to her brain, working quickly under the pressure. She lifted up her voice, for he was far from her now and plodding steadily, doggedly toward the trees.

"John!" she cried. "John Revell Charnock!"

And at that sound the man stopped. He turned and looked at her again.

"John!" she repeated. "John!"

She approached him. As she did so and when she could get near enough to him, she observed that wrinkling of the brow, that look of amazement which she had noticed before. It was as if some latent memory, some recollection of the past, were struggling against the obscurity of years, as if something were endeavoring to thrust itself through a sea of oblivion and forgetfulness that overwhelmed his mind, as if she were a voice which



A Gleaming Figure Like an Olympian Goddess.

brought back things he could neither understand nor utter, and yet which meant something to him.

"John!" she cried again, coming nearer to him.

She thrust out her hand; she touched him. Again she noticed that strange emotion consequent upon her touch. She laid her hand upon his shoulder. There was amity, confidence, reassurance. She patted him as she might a dog.

"John!" she said, and then she turned away and walked toward the shore.

Obediently he followed her. She thrust the knife between her waist and the rope which she had rapidly twisted about her middle and walked on in triumph. If he had learned something, so had she. Some one else had called this man John in days gone by. The sound was not unfamiliar to him. He answered to his name. That was he, John Revell Charnock! She felt as if she were entering upon the solution of the mystery of his presence. Perhaps the morrow would tell. She would examine that boat and those decaying evidences of humanity on the farther shore.

She felt elated that night ere she went to sleep in the cave. The clew

to the mystery she fancied was in her hand. She had such occupation before her as she had never hoped to come upon in a desert island, at least. The rope added to her security. By piling stones before the entrance to the cave and reinforcing them with the boards from the wreck of the boat and some fallen tree branches on the shore, she made a sort of a barrier to it, not a barrier that would have kept out of the cave any one who desired to enter, but one which would have to be removed before one could enter. And she so arranged matters, tying the end of the rope to her wrist, that any attempt to remove it would immediately awaken her. That night she slept secure and unmolested.

## CHAPTER IV.

### Lesson and Labor.

The task to which she set herself in the morning would have been an impossible one to many women, and indeed it was a hard one to her. The buried boat lay in the sand some rods distant from the nearest tree. There was absolutely no shelter from the fierce heat of the tropic sun. She was not yet fully accustomed to it, and indeed perhaps she never would be able to endure it without some sort of a head covering. She improvised a bonnet from the leaf of a low springing palm tree, which, with her remaining handkerchief, she tied about her head. And then with her watchful friend by her side she descended the beach to the boat and began to dig.

It was hard and very tedious work. With the flat make-shift shovel in the shape of the rough piece of board it was almost impossible to lift the sand. Yet she attacked the task resolutely and persevered steadily for a long time until the sweat beaded her forehead, her back ached, her hands, unused to manual toil of any kind, were almost blistered. She realized at last that she would have to give it over.

She wondered as she ceased her labors whether the constant observation which the man had subjected her to would enable him to continue the work. As an experiment she handed

ual development would keep pace with the practical, she would be thoroughly satisfied with her educational processes.

She mused on the problem as he labored silently and vigorously. He stopped once or twice, but she kept him to it, a feat vastly greater than she realized, until the interior of the boat, which was a small ship's boat, a dinghy, had been entirely cleared out. She had watched carefully every spadeful of sand which had been tossed over the buried gunwales and now she searched eagerly the boat itself. Her inspection revealed nothing. There were lockers at either end. These she opened, finding nothing therein but mouldering remains of cloth, bags of some sort which she surmised might have contained ship's bread, and a little barrel or keg, which had probably carried water for the voyagers.

The boat appeared to be in an excellent state of preservation. There were even a pair of oars lying on the thwarts. If she could have dug it out of the sand entirely, she fancied she could have launched it and used it. But such a task was utterly beyond her. Besides there would have been no gain in having the boat afloat. She would not dare to take it out beyond the barrier reef and there was nothing to row for in the lagoon.

She easily broke the rotting lines with which the oars were secured and took them out. They would be useful perhaps in some way. And then after a long look at the boat and with a feeling that her labor had been mainly wasted, she was about to turn away when the thought struck her that sometimes boats carried the names of the ships to which they belonged on their bows or across their sterns. She had recourse to the shovel once more, and after some deliberation essayed the stern of the boat.

It was not so hard to shovel the sand away from it and here she did make a discovery, for although the letters had been almost obliterated by the action of the sand, she could still make them out. After some study she decided that the name of the boat, or of the ship to which it had belonged, had been Nansemond of Norfolk, Virginia. That was the net result of the hard labors of a long morning. It told her something, but not much. Assuming that the man with

whom she had seen on the beach was the man who had come to the island in the past on that boat, it indicated that he was at least an American and a Virginian. It identified him, if her suppositions were correct, and whether there was warrant for them or not, instinctively and naturally she concluded that he was correct.

Admitting all this, however, it gave her no clew from which to build a history. The testimony of the boat was interesting, that was all. Her first thought was to leave it where it was, but her second thought was better. With the aid of the stout piece of board which had served her for a shovel, she hammered away at the stern piece until she broke it off. She saw now that the boat must have lain there in the sand for many years, for the wood was brittle and the fastenings largely destroyed, for the stern piece came easily away. She laid it aside for a moment intending to preserve it with the Bible. Heaven knows what dream of future usefulness in the way of evidence establishing identity these might be, entered her mind.

Then she threw herself down under the trees and rested. She had left her watch, her precious watch, back in the cave with the book. She did not dare to carry it around with her. She had no way of carrying it in the thin, single garment which she wore, but she judged from the height of the sun that it must be noon time. They made their meal off the fruits of the island, this time with a rich and juicy coconut added, which the man got for her at her suggestion in the sign language at which she was becoming expert, by climbing with wonderful agility, ape-like agility almost, one of the tall coconut palms with which the island abounded. There were fruits of various sorts in great plenty on the island and she was becoming accustomed to the diet by degrees.

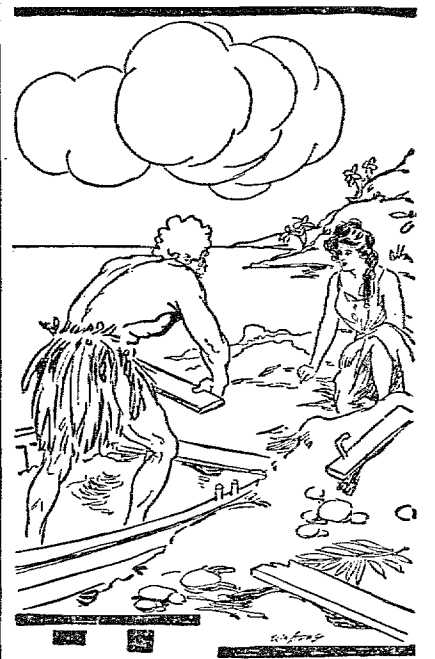
She passed the noon hour in trying to add to the mental equipment of her companion. He could say a number of words now and had some idea of their meaning, although he had not yet attempted to frame sentences nor had she yet tried to teach him so to do. It was pleasant under the shade of the trees. She found herself marveling at times as to the contentment that possessed her, a product of the age suddenly plunged into the Eden-like existence which her forebears might have enjoyed ten thousand years before.

The hours ran on until the declining sun and the coolness that came with the late afternoon warned her that if she were to continue her explorations she must be about it immediately. So she rose and nerving herself to her task went toward the coppice where lay the ghastly remains of what had been a human being. Forcing herself to the duty with her knife she carefully cut away the rushes, being particular not to disturb the bones of the skeletons. As before she did all this in the face of a vigorous remonstrance from the man. In some way, she could not tell how, the place was horrible to him. He would never have come near it evidently of his own will, and although the power of mem-



ory in him was but latent, the impression that had been produced upon him by what she found there at some period in his life was strong enough to make him avoid it forever.

She did not ask him for assistance, indeed, she would not have trusted him with the knife under any circumstances, and he made no attempt to keep close to her. He stood on the outskirts of the coppice in a



She Watched Carefully Every Spadeful of Sand.

great state of excitement, uttering without sequence or reason such words as she had taught him. To him, in this instance, she gave no heed.

Presently she had completely uncovered the two skeletons. She had studied anatomy, but was not a specialist in that department of human learning. She thought that the skeleton before her was that of a woman. She measured its length with a piece of tall grass and compared it with her own. They were both of a size. The soil in which the bones lay was soft and porous. Every vestige of clothing had long since rotted away and disappeared with the flesh it covered. If the person whose bones lay there had worn any article of gold or silver, which, being rustless would have survived the long exposure, they were probably buried in the earth beneath the bones. She would attend to that later.

Then she looked toward the bones at the feet of the human remains and decided instantly that they were the bones of a dog. Across the vertebrae lay a piece of metal. She picked it up, recognizing it instantly as a plate which had probably belonged to a dog collar. There was an inscription on it which she did not take the trouble at the moment to read. Slipping it into the bosom of her tunic and making sure that the confining rope would keep it from falling out, she stooped down and gathered the bones of the human being up in her arms, repulsive as the task was, and carried them down to the boat on the beach. She laid them in the bottom of the boat carefully and then moved by a sudden impulse, she went back and gathered up those of the dog which she put in the boat also. It was an easy matter to tumble a few spadefuls of sand over the bones. Then she left them in that rude Viking sepulture, knowing that time would soon refill the empty dinghy and the bones would be safely buried unless some other investigator should uncover them.

The man had assisted her in no way in this process, but his excitement was very great. While she stood looking down at the little heap of sand which covered all that remained of this forlorn and forgotten visitor to this island, wondering if the fate of that trespasser upon these silent shores would some day be hers, the man suddenly dropped on his knees as she had seen him do on her first night on the island. He put his hands together and began that mumbled jargon which she had not been able to understand, but which had seemed to her more like language than anything to which he had given vent. She was surprised beyond measure, yet she listened with every faculty on the alert if possible to comprehend what he had been saying, and presently a familiar sound or two flashed into her mind that he was making use of a prayer which she herself had used in childhood; that, absurd, fantastic, impossible though the conclusion was, he was saying the childish petition, "Now I lay me down to sleep!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Plenty to Do.

"You seem to be doing a good business," said the meter reader to the druggist.

"It's unusually good to-night," replied the cheerful druggist. "I've had seven patrons who asked to see the city directory, five who used the telephone, 11 who bought postage stamps, and one who wanted me to remove his porous plaster. It's a rush of business like this that makes a druggist wish he had been brought up a motor-man or a truck driver."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.



# AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

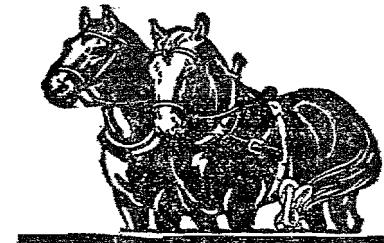
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa. — "I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies." — Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R. F. D., No. 3, Knoxville, Iowa.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

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



## Stops Lameness

Much of the chronic lameness in horses is due to neglect.

See that your horse is not allowed to go lame. Keep Sloan's Liniment on hand and apply at the first sign of stiffness. It's wonderfully penetrating—goes right to the spot—relieves the soreness—limbers up the joints and makes the muscles elastic and pliant.

### Here's the Proof.

Mr. G. T. Roberts of Resaca, Ga., R. F. D. No. 1, Box 43, writes:—"I have used your Liniment on a horse for swelling and effected a thorough cure. I also removed a spavin on a mule. This spavin was as large as a guinea egg. In my estimation the best remedy for lameness and soreness is

## Sloan's Liniment

Mr. H. M. Gibbs, of Lawrence, Kans., R. F. D. No. 3, writes:—"Your Liniment is the best that I have ever used. I had a mare with an abscess on her neck and one eye, bottle of Sloan's Liniment entirely cured her. I keep it around all the time for galls and small swellings and for everything about the stock."

Sloan's Liniment will kill a spavin, curb or splint, reduce wind puffs and swollen joints, and is a sure and speedy remedy for fistula, sweeney, founder and thrush.

Price 50c. and \$1.00  
Sloan's book on horses, cattle, sheep and poultry, sent free. Address  
Dr. Earl S. Sloan,  
Boston, Mass., U. S. A.

## Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal—harsh—unnecessary. Try CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS. Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know. Small Pill. Small Dose. Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature: *W. D. Wood*

## Turlock Irrigation District

of California  
The LAND of SUNSHINE and OPPORTUNITIES. Healthful Climate. A-1 land; ABUNDANT WATER at low rate; Peaches, Apples, Figs, Olives, Sweet Potatoes, Alfalfa and Dairyland pay better than \$100.00 per acre yearly. Write for illustrated booklet.  
DEPT. B, TURLOCK BOARD OF TRADE, Turlock, Cal.

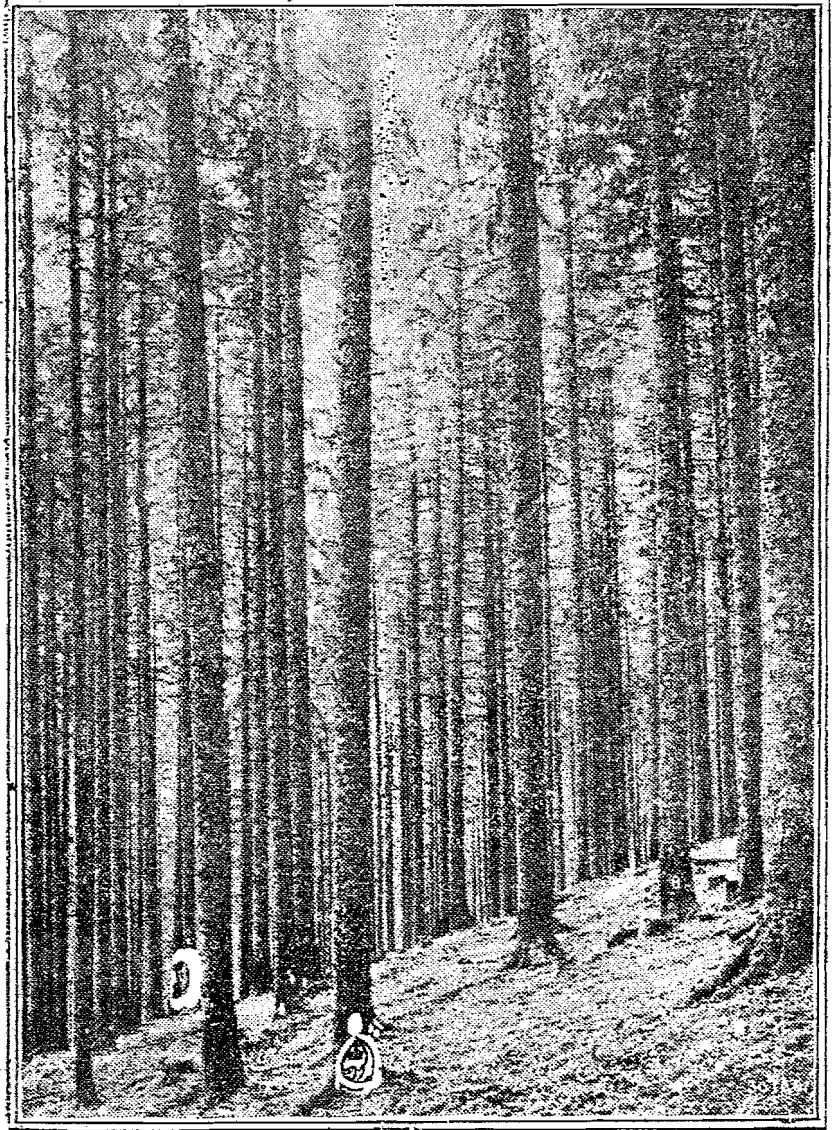
## A Eucalyptus Grove, Best Life Insurance

Our INSURANCE CONTRACT protects Purchaser's Heirs. Eucalyptus Groves on conservative estimates, pay better than ENDOWMENT POLICY. Buy a five-acre grove on Easy Terms. BANK TRUSTEESHIP secures you. Income from California Alfalfa Fields pays DIVIDENDS ON YOUR INVESTMENT from the start. Interesting booklet outlining our proposition, will interest you. Postal brings it, it's FREE.  
CALIFEX PLANTATION COMPANY  
Security Bldg. Los Angeles, California

# Reforestation in Europe



TREATING SEEDLINGS, NEAR EISENACH, GERMANY



FOREST NEAR WEYER, AUSTRIA-HUNGARY

EUROPE is conquering the waste land problem by planting trees. Every year thousands of acres of land are being reclaimed in this way by the leading countries and put in a condition preparatory to a profitable timber harvest in the years to come.

Not only many previously forested areas which have been cut have been planted up, but a number of the countries are also devoting their energies to establishing a forest cover on cunes and other waste lands, and in fact, on all land which is more valuable for producing timber than for other purposes.

France has been one of the foremost European countries in reforestation, especially in the mountains, where planting has been a powerful factor in controlling torrents and regulating streamflow. The state each year buys cultivated lands in the mountain regions, and up to January, 1907, it had acquired 503,000 acres in this way. Communes, associations, and private individuals are also assisted in reforestation work by grants of money, and by supplies of plants and seeds. Altogether 249,000 acres have been planted through this public assistance. Complete exemption from taxation for a long period of years is granted in the case of plantations made on the tops and slopes of mountains. A reduction of three-fourths for all land planted or sown, whatever the situation, is also made.

One of the most striking examples of the results of planting waste lands is furnished by the reforestation of the "Karst" in Austria. The Karst was a stretch of barren limestone lands comprising some 600,000 acres in the hilly country along the Austrian shores of the Adriatic sea. For centuries it has furnished the ship timber and other wood supplies of Venice, but excessive cutting, together with burning and pasturing, had left it a waste almost beyond recovery. In 1825, the government began to offer help to land owners who would undertake forest planting there. Taxes were remitted for periods of years, technical advice was given, and plant material as well as money was supplied.

At present over 400,000 acres, or two-thirds of the Karst are under forest, partly as a result of planting, at a cost of eight or ten dollars an acre, and partly as a result of protection which made natural recuperation possible. In 1884, Austria also passed a reforestation law to control torrents. This law carries an annual appropriation of \$100,000, and extensive planting work has been successfully carried out under it.

Germany as a whole does not have so much waste land which it is neces-

sary to plant. The Germans have been practicing forestry for so long a time that the greater part of the available land is already covered with forests. Some work, however, is done along this line. During the six years from 1901 to 1906, about 300,000 acres of land suitable for forestry were acquired in Prussia, although a part of this was already wooded. All possible assistance is also given to communal and private owners in planting work, and in 1908, \$110,000 was appropriated for this purpose. Eaden endeavors to encourage forest planting by providing that all private waste lands, pastures, fields, and upland planted with timber, remain free from taxation for a period of 20 years from the beginning of the first year of planting.

In Denmark no fixed appropriation is made for acquiring waste lands, but in the last 25 years over 43,000 acres have been purchased, and recently the annual cost for planting has amounted to over \$15,000. The planting on the dunes along the coast of Jutland for the purpose of protection from drifting sand is continuously going on. In addition to the work which the state is doing, annual grants are made to the Danish Health society, the special object of which is to encourage tree planting in Jutland. That the work pays is shown by the fact that during the last ten years the average annual profit from all state forest land has been nearly \$100,000.

Other European countries are constantly doing similar planting work. Switzerland, for example, creates protection forests wherever possible by planting, and whenever forests are converted into farming and pasture lands an equal area may be ordered reforested.

Putting every acre of land to its best use is the idea about which the whole policy of the conservation of national resources revolves, and in the future the planting up of waste tracts in the United States is sure to be carried on extensively by private owners as well as in the national forests and on state lands.

China, often called the most backward of nations in the care of natural resources, is to be the scene of a vigorous campaign in the interests of the forests, according to plans for a series of meetings which will be held under the auspices of Boone College, Wuchang, China, at Hankow, Wu-chang, and Hanyang. Later there will be meetings in all the large cities and important ports both on the coast and in the interior. Mr. Howard Richards, Jr., the representative in this country of the Chinese college has been collecting material for these courses, and has just started to China

## EXCELLENT TRADE IN WESTERN CANADA

SPLENDID CROPS, BIG PRICES, AND PROSPEROUS OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE.

Throughout all of Canada, and especially in the Western Provinces of Canada, there is a buoyancy in every line of business that is fully warranted by every condition. The crops of the past year were what was expected, and the prices for grain of all kinds, put the farmers in a class by themselves. Many of them are independent, and many others have got well started on the road. The latest reports are that seeding is well under way in almost every district, and the prospects are that a vastly larger area than that under crop last year will be seeded early this spring. In the Lethbridge district, in Southern Alberta, steam and gasoline outfits, hundreds of them, are breaking up the prairie at a tremendous pace, but they work night and day. As soon as it becomes dark, gangs are changed, a head light attached, and on, on through the night until the first streak of dawn, these giant monsters with their seven or eight gangs of breaking plows, keep up the work. Then the more modest farmer is putting in the longest hours possible with his teams of horses or oxen. And what will the Country be like in August, when these fields have become yellowed with the literally golden grain. There will be one vast expanse of wheat field. And there will be a market for it, because it is the best grain grown, and the demand will be everywhere. As previously intimated business throughout Western Canada is sound and good. The grain production of 1909 has been the great factor in establishing the reputation of Western Canada, and it is worth talking about. It surpassed all previous records, both in regard to quality and quantity, and such an achievement was by no means easy. The limit has not been reached, and a large average increase may be expected during the next ten years. There will be odd seasons when a falling-off will occur, and it is the falling-off that causes alarms and panics in the commercial world. The plains have done their duty so far in the output of grain and it would be reasonable to make occasional allowances for slowing-up. The faster the rate of increase is now, the sharper will be the check when the production diminishes. But there are some unreasonable people who wonder why the growth of one year is not continued during the next, and at an even faster rate. These same unreasonable people are the ones who see flaws in the situation as soon as an indication is given that the startling advances have not been maintained.

### Studies in Still Life.

"I want a few colored illustrations of beets and tomatoes."  
"Life size?" inquired the artist.  
"Catalogue size," replied the seedman, with a significant smile.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

### All Tired Out.

Do you feel dull, occasionally—out of sorts? Headaches and dizziness? The fault is either with your stomach or your liver. The safe, sure and easy way to get rid of either trouble is to take NATURE'S REMEDY. Take an N. R. Tablet to night. It will sweeten the stomach and regulate the liver, kidneys and bowels. Easy—sure to act. Get a 50c Box. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo.

### Too Busy to See.

Patience—Do you believe there are microbes in kisses?  
Patrice—I never saw any.—Yonkers Statesman.

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Book. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

There are lots of people who can't take a joke, and a good many times it isn't through any fault of their own.

Takers of the United States Census will use Waterman's Ideal Fountain Pen because it is always ready and sure.

If the fool and his money were inseparable there would be no get-rich-quick schemes.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

It's easier to break away than it is to get back.

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

One woman can stir up more trouble than a dozen mere men.



## PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

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



With a better understanding of the transient nature of the many physical ills which vanish before proper efforts—gentle efforts—pleasant efforts—rightly directed. There is comfort in the knowledge that so many forms of illness are not due to any actual disease, but simply to a constipated condition of the system, which the pleasant family laxative, Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, promptly removes. That is why it is the only remedy with millions of families, and is everywhere esteemed so highly by all who value good health. Its beneficial effects are due to the fact that it is the only remedy which promotes internal cleanliness, without debilitating the organs on which it acts. It is, therefore, all-important, in order to get its beneficial effects, to purchase and note that you have the genuine article, which is manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co. only.

It is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the kidneys, liver and bowels, cleanses the system effectually, dispels colds, headaches and fevers and assists in overcoming habitual constipation permanently, also biliousness and the many ills resulting therefrom. The great trouble with all other purgatives and aperients is not that they fail to act when a single dose is taken, but that they act too violently and invariably tend to produce a habit of body requiring constantly augmented doses. Children enjoy the pleasant taste and gentle action of Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna, the ladies find it delightful and beneficial whenever a laxative remedy is needed, and business men pronounce it invaluable, as it may be taken without interfering with business and does not grip nor nauseate. When buying note the name, California Fig Syrup Co. printed on the front of every package. Price, 50 cents a bottle.

## A Free Book About Beautiful Walls

We have just issued a book about house decoration. May we send you a copy—free?

It tells how to produce those beautiful walls, now seen in all the finest of homes and hotels.

It suggests color schemes—offers a wealth of ideas. And it tells what has brought alabastine into universal vogue.

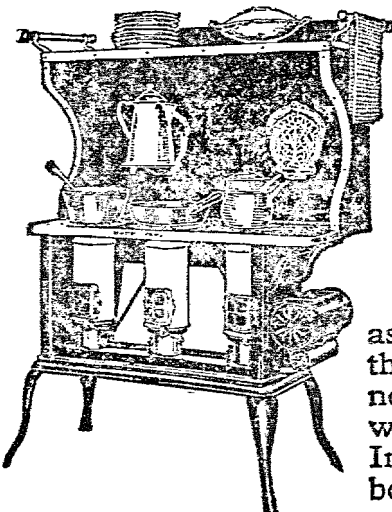
## Alabastine The Sanitary Wall Coating

Alabastine is the only wall coating that doesn't breed germs. It has been so for 30 years. In the past few years it has become the rage. Fashion now demands it. People of taste—both rich and poor—now have alabastined walls.

Please know the reason. Know the endless color schemes you can get from it. Know how easily you can apply it, even on papered walls. You will never use wall paper—never use kalsomine—after you know the facts.

Alabastine Co., Grand Rapids, Mich.

## Bakes—Roasts—Broils—Toasts



BAKES bread, pie and cake—bakes them perfectly all through, and browns them appetizingly.

ROASTS beef, poultry and game with a steady heat, which preserves the rich natural flavor.

BROILS steaks and chops—makes them tender and inviting.

TOASTS bread, muffins, crackers and cheese.

No drudgery of coal and ashes; no stooping to get at the oven; no smoke, no dust, no odor—just good cooking with greater fuel economy. Irons and water in wash-boiler always hot. The

## New Perfection Oil Cook-stove

has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot. Drop shelves for the coffee pot or saucepans, and nicked towel racks.

It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove very attractive and invites cleanliness. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

CAUTIONARY NOTE: Be sure you get this stove—see that the name-plate reads "NEW PERFECTION." Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

## Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

## Patriotism

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

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

Diseases of the stomach and other organs of digestion and nutrition are promptly and permanently cured by the use of **DR. PIERCE'S GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY. It builds up the body with sound flesh and solid muscle.**

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

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

## LAZY LIVER

"I find Cascarets so good that I would not be without them. I was troubled a great deal with torpid liver and headache. Now since taking Cascarets Candy Cathartic I feel very much better. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as the best medicine I have ever seen."

Anna Bazinet, Osborn Mill No. 2, Fall River, Mass.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sickens, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C. C. C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 525

## FARALYSIS

Locomotor Ataxia. Conqueror of Last Chance's Blood & Nerve Tablets does it. Write for Proof. Advice Free. Dr. CHASE, 224 North 10th St., Philadelphia, Pa.

## PATENTS

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

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 15-1910.



## The Husband Explains

She threw the letter on the table and looked over at her husband.

"That's just like a woman," she said. "Anybody would suppose that I had been trying to do her a mean trick from the tone of her letter, and I thought I was doing her a favor."

He went right on reading the newspaper, devoting the rest of his attention to his coffee.

"Don't take enough interest in my affairs to read the letter, I suppose," she went on, getting dangerously near the teary stage. "Well, you needn't, then."

"You just tell me what's in it, dear," he said. "That will be sufficient."

She seemed mollified and picked up the rejected letter.

"I can tell you what's in it," she went on. "It's just in answer to what I wrote her about the flat. You know Jenny Smith told me that she would always like to take this flat off our hands if we were tired of it; that she had never seen a flat anywhere so good; that she would regard it as a great favor if we did let her know and that she wanted just such an apartment."

"I did that and now she writes back that she is very appreciative of my offer, but that under the circumstances she thinks she will not be able to take it off our hands, much as she would like to be of service to us. She writes as if I had implored her to rent it as a great favor to me."

"That's just the way with people when you ask them to do what they have said they are very anxious to do once they get the idea that they are doing you a favor. It's just the same thing that happened when I asked the Joneses if they wanted my cook."

"Every time they came to the house last winter they used to rave over Emily. They would be so happy if only they could get such a cook, they said. Yet when I wrote to them that we were giving up keeping house and that they could have her if they wanted her they seemed to be actually embarrassed about the matter, as if they were having a servant forced on them willy nilly."

He had not indicated any great interest at the beginning, but listened more attentively as his wife's narrative proceeded. Then he put down the paper and began to talk himself.

"Don't you remember the time you bought that old side table at auction and Mary asked you to let her have it if you ever wanted to sell it?"

She nodded.

"Don't you recall also how patronizing she was when you told her you thought you might let her have it because you didn't want to crowd your dining room? Surely you have not forgotten how she tried to wriggle out of taking it just as if you were determined to hold her to a bargain."

She admitted that she had not forgotten a detail of this transaction. Then she also admitted how provoked she had been when her cousin Helen had asked her to give her the refusal of her old horse Sally if she decided to sell her when they went to town in the autumn.

"Then how can you," he asked, "with these things fresh in your mind, put yourself in the way of being patronized again in such fashion? You ought to learn that what they do not possess often seems very attractive to persons so long as it remains the property of others. It is quite a different thing when it becomes attainable to them."

"It almost invariably happens that they have ceased to care for it and it is only human nature for them to give themselves the satisfaction of showing the owners that they are now in possession of the situation. So remember that trait the next time you offer to anybody a similar kindness."

### A Monkey Trick.

Curator Raymond L. Ditmars, of the New York zoo, was praising the intelligence of monkeys.

"A Philadelphia man," he said, "was hurrying out Powellton avenue one afternoon when, all of a sudden, an organ grinder's little monkey dropped dead. The poor grinder's grief was pitiful. The Philadelphian, touched, gave him a half dollar and hastened away."

"An hour later, returning through Market street, he saw the same organ grinder, and, just as he passed, the monkey again dropped dead, and the grinder's grief was even more pitiful than before."

"The Philadelphian gave a loud laugh. The grinder, recognizing him, laughed, too, but made no motion to return the half dollar."

### Two Sides to Great Actress.

Mrs. Siddons was, on and off the stage, "two different people." On the stage she was a pythoness, nightly hypnotized into passionate emotions by the sight of the drop curtain and the boards, says a writer. In her home she was, at all events to the casual observer, more than a thought too much a mere mother and British matron, loving to be seemingly and of good report, shut in the tower of an unimaginative nature. Had she not been an actress she would have made (such an observer might have said) an ideal bishop's wife.

### The Lesson.

Freshman—Is this lesson for the week?

Professor—No; for the strong.—University of Texas Coyote.

## I Have Lived

I have lived—ah, yes, I have lived! Whatever the note I hear Of human joy or human woe, in my heart the echo rings clear; My path has led over roughest hills and through the flowery leas, And sometimes tempests have swept the way, and sometimes the summer breeze.

I have loved and I have hated, I have sinned and I have prayed, And oft have sought with bitter tears the path from which I strayed. I know the woe that makes the world look gray and worn and old, I know the bliss that lights the sky with amethyst and gold; And yet, O life, I cannot read the riddle that thou art, Or whether given for good or ill—for both are in my heart.

—Ninette M. Lowater, in New York Sun.

## The Story of an Engagement Ring

By RAMY NIVLEM

(Copyright, 1909 by Associated Literary Press.)

"Is this Mr. Howard?"

Lawrence Howard looked up. Upon seeing a pretty young woman standing in the door, he arose.

"Yes," he answered. "Come in."

The girl came quietly forward and took the seat he offered her.

"I have come in answer to your advertisement for bookkeepers. I saw your father downstairs and he sent me to you."

"Do you want a place?"

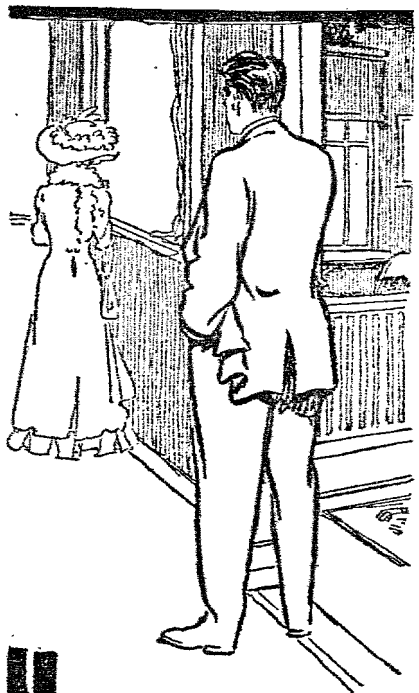
"Yes," she answered, simply.

"Where were you last employed?"

At this the girl colored slightly and answered that she had no practical business experience; but that she had always kept the books at home, and that she really knew bookkeeping. After some more talk, Howard agreed to take her name and address and to let her know if she were needed. Julia Burling, she said, was her name; and when he asked the very inquisitive and entirely unnecessary question as to her age, she said she was 21.

When Miss Burling left the office, young Howard went with her to the door and followed her with his eyes down the hall. She was an interesting girl, and Lawrence Howard was always looking out for interesting persons. Although, after four years in college, he had been made junior partner in his father's business, he was still a student. He enjoyed the unusual in human nature. This Miss Burling seemed to him unusual. She was refined and gentle, and the changing color in her face made her pretty. She said that she had never been employed, and Howard could have guessed as much. "Likely," he thought, "she doesn't know a thing about it; but I'll try her."

So Miss Burling entered upon her duties at the office of Howard & Howard. From the first she showed that she understood the important points in her work, and the minor details she grasped readily under young Howard's



Followed Her with His Eyes.

teaching. He continued to be interested in the girl with the sweet sad face and the dark eyes that seemed to have brightness hidden away in them. Often he had occasion to close or open the window near her, or to pick up her fallen papers, and the smile with which she would thank him for such courtesies showed that she could be decidedly beautiful if only she were happier. One day, when they happened to leave the big noisy building at the same time, he walked home with her, and the enthusiasm with which she listened to his talk charmed him.

One day, about two months after she had come to the office, Miss Burling asked Lawrence to help her find a mistake in her accounts. As she directed his eye along the lines of figures, he noticed on the ring-finger of her left hand a large diamond solitaire. Somehow the sight did not please him. That evening, impelled by something which he told himself was curiosity, he went home with her again, and when they reached her boarding house she invited him up into her sitting-room.

Lawrence went. He found the room furnished in mahogany, with handsome rugs upon the floor and copies of well-known pictures upon the wall. When he complimented her taste she smiled and said: "Yes, these things are my own, of course. I saved them when everything else was sold."

Lawrence never had known her to offer so much information concerning herself, and though he desired to know more he could not find it in him to ask. In vain he searched the walls, the mantel and the stands for the photograph of a young man—of her fiancé. Why was she in mourning, and where did her ring come from? Presently he

looked up from his absorption to find that Miss Burling was busy setting a little table for two. She smiled in answer to his inquiring glance.

"Oh, you're going to have supper with me," she said. "I haven't had any company for a long time, not since I have been living here. You see, I cook my meals myself except on Sundays and holidays; I find it cheaper."

After their simple, dainty meal, which Howard enjoyed to the fullest, Miss Burling sang to him in a sweet, partially trained voice, some old love songs and ballads.

Lawrence Howard knew that night before he left Miss Burling's little sitting room that he was more than interested in her. He knew as he walked home, happy in the memory of her smile, that that smile was to him more than beautiful.

Summer had come and gone. Miss Burling had returned to the office after a two weeks' holiday. Lawrence noticed that she still wore black, and that diamond solitaire. She had told him, he remembered, that first evening when he visited her little sitting room, that she had not had any company since she had been living there. He adopted the plan of calling to see her on Monday evening of one week, Tuesday of another, Wednesday of another, and so on, until he had assured himself that she had no regular and permanent visitor. He had sometimes visited her unexpectedly, and though he often found girls with her, never a trace of her lover could he find.

One evening when he called in the early spring she was dressed in a soft pink gown. Lawrence never had seen her in anything but black and he made no effort to conceal his admiration now.

"Oh," she said, coloring as she noticed his fixed gaze, "I felt so queer putting this on. But I thought that I just couldn't wear black clothes for another whole year, and I can't afford to buy any more new garments until next year. I know mother herself would want me to do just this way about it."

This was one of her occasional and charming bursts of confidence, and this time Lawrence found courage to take advantage of her mood.

"Was it for your mother?" he asked, tremulously.

"Yes, she died just two months before I came to the office. She had been ill for many years before she died, and that's why she could not save so that I might have something after she died. My mother's mother died when mother was just a little girl, and grandfather, when he was very old, after mother married, married a young widow with a little boy. When he died, he left his property to be divided between his wife and my mother, with the provision that mother's portion should, at her death, go to this stepson and his heirs. This my grandfather did as a punishment for my mother. He had never wanted her to marry, and he thought that my father, a poor musician, wanted her only for her money. So he made this arrangement in order that he should not have the money after my mother's death. But father died long before mother—long before I can remember, and his sudden and horrible death was what shocked mother so that she was always an invalid. So I have nothing; the money went to grandfather's stepson."

The girl paused a moment to collect herself, and Lawrence thought that her unusual mood of confidence was over. But after a little pause she began again:

"The night she died—I remember so well the scene—she called me to her bedside and wept bitterly, because she said I had to go out into the world alone and make my own way. She was always a shrinking woman, and she couldn't understand how I could get along."

Here Miss Burling raised her hand from the table and fingered her ring fondly.

"But she gave me this ring, her engagement ring, and told me always to wear it as some slight protection in the bustle of business life."

The girl turned her head away and dropped her face in her hands to hide her tears. Almost at the same instant she was aware of an arm around her, supporting her, and she heard: "Oh, Julia, then you are not engaged?"

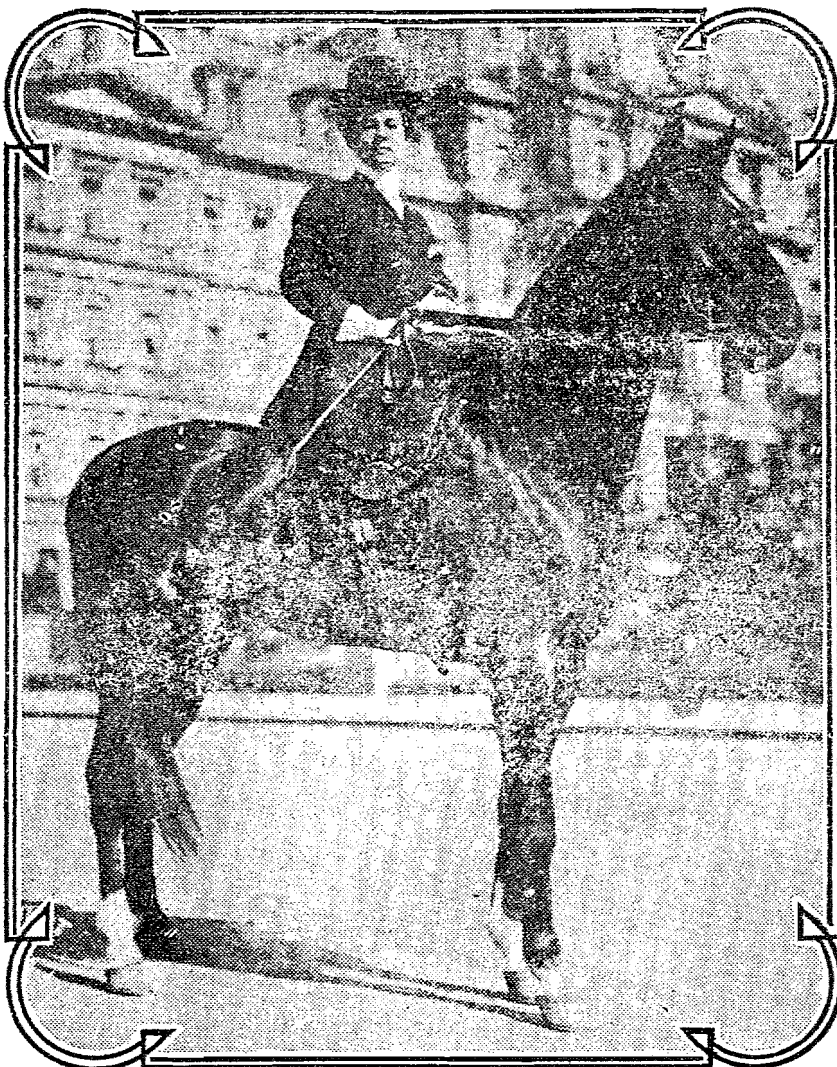
The girl looked up with a startled expression. "Engaged? Why, no."

"Then, Julia, I love you. You are willing to wear another ring, a ring for my sake, Julia?"

"Yes, Lawrence, if you give me time to think," she said, smiling.

The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality, in every study and in every pursuit, is the quality of attention.—Dickens.

## WILL COMPETE WITH NAVY OFFICERS



MRS. MAY HOWARD

WASHINGTON.—Uncle Sam's navy officers ashore have been ordered to prove their endurance by test horseback rides, and they will be put on their mettle by the competition of Miss May Howard, a prominent Washington society woman. Miss Howard rode in the army endurance tests ordered by Col. Roosevelt when he was president and covered 98 miles in 15½ hours, to the amazement and envy of many of the army officers who participated and with difficulty met the requirements.

## GAME IN CALIFORNIA

### Lions Disappear, But Deer Are Still Found in Plenty.

This Condition of Affairs Gives the Smaller Animals a Chance to Thrive—Exciting Experience with Wild Cat.

Los Angeles, Cal.—Three thousand mountain lions slain in California in two years explains the plentifulness of deer this season, according to County Game Warden Morgan, just back from a vacation on his ranch at Rosamond, Kern county. There Morgan bearded the lion in its den, but failed to get it, though the animals abound in that wild vicinity.

Venison has been more abundant in Los Angeles this season than in 20 years, the veriest tyros among hunters coming back to the city with one or two bucks after short trips into the mountains. Persons who never before tasted deer meat have had it on the table and they have wondered why they never could get it before.

Morgan has the solution, and he has figures to prove his case.

While humans may hunt deer for only a few months in the year, the mountain lion is obliged to respect no closed season. It hunts every month and it stays does as well as bucks. Sportsmen estimate that an active mountain lion kills and devours an average of 25 deer in 12 months.

Thus, by the killing of 3,000 of the "varmints," the lives of at least 75,000 deer have been preserved in the last two years for the men with the guns and ability to use them. This does not take into account the natural increase in the lion family, which would have amounted to possibly 3,000 more.

Little interest was taken in the killing of the lions until the state fish and game commission, realizing the need for greater protection of deer and other game, offered a bounty of \$20 for each mountain lion killed. This is not a state law—simply an action on the part of the commission, which had at its disposal the money collected on hunting licenses and obtained from other sources.

At \$20 each the dead lions have cost the commission \$60,000, though it is said that the bounty has not been claimed in every case. The skins of quite a number of the animals have been brought to Los Angeles, where the bounty was claimed.

Some of these animals are of great size, measuring 12 feet from tip of nose to end of tail, while eight-footers are common back in the sparsely settled mountain districts.

Though Morgan failed to get a mountain lion, he and his party slew five wild cats, 11 coyotes, 250 jack-rabbits and other pests, not to mention deer, ducks, quails and miscellaneous game.

Morgan and several friends had an exciting wildcat hunt one day at a spot where, two years ago, C. E. Patterson, then supervisor, and James J. Jeffries slaughtered six of the beasts. The game warden and his party got five, but they missed one, and thereby hangs a tale, but not a tail.

When the cats were encountered in a group by a hunter in advance of Morgan and Fred Johnson, the man in advance blazed away and killed three—bang! bang! bang!—just like that, Morgan says. The warden, who was scrambling up a hill, plugged two oth-

ers, but the biggest one of the lot tore down the mountainside within 20 feet of Morgan, making one leap of 30 feet into a dry wash, along which Johnson was making his way.

Johnson was out for bear, or almost anything but wildcats. In a holster he carried a revolver, in his belt was an immense hunting knife and over his shoulder was a big shotgun.

The big mountain pussy, tearing toward him like a projectile from a battleship, seemed to turn Johnson's superheated hunting blood into ice water. Turning like a man who had left his car fare at home, he raced for the camp, only a short distance, where women of the party breathlessly watched the animal as it swiftly gained on the fleeing form. Off flew Johnson's hat, his revolver popped out of his pocket and his gleaming hunting knife fell in his wake, but the wildcat kept on gaining.

Breathless and white, Johnson finally reached the camp, having turned his head not once in the fight. There he found the women convulsed, and as soon as he could sputter out an interrogation he found why.

About halfway from where he began the race the cat turned suddenly to the side and dashed into the brush, where it was lost to sight. The women saw this, knew Johnson was safe, and their fun came in viewing the scared hunter in his flight from a danger that was only imaginary.

## Slaughter of the Robins

Thousands of Little Songsters Killed in Tennessee and Sold at Ten Cents Dozen.

Louisville, Ky.—Robins are numerous at Lofton, Tenn., and are "selling readily on the local market at ten cents a dozen," according to a Murfreesboro special. It should be explained that the robins are not so numerous as they used to be, for the fact that they sell for ten cents a dozen has induced many men and boys to engage in the wholesale slaughter of the birds.

Thousands of robins, the special says, gather in the cedars to roost, and hunting parties go in the night and capture and kill them in large numbers. One party caught 2,600 birds in one night. One hunter caught 377 birds in one tree. It is estimated that 150,000 have been killed within the last three weeks. It is great sport—and the robins sell for ten cents a dozen. That is the way in which wild bird life is being protected in some parts of this great country.

The robin is a beautiful and harmless bird. He is an indefatigable destroyer of insect pests. Any one who has ever watched him on a lawn can testify to his industry in searching out bugs and worms and his capacity for putting them where they can do no harm. If there is a cherry tree handy he will visit it occasionally, but he much prefers to forage after living things. He is a cheerful, happy bird and rather likes to make himself handy around the premises, rearing a family the while in the boughs of the old apple tree. He is not much of a singer so far as the quality of his music goes, but he is always willing to give you a sample of the best he can do in that line, and the effect is not unpleasant to the human ear. In fact, the robin is an all-round good fellow and is always ready to be

## HAIR NET INDUSTRY

Gives Employment to Large Numbers in Parts of Europe.

Important Business in Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia—Work Done Mainly by Women and Girls for Small Wages.

Washington.—Consul Joseph I. Brittain of Prague forwards the following account of the trade in and manipulation of human hair in the north of Austria:

In Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia the marketing of human hair and the making of human hair nets is an important business. The chief centers for the industries are found in the southeastern part of Bohemia, centering in the towns of Trhove-Kamenitz, Chotobar, Chrest and Raubowitz. The business is both a factory and a home industry, one class of human hair coming from China and the other class being a home product.

Large quantities of what are known as combings are imported from China, via Trieste or Hamburg, packed in cases wrapped in straw and weighing from 123 to 120 pounds per bale. This Chinese hair is all chemically bleached in a solution of hydrogen peroxide and assorted according to lengths, then dyed colors and shades desired by purchasers. The lengths vary from six to 35 inches.

The work of assorting and classifying the hair according to various lengths is done by girls and women, beginners being paid from 12 to 14 cents and experts from 40 to 60 cents per day. The dyeing and bleaching are done by men, who receive \$14 to \$18 per month.

The human hair nets are made from Chinese hair, as the native hair is too fine and soft. This business is largely a home industry, the work being done by women and girls. An experienced worker earns from 24 to 32 cents per day, but each net maker is obliged to have an assistant to tie together the single hairs in order to save the time of the net maker.

Each week the net makers are given a quantity of hair, which they take to their homes and when the nets are finished and delivered by the workers they are allowed 20 per cent. for waste of material.

The human hair nets are exported to the United States, England, France and Germany, very few being worn in Austria. The value of human hair and nets exported to the United States in 1908 was \$244,923.

All of the hair cut here for export is taken from the heads of the peasants in Bohemia, Moravia and Silesia. The first quality comes from Moravia and Bohemia and the less valuable from Silesia, while a considerable quantity of inferior hair also is cut in Hungary.

The quality of the human hair depends upon the prosperity of the people and the care taken of it before cutting. The hair is collected by peddlers, or hair merchants, who must be of good reputation in order to obtain their license. These men, usually accompanied by their wives, make trips through the country lasting usually from four to six weeks, going from house to house in their efforts to induce women and girls to part with a portion of their hair. The maximum amount of hair generally purchased by a shrewd dealer on one of these trips is from 11 to 14 pounds, while many return with less than five pounds. The price paid depends on the length of the hair and its color, chiefly the latter.

friendly and serviceable if given half a chance.

It is to be regretted that our neighbors in Tennessee are not giving the robin even half a chance, but are murdering him in cold blood. There really seems to be no reason for it except that robins are worth ten cents a dozen. That also would seem to be about the proper market quotation for men who engage in such slaughter, either for pleasure or profit.

### DEPLORES HABIT OF TREATING

Professor of University of Berlin Ascribes Code of Honor in America Is Low.

Chicago.—The code of honor among American students is lower than in Germany, according to Prof. Eduard Meyer, of the University of Berlin.

The professor deplored this situation recently in an informal talk at a reception given him by members of local chapters of fraternities in Evanston.

"I believe much of this can be traced to the practice of treating among American students gathered in bodies for various purposes," Prof. Meyer said. "The German student does not know what the word 'treat' means. If he wishes anything he purchases it and pays for it. I believe the American student is the loser by not following the same plan."

### "Jugged Wallaby" New Dish.

London.—"Jugged wallaby" is the latest English dinner dish. It is a species of small kangaroo, being nearly twice as large as the hare. Although the Australians long have regarded it as a pleasant and economical dish, its introduction into England has been delayed until now, when it has become instantaneously popular on club and hotel menus.



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. 165  
Published every Friday afternoon at  
Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE

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

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  
Councillmen.  
Robert Craig,  
J. H. Price,  
Charles Allen,  
Dan F. Kelly,  
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.  
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1. FIRE DE-  
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the  
second Monday evening in each month.  
Louis Hm, President; W. R. Wall, Sec-  
retary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; George  
Gambie, Chief.

SCHOOL BOARD.  
Meets the first Tuesday evening in the  
month at the school building.  
W. H. Thomas.....Chairman  
Hugh Suttie.....Secretary

Florence, Nebr., Friday, April 8, 1910

BRAIN STORMS

It's all over now.

Make Florence a city beautiful.

"Don't get get sore; be a game  
loser."

Although the election is over, the  
sun still shines.

Never mind, the weeds will soon be  
high enough to need attention.

You wouldn't find anybody kicking  
on the mud if it would only rain.

Now let every one put his shoulder  
to the wheel and push for bigger and  
better city.

Why didn't some one get out an in-  
junction against the cold weather of  
this week.

In this age we must either progress  
or retrograde; we cannot stand still.  
Let us progress like all other wide-  
awake cities.

Although the temperature was only  
54 Tuesday it was a warm day in Flo-  
rence for some people.

It's strange how poor people are  
about April when the tax assessor  
makes his rounds.

Omaha can have all the million  
dollar fires it wants, Florence is con-  
tent to have none. We are also will-  
ing to furnish the grain for them to  
burn if they will pay enough for it.

Mayor Tucker has every reason to  
feel proud of the splendid vindication  
of his administration at the hands of  
the people Tuesday. Last year the  
issue was to pave and his majority  
was 43. He made good his word and  
now that the paving is well under  
way the people expressed their satis-  
faction with 61 majority.

Robert Craig now knows that the  
citizens of Florence approved his  
course the past year and D. F. Kelly  
knows his course was condemned.  
Both were democrats and one was  
elected and one turned down.

Some of the merchants of this  
town are so parsimonious they can-  
not afford to help support a newspa-  
per in the town and yet the newspa-  
per does as much if not more to build  
up a town and thereby the business  
of the town than any other agency.  
Personally we do not care whether  
they advertise or not, for just the  
minute the paper ceases to be self-  
supporting, then it will be stopped.  
The merchants, as a rule, have given  
the paper loyal support and all profits  
have gone back into the paper to  
make it still better.

CARRIAGE FOR SALE.  
Will sell cheap my fine family car-  
riage, almost as good as new. Ex-  
amine it at my barn in Florence.  
R. H. OLMSTED,  
Tel.: Florence 146 or Douglas 16.

Early Ohio Seed Potatoes.—And-  
erson & Hollinsworth.

NOTICE.  
The special sidewalk taxes levied  
for sidewalks laid the past summer  
have been certified to the city treas-  
urer and are now drawing interest at  
the rate of 7 per cent per annum and  
after May 1st 1910 will draw interest  
at the rate of 1 per cent per month or  
fraction thereof until paid. Fund No.  
4 draws interest since September 11,  
1909; No. 5 from October 23; No. 6  
from December 29, 1909.

W. H. THOMAS,  
City Treasurer.

For Sale—Grape vines. Telephone  
Florence 3503.

Settings from barred Blymouth  
Rock chickens, \$1.50 and \$1.00 for 15.  
Telephone Florence 315.

Ranks In Peerage.  
The highest nobility, or peerage, of  
England consists of five ranks, viz.,  
duke, marquis, earl, viscount and  
baron. All persons holding these titles  
are members of the upper house of  
parliament, where they sit as lords  
temporal. The archbishops and bishops  
of the Established church are termed  
lords spiritual. They are not peers of  
the realm, but have seats in the  
upper house.

Pleasure as an End.  
The man who chooses pleasure as  
the object of his life has no real  
happiness, but is like a boat that beats  
up and down and drifts and drifts to  
and fro, merely to feel the motion of  
the waves and the impulse of the  
wind. When the voyage of life is done  
he has reached no port; he has ac-  
complished nothing.—Henry Van Dyke.

Chesterfield on Dress.  
"When you are once well dressed  
for the day," wrote Chesterfield,  
"think no more of it. Always and  
without any stiffness or fear of dis-  
composing that dress, let all your  
actions be as easy and natural as if  
you had no clothes on at all." All  
gentlemen want to be sufficiently well  
dressed to be inconspicuous.

Pleasure as an End.  
The man who chooses pleasure as  
the object of his life has no real  
happiness, but is like a boat that beats  
up and down and drifts and drifts to  
and fro, merely to feel the motion of  
the waves and the impulse of the  
wind. When the voyage of life is done  
he has reached no port, he has ac-  
complished nothing.—Henry Van Dyke.

Wise Thought.  
We need to be careful how we deal  
with those about us, when every death  
carries to some small circle of sur-  
vivors thoughts of so much omitted  
and so little done—of so many things  
forgotten and so many more which  
might have been repaired.—Oliver  
Twist.

Men and Boys.  
The boys do lots of things that the  
grown people frown at, but inwardly  
applaud. One is when they clap and  
stamp for a delayed entertainment to  
begin. The older people are tired of  
waiting, but don't dare show it.—  
Atchison Globe.

Paterson Not So Many.  
A Paterson (N. J.) woman was  
found by surgeons to be harboring a  
mole which has been ensconced in the  
region of her chest several months.  
That's nothing; we know a girl who  
has had a mole on her back for 18  
years!

Regret.  
Jones (4 a. m. after walking the  
floor with the baby since 9:30)—"And  
to think, Mary, that the month before  
we were married, I dropped out of the  
prize Marathon waltz because I was  
ired."—Cleveland Leader.

Death a Leveler.  
Let not the grandeur of any man's  
station render him proud and wilful;  
but let him remember, when he is  
surrounded with a crowd of suppliants,  
that death shall level him with the  
meanest of mankind.

Not Satisfied to Be Half.  
Young Widow—"You really ought to  
have a better half." The Bachelor—  
"Yes, but the trouble is, after a wom-  
an has been a man's better half for a  
few weeks she wants to be the whole  
thing."

A New Disease.  
A little girl one day came in the  
sitting room with a little sick chicken  
in her hand and said: "Do something  
for him quick. I am 'fraid he's got  
the perrin jercitis (appendicitis)."  
From the Delineator.

Few Follow Wisdom's Road.  
If we must experience all things for  
ourselves, we must pass through many  
very painful experiences. Would we  
but profit by the experiences of oth-  
ers, we should have the royal road to  
the palace of wisdom.

This Seems Reasonable.  
Skilled agricultural laborers should  
live in a house that is floored and that  
has at least one glass window to each  
room.—F. G. Sharp in Kingston (Ja-  
maica) Gleaner.

Fact and Theory.  
You can find a plausible theory in  
support of any fool notion, but un-  
less there are a few facts back of  
the notion it is apt to flatten out.—  
Atchison (Kan.) Globe.

Laughter a Good Medicine.  
Always laugh when you can; it is  
a cheap medicine. Merriment is a  
philosophy not well understood. It is  
the sunny side of existence.—Byron.

Conservation in Conversation.  
If people only said what they  
thought, there wouldn't be so much  
talking.—Farm Journal.

Shrewd Deduction.  
Rich Old Man—H'm, my heirs all  
look very cross to-day, I must be a lit-  
tle better.—Bon Vivant.

Fall Far When They Fall.  
A shameless woman is the worst of  
men.—Young.

Stern Necessity.  
Necessity is the last and strongest  
weapon.—Livy.

As the Romans Did.  
Anyone who has made a trip to sea  
has seen the ingenious, propeller-  
shaped appliance which is thrown over-  
board at the end of a long cord, and by  
means of which the officers get an ap-  
proximate idea of their speed. This is  
not a new idea, for in ancient times the  
Romans had a similar appliance for  
ascertaining their rate of progress at  
sea. They dragged little paddle-  
wheels behind their ships, the revolu-  
tions of which enabled them to esti-  
mate the distance which the ship had  
traveled.

A Gentleman.  
A gentleman is consistent, not  
changeless. A gentleman straightens  
his robe and settles his face. He is  
stern and men look upon him with  
dread. Few or many, small or great,  
all is one to a gentleman; he dare not  
slight any man. He will banish from  
his bearing violence and levity, from  
his speech the low and unfair.—Confu-  
cius.

Don't Mention It.  
The politest man in Boston collided  
violently with another man on the  
street. The second man was angry.  
"My dear sir," said the polite one  
with a bow, "I don't know which of  
us is to blame for this encounter. If  
I ran into you, I beg your pardon; if  
you ran into me, don't mention it."—  
Success Magazine.

Reason for Her Choice.  
"Yes, I love both Santa Claus and  
Jesus," a good little sister instructed  
her curious junior, "but I think I love  
Jesus best, 'cause he don't never ask if  
you've been good before he leaves you  
presents, and Santa," voicing a dis-  
illusion, "when you grow big like me,  
you find he ain't never been true!"

Life.  
Life is too short. We ought to have  
one life to love, one life for learning,  
and another to do good deeds. As it is,  
one is almost forced to give up learn-  
ing if one wants to love, and if you  
want knowledge, you must give up  
love. This is cruel.—Ernest Renan.

A Poet's Estate.  
After 57 years, the Russian courts  
have settled up the estate of the poet  
Gogol, celebrated in his day as a writer  
of lyrics. The poet died of hunger,  
kneeling before an ikon. The estate is  
valued at 42 roubles and 88 kopecks,  
or about \$21.50.

Dead Perfection.  
We heard it said of a certain man  
lately that he had no vices. He should  
get some. Every man should have a  
vice or two. Being a member of a  
lodge and wearing plumes and badges  
is better than perfection.—Atchison  
(Kan.) Globe.

Difference in Laughter.  
A good honest laugh at a good honest  
joke or bit of sarcasm rubs out the  
gathering wrinkles of care; but an ill  
tempered joke, is like a poisoned ar-  
row, which makes a wound, and leaves  
its poison after it is withdrawn.

ness 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 is-  
sued and be non-assessable; that the cor-  
poration 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 author-  
ized shall not exceed two-thirds of its  
capital stock; that the affairs of the cor-  
poration shall be conducted by a board  
of not less than three nor more than five  
directors to be elected by the stockhold-  
ers, and by a president, vice-president,  
secretary and treasurer to be elected by  
the board of directors; the articles of in-  
corporation may be amended at any an-  
nual of specially called meeting.  
Dated March 16, 1910.  
C. J. KEIRLE,  
N. C. DONDENSEN,  
R. H. OLMSTED.

M 18-25. A 1-8.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.  
Notice is hereby given that the under-  
signed 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 cor-  
poration is at Florence, Nebraska, with au-  
thority to transact business throughout  
the United States; that the general na-  
ture of the business to be transacted by  
this corporation shall be a general grad-  
ing, contracting and construction busi-  
ness, 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 person-  
ality as it may deem proper and nec-  
essary 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 gen-  
erally to do and perform such other busi-

Unprofitable.  
Offhand we should venture to pass  
the remark that counterfeiting is  
about the worst paid profession in the  
catalogue.

Keep at It.  
Keep your light a-burning. Lots of  
things do not seem to be worth while,  
but it is not safe to look at them in  
just that way. Keep on doing.

Family of Churchmen.  
Rev. Samuel Skrene, vicar of Lane-  
ham, Nottinghamshire, England, has  
seven sons and they are all priests of  
the church.

Can't Always Be Kept Down.  
Who rises every time he falls will  
some time rise to stay.—William Mor-  
ris.

To Be Pitied.  
Some men would be always un-  
happy if they never deceived them-  
selves.

Going Through Life.  
Some men fight their way through  
life. Others expect to be pushed  
through.

It Doesn't Appeal to Him.  
The man who has no sons is always  
slow to accept the theory that boys  
will be boys as a good excuse.

Ancient Adage.  
Some remedies are worse than the  
disease.—Syrus.

To Those Contemplating Marriage.  
If thou wouldst marry wisely marry  
thy equal.—Ovid.

McCOY & OLMSTED, Attorneys,  
Brandels Building.  
NOTICE TO NON-RESIDENT DEDEND-  
ANT.  
To Walter Jones, Non-Resident Defend-  
ant:  
You will take notice that on the 26th  
day of November, 1909, the undersigned,  
Mabel Jones, filed a petition in the dis-  
trict court of Douglas county, Nebraska,  
against you to obtain an absolute divorce  
from you on the ground that you have  
wholly abandoned said plaintiff without  
just cause for the term of more than two  
years prior to the filing of said petition,  
and that she be granted the care, custody  
and education of our child, Carol Jones.  
You are requested to answer or other-  
wise plead to said petition on or before  
the 15th day of April, 1910.  
MABEL JONES, Plaintiff.  
(Docket 107, No. 228.)  
M11-18-25-A1.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.  
Church Services First Presbyterian  
Church.  
Sunday Services.  
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.  
Preaching—11:00 a. m.  
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.  
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.

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 Gold-  
ing, W. P. Thomas.  
Meets every Wednesday in Cole's  
hall.

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

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  
Guide.....Clyde Miller  
Guard.....Clarence Leach  
Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant  
Physician.....Dr. Adams  
Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Pe-  
tersen, 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.

Bank at Home  
Where the small account receives the same  
good attention as the large one  
Our Facilities are the Best  
4% On Time Certificates of  
Deposits  
BANK OF FLORENCE  
PHONE FLO. 310.

WALL PAPER and  
PAINT  
Florence Drug Store  
GEO. SIERT, Prop.  
Telephone, Florence 1121.  
On the East Side of the Street.

Florence  
Express & Drayage Co.  
CARL LARSON, Prop.  
Light and Heavy Hauling Between Omaha and  
Florence.  
Household Moving a Specialty.  
TEL. FLORENCE 330

See the Dot!  
Is the dot large?  
Oh, no! The dot is  
small as a pin-head,  
yet you see the dot on this  
whole page because  
it is very  
conspicuous!  
Does the dot say any-  
thing? Oh, no; it's only a dot.  
What a pity to put a  
senseless dot where a  
good ad read by every-  
body would be worth  
something!  
Just so, if your ad was  
here hundreds would read  
it as you read the dot.  
You even will read this  
the second time!  
WHY?

ORRIS S. HULSE  
Res. D. 3876  
C. H. RIEPEN  
Res. Red 4497  
Telephones:  
Douglas—Bell 1226. Ind. A-2266.

HULSE & RIEPEN  
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS  
Successor to  
HARRY B. DAVIS  
709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

H. A. WOOD  
Contractor  
and Carpenter  
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished  
Phone Florence 397 Florence,

Clearance Sale  
...at the...  
New Store  
Embroideries and Insertions at  
50 per cent off, as we are  
overstocked  
The New Store  
THOS. DUGHER, Proprietor

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS  
WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED  
THE KNABE PIANO  
ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR  
EUGEN d'ALBERT  
MARK HAMBURG  
C. SAINT-SAENS  
EMIL SAUER  
TERESA CARRENO  
ALFRED GRUNFELD  
DR. HANS von BULOW  
J. SCHAIKOVSKY  
RICHARD STAVENHAGEN  
ANTON SCHUBERT



**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.  
**Cooper's** 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 Ci-  
gars. Sole agent for celebrated  
Metz Bros. Bottled Beer for Flo-  
rence 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 LUNCHEONS.

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.

**JOHN C. RENNINGER, BARBER SHOP**  
First-class work with an up-to-date  
shop  
Main Street Florence, Neb.

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

**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



## Hold to Your Money

until you can see you are going to  
get the worth of it. Do not trust  
mere claims. You can only afford  
to trust houses with a reliable repu-  
tation for sterling honesty. We  
have steadily built up a name for  
fair dealing in

**Building Materials**  
for giving full value for money.  
We show you how to save money  
while buying the best material.

**Minne-Lusa Lbr. Co.**  
FRANK GLEASON, Mgr.

**We Have the Largest List  
of  
LOTS  
in FLORENCE  
\$175 to \$300**

**\$5.00 Down and  
\$5 a Month on the  
cheaper lots and \$10  
Down and \$10 a  
Month on the higher  
priced lots. Be sure  
to see us before you  
buy. We write  
FIRE INSURANCE**

**Hastings & Heyden**  
1614 Harney St.

**James Nicholson**  
BLUE RIBBON GARDEN

At the end of the car line.  
**Storz Celebrated Artesian Well**  
Water Beer.

**DR. SORENSON**  
Dentist  
Just South of Bank of Florence  
Good Work—Reasonable Prices  
Telephone Florence 178

**MINNE-LUSA CEMENT BLOCK CO.**  
**CEMENT BLOCKS**  
Tel. Florence 140  
Plant on Main St. and R. R. Tracks

**Florence Building & Real Estate Co.**  
Building of every description, Plaster-  
ing, Paper Hanging, Foundations. In  
fact a contracting business of every kind.  
Tele. Flor. 443 1502 Main Street

The Real Victim,  
After a man has been sick a week  
his wife looks worse than he does  
from taking care of him.—Acheson  
Globe.

## He Who Is Not

By MARJORIE L. PICKTHALL  
(Copyright, by Short Stories Co., Ltd.)

There were three men, five ponies,  
and a nondescript dog with a bushy  
tail. For days they had been observed  
of the hawk and the eagle, trailing pa-  
tiently over the shoulders of the hills,  
as little spiders might crawl up a  
man's coat sleeve. Twice or thrice the  
winds had been minded to brush the  
tolling insects away, but had thought  
better of it; they were so very insignif-  
icant, these little black specks upon  
the edges of the snows.

At last the three men and the ponies  
and the taciturn dog climbed up above  
the clouds, and came out upon a bare  
flank of mountain, upon a long slope  
of soft crumbled rock ending in a  
thirty-foot wide ledge and a clear  
drop of nearly eight hundred feet.

"Well, sirs," said Macavoy, the tall,  
brown man with the black beard, owner  
of Taya the dog. "Well, sirs, I've  
brought you here safe. Now you have  
but to scratch the ground, for the  
whole face of the hill's riddled with  
veins and pockets of gold. I've done  
my part. So to-morrow, by your  
leave, Taya and I'll be going our ways."

"Stay with us," cordially entreated  
Dalsworth, artist, journalist, and wan-  
derer to the ends of the earth, "stay  
with us, and work on shares. When  
you led us to this place you fairly  
laid fortune in our hands."

"And was paid for so doing," an-  
swered Macavoy with his slow smile,  
"paid liberally, according to our agree-  
ment. I'm but the guide. Twice or  
thrice I feared I was astray, for it's  
three years since I was here. No, I'll  
not stay, thankin' you none the less.  
We'll be goin' our ways, me and Taya.  
Eh, old lass?"

The dog laid her head on the man's  
knee, and curled her lips back expect-  
antly.

"If you don't mind," said young  
Urquhart abruptly, "I'll call that dog  
Monna Lisa. She has the same bony  
forehead and superior smirk. Oh, I  
know it's heresy, Dal, but don't you  
see the likeness? You could esteem  
Monna Lisa, but you could never love  
her. Give me a dog, likewise a woman,  
that you can chuck under the chin."

Macavoy looked from one to the  
other, a puzzled crease on his weather-  
beaten forehead. "Taya has wolf  
blood in her," he ventured; "maybe  
that's why she's different from oth-  
ers."

"To go back to what we were speak-  
ing of when Urquhart cut in," said  
Dalsworth, "why won't you stay? Oh,  
our agreement doesn't matter. Chip  
in with us. When you came away  
from this place before, you threw  
aside a fortune. Don't let it go a second  
time."

"I thank you very kindly," said  
Macavoy with no hesitation, "but I'll  
be goin' in a day or so. I mean no  
offense to you who think different,  
but to me, a shadow and a sorrow  
would go with this gold. Yes, I've  
been here before. That's why I'll not  
stay here now."

"You hinted of spooks before," said  
Dalsworth with a friendly impatience,  
"but surely you weren't in earnest?  
Go on with the story."

Macavoy bent his head, and absent-  
ly fingered Taya's upstanding ears. "I  
know no story," he said in a low  
voice; "the story lies in what I do  
not know, and can but guess at—in  
all that I shall never know for sure.  
If Taya here could speak, she'd tell  
you more than I can. Dogs at times  
can hear and see more than men, and  
she's a wolf's eyes and ears. I'd a  
friend once, a Frenchman, who said  
that a wolf could hear the very foot-  
falls of the Angel of Death. You'll  
mind that, when I told you of this  
place, I said there was a shadow over  
it? I can but tell you what that  
shadow may be."

"I've thought much on the matter,  
fitting in fact with fancy, till at length  
and at last, I've got a story that'll  
serve. It may be far from the truth.  
But there's naught left to verify it,  
save the rusty pick you saw, Mister  
Urquhart, lying in that little hole in  
the hillside."

"Yes, I've thought so long on it, that  
at last it's come to seem as if I'd  
seen it all—seen the hill when there  
was no little hole there, seen him  
who owns the pick."

"Him?" said Dalsworth, "him? Who?  
A hermit in the wilderness?"

"The Siwash has a name for  
him," said Macavoy in a very low  
voice, "which we can best translate  
as He-Who-Is-Not."

"He-Who-Is-Not?" asked Dalsworth  
again with a rising inflection on the  
words.

"Yes," said Macavoy simply, "for  
you see, sirs, he's been dead now  
a matter of three years. I take it.  
Macavoy dropped his hands heavily  
on his knees. "God rest his soul," he  
said softly, "God rest his soul, as the  
Irish say, whoever he was. For, O  
sirs, when he left Tsalekulhye like a  
bright cloud behind him, and lifted his  
face to the stars, he was a doomed  
man! He thought that Fortune stood  
waitin' him on the top of the moun-  
tains, but when Fortune took her  
wings from before her face, she looked  
at him with the eyes of Death."

Dalsworth drew in his breath sharp-  
ly, and glanced at the wonderful world  
of peak and slope, of cloud and infin-  
ite sky, which encircled their tiny  
camp. Night seemed to have settled  
a visible brooding presence, upon the  
everlasting hills.

"I can see him—him that's called  
by the Siwashes He-Who-Is-Not—I

can see him, whatever his name may  
have been, coming upon just this  
place, as we have after him. Perhaps  
he greeted us joy, or maybe he  
prayed, or maybe he swore. 'Tis all  
one—now. He began his boy's pickin'  
and scrapin' among the rocks, and  
made his untidy camp on this ledge.  
Haven't ye seen many and more o'  
such slovenly, pitiful, tenderfoot  
camps?"

"He scraped and scratched among  
the rocks, his heart fair burstin' with  
joy, maybe, two, three, even four  
days. Ye can tell by the size o' the  
hole, though it's part filled up now  
through the wash o' the weather.  
And then one night he flung his pick  
down, maybe, and went and stood on  
the brink o' this very ledge, lookin'  
out upon the hills, before he got his  
supper."

"Perhaps 'twas just such a night as  
this, with a round moon ridin' clear,  
and the chasm all one white flat sea  
o' cloud. Perhaps, as he stood there,  
stretchin' his stiff arms proudly, a stone  
came from the hand o' that  
wolf-shadow that had followed him—  
and whirled him outwards from the  
ledge, as the storm whirled a bird from  
its cliff-nest. I seem to see that black  
whirlin' shape rushin' down, down,  
down—a vast sprawlin' shadow out-  
spread upon the floor of cloud be-  
neath. I seem to see the shape and  
its shadow rushin' together, growin'  
smaller, becomin' one; and no more.  
For that chasm, sirs, would take the  
whole tragedy, with little but a faint  
stir of that green fur o' pines, so far  
below."

Urquhart looked out at the chasm,  
a pot of silently bubbling pearl be-  
neath the moon, and shuddered. Taya  
whined again. "God rest his soul,"  
said Dalsworth softly.

"But does it rest?" whispered Mac-  
avoy. His eyes glittered strangely in  
the red glow of the fire. "Does it  
rest?"

"I cannot see that wolf-shadow who  
followed him, whose hand sent him in-  
to eternity, very clear. But I do know  
that the Siwash got no payment for  
his crime. He never stayed to take  
any."

"When I came upon this place nearly  
three years ago, I found the  
wreck of a little tent on this very  
ledge. No, not here, Mister Urquhart,  
at the other end where you big rock  
slopes down. It was battered by a  
winter's weather, but by the snow, ye  
understand. I read the signs of it.  
It had a tenderfoot for owner, by the  
truck in it. Such truck ye never see,  
chiefly in bottles. I mind there was  
chlorodyne, ammoniated quinine, plain  
ammonia, and whisky—good whisky.  
Aye, I had the bottles with my nose, and  
besides there were the labels. But  
they were all empty, and flung about  
in a muddle o' rotted blanket. Taya  
had 'em to her nose, and growled,  
readin' more than I. 'Siwash, old  
lass?' I says to her, and she growls  
again. Some unclean thing had nest-  
ed in that tent, drunk all them mixed  
liquors, and then gone, as if in flight,  
touchin' no more—not even some bits  
o' gold in a little brown canvas bag."

"There was that about the matter  
that weighed upon me so that I sent  
all the tent and everythin' in it over  
the rocks there. I'd seen the pick  
on the hillside, and by this and that  
I'd read the story plain. We'd lived  
among cleaner, kinder things, me and  
Taya, and we'd no mind to meddle with  
gold which had that shadow on it.  
'We'll make enough out of it by  
telling other folks.' I says to Taya,  
'we'll have no finger in this pie, old  
lass. 'Tis cursed from the beginnin'!  
But some folks 'd face Old Hornie  
himself for the sake of a few nuggets.  
We'll rest here to-night, lass, and  
to-morrow we'll go our ways.' And  
Taya wagged her tail."

"The mornin' came up clear be-  
hind Tsalekulhye, and Taya and I  
went our ways. We carried the se-  
cret o' the gold with us—and more  
than that, more than that. I had  
heard, Taya, maybe, had both seen  
and heard, for she looked at me with  
her yellow eyes and tried to tell me  
what she knew. Aye, as the gold had  
drawn that poor fool, livin', so it drew  
him, dead."

He paused, and again one of the  
restless ponies whickered in the si-  
lence.

"Do you mean that He-Who-Is-Not  
'talks'?" asked Dalsworth at last,  
bluntly.

Macavoy nodded slowly. "I have  
not seen, ye understand," he an-  
swered, "I only hear. But I know  
that He-Who-Is-Not finds no rest."

"Poor fool," said Urquhart softly,  
"poor young fool. You're sorry for  
him, eh, Monna Lisa?"

The dog looked across the fire to  
the black slope above where the stars  
hung in splendor above the last faint  
crest of snow. Urquhart followed her  
gaze, huddling deeper into his blanket.

"But—but I don't see—" began Dals-  
worth argumentatively.

"Then listen," said Macavoy. "List-  
en."

Dalsworth listened. And an odd ex-  
pression dawned in his eyes, and ex-  
pression half-pitiful, half-incredulous,  
wholly wondering. Softly, he took off  
his cap, as one takes it off in the  
presence of the dead.

What was the faint ghost of sound,  
thin, distant, yet not to be mistaken,  
that came to his ears? Was it the  
"think, think" of a miner's pick upon  
loose stones?

Great Britain will lend to Canada  
two second-class cruisers to serve in  
the fishery patrol and as training  
ships for Canadian boys. One of them  
will be stationed on the Atlantic coast  
and one on the Pacific. This is a good  
beginning for the new Canadian navy.  
They will train crews for the Cana-  
dian-built cruisers.

## NICETTE

By RACHEL H. STANNARD  
(Copyright, by Short Stories Co., Ltd.)

"You are a dead man," said the doc-  
tor, looking fixedly at Anatole.

Anatole trembled.  
He had come in all cheerfulness to  
spend the evening with his old friend,  
Dr. Bardais, the famous scholar.

"You unfortunate boy," continued the  
doctor, "what have you done?"

"Nothing that I know of," stam-  
mered Anatole, much agitated.

"Try to remember. Tell me what  
you have drunk—what you have eat-  
en—what have you breathed?"

The last word came like a ray of  
light to Anatole. That very morning  
he had received a letter from one of  
his friends who was traveling in In-  
dia. In this letter was a flower which  
had been gathered by the traveler on  
the banks of the Ganges, a flower of  
peculiar shape and coloring, whose  
fragrance Anatole now remembered,  
had seemed to him strangely pene-  
trating. He drew out his portfolio,  
and took from it the letter and flower,  
which he showed to the wise man.

"No more doubt!" cried the doctor.  
"It is the pyramensis Indica! The  
deadly flower! The flower of blood!"

"Then you really believe—"

"Alas, I am only too sure!"

"But it is impossible! I am only  
25 years old. I am full of life and  
health."

"At what time did you open this fa-  
tal letter?"

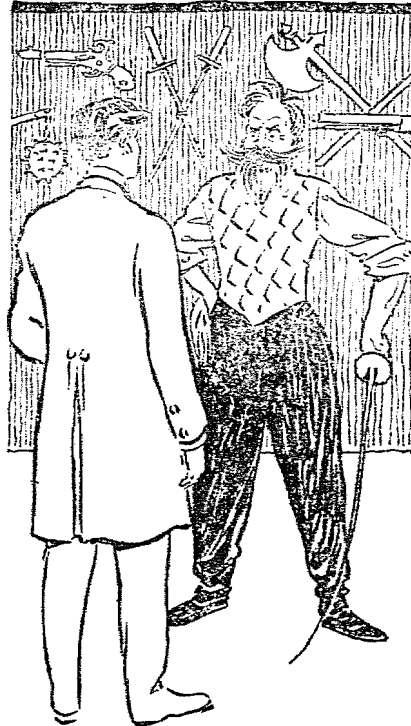
"This morning at nine o'clock."

"To-morrow morning, then, at the  
same hour, at the same minute, in full  
health, as you say, you will feel a  
sharp pain at the heart, and all will  
be over."

"And you know of no remedy—no  
means of—"

"None," said the doctor.

And hiding his face in his hands,



"Eh! Thunder and Lightning! Who  
Will Prevent Me?"

he fell into a chair, overpowered with  
grief.

Seeing the emotion of his old friend,  
Anatole understood that he was really  
fated. Out he rushed like a mad-  
man.

A restaurant which kept open all  
night was not far off. Anatole en-  
tered it.

"Waiter, a bottle of champagne and  
a bottle of ink."

He drank a glass of Cluquot and  
looked at the paper before him, medi-  
tating.

"To whom shall I leave my income  
of 6,000 livres? My father and mother  
are no more—happy for them. And  
among the people who interest me I  
see only one—Nicette."

Nicette was a distant cousin, a  
charming girl of 18, with golden hair  
and large brown eyes. She was, like  
him, an orphan, and this common mis-  
fortune had long ago established be-  
tween them a bond of silent sym-  
pathy.

His last wishes were soon set  
down; and to Nicette.

When this was done, he drank a  
second glass of champagne.

"Poor Nicette," thought he, "she was  
very low-spirited the last time I saw  
her. It is rather an unsuitable hour  
for seeing people; but when I think  
that I shall be dead in five hours, it is  
little I care for the proprieties. Come  
then! My life for Nicette!"

It was four o'clock in the morn-  
ing when Anatole knocked at the door  
of Nicette's guardian. Mons. Bou-  
vard himself, much startled, came  
down in his night-cap to open the  
door.

"Is the house on fire?"

"No, my dear Mons. Bouvard," re-  
plied Anatole. "I came to tell you  
that you must give up the match be-  
tween my cousin Nicette and Mons.  
Capdenac."

"Never, sir! Never!"

"You should not say either never  
or always."

"Sir, my mind is quite made up.  
This marriage will take place."

"It will not take place."

"We will see about that. And now  
that you know my answer, I will not  
detain you longer."

Anatole had taken up the profes-  
sor's trombone, into which he was  
blowing like a deaf man, pushing the  
grooves with all his force. Diabolical  
sounds were coming from the instru-  
ment.

"That is my best trombone! Pra-

mented by my pupils! Put down that  
instrument, sir!"

"Sir," answered Anatole, "you re-  
gard me as having gone away; I re-  
gard you as absent, and I am amus-  
ing myself while awaiting your re-  
turn. Couac! Couac! Oh! what  
sweet music!"

"But I shall be turned out of the  
house if you keep on! My landlord  
will not tolerate the trombone after  
midnight."

"Then he certainly does not love  
music. Frout, frout, ptra!"

"Oh, stop! Pray stop!"

"Do you consent, then?"

"To what?"

"To give up this project of mar-  
riage."

"But, sir, I cannot."

"All right. Couac!"

"Mons. Capdenac is a terrible man!  
If I insult him in such a manner he  
will kill me."

"And you hesitate for such a rea-  
son?"

"Good reason enough. I should  
think."

"In that case, leave the matter to  
me. Only swear to me that if I ob-  
tain Mons. Capdenac's withdrawal, my  
cousin shall be free."

"Yes, she shall be free."

"Hurrah! I have your promise, re-  
member. You will now allow me to  
depart. By the way, where does your  
Capdenac live?"

"No. 100, Rue des Deux-Epees."

"I shall go there at once. Good-  
by."

"My young friend," thought Bou-  
vard, "you will find yourself in the  
jaws of a lion, and you will get the  
lesson you well deserve."

Meanwhile Anatole hastened to the  
address given him, arriving at about  
six o'clock in the morning. When  
the door opened Anatole found him-  
self in the presence of a man with  
fierce whiskers, wearing in lieu of  
night-clothes, a complete fencing cos-  
tume.

"Always ready, you see. That is my  
motto."

"Sir, you wish to marry Mlle. Ni-  
cette?"

"Yes, sir."

"Sir, you shall not marry her."

"Eh! Thunder and Lightning! Who  
will prevent me?"

"I will."

Capdenac looked at Anatole, who  
was not a large man, but who looked  
very determined.

"Ah, young man," said he at last,  
"you are fortunate to come upon me  
when I am in a good humor. Take  
advantage of it. Do you know that  
I have fought 20 duels, and that I  
have had the misfortune to kill five  
of my opponents, and to wound the 15  
others? Come! I take pity on your  
youth. Once more, give up this mad  
project and retire."

"I see," replied Anatole, "that you  
are a fit adversary for me, and my  
desire to try my strength against so  
redoubtable a man is increasing."

"I like your bravery. The brave  
should understand each other. Shall  
I tell you a secret?"

"Go on."

"For some time, I myself have  
thought of breaking this engagement,  
but I did not know how to go to work  
to do so. Therefore I would willingly  
accede to your wishes, but you see  
that I, Capdenac, must not appear to  
yield to threats. Now you have  
threatened me, you know."

"I withdraw my threats."

"Then it is settled."

"Will you write and sign your with-  
drawal?"

"I have so much sympathy with you,  
that I can refuse you nothing."

Armed with the precious paper, An-  
atole rushed back to Mons. Bouvard,  
at whose door he knocked at about  
eight o'clock in the morning.

"Open the door or I will break it  
in!"

Mons. Bouvard opened. Anatole  
gave him the paper, then rushed to  
the door of Nicette's room and called:

"Cousin, dress quickly and come  
down."

In a short time Nicette, fresh as the  
morning, entered the little parlor.

"What is the matter?"

"Your cousin is crazy," said Mons.  
Bouvard. "That's what's the matter."

"Crazy?" repeated Anatole. "Very  
well; but Nicette will allow that there  
is method in my madness. This night,  
my dear little cousin, I have succeed-  
ed in obtaining two things; M. Cap-  
denac gives up his claim to your  
hand, and your good guardian con-  
sents to your marrying the man of  
your choice."

"Oh, guardian, are you really willing  
that I should marry Anatole?"

"What!" exclaimed Anatole.

"Since it is you whom I love, my  
cousin."

At this moment, Anatole felt his  
heart beating wildly. Then, seizing  
Nicette's hands eagerly, he told her  
about it all; the letter received, the  
perfume inhaled, the prophecy of his  
old friend, the steps taken, the suc-







## KIDNEY TROUBLE

Suffered Ten Years—Relieved in Three Months Thanks to P-E-R-U-N-A.



C. B. FIZER.

C. B. FIZER, Mt. Sterling, Ky., says: "I have suffered with kidney and bladder trouble for ten years past. Last March I commenced using Peruna and continued for three months. I have not used it since, nor have I felt a pain."

**Wrong View of Marriage.**  
"There would be less divorce," said ex-Gov. Pennypacker, "if there were fewer men like William Windle."  
"William Windle embarked on an excursion steamer for Point Breeze, and a few miles out, as he paced the upper deck and drank in the bracing ozone, he spied his friend Jackson."  
"Why Jackson, how are ye?" he exclaimed. "Are ye out for pleasure, or is yer wife along?"

**Deafness Cannot Be Cured**  
by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surface. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by Catarrh) that cannot be cured by Henry Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars free. P. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Absolute Equality.**  
The Woman—The tax office is one place which I simply love to go to.  
The Man—Very few people do. Why do you like it?  
The Woman—Because it is absolute ly the only place where no discrimination is made against me because I am a woman. They let me there pay just as much as if I were a man.

**Everybody in This Town**  
Is sick or will be some time with some of the diseases that NATURE'S REMEDY (N-R tablets) will cure or prevent. If every person knew as much about Nature's Remedy as I do, most of this sickness would be prevented. I want you to know about Nature's Remedy. I want to send you free at my expense a 10 day treatment that you may know just how good Nature's Remedy is for Constipation, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Liver and Kidney Complaint, and why Nature's Remedy is Better than Pills for Liver ills. All Druggists. Write me to-day for free 10 days' treatment. A. H. Lewis, St. Louis.

**A Call for Cough Drops.**  
"I tell you I must have some money!" roared the king of Maritania, who was in sore financial straits. "Somebody will have to cough up."  
"Alas!" sighed the guardian of the treasury, who was formerly the court jester, "all our coffers are empty."  
—Tit-Bits.

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

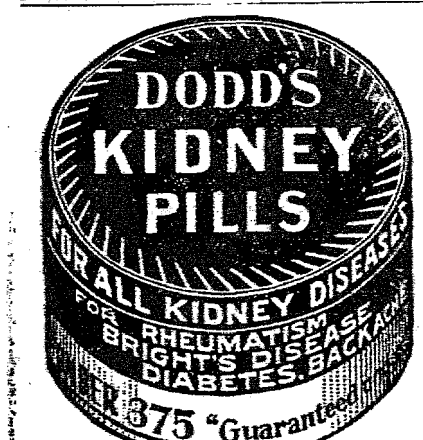
**Vindictive Cuss.**  
"Ugh," spluttered Mr. Jones. "That nut had a worm in it."  
"Here," urged a friend, offering him a glass of water, "drink this and wash it down."  
"Wash it down!" growled Jones. "Why should I? Let him walk!"  
—Everybody's.

It's difficult to arouse a man's enthusiasm by showing him a photo graph of himself when a baby.

**DAVIS' PAINKILLER**  
should be taken without delay when sore chest and tickling throat warn you that an annoying, cold threatens. At all druggists to 25c, 50c and 1.00 bottles.

Think all you speak, but speak not all you think.—Delaware.

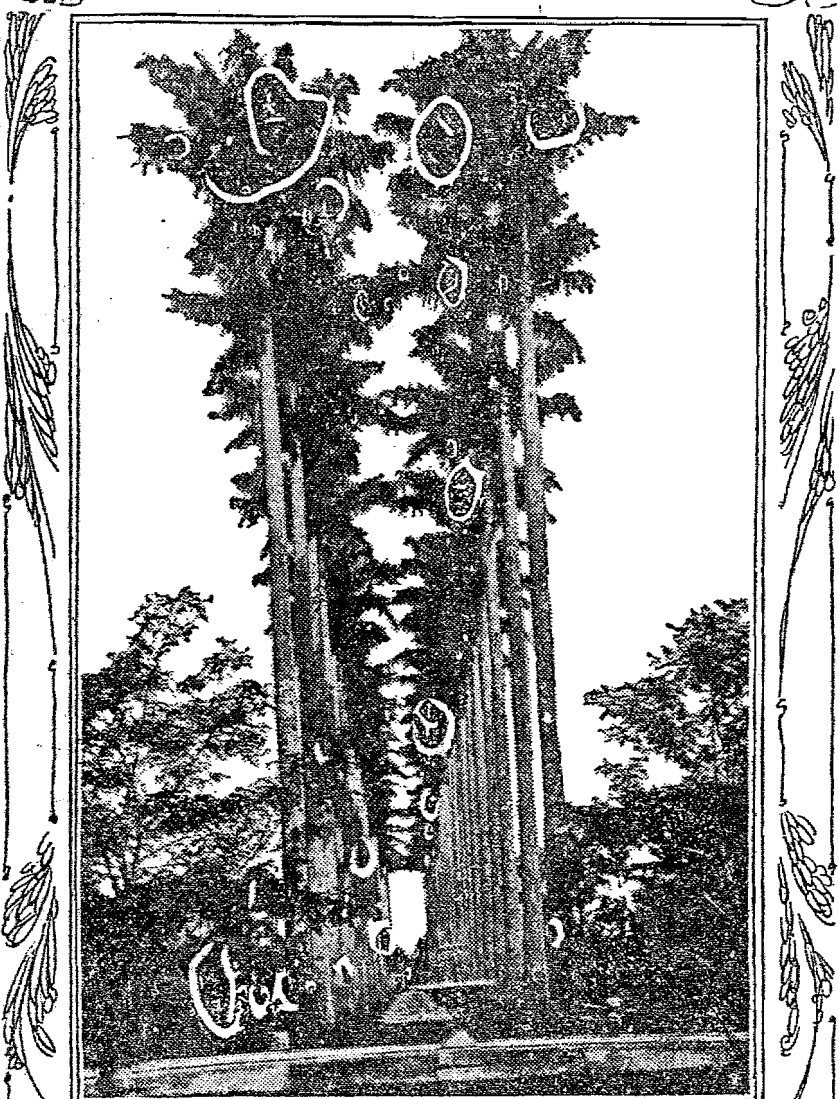
The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other 5c cigar. You can't buy a good brand of popularity at bargain rates.



**Hay's Hair-Health**  
Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to Its Natural Color and Beauty. Stops itching and positively removes Dandruff. Is not a Dye. Refuse all substitutes. \$1.00 and 50c Bottles by Mail or at Druggists. FREE Send too for large sample Bottle. Philo Hay Spec. Co., Newark, N. J., U. S. A.

**IDAHO PAYETTE VALLEY**  
Apple lands. Fruit farms. Stock ranches. Alfalfa. Corn. Wheat. Oats. We grow every thing. Have fine climate. Payette Valley is acknowledged to be the best watered valley in the great Northwest. Irrigation is king. Come and see us or write for information and free literature to PAYETTE LAND CO., Payette, Idaho.

## PRECIOUS GEMS FROM BRAZIL



AS IS well known, India was the original source of diamonds until 1728, when these precious gems were discovered in Brazil. The latter country held the supremacy during the next 143 years, when the discoveries in South Africa, in 1871, transferred the center of diamond mining to the latter regions. The sudden influx of thousands of energetic white immigrants to those alluring fields, the constructive genius of the late Cecil Rhodes and his associates and the ability shown by the British authorities of Cape Colony in adopting wise and far-reaching measures for promoting the interests of the new and rapidly growing colonies clustering round Kimberley have so focused public attention upon the South African fields that the rich diamantiferous deposits of Brazil, yielding stones which experts consider 50 per cent., on the average, purer than those of South Africa, have been momentarily forgotten. It would appear, however, according to information recently furnished by United States Consul-General George E. Anderson of Rio de Janeiro, that Brazil will now recover her former supremacy as the principal diamond producer of the world. He reports that great changes are already taking place in the diamond mining of the republic, due especially to the fact that American capital has obtained possession of practically all of the diamond-bearing territory in the finest Brazilian region, known as the "Diamantina country." Modern dredging machinery has already been installed along the Jequitinhonha river, in the state of Minas Geraes, an innovation which, in Mr. Anderson's judgment, signifies that a revolution in the mining industry of the diamond district of Brazil is practically effected, which will probably revolutionize the diamond markets of the world.

The American men, continues Consul-General Anderson, who have secured most of the better diamond-bearing property in Brazil have bought it with the idea that modern mining methods, modern machinery, the introduction of water to the high, level, dry country, the dredging of the river beds by modern dredging machinery, the separation of gravel products by the latest machinery, the use of water power for the generation of electricity for the operation of mining machinery, modern business management, the improvement in means of communication which can be made without undue expenditure—that all these elements combined can so reduce the cost of securing diamonds in Brazil that the enterprise can be made profitable.

Before discussing the opportunities offered by Brazil, it may be well to review briefly the origin and history of diamonds and diamond mining from the most remote ages down to the present. There has ever been a fascination for the human mind in the diamond, which, in its greatest purity, is unrivaled for luster, brilliancy and fire, and which is so hard that no known substance can cut it or make the slightest indentation upon it save another diamond, so that the popular adage, "diamond cut diamond," is literally true. It is unaffected by any acid and remains unimpaired when attacked by any of the nonmetallic elements. Careful experiments prove that the finest quality of diamonds are pure carbon, and thus related to coal and graphite. The diamond, when subjected to the intense heat of the oxygen flame, dissolves into carbonic acid gas and leaves a residue of ash. When extracted from any given locality the gem is of a rather dull appearance and it is only after the skill of the lapidary has removed its rough exterior and polished by

grinding with diamond dust its facets, of which there are usually 64, that a diamond shines in its perfect brilliancy.

No other precious stone has been the subject of so much romance, tragedy and crime as the diamond. Its earliest historical record is lost in a labyrinth of myth and fable. The discovery of some of the most famous specimens of India would appear to have occurred thousands of years ago. The celebrated "Koh-i-noor" diamond is credited with having witnessed the rise and fall of one native dynasty after another. Finally, after apparently countless vicissitudes, it came into the possession of the queen of Great Britain and Ireland in 1849. It is supposed to have weighed originally 125 carats in the rough, but in cutting it was reduced to 108. Subsequent judicious recutting in London, which occupied 28 days of 12 hours each, still further reduced the weight of the stone to 106 carats. In form the gem is that of a shallow brilliant, too dim to display much fire.

The "Great Table," another Indian diamond, brought to Europe in 1642 by the French jeweler Tavernier, is said to have weighed originally 242½ carats, but as the result of two cuttings its weight was reduced to 67½ when it came into the possession of Louis XIV of France. During the revolution of 1789 it was seized and subsequently lost. It was described as of a beautiful violet color. The "Orlov," also an Indian stone, is about as large as a pigeon's egg, weighs 193 carats and is mounted in the imperial scepter of the czar. Some authorities estimate its value at \$500,000.

### SEEK TO CHEER THE INSANE

Glad Hands and Kind Words in Use in Virginian Institution for Unfortunates.

Handshakes and kindly words are doing more than medicine for the patients of the Western State Hospital for the Insane at Staunton, Va., according to the annual report of that institution. To speak to and shake hands daily with every patient in the institution is a rule rigidly enforced upon the officials of the hospital. This the report says, "inspires kindly feeling and gives the patients an opportunity to talk to the physician. At the same time the physician is certain not to overlook the patient; is enabled to tell whether he is cold or feverish and is assisted in the diagnosis of his form of insanity, as certain forms of insanity have a peculiar handshake."

The report then quotes the Hoosier poet, James Whitcomb Riley:

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's feeling kind of blue,  
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an' won't let the sunshine through;  
It's a great thing, oh, my brother, for a fellow just to lay  
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly sort o' way.

To the Unfortunate.  
What though you've fallen? Rise again  
And face the cold world and its jeers.  
Lie not supine, nor hide your face.  
Nor try to melt the ice with tears,  
Rise up, though aching, black and blue,  
Upward and onward your device.  
Perhaps your neighbor, though he laugh,  
May scatter ashes on the ice.

Be not discouraged. Others, too,  
Have sat down lately with a bump.  
Thy misadventure would work over  
If they recorded every thump.  
Brush off your trousers or your skirt,  
Continue calmly on your way  
As if your bruises didn't hurt.  
As if you did it every day.  
—Somerville Journal

Wife—My dear, the nursery needs redecorating. What would you suggest for the walls?  
Husband—Corrugated iron.

## MOST PEOPLE DO NOT KNOW CAUSE OF THEIR SICKNESS

Does human health depend on one organ alone? This question is becoming widely discussed since L. T. Cooper first advanced his theory that the stomach is the true seat of life and all health dependent upon it.

Mr. Cooper, who has met with remarkable success in the sale of his new medicine, believes that the stomach is responsible for most sickness, and that this organ is weak in the present generation. While discussing this theory recently, he said: "I am asked time and again to tell why my medicine has made such a record wherever I have introduced it. My answer always is, 'because it restores the stomach to a normal condition.' No one will deny that today there are more half-sick men and women than ever before. Nothing critical seems to be the matter with them. They are just half-sick most of the time. They don't know really what is the matter with them. I have talked with thousands during the past two years, and few knew indeed what their trouble was. One said nervousness, another said kidney trouble, another liver complaint, some constipation, or heart trouble, or lung trouble. Many had treated, as they called it, for most of these diseases at different times. A very common complaint is 'all run down,' or 'tired all the time,' or 'no appetite.'"

"I know positively that every bit of this chronic ill health is caused by stomach trouble and nothing else. My New Discovery puts the stomach in sound condition in about six weeks. Mighty few people can be sick with a sound digestion. That is why my medicine is selling at such a tremendous rate. I have convinced many thousands of people that these things are so, and the number is growing by leaps and bounds."

Among more recent converts to Mr. Cooper's beliefs is Mrs. Lottie L. Miner, living on Rural Route No. 2, Henniker, N. H., who says: "I was in poor health for six years, from stomach trouble and indigestion. Quite frequently my stomach was so weak that it would not retain solid food. I had vomiting spells every morning, and was subject to frequent attacks of dizziness. Life became such a burden that I often felt it was not worth the living. I tried everything I could hear of, but found nothing that would afford relief."

"For some time I had been reading of the Cooper remedies, and finally decided to give the New Discovery preparation a trial. After taking the first bottle, I noticed a marked improvement. Five bottles made me entirely well. I can eat anything I wish, and have not been troubled with my stomach since. The dizzy spells disappeared long ago."

"My mother, Mrs. Susan Perkins, is a nurse of long experience. Both she and my father have used the Cooper remedies with splendid results. I will be glad to answer any personal correspondence in regard to my case."

Cooper's New Discovery is sold by all druggists. If your druggist cannot supply you, we will forward you the name of a druggist in your city who will. Don't accept "something just as good."—The Cooper Medicine Co., Dayton, Ohio.

### THOUGHT SO LITTLE.



Cholly Chumpleigh—I'm not afraid, don'tcherknow, to say what I think. Miss Cutting Hintz—You may not be afraid—but you ought to be ashamed.

**Spreading Like Prairie Fire.**  
News of the wonderful cures being made by the United Doctors, those expert medical specialists who have their institute at 15th and Harney streets, Omaha, has spread over the country like wild fire and patients now go hundreds of miles to be cured by these doctors.

Mrs. R. D. Stiles of Silver City, Ia., was cured of abscess of the stomach. Mrs. Bell Vernon of Grimes, Ia., was cured of chronic appendicitis without an operation.

Mrs. Marie Lopton of Fort Crook, Neb., was cured of epilepsy. S. H. Merritt of South Omaha was cured of rheumatism and backache. The cures mentioned above are only a few among many hundreds that have been reported in the big daily papers.

The diseases treated by the United Doctors are diseases of the Nerves, Blood, Skin, Heart, Stomach, Kidney and Liver; including Rheumatism, Paralysis, Loss of Nerve Force, Goitre, Constipation, Catarrh, Epilepsy, Dyspepsia, Weak Back, Bloating, Dropsy, Eczema, Scrofula and all Chronic Diseases of Women and Men.

**Good Quality.**  
Customer—Are these apples fresh?  
Grocer—Well, I guess. They'll give you the best sass you ever had.

Constitution causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's Peppermint. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Take a good watch to a pawnbroker and see how quickly the time passes.

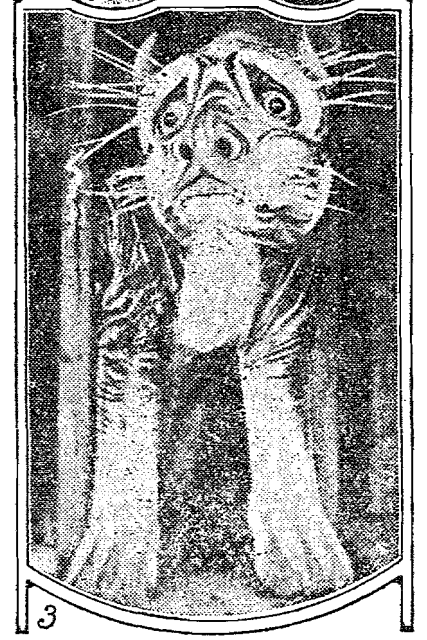
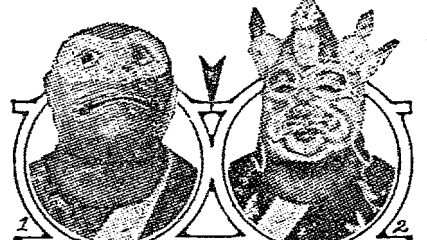
## DANCE IN HIDEOUS MASKS

Participants in Lamaist Church, the Lorsar, Festival Wear Garb of Demons.

New York.—If you happened to be alone in the woods at night and should meet such creatures as shown in the accompanying photographs what would you do?

Run!  
Of course.

But these are only pictures of masks identical with those worn by participants in the greatest festival of the Lamaist church, the Lorsar, the New Year's feast held at the beginning of February in remembrance of Buddha's victory over the six heresies.



No. 1.—The Monkey-Faced Demon. No. 2.—The Tiger-Faced Demon. No. 3.—The Guardian of the Spirits of Chinese Priests.

the victory of the true religion over infidelity.

Writing of it in "Trans-Himalaya," Dr. Sven Hedin says of its celebration in the monastery town of Tashi-Luapo: "Lamaism is only a corrupt form of pure Buddhism, and under an outward varnish of Buddhist symbolism has incorporated a number of Sivaistic elements, and has also retained the superstitions which in pre-Buddhist times found expression in wild fanatical devil-dances, rites and sacrifices. The object of these ceremonies was to exorcise, banish or propitiate the powerful demons which reign everywhere, in the air, on the earth, and in water, and whose only function is to plague, torture and persecute the children of men. Lastly, Lamas dance in hideous masks with large evil eyes and Mephistophelian eyebrows, distorted features and huge tusks; others represent mythical wild beasts, all equally terrible."

## HAS WORKED HIS WAY UP

William S. Kies, New Solicitor of Railway, at 31, Heads Big Legal Department.

Chicago.—William S. Kies, who recently became general solicitor for the Chicago & Western Indiana railway, is a native of Minnesota. Left an orphan when two years old, he worked his way through school and later through the University of Wisconsin, supporting himself at the university mainly by working on the university paper.

After his graduation, nine years ago, he came to Chicago and took a position as investigator for the Chicago City Railway Company. When John F. Smulski was elected city at-



torney in 1903 Mr. Kies applied to him for a place in his office and received it. Three years later he was made chief trial attorney, and in three years won about 90 per cent. of his cases.

This record attracted the attention of many legal firms and corporations, and Mr. Kies finally accepted an offer from the Chicago & Northwestern railroad to become its general attorney in Chicago. He has held that position since 1906, and now, at the age of 31 years, he finds himself at the head of the legal department of an important railroad system.

**Experienced.**  
Johnny—My papa and mamma are divorced.  
Freddy—Which have you got the custody of?

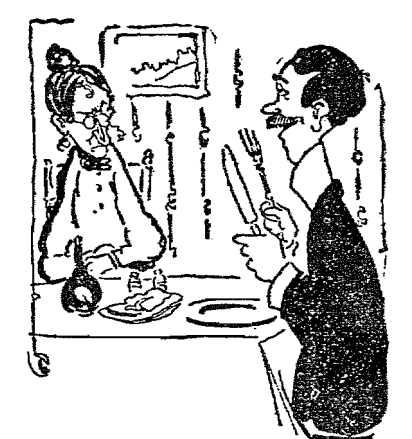
## IN HOSPITAL FOR NINE MONTHS.

Awful Tale of Suffering From Kidney Trouble.

Alfred J. O'Brien, Second St., Sterling, Colo., says: "I was in the Baltimore Marine Hospital for nine months. I had a dull pain in the small of my back that completely wore me out. The urine was in a terrible state, and some days I would pass half a gallon of blood. I left the hospital because they wanted to operate on me. I went to St. Joseph's Hospital at Omaha and put in three months there without any gain. I was pretty well discouraged when I was advised to use Doan's Kidney Pills. I did so and by the time I had taken one box, the pain in the back left me. I kept right on and a perfect cure was the result."

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

## WHAT DID HE MEAN?



Landlady—I had to pay 25 cents a pound for this steak. Star Boarder—That's tough.

## BABY'S SKIN TORTURE

"When our baby was seven weeks old he broke out with what we thought was heat, but which gradually grew worse. We called in a doctor. He said it was eczema and from that time we doctored six months with three of the best doctors in Atchison but he only got worse. His face, head and hands were a solid sore. There was no end to the suffering for him. We had to tie his little hands to keep him from scratching. He never knew what it was to sleep well from the time he took the disease until he was cured. He kept us awake all hours of the night and his health wasn't what you would call good. We tried everything but the right thing. "Finally I got a set of the Cuticura Remedies and I am pleased to say we did not use all of them until he was cured. We have waited a year and a half to see if it would return but it never has and to-day his skin is clear and fair as it possibly could be. I hope Cuticura may save some one else's little ones suffering and also their pocket-books. John Leason, 1405 Atchison St., Atchison, Kan., Oct. 19, 1909."

Murphy. The prisoner at the bar was of swarthy complexion and was charged with peddling without a license. "What is your name?" asked the magistrate.

"He says his name is Murphy," repeated the policeman on the bridge. "An Irishman peddling bananas, eh? What part of Ireland do you come from?"

"He says he was born in Italy," again repeated the bridge policeman. "Umph! The Murphys are numerous, but I didn't think they had spread to Italy," said the judge as he made the fine \$1 and asked the man to spell his name.

The prisoner wrote on a piece of paper "Giuseppe Muerfee."—New York Sun.

Money and expense are not essential to artistic homes and attractive rooms. One dollar and fifty cents' worth of material will completely transform a crude, inartistic room into a graceful, dainty apartment.

Really it is good taste and skill that makes the home homelike. That dainty touch is worth twice as much as money. Wall paper is expensive—it costs money to buy it, to hang it and again to remove it. With the use of the alabaster wall there is only the slight cost of the material—any one can brush it on—and it is not necessary to wash it off the wall when a fresh coat is required.

It is very easy to mix, very simple to apply, but the results are simply beautiful. A whole house can be done at just a little more than the cost of a single room when ordinary materials are used. And this is true, that now that we have so much better materials for use in the decoration of our homes, that wall paper, common balsamine and paint are now as much out of date as the old time whitewash, tallow candles and rough hewn floors. More money is no longer an essential in good housefurnishing in artistic home making.

The new materials and labor-saving machines are most welcome to us all—and every thoughtful woman, every woman who cares for her home, is quick to utilize them.

**Alas.**  
A little five-year-old who had been watching her mother dress for an evening entertainment surprised her mother with the following question: "Mother, didn't you say you were almost 40 years old?"

"Yes," replied the mother. "Well," answered the little girl, "you don't look it to-night, but you will to-morrow morning."—Judge.

Of course, women are a trifle vain, but did you ever see a man pass up an opportunity to look in a mirror?

When life's all love, 'tis life; aught else, 'tis naught.—Sidney Lanier.