

The Florence Tribune

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No. 34

MANY NEW BUILDINGS

Florence Has a New Business Firm That Will Erect Six Houses at Once and is Planning the Erection of Many More as Soon as Plans Are Complete. The Biggest Boost for Florence That Has Yet Materialized.

Score another one for Florence.

The past week has seen the formation of another company to do business in Florence, one that will do a great deal to put Florence in the class that she should occupy.

The Florence Building and Real Estate company have been formed to do a general building and contracting business.

The officers at present are: President: C. Vancanto. Vice President: G. Sunzeri. Secretary and Treasurer: Frank Pascale.

These with G. Quatteracchio and N. Sanfilippo form the board of directors.

The objects of the company are to build houses complete on property owned by the company and to build a house for anyone who owns a lot that is clear and the title is all right. To this end they will open a wall paper and paint store here as well as a plumbing shop.

They will do all the work of making a home complete for their customers from the digging of the cellar to the laying of the walks and sodding the yard.

They have already placed an order with Minna-Lusa Cement Block company for 800 cement blocks for the houses that they will start erecting on Jefferson street as soon as the weather opens sufficiently for them to begin operations.

They purchased over 20,000 feet of the lumber that was used at the corn show, but in the main they will purchase all their materials right here in Florence.

All the officers and directors will build a home for themselves in Florence and remove here with their families. They are all skilled mechanics with the exception of Frank Pascale who will tend to the business of the firm on the outside, securing contracts and purchasing the property and materials needed.

The company is remodeling the building on the corner of Main street and Jefferson street as their offices and will be ready to do business at once.

Mr. Pascale has turned his harness shop and shoe shop over to his son, so he can devote his entire time to the business of the company.

They already have six houses to start work on as soon as the weather permits and have applications for at least five more.

While their principal business will be to build houses both for themselves and others they will also enter into a general contracting business of all kinds.

This marks another long step forward that Florence is making toward becoming a greater Florence.

If Main street will only be finished and the paving laid before next Christmas and the street car company will only improve its service Florence will have something worth while for Omaha when they annex us.

HOG CHOLERA SERUM SENT FREE

Nebraska State University Issues a Bulletin on the Subject Giving full Information.

The last legislature made an appropriation of \$5,000.00 to be used in the production of hog cholera serum by the methods recommended by the Bureau of Animal Industry of the United States Department of Agriculture. This work is under the direction of the Department of Animal Pathology of the Nebraska Experiment Station.

In producing this serum, pigs are used that are immune to cholera either by having recovered from an attack of this disease or by having been inoculated. These pigs are then made hyperimmune by injecting under the skin large amounts of blood taken from a hog sick with cholera.

With the present plant and appropriation, it is impossible to supply the demand for this serum, and on account of the high cost it will be sent only upon application of veterinarians for use in those herds where there is an outbreak of cholera. Where cholera is suspected, a qualified veterinarian should be called to kill one or two of the sick pigs and make a post-mortem examination to determine if genuine cholera exists.

The serum for inoculation will then be sent direct to the veterinarian making the examination, who should do the vaccinating. The request for serum should give the number of pigs and their average weight. In giving the number of pigs, no account should be taken of those sick, as experience has shown that the serum is of doubtful benefit in these cases. Until the cost can be greatly reduced, the serum should be given only to those pigs apparently well, in sick herds.

The records so far show that 75 per cent of such pigs live by this treatment.

No charge is made for the serum. The services of the veterinarian employed should be paid for by the owner of the herd.

Carcasses of hogs which have died from cholera should be immediately buried or burned deeply and covered with quicklime. Separate the sick from the well hogs and divide the well hogs into two or more groups and separate them as widely as practical. As the germs of cholera gain access to the system only through the digestive tract, the line of prevention is well marked. All feed and drinking troughs should be thoroughly cleaned and disinfected. If the troughs are of metal, holding them over a blaze will be effective. Streams that do not rise on the home farm should be suspected as a possible carrier of infection and for this reason water from wells should be given. Feed sparingly. Where hog cholera serum is used, the hogs should remain in the infected yards.

Had One Claim to Make.

"The things I say may not be very clever," says the Philosopher of Folly, "but I call the attention of the much-bored public to the fact that I haven't made a North Pole epigram yet."

Just as Bad.

Courtesy over the telephone is a virtue, and it's just as offensive to the girl at the switchboard to be called a Dutch mutt as it would be to be told that her hat isn't on straight.—Hartford Times.

BILL LOPER HAS ACCIDENT

Daughter Writes Full Particulars to Tribune With Admonition to Editor to Tell No One About It and Editor Does Not But Prints the Letter in Full so Every Reader Can Find Out for Himself and Know the Full Particulars.

Lobelia Loper writes to the Tribune the following account of an accident which recently happened to her father, Old Bill Loper:

"Pap's in trouble agin, but don't say anything about it to nobody. You see his trouble is a joak but he falls to see the pint. Pap never sees the pint when the joak is on him. You see hit happened this way. On Thanksgiving day they had a turkey and goose shoot in match. Pap wuz bound to go but he didn't want to wair his Sunday close fer fear uv spillin' 'em. So he brought his old overhauls to me to git a patch on the seat uv 'em, and havin' nothin' else I jest sowed a square uv white muslin, thinkin hit would be hid by his coat tail so the color uv the cloth wouldn't make no difference. Well they had hard sider an ginger mixture out there and everybody must hev partook an unseemly amount—include pap.

"They tuck chances at shootin an jest before Old Bill Perkepile wuz goin to shute they sent pap to pin up a peace uv white paper agin the tree fer to shute at. Pap, the old fude, done as he wuz told and then slept to one side so as to let Bill shute a splatter shot. Pap leaned down to pick up a old horseshoe fer good luck which he seed a layin in the leaves and Bill Perk being crossside an full uv hard sider mistook the patch on pap's pants for the target and blazed away. They say he made a fine splatter shot, but hit tuck three hours to pin pap down so they could git a docker to abstract the strap shot. The say pap would run awhile and then set down and slide awhile an all the time endin tin profandy that wilted the leaves on the trees. They say he jumped a rail stake and rider fence on the first mile and that there wuz three feet of sunshine twixt the top rail and pap's feat. I haint heered all the story yet fer every feller that seen the aksident can only tell half uv it before he gits to laffin so hard he can't finish. Pap sez he'll kill Perk on site if he don't die uv lead poisonin be fore he gits well. I hev always doctored pap before this but he seems sorter changed here of late and sez he don't need no woman doctors a fussin around him. Pore old soal. I feel sorry fer him when I see him a standin all the time and a sleepin face downwards.

Pap sez he's going to run for the legislature and when he gits their he's goin to make it agin the law fer a crawside man to lay hans on a gun.

"LOBELIA LOPER."

Vegetable Suspension Bridge.

A remarkable suspension bridge spans the River Apurimac in central Peru. The ropes of this bridge are composed of pliable roots and vines, while the planks are made of branches. In the humid climate of Peru it would be by no means extraordinary if this vegetable bridge were one day to start growing.—Wide World Magazine.

IT WAS ON A FLORENCE CAR

Small Boy Creates Amusement for All of the Passengers Except the Big Fat Man.

Stoves are still in use on the Florence street cars.

The other morning going down it was evident there was something wrong somewhere. It was probably the gearing under the car. A strong odor as if from burning rubber permeated the atmosphere.

The passengers looked at one another suspiciously and turned up their noses. A man who sat near the stove looked at his coat sleeve to make sure that he had not caught fire.

An old lady in the next seat said: "Dear me! I wonder what's wrong? I think I shall get out."

Everybody had some remark to make—some theory to advance. People who wore overshoes looked at them to see whether they were smoking or not, and the man who sat near the stove said: "Rubber's burning somewhere, that's sure."

Then a small boy with a wise look called to him: "Say, mister, you better feel of your neck. It's purty red."

After that the people were too busy laughing to indulge in any further speculation—all except the man near the stove. He was mad, unless looks are deceiving.

A Jackson, His Tavern.

The old Whitney Tavern in Shelbyville, Tenn., erected in 1810, is still in a good state of preservation. It is built of cedar logs, which are chinked and pointed between, and with the exception of the renewing of the weather boarding and shingles it has undergone no change. The large stone chimneys, with their board fireplaces, are still in as perfect condition as when Gen. Jackson and other noted personages were entertained there.—Columbus, O. Journal.

Dukes.

A duke of England, Ireland, Scotland, or the United Kingdom, is referred to as "most noble" and styled "your grace" in formal address. He has a coronet bearing eight strawberry leaves. The title was first conferred in England in 1337 on Prince Edward, known as the Black Prince, and is now bestowed on royal princes as a qualification for sitting in the house of lords.

Gout Defined.

"What is gout?" asks a correspondent. Well, it is an affliction if inherited, but is often a source of pride when acquired.—St. Paul Pioneer Press.

Poor Opinion of Countrymen.

One of the great intellects of England has stated that not above 50,000 people in all Britain can read and understand the ordinary London newspaper.

Never.

Even the most miserable people in the world are never treated as roughly as is the piano in a house that is rented furnished.

Opera First Produced.

The first performance of Italian opera in the United States was given in New York City in 1825, Rossini's "Barber of Seville."

JUST ONE LITTLE HOUR

That is All it Takes the City Council to Dispose of its Business at the City Hall Monday Evening and a Great Part of That is Taken Up in Laying Wires to Mend Political Fences in the Spring Election.

Short and harmonious was the meeting of the city council Monday evening.

They convened about 8 o'clock and before 9 they were through, making it the shortest session held in many a day.

The volunteer fire department reported that there was eleven or more insurance companies doing business in Florence and that none had so far paid the occupation tax that the statutes say they should. The communication was referred to the finance committee with instructions to find out the names of companies doing business in the town and notify them to pay the tax or cancel their policies in Florence. It seems the law has been on the books for many years and that but two companies had paid the tax.

Mayor Tucker had the clerk read a receipt from the city treasurer showing that he had paid to him \$2 for the use of the hall for elections. Councilman Kelly replied that he was glad that he had turned that much in but wanted to know where the rest of the receipts were and Mayor Tucker said he had them and Mr. Kelly could see them any time he wanted to, whereupon Kelly subsided.

Councilman Allen brought up the matter of the steps on the south side of Cole's building being dangerous without a railing. Mr. Cole said he would put a railing on the east and west sides and that would put them in a safe condition and that while he was about it he wanted to know what the city intended doing about the inspection of the other halls of the city. He said he had been put to a big expense in having his hall examined because rumors of its being unsafe had circulated about the city and thought it no more than justice the other halls should be inspected. The mayor and the council dodged the request as neatly and as expeditiously as possible.

The matter of having the snow removed from the walks about town was brought up and quickly dropped as the councilmen were of the opinion that it was better to leave the snow on the walks so the children would have a place to coast instead of the street. So you may leave the snow on the walk and the people walk through the drifts and slush and be happy.

The following bills were presented: Anderson & Hollinsworth.....\$ 3.50 Omaha Engineering Dept..... 15.00 H. H. Milburn..... 38.00 J. P. Crick..... 74.00 R. H. Olmsted..... 62.50 Charles Cottrell..... 25.00 F. S. Tucker..... 18.75 J. H. Price..... 12.50 D. F. Kelly..... 12.50 Robert Craig..... 12.50 C. H. Allen..... 12.50 W. H. Thomas..... 12.50

The bills of the engineering department of the city of Omaha for testing the brick on Main street. H. H. Milburn for testing cement and J. P. Crick were referred to the finance committee and the city attorney to find out who had ordered the tests and if the prices were correct. They were also requested to obtain the results of the tests and file them with the city clerk for future use. The rest of the bills were ordered paid, after which the council made haste to adjourn.

Real Wealth.

The wealth of a man is the number of things which he loves and blesses, which he is loved and blessed by.—Thomas Carlyle.

Cease Mourning Over the Past.

That which is past is gone and irrevocable. Wise men have enough to do with things present and to come.—Francis Bacon.

Japanese Public Ovens.

Most of the cooking of the Japanese cities is done in public ovens, which are maintained at convenient places at moderate cost to patrons.

Making Conversation.

He (after embarrassing silence)—Don't you think the floor is unusually flat to-night?—Williams Purple Cow.

We've All Heard It.

Handed down through the ages: "Mercy sakes alive, where did you get that horrible haircut?"

In Demand in Germany.

Germany's imports of palm and palmetto leaves exceed 300 tons a year.

INSTALLATION OF THE OFFICERS

Big Social Event of Week is Given by the Modern Woodmen and the Royal Neighbors.

The social event of the week in Florence was the installation of the officers of the Modern Woodmen of America and the Royal Neighbors of America at Pascale's hall on Tuesday evening. Over 300 attended the ceremonies and enjoyed the dance and program which was given after the installation. Mrs. Kate Remington of Omaha, supreme organizer for the Royal Neighbors, was the master of ceremonies at the installation of the officers of the Royal Neighbors and inducted into office these officers: Oracle, Mrs. J. Taylor; Vice Oracle, Mrs. George Foster; Chancellor, Mrs. J. J. Cole; Recorder, Mrs. F. B. Nichols; Receiver, Mrs. Newell Burton; Manager, James Johnson; Inner Sentinel, Mrs. Simpson; Outer Sentinel, Mrs. F. D. Leach; Physician, Dr. A. B. Adams. Mrs. Louis Grebe acted as marshal for the installation ceremonies.

Mr. Elmer Taylor installed the officers of the Modern Woodmen of America and inducted into office the following: Worthy Adviser, Samuel Jensen; Venerable Counsel, C. J. Larson; Banker, F. D. Leach; Clerk, Gus Nelson; Escort, James Johnson; Sentry, M. M. Crum; Managers, W. R. Wall, Charles Taylor and S. P. Johnson; Physician, Dr. A. B. Adams.

After the installation of the officers of the two lodges the following program was rendered: Duett, Madeline Adams and Maude Kierle; solo, J. J. Cole; solo, Miss Doris Cole; recital, Oma Coleman; solo, Miss Margarie Powell; recitation, Miss Lottie Shipley; children's drill, by May Taylor, Elowena Barsch, Miss Barsch, Dorothea Foster, Mildred Foster, Maude Kierle, Madeline Adams, Doris Cole, Lottie Shipley, Maud Shipley, Bessie Shipley, Gertrude Shipley, Hazel Leach and Nevada Coleman.

At the conclusion of the program the guests all retired to Wall's hall where a supper was served after which they returned to the lodge hall and danced until the wee small hours of morning.

Moreover it was one of the most enjoyable evenings of the present season and great credit should be given to the committee in charge.

Nothing More Than Her Right.

A Cincinnati man asked for a divorce because his wife was irritable, high tempered, and used exasperating language; but the judge held that a woman who had had the care of four small children and no domestic help, had a right to have a temper and to also use language that expressed her feelings.

Australia's Waste Land.

Universal experience has proved that no country can progress or be held safe from invasion where population is sparse and the lands are not utilized. Our future prosperity is vitally dependent on the sort of use to which we put our lands.—Age, Melbourne.

Primitive Philosophy.

Animism is the name of a theory originally propounded by Stahl, about 1707. It asserts that the soul is the vital principle and only cause of life, and that the functions of plant and animal life depend upon this principle of vitality, and not mere mechanical and chemical action. As the word is now used, it denotes the general doctrine of spiritual beings. It is not itself a religion, but a sort of primitive philosophy.

Ask Her.

"The way to flatter a woman is to tell her she looks 10 years younger than she is." "But how are you to find out how old she is?"—Houston Post.

A Hope.

Every woman lives in hope that the next Christmas is going to be the one when her husband will be rich enough to surprise her with a diamond ring.

Recipe for Happiness.

The art of living easily as to means is to pitch your scale of living one degree lower than your means.—Henry Taylor.

Novel Training for Army Men.

Cavalry officers in Italy undergo a course of instruction in pigeon training for military purposes.

For the Psychologist.

If a patient thinks he has no pain, what difference does it make whether he does or not?

Microbes to Cure Disease.

Two thousand million microbes are sometimes injected into a person's blood to cure disease.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Mrs. Charles L. Allen and little grandson, Dolphin, left Monday for a two months' trip through the east. They will spend a week at Mount Airy, Ia., and then go to Boston and other eastern cities.

The Minne-Lusa Cement Block company made a contract Monday with the Florence Building and Real Estate company for 800 cement blocks for their six new buildings on Jefferson street.

Miss Parker of Tekamah was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Baughman Monday and Tuesday.

The Ecoverolf club gave a largely attended dance Wednesday evening at Pascale's hall.

D. C. Lonergan will hold his sale of thoroughbred Poland China hogs in Florence on February 4.

Best coal oil, 10c per gallon. Sugar, 13 pounds for \$1.00. Large can mild, 3 cans for 25c. Thos. Dugher, The New Store.

Mrs. R. H. Olmsted and Miss Florence Olmsted left Saturday for a two weeks stay in Chicago and Milwaukee.

Henry Anderson expects to leave about the middle of February for Butte City, Cal., where he is interested in the development of a fig orchard with other Florence people.

Frank Pascale has turned the business of the harness shop and shoe repairing shop over to his son to run so he can devote his entire time to the business of the Florence Building and Real Estate company of which he is the secretary and treasurer.

High patent flour, \$1.50. Every sack warranted. Thos. Dugher, The New Store.

Last week we published a story of how a councilman took his wife out for a sleigh ride and tipped her out in a snowbank. While at the council meeting Monday evening another councilman tackled us and wanted to know where we got that story of his tipping his wife out in the snow. He said the only thing wrong with the story was the date. So there were two councilmen who tipped their wives out instead of one.

Look on page four for our great clubbing offer.

Look on page four for our great clubbing offer.

Dr. W. O. Akers was a visitor to Omaha Tuesday and Wednesday afternoons of this week.

Mr. and Mrs. C. G. Carlson were very much surprised last Sunday morning on returning from church to find their son, Walter, home for a visit. He is living at Portland and says that the western metropolis has Omaha skinned seven ways for Sunday. Maybe it has but if so it surely must be traveling at a mighty fast gait.

8 bars "Diamond C" or "Beat 'Em All" soap for 25c. Thos. Dugher, The New Store.

Mrs. Harry E. Lewis and daughter arrived Tuesday to make their home in Florence. Mr. Lewis arrived last week and accepted a position with the City National bank. They are negotiating for the McElhinney home in Florence Heights. Mrs. Lewis and Mrs. Fowler are sisters. Their former home was at Hoosac Falls, N. Y., and their removal here is the result of the visit of Mr. and Mrs. Fowler in the east this winter.

The Misses Weber of Oconee, Neb., and cousin Miss Hatt of Omaha were guests of Miss Prudence Tracy over Wednesday night.

The express service between Omaha and Florence will be augmented by an automobile truck in the near future, arrangements having been completed this week for the truck, which will be furnished by Andrew Murphy & Son, Omaha.

Judge Redick granted Mrs. Hannah Ritchie temporary alimony of \$50 a month and the custody of the two children yesterday afternoon, following a hearing on a motion by Ritchie to grant him the custody of the boys. "It's bad enough," said the court, "when people who have only been married two or three years cannot agree, but when they have been wedded thirty-five it is deplorable." An affidavit by Zee Ritchie, a boy 12 years old, was used against his father. The affidavit, which was read by Mrs. Ritchie's attorney, R. H. Olmsted, declared that when Ma was sick up stairs Pa would not let us bring her a glass of water or anything else when she called." The son also accused his father of spending one afternoon at the corn show with a young woman. Mrs. Ritchie filed suit early in December.

Hugh Suttie visited Omaha Monday. Now there is nothing strange in this, but his return from the visit was the occasion of great rejoicing at the waterworks as he brought back with him the pay envelopes of the employees. They do say that he is a regular man on these semi-monthly visits.

Misses Ethel Barker and Corinne Armstrong of Omaha were the guests of Miss Allie Houston Sunday and Monday.

Look on page four for our great clubbing offer.

THE DIVA'S RUBY

By F. MARION CRAWFORD
AUTHOR OF "SARACINESE," "ARETHUSA" ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WEIL
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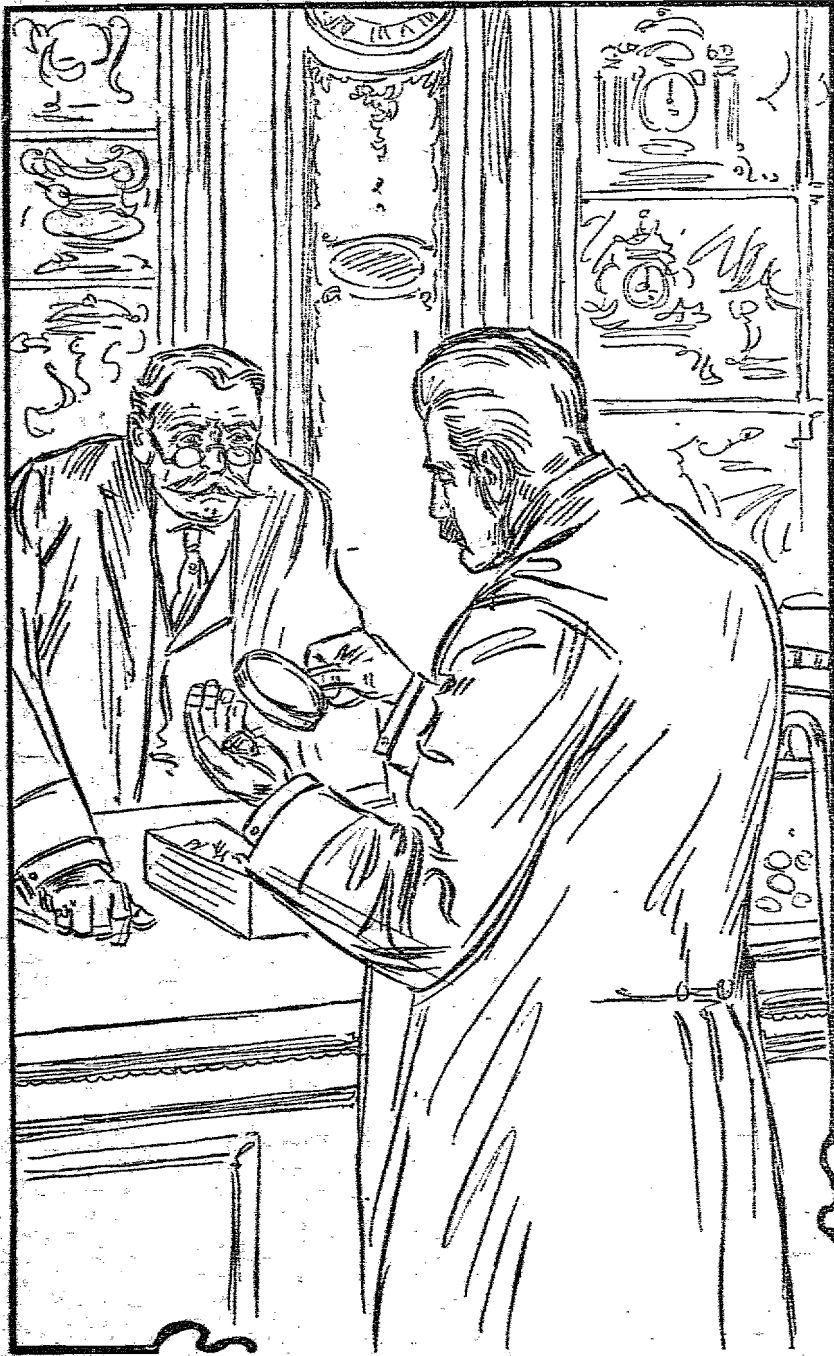
SYNOPSIS.

Baraka, a Tartar girl, became enamored of a golden bearded stranger who was prospecting and studying herbs in the vicinity of her home in central Asia, and revealed to him the location of a mine of rubies hoping that the stranger would love her in return for her disclosure. They were followed to the cave by the girl's relatives, who blocked up the entrance, and drew off the water supply, leaving the couple to die. Baraka's cousin Saad, her betrothed, attempted to climb down a cliff overlooking the mine; but the traveler shot him. The stranger was revived from the water gourd Saad carried, dug his way out of the tunnel, and departed, deserting the girl and carrying a bag of rubies. The stranger gathered all the gems she could carry, and started in pursuit. Margaret Donne (Margaret de Cordova), a famous prima donna, became engaged in London to Konstantin Logotheti, a wealthy Greek financier. Her intimate friend was Countess Leven, known as Lady Maud, whose husband had been killed by a bomb in St. Petersburg. Lady Maud's most intimate friend was Rufus Van Torp, an American, who had become one of the richest men in the world. Van Torp was in love with Margaret, and rushed to London as soon as he heard of her betrothal. He offered Lady Maud \$5,000,000 for her pet charity if she would aid him in winning the singer from Logotheti. Baraka approached Logotheti at Versailles with rubies to sell. He presented a ruby to Margaret. Van Torp bought a yacht and sent it to Venice. He was visited by Baraka in male attire. She gave him a ruby after the American had told her of having seen in the United States a man answering the description of the one she loved. The American followed Margaret to the Bayreuth "Parsifal" festival. Margaret took a liking to Van Torp, who presented her with the ruby Baraka had given him. Count Kralinsky, a Russian, arrived at Bayreuth. Van Torp believed him to be the one Baraka was pursuing. Baraka was arrested in London on the charge of stealing from Pinney, a jeweler, the ruby she had sold to Logotheti. Two strangers were the thieves. Lady Maud believed that Logotheti's associations with Baraka were open to suspicion, and so informed Margaret. Van Torp believed that Kralinsky was the cowboy he had known in his young manhood.

CHAPTER XIII—Continued.

"I should have thought you were more used to riding," said the American.

"Ah, yes!" The indifferent answer came in a peculiarly oily tone, though the pronunciation was perfect. "I was in the cavalry before I began to travel. But I walked over 2,000 miles in central Asia, and was none the worse for it."



"It's a Grand Ruby," He Said.

Margaret was sure that she was not going to like him, as she moved on with him by her side; and Van Torp, walking with Mrs. Rushmore, was quite certain that he was Levi Longlegs, who had herded cattle with him for six months very long ago.

CHAPTER IX.

Logotheti reached his lodgings in St. James' place at six o'clock in the evening of the day on which he had promised to dine with Van Torp, and the latter's note of excuse was given to him at once. He read it, looked out of the window, glanced at it again, and threw it into the waste-paper basket without another thought. He did not care in the least about dining with the American millionaire. In fact, he had looked forward to it rather as a bore than a pleasure. He saw

on his table, with his letters, a flat and almost square parcel, which the addressed label told him contained the Archaeological Report of the Egyptian Exploration Fund, and he had heard that the new number would contain an account of a papyrus recently discovered at Oxyrhynchus, on which some new fragments of Pindar had been found. No dinner that could be devised, and no company that could be asked to meet him at it, could be half as delightful as that to the man who so deeply loved the ancient literature of his country, and he made up his mind at once that he would not even take the trouble to go to a club, but would have a bird and a salad in his rooms.

Unhappily for his peace and his anticipated feast of poetry, he looked through his letters to see if there were one from Margaret, and there was only a colored postcard from Bayreuth, with the word "greetings" scrawled beside the address in her large hand. Next to the card, however, there was a thick letter addressed in a commercial writing he remembered but could not at once identify; and though it was apparently a business communication, and could therefore have waited till the next morning, when his secretary would come as usual, he opened it out of mere curiosity to know whence it came.

It was from Mr. Pinney, the jeweler, and it contained a full and conscientious account of the whole affair of the theft, from the moment when Logotheti and Van Torp had gone out together until Mr. Pinney had locked up the stone in his safe again, and Baraka and Spiro had been lodged in Brixton jail. The envelope contained also a cutting from the newspaper similar to the one Margaret had received from Lady Maud.

Logotheti laid the letter on the table and looked at his watch. It was now a quarter-past six, and old-fashioned shops like Pinney's close rather early in the dull season, when few customers are to be expected and the days are not so long as they have

been. In the latter part of August, in London, the sun sets soon after seven o'clock, and Logotheti realized that he had no time to lose.

As he drove quickly up towards Bond street, he ran over the circumstances in his mind, and came to the conclusion that Baraka had probably been the victim of a trick, though he did not exclude the bare possibility that she might be guilty.

He found Mr. Pinney in the act of turning the discs of the safe before going home and leaving his shopman to shut up the place. He smiled with grave satisfaction when Logotheti entered.

"I was hoping to see you, sir," he said. "I presume that you had my letter? I wrote out the account with great care, as you may imagine, but I shall be happy to go over the story with you if there is any point that is not clear."

Logotheti undid the paper, took out the big uncut ruby, laid it in the palm of his hand, and looked at it critically, turning it over with one finger from time to time. He took it to the door of the shop, where the evening light was stronger, and examined it with the greatest care. Still he did not seem satisfied.

"Let me have your lens, Mr. Pinney," he said, "and some electric light and a sheet of white paper."

Mr. Pinney turned up a strong drop light that stood on the counter, and produced the paper and a magnifier.

"It's a grand ruby," he said.

"I see it is," Logotheti answered rather curtly.

"Do you mean to say," asked the surprised jeweler, "that you had bought it without thoroughly examining it—your own expert?"

"No, that's not what I mean," answered the Greek, bending over the ruby and scrutinizing it through the strong magnifier.

Mr. Pinney felt himself snubbed, which had not happened to him for a long time, and he drew himself up with dignity. A minute passed, and Logotheti did not look up; another and Mr. Pinney grew nervous; a few seconds more, and he received a shock that took away his breath.

"This is not my ruby," said Logotheti, looking up, and speaking with perfect confidence.

"Not—your—ruby?" Mr. Pinney's jaw dropped. "But—" He could get no further.

"I'm sorry," Logotheti said calmly. "I'm very sorry, for several reasons. But it's not the stone I brought you, though it's just as large, and most extraordinarily like it."

"But how do you know, sir?" gasped the jeweler.

"Because I'm an expert, as you were good enough to say just now."

"Yes, sir. But I am an expert, too, and to the best of my expert belief this is the stone you left with me to be cut the day before yesterday. I've examined it most thoroughly."

"No doubt," answered the Greek. "But you hadn't examined mine thoroughly before it was stolen, had you? You had only looked at it with me, on the counter here."

"That is correct, sir," said Mr. Pinney nervously. "That is quite true."

"Very well. But I did more than merely look at it through a lens or weigh it. I did not care so much about the weight, but I cared very much for the water, and I tried the ruby point on it in the usual way, but it was too hard, and then I scratched it in two places with the diamond, more out of curiosity than for any other reason."

"You marked it, sir? There's not a single scratch on this one! Merciful Providence! Merciful Providence!"

"Yes," Logotheti said gravely. "The girl spoke the truth. She had two stones much larger than the rest when she first came to me in Paris, this one and another. They were almost exactly alike, and she wanted me to buy both, but I did not want them, and I took the one I thought a little better in color. This is the other, for she still had it; and so far as I know, it is her legal property, and mine is gone. The thief was one of those two young fellows who came in just when Mr. Van Torp and I went out. I remember thinking what nice-looking boys they were!"

He laughed rather harshly, for he was more annoyed than his consideration for Mr. Pinney made him care to show. He had looked forward to giving Margaret the ruby, mounted just as she wanted it; and the ruby was gone, and he did not know where he was to find another, except the one that was now in Pinney's hands, but really belonged to poor Baraka, who could certainly not sell it at present. A much larger sum of money was gone, too, than any financier could lose with equanimity by such a peculiarly disagreeable mishap as being robbed. There were several reasons why Logotheti was not pleased.

"I am deeply humiliated," said the worthy old jeweler. "I have not only been tricked and plundered, but I have been the means of sending innocent people to prison."

"You had better be the means of getting them out again as soon as possible," said Logotheti. "And you must also make an effort to trace those young men who stole the ruby."

"I most certainly shall," replied the jeweler, "and if it is not found we will make it good to you, sir, whatever price you set upon it. I am deeply humiliated, but nobody shall say that Pinney & Son do not make good any loss their customers sustain through them."

"Don't worry about that, Mr. Pinney," said Logotheti, who saw how much distressed the old jeweler really was.

So they went out and hailed a hansom and drove away.

It would be tiresome to give a de-

tailed account of what they did. Suffice it to say that the prisoners were set at large; Mr. Pinney restored the ruby to Baraka, and all her other belongings were given back to her, even including the smart gray suit of men's clothes in which she had been arrested; and her luggage and other things which the manager of the hotel where she had been stopping had handed over to the police were all returned; and when Spiro appeared at the hotel to pay the small bill that had been left owing, he held his head as high as an oriental can when he has got the better of any one, and that is pretty high indeed. Furthermore, Mr. Pinney insisted on giving Logotheti a formal document by which Messrs. Pinney & Son bound themselves to make good to him, his heirs, or assigns, the loss of a ruby, approximately of a certain weight and quality, which he had lost through their carelessness.

On the day following Baraka's liberation, Lady Maud received Margaret's pressing message begging her to go to Bayreuth. The message reached her before noon, about the time when Margaret and her companions had come back from their morning walk, and after hesitating for half an hour, she telegraphed that she would come with pleasure, and would start at once which meant that evening.

She had just read the official account of the ruby case in its new aspect, and she did not believe a word of the story. To her mind it was quite clear that Logotheti was still infatuated with the girl, that he had come to London as fast as he could, and that he had deliberately sworn that the ruby was not his; but another one, in order to get her out of trouble. If it was not his it had not been stolen from Pinney's, and the whole case fell through at once. If she was declared innocent the stone must be given back to her; he would take it from her as soon as they were alone and return it to his own pocket; and being an oriental, he would probably beat her for robbing him, but would not let her out of his sight again till he was tired of her. Lady Maud had heard from her late husband how all Turks believed that women had no souls and should be kept under lock and key, and well fed, and soundly beaten now and then for the good of their tempers. This view was exaggerated, but Lady Maud was in a humor to recall it and accept it without criticism, and she made up her mind that before leaving town to join Margaret she would make sure of the facts. No friend of hers should marry a man capable of such outrageous deeds.

So she went to Logotheti's lodgings and asked to see him, as regardless of what any one should think of her, if she were recognized, as she had been in the old days when she used to go to Van Torp's chambers in the Temple in the evening.

She was told that Logotheti was out of town. Where? The servant did not know that. The lady could see the secretary, who might, perhaps, tell her. He received every one who had business with Mons. Logotheti.

She went up one flight and was admitted to a very airy sitting room, simply furnished.

The Swiss secretary rose ponderously to receive her, and as she did not sit down he remained standing. His vast face was fringed with a beard of no particular color, and his eyes were fixed and blue in his head, like turquoises set in pale sole leather.

"I am Countess Leven," she said, "and I have known Mons. Logotheti some time. Will you kindly tell me where he is?"

"I do not know, madam," was the answer.

"He is not in London?"

"At present I do not know, madam."

"Has he left no address? Do you not forward his letters to him?"

"No, madam. I do not forward his letters to him."

"Then I suppose he is on his yacht," suggested Lady Maud.

"Madam, I do not know whether he is on his yacht."

"You don't seem to know anything!"

"Pardon me, madam. I think I know my business. That is all I know."

Lady Maud held her beautiful head a little higher and her lips dropped slightly as she looked down at him, for he was shorter than she. But the huge leathern face was perfectly impassive, and the still, turquoise eyes surveyed her without winking. She had never seen such stolidity in a human being.

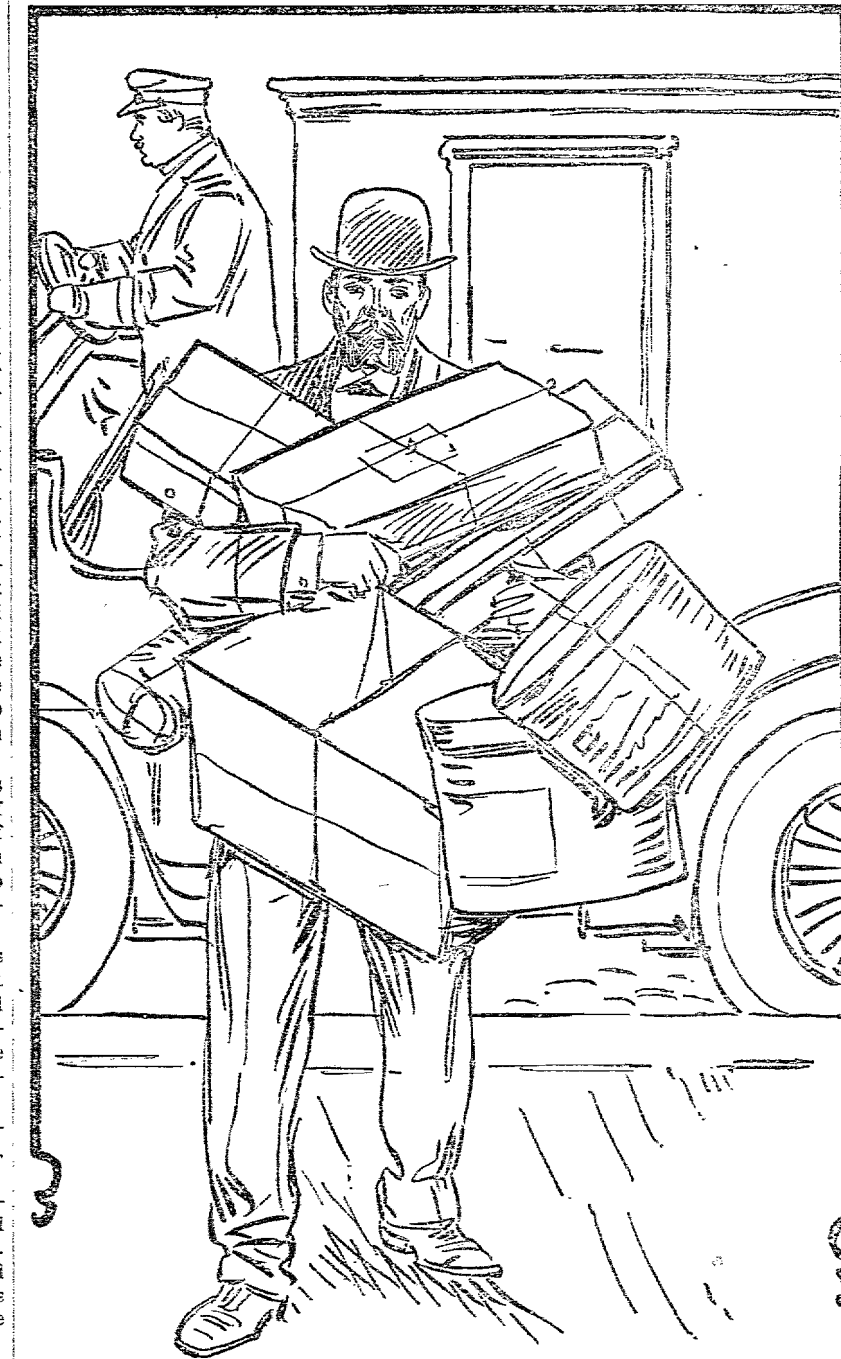
There was clearly nothing to be done, and she thought the secretary distinctly rude; but as that was no reason why she should be, she bade him good-morning civilly and turned to go. Somewhat to her surprise, he followed her quickly across the room, opened the door for her and went on into the little hall to let her out. There was a small table there, on which lay some of Logotheti's hats, and several pairs of gloves were laid out neatly before them. There was one pair, of a light gray, very much smaller than all the rest, so small, indeed, that they might have fitted a boy of seven, except that they looked too narrow for any boy. They were men's gloves as to length and buttons, but only a child could have worn them.

Lady Maud saw them instantly, and remembered Baraka's disguise; and as she passed the big umbrella jar



to go out, she saw that with two of Logotheti's sticks there was a third, fully four inches shorter! Just a plain crook-handled stick with a silver ring. That was enough. Baraka had certainly been in the lodgings and had probably left in them everything that belonged to her disguise. The fact that the gloves and the stick were in the hall looked very much as if she had come in dressed as a man and had left them there when she had gone away in woman's attire. That she was with Logotheti, most probably on his yacht, Lady Maud had not the least doubt, as she went down the stairs.

The Swiss secretary stood at the open door on the landing till she was out of sight below, and then went in again, and returned to work over a heap of business papers and letters. When he had worked half an hour, he leaned back in his leathern chair to rest, and stared fixedly at the book-case. Presently he spoke aloud in English, as if Lady Maud were still in the room, in the same dull, matter-of-fact tone, but more forcibly as to expression.



After Five Hours He Had Come Back.

"It is perfectly true, though you do not believe me, madam. I do not know anything. How the dickens should I know where they are, madam? But I know my business. That is all."

CHAPTER X.

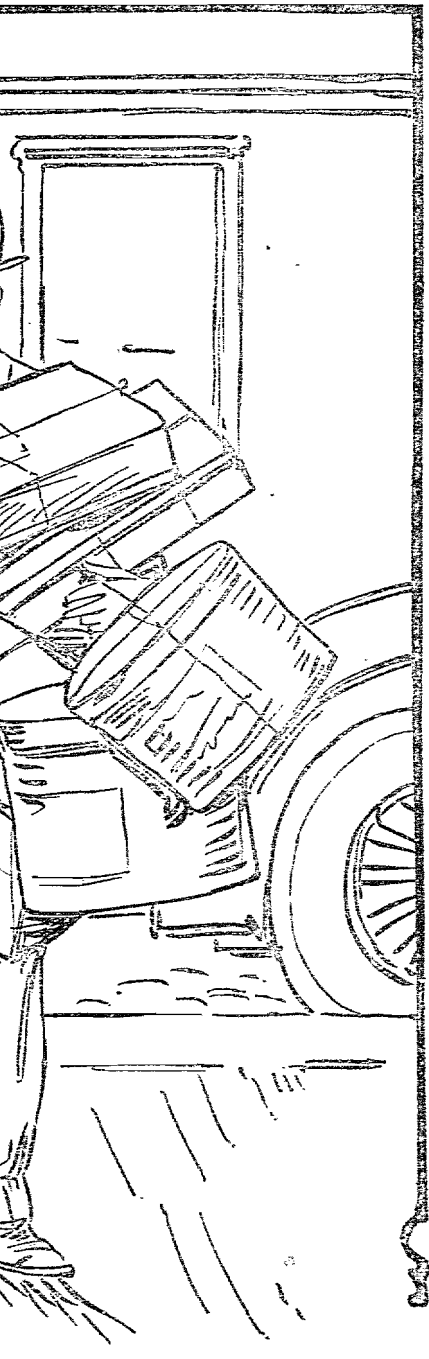
The Erinna was steaming quietly down the channel in a flat calm, at the lazy rate of 12 knots an hour, presumably in order to save her coal, for she could run 16 when her owner liked, and he was not usually fond of going slow. Though September was at hand, and Guernsey was already on the port quarter, the sea was motionless and not so much as a cat's paw stirred the still blue water; but the steamer's own way made a pleasant draught that fanned the faces of Logotheti and Baraka as they lay in their long chairs under the double awning outside the deckhouse.

The Tartar girl wore a skirt and jacket of dark blue racying serge, which did not fit badly considering that they had been bought ready-made by Logotheti's man. She had little white tennis shoes on her feet, which were crossed one over the other on the deck chair, but instead of wearing a hat she had bound a dove-colored motor veil on her head by a single thick gold cord, in the Asiatic way, and the thin folds hung down on each side, and lay on her shoulders, shading her face, and the breeze stirred them. Logotheti's valet had been sent out in a taximeter, provided with a few measurements and plenty of cash, and commissioned to buy everything that a girl who had nothing at all to wear, visible or invisible, could possibly need. He was also instructed to find a maid who could speak Tartar, or at least a little Turkish.

After five hours he had come back with a heavy load of boxes of all shapes and sizes and the required

maid. You can find anything in a great city, if you know how to look for it, and he had discovered through an agency a girl from Trebizonde who had been caught at 12 years old by missionaries, brought to England and educated to go into service; she spoke English very prettily, and had not altogether forgotten the lingua franca of Asia.

The consequence of her presence was that Baraka was dressed with great neatness and care, and looked very presentable, though her clothes were only ready-made things, bought by a man-servant, who had only her height and the size of her waist to guide him. Logotheti watched her delicate, energetic profile, admiring the curves of her closed lips, and the willful turning up of her little chin. She was more than very pretty now, he thought, and he was quietly amused at his own audacity in taking her to sea alone with him, almost on the eve of his marriage. It was especially diverting to think of what the proper people would say if they knew it, and to contrast the intentions they would certainly attribute to him with



the perfectly honorable ones he entertained.

As for Baraka, it never occurred to her that she was not as safe with him as she had been in her father's house in the little white town far away, nearly three years ago; and besides, her steel bodkin with the silver handle had been given back to her, and she could feel it in its place when she pressed her left hand to her side.

Logotheti has been first of all pre-occupied about getting Baraka out of England without attracting attention, and then for her comfort and recovery from the strain and suffering of the last few days. As for that, she was like a healthy young animal, and as soon as she had a chance she had fallen so sound asleep that she had not waked for 12 hours. Logotheti's intent was to take her to Paris by a roundabout way, and establish her under some proper sort of protection. Margaret was still in Germany, but would soon return to France, and he had almost made up his mind to ask her advice, not dreaming that in such a case she could really deem anything he did an unpardonable offence. He had always laughed at the conventionalities of European life, and had paid very little heed to them when they stood in his way.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wit Often an Affliction. Wit is an affliction unless used with discretion and good sense. The habit of being invariably amusing will bring you into great disfavor. The sharp-tongued woman who will have her little laugh at the expense of her neighbors usually pays dearly for her fun. It is as much an art to be quiet and self-possessed as to be vivacious and entertaining, and the woman who can adjust her moods to the occasion is the one who finds herself usually the most popular member of her community.

90,000 AMERICAN SETTLERS GO TO CANADA

THE YEAR 1909 HAS SHOWN AN
INCREASE OF OVER EIGHTY
PER CENT IN AMERICAN
SETTLEMENT.

Recent advices from Canada, our next-door neighbour, the neighbourly country across the boundary line, are that upwards of ninety thousand settlers from the United States went into Western Canada during the past year, most of them for the purpose of taking up and settling upon the vacant lands, 160 acres of which are given free by the government, and lands adjoining held by railway and land companies, are selling at from nine to fifteen and twenty dollars per acre. Even if thirty and forty dollars per acre were paid, the price would be low, as the lands produce wonderfully, and at these higher figures there is a large interest on the money and labor invested. The ninety thousand settlers of last year, followed about sixty thousand of the previous year, and for several years the number has been running into these large figures. There must be a reason for it. It may be found in the single phrase, "they are satisfied." Nothing attracts people more than the success of others, and the news of this reaching other thousands, causes them to investigate. The investigation in this case is always satisfactory. The splendid land of Iowa, of Indiana, of Nebraska, Kansas, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Michigan, Ohio and other States has risen to a high value, and it is worth every dollar asked for it. But there is not room now for all on these lands. With the ever increasing demand for grain, there comes the ever increasing demand for land. Canada is the only country on the continent in a position to supply it. Land there that costs, say fifteen dollars an acre, produces on a reasonable calculation, 25 bushels of wheat to the acre, or about \$20.00. The most liberal calculation as to cost makes the cost to produce \$1.50 per acre, leaving a balance of \$12.50 per acre. The \$7.50 carries good wages for the farmer, and all other conceivable contingencies. With conditions like this, covering the entire area of about 500,000 square miles, it is readily understood why 90,000 Americans should follow the sixty thousand of the previous year. Canadian Government Agencies at different points in the Union are always ready to give information regarding the free homestead lands, ready to advise the settler as to the districts which would suit him best.

Following an illustrious Example. "My dear," announced Mr. Ad. Hereward, "I propose to donate you \$45, to be applied to the purchase of one of those new, topsy-turvy, wicker-basket hats."

She looked up at him, very much alarmed at the sudden outbreak of generosity.

"On condition you raise an equal amount out of the ten cents a week pin money regularly allowed you," finished Mr. Hereward magnanimously.—Judge.

Did you ever have a good, old-fashioned boy's stomach ache? Of course you have. A little dose of Hamlin's Wizard Oil will chase away a colicky pain in the stomach like magic.

The Stuff That Kills.
Mrs. Benham—Isn't my dress a poem?
Benham—Poetry will be the death of me.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. There is no substitute. Tell the dealer you want Lewis' Single Binder cigar.

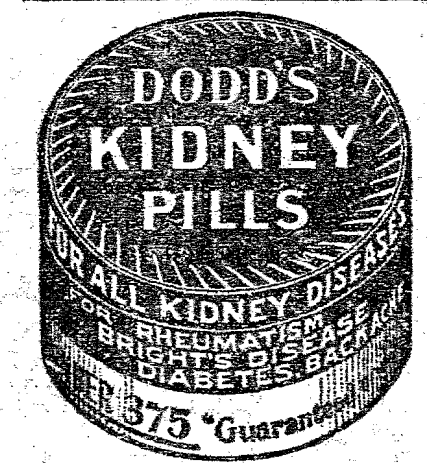
What a glorious country this would be to live in if turkeys were as easily raised as cats!

ONLY ONE "BROMO QUININE."
That is LAXATIVE BROMO QUININE. Look for the signature of L. N. GILMAN. Used the World over to Cure a Cold in One Day. 25c.

One way to acquire a reputation for amiability is to agree with every simpleton you meet.

DAVIS' PAINKILLER
has no substitute. No other remedy is so effective for rheumatism, neuralgia, sciatica, headache, toothache, or any sort of pain. Put up in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

Most of a man's friends are of the long-distance variety.



Save the Baby—Use
PISO'S
CURE
THE BEST REMEDY FOR COLIC & CROUP

Should be given at once when the little one coughs. It heals the delicate throat and protects the lungs from infection—guaranteed safe and very palatable.
All Druggists, 25 cents.

Seclusion of Korean Women



Korean Women.

THE women of Korea dress in an interesting way. So, too, are the women themselves, but what women are not? The Korean woman on her birth has arrangements being gun for her marriage and her funeral. These three events—birth, marriage and funeral—are the main and only things for the Korean woman for which the relatives are called upon to provide.

The girl is set about to learn such things as housework may demand, because she probably is married before she is five—certainly by seven years of age. The Korean woman, as a rule, is, as the woman of Tibet, never to allow any man to gaze upon her face except the husband. Only brothers are allowed entrance in common with father and husband in the rooms of the wife. The wife is never permitted to leave the house or garden of her habitation.

To illustrate the rigor of this rule a woman 75-years of age lately was taken to see the leading doctor of Seoul, on a visit of professional urgency. She told him that at 11 years of age she was married, and from then she had never, until the occasion of her visit to him, been out of her yard. The women receive no visits until they are married. Then in certain stated times the old women go about, and, visiting all the neighbors of their locality, tell all the gossip they know or imagine, and also give the news, which consists of who has married and who has acted badly in this occupation they are almost Americans.

The women recently have been taking advantage of the example of the foreigners—English and American and the Japanese—who now occupy the country, and are coming out on the street, but only with the face completely covered, with garment worn as hood and cloak. This garment is drawn as a curtain before the face in two parts, split in the middle. At this middle split one eye is permitted to see the way and to behold the world about and a man on the street. Should the maid of married woman detect a man looking at her she at once draws the curtain close and hides her face, or promptly turns about, putting her side or back to her gazer, even to the extent of walking by him backwards.

The Korean man never looks at the woman and never speaks or bows to any woman he may know, though the husband he may know intimately.

Every young woman is accompanied by an old woman. The latter walks in front, but ever at an angle to watch her movements. When the woman is not to be recognized or spoken to by any other woman she wears a band over her forehead across the hood, as a notice that she is engaged with her thoughts and is "not at home" to any salutations nor on the street at all to friends.

The man, when in a similar mood, wears a pair of stained glass or crystal spectacles the shape of the ordinary automobile glasses. This is his disguise—or notice that he is undertaking a mission in which he desires no recognition—or apparent consciousness of what he is saying to another. Also it is evidence that he is engaged in deep meditation over his studies or schemes. So it is if one says "I saw you at the market place yesterday, and you did not speak to me." The reply is, "Did you not see that I had my spectacles on?"

How different this is from the Chinese, who regard the keeping on of the eye glasses when in a conversation as an insult—an attempt to prevent him from reading if truth or falseness be in your eyes.

The garb worn by the women of Korea is of such color as their condition and station orders. The collars are of such ribbons as disclose their political colors of the political club they are members of. This is an inheritance and is of no significance in itself as the women's politics consist in the advocacy of one geographical division of the country over another. Something as a Scotch clan.

The dress partakes of the same quality that prevails with the Jewish women in the east—Turkey and central southern Asia—and has a religious and patriotic origin. The gown of the Korean woman is, apparently, a dress of western model—with bodice and sleeves attached at the waist. But the garment is thrown over the head,

the bodice portion forming a hood, and the empty sleeves dangling at the sides. Under no circumstances are the arms put through the sleeves. Imagine a man in America throwing his coat over his shoulders, sleeves hanging loose, and one has the picture of the appearance of the Korean woman. The women wear trousers like Chinese women.

The reason for this garb is that in centuries gone the Koreans were set upon by an invading foe who were beating back the native defenders, after killing many thousands. The Koreans were on the retreat, and the country in danger, when the women, seeing the spectacle, did as the Tartar women in one of the early puny Russian wars—rushed to arms for the defense of their country.

But to disguise the fact that they were women, and to create the idea of re-enforcements, the coats were taken from the retreating soldiers—likewise from the dead—and hastily thrown over the heads and shoulders of the women, and in this improvised ruse the women rushed on the enemy, who, thinking new forces had come in great numbers and of large size in stature, as in the gloom the arms hung down at a level of the enemy's heads, the frightened enemy fled and the country was saved.

As a monument to the brave women and as an encouragement to their kind, these gowns are worn in the shape and form I have described.

Green is the favorite color with the women in gowns, purple and yellow when in mourning. The women are in looks like the mulatto. They comb their hair as our women of the early 1800s—parted in the center, flattened and often pomaded to the sides far to the forehead, the loose hair coiled at the back sustained in the bunch by one hairpin the size of an ordinary nail. It is of brass or gold, with jeweled head.

The funeral or burial gown is the most important. The woman who has no display, funeral or attractive garments which have been made since birth is an outcast. If she has no place for sacred burial for the gods to watch, and guarded by talisman to keep away the devil, she was cursed by heaven. So poverty in life is endured to a degree of misery to assure a funeral to a woman.

J. HAMILTON LEWIS.

WOE IN OVER-ELABORATION

Youngster's Toys So Rich There Was
Nothing Kept for Play of His
Imagination.

Mrs. O. H. P. Belmont, at a luncheon in New York, complained that the Christmas toys of 1909 had been too elaborate, too perfect—they left nothing to the child's imagination.

"Anatole France," said Mrs. Belmont, "pays a fine tribute to the imagination of children in 'L'isle des Pingouins,' when he tells of a little boy playing by himself, who imagines that he is at once a runaway horse, the crowd pursuing it and the people scattering in terror before its wild flight."

"The costly toys of 1909 pay no such tribute to the child's imagination. On the contrary, they ignore it altogether."

"I know a woman who gave her little son a railroad. There were forty or fifty yards of track, there were tiny engineers and brakemen, conductors and passengers, tunnels, signalmen, stationmasters and ticket sellers—in a word, the toy railroad was quite complete."

"The little boy studied it very gravely on Christmas morning. Then he turned to his mother and said in a disconsolate voice:

"But, mamma, what is there for me to be?"

Carried Much American Freight.
More than \$50,000,000 worth of American merchandise was carried by rail across the Isthmus of Panama and Tehuantepec in the fiscal year 1909, and in the calendar year the total will probably reach \$75,000,000 in value.

Tender Heart.

Husband—I have paid your dress-maker who has been dunning you.

Wife—Oh, then I must go and order a new frock or she will think I am offended with her.

HER POINT OF VIEW.



Sweet Maid—You must remember that ours was a summer engagement.

The Man—That means, if you see anyone you like better, you'll break it?

Sweet Maid—Yes.

The Man—And if I see anyone I like better—

Sweet Maid—I'll sue you for breach of promise.

SOFT, WHITE HANDS

May be Obtained in One Night.

For preserving the hands as well as for preventing redness, roughness, and chapping, and imparting that velvety softness and whiteness much desired by women Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, is believed to be superior to all other skin soaps. For those who work in corrosive liquids, or at occupations which tend to injure the hands, it is invaluable.

Treatment.—Bathe and soak the hands on retiring in a strong, hot, creamy lather of Cuticura Soap. Dry and anoint freely with Cuticura Ointment, and in severe cases spread the Cuticura Ointment on thin pieces of old linen or cotton. Wear during the night old, loose gloves, or a light bandage of old cotton or linen to protect the clothing from stain. For red, rough, and chapped hands, dry, fissured, itching, feverish palms, and shapeless nails with painful finger ends, this treatment is most effective. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world, Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Fight Against Plague Goes On.

Although the survey of the past year's anti-tuberculosis work shows that much has been done, the reports from all parts of the country indicate that this year the amount of money to be expended, and the actual number of patients that will be treated will be more than double that of the past year. For instance, special appropriations have been made in the various municipalities for next year's anti-tuberculosis work, aggregating \$2,976,500. In addition to these appropriations over \$4,000,000 has been set aside by the different state legislatures for the campaign against tuberculosis this year. Besides these sums, a large number of the present existing institutions and associations are planning enlargements of their work, and new organizations are being formed daily.

A Nasty Dig.

"As nasty a dig as I ever administered in my newspaper career in Virginia City," said Mark Twain, "was directed against a man named Ferguson."

"Ferguson, at Christmas time, invited me to see the presents he had given his wife. They were magnificent gifts. The man expected, of course, a write-up."

"Well, he wasn't disappointed. The next day, in a prominent place on the first page of the Enterprise, I inserted this paragraph:

"John H. Ferguson's Christmas gifts to his wife are being much admired. They include a diamond stomach-acher and many other beautiful specimens of cut glass."

George Refrained.

"George declared he would kiss the first woman that passed under the mistletoe, and she was the colored cook."

"Did George kiss her?"

"Kiss her! I guess not. Nobody dares to take any liberties with the cook."

He Will Not Down.

The man with the glittering whiskers suddenly appears at the desk of the sunken-eyed hireling with the recalcitrant fountain pen, and says:

"I was passing the office when this occurred to me, and I rushed in to give it to you while it is fresh. What is the difference between a man who has been marooned on an island whose only population is polar bears, upon the flesh of which animals he has been compelled to subsist for two years—what is the difference between him and a man who saunters into a palatial hotel, is given a seat near a window before a table spread with the whitest linen and the choicest cut glass, and to whom an obsequious waiter deferentially hands a menu?"

The pale bondsman shakes his head wearily, and the man with the glittering whiskers explains:

"One has his fill of bear and the other has his bill of fare."

And the sad wretch mournfully sighs the requiem of dying autumn through the iridescent foliage of the monarchs of the forest.

Only Aggravated it.

"What! Smoking again?" asks the friend. "I thought you quit smoking the first of the year in order to save money to make up for your wife's extravagance."

"So I did," puffs the backslider. "But she took my cigar money and was more extravagant than ever."

Within a Year or So.

Within a year or so from now we'll see great covers in the sky of monster birds that seem somehow to need no rest as on they fly.

SMART MAN LEFT PONDERING

For Once He Had Asked Question and Received Answer That Floored Him.

He was a regular patron of the restaurant. Perhaps that is why he felt justified in making clever remarks to the waitresses, remarks which they were puzzled how to answer. One day, however, the smallest and tiniest girl happened to be serving this irritating customer, and it fell to her to answer him in kind.

"I'll have some steak," he said, coming in late for dinner, "and some squash, and some—got some baked potatoes, fine, brown, baked potatoes?"

"Baked potatoes are all over," said the girl.

He leaned back in his chair and gazed at her quizzically.

"Baked potatoes all over, are they?" he repeated. "All over what?"

"With," she replied, simply.—Youth's Companion.

She Wants a Banquet.
The manager of a department store received the following order from one of the out-of-town customers, who wanted a banquet:

"Mazure of head from ear to ear over top of head 12 inches; from ear to ear under chin, nine and one-half inches; from forehead to back hair, seven inches. I want a black lace bonnet with streamers and rosette of red—or yellow satting ribbon and would like a bunch of pink roses or a blue plume with a black jet buckle. If artificial fish air still the stile I want a bunch of grapes or a bird's tale somewhere. I do not want anything too fussy, but if you think a wreath of panicles would look good why put one on. I have some good pink ribbon here at home so you need not put on strings."—Lippincott's Magazine.

After the Hunt.

Provided with some trophies of the chase in the shape of rabbits, Rev. Sanford C. Hearn, pastor of the First Methodist Episcopal church, Yonkers, proceeded to dress them for dinner in the parsonage cellar. His small son watched the father's work with interest. Going upstairs, the youngster called his mother.

"Oh, mamma," said he, "what do you suppose papa is doing?"

"I can't guess, child. What is he doing?"

"Well, he's just skinning, shaving and cutting up cats."

Pettit's Eye Salve for Over 100 Years has been used for congested and inflamed eyes, removes film or scum over the eyes. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Once there was a cook who stayed in one place for more than months. She was in a hospital, paralyzed.

DON'T NEGLECT THAT COUGH
It certainly ticks your system and may run into something serious. Allen's Lung Balm will check it quickly and permanently. For sale at all druggists.

Nothing that was worthy in the past departs—no truth or goodness realized by man ever dies, or can die.—Carlyle.

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

Men deserve respect only as they give it.

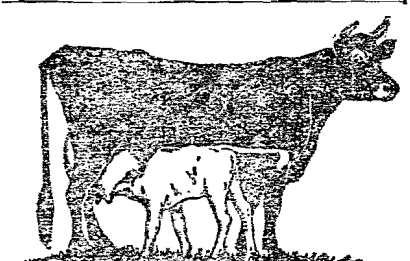
CHICAGO MERCHANT MAKES STATEMENT.

After Spending Thousands of Dollars and Consulting the Most Eminent Physicians, He Was Desperate.

CHICAGO, ILLS.—Mr. J. G. Becker, of 134 Van Buren St., a well-known wholesale dry goods dealer, states as follows:

"I have had catarrh for more than thirty years. Have tried everything on earth and spent thousands of dollars for other medicines and with physicians, without getting any lasting relief, and can say to you that I have found Peruna the only remedy that has cured me permanently."

"Peruna has also cured my wife of catarrh. She always keeps it in the house for an attack of cold, which it invariably cures in a very short time."



KOW-KURE

is not a "food"—it is a medicine, and the only medicine in the world for cows only. Made for the cow and, as its name indicates, a cow cure. Barrenness, retained after-birth, abortion, scours, caked udder, and all similar affections positively and quickly cured. No one who keeps cows, whether many or few, can afford to be without KOW-KURE. It is made especially to keep cows healthy. Our book "Cow Money" sent FREE. Ask your local dealer for KOW-KURE or send to the manufacturers. DAIRY ASSOCIATION CO. Lyndonville, Vt.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

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Irassburg, Vermont.—"I feel it my duty to say a few words in praise of your medicine. When I began taking it I had been very sick with kidney and bladder troubles and nervous prostration. I am now taking the sixth bottle of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and find myself greatly improved. My friends who call to see me have noticed a great change."—Mrs. A. H. Sanborn, Irassburg, Vermont.

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the letters are published without their permission, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

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FRESH MILK FOR SALE

ONE GIRL'S WAY
By KENNETH HARRIS
Hector looked very much worried. "I think it's all right," he said, "but a fellow can never be too sure. Take 'em as a whole, I know women pretty well. I've had experience with 'em, don't you know; but there's always some little wrinkles that you can't learn till you've known 'em a long time. You're an old friend of hers and I'd like to know what you think."

FINAL NOTICE
In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska.
TRACT NO. 7511.
The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, versus the several parcels of land hereinafter described and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to or any interest, right or claim in or to such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, Defendants.
To W. L. Abbott (first real name unknown) and Abbott (first real name unknown), his wife, owners, and to the unknown owners and to the occupants of the real estate described below:
Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the District Court of Douglas County rendered in the state tax suit for the year 1904 the following described real estate, situated in the county of Douglas and State of Nebraska, to-wit: Lot six (6) in block two (2) in Comer, an addition to the City of Omaha, known as Tract No. 7511, was, on the 8th day of May, 1908, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 14th day of May, 1910. You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the treasurer of said county for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court, on or before the 14th day of May, 1910. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing, and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.
D. C. PATTERSON, Trustee.
D. 31, J 7-14 Owner of said Certificate.

FINAL NOTICE
In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska.
TRACT NO. 5363.
The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, versus the several parcels of land hereinafter described and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to or any interest, right or claim in or to such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, Defendants.
To W. L. Abbott (first real name unknown) and Abbott (first real name unknown), his wife, owners, and to the unknown owners and to the occupants of the real estate described below:
Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the District Court of Douglas County rendered in the state tax suit for the year 1904 the following described real estate, situated in the county of Douglas and State of Nebraska, to-wit: Lot six (6) in block two (2) in Comer, an addition to the City of Omaha, known as Tract No. 5363, was, on the 8th day of May, 1908, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 14th day of May, 1910. You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the treasurer of said county for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court, on or before the 14th day of May, 1910. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing, and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.
D. C. PATTERSON, Trustee.
D. 31, J 7-14 Owner of said Certificate.

FINAL NOTICE
In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska.
TRACT NO. 12345.
The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, versus the several parcels of land hereinafter described and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to or any interest, right or claim in or to such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, Defendants.
To W. L. Abbott (first real name unknown) and Abbott (first real name unknown), his wife, owners, and to the unknown owners and to the occupants of the real estate described below:
Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the District Court of Douglas County rendered in the state tax suit for the year 1904 the following described real estate, situated in the county of Douglas and State of Nebraska, to-wit: Lot twenty (20) in block three (3) in Lake View, an addition to the City of Omaha, known as Tract No. 12345, was, on the 14th day of May, 1908, duly sold at public vendue by the treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 14th day of May, 1910. You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the treasurer of said county for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court, on or before the 14th day of May, 1910. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing, and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.
D. C. PATTERSON, Trustee.
D. 31, J 7-14 Owner of said Certificate.

IMPORTANT NOTICE
Notice is hereby given to all owners of property in the City of Omaha who carry any fire insurance policy on their property, that Ordinance No. 124 requires any such holder of a policy to report to the City Clerk the time of the company in which their property is insured, and the name of the agent who solicited the policy and the date of the policy issued. And any person who shall fail to make such report within thirty days to the City Clerk shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and conviction shall be fined the sum of \$200.
The council have determined to enforce said ordinance, and owners of fire insurance policies must so report to me without delay.
Given by order of the Mayor and Council.
CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

Floored the Brokers.
Members of the London Stock Exchange were trimmed by a fake selling "imitations" of common almond nuts at two cents each. But the "imitations" turned out to be real nuts, showing that brokers know more about melons than nuts.

How Do Women Folks Like Her?
Lawson—"Are the rest of the family pleased with that young woman that Bobby is to marry?" Dawson—"Well, Bobby's father is. He says that if he was young enough he would marry her himself."

Man and His Watch.
"Ever notice," said Uncle Henry Butterworth, "that if ye ask a man what time it is just after he's looked at his watch he'll pull it out and glance again before he tells ye?"—Kansas City Times.

On a Stormy Passage.
Highland Ferryman (during momentary lull in the storm)—"I'm thenkin', sir, I'll just tack yer fare; there's no sayin' what might happen tae us."—Punch.

ONE GIRL'S WAY
By KENNETH HARRIS
Hector opened his eyes to their fullest extent. "Oh, she couldn't fall on a fellow's neck in public," he said.
"But in private?" I suggested.
"I don't mean literally, of course," he replied. "And I couldn't exactly tell you why it is I feel so dead—er—encouraged. But you know there's something in the way a girl looks at you that there really isn't any mistaking, and there are little things that she does. Yes, I feel encouraged. I don't mind saying that I'd be all broke up if I thought she didn't really care for me. So far as Tommy is concerned, Tommy is such an awful idiot I'm certain that she couldn't ever care anything about him, but it did look a little suspicious. Now, honest, old man, you don't think I've any reason to be scared of Tommy, do you?"
"Honestly, then, I don't think he has the ghost of a show," I said, quite truthfully.

Hector wrung my hand. "I'm awfully obliged to you, old man," he said. "This is all in confidence, of course. I wouldn't have said anything at all, only you were such an old friend—You understand? Well, I must be rolling along."

Hector departed, apparently much cheered. I felt sorry for him, he seemed so hopeful. I made up my mind that I would talk to Marguerite a little.
It was hardly 15 minutes after that when there was a sharp rap at my door and Tommy stuck his head in.
"Hello!" he said. "You look uncommonly tickled about something. Let me in on it. I thought perhaps you wouldn't be in bed yet, so I concluded to come in and finish my pipe with you."

I covered a large yawn with my hand and assured him that I was not at all sleepy. "It isn't a very big pipe, anyway," I added.
"I won't stay long," he promised, curling himself in the easy chair. He puffed at his pipe a few moments and then he said: "I wanted to have a word with you about Marguerite."

"Meaning Miss Gorton?" I asked.
He had the grace to blush. "Well, she doesn't mind my calling her Marguerite when we are alone," he said. "You understand that I am not going around bragging about it, but you're an old friend of the family and an old friend of hers. She thinks a good deal of you, old chap."

I was very, very much obliged to him for telling me.
"Yes, and I thought I would tell you that I'm thinking of steadying down and getting settled in life. There's nothing to this bachelor existence. Now, you know the family and you might give me a hint as to how I stand there."

"How do you think you stand with the young woman?" I asked.
"Oh, that part of it's all right—I think," he replied, confidently at first, but with an after note of anxiety.
"Don't you think Hector is in the running?"

"He? That conceited little beast? Well, I guess not. Not if what Marguerite says about him is any indication." He laughed, then his expression grew serious. "Do you think he has any chance?" he asked anxiously. "If she took that fellow I believe I'd go and jump into the lake."

"I was joking," I said. "He is in love with her, of course. I happen to know that he hasn't a chance in the world. Make yourself easy on his account. If Miss Gorton accepts you I don't see why there should be any serious objection on the part of the family. Now, must you be going? I've got something to do to-morrow morning."

I had a good laugh all to myself when he had gone. It was a little the best joke that had come my way for some time. Yet I was truly sorry for both of those fellows. I knew Marguerite.
When I saw her the next morning I took her little hand in mine and put on my very gravest expression—which she tried to rub off with the rosy tip of a disengaged finger.

"Marguerite," I said, "what do you think of a girl who deliberately tries to make a man believe she cares for him, who looks at him in a way that makes him think he's about the only one on earth so far as she's concerned, who allows him to call her by her Christian name—fools him to the top of his bent, when all the time there is another man she cares for and intends to marry some day?"
Marguerite looked ironbored. "Bob, dear," she said at last, "I really did not deliberately try to make you think I cared for you or try to fool you. I always did care for you, and until I met Freddie I didn't know that—"
"You don't mind so very much, do you? Besides, I'm not at all sure that I shall marry Freddie."

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One new 8-room house and 2 lots.
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We ship everything properly prepared ready to install so that any handy man can properly install our furnaces without any assistance from a tinner.
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LESSONS IN FORESTRY.

The world is fast learning the value of its forests and is taking steps to protect or reclaim them. Wanton waste during centuries of ignorance has brought many once fertile regions to the verge of a desolation like that of the Sahara, but repentance and reforestation have in every instance been followed by immediate rewards. Take the case of the Karst, a stretch of barren limestone land along the Austrian shores of the Adriatic. The navies of Venice were built of timber from the Karst, and most of eastern Italy drew its supplies of wood from the same supposedly inexhaustible source. The result was depletion—the Karst was turned into a seemingly irredeemable waste. At last Austrian foresters turned their attention to the 600,000 barren acres; taxes were remitted and money was remitted to ree planters; technical advice and encouragement was supplied. This work began in 1865. To-day over two-thirds of the Karst, or 400,000 acres, has been reclaimed. Germany, France, Denmark, Russia, Switzerland, Belgium and Holland have given special attention to their forests recently, Germany being the pioneer and leader in the work. But France has lately done so much in legislation and active assistance that special attention should be given to her efforts.

The change from steam to electricity on the part of the roads themselves makes so little fuss about it, that the public is not in a position to realize the extent to which so marked a change in the application of power to transportation is being brought about. For example, it will be a surprise to most people, even within a comparatively short distance of New York, to learn that the Long Island railway already has 147 miles of electrically equipped track in readiness for operation. It is expected that by the first of next February trains will be running directly from the Pennsylvania terminal at Seventh avenue and Thirty-fourth street, Manhattan, to Jamaica. It will not be long before the territory at the western end and along the north shore of Long Island will be included in the through service.

A London dispatch announces that Hermann Klein, who is a teacher of singing in New York, has entertained an English audience with a lecture entitled "The Truth About Music in America." Musical enthusiasm, he declared, is largely a pose of American women. No musical education exists in the country. Ragtime is really preferred to chamber music. American artists are only appreciated by their countrymen after they have achieved success elsewhere. Finally, he attacked the star system in opera, church music and concerts as it exists in the United States.

The younger element among military and naval men will approve the condemnation of the existing organization of the military establishment of the United States by the board appointed several months ago to institute comparisons between methods in this country and in Europe, and to make a report. The report will recommend the establishment of an advisory board with duties and powers similar to those of the British admiralty. A thorough reorganization of navy yard administration will also be advised.

A wooden vessel 350 feet long over all will be launched at Bath, Me., within two weeks. She will be the largest vessel of American registry, and probably one of the last wooden vessels of large size to be constructed in the United States. Steel has come to be the material for both steam and sail craft, the world over.

In less than ten years' time every part of Central America will be in daily touch with the commercial world and the people peaceful and happy in all the provinces, says the Cincinnati Enquirer, with no fear of revolutions, political murders or official demands for their lives and their property.

More irregularities have been discovered in the supply department of the German navy at Kiel. This time it is in the matter of meat that crookedness is alleged. Germany can no longer laugh at the revelations of irregularities in the French navy.

Now there is an unprofitable difference of the returns on the point whether the loss of life in this season's football is 29 or 31. Yet why make a fuss over a little matter like two lives in their bearing on the glory of the game?

If Rameses knew that his present valuation was only \$20,000 at the Boston custom house he would wish he were back in Egypt where his full worth was better appreciated some 3,000 years ago.

Why Our Lives Are Growing Shorter

By DR. JOHN V. SHOEMAKER



SUCCESSFUL BUSINESS MEN OF TODAY GROW UP IN THE FIRST TEN YEARS OF LIFE

IN view of all that has been said about the fall in the death rate, it seems strange to realize that we are not living so long as our grandfathers and grandmothers did.

More babies live to grow up nowadays than formerly, but people in later life die faster than they used. Once arrived at adult age, the average man or woman has fewer years of survival to expect, since their physical vigor and vitality are less able to throw off disease than would have been the case half a century ago.

This seems, on the face of it, so surprising a statement that, in order to be accepted, it should be backed up by data authentic and indisputable. Such data are furnished by the figures of the insurance companies (which all agree on the point), but it is easier to refer to the government census reports, which tell the tale in simple and convincing fashion. Not only are people living less long than they did half a century ago, but the decrease in longevity is progressive. Even during the last 15 years the death rate among all persons over 55 years of age, of both sexes, has risen very considerably.

In Part I of the third volume of the United States census will be found a tabulated statement which shows in a very striking way the rise in the death rate for all ages from 60 up. I have brought the figures up to date, with the help of fresh information from Washington—a matter of no little importance, inasmuch as the increase has been marked. Thus corrected for accuracy, the reckoning shows that there has been this increase in the death rate for the entire United States:

For people of ages from 60 to 64, seven per cent.

For people of ages from 65 to 69, 6½ per cent.

For people of ages from 70 to 74, 16½ per cent.

For people of ages from 75 to 79, seven per cent.

For people of ages from 80 to 84, 15 per cent.

For people of ages from 85 to 89, 12 per cent.

For people of ages from 90 to 94, 30½ per cent.

For people of 95 and up, 20½ per cent.

These figures tell the story more clearly than the most eloquent discourse on the subject. They show that, notwithstanding improved medical knowledge and the benefits of modern sanitation, we are dying earlier than our grandparents did. The reason why offers a topic for considerable discussion and is not to be summed up in a word, but one may discover it without much difficulty in the more complex and luxurious life that we lead. The lives of our forebears were comparatively simple and their constitutions, unweakened by the luxury and intense nervous strain of an existence like that of to-day, were stronger than ours and better able to withstand the approaches of disease.

Plenty of proof of this fact may be found in the vital statistics of our population, especially in the cities, the figures showing that, while the death rate from diseases common to children has enormously diminished, within the last few years, the mortality from maladies more properly belonging to later life, such as heart disease, apoplexy, cancer and ailments of the liver and kidneys, has risen to an alarming extent. Nay, more, it is still going up and seems likely to continue to increase.

The average baby born to-day has a chance of reaching five years of age better by 50 per cent, than would have been the case half a century ago. Its prospect of escaping the diseases of childhood and growing up is vastly improved, as compared with earlier days.

Now, it is very desirable to save the babies and one of the greatest triumphs of our newer civilization is the successful rearing of three human infants for every two that survived half a century ago. But it is undeniable that the race as a whole suffers by the change, inasmuch as the weaklings, instead of being weeded out, are thus enabled to grow up. These weaklings not only propagate other weaklings, but, by reason of their inferior vigor of constitution, commonly fail to reach old age. In this fact, doubtless, is found one cause of the rise in the death rate in later life.

Nothing surely could well be more strange than the spectacle presented to our view of a great and increasing acceleration of the sweep of the dread scythe among people beyond middle age, while multitudes of children are constantly escaping who must formerly have succumbed. In both cases, too, it is our advanced and perfected civilization that furnishes the cause, rescuing the young but mowing down the old. So far, indeed, does the harm neutralize the good that, notwithstanding all the achievements of modern hygiene and medical discovery, it is doubtful whether the

average prospective lifetime of all is much greater than was the case for those living 50 years ago.

Most of us do not realize, perhaps, how much more complicated life is than it used to be. The typical successful business man of to-day crowds the work of 20 hours into 10 hours and only leaves his office to plunge into social dissipation of one kind or another, eating too much, drinking too much, smoking too much, going to bed too late, and keeping his nervous system continually on the rack until, all at once, it breaks down. Incidentally, his digestion becomes impaired, his vital organs suffer irritation, which is often the beginning of disease, and his circulation is clogged, threatening apoplexy. No wonder, then, that in many an instance he dies suddenly, while yet in the prime of life.

Sudden deaths are much more common than they used to be. The high pressure of modern life, with its keen competition and intense strain, is the chief cause. The busy merchant drives his body machine beyond its capacity and suddenly it collapses. Heart disease or apoplexy the attack may be, according to the physician's diagnosis, but it is really over-driving that is accountable for the mischief. The strenuous life is all very well, but it is liable in these days to be carried too far. I have known several tragic incidents of the kind within the last few years—one of them the case of a gentleman whom I had earnestly advised to lead a more simple life. "Nature," I said to him, "did not provide you with a machine capable of enduring such use. You have so many hours for sleep, so many for work and so many for recreation; you must arrange them accordingly." But he kept on at the same gait, and, not long ago, while speaking at a dinner on board a steamship that was entering the harbor of New York, he dropped dead. A blood-vessel had given way.

When the body-machine is weakened by over-exertion it cannot withstand the hostile germ life which it is obliged to encounter. In other words, its power of resistance is diminished. And when the hours that should be devoted to healthful recreation are given up to the enervating dissipation of club and social life there is a double drain upon the vitality. Many business men nowadays are kept under such continual nervous strain that they resort to stimulants in working hours and it is this sort of abuse, combined with constant and racking excitement, that has earned for paresis recognition as a brain disease to which stock brokers are peculiarly liable—so much so, indeed, that it might be called broker's insanity.

The conditions of luxury under which most of us live—for these are days when even the poor man enjoys comforts such as were unobtainable by the rich half a century ago—have a tendency to weaken our constitutions and impair our vitality. Our houses are overheated and even the vehicles in which we ride are often warmed almost to suffocation. Thus we have become like greenhouse plants and, if by chance exposed to a current of cool air, we catch cold, or perhaps contract bronchitis or pneumonia, a trifling change of temperature cutting our lives short in a twinkling. Or, again, it may be that a like cause will bring congestion of the kidneys, leading to disease of those organs proving eventually fatal.

Not long ago, while traveling, I chanced to stop at a village on the river Rhine, where I found an astonishing number of old people. There were a dozen over 100 years of age and many from 80 years old up to the century mark; yet straight and vigorous. One woman nearly a hundred years old was earning her living by picking hops; her grandchildren were middle-aged. It was quite wonderful. But there was no mystery about it; it was merely the effect of

a simple life spent largely in the fields, with plain diet, consisting of a few vegetables and fruits, little meat, and native beer and wine for beverages.

Nothing can be more obvious than that the very complexity of our modern civilization is shortening our lives. But of all the evils that afflict us the worst and most destructive are hurry and worry. Hurry drives the body machine beyond its capacity, while worry racks it inwardly. Of the two worry is probably the worse. This might, indeed, be called the age of worry. Because of the intense nervous strain to which we are subjected we do vastly more worrying than did our forebears. The average man of to-day is continually surrounded and pursued by phantom troubles, which, though few of them ever materialize into realities, haunt him continually, ruining his peace of mind and injuring his health.

Worry is not only distressing, but positively dangerous. It is the fruitful cause of many brain diseases and is often the beginning of disorders of the nervous system. Men worry about money matters, about business and about family affairs. It becomes a habit, growing by what it feeds on, so that the victim, with nothing on earth to bother him perhaps, looks around to discover something to worry about. If there is nothing else to be found, he will worry about his own health, or about his salvation in the next world. Worry is one of the most important factors in the development of kidney troubles.

It may be said in conclusion that the fact, shown by the census figures of 1900, that people in rural districts live longer than residents of the cities affords rather a striking illustration of the influence of the complex existence upon longevity. If we are "dying at the top," as seems to be the case, the misfortune is unquestionably attributable to inherent defects in the civilization of which we are so proud. We have more amusements, travel faster, are more daintily fed, wear finer clothes and are surrounded by more comfort and luxury than any generation that has preceded us; but we pay for all these things literally with our lives, which, as if by the working out of some inexorable law of compensation, have been considerably shortened already and seemingly show a tendency to become progressively shorter and shorter still.

A Noble Woman.

Guardian—You say you are going to marry a man in order to reform him. That is very noble of you. May I ask who it is?

Ward—It's Mr. Oorbyrd.

Guardian—Indeed? I wasn't aware that he had any bad habits.

Ward—Yes. His friends say that he is becoming quite miserly.—Sketch.

All Kinds.

"It takes all kinds of people to make a world," said the ready-made philosopher.

"Certainly," answered the plain person, "look at explorers. Some of them excel with mathematical instruments and some with typewriters and picture machines."—Washington Star.

"That seems to be a curious name you have for your mule?"

"Yes, sah. I calls him 'Chimate, 'cause de mo' you abuses him de mo' disagreeable he gets."—

IDEAS FOR SALADS

THE SUBSTANTIAL PARTS AND THEIR DRESSINGS.

Proper Mixtures to Serve with Lettuce, Fruit, Cabbage or Potato Salad—Made with Various Fruits—Mexican Preparation.

For Lettuce.—Little bacon or pickled pork in a skillet, three eggs—one-half pint sweet cream, one teaspoon cornstarch, one-half glass of vinegar to be added after cooked.

Fruit Salad.—Yolks of three eggs beaten light, one cupful olive oil, beat well while stirring into eggs, two-thirds cupful of thick cream; beat thoroughly as you add to eggs and oil. Sugar to taste, tablespoonful of salt, one-fourth teaspoonful of red pepper.

Cabbage or Potatoes.—One cupful of boiling vinegar, two eggs, beaters well, one large tablespoonful of mustard, one large tablespoonful of cornstarch. Mix cornstarch and mustard together and put in with the eggs, then add the hot vinegar. Pepper, salt, and sugar to taste. When cool add one-half cupful of cream, sweet or sour.

Mixed Fruit Salad.—This is a very ornamental dish for a lawn tea. The fruits, which combine so prettily, look best on a large flat glass dish. Select a pineapple with a graceful top, peel and slice it, and pile one slice on another in the center of the dish in the form of the fruit. Sprinkle each slice as placed with powdered sugar and add at last the leafy top of the fruit. Then peel and divide four oranges into sections, remove seeds and arrange pieces about the pineapple. After that put the lengthwise slices of four peeled bananas on the dish, to form all round the effect like the spokes of a wheel. Fill the spaces that remain on the dish with any attractive fruit in season—strawberries, raspberries and pomegranate seeds make a pretty effect—and when serving add sugar and cream and a glass of sherry or brandy. This dressing is put on at the last moment, so as to preserve the natural crispness of the fruit as long as possible.

Mexican Salad.—Peel three medium-sized Spanish onions, scoop out a teaspoonful of the center of each and put in the hollow a bit of butter sufficient to half fill it. Add a slight seasoning of pepper and salt, placing in a baking pan and putting them in the oven until they are brown. When cold cut into quarters and place on a bed of watercress. Skin and bone six sardines and lay on the piece of onion. Pour over some mayonnaise to one cupful of which one teaspoonful of curry powder has been added. Garnish with hard-boiled eggs and sprinkle a mixture of finely chopped parsley, tarragon and chervil.—The Housekeeper.

Veal Birds.

Take veal steak, cut a little over one-fourth of an inch thick; remove the bone, skin and fat. Pound a little, cut into two and a half by four-inch pieces, chop trimmings fine with one square inch of salt pork to each bird, take one and a half cupfuls of fine-cracker crumbs or toasted bread-crumbs, juice of one lemon, a little chopped onion and parsley, moisten with one egg and a little hot water, and spread on each bird; roll up and pin with toothpicks. Dredge with flour, fry slowly in hot butter until a golden brown, then half cover with cream and simmer three-quarters of an hour. Pour dressing over and garnish with parsley. Three pounds of veal makes 19 birds.

Chicken Soup.

Dress a pair of fowl and put them to boil steadily until tender, never letting them become uncovered by the liquor. Skim continually in order to remove all possible fat as it comes to the surface. When done remove from fire and take out all the bones, keeping the pieces as large as possible. Dredge well with flour and fry to a nice brown in hot butter. As each piece is done take from pan and keep hot and dry. Stir into one pint of the liquor two tablespoonfuls curry powder, two tablespoonfuls butter, one teaspoonful cornstarch, one teaspoonful salt and dash of cayenne pepper. Stir till smooth, mix with the broth, simmer five minutes and pour over chicken. Serve with boiled rice.

Curried Beans.

Cut up two large onions into thin slices, put them into a saucepan with two heaping tablespoonfuls of butter, add half a teaspoonful of salt, one teaspoonful of curry powder, one teaspoonful each of vinegar and sugar, one tablespoonful chopped coconut, little lemon juice, half a pint of soaked beans, and a quart of hot water; let them cook gently for three hours. When the beans are tender add three-quarters of a pound of cooked meat cut into dice, allow to heat thoroughly and serve with plain boiled rice.

Prune Pie.

Cut up a lemon and cook with your prunes. When about done, add about a teaspoon of cocoa, or grated chocolate, and sweeten to taste. These pies are fine, because they do not have that flat, insipid taste, which spoils a prune pie.

Dusters.

A bag made of soft outing flannel with a ruffle at the bottom and a drawing at top to fit over the broom, will be found excellent for dusting walls and ceilings.

Insured Sox

We sell "Holeproof" Sox, guaranteed as follows:

Buy six pairs of "Holeproof" Sox for \$1.50, and if any or all of them need darning within six months they will be replaced with new Sox FREE of cost to you.

Holeproof Sox

are made in medium, light, and extra light weights (for mid-summer wear)—sizes 9 1/2 to 12—colors black, light and dark tan, pearl gray and navy blue.

"Holeproof" colors are fast colors. They will not "croak," "rust" nor fade.

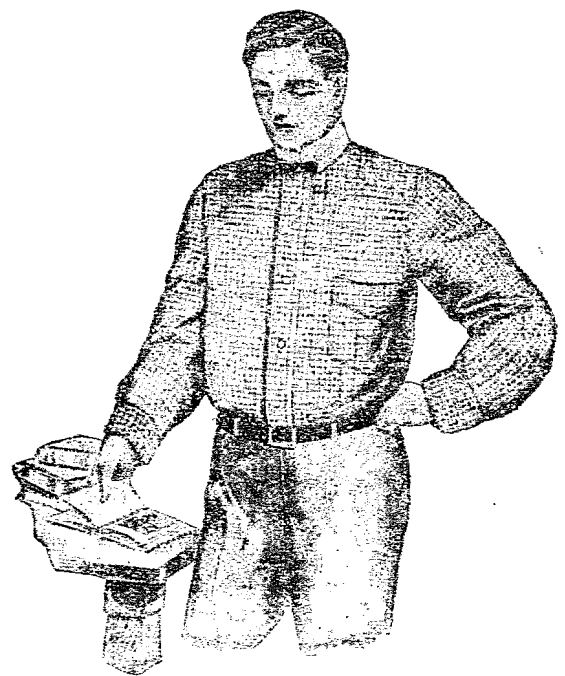
"Holeproof" Sox will not shrink, stretch nor harden. And—they are guaranteed to wear six months without holes, or you get new Sox FREE.



The Four Best Selling Articles ON THE MARKET TODAY

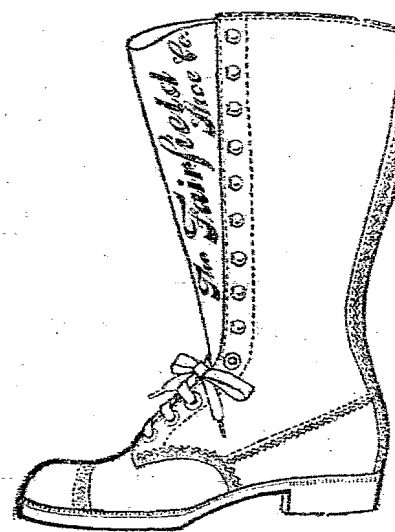
HOSIERY We carry the most complete line in Florence. We are offering some unusual values in this department and a comparison will convince you of their merit. Child's regular fleeced lined hose in fast colors, all sizes, 2 pair for 25c Ladies' fashioned full hose, rib top, splice heel and toe, an exceptional value, 2 pair for 25c

DRESS SHIRTS We have just received an entire sample line of dress shirts from our New York manufacturer, which includes shirts that retailed at \$1.50, \$2, \$2.50. We place the entire line on sale at choice.....\$1.19



WE WANT YOUR SHOE BUSINESS

We don't want it on the basis of quality alone, nor do we want it on the price basis. For no



matter how good a shoe may be, if the price is too high you don't want it. Our effort is to sell

Quality Shoes

At the lowest possible price. Every pair we sell carries our guarantee.

The Range that Makes no Smoke

and will guarantee to hold fire 24 hours with soft coal. You can have the use of it while you pay.



Moore's Glass Door

One of the most practical and useful conveniences ever put on a range. Food in plain sight. Removes all uncertainty in baking. No burned baking, no fallen cakes, no wasted heat. Moore's Range with Glass Oven Door used in Dept. of Economics of State Universities. See the name "Moore" in the glass.

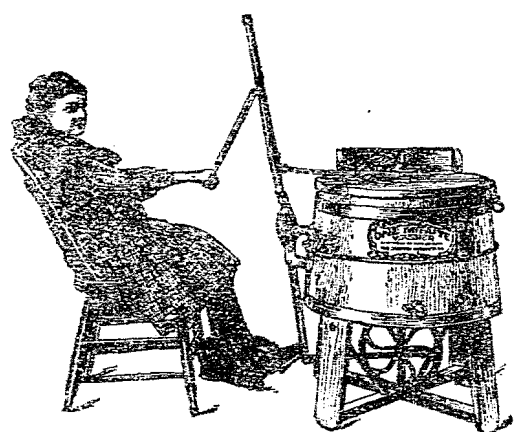
THE ONLY WASHER

ON THE MARKET

That runs with the same ease with clothes in machine as out. No open cogwheels to catch child's fingers, no heavy gearing to lift when you get the clothes washed. A machine built in such a way that a child can run it the same as a woman. We will send you one on trial.

Price---

\$9.98



McCLURES

FLORENCE, NEBRASKA

We Sell Everything

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

A. E. Parmalee filed an amended petition to the supplemental petition in the paving bond injunction case Friday. He raises two new points, one that the law provides bonds can not be issued in excess of one-tenth of the assessed valuation, which is roughly \$360,000, thus allowing only \$36,000 to be issued in bonds. The other point is that to issue bonds a petition with fifty or more signatures must be presented to the council and that no such petition has been presented. The case has not yet been heard but will come up shortly.

There will be special services and special music at the Presbyterian church Sunday night when the Gideons have charge of the services. All been are especially invited.

The Ponca Improvement club held its regular meeting last Monday evening, and in the absence of President Mayo Vice President T. E. Price presided. Roll call showed twenty-seven members present. The minutes of the previous meeting were adopted as read. The treasurer's report was also adopted. The bill of John Dinkens of \$5.25 for janitor work was allowed and ordered paid. The secretary was instructed to correspond with other improvement clubs regarding rural telephone service on party lines and other matters where discussed and referred to the next meeting. It was voted that hereafter all regular meetings of the club should be held on the date set for them and not postponed as heretofore. The club adjourned to the next regular meeting the first Monday of February at 7 p. m. sharp, rain or shine.

Look on page four for our great clubbing offer.

The only child of Mr. and Mrs. I. W. Brown died Tuesday evening after a three-hours' illness of pyric myelitis. He was about a year and a half old. The funeral occurred Thursday.

Frank Whipperman visited with Florence friends Wednesday.

David Andrews returned Tuesday from Des Moines, Ia., where he has been visiting his son B. C. Andrews.

James Nicholson expects to leave next week for Polson, Mont., where he is proving up on a claim.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols was a guest of Omaha friends Wednesday and Thursday.

Don't forget that a capable company will present "A Jay in New York" at the Crescent theatre Saturday and Sunday.

"A Jay in New York" is the offering of the Crescent theatre, Florence, for Saturday evening and matinee and evening Sunday. Popular prices, 10c and 20c, will prevail, and if you want a seat you will have to come early.

Mr. James Houston, Jr., is quite sick at Omaha with fever.

Chris. Bauer was a Florence visitor Wednesday evening.

Mr. F. B. Nichols has just published a new business and telephone directory of Florence, containing the business of Florence and the telephone numbers of every telephone subscriber on the Florence exchange. Copies of this convenient directory can be obtained free from any of the Florence business men.

Mr. "Bill" Girke, the "Tuxus" kid, was in town as usual Wednesday morning, still wearing that same old "smile that won't come off"—no matter what.

6 boxes matches, 25c.
3 cans tomatoes, 25c.
Thos. Dugher, The New Store.

For Sale—Cow, fresh in two weeks. One wagon and harness and pole wood—N. H. Anderson 2 1/2 miles north of Florence.

John Paul has taken an appeal to the supreme court in his divorce case. So has Mrs. Paul. Neither side is satisfied with the result.

The Gideons will have charge of the services at the Presbyterian church Sunday evening. The Gideons is a traveling men's organization.

A Chime of Bells.
A chime of bells becomes one of the gentlest influences of a town, when its soft notes float out in kindly old tunes. Everybody stops to listen to a chime. Then it is that into one's life a melody comes, carrying gentle thoughts and filling it with kinder aims. Everybody welcomes the chimes, for they leave in the hearts of all a real benediction.

The Center of the United States.
The center of area of the United States, excluding Alaska and Hawaii and other recent accessions, is in northern Kansas, in approximate latitude 39 degrees 55 minutes. The center of population is about three-fourths of a degree south and more than 13 degrees east of the center of area.

Effect of Food on Character.
A scientist has recently been investigating the effect of food, particularly vegetables, on the human character. He affirms that a diet of carrots ameliorates harshness of character and reduces nervous irritability; peas create joyousness, while turnips have a depressing influence. Cabbage is good for pulmonary complaints, while lettuce acts as a sedative upon the human frame, owing to the opium contained in its milky juice.

Lucy's Way.
One day as grandma was sewing beside the window the attention of her little five-year-old granddaughter was suddenly attracted by the white hairs in her grandmother's head, and climbing upon a hassock she began to pluck out the white ones. "What on earth are you doing, Lucy?" exclaimed grandma. "Oh," replied Lucy, "I am just picking the basting threads out of your hair, grandma."—Delineator.

In Indianapolis Homes.
There are many more or less domesticated men, however, who won't care a cent how high the price of brooms goes if it interferes with that sweeping which always seems to be necessary just about the time they settle down to the solace of a Sunday morning pipe. —Indianapolis News.

Saves Second-Hand Lumber.
A Boston firm of building wreckers has brought out a circular saw that will cut through nails and bolts as well as through wood, enabling them to cut into regular sizes of second-hand lumber that otherwise would be valueless.

New Work for Women.
In addition to the 481 vocations that are now open to women in this country, the Animal Rescue League of Boston suggests another—leading pet dogs out for an airing. The widening of woman's sphere seems to be inevitable.

It Isn't Fair.
Have you ever heard a child say when it has been punished that "It isn't fair?" You may think nothing of it at the time, but the child does not forget, and sometimes, even years after, the thought of the injustice may still rankle in his mind.

That Mighty Pen.
The superiority of man to nature is continually illustrated. Nature needs an immense quantity of quills to make a goose with, but a man can make a goose of himself with one.—Christian Register.

Spanish Proverb.
Shear the sheep, but don't flay them.

Had Valid Excuse.
Saying that he was 98, a man named Lacey, who was summoned at Norwich (England) for picking a flower in a public garden, pleaded absent-mindedness and the case was dismissed.

Appropriate.
She—"I have just discovered that the diamonds in the diadem you gave me last year are false." He—"Why, then, they just suit your golden hair."—Meggendorfer Blatter.

True Wit.
Wit consists in knowing the resemblance of things which differ, and the difference of things which are alike.—Mme. de Stael.

Food Remnants Delivered.
All of the food served to a guest at a Japanese banquet and not consumed by him at the time is taken to his home by the servants of his host.

Holiday Text.
There's more life in the old land than you can take in at a breath, so just be generous and pass the joy around.—Atlanta Constitution.

Rare Combination.
Experience joined with common sense to mortals is a providence.—Green.

Daily Thought.
He is not only idle who does nothing, but he is idle who might be better employed.—Socrates.

Bitter Denunciation.
Samuel Johnson: If he had two ideas they would fall out with each other.

Says McGowan:
"Ut ain't s' har-d t' have faith in some min—but somehow ye fale aiser whin dheid dead."—Cleveland News.

New Paving Material.
A new paving material is now being made of metal shavings mixed with concrete.

Laborious.
Why do we labor in this world? The attainable nobody wants; the unattainable nobody can have.—Smart Set.

Women and Business.
Thank heaven women have no business habits.—G. B. Shaw.

The Soulful Florist.
"I don't believe that God ever made the flowers to sell," said the Broad street florist. "If I was rich I wouldn't sell a one. I would raise the beautiful things to give away to people who need them, to the poor and the sick and the tired." The florist looked as if he meant what he said, too.—Newark News.

Poetry.
I must deplore the scant attention paid nowadays to the first of arts. Poetry is the real source of music, painting and sculpture, and the way it is neglected or put to scorn these days is one of the many signs of rational decadence.—Marie Corelli.

Life.
Metaphysicians say that life beyond the grave has been proved by mediums. Other people who have attended seances say they are assured there was life behind a convenient curtain from which hands and things emerged at intervals.—Exchange.

The Smiths of Ireland.
One fact in the report of the registrar-general for Ireland is calculated to surprise the average Englishman. The 33,700 "Smiths" of Ireland, we learn, outnumber the "O'Briens" by 300. It should make Ireland stare, too.—Westminster Gazette.

Use the Nut Cracker.
Just a little nick out of the enamel of a tooth made by cracking a nut in the mouth may spoil a tooth forever. When you have nuts to crack use a hammer or a nut cracker and save your teeth.

The Philosopher of Folly.
"The reason auctioneers make money," says the Philosopher of Folly, "is that so many people think it only costs 'em a nickel to raise the other fellow's bid five cents."

To Improve Light of Lamp.
A small lump of camphor dropped in the oil receptacle of a lamp will improve the light and make the flame clearer and brighter. A few drops of vinegar will have a similar effect.

Wants to Be Praised.
A man who doesn't eat things which would, if he consumed them, make him sick always feels that his self-sacrifice has been in vain if other people do not regard him as a hero.

Hint to the Wise.
When both feet fly out from under you and you have a presentiment that you're going to fall don't turn around to see if anybody is looking.

Exploded in His Hands.
A horrible death was that which befell Lewis Frederick, foreman for Mitchell Brothers, contractors, of Spokane, Wash., who was blown to atoms by a stick of dynamite which accidentally exploded in his hands. Frederick was superintending the placing of the sticks of dynamite close to a bonfire. The body of the foreman was blown a distance of 40 feet.

Safeguarding One's Health.
The surest way to keep in good condition is to watch the beginnings of a breakdown. When you feel tired most of the time, when your work is an effort, and you are so "stupid" you cannot keep awake, then is the time to take account of stock and find out what you are doing to break the laws of health.

Stick to Your Business.
Stick to your legitimate business. Do not go into outside operations. Few men have brains for more than one thing. To dabble in stocks, put a few more into a factory and a few more into an invention is enough to ruin any man. Do not be greedy. Be content with fair returns. Make friends. All the money in the world is not worth so much to you as one good staunch friend.—Henry Ward Beecher.

Elected in a Belfry.
The ceremony of electing a mayor in a belfry was performed according to ancient custom in the parish church of Brightlingsea, when Mr. Arthur Lucas was chosen in succession to Rev. Arthur Petwee, vicar of Brightlingsea, and six mariners who had married Brightlingsea women were admitted freemen of the port on payment of 11 pennies into the treasury.—London Standard.

Man's Rare Forethought.
An extraordinary case of suicide has set all the people of Beziers, France, a-talking. The victim was Henri Felaquier, an engraver, who was to have been married in a few days. In a letter left by the suicide he stated that he had taken his own life because he was afraid that, owing to his peevish disposition, he might make his wife unhappy.

Salaries of Army Officers.
The pay of officers in active service in the army is: Lieutenant-general, \$11,000 a year; major-general, \$8,000; brigadier-general, \$6,000; colonel, \$4,000; lieutenant-colonel, \$3,500; major, \$3,000; captain, \$2,400; first lieutenant, \$2,000, and second lieutenant, \$1,700. From colonel down the payment is increased every five years.