

YOUR NAME IN PRINT.
Doesn't cost much and doesn't
amount to much, but it is printed
times enough that's advertising.
Want Ads are cheap but effective.

The Florence Tribune

DON'T BE A HEN!
The hen cackles just the same
when there is no one to hear her.
The shrewd advertiser puts his
announcement where it will be seen.
Try the Want Ads.

VOL. II.

PUBLISHED BY E. L. PLATZ

FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1910

Subscription, \$1.00 a Year.

No. 9

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL

Hold a Short Session Tuesday Evening as a Board of Equalization on Sidewalk Taxes and Another Short Meeting as Council During Which Time Considerable Business is Done.—Will Meet Monday Evening to Complete Business Matters.

It was a short and harmonious meeting of the council Tuesday evening as a Board of Equalization.

Councilman Allen introduced the resolution levying the tax, the clerk read it and as no one objected the council assessed the cost of sidewalks on Madison, Briggs and Adams streets and adjourned.

Councilman Price was absent, being in Sioux City on a visit.

The regular meeting of the council was then convened and as the clerk's records are still in court the reading of the minutes was dispensed with.

A communication anent the finances of the city was first taken up. This communication claimed that the council last year had exceeded the appropriation and that this year they would do the same at the rate they were going and contained a warning to the council.

It was signed by 41 citizens of whom 32 resided in the south ward and 9 in the north ward. As to politics the signers represented 28 democrats, 9 republicans and 4 not known.

The communication was referred to the city attorney and finance committee to report back to the council.

The city engineer's report of the amount of dirt removed on Main and Briggs streets was read and placed on file.

The bill of the Tribune for \$71.88 for advertising was allowed.

Upon motion by Allen the council will sit as a board of equalization for the levying of the tax for the grading of Main and Bluff streets and for the laying of sidewalks up State street on Monday evening, August 10.

Owing to Price being absent and Feidhusen wanting to catch a train the council adjourned until Monday evening.

The council chamber was well filled with citizens expecting to see some fire works, but they were disappointed.

Prizes for Model Aeroplanes.

That the mechanically inclined youth may be encouraged to become the aviator or aeroplane builder of the future, the Nebraska Aero club has arranged to offer three cash prizes for the best model of an aeroplane made by a Nebraska boy under 18 years of age.

The prizes will consist of gold coins—\$25 for the best model; \$15 for the second and \$10 for the third. That the amounts are not larger is because the club wants the boys to build the models with the average equipment which a boy has and without assistance.

Arrangements have also been made with Glenn H. Curtiss, the aviator who has made successful flights everywhere, to judge these models and in judging them he will make suggestions to the youthful makers of the models.

This interesting contest is to be held in Omaha during the Mid-west Aviation meet which is to be held there July 23 to 27 inclusive and which will be attended by the record breakers in the aviation world, including Curtiss, Willard and Mars.

The field selected for the contests is half way between Omaha and Benson, high above the city and with plenty of room for starts.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

A special meeting of the R. N. of A. was held Thursday evening at Adam's hall.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gently stimulate the liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system, cure constipation and sick headache. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Miss Helen Nichols was the guest of Miss Carrie Parks Wednesday and Thursday.

Always fresh line of box candies, Fleming Drug Co.

Miss Allison entertained Wednesday afternoon in honor of her guest, Miss Sarah Eadie, of Kansas City. Those present were Misses Florence Olmsted, Francis Thompson, Grace Thompson, Florence Whitaker of Robinson, Ill., Sarah Eadie of Kansas City, Mrs. T. Estill, Mrs. Howard Nelson and the Misses Allison.

WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THIS?

Florence Doctor Gets Off a Mighty Hard Tangle of Words and is Now Better.

A. Florence doctor tells the following story. Not being an advertiser in our columns we withhold his name:

"Two weeks ago I was summoned to the bedside of Djoahne Sdtleometzler. The involute and labyrinthine tangle of his symptoms made me suspect at first that he had absorbed his own name. But further examination convinced me that he was the victim of typhomalarie pneumophthisicotrychinotetanoatationephreticospentitis. Owing to the ubiquity of pathogenic bacilli, antiseptics are always indicated, so I exhibited calcium betanaphtholalphanomonosulphonate. As the patient suffered from severe nonlocalized pain I gave orthooxyethylanamono-benzoylamidoquinoline combined with salicylaldehydimethylphenylhydrazine. For his insomnia I gave trichloraldehydphenyldimethylpyrazolene.

His wife asked me what ailed him and what I was giving him. I told her and she said "yes" and turned very pale.

Upon examining him on the next morning I became convinced that the vital forces had misconstrued the remedies, and that a congerie of retroabsorptions had resulted. I then wrote out the following prescription: R Tetrahydrobetanaphtholamine, Sodium thioparatoluidinesulphonate, Orthosulphamidobenzoic anhydride,

Amidoacetoparaphenetidine aa .j. M. Sig.: A teaspoonful every hour.

When the wife presented the prescription to the druggist he instantly dropped dead. The patient is up and about, but something is wrong with his Broca's convolution—he mutters in a multi-syllabic lingo that is intelligible only to modern pharmaceutical chemists. I am in hiding where the spiral melody of the woodbine that twineth, blendeth ever with the sweet, low, soothing, murmurous quadrisyllabic rhythmic rune of the gentle polygonum punctatum.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Wilbur Nichols of Gothenburg, Neb., and Mrs. F. B. Nichols and family will be guests of Mrs. John Kimbal of Omaha Friday.

Toilet and Medicated Soaps, Fleming Drug Co.

Miss Louise Finney will entertain Friday evening in honor of Wilbur Nichols who is spending his vacation with his parents.

Soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, is quickly relieved by the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is equally valuable for muscular rheumatism, and always affords quick relief. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Miss Alice Platz will be the guest of Miss Hanna Christensen of South Omaha Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Taylor of Omaha were Florence visitors Wednesday evening.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. Plien Wednesday afternoon.

Mrs. Lyman Walker of Kentucky is visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bondesson.

Miss Allison entertained at luncheon Friday afternoon a number of her Omaha friends.

Thursday the Florence lodge of Eagles buried Theodore Linde, a member, using the ritualistic services at the grave.

Mrs. Kate Remington, state supervising deputy for the state of Nebraska, and Mrs. Shrum, recorder of Goldenrod Camp of Omaha, R. N. of A. were Florence visitors Tuesday evening.

Mr. M. G. Vaine of Sturgis, S. D., was the guest of Florence friends Wednesday.

It is said that some of the visitors to residents on west State street have to have the city marshal escort them to the place they intend to visit—and it is not because of the fear of an injunction, either.

Mrs. J. Weber, Jr., and son, John Jacob, Mrs. Victor, Miss Victor of Portland, Ore., and Mrs. J. L. Houston were the guests of Mrs. F. B. Nichols Wednesday.

JUST IDLE CHATTER

The Doings of the People of This Thriving Suburb Told Briefly But Interestingly for the Delectation of Those Who Care to Know What is Going on and Take This Interesting Paper to Find Out.

O. B. Nash of Kansas City was the guest of the Brisbins the fore part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Tyler, Miss Addie Tyler and Mr. J. B. Scammon of Lake James Park were the guests of Mrs. Viola Pettit Monday.

Don't fail to read the want ads.

Wilbur Nichols who is working for the Union Pacific at Gothenburg, returned Sunday evening for a two weeks' visit with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred B. Nichols.

James Houston of St. Joseph spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Eddy were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Platz Sunday.

Mr. W. J. W. Dally of Woodbine, Ia., is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. F. E. Babbitt.

Miss Allie Houston left Sunday evening for a short visit with friends at Kansas City.

Nox-Odor for tired and aching feet, Fleming Drug Co.

Orlie Wilson spent the fourth at Blair, where they had a big celebration.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thompson entertained the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. T. W. McClure were guests at the Omaha Field club Wednesday evening.

Over one hundred people went to Tekamah Monday to witness the horse races.

Mrs. S. P. Wallace and children of Freeport, Ill., are guests of Mrs. Tracy.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols, Mrs. E. L. Platz and Mrs. Naile of Omaha were the guests of Mrs. J. L. Houston Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Thompson spent Monday at Tekamah.

Mr. and Mrs. Steyer were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Frank Tietz Sunday.

Miss Phoebe Bryan of York, Neb., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. F. P. Brown.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown and their guest, Miss Bryan of York, attended the races at Tekamah the Fourth.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cottrell spent the Fourth at Tekamah.

Mr. EH Davis and Miss Myrtle Shipley were among the Florence people who attended the celebration at Blair and so great was their curiosity to see the fire drill that they got in front of the hose in time to get a thorough wetting.

There was quite a crowd of the young people of Florence who took the noon train up to Blair to see the celebration of the Fourth there.

The Misses Kate and Florence Whittaker of Robinson, Ill., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thompson.

The world's most successful medicine for bowel complaints is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It has relieved more pain and suffering, and saved more lives than any other medicine in use. Invaluable for children and adults. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Miss Margaret Gordon, Miss Carrie Parks, Mr. Cyril Kelley and Mr. Walter Oakes were the guests of Miss Helen Nichols Sunday.

Wilbur Nichols and Walter Oakes were the guests of Cyril Kelly Monday afternoon and evening.

Music by the World's best masters will be rendered at the coming State Fair, September 5th to 9th, by the celebrated Signor Lombardo Symphony Band and Orchestra of 44 selected instrumentalists supported by a Grand Opera Concert Company, consisting of 8 grand opera soloists and chorus of 16. This feature is becoming one of the attractions of our state fair, which commends itself to all lovers of good music.

REPORT OF CITY TREASURER

George Siert Shows the State of Finances of the City for Month of June.

May 31, Bal. in gen'l fund \$ 10.52
June 4, Rec'd from J. Bondesson (Tax 32 dogs) 32.00
June 7, Rec'd Co. Treas. (Village fund) 251.66
June 7, Rec'd Co. Treas. (2-5 of \$276.83) T. & P. 110.73
June 7, Rec'd Co. Treas. Road 25.17
June 28, Rec'd Co. Treas., Poll tax 2.00
June 30, Rec'd J. Bondesson, Dog tax 23.00
\$455.09

June 30, Gen'l fund warrants taken up..\$394.49

Balance in gen'l fund June 30, 1910..... \$ 60.60

May 31, Bal. in water fund\$357.21

June 7, Rec'd from Co. Treas. 3-5 of \$276.83. 166.10

Bal. in water fund 523.31

May 31, Bal. in S. W. & Grading fund.....\$202.56

June 30, Transferred to one fund below.... 202.56

Balanced to below:

May 31, Bal. in S. W. fund No. 4, 5, 6..... 124.08

June 30, Am't transferred from above S. W. & grading 202.56

June 30, Am't rec'd from tax payers S. W. 4, 5, 6..... 266.79

\$593.43

Spec'l S. W. & grading warrants taken up.. 204.50

Bal. in S. W. & grading fund \$388.93

Bal. in all funds.....\$972.34

GEO. SIERT, Treas.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Carl Larson spent the Fourth at Tekamah Monday.

Misses Millie Griffin and Margaret Gordon, chaperoned by Mrs. A. C. Griffin, entertained a party of friends at Coney Island park at a private dancing party Thursday evening in honor of Wilbur Nichols, of Gothenburg, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Cromie are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Babbitt.

Mrs. Finley and daughters, Loretta and Marie and Miss Holmquist were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Wuerth the fore part of the week.

A little shaver, a son, was born to Mr. and Mrs. James Brennaman Tuesday.

Mr. Sorensen and family were callers at Mr. Holsts Monday evening.

Mr. Oliver Fairbrass was an afternoon caller at Mr. B. Krenzers Monday.

Mrs. Shraeder was a visitor at Jensens Monday.

Mr. Henry Krenzer and brother, Russell, spent a couple of days with Mr. Charley Kelley.

Mrs. W. A. Yoder and son, Donald, left Saturday for Fremont to visit friends.

Mrs. Carl Feidhusen spent Monday and Tuesday at Fort Calhoun visiting relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Brisbin entertained a large picnic party at their home on west State street Monday. A ball game and other outdoor games made the afternoon pass off very pleasantly, after which refreshments were served. Among those present were Colonel Aikin and family, Mrs. Powell and daughter, J. Laurie Wallace, Mrs. C. S. Huntington and children of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Estill and Mr. and Mrs. Howard Nelson.

Mr. Alex. Suttie of Streator, Ill., is the guest of his brother, Hugh Suttie.

J. H. Price spent Monday and Tuesday visiting relatives at Sioux City, Iowa.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baughman spent Monday with relatives at Tekamah.

Mr. Bentley McCloud of Chicago was the guest of his fiancée, Miss Florence Olmsted Sunday and Monday.

DEATH OF A. ROYSTER

Florence Man Meets Death at Lake Manawa on Thursday Evening and is Buried at Muscatine, Iowa, Sunday.—He Leaves a Wife and Two Children Besides a Host of Friends to Mourn His Death.—Only Thirty-one Years of Age.

Amos Royster of 1417 Fifth street was found in a dying condition about 10 o'clock last Thursday night on the south shore of Lake Manawa, a few rods from the Kursaal. Robert Minter and Robert Furst, employees at the lake, found the man as they were going through the woods to the Kursaal. Royster was near death when the men reached him and was unable to speak. He died a few moments later. The body was placed in a boat and brought across the lake to the pavilion and Undertaker Cutler removed the body to his establishment.

The only article on the dead man's person was an addressed and stamped letter containing two sheets of blank writing paper. The letter was addressed to Mrs. Kate Royster, Florence, Neb.

Royster, who was 31 years of age, was the assistant engineer in the old Boston store building in Omaha.

City Marshal Marr of Florence communicated the news to Mrs. Royster and then came to Council Bluffs and identified the body. He was followed later by Mrs. Royster. The cause of Royster's death is a mystery. He left home Thursday morning for work as usual, apparently in good spirits. Mrs. Royster scouts the theory of suicide, and she, as well as friends of the family, say they know of no cause for self-destruction. Nothing was found which indicated that poison had been taken, neither was a weapon of any kind found on or about the body. No wounds were visible on the body.

The fact that Royster had the addressed letter in his pocket, with the blank sheets of writing paper inclosed, would indicate that he might have intended to commit suicide and leave the letter behind. Some cling to the idea that it was a case of suicide.

Royster was noticed by parties at the Kursaal several times on Thursday, wandering aimlessly about the surrounding woods. He is said to have talked to one man and spoke of having been overcome with heat at some time in the past. It is thought he may have been suffering from heat Thursday. His body was found beside the old pump back from the Kursaal and it is thought he may have gone there for water and sank exhausted.

The authorities are somewhat in doubt as to whether Royster died in Pottawattamie county, Ia., or Sarpy county, Neb. The county line comes through in that locality somewhere, but nobody seems to know just where. The matter has been a source of controversy for years, the erratic shifting of the course of the Missouri river being responsible for the confusion. Arrangements were made by the widow Friday afternoon for burial in Muscatine, Ia., where the funeral was held Sunday. Royster is survived by his wife and two children.

Away from the noise and din forty of the young people gathered the Fourth for a picnic at Hender's farm north of town. Games of all kinds, were played after which tired and hungry the crowd sat down to picnic refreshments. Two of the party met with slight accidents but all voted the picnic a big success.

Mind and Heart.

The key to every man is his thought. Sturdy and defying though he look, he has a helm which he obeys, which is the idea after which all his facts are classified. He can only be reformed by showing him a new idea which commands his own. The life of man is a self-evolving circle, which from a ring imperceptibly small, rushes on all sides outward to new and larger circles, and that without end. The extent to which this generation of circles, wheel without wheel, will go depends on the force or truth of the individual soul. For it is the inert effort of each thought, having formed itself into a circular wave of circumstance, as, for instance, an empire, rules of an art, a local usage, a religious rite—to heap itself on that ridge and to solidify and hem in the life. But if the soul is quick and strong it bursts over that boundary on all sides and expands another orbit on the great deep, which also runs up into a high wave, with attempt again to stop and to bind. But the heart refuses to be imprisoned; in its first and narrowest pulses it already tends outward with a vast force and to immense and innumerable expansions.

Comparative Merits.

"My husband is a great man. He can speak so that he can fire a whole crowd."
"Humph! that's nothing. My husband can fire the cook."

NEWS FROM FORT CALHOUN

Bits of Social Gossip From the Thriving Suburb of Interest to Florence Residents.

Will Smith has traded the Bolln barn to William Kruger for part of the well known Gold farm.

"Grandparents" Bolln and Mrs. Henry Sasse of Blair and Mrs. Karns of Omaha with a goodly number of others assisted Mrs. Henry Bolln to keep her birthday anniversary.

Mrs. E. H. Clark found that over fifty years in the salubrious climate of Nebraska unfitted her for the Seattle brand so she and Miss Clark have returned and purchased a home here.

John Peterson and wife have a couple of their Omaha friends at the farm for a few weeks.

"Grandma" Nelson came down from Blair and went to the farm with her son-in-law, Carl Weise.

Mrs. Wilber of Blair and her sister from the western part of the state were at William Prochnow's.

Emanuel Lesa and his wife left Bellevue for Rockport in Washington county, where they lived until 1820, and some one proposes a big Fourth of July basket picnic at the site of old Fort Lesa in 1912.

The three sisters, Misses Jessie, Hazel and Fannie Barnett of Stanton, were at John Landis'.

Ella Kosloskii, who was ill in Omaha, is now home and improved.

Mrs. John Moellers had a big gathering at her birthday party in town.

Carl Schmidt has moved back to Fort Calhoun.

Joe Morhain and wife of Shenandoah, Ia., came to see their daughter, Mrs. Adolph Roth.

Court Reporter Thomas P. Wilson and Miss Ada and Miss Worin of Omaha were at Schwager's.

The Children's day exercises at the Sunday school were very fine.

Mrs. Camille Saltzman and two children and her niece, Goldie Smith, have gone to Illinois on a visit.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Mrs. W. B. Parks left Wednesday evening for a short visit with friends and relatives at Kansas City, Mo.

Nox-Odor 25c bottle Fleming Drug Co.

Mr. J. A. Holtzman left Sunday evening for a trip to Oregon.

Mr. John Burton, Miss Blanche Hupp, Mr. Orlie Wilson and Miss Louise Finney were visitors at Blair July 4th.

When the stomach fails to perform its functions, the bowels become deranged, the liver and the kidneys congested, causing numerous diseases. The stomach and liver must be restored to a healthy condition and Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets can be depended upon to do it. Easy to take and most effective. Sold by Geo. Siert.

This is Talcum Powder weather. 15c box, Fleming Drug Co.

Mrs. G. W. Naile of Omaha was the guest of Mrs. J. L. Houston Monday.

Telephone your news to 315 before Wednesday evening and it will appear in the Tribune.

Miss Bondesson, Mrs. Walker, Mrs. Vectors and Miss Vectors were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Gus Bondesson of Omaha Monday evening.

Teething children have more or less diarrhoea, which can be controlled by giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All that is necessary is to give the prescribed dose after each operation of the bowels more than natural and then castor oil to cleanse the system. It is safe and sure. Sold by Geo. Siert.

The Ecernolf club will give a picnic at Manawa Sunday in honor of Wilbur Nichols of Gothenburg, Neb., who is visiting his parents for two weeks.

Mr. Wilbur Holtzman was a pleasure seeker of Tekamah July 4th.

Mr. Clifford Keville, Amos Cotrell, Martin Herskind, Fred Pulte, Lloyd Rogers and Rudolph Johnson spent the Fourth at Blair.

The Island of REGENERATION

By
**CYRUS TOWNSEND
BRADY**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAYMOND
WATERS**
SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds evidence that leads her to believe that the man is John Revell Charnock of Virginia, and that he was cast ashore when a child. Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire becomes infatuated with her and they decide to put her theories into practice. A few days on his yacht reveals to her that he only possessed lofty ideals to possess her. While she attempts to kiss him, he slaps her, knocking him down and leaves him unconscious and escapes in the darkness in a gasoline launch. During a storm she is cast ashore on an island. Three years teaching gives the man a splendid education. Their love for each other is revealed when he rescues her from a cave where she had been imprisoned by an earthquake. A ship is sighted and they light a beacon to summon it. Langford on his yacht, sights the beacon and orders his yacht put in. The woman recognizes the yacht and tells her companion that a man on board had injured her in the greatest way. Langford recognizes Katharine. He tells the man that she had been his mistress and narrowly escapes being killed. An American cruiser appears. Officers near the whole story and Langford asks Katharine to marry him. Katharine declares that she will marry no one but her island companion. The latter says he still loves her but that the relations have made a change. Katharine declares her intention of remaining alone on the island, saying Charnock had fallen when the test came. Repeatedly she comes to Charnock after a night of bitter reflection. He swims ashore from the cruiser to ask forgiveness and is found unconscious beside Katharine's clothes, by the officers. Katharine is given up for dead. Langford returns to the island and surprises Katharine. She refuses to leave with him and exacts a promise that he will not reveal the fact that she is alive. Charnock is adopted by his uncle in Virginia.

CHAPTER XXIII.—Continued.

Which was the stronger, his love for the woman or his hatred for the man? If he spoke at all, it would be for her sake, naught else. Would the man understand that, would she? Whatever happened, he had possessed her; she had been his for brief hours. Did he have the strength now to give her to someone else even though he were dead? Being dead, would he know?

The struggle racked and tore him in his heart. He could come to no decision, at least not then. What he would do later would depend upon circumstances. One thing he could do and that was to go and find the man. Attending to such matters as were most pressing and taking the precaution to make his will, a strange will, at which his attorney ventured to remonstrate unavailingly, at last he started on that journey across the continent in his private car. He left the car at Suffolk, Virginia, and with a motor which had been transported with him he ran up the west side of the inlet until he came to the manor house which a local guide, picked up by the way, pointed out to him.

CHAPTER XXIV.

A Promise Broken.

It was that same late spring morning when John Charnock sat on the porch overlooking the pale waters of Hampton Roads past Newport News and Old Point Comfort and the blue waters of the Chesapeake and the bluer ocean beyond. The motor car was stopped outside the great gate at the end of the long avenue of trees which led to the river road. It could have been driven in, but as he approached the house more nearly with his mind still in a state of indecision, in order further to collect his thoughts and because he was tired from the long ride and because he would not trespass on Charnock more than was absolutely necessary, Langford decided to walk.

Now the sight of a motor car was not unusual and Charnock glanced at it indifferently enough until it stopped at the gate. He did not recognize the tall, slender figure which came slowly up the path by the side of the drive under the great arch of trees. Still as the man drew nearer, he arose and with true Virginia hospitality, a hospitality he had easily learned since it was in his blood, he descended the steps to the terrace and would have descended farther to the roadway but that he suddenly recognized the visitor. He stopped dead still, surprised, amazed. Langford started, hesitated, threw back his head and came resolutely on. He mounted the first flight of steps and as he did so, Charnock turned, drew back a little to make way for him and the two men faced each other upon the terrace.

"Great God!" cried the Virginian, at last, "you of all men. What are you doing here?"

His brow was dark, his hands clenched.

"Why not I?" answered Langford coolly, a bitter smile on his lips.

"You say that to me after all that you have done?"

"Man," said the other, "didn't I do everything under heaven that I could do to undo it. She forgave me, can't you?"

"No!" answered Charnock, moving toward him.

"Stop!" cried Langford. "Is your own record so clear? Have you nothing with which to reproach yourself? I ruined her life; yes, I grant it, but you drove her to suicide. Why have I not the right to fault you even as you seem to claim the right to fault

me? We have both sinned against that woman, but at least in those final hours I did my best for her. Did you?"

Charnock hesitated. No one had ever spoken to him like that. He had said these things to himself many times, but no one else had ever assumed or presumed to do so, and had anyone but this man ventured upon such words, he would have met with short shrift indeed. But there was so much justice and so much truth in what Langford said that, resentful though he was, hating the man as he did, he could not be blind to it.

"You are right," he admitted at last but with great reluctance. "There is more guilt on my soul than yours, but no other man under heaven should have told me so."

"Nor should I have told it to any other man," returned Langford.

"But that doesn't explain why you come here."

"Why!" exclaimed the other. "I don't really know."

In that instant the tension under which he held himself gave way. He reeled slightly, put his hand to his heart. For the first time Charnock noticed how white he was, how sick and wretched he looked. Although he could not bear to touch the man, there was unconscious appeal in his weakness which the stronger man could not resist. He sprang instantly to his side. He caught him by the arm.

"What's the matter?" he asked almost roughly. "You look ill, weak, suffering."

"It is nothing," answered Langford, struggling manfully to control himself and to fight back the ever tightening pain about his heart. "My time's about up. If I could sit down somewhere—"

"Here," cried Charnock.

He half led, half carried the man, supporting him with his powerful arms, to a seat on the terrace across which the shadow of the house fell in the morning.

"Thank you," said Langford. "Now," he fumbled in his pocket and pulled out a little phial with shaking fingers, "if you will be kind enough to open that and give me one of these," he gasped, "I am hardly up to it."

Quickly, deftly, Charnock took the phial, opened it, placed one of the tablets in the other's hand and waited anxiously. Above on the porch a servant appeared and him Charnock bade bring water, wine, restoratives. Presently Langford recovered himself, the powerful medicine acted, the tearing pain at his heart abated. If left him fearfully weak and broken but his own master.

"Well," he said with cynical bitterness, "you see."

"Yes," answered Charnock gravely, "I see."

"I am going in one of those some day and mighty soon now, and it is because of that that I came to see you. I wanted to talk to you about her."

"No man speaks to me about her."

"But you can't refuse the dying, you know. You can't go away and leave me here. You can't stop me by force. When I am weak, I am strong," he quoted almost sardonically.

"I shall not leave you," said Charnock. "You are paying for what you did. My God, I could envy you your going. Do you think life is sweet and pleasant to me with the memory of what I did ranking?"

"No, I suppose not," said Langford, "but I didn't really come so much to talk about her as to talk about you."

"I can't conceive that I am a proper subject for your conversation."

He said it firmly but not unkindly. Langford was too pitiable a spectacle for that.

"It's about your project," went on the other. "Will you tell me about it?"

"Haven't you read the papers?"

"Yes, but I want to hear from your own lips what you propose to do. I am a business man accustomed to large affairs. I want to hear with my own ears all about it."

Charnock hesitated. After all, why not. Standing before the other, he outlined all his plans. Rapidly, dramatically, concisely, he build before the other's eyes the castle of his dreams.

"It is to be for her, a memorial to her, you see, so that her name shall be remembered and prayers and blessings called down upon her head by generations yet unborn."

"It is a practicable scheme," said Langford, "and a great one. Who has it in charge?"

"Men you know," answered Charnock, rapidly naming them.

"They can make it go if anybody can. I congratulate you upon it. It is a great idea. As usual," he laughed bitterly, "you have got ahead of me. While you have been working and living these two years, I have been idling and dying. But I can make some amends at least. You will see presently. Now I must go."

He rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Wait!" said Charnock. "I never thought to do this. I never thought to speak to you again. But you can't go now. You are in no state to travel even in an automobile. You must come to the house until you recover yourself, get a rest over night, let me send for a physician. I don't mean that there can be friendship between us. There is too much in the past that keeps us apart. I have never before been glad that I didn't break you when I held you in my arms upon the could do to undo it. She forgave me,



The Struggle Racked and Tore Him in His Heart.

you, I can do it. Maybe by that I can earn some forgiveness myself. We were both fools and you were knave, but you were man at last. I wasn't. Stay here. I won't disturb you."

"By heaven!" said Langford, flushing. "You are man now. No, I won't stay, but I thank you for your offer, and I will pay you for it."

Charnock put up his hand.

"I want no pay."

"Nevertheless, you shall have it," insisted the other. "I will give you a word of advice, although to do it damns me!"

He paused, laid his hand upon his heart again, clenched the clothing about his breast as if he would faint, then he spoke.

"Listen well to what I tell you," he said slowly. "I break my word to do it. I am false to my oath in what I say. Nevertheless I say it. Go back to the island!"

"What?" cried Charnock.

"Don't you hear me?" asked the man, intense bitterness in his voice. Now that he had made the plunge, he realized more keenly than ever what it meant to him even in the very articles of death to think of Charnock and the woman. "Do I have to say it again?" he went on. "Go back to the island."

His voice rose until he almost cried the five words in Charnock's face. The Virginian stood absolutely appalled. Langford looked at him a moment, laughed bitterly, turned, and went slowly down the steps. More than ever he hated him. In one bound Charnock was by his side.

"You have said too much or too little," he cried, laying his hand upon the other. "What do you mean? Why should I go back to the island? Is she there?"

In his agitation, he even shook the frail, slighter, feeble form of the man who had just uttered those words.

"Unless," said Langford coolly, "you want me to die on your threshold, you would better take off your hand. The doctors told me that the least physical violence or exertion would be fatal to me."

Releasing him, Charnock spoke again.

"But won't you tell me what you mean? Great God, man, think what your words convey?"

"I will tell you nothing, nothing further. This is my last will and testament to you. Though I die here, I have nothing further to say to you than this: Go back to the island. Damn you!"

He turned away again and went down the steps leaving Charnock standing staring after him. He reeled slightly as he went, but he caught himself and marched on with as great a resolution as ever any soldier manifested in the point of danger. He had displayed weakness once in the presence of his enemy. He would not do it again. And while Charnock stared at him, he stepped out through the gate from under the trees, entered the big car and was whirled away.

Left to himself Charnock sat down upon the bench and pressed his head in his hands, his thoughts in a wild whirl. Go back to the island! Why had he said that? Who was there? Did some fantastic spirit of revenge send him half way round the world on some fool's errand? Hatred spoke in the man's voice. He had coupled his injunction with a curse which was sufficient attest to the bitterness of his feelings. And yet truth spoke there, too. Go back to the island! What could it mean?

A long time he sat resolving in his

mind his course, although he knew what it would be from the very moment that the words had fallen from Langford's lips. He must go back, if for no other reason than to settle the doubt, to answer the question, to satisfy the wild clamor of his soul, to kill the hope that flashed into his breast at the other's words.

His reverie was interrupted by the arrival of a strange negro. Langford had stopped at a village tavern, it appeared, where he had procured writing materials. He had paid the boy liberally to bring the note to Charnock. The envelope was sealed. Beneath his name was written these words:

"As you are a gentleman and respect the request of a dead man, you will not open the envelope until you stand upon the island."

Never was there such a prohibition. Never was there such a consuming desire in the man's heart to defy it and disregard it. Yet that vague, intangible thing we call honor, backed by a flimsy bit of paper and paste, held Charnock with fetters of steel. The envelope decided him. He rose to his feet, entered the house, sent for his uncle, told him the story and bade him get ready to start for San Francisco that night. Whittaker and the chaplain, summoned temporarily from the great undertaking, joined them at Washington, and the little party went rushing westward in a private car on a special train as fast as steam and steel could take them. And yet to the heart of the man their progress was so slow that every hour he became more frantic with impatience.

Back in the little village inn by the roadway Langford, alone, lay dying. A strange lawyer wrote a few letters for him confirming a will made in San Francisco leaving ever dollar he possessed to Charnock's great undertaking on condition that his name be not mentioned in it and that those who cared for him might regard it as the end of a great expiation. And so ministered unto by a strange clergyman, he passes out of sight, having made what amendment he could. He loved much in the end, surely in the end much would be forgiven him! Poor Langford!

CHAPTER XXV.

United.

How awful had been those two years upon that island! They would have been completely insupportable had it not been for the forethought and kindness of Langford. The books were not such as she would have chosen, but they were books, at any rate, and she knew them by heart. Of the cloth that he had left, she had fashioned for herself such simple garments as were suitable to her situation, rejoicing that she was no longer compelled to wear the rough, coarse, chafing grass tunics of the past.

The greatest blessing, however, of all that had been left to her was the writing paper, the note books and pencils. They had given her occupation after all other things had failed her, for she had written down the story of her life. Not imagining that they would ever be seen by human eyes, she had poured her whole soul out on the pages. Every incident had been gone over. Not Rousseau himself had been franker in his "Confessions," but here was only sweetness and light. She had restricted her writing to a certain number of moments daily in order to prolong the occupation as much as possible, and she had carefully considered everything ere she put it down.

Twice daily she had gone to the heaven-kissing hill high in the center

of the island where she had laboriously builded another pyre for another beacon. Morning and evening with unvarying routine she had scanned the horizon, this time with an excellent glass that Langford had left her. Not once had she sighted a ship. He never came; no one ever came. Hope gradually died away in her heart.

One evening she climbed wearily to the top of the hill and listlessly swept the horizon, the bare, vacant, unbroken horizon, which she had surveyed morning and evening all these years. She expected nothing, but suddenly there sprang into the object glass of the telescope a dark blur which she had never seen before. Her hand trembled so that she almost dropped the glass. She strove to pick up that object again and could not do it in her nervous agitation. Finally she lay down upon the hill and rested her arms upon a little rise of ground, and thus steadying the glass, managed to find it once more. It could be nothing but the smoke of a ship!

She had means of striking a light which Langford had left her, which methodically and mechanically she always brought with her when she climbed up the crest of the hill to seek for a sail. She lifted the matches and approached the beacon. She remembered how once before she had lighted that beacon; she remembered how he had pleaded with her not to do so, how in doing it she had brought the world upon her with such terrible consequences to her. Should she do it again? What would happen if she did? She laid the matches down and lifted the glass once more. Yes, the ship was still there. She was so far away indeed that the short time which had elapsed would have made no change in her apparent position.

She looked back to the westward. The sun was setting. There would be no twilight. Darkness would come swiftly. If she did not light that beacon the ship would pass in the night. If she did light it, the darkness would lend force and efficiency to it. No ship would disregard such a light in such a quarter. Should she do it?

In one swift moment her resolution was taken. She dropped the glass, turned to the box of matches which she had hoarded for this very purpose, knelt down, struck one of them, watched the blue flame develop and swell out in the still air, paused for a moment hesitant, touched the light to the inflammable mass of dead wood at the base of the pile.

As the flames crackled up through the wood, roaring and catching, the sun sank and the darkness fell. Her last act ere the curtain of night shut her in had been to fix her glass upon the faint blur of smoke. Now she could see nothing. It was a moonless night, but bright with stars. She moved away from the fire and sat down as she had sat before, sheltered by the peak, to watch the sea. Now that she had done what she had sworn not to do, she was eager for the success of her attempt.

And so she waited wondering through long hours while the flames exhausted themselves and by and by fell to a heap of glowing ashes. Suddenly there leaped out through the darkness a distant twinkle of light. It was too low for a star. Feeling for the telescope, she found it and with difficulty focused it on the tiny spark. It was a red light, the light of a ship! The vessel had seen the signal. It was nearer, much nearer now. She knew about how far such a light could be seen. The ship was coming toward her. She almost fainted from the revelation of feeling from hope to certainty, from anxiety to assurance.

It was close at hand now. She must go down to the beach to meet it. She rose to her feet and started down the hill. She went slowly, cautiously at first, but finally she broke into a reckless run. She strayed from the path in her excitement, her foot caught in a projecting root. A sharp, excruciating pain shot through her. Something seemed to break in her ankle. She pitched forward on her face and lay still.

When she came to her senses light was shining in her eyes. Men stood about her holding ship's lanterns. Some one bent over her as some one had bent over her five years before when she lay senseless on the sand. A voice she knew called to her; arms to whose touch she thrilled gathered her up; she felt a heart beat against her own. He had come back. He was there.

"Woman," said the man, "I have come back to you."

"Man," returned the woman, oblivious of those who stood around, holding the lights, to whom she gave no single thought—indeed they were those who knew her well—"Man," she asked, true to her resolution, "do you love me as much as on that night?"

"More, a thousand times!"

"And do you think me worthy—?"

"Do not ask! It is I who am unworthy of you."

"I can die now," said the woman softly, lapsing into unconsciousness again.

"Great God!" cried the man, straining her to his breast again, "have I found her only to lose her!"

"Let me look," said the surgeon, whom by good chance they had picked up at San Francisco. "She didn't look like a dying woman a moment since. Lay her down, man, and stand back."

Whittaker and the chaplain pulled Charnock aside. The surgeon took his place by the prostrate figure.



"Lights here!" he cried. He made such rapid examination as he could, seeing in a moment one foot lying inert, out of place, and helpless. "She's only fainted," he said. "It's her ankle. She's broken it in the darkness coming to meet us. We will take her to the ship."

"No," said the man, "she must come of her own free will. Send to the ship for bandages and whatever you require."

"Very well," said the surgeon, rising and conferring hastily with Mr. Whittaker. "Meanwhile, your handkerchiefs, gentlemen, and some cold water."

"There is a spring hereabouts," said the man, "on the other side of the hill."

"I will fetch the water," said the chaplain.

He was wearing a tightly woven straw hat in which he could easily carry it.

Mr. Whittaker turned and ran to the beach whence he sent the boat off to the ship. The surgeon meanwhile had bound up the woman's ankle, and bathed it with water and whisky, and had forced some of the spirits down the woman's throat, but the man's touch, his presence, would have sufficed to call her back to life.

"Do you suffer?" he asked tenderly as consciousness returned to her.

"Not since you are here," she said.

"I ran to meet the ship and fell and hurt my ankle."

"The doctor has fixed it up for you. We have sent to the ship for bandages."

"Man," she said, "whose ship is it?"

"Mine."

"Did you see my signal?"

"Yes, and we were glad because it told us that you were alive, but we were coming directly here."

"And did you come for me?"

"For you only."

"How did you know that I was here?"

"I didn't know it."

"Why did you come then?"

"I was sent here."

"Who sent you?"

"Langford."

"Did he tell you I was here?"

"No, he told me to go back to the island, that was all."

"Nothing more?"

"He gave me a letter which I was to open when I set foot upon it."

"Open it now," said the woman.

She had risen to a sitting position. He knelt beside her, his arm around her supporting her. He carried the letter in his pocket. He had slipped it there as he started for the shore. He took it out and handed it to her.

"You may open it," he said.

With trembling fingers she tore the envelope. Inside there was nothing for him, but a smaller envelope addressed to her. The chaplain held the light close to enable them to see.

"It is for me," she said, "not for you."

"Yes," said Charnock gravely, stifling a spasm of jealousy in his heart. "You may open it."

"Not I," returned the man touched by this confidence. "It is for you."

Without more ado she tore the second envelope. A little slip of paper fell from it. His message was astonishingly brief. While Charnock resolutely averted his head, she read these words:

"I broke my word once to your sorrow: I break it again to your joy. Won't you try to remember now that I am gone that I tried to make amends and that I gave him back to you?"

She glanced at the paper and then she read the simple words aloud.

Charnock understood vaguely that in some way Langford had known that the woman was alive—how he could ascertain later—and that she had made him promise not to tell: that she had broken his promise and died.

"I don't understand the last words," said the woman.

"They are his last words, I take it," answered the man. "He looked like a dead man when he came to me at my house in Virginia and told me to go to the island."

"Poor Langford," said the woman.

"May God have mercy on him!" added the chaplain, solemnly. He knew the story, too. "Do you forgive him, my child?" asked the old man as he, too, turned away to leave these two alone.

"With all my heart," answered the woman.

"And do you forgive me?" asked Charnock softly.

"With all my heart," again answered the woman, but with a change in the intonation that made all the difference in the world between the two statements.

She turned her face toward him, reaching her arms up to his neck, forgetting the pain in her foot in the long kiss he pressed upon her upturned lips while he held her close there in that still and starry night on that gemlike island of regeneration in the far Pacific sea.

THE END.

Joy.

Some people get married merely for the purpose of having a good time for three or four weeks before the wedding.

TUMOR OF YEARS GROWTH

Removed by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

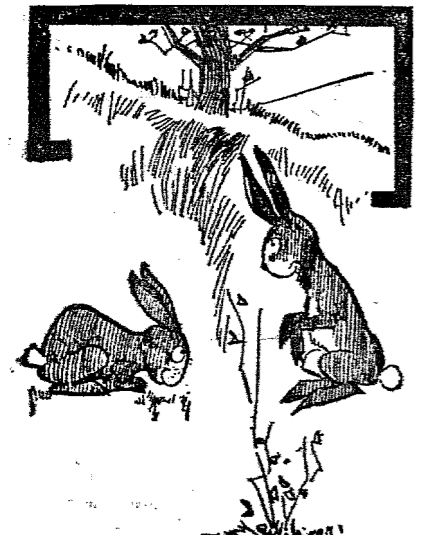
Holly Springs, Miss.—"Words are inadequate for me to express what your wonderful medicine have done for me. The doctors said I had a tumor, and I had an operation, but was soon as bad as again. I wrote to you for advice, and began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound as you told me to do. I am glad to say that now I look and feel so well that my friends keep asking me what has helped me so much, and I gladly recommend your Vegetable Compound."—Mrs. WILLIE EDWARDS, Holly Springs, Miss.

One of the greatest triumphs of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is the conquering of woman's dread enemy—tumor. If you have mysterious pains, inflammation, ulceration or displacement, don't wait for time to confirm your fears and go through the horrors of a hospital operation, but try Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable compound at once.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has been the standard remedy for female ills, and such unquestionable testimony as the above proves the value of this famous remedy, and should give everyone confidence.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

INCOMPETENT.



Mrs. Hare—Old Snail got his boy a position last week and he only held it one day.

Mr. Hare—What was it?

Mrs. Hare—A messenger boy.

Degrees of Misery.

Two young ladies were talking the other day about a third who had just become engaged to a widower who plays the cornet and has four children. "What could be worse," exclaimed one, "than four children and a cornet?" "Nothing," said the other, "excepting, perhaps, six children and a trombone."

Dangerous Job.

Kind Lady—Here is a rhubarb pie, my poor man. How did you get that wound on your arm? Tired Tim—I was a lookout, mum. Kind Lady—Ah, a lookout on a steamer and there was a collision? Tired Tim—No, mum, a lookout for a second-story man an' de watchman winged me, mum.

A Serious Blunder.

"Yes," said the drug clerk, "I am called up occasionally to compound prescriptions at night."

"Isn't a man apt to make mistakes working in semi-darkness?"

"You bet he is. I took a plugged quarter once."

Patience—Holding. Maud—Do you believe in palmistry? Ethel—In a way. I've known it to work splendid as a starter when the young man was shy.

Be Cheerful.

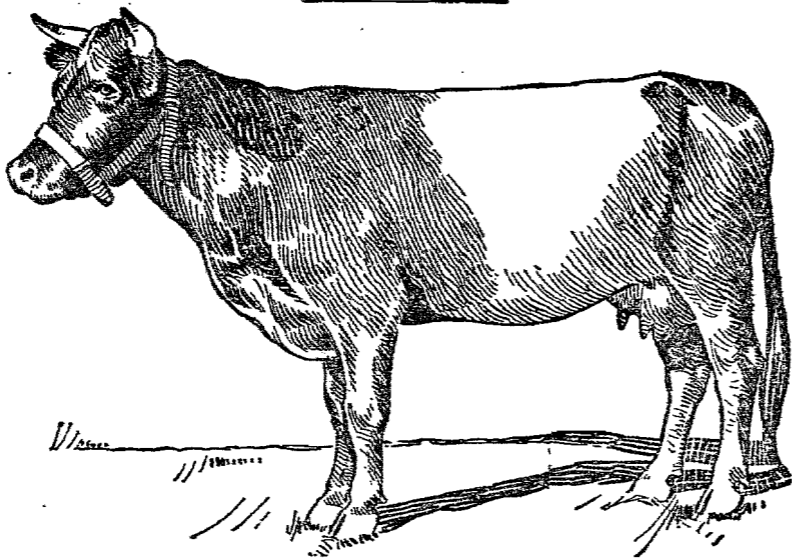
Engraved faces are more often the result of habit than the marks of Time, that professional etcher, who usually receives all the credit for feminine ugliness. Woman is not content with expressing herself in words; she must needs make little noses and funny faces to give completion to her ideas. If you wait about your lack of beauty, watch yourself for one short day. You will be surprised to find what wonderful things you will do with your own face. If countenances were not so substantially built they would sooner show the wear and tear imposed upon them.

Wrinkles and lines are indexes to one's life book. The freter has a signboard on her forehead and she advertises her profession of official worry by growing box plaits between her eyes, by allowing her mouth to droop at the corners and by taking on the plaintive portrait of misery in which she really rejoices.

But the optimist, the individual of good cheer and laughter, sails serenely along the high seas of existence with a smooth, nicely ironed face, which makes her remain so young that she never really outgrows her happy days of mud pies and pinafores.—Woman's Life.

GREAT IMPORTANCE OF SELECTING DAIRY HERD

Animals Chosen Should Be Carefully Examined and Tested Physically—Should Show Evidence of Health and Vigor.



First Prize Dutch Belted Heifer.

(By PROF. H. E. ALVORD.)

There is no point of greater importance in selecting animals for the foundation of a herd or in making purchases of additions than to get perfectly healthy stock. Animals chosen should be critically examined and should afford evidence of being strong in constitution and of healthful vigor. It is advised that all be tuberculin tested, and this of course should be done by a competent veterinarian. Besides the robust character of the individuals, the breeding stock from which they are descended and the herd, stables and farms from which they come should be closely examined on the score of health. Breeding and rearing the animals needed to replenish and increase the herd and refusing to allow strange animals on the farm are the best safeguards against the introduction of disease.

If purchases must be made let the new stock be strictly quarantined for at least one month before mingling with the herd. On every farm of any size a well-secluded building for a stock quarantine and hospital suitably arranged and equipped is a most useful adjunct. This not needed for calving cows or for cases of lameness or ordinary accident, but for cases of acute sickness, retention of afterbirth, abortion or any symptoms of contagious disease it is essential. Of course the building itself, its care and the attendance upon its occupants must be subjected to regulations suitable to any hospital or quarantine.

There are many of the ordinary accidents and ailments to which domestic animals are subject which can be managed by an intelligent owner or under his direction without professional assistance. "Every man his own cattle doctor," is a very delusive title; one may well follow this suggestion within reasonable limits, but

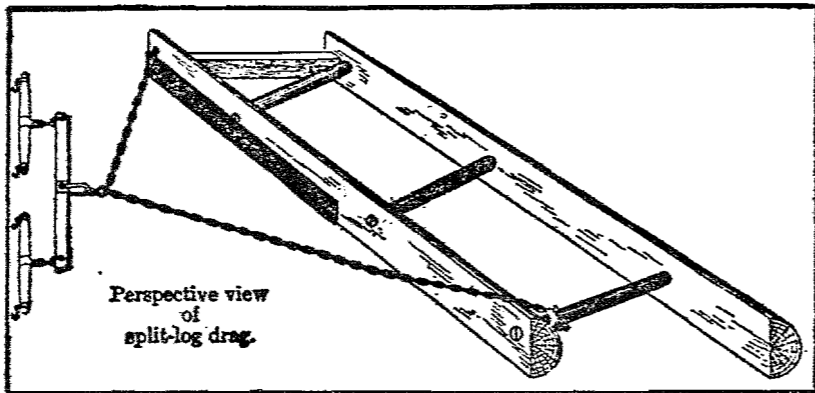
there is always a point hard to define at which professional aid should promptly be summoned.

So long as an owner is certain of the difficulty and has knowledge and experience as to treatment or remedy he may depend upon home resources. But in cases of obscurity, uncertainty or complications the owner of a good cow disregards his own interests and his moral obligation if he fail to summon a veterinarian, as much as if he neglected to secure proper medical service for a sick child. And the veterinarian should be selected with the same care one exercises in choosing a family physician.

Close confinement, with impure air and lack of exercise, is as prejudicial to the health of milch cows as to that of human beings. Some recently promulgated theories of dark, warm stables and no exercise for profitable milk production are without a rational basis and certain to lead to disastrous results sooner or later. Exposure to storms and cold is equally injurious to the health and profit of cows. A judicious mean is the provision for moderate exercise in the open air and sunshine, and the application of the same common sense care for the comfort of cows which one would approve for members of his own household.

Every member of the herd, young or old, should pass under the critical eye of the owner or his trusty assistant daily, and preferably twice a day. The least symptom of disorder, like dullness, loss of appetite, rough coat and irregularity of milk, manure or urine, should be noted and promptly receive the attention which it deserves. Experience is needed on the part of the caretaker to detect and correct the beginnings of trouble and thus maintain the general health of the herd.

SPLIT-LOG DRAG IS USEFUL



The split-log drag shown herewith is one of the simplest, cheapest, and yet the most useful and effective implements for the improvement of earth roads ever invented, a mere glance at which will enable any practical farmer to make one. In some states the farmers by common agreement drag the road along their own fronts after

every rain, and the results are almost unbelievable.

Value of Sheep.

Sheep are great soil renovators and weed eradicators, but the man who would make a profit on them should not get the idea that they are simply scavengers.

IMPORTANCE OF FEEDING HENS

Problem on Which All Inexperienced People Go Broke Until They Have Mastered It—Few Master Science.

(By C. C. WENTZLER.)

Feeding is the dividing line between failure and success in poultry culture.

Even professionals sometimes assert that the feeding is a matter of secondary importance. It is all important. It is the problem, the rock, on which all inexperienced people go broke until they have mastered it. Poultry feeding is a science. Few master the science.

It is the one thing in which common sense will not guide you. You can't feed common sense. It requires a knowledge of foods. Corn and wheat and meat are as far as the knowledge of some people extends. We should become familiar with the foods and learn what functions they perform.

We know that corn makes fat. We also know that fat is the fuel—the source of the chicken's heat and energy. There is very little egg-making

principle in it, however. Wheat contains some fat. It also contains protein, which is needed for egg and tissue building. But it is one of a long line of egg-building foods. It is not the best food for feathers. And in some parts of the country it may be the most expensive of the egg-building foods. Corn, in some sections, is also prohibitive, owing to its price to be used economically. It is then that knowledge of foods comes into play and suggests substitutes. Chickens, like all other live stock, require variety to do their best.

When chickens have unlimited range they balance their own foods and get what the system craves. When man feeds he has to furnish this balance. Common sense will not always decide how to get the balance

Science in Farming.

Convince your son and daughter that to be successful on the farm they must have healthy bodies and bright minds and they must be proficient in mathematics, chemistry, physiology, pathology, bacteriology, biology, political and domestic economy and a half-dozen other sciences, and they will begin to respect the farm and stop calling farming "Dago business," and a little later the world will look up to the farmer, not down at him.

The TORREY PINES



A PINE-GROWING POINT

THAT which is rare in the world of nature is always richly prized by man, be it some strange fantastic form, some exotic growth, or some very beautiful bloom. The stonecrop, the sage-brush and the cactus have claimed California for their own, spreading out into the desert-lands which lie to the eastward, and climbing up over the foothills of the Sierras, where they mark the boundary of fertility and clothe the nakedness of sand-dune and soil-serac with a spurious vegetation; thus by the artemisias, salvias, audibertias, dudieras, opuntias and mamillarias is the wilderness made to bloom. But it was not to revel in the marvels on the mesas, nor the charms of the chaparral that I journeyed one afternoon to Del Mar, a tiny wayside station near San Diego, perched on the top of a high cliff above the wash of the blue Pacific waves. For days I had steeped my soul in the delights of the woods and wastes, found companionship with birds and things that creep, and gathered here and there fragile fragrant flowers. But now the rarest tree in the whole wide world had called to me from its isolation; the report of its marvelous characteristics, its rugged beauty, its picturesque habitat had all been detailed, and so one glorious day, when the California sky was domed like lapis lazuli, I traveled to Del Mar to see the famous Torrey pines.

It is enthralling to think how nature has set this handful of conifers on a Californian cliff, the only specimens of their kind ever found on earth, save for a few on the near by island of Santa Rosa. It was not until the year 1850 that these trees were discovered by Mr. J. L. Le Conte, who forthwith named them Pinus torreyana, after Dr. John Torrey of New York, and since then many botanists and nature-lovers have made a pilgrimage to this lonely shrine on the summit of the windswept bluffs, among them Engelmann, Asa Gray, Bayard Taylor and Charles F. Holder. Leaving the station at Del Mar, I followed the railroad for a mile or so, emerging out of a cutting on to a strip of track which skirted a deep ravine chiseled and channeled like the Grand Canon of Colorado in miniature; thence rounding a rampart of rock I came upon a mass of quarried quartz shimmering in the sunlight, such as is used for the foundation of roads in this vicinity. The shining pyramid was my signpost to leave the steel rails and turn towards the sea.

A steep, sandy trail led down to join the oiled road which skirted the shore as far as the foot of the southerly headland, and then wound away among the hills behind the cliffs. From this point I gained my first view of the Torrey pines, a cluster of tortured trunks, and twisted branches covered with fascicles of immensely long leaves outlined against the sky several hundred feet above me. To scramble up the dry banks covered with manzanita, masses of pinkish buckwheat and all manner of cacti and stonecrops mingled with the inflated pods of the locoweed and the aromatic plants of the Yerba santa, or mountain balm, was but the work of a few moments, and there on the top stood the little groves of rare trees, sheltered for the most part in small ravines, some specimens, however, growing at the extreme edge of the bluffs where the rocks and crannies offered but scant foothold or nourishment for vegetation. Some of the trees are as much as four feet in circumference and rise to a height of from five to fifty feet, those standing in exposed places being more bent and fantas-

tically formed than those growing in the dells. Most remarkable are the dark green tufted leaves and abundant cones of these Torrey pines; the former grow in fascicles of five in close sheaths, and are the largest pine leaves known to the world, being from nine to thirteen inches long; while the cones are five to six inches long and ten to fourteen inches in circumference, oval, with thick scales terminating in stout recurring beaks. The nuts are flattened and have a black wing, the shells being hard and thick and the seeds edible. The pollen-bearing flowers are terete, about three inches long and half an inch in diameter.

The habitat of the Torrey pine covers some four hundred acres, owned for the most part by the city of San Diego, though recently the finest groves have been purchased by Miss Scripps of La Jolla, who, realizing the immense scientific value and importance of these trees, has determined to do everything possible to preserve them from mutilation and possible extermination. No words can describe the wonderful beauty of the surroundings of these Torrey pine woods. The scenery in California always exercises a fascination by reason of its individuality, for it is a land in which man and the desert are ever waging relentless war; where the desert has proved impregnable the cacti forbid encroachment and flaunt their flaming red and yellow flowers in the face of defeated toil; but where man has conquered, wielding the silver scepter of irrigation and annexing the territory thus torn from the prickly fingers of the opuntia, there grows a garden whose luxuriance overpowers and whose productivity is amazing.

Encircling the valley stood queer honeycombed cliffs, whose strata of burnt sienna and chalk white stone formed bands of startling contrast, and beyond them rose the grim gray mountains of San Bernardino. On the other side of the point of pines the cliffs fell away in sheer declivity to the sea, across whose waves, now stillied by the sunset peace, the level rays of light were painting paths of purple, rose and amethyst. Over the rim of this ocean of color the sun like a golden galleon sailed down into the west, the light turned pale, beryl and primrose usurped the place of fire and flame, then gray vapors drifted softly up to the zenith and Venus shone out between the points of an ashen aurora, cool breezes sprang to life, dusk blotted out the underbrush and the southern day was over.

JULIA W. HENSHAW.

Rapine From Above.

To see murder and rapine in pure perfection one has only to visit some of the more solitary shores in the autumn when the tide is coming in and watch the fish hawks, those wolves and pillagers of the sea, and see for one's self how easily they hunt at heights and deliberately pick their prey. Not by any means do they nab the first too large or too little fish, but wait and pick out the very fellow the right size for flying away with. Nearly every time they fall all in a bunch from a height of a hundred or more feet with a splash and are off with the poor wriggling fish—as easy as falling off a log.

Two Cases.

Towne—My wife's nerves are such peculiar things. She always worries when she's having a dress made just as if—

Browne (interrupting him)—Huh! My wife only seems to worry when she isn't having one made.

THE DRAWBACK.



"There are very few women architects."

"No wonder. Women do not relish being called 'designing creatures.'"

BOY TORTURED BY ECZEMA

"When my boy was six years old, he suffered terribly with eczema. He could neither sit still nor lie quietly in bed, for the itching was dreadful. He would irritate spots by scratching with his nails and that only made them worse. A doctor treated him and we tried almost everything, but the eczema seemed to spread. It started in a small place on the lower extremities and spread for two years until it very nearly covered the back part of his leg to the knee.

"Finally I got Cuticura Soap, Cuticura Ointment and Cuticura Pills and gave them according to directions. I used them in the morning and that evening, before I put my boy to bed, I used them again and the improvement even in those few hours was surprising, the inflammation seemed to be so much less. I used two boxes of Cuticura Ointment, the same of the Pills and the Soap and my boy was cured. My son is now in his seventeenth year and he has never had a return of the eczema.

"I took care of a friend's child that had eczema on its face and limbs and I used the Cuticura Soap and Ointment. They acted on the child just as they did on my son and it has never returned. I would recommend the Cuticura Remedies to anyone. Mrs. A. J. Cochran, 1823 Columbia Ave., Philadelphia, Pa., Oct. 20, 1909."

German Alcohol Stills.

An authority on alcohol stills says that there are 20,000 farm stills in operation on as many farms in Germany. The German government permits the farmer to produce a certain amount of grain or potato alcohol, the amount depending upon the size and location of the farm and the annual demand for the product, upon the payment of a reduced revenue tax. Alcohol distilled in excess of the quantity allowed is subject to the higher rate of taxation. Denatured alcohol, however, is not subject to any tax.

Of course it was an old bachelor who said that women ought to hold their tongues occasionally in order to give their thoughts a chance to catch up.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

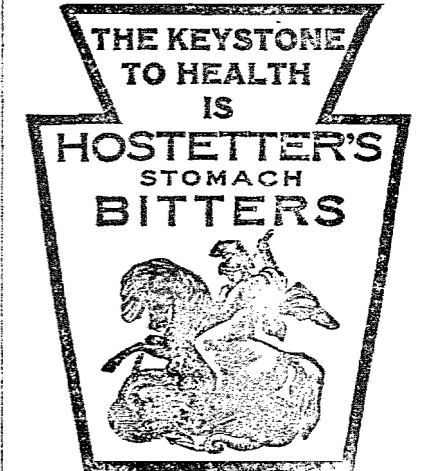
To put up with the world humbly is better than to control it; this is the very acme of virtue.—Lamartine.

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

It's the things we don't get that we should sometimes be most thankful for.

Many who used to smoke 10c cigars now buy Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.

Don't throw kisses, my boy; deliver them in person.



The best medicine to safeguard your health is the Bitters. Its merit has been thoroughly proven during the past 57 years. Try a bottle for Poor Appetite, Gas on Stomach, Cramps and Diarrhoea.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purify vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner distress—cure indigestion—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature: *W. Wood*

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at
BANK OF FLORENCE
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.
E. L. PLATZ, Editor and Publisher.
Telephone 315.

Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.

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

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

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
Mayor.....P. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....John Bondesson
City Treasurer.....George Siert
City Engineer.....R. H. Olmsted
City Marshal.....J. W. Green
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr
Councilmen.
Robert Craig.
J. H. Price.
Charles Allen.
Carl Feldhusen
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DE-
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.
Ludwig Imm, President; C. E. Kohl-
Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A.
Golding, Chief.

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

TRADE COUNCIL
OMAHA, NEB.

Florence, Nebr., Friday July 8, 1910.

BRAIN STORMS

Well, the Fourth stopped all the big
noise from Reno for a while.

It's a good thing the Fourth does
not come more than once a year.

We are always glad to receive news
items either by telephone or by mail.

It's time now to talk of a sane and
safe Fourth. It is easier agitated af-
ter than before.

BRAIN STORMS

The next thing on the program is
the encampment of the Douglas Coun-
ty Veterans association.

We would be pleased to have our
readers tell us how we could improve
this paper in any way, and we will do
so. Don't be afraid to offer sug-
gestions.

AUTOMOBILES AND THE ROAD.

The automobile has come to stay
and conditions of travel on our coun-
try roads will have to be re-adjusted
accordingly, says the Papillion Times.
Few people stop to think that there
are laws governing the manner of
traveling, meeting and passing ve-
hicles, which ought to be obeyed.
Some people also think that an auto-
mobile has no right to the road and
resolutely refuse to give up the half
of the road as required by law. Teams
should obey the law as strictly as
the automobile drivers. The own-
ers and drivers of machines should
also remember that there are strict
laws written upon our statute books
governing their travel, and that they
should be obeyed strictly. Any man
with common sense will when driving
his automobile, stop it when it ap-
pears to him that a team is frightened
and will help the driver of the team to
pass. The Papillion Times believes
that most of the local auto owners
are gentlemen in the strictest sense
of the word, and we have heard but
very little complaint about them, but
it is the tourist, unknown, driving at
break-neck speed, who does the
damage. He disobeys the signal to
stop, laughs at the discomfiture of
the hapless owner or driver of teams
that become frightened by machines,
and having caused a wreck or run-
away, hurries on, only hoping that the
number of his machine may not be
discovered. To such reckless drivers
no words of condemnation are too
severe and no justice can be too harsh
to meet the demands of an outraged
people. A little sober thought upon
the part of both the owners of teams
and automobiles as well and a just
conception of the rights of both will
do much to relieve the strained feel-
ing that exists today because of the
many accidents caused by rash and
stubborn teamsters.

ANENT SCHOOLS.

Prof. J. W. Crabtree of Peru, Neb.,
who is the candidate for nomination
on the republican ticket for state su-
perintendent, in an address on "The
Criticism of the Public Schools by
the Laity," at Boston Wednesday
evening puts into three classes those
who pass criticisms upon the schools;
(1) the smallest, least important, but
most annoying, is the class known as
the chronic faultfinders; (2) a much
larger and more dangerous class is
composed of those whose disapproval
has back of it something personal and
selfish; (3) the larger class of people
whose criticisms grow out of their
loyalty to the public schools coupled
with their interest in young people
and a genuine desire to promote their
welfare.

He might well have added a fourth
class of those who realize that there
is something wrong with the system
in use today but are content to drift
along without making strenuous objec-
tion. To them the task of looking
thoroughly into the matter is too

great and they had rather things keep
in the same old rut than find a way
out. That there is something wrong
with the system in use today there is
no gainsaying and almost any busi-
ness man will tell you that he has
practically to teach the person enter-
ing his employ from the schools the
very rudiments of the business; that
not one in ten can apply the knowl-
edge they have gained in school to a
practical use. Most educators say
that is the fault of the child and not
of the system, but that there is some-
thing wrong with the system is evi-
denced by the speech of Prof. A. H.
Biglow of South Dakota Saturday be-
fore the South Dakota conversation-
ists, who, in discussing waste in pub-
lic schools, asked for the application
of modern business methods to school
work. "Only 5 per cent of the pupils
in the common schools," he said,
"complete the school course. What
business corporation would for a
moment continue the use of machin-
ery or methods which turn out 95 per
cent of waste? It would be replaced
by better equipment or methods at
any cost.

"The changes in methods and man-
agement," he continued, "would allow
the carrying out of proper education
without any increase whatever."

Prof. Crabtree's remedy is simple
and has the earmarks of being a good
solution to the question. He says:
"Let the colleges render assistance
to the high schools not in laying down
arbitrary rules, but in making sug-
gestions, having in mind the larger
purpose of the school. Many leading
college men in my own state and
others in some other states are al-
ready taking this view and helping
solve high school problems from this
standpoint. Build the high school on
the foundation of the grades. Let its
mission be not only educating for cul-
ture but also training for service. Let
it give a rational education for the
masses. Then let the college build its
courses on this high school founda-
tion. Will it not be as good or better
as a foundation than the present set
of college entrance requirements in-
sisted upon in many states? Let each
year from the kindergarten on up
through the University be built upon
and grow out of the year next below,
making every year contribute its full
share of knowledge, power, and also
preparation for service."
That is what the laity wants.

The Umpire at Home.

"Billy Evans sat alone in his home
the other evening meditating on the
approaching baseball season which
means his return to the arduous um-
piring pursuit.

He was thinking of a number of
vexatious features of his calling, when
his thoughts were interrupted by the
ringing of the telephone bell. Some-
woman desired to talk to Evans' wife,
who did not happen to be at home.
"She's out!" shouted Evans, absent-
mindedly, in such a thunderous tone
that he nearly ruined the poor wom-
an's ear drum.—Cleveland Plain
Dealer.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian
Church.

Sunday Services.
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.
Preaching—8:00 p. m.

Mid-Week Service.
Thursday—8:00 p. m.
The public is cordially invited to
attend these services.
George S. Sloan, Pastor.

Church Services Swedish Lutheran
Ebenezer Church.

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

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal
Order of Eagles.

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

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

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

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of America.

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

Court of Honor.

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

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

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

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there
will be a special meeting of the mayor
and council of the city of Florence,
Nebraska, at the City Hall in Flo-
rence, on Monday, August 1, 1910, at
8:30 o'clock in the evening, for the
purpose of equalizing the cost of grad-
ing between the curb line and the
property line in front of the following
described real estate and levying
special taxes or assessments to pay
for the cost of said grading accord-
ing to the contract therefor with L.
Fay.

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

South Side of Briggs Street.		
Lot	Block	Proposed Tax
1	222	\$57.12
2	222	57.12
East Side of Main Street.		
2	82	14.12
3	82	14.12
6	82	34.13
7	82	34.13
2	88	69.50
3	88	69.50
6	88	74.80
7	88	74.80

Given by order of the mayor and
council of the city of Florence, Ne-
braska, this 6th day of July, 1910.

JOHN BONDESSON,
City Clerk.

NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there
will be a special meeting of the mayor
and council of the city of Florence,
Nebraska, at the City Hall in Flo-
rence, Monday, August 1, 1910, at eight
o'clock in the evening, for the purpose

of equalizing sidewalk taxes and as-
sessments and levying special assess-
ments to pay for the cost of construct-
ing artificial stone sidewalks by Lu-
bold & Pascale in front of the follow-
ing described real estate.

Following is a description of the
lots to be assessed and the amount
proposed to be taxed against each lot
and parcel of ground respectively:

North Side of State Street.		
Lot	Block	Proposed Tax
12	108	\$77.90
13	108	37.19
14	108	37.19
15	108	37.19
16	108	37.19
17	108	37.19
18	108	43.71
20	108	88.87

(Including driveway)

Given by order of the mayor and
council of the city of Florence, Ne-
braska, this 6th day of July, 1910.

JOHN BONDESSON,
City Clerk.

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted

McCOY & OLMSTED

Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law

652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16



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is worth two of the other kind.
Think of that fact when you
require any material

For Building or Repairing

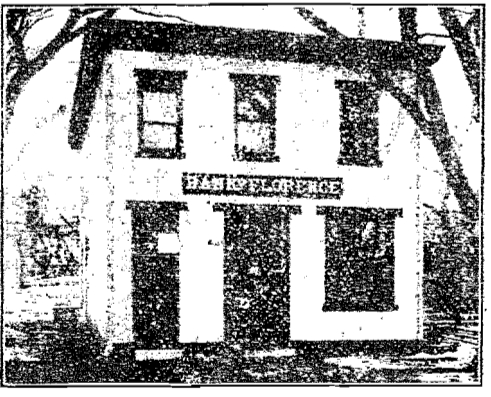
Don't stop at anything either.
Put your thought into prac-
tical use by getting you lum-
ber at the place where only
the good kind is handled.
That place is right here.
Once you find the way you
won't have to be told again.
Your experience with our
lumber will never be for-
gotten.

Minne-Lusa Lumber Co.
FRANK GLEASON, Mgr.
Phone Florence 335

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tion building at St. Mary's Av.
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able boarding places or other-
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STORZ BREWING CO.

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Now is the time to pick up a bargain. We still have some of the best patterns left. Come in; we are always glad to show what we have; don't forget we also carry the best line of PAINT, VARNISHES, LIQUID and PASTE FILLERS. Come in and talk over the painting of your new house, we probably can help you in doing the work yourself.

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"Wait for the Summertime," Summer waltz song; "No One Knows," home ballad; "Lou Spells Trouble to Me," "Just Someone," "Sairs of the East," Sacred song; "I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid!" "Sunbonnet Sue," "If You Won't Be Good to Me," child song; "To the End of the World With You," "Love Me and the World Is Mine," "Cheer Up! Cherries Will Soon Be Ripe," "Whistle if You Want Me Dear," "Rainbow," "I Wish I Had a Girl."

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Tel. Florence 315 FLORENCE, NEB.

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My Hated Rival and a Lame Horse

By C. C. Hahn

I had left the lady of my heart at her home in a little village in the northern part of the state while I came to the city to make my fortune. In the meantime, however, Marian Phillips was true, and life would have run along very peacefully had it not been for a hated rival. He had money, while I was, as yet, a mere clerk. And there was no one in the little up-country town to say a word in my defense except one person, her Uncle Tom.

At length there came a heart-rending letter from Marian in which she told me of dire persecution to compel her to marry my rival, and closing with an expression of fear that there was a conspiracy on foot to kidnap her—on some pretext or other to get her over into Canada, where she could be concealed from me, or at least kept where the laws of the land would not permit her to marry against the wishes of her parents.

I did not give much thought to the latter possibility, but the fact that Marian was afraid was enough for me and I started back home the next day. I likewise took along a wedding suit.

At Brunxton we reached the end of our journey by rail; from which place an old-fashioned stage line perpetuated its franchise by means of an open spring wagon with three seats. In the waiting room of the station, I met two fellow travelers whom I had seen on the train but had not recognized. Years had passed since I had met Mr. and Mrs. Giles, the respected uncle and aunt of my hated rival. The revelation of their identity filled me with undefined fears. What was the object of their journey back from Massachusetts to the old home at this most suspicious occasion? Could there possibly be some foundation for Marian's fears of a compulsory marriage, or a flight into Canada?

The years which had changed the features of this worthy couple had brought greater changes in my own



"I Started Back Home the Next Day."

face. Thankful that they did not recognize me, and unwilling to reveal myself at that time, I gave my name as James Lacey, of Springfield, when we negotiated for seats with the stage driver. A breakdown near a small town created a diversion in the monotony of the trip, and, walking on to the village, which was only a mile away, I hired a two-seated sleigh, and inviting Mr. and Mrs. Giles to accompany me, we renewed our journey. Again Fate seemed to have it laid up for me. We had gone no more than half a dozen miles when one of the horses went dead lame, and we barely reached a halfway house by night. The driver assured us the team would be all right by morning.

Half an hour later, I saw a team standing in front of the tavern—a team so exactly like the one behind which we had labored for half a day, that I ran out to ask our driver what he meant by hitching up again. Rushing around to the barn I found the driver in conversation with a long, loose-hung young man with a feeble jaw and hay-colored hair, dressed in his Sunday best.

"All right, Hank," I heard the driver say, and with an involuntary start I stepped back into the shadows. Hank Collins was my hated rival, and this was he!

"Be sure and rub my team down well, Pat," my rival was saying. "I've got to get back to Elmdale tonight. Came over to hire Johnson's two-seated sleigh. Just got news that I will have to run over into Canada."

"A man doesn't need a two-seated sleigh to do that!"

"He does in my business," was the, to me, suspicious reply.

"There are others going with me and I know a fellow down state that would give his head to know about it. I'd like to see his face when he finds out we have turned the trick without him."

Could anything be more conclusive? Marian's fears were well founded. I had arrived in the nick of time to save her. A shiver passed through me. In an instant I saw the whole plot. And I had been helping the uncle and aunt on their road to assist in my undoing! Tonight they would meet in this little tavern, complete the details of their infamous plot and tomorrow my darling would be spirited over into Canada.

I began to reason. Either Hank Collins must not get to the old home tonight or I must get there before him. But how? Then the thought of how his spirited team exactly matched my own lame and tired one flashed through my mind and my plans were laid in an instant.

"Pat," I said, after the driver had returned with Hank's team and stabled it. "Have you had your supper?"

"Nary a bit."

"Go and get it as soon as you have rubbed down the team. And—here's \$5 for saying nothing."

"Sure I can do that easy."

"I must get on to Elmdale tonight. The lady and gentleman who were with me will come in the morning. Say nothing about it, but after you get your supper come out and hitch up for me."

"But that lame horse!"

"The hour's rest will make him all right!" He mumbled a little, but the \$5 bill was a wonderful argument.

As soon as he was gone I changed the location of those two teams, so that the lame horse was in Hank's stall and his fresh team standing where Pat had left my own weary one.

This job safely accomplished, I went in to my own supper, recalling as I stepped inside the house that, in a moment of forgetfulness, I had signed my true name, Mark Hathaway, on the register, and there was my hated rival standing at the desk reading the list of guests.

Whatever scheme might be on foot, I soon noticed that the nephew was making a successful attempt to avoid the uncle, who clung persistently to my side. At length, however, we cornered one another at the hall entrance, and to my amazement the younger man was embarrassed at meeting his relative.

"You here?" was his only greeting as Uncle Silas grabbed him by the hand and hastened to introduce me as "Mr. James Lacey, of Springfield."

"Mr. James Lacey, of Springfield," repeated Hank, open-mouthed in astonishment. "Why, I thought—"

"I am glad to learn," I hastily broke in, "that you have been able to arrange your trip to Canada."

Hank shot a gleam of hate at me as his uncle exclaimed:

"Going to Canada? You don't mean to say—"

I withdrew, and 15 minutes later Pat and I were on our way to Elmdale, conscious that if Hank followed he would have an all-night job with a lame horse. Before midnight I had told the whole story to Uncle Tom, and early in the morning we drove over to Marian's.

Hank was not there, but his father was, and he glared at me in such a belligerent manner that I immediately took Marian in my arms and kissed her.

"Young man," he said, spreading a pious mask over his face, "do you mean to say that you have come up here to take this innocent girl away from her home and friends and marry her against their wishes?"

"I certainly intend to marry her," I replied, taking Marian's little hand in mine.

"Oh, Marian, Marian," continued Pa Collins; oh, little Marian, who has been in my Sunday school class and grown up under my eye, kin you, I ask, kin you so far forget yourself as to marry this man?"

"I certainly can and will," came firmly from "little Marian."

"Then," spoke up Uncle Tom, "the laws of the country having been complied with, I as clerk of the county of Wooster certify that you are man and wife."

They — are — man — and — wife!" asked Pa Collins.

"I am glad to hear you pronounce them so," Uncle Tom flashed back before any one else could speak. "That was all that could possibly be necessary to make the marriage regular. Valid it was, anyway."

"What do you mean?" demanded both of Marian's parents in one breath.

"What do I mean? I mean just this: That Mr. Collins being a justice of the peace, having asked each one of these young folks if they would have each other, and both answering 'yes,' he has pronounced them man and wife, and I as clerk of the county court will be obliged to make out a certificate for them to that effect."

"That's so," Pa Collins ejaculated, sinking back under the weight of the blow. "But I never thought of it."

What more might have been said or done no one can conjecture, for just then there was a jingling of sleigh bells and Uncle and Aunt Giles burst into the room.

"Do you know what that scoundrel of a son of yours has done?" Uncle Giles cried, shaking his fist in Pa Collins' face. "I sent him \$5,000 to invest in the Canadian muffer company, with a written agreement that if he should ever wish to sell out he would notify me so that I could protect myself. Last week he made a fraudulent assignment without mentioning me as a creditor, and today he was to have gone to Canada with the three men he assigned to, where the assets were to be turned over, and I would have lost my money. But Providence was on the side of right, for by mistake he got a lame horse out of Johnson's livery stable, instead of his own, and couldn't go."

"So it was Hank's horse that got mixed up with yours?" asked Uncle Tom, with a twinkle in his eye.

"It was."

"Then Providence was good to us all around, for I own half the shares in the Canadian muffer business, and Marian's wedding portion would have been considerably reduced if you hadn't managed to make the exchange. Sister, shake hands with your new son."

Electing Cousin Fred

By Donald Allen

Copyright, 1900, by Associated Literary Press. Times, almost without number, beginning at the age of fourteen, Bessie Winwood's mother had warned her that she was too gushing. One of the things her mother meant by that was her readiness to confide in others, even on the slightest acquaintance.

On this occasion, however, even if she had resolved beforehand to be prim and silent and discreet and study the toes of her shoes, instead of the faces of her fellow passengers, all the way out to Bellville, it would have been hard to keep to her resolution.

When she drove up to the depot from her home the cabman tried to collect an exorbitant fare, and a gentleman came forward and read him a lecture. Then, as she was buying her railroad ticket, she left her purse on the shelf of the ticket window and the same gentleman brought it to her. Again, she was about to take the train for Albany instead of Bellville when he set her right. Then they had chair seats side by side, both bound for the same place, and the gentleman had presented his card, as a gentleman should, and the conductor had smiled and nodded at him and thus vouched for his character. When all these things had been taken into consideration Miss Bessie felt it almost a duty to gush.

The good looking stranger had presented a card bearing the name of "Mr. Charles Burden." Miss Bessie was a bit near-sighted, and after she had made "Baden" of "Burden" she tucked the card away in her reticule to be forgotten for days and weeks. She gave her own name in return, and then gushingly added:

"I'm sure you can never guess why I'm going to Bellville, and so I'll tell you at once. It's on account of politics."

"So you are a suffragette?" smiled Mr. Burden.

"Oh, no, no, no! I'll tell you how it is. If you have heard of papa, you know that he is a politician."

"Yes; State Senator Winwood."

"I'm glad you've heard, for I think papa a great man. Well, I get my poli-



"I Tell People What a Scoundrel Mr. Burden Is."

tics from him. I have made him tell me lots and lots of the tricks they resort to, and I think I am most as sharp as he is. My cousin Fred, at Bellville, is running for county supervisor on the Democratic ticket. You know what a supervisor is, don't you?"

"I have a dim idea, Miss Winwood."

"One of the bosses of the county, you know. Aunt Jane Grattan, who is a widow and Fred's mother, owns a nice country place, and she wants Fred elected supervisor to keep her taxes down and the roads in good repair. She thinks she can get her taxes reduced one-half and make the county build a bridge which maybe she ought to build."

"Let's see; is that what they call graft?" was asked.

"Oh, no, no! Graft is a different thing. This is just taking care of No. 1, you know."

"And what sort of a man is your cousin Fred?"

"He's awfully lazy, but awfully good. He says he won't hustle to get a single vote, and that's the reason I'm going down there. I'm going to electioneer for him. I shan't make any speeches of course, but I shall drive around asking everybody to vote for him. I shall begin with you right now."

"And I pledge you my vote. There must be some one running against him on the Republican ticket. Do you know him?"

"No, but Aunt Jane does. That is, she has seen him, and she writes me that if villain was ever printed on a man's face, it is on his. She says he must be guilty of many crimes, and that he ought to be snowed under, ten feet deep. I shall help to snow him under."

Mr. Burden laughed heartily and good naturedly and asked:

"So you are going to find out how many murders he has committed and bring him to justice? That's right. Let no guilty man escape. It's rather curious that he should have received the nomination."

"Oh, he was nominated by the machine. Papa says the machine can do anything. If the machine elects him he will be expected to divvy, but he won't be elected. Fred says he won't raise a hand, but wait 'till Aunt Jane and I get to work."

"Well, if he is unworthy, I hope you

will defeat him. At any rate, my vote is pledged to you."

A week later Mr. Burden met Miss Winwood on the highway as she was electioneering in her auto and halted her to say:

"I presume you are out after votes today?"

"Yes, I am seeing the farmers one by one," was the reply.

"Then you are getting lots of votes for cousin Fred?"

"Well, I think so; but can't tell. When I tell people what a scoundrel Mr. Burden is and that the machine behind him intends to loot the county treasury lots of them smile and don't say anything. That is, some of them have just the same as said they couldn't believe it. If Fred would only hunt up the man's record and make some speeches and denounce him; but he won't do it."

"And have you met the villain yourself yet?"

"No. I think he has heard that I am on his trail and he is keeping dark. Aunt Jane heard last night that if he was elected he would try to raise her taxes 50 per cent. more, and she's got an awful headache today. Goodby. I have won over three different men this afternoon. Please help me all you can."

The nominations had been made a full month in advance. The county papers were agreed that both tickets carried excellent men. Carrying out the policy of aunt Jane, Miss Bessie sat down and wrote a communication to the Democratic organ praising up Fred and giving his opponent fits, but it was not published. Fred was pitched into a dozen times a day for his lukewarmness, but he refused to hustle. He wouldn't even call the other chap a horse thief and a barn burner.

Three days before election, and while Miss Bessie was making what her father called a whirlwind tour of that part of the country, she ran across Mr. Burden again. He was Mr. Baden to her still. She was looking so elated that he felt compelled to ask:

"Well, is the machine-made villain to be snowed under?"

"Hurled into obscurity for all time to come!" was her proud answer.

"You don't mean it!"

"But I do. We have what papa calls a cinch. His grave is already dug."

"And you are one of the diggers?"

"I've dug most of it. Fred hasn't stirred, and Aunt Jane won't kiss the farmers' young 'uns. Oh, when papa hears how I have electioneered and all about it, he'll say I'm fine."

There was to be one more meeting and then a long interval. It took place on the highway in the early evening. Miss Bessie had been carrying voters to the polls in her auto all day, and was now on her way home rejoicing. She waved her hand as she met Mr. Burden, and was about to tell him the good news when a man came along in a buggy and called out:

"Hello, Burden! They have finished the count, and you are elected by over 500 majority."

"Burden—Burden!" gasped the girl as she stared at the man.

"Yes, Burden; but I kept my pledge and voted for Fred."

It took Mr. Charles Burden just three months to get an interview with Miss Bessie Winwood, three months more to get her forgiveness, and six months in addition before he dared say:

"That little word has made me the happiest man in the whole world, and now to set the wedding day!"

Heart.

"I can't endure much exercise," sighs some poor fellow. "I have a weak heart. In fact I don't really exercise at all—I don't dare to." And the truth is that he does not do much of anything that enables him to taste the real pleasures of living. Too many men and women who believe that they have weak hearts live on and on, always dreading to act as other and happier people do, always trying to stave off the death that they believe to be inevitable if anything like exertion is undertaken by them. Now, how do you go about strengthening the weak muscles of the arm and leg? You exercise them, and, from being soft, flabby and all but useless, they become hard, firm and enduring. The heart itself may be defined as one great muscle; it is one mass of muscular tissue; it is composed of a great number of constituent muscles, and every one of these is capable of being strengthened and hardened so as to resist all ordinary strains. Thus the organ may be made to do its work in the manner that nature intended it to.—Sunday Magazine of the Los Angeles Herald.

Telephone Girl Fears Electrocutation.

Miss Myrtle Williams has fled in terror from her job as telephone operator, because she fears electrocution.

This remarkable young girl faces this unheated of crisis because she has a silver inlaid spine and is paying the penalty of having her backbone transformed into an electrode. One warning shock that struck her senseless led her doctors to declare she must lead an insulated life or face a tragic end.

The silver plate in her spinal column was placed there some years ago as the result of a marvelous operation that saved her life after her back had been broken.—Los Angeles Examiner.

Powerful Motives.

Teacher—Yes, children, when the war broke out all the able-bodied men who could leave their families enlisted in the army. Now, can any of you tell me what motives took them to the front?

Bright Boy (triumphantly)—Locomotives.—Tit-Bits.

An Oversight.

The Man—I'm tired of arguing with you. You are perfectly heartless! You haven't one particle of love for a single human being on earth!

The Woman—Dear me!

The Man—Pardon me—I forgot about you.—Boston Transcript.

LAUGHS AT MAN WITH SCYTHE

Miss Nancy Kelly of Hog Island, Virginia, in Splendid Health, Beginning Her Second Century.

Few women in the country possess the strikingly remarkable qualities of Miss Nancy Kelly, the oldest woman on the eastern shore of Virginia, who only a few days ago on the occasion of her hundredth birthday prepared with her own hands a sumptuous dinner for a number of her friends and relatives who came to her home on Hog Island to spend the day with her, says a Cape Charles correspondent of the Baltimore Sun.

According to the most authentic records Miss Kelly was born 100 years ago, May 14, on Hog Island, where her parents have since died.

Since the death of her brothers she has been doing the housekeeping, doing the chores about her little home, "tending" a small crop of corn each year, in fact living as up to date as many of her most prosperous neighbors.

Miss Kelly's memory is good, her five senses keen. She has never been seriously ill and has never taken medicine of any kind for sickness. She can relate with precision happenings of her early childhood.

She has never left Hog Island on any occasion, never attended a performance of any kind and has never seen a trolley or steam car. She is doubtless one of the most remarkable persons living today and in all probability will live many years longer.

AS A DISTINCT PRIVILEGE

Mexican Bands Everywhere Will Be Allowed to Play National Hymn During September.

In order that dignity and solemnity may be added to the festivities of the celebration of Mexico's independence centennial next September, military bands of the republic will be permitted to play the national hymn at all public ceremonies. By order of the president, the department of war has just issued a circular to military authorities all over the country informing them of the special dispensation which is to be in rule during the month of September.

Under the law of Mexico the national hymn may be played only on occasions when the chief executive of the nation or the governor of a state is present. The circular says the hymn may be played in September at all solemn ceremonies, but the interpretation of the word "solemn" will be left to the various local military authorities.

Residents of cities and small towns where the president or governors are rarely, if ever, seen will therefore have the only opportunity given them in years to hear the inspiring national hymn played in public.

Jackson's Birthplace.

Dr. G. B. White has recently purchased from a dealer in antiquities in Charleston a map of Lancaster county which clearly establishes the fact that Andrew Jackson, whom our sister state of North Carolina, in no very sisterly way, has the audacity to claim as her own, was born in South Carolina, his birthplace being marked very clearly on the map as in Lancaster county within about half a mile of the line, says the Chester (S. C.) Reporter. The map is the work of one J. Boykin and was made in 1820, when Jackson was still alive and at the very height of his power. As Dr. White so truly says, if Jackson's birthplace was incorrectly assigned to South Carolina there were numbers of people conveniently at hand in possession of the facts to point out the error. No step of this kind was taken, however, and it follows that no error was made, but that Old Hickory was born in South Carolina, which state, by the way, he referred to himself as the state of his nativity.

Wouldn't Waste His Time.

Attorney Jay P. Dawley was cross-examining another lawyer a few days ago and despite the fact that the man in the witness chair was of his own profession was as tantalizing and as merciless in his questions as ever.

"How many lawyers are there in Cleveland?" asked Dawley.

The witness said that he didn't know.

"Well, sir, are there ten?" Dawley asked.

"Yes, sir, more than ten."

"How many more?"

At this point the lawyer for the other side got up.

"Your honor," he said, "I object. Mr. Dawley is trying to make a monkey out of the witness."

"Heaven forbid," shouted Dawley. "I never intrude on a job that has already been satisfactorily performed."—Cleveland Leader.

Insisted He Was Right.

"The fire started from a defective flue," "You mean a defective flue," we butted.

"No, I don't. I mean a defective flue. The flue was like a detective, because it never did anything but stand around and smoke till it got a chance to start some expensive trouble, and then it did so."

Seeing clearly that we were following a defective clue, we snuck.

UNDEFEATED CHAMPION OF THE NORTHWEST.

T. Ireland, Rifle Shot, of Colfax, Wash., Tells a Story.

Mr. Ireland is the holder of four world records and has yet to lose his first match—says he: "Kidney trouble so affected my vision as to interfere with my shooting. I became so nervous I could hardly hold a gun. There was severe pain in my back and head and my kidneys were terribly disordered. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me after I had doctored and taken nearly every remedy imaginable without relief. I will give further details of my case to anyone enclosing stamp."

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

In the Way. "You haven't much of a memory for dates," said the conversational boarder.

"Nope," replied Farmer Cornstossel. "I used to have. But it interferes with business when you're sellin' spring chickens."

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

A Teacher in the Making.
She was popular young normal student, who had been to a party the night before, and as a consequence, was "not prepared" in the geography class.

The woman instructor, true to her method of drawing upon the general knowledge of a student rather than to permit a failure, after eliciting two or three inconsequential "stabs" from her fair but jaded disciple, asked for the products of China.

The victim brightened. "Tea," she asserted, preparing to sit down.

"Yes, and what else?" encouraged the instructor.

The young woman smiled with sweet hopelessness.
"Now you can mention others, I am sure. Just think about it."
"Tea," drawled the flute-like voice of the pretty girl, "and," puckering her forehead with an intellectual tour de force, "and laundry work."—Youth's Companion.

Get After the Flies.
With the warm days flies multiply amazingly. Now is the time to attack them and prevent the breeding of millions from the few hundreds that already exist.

Perhaps the most effective method of destroying flies is by burning pyrethrum in each room. This stuns the flies and they can be swept up and burned.

Flies are dangerous carriers of disease and an enemy of humankind. Do your part toward keeping down the pest and improving the health of your community.

A Hibernian Verdict.
A New Yorker is the happy employer of an aged Irishman, who grows eloquent over the woes of the Emerald Isle. Said the boss: "Pat, the king of England is dead."

The old man was silent for a moment. Then he took off his hat.
"Well," he said slowly, "as a man he was a fine bit of a boy. As Englishmen go, he was as good as yez can make them. As a king, there was nobody on earth as could beat him. But still, I'll keep me eye on George."

Some people would accomplish a lot more if they didn't waste so much time telling others what they are going to do.

OIL MAGNATE OWNS A GHOST

It Was the Prize Package Given With Mexican Palace That H. Clay Pierce Bought.

H. Clay Pierce, St. Louis oil magnate, is now the owner of the Borda Gardens at Cuernavaca, Mexico, and may be said to be the custodian of the ghost of the Borda Gardens. Nothing was said about it when Mr. Pierce paid \$15,000 for the historic spot which was the favorite summer haunt of Emperor Maximilian and Queen Carlotta in the days of Mexico's splendor as an empire.

But it is to be supposed that the ghost, having occupied the gardens without leave these many years, will continue to do so, and an occasional glimpse of the ghostly intruder may be vouchsafed to the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Pierce after Mr. Pierce has spent \$100,000 in restoring the gardens and they are ready to entertain their friends there.

Mrs. Pierce, who will be the mistress of the mansion of the mad empress, is an Edwardsville (Ill.) woman, the daughter of Maj. William M. Russell Pickett. Before her marriage to Mr. Pierce she was Mrs. Virginia Pickett Burrows.

The mansion, in recent years, has divided into several suites and has been let to tenants. These say that they often see the ghost.

Whose ghost is it, and why it haunts the Borda Gardens nobody pretends to know, but it is the belief of the locality that the ghostly appearances have some relation to buried treasure and a dark crime of the long ago.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

TO FOLLOW DINNER

SOME OF THE MOST SATISFACTORY OF DESSERTS.

French Caramel Custard Is Delicious—Plain Nougat Easy to Make—Maple Ice Cream—Recipe for Hot Apple Cups.

French Caramel Custard.—A little different is this French custard. Heat a pint of milk in a double boiler. The milk, by the way, must be quite fresh or the caramel is likely to curdle. It. Into a new granite pudding dish put four tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar and melt it on top of the stove, watching and stirring it carefully until it is a clear bright brown liquid, thoroughly caramelized.

Pour on to it gradually the scalding milk, which will dissolve most of the caramel sugar. Pour this liquid gradually on to the beaten yolks of three large eggs or the whole of two. Return to the pudding dish and bake an hour in a slow oven, with an asbestos mat under it and one protecting it on the side above. It should—like all baked custards—have a firm "live-like" consistency when done, and can be safely taken out of the oven when a thin knife plunged into it does not look creamy or sticky. Caramel which has hardened on the pan or even on the spoon will dissolve in the long cooking.

Plain Nougat.—Have ready square shallow pans lined with paraffin paper or greased slightly with olive oil; mix together a pound each of blanched almonds, sliced Brazil nuts, English walnuts shelled and a quart of peanuts shelled and skinned; put over the fire in a porcelain lined kettle two pounds of granulated sugar and a cup of water; stir until the sugar is dissolved, no longer, then boil without stirring until the sirup begins to slightly change color; take quickly from the fire and, having sprinkled the nuts in the pans to the depth of half an inch, pour over them the hot sirup until well covered. Stand in a cold, dry place and when half cooled and stiffened mark into bars, using a knife slightly oiled.

Hot Apple Cups.—Turn tin oval cups upside down, cover with good pie crust, put in baking pan, still upside down, and bake a light brown in moderate oven. Cook six apples with the rind and juice of a half a lemon. Sweeten to taste, add a generous lump of butter, and flavor with a little nutmeg. Keep hot till ready to serve. Fill the pastry cups and put a spoon of whipped cream on top of each one.

English Apple Tart.—Peel and core tart apples, put into a large sauce pan, cover with boiling water, stew gently until the apples are tender but unbroken.

Line the edges of a deep pie tin with crust, then fill the center of the dish with apples, dropping into the center of each a spoonful of orange marmalade.

Cover the top of the dish with strips of pastry arranged lattice fashion and bake quickly until brown. Serve hot.

Maple Ice Cream.—Make a custard of three pints of milk, one cupful of white sugar and the well-beaten yolks of five eggs. Moisten half a pound of maple sugar and boil until it candies. Stir into the custard and when cool and ready to freeze add one pint of whipped cream and the beaten whites of the eggs.

Ice Cream Cake Filling.—Boil three cups of sugar in one cup of water to a thick sirup. Beat the whites of three eggs to a stiff froth and gradually pour the boiling sirup over it, stirring vigorously. Season with vanilla, lemon or orange juice and beat until cool.

Cauliflower Salad.
Boil a cauliflower until it breaks easily, let it drain until perfectly cold. Shred the heart of a white cabbage lettuce, and mince together a small onion, a few sprigs of parsley and grate finely a tablespoonful of horseradish. Place the lettuce first in the bowl, next the sprigs of cauliflower, over all. Mix a dressing as follows, and pour over all. A spoonful of made mustard, the beaten yolk of an egg, two spoonfuls of oil or melted butter, one of vinegar and a tablespoonful of salt.

Mexican Eggs.
Take three sweet green peppers, split lengthwise and remove the core and seeds. Fry two minutes in hot butter. Fry very thin slices of ham and place each piece on a slice of toast. On each slice of ham put a piece of pepper, and put a poached egg on top of both.

Cream Cheese Salad.
Mold one cream cheese into egg-shaped balls and place in a flat salad bowl in nest of shredded lettuce. Serve with French dressing.

This salad arranged daintily on a round cut glass plate or tray makes a handsome center piece for the dinner table.

Pudding Dish Nests.
Most china stores keep a nest of blue pudding dishes. The size for 12 cents holds just enough for three. A 25 cent casserole with cover is very useful for small escalloped dishes, brown Betty or meat pie. It holds enough for three.

Apple Shortcake.
Peel tart apples, cut into slices, sprinkle with sugar and put into a pan. Put a plain cake batter or dough over the apples and bake at once. Serve with cream and sugar.

WHERE DIGNITY SITS ENTHRONED

by EDWARD B. CLARK
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WHEN the Supreme court of the United States sit with full membership provided no deaths occur during the vacation period and provided also that Associate Justice William H. Moody has so far recovered his health that he can join States enters upon its fall term it will and esteem. Some one has said that Governor Hughes, while in the main a his colleagues on the bench.

Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York state will be welcomed to membership by the individual members of the court with full hearted pleasure conservative, is a man who believes that the laws should be interpreted in the spirit of 1910 rather than in the spirit of 1830. The criticism on the judgments rendered on occasion by the Supreme court has been to the effect that seemingly some of the members live in the past, and that objection has been made to allowing new lights to strike the "laws of the ancients."

The Supreme court of the United States is said to be the most dignified body in the world. It looks it, but it must not be taken for granted that these judges, from the veteran Chief Justice Fuller down to the youngest man on the bench, have not their times of relaxation when they give full vent to their sense



CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER
JUSTICE HUGHES IN OFFICIAL ROBES
JUSTICE DAY
JUSTICE HOLMES
JUSTICE HARLAN
JUSTICE WHITE

of humor. Justice John M. Harlan, who is seventy-nine years old, has a rare humor and he likes to give it play. Justice Edward D. White of Louisiana, who has been pronounced by many of the leading lawyers of the country to have a "judicial mind" not excelled in the United States, has hard work at times to keep from giving vent to his humorous conception of things as they appear in court. Such a proceeding would be dubbed undignified, and so Judge White manages to control his flow of wit when in court, but when the tribunal is not in session he gives his mood full play.

Judge Oliver Wendell Holmes, son of one of the most distinguished American scholars and one of its rarest humorists, has a great deal of the fun of his father in him, but self-confessedly he tries to hold his expression in check on many occasions because it might be said that he was trying to make Oliver Wendell Holmes the second appear as Oliver Wendell Holmes the first, and this the present justice modestly holds, to be impossible.

Not long ago a lawyer went to the residence of one of the associate justices of the Supreme court, a married man and one who the lawyer thought was the staidest of the staid. The visitor had gone to see the justice to get some advice on behalf of a person who he knew was a family friend of the one of whom he was seeking advisory help.

It seems that the man's wife had died, and while the husband was a kindly disposed and most excellent man generally, his father-in-law and mother-in-law insisted on taking the children who had been left motherless. The widower did not want to part with his children and neither did he want to make a fight which would bring the children into public notice and show that he had had a breach with his wife's father and mother.

The lawyer who was calling on the justice said, "What would you do if your father-in-law and mother-in-law on your wife's death tried to get your children away from you?" The answer came quick and sharp, "I'd tell them to go to the devil."

Now it happened that the justice's wife was sitting at his elbow and the lawyer at this strong expression from the judicial minded one looked with trepidation at Mrs. Justice, expecting to see her overcome with mortification at her husband's outbreak. The visitor was relieved and also somewhat surprised when Mrs. Justice said, "I'd tell them to go to the devil, too."

The household court being thus unanimous, the lawyer went away and gave advice to his client, and the presumption is that within a day or two the father-in-law and mother-in-law went to the devil.

The justices of the Supreme court put on their robes in a room which is across the main corridor of the capitol from the courtroom. In order to reach the bench they are obliged to cross the corridor and this they do in procession, the clerk of the court leading the way like a pioneer and being followed by the chief justice and the associate justices in order of rank.

It is on the stroke of twelve, noon, that this procession takes up its way, and as it is known that noon is the hour for the court opening the corridor is always filled with people who want to see the judges file by. Just before they appear



CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER

for the companies or for the city. In the very first part of the decision the statement was made that the Supreme court had decided that the companies had a franchise for 100 years. Instantly some of the correspondents sent dispatches, "The companies win." Two or three correspondents were held in their seats by a cautionary word from a veteran who had done long service in the Supreme court. He said, "Wait."

In a few minutes, as the reading went on, it became apparent that the court had decided that while the companies had a franchise for 100 years they had practically no rights under it. On the strength of the mistake which was made in sending out some of the first dispatches on that day stocks went up and then when the truth came out they tumbled so fast that they hurt their heads.

When the justices led by the clerk and the chief justice enter the Supreme courtroom everybody stands. When the judges have taken their seats the court crier, after the manner of court criers since the time of the patriarchs, declares that the high and honorable court is in session and that justice is to be dispensed. Just before taking their seats the justices bow to the assembled throng and the throng bows back. When the court crier's voice has died away everybody takes his seat and the proceedings begin.

The Supreme court sits in the old senate chamber of the capitol. It is the room where Webster, Hayne, Clay, Calhoun and others fought their battles. The gallery is a tiny affair capable of seating only about thirty people and the wonder is how when Webster delivered his great oration in reply to Hayne there could have been present the great crowd of which history tells us.

It was in the Supreme courtroom that the electoral commission which decided the Hayes-Tilden contest held its sessions. The fifteen members of that commission occupied the seats of the justices and it is said that during the progress of the hearing the little room was crowded literally to suffocation and that many people were overcome. It is an historic chamber and it is one of the places to which visitors to Washington bend their steps.

In the membership of the Supreme court there are two veterans of the Union army and two veterans of the Confederate army. John Marshall Harlan, who is a Republican, raised the Tenth Kentucky infantry and served in Gen. George H. Thomas' division. He rose to the rank of colonel and his name was before the senate for confirmation as a brigadier general at a time late in the war when his father's death compelled him for family reasons to retire from the service.

Oliver Wendell Holmes of Boston graduated from Harvard college in 1861 and at once entered the Union army. At the battle of Ball's Bluff in October, 1861, Holmes was shot through the breast and for a long time it was believed he could not possibly recover. He did recover, however, and went back to the front, taking part in the battle of Antietam, where he was shot through the neck, and again his life was despaired of. Once more he recovered and went to the front, only to be wounded again at the battle of Fredericksburg.

Justice Edward Douglass White was born in Louisiana and he served through the Civil war in the Confederate service. Horace Harmon Lurton, who was appointed by President Taft to the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Peckham, entered the Confederate service when he was only seventeen years old and he served three years. He was with General Buckner at Fort Donelson when the Confederate commander surrendered to General Grant. Lurton was Grant's captive and it is not at all probable that the northern soldier had any conception that this youthful prisoner was one day to be appointed to the Supreme court of the United States by a Republican president.

CITY MAN AS A "COME ON."

The average city man thinks the farmer who buys a "gold brick" in need of a guardian. Yet thousands of these same city men have paid for "bricks" which any farmer would have known were the commonest kind of brass. There are all sorts of them nicely prepared for city men.

Now it is a scheme to buy fruit land on the Pacific coast. Our city friend is told he can make \$1,000 an acre from the start. A few days ago I found a young man almost on his way to the bank to draw \$300 for such a scheme, says a writer in the Metropolitan. He had a guaranty that in five years he would be drawing \$3,000 annually from his "farm." Next is some co-operative scheme for growing peaches in Texas or oranges in Florida. You do not work. You simply buy stock in the enterprise, pay for it, of course, and then sit in the shade and draw your dividends. You sit in the shade—no doubt of that—and the dividends draw like the memory of evil deeds.

Want Ad Department

The department for the people. The place to tell your wants to our army of readers and advertise anything and everything you have on your place that you do not want to keep, and your neighbor might want.

TERMS—One (1) cent per word. Nothing run for less than 25 cents without cash in advance. Count your words and send in your ad with the cash. A 10 word ad run three weeks costs only 30 cents.

WANTED—Everybody in Douglas county to attend the Douglas County Veterans Annual encampment at Florence August 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20. (8)

FOR SALE OR TRADE—\$100 lot in Omaha for horse or other live stock. Phone 315. (4)

PAIR TOULOUSE geese for sale or will exchange for chickens. G. R. Spencer, Florence. (8) 417

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

Old soles made new. Pascale, the shoe repair man.

\$5.00 REWARD for the return of my eye-glasses lost Tuesday evening in Meyer's barber shop, Florence. Ralph Kitchen, Paxton hotel. (8)

Make your plans to attend the state fair Sept 5 to 9. (6)

FOR SALE—Densmore typewriter, \$10. Inquire this office. (7)

If you want to catch fish, just let me know and I will sell you a big string cheap. T. J. Adams, R. R. 2, Florence, Neb. (7)

For Sale—160 acres, four miles N. of Hastings; all level land; 150 acres in cultivation; four alfalfa, hog tight; ten pasture; all fenced; good improvements; price, \$18,400; half cash, balance to suit purchaser; if sold before June 22 one-third crop goes with place. Henry Korgan, Trumbull, Neb. (6)

WANTED—A man to plow and plant 20 acres north of town in either millet or turnips. J. L. Kaley, Omaha, Neb. Phone Douglas 2902. (8)

One thousand people wanted to pay a year's subscription to Florence Tribune any time they can. (7)

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

ALL kinds of insurance written at Bank of Florence (4)

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

NOTICE.

Bids for plastering, carpentering, bricklaying and general repair work will be received by the directors of Ponca school. For further information address,

C. B. CHRISTENSON,
Florence, Nebr. Director.

The real sign of excellence in **BUILDING MATERIALS** is our name—if you consider that uniform quality, real reputation and reasonable prices constitute "excellence" from the buyer's standpoint of view.

As this is the opening month of Spring building operations allow us to impress upon you that it will pay you to place your orders where they will be promptly filled with the best money will buy—which is the

Florence Lumber & Coal Co.

R. A. GOLDING, Mgr.

Florence, Neb.

Phone 102

How the Roman Empire Grew.
Rome was founded B. C. 750; the kings were expelled B. C. 509; and it was not until B. C. 290, 460 years after the founding of the city, that the Romans conquered their immediate neighbors, the Samnites, Latins, etc. It was not until B. C. 266, following the defeat of Pyrrhus, that Rome was supreme in Italy, from the southern boundary of Cisalpine Gaul to the Sicilian straits. For 350 years, from the foundation of the city, the Romans could stand on the hills of their city and almost look across their entire territory, as it stretched away only some 20 miles on either hand. After the consolidation of their power in Italy, however, it took them but 150 years to conquer the world.—Review of Reviews.

No Royalties Called "Baby."
One noteworthy feature about royalties is that none have been called "baby." From their earliest years the royal children are always called by their names, or possibly by some pet name, but an English prince or princess is never called "baby" either by relatives or by his (or her) nurses. From the age of five a prince is called "sir" by his attendants, and a princess "madam."

FOR SALE—Fine lot one and one-half blocks from center of town and car line. Water sewer, etc. Phone Florence 218 or P. O. box 135. Florence. (3)

160 acres, level, ten miles from Sidney, Neb., 70 acres under cultivation; some alfalfa, 25 acres hay land, running water, good improvements; price \$4,500. E. M. Rose, Sidney, Neb. (6)

BARRED Plymouth Rock Eggs For Hatching. Phone 315 (4)

NINE ROOM MODERN
Two story house in Florence south edge of city, one block from car line, for sale by owner.

NO COMMISSIONS.
\$8,500, one acre ground, electric lights, water, shade trees and fruit. Address V 54, Tribune. (6)

IF YOU WANT A CONCESSION at the Veterans encampment get in touch at once with the committee. (8)

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

ASK your grocer for German Bakery Bread. (1)

NOTICE—All assessments No. 5 with dues R. N. of A. and all social members dues must be paid and in the hands of the recorder by July 30, 1910. No collections will be made and no further notice to members given.—**SUSAN R. NICHOLS**, Recorder.

ATTEND the big aviation meet in Omaha July 23 to 29 and see the airships flying through the air.

FOR SALE—West 1/4 of lot 6 and all of lots 7 and 8, block 113, top of the hill. Finest view in Douglas county. Snap at \$1,000. Enquire of E. L. Platz. (5)

SEE Glen Curtiss fly in his airships at Omaha July 23 to 29. (6)

FLORENCE offers good field for cement block business. I will sell cheap almost new cement block machine and pallets; complete outfit, also mixer and fine steel bottom mortar mixer. Call 2340 So. 33d, Omaha. (5)

A Fine Stock Ranch—1,545 acres in Banner county; 160 acres under cultivation; 200 acres more can be broke; 200 fine hay land; balance in good pasture; 200 acres now irrigated; 100 acres more can be irrigated; 600 acres of this ranch is good alfalfa land; several fine springs and 3 miles of creek; 6-room house; 2 barns; corrals and sheds. Price \$15 per acre; \$5,000 cash; \$5,000 March 1, 1911; balance 5 years at 6 per cent. For a money maker this can't be beat. Smith Bros. Realty Co., Gering, Neb.

The Man Who Failed

By Virginia Blair

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"It's all up with me," Safford said, dully; "I have lost my money and I have lost the girl."

Dunham smoked in sympathetic silence. "If she is worth her salt she won't let you give her up."

"I shan't leave the decision to her," Safford said, quickly. "I wrote her this morning that I couldn't drag her down to poverty. Besides she couldn't love a man who has failed."

"Oh, look here," Dunham expostulated. "You haven't failed in anything except an investment that has taken all your money. But you've got your profession."

"Yes," Safford laughed, bitterly, "and do you know what that means, Dunham? I have got to make a good appearance before the world. I have got to keep my office up, and my automobiles—although everything I have is mortgaged up to the limit. It's all very well for a man living alone to economize closely, but you can't ask a woman to do a thing like that."

"Then don't try to bluff it out," Dunham advised, bluntly. "Wind up your affairs and start in a humble way in a different neighborhood."

"No," was the stubborn reply. "Do you think Margaret Dare would care to marry a man that the world called a failure? She is too proud for that."

"She is a loving woman before she is a proud one," was Dunham's shrewd estimate.

"She is loving—" a light came into Safford's eyes, then flickered and died—"but I can't take advantage of her affection, Dunham."

"You have already taken advantage of it," Dunham said, quietly; "you won her love knowing that your investments were uncertain."

"But I was so sure," Safford said.

"There was the doubt," Dunham insisted. "There is always a doubt when a man puts money into gold mines. And you were too busy looking after other people's ills to watch the men who were managing your affairs. It isn't your fault that you lost—but it is



"You Have Already Taken Advantage of It."

Margaret's right to say whether she will share your misfortunes as well as your fortunes."

"But I am as proud as Lucifer," the doctor began, "and to feel that I am dragging her down—"

"I know," Dunham smoked for a moment thoughtfully; his eyes on the fire, then he said with some hesitation, "that's the reason I never tried to win her. I am only half a man, Safford. I am down and out as far as my ambitions are concerned. Since the days you and I studied medicine together you have gone up, but I am known as a man who can't be trusted—because he drinks."

His voice sank and died away, but presently he went on. "But I want Margaret Dare to be happy, and you have no right to turn her away now, Philip."

"Well, I won't let her marry a man who has failed," was Safford's dogged reiteration.

He was interrupted by the tinkle of the telephone. There was a baby ill somewhere in the suburbs. He threw on his coat and started. "Good, old man," he said before he left, "I know you want us both to be happy—but somehow life has cheated me of happiness."

"Perhaps it is we who cheat ourselves," said Dunham wisely, and stared once more into the dying fire.

There was a fight for the baby's life and Safford drove home at dawn. He felt that the bleakness of the cold morning was symbolic of the life that stretched before him with Margaret.

He had a few hours' sleep and came down to find that the morning mail had come. There was a letter from Margaret. "Come to me this morning," she said. "If you have ever loved me—come."

His pride fought against going. He felt that he could not face her. He had held his head so high. He had lavished upon her all the bounty of his wealth and now he was to present himself to her as a man who had failed.

But he went, and she received him in the great library. A fire burned on the hearth. Beside it basked a moon-

eyed Persian cat. Everywhere there was the evidence of luxury. The thought of Margaret driven to economize stabbed him. She was born for power, for position. He would not take them from her.

Even as he thought of her she came toward him swiftly, a little graceful figure in her clinging gown of dull blue.

"As if you could get rid of me," she said, and lifted her face for his kiss.

"Don't," he said hoarsely.

She turned very white. "Do you mean," she said slowly, "that you are going to let a little thing like losing your money stand between us?"

"It is not a little thing."

"Oh," she flung out her hands. "Do you think I am made only for ease, for softness? Do you think that I am a woman who can't work by your side—who wouldn't be glad to show you how I can help?"

"But you don't know," he told her, "what it means. If I take you into my life the world must know that I have failed. But I could not let you suffer."

"Oh," her eyes blazed. "It is your pride, not your love for me, that stands between us."

"No," he said, "it is not that; but I have failed, Margaret."

She saw the pain in his eyes, the working of his strong features, and she gave a little cry. "Let me help, dear heart; let me help."

For just one moment he gathered her into his arms.

Then he said: "There is no other way, dearest. I must win the money back, and I can't ask you to spend all your youth in waiting."

"Why shouldn't I wait?" she asked quickly. "There never will be any other man, Philip."

He looked at her. "I am a man who has failed," he repeated bitterly.

She swayed toward him a little. "Do you call it failure," she demanded, "simply because you have lost a little money? If you had failed to answer the call of those who suffer; if you had neglected the boy with the broken leg or the baby who is going blind—that would have been failure. If you had refused to go where there was contagion—that would have been failure."

He looked at her in amazement. Was this the gentle, little girl whom he had loved with a half-indulgent love—this wonder-woman with the inspired bearing?

"Margaret," he whispered, and his voice wavered.

"Your life and mine," she went on, "must be dedicated to those who need us. The poor need you more than the rich. Then let us go to them—we will live quietly in a downtown district. You shall grow old in service, and I will shine in your reflected light."

"Dreams," he murmured. She came and knelt beside him. "Aren't they dreams worth making true?" she said. "There would be love and service in our home, and that would be success."

She was in his arms now. "Dearest," he said.

After that there wasn't much to say. But, when a little later he left her, Margaret knew she had won.

The next morning he said to Dunham: "I shall marry Margaret. May be we are a pair of fools, but we are going to try living for humanity—I shall practise among the poor."

Dunham stared, then dropped his hands on the other's shoulders. "Old fellow," he said, and his voice deepened and broke, "old fellow, last night you said you were a man who had failed, but we would all court failure for a future like that—of love and service and happiness with Margaret Dare."

The Brighter Side.

One of the easiest things in the world is to form the habit of grumbling. The occasional discontent at one's lot soon develops into chronic pessimism, a state of mind that sheds gloom around and completely overshadows the natural brightness of every normal, healthy being.

There's an old saying that puts the matter in a nutshell: "If you can't have what you like, like what you have." Try to see the good that may lie far beneath the surface of your lot, but in the effort to unearth it there will be developed a greater strength to withstand the harder knocks of the world.

The grumbler is a very unwelcome person. He is in a constant state of displeasure with everything in general and with himself in particular; it is a reputation that few of us envy or covet, and one that if care be not used in the daily attitude toward life, will grow upon us until we are the slaves of a disagreeable habit.

Wise Little Mice.

Educated mice are not altogether uncommon about the capitol and its office buildings, but Congressman Rodenberg of Illinois says that those that inhabit his room are more learned than any others. "You know my word is good?" said Rodenberg, indicating that the story he was about to tell was a bit fishy. "Well, when my secretary and I were looking over the seeds that came to us from the agricultural department, we were on the verge of doing some tall cussing at the mice that gnawed a hole in the corner of nearly every package. Now, you know, the large envelopes contain several smaller seed packages, and I want to tell you our wrath gave place to admiration when, after opening several of the large packages, we found that none of the small packages in any of them had been touched except the packages of lettuce seed. I'll wager something pretty that there isn't another member of congress who has mice in his room that are trained as well as that."—Washington Correspondence St. Louis Star.

Low Rates West and Northwest

Round-trip tickets at Homeseekers' rates to the West and Northwest will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of each month via the

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Dining car meals and service "Best in the World."

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Four acres, three in fruit, new 7-room house, eight blocks from street car.

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In the rush of today's business everyone needs a stimulant—a cup of

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is the best possible starter for the long hours of the day.

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is the best for mind and body. Most delicious to taste and smell.

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