

The Florence Tribune

VOL. II.

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No. 3

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL

Being The Story of a New Way of Paying Bills So the Public Won't Know How Much They are Nor to Who They are Payable and also How the Members Went to Sleep Over an Ordinance and Forgot to Pass it Although Striving Strangely to Do so.

Before a crowd that came near filling the city hall the council distinguished itself Monday evening.

In the first place before the meeting they met in committee of the whole and went over the bills that were referred to the finance committee at the last meeting, sorting them out into three piles on the clerk's desk where they remained while the council was in session. Near the close of the meeting Councilman Price moved that one pile of the bills be allowed, the other two laid by until a later date and as the bills were not read no one present had any idea of what bills were allowed or what the amount. Possibly Mr. Price didn't care to have the public know just what bills were allowed or what the total amount was for fear he would be criticised in voting for their payment.

The council approved a contract with J. A. Miller to furnish a team, harness and wagon and services for the use of the city for the coming year for a salary of \$80 a month.

Mr. Ford notified the council that he had completed the work of paving Main street and wanted his money but the council thought otherwise and if the Tribune is a good guesser he will wait for some months before he gets his hands on the coin and that's no josh either. The matter was placed in the hands of the street and alley committee to notify Mr. Ford of what was still to be done and as the council has it doped out that there is a mighty big lot of work to be done there is a chance for an argument. There is also a big bunch of unpaid claims hanging around that is going to cause a monkey and a parrot of a time when the day of reckoning comes.

F. D. Wead thought the city ought to give him a quit claim deed to lots 9 and 11 block 102 and sent a communication to that effect to the council.

Craig made a motion that the council advertise for bids for the grading of Sargent and Bluff streets to be opened next Tuesday evening and the council agreed with him so the bids are asked for. The city engineer estimates the cost at 20 cents a cubic yard and the amount about 500 yards.

Councilman Feldhusen moved that the council reconsider the action taken by the council at the last meeting laying over the ordinance 270 for a sidewalk up State street and the council decided to do so. Feldhusen then moved to strike out all the walk above Prospect street and Price couldn't second it quick enough. You see Price is in a delicate position. Property owners have petitioned for a walk that will go past a whole block of property owned by his papa and as Price Sr., is of the opinion that it would be a hardship to have to pay for a walk for other people to walk on Johnnie is dead anxious to keep the council from passing any sidewalk ordinances.

The amendment of Feldhusen and Price was carried and then the council promptly went to sleep and forgot to pass the ordinance so it will bob up at the next meeting like Banquo's ghost.

As predicted last week by the Tribune, Feldhusen introduced the ordinance to change the grade of Bluff street and several other streets which was read the first time. When it reaches its third reading the fireworks will play around the city hall. George Sorenson arose to remark that he would like to know the reason for the ordinance. He said he thought it was to accommodate a certain sidewalk. At the same time he served notice that he would hold the city responsible for damages arising from an overflow of the creek caused by the culvert across Main street being filled up.

The council then allowed "that" pile of bills, and adjourned to look at the eclipse and comet.

They were of the opinion that the eclipse couldn't eclipse them nor the comet outshine them so they started for home to hit the hay and dream of all they didn't do.

NOTICE.

To all creditors and debtors to the Florence Livery & Feed Co. You are requested to call at our office immediately, so we can adjust our accounts, the company having changed hands.

FRANK P. BROWN,
J. W. LONG.

For Sale—A two-seated surrey. Telephone 215.

COLUMBIA RIVER ON RAMPAGE

No Danger to Near-by Residents However, as Titanic Banks of World-Famed "Stream" Afford Splendid Protection.

Portland, Ore., May 15.—Displaying itself with all its scenic glories multiplied a hundred-fold, the world-famous Columbia river, which winds down, through, in and out and around the Docky, Selkirk and Bitter Root Mountain chains and empties into the Pacific, is today on a howling, yet harmless rampage.

The rushing, whirling, terrific, seemingly ferocious waters of the Columbia are described by travelers, just returning to this city from the far northwest, as today the finest scenic feature of the entire "gallery of America's prize scenery," as the wonderlands of that part of the northwest are known. Yet the rampage of the Columbia only enhances the beauties of the scenic attractions, for the river's ravings are harmless, the Titanic rock banks all along its course giving absolute protection to residents, settlers, farmers, and fishermen. Thus the Columbia River's course is made the greatest of western attractions for travelers this summer, as, according to predictions, the rampages of the Columbia invariably continue for great lengths of time.

With the receipt of the news from the northwest, the issuance of the book "The Columbia River," by E. L. Lomax, G. P. A., Union Pacific R. R., is especially timely, as it gives the entire history of the notable river from the day of its discovery to the present year, along with fascinating photographs. Copies of the handsome little book will be sent free upon application to E. L. Lomax, G. P. A., Union Pacific Railroad, Omaha, Neb.

∴ IDLE CHATTER ∴

By far the biggest social event in Florence this week was the graduation exercises of the Florence High school at Cole's hall on Thursday evening when a large crowd turned out to see four girls and one boy get their diplomas. The graduates were Sophie Anderson, Julia Feldhusen, May Peters, Margaret Long and Victor Jorgenson. The hall was very prettily decorated and the whole ensemble made a scene that will long be remembered by those who were present. The following program was rendered:

Processional March Mrs. Paul Haskell
Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep... Arr. by Herbert Griggs
Chorus.

Invocation.....Rev. F. S. Sloan
A Merry Life.....Denza
The Dancers.....P. Lacombe
Chorus.
Address—The Duality of Man.....
Rev. Frederick Hamilton Sanderson
Vocal Solo.....Susan DeGraff
Presentation of Diplomas.....
.....J. F. McLane, Supt.
Silent Now the Drowsy Bird.....
.....J. Offenbach
Chorus.

Rev. Frederick Hamilton Sanderson is a very forceful and eloquent speaker and handled his subject in a masterly manner.

Ask your grocer for German bakery bread.

The Holly's and Monmouth Park baseball teams will play at the ball park Sunday.

Poultry wire of all kinds.—J. H. Price.

Miss Doris Cole was the guest of Miss Zerlina Brisbin Wednesday.

The new Live Stock Judging Coliseum on the State Fair grounds is rapidly nearing completion and will be ready for the 1910 Fair to be held Sept. 5th to 9th. This building is peculiar in its construction in that only enough money was appropriated to build one-half of a building such as are on other state fair grounds, so the Board of Public Lands and Buildings decided, upon recommendation of the State Board of Agriculture, to erect the south one-half, which is 209 feet in width by 175 feet in length. The half judging ring therein will be 120x135 feet with surrounding seats for more than 2000 people.

NOTICE—R. N. of A.

All assessments No. 4 of Violet Camp 5193 R. N. of A. must be paid and in the possession of the recorder on or before May 31, 1910.

SUSAN R. NICHOLS,
Recorder.

NOTICE.

Dog tags can now be procured of the city clerk at his office in the City Hall Tuesday 10 to 12. All dogs not tagged subject to impounding.

JOHN BONDESSON,
City Clerk.

A MAN WHO DID --T. W. M'CLURE

Story of the Rise of One of Florence's Merchants From a Barefoot Boy on the Farm to His Present Commanding Position, and Plow Boy by Sheer Determination and Sticktoitiveness He Set an Example for the Youth of Today to Emulate.

This is the story of another man who did.

The story of a man who heeded the advice of Horace Greeley and followed the star of hope westward and although many ups and downs were encountered still he plodded on and on until he reached the goal he aimed at in boyhood dreams.

It was in 1875 in Wabash, Ind., that Theodore W. McClure first cast his optics on the light of this earth, and, like many another successful man was the son of a farmer.

His father, Theodore McClure, was a prosperous farmer then, but dreaming of the advantages of education for his children in a city, sold the farm and with his family went to the city to live, embarking in the milling business. Dark days were those for the millers, as the wheat crops were short and the price of flour high so he finally retired from the business and went back to farming.

Theodore W. McClure spent his early boyhood days in and near Wabash, receiving his education in the public schools of that thriving village.

When he graduated he determined to go west and carve out his destiny in a growing country. Borrowing \$50 from a friend he bid the folks goodbye and started for Nebraska, landing at Juniata, where he went to work for his brother, Charles, as clerk in his store.

This was in 1893 when he was 18 years of age. He stayed with his brother about eight years when he decided that he wanted a larger field for his activities so he came to Omaha where he secured a job with the American Sewed Shoe company on the floor piling up shoe boxes and keeping the stock in order. He was so light that it was all he could do in those days to lift the cases but he was determined and stuck it out gradually getting so he could hold up his end with the rest of the men.

Piling cases was not what he came to Omaha to do, but he knew if he was to get to the top he would have to begin at the bottom. Doggedly he kept on and step by step he rose till at the end of the first year he was at

the head of the order department and had seven boys working under him. From a green country boy to the head of the order department of a great wholesale house is a mighty big jump, but Mac was not content. Higher up he wanted to go and he set about it in the same determined way and before two years had gone by he went on the road as a salesman for the firm with Kansas as his territory and in the four years that he traveled that state he made many friends and sold many pairs of shoes. So well did he do that the firm decided to send him into Missouri where the competition was a great deal stronger and where it brought out all the salesmanship in a man to do business, but as the field was larger so was the compensation and Mac tackled it with all the vim and determination possible and for four and a half years he sold shoes to the people who have to be shown.

A shoe salesman is only on the road for seven months in the year and the other five are spent in loafing. But Mac thought it was a shame to waste so much valuable time so he devoted the time to buying and selling stocks of merchandise and when he was asked what he did with his money in those days he replied that he saved it and when he had saved \$100 he bought

the business of John Paul. After living here a while and doing business he decided that the outlook in Florence was even brighter than he had dreamed of and today a more ardent booster of this city cannot be found.

He has prospered here, too, and his business has grown and increased and is growing and increasing and the reason for it is easily explained.

Always genial, courteous and obliging, Mac makes it a point to give his customers the benefit of his buying for cash and discounting all his bills, thus giving his patrons better goods for less money. He carries a large and varied stock and is a firm believer in the power of advertising in selling goods.

The Fort Calhoun High school class graduates May 20 at 8:30 p. m. The class is composed of Miss Laurie Classan, Miss Natalie Lage, Miss Katherine Pettingill and Hennig Nelson. The colors are shell pink and vile green; class flower, shell pink carnation.

Mr. and Mrs. George P. Hall and daughter, Mrs. Wynie and two children, of San Diego, Cal., who have been the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Babbitt, left for home Tuesday.

NEWS FROM FORT CALHOUN

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

Louis Karns and family were back from Omaha to see home folks.

The Rev. Mr. Milkeman was called to Blair to preach a funeral sermon.

William Burdick of South Omaha, born at Rockport in its flowery days, went through to Blair.

Mathew Mathersen came down from Blair to see Pioneer Henry Frahm, who is quite ill.

"Grandma" Neilsen of Blair was visiting her daughter, Mrs. Carl Weise at the old homestead.

Hans Schmidt had his sister-in-law, Mrs. Henry Schmidt, and friend, Mrs. Ward, from Blair to his birthday anniversary.

Mrs. Henry Retwisch of Wayne county attended her mother's funeral in Blair and came back on a visit to Fort Calhoun.

Mrs. William Coffman, Mrs. Lee Smith of DeSota, Mrs. Marr, Mrs. Pettingill, Mrs. Fred Frahm and Miss Kate Boales attended an Eastern Star meeting in Omaha.

Atto Wagner, the man who found gold in the well on his farm west of town some years ago, has sold out his Omaha business and was here settling up his local affairs.

The alfalfa meal mill had its first four-car order last week and got busy. Mrs. Arnon of McCarty School district writes some late apple trees in full bloom. Grapes and strawberries all right yet.

John Delaney was down from Blair and relates that when the late Alexander Carter homesteaded where Blair now stands that he did not see a woman or sit on a chair for six months and used to sometimes cry for his old Ohio home.

A stock of goods and sold it, doubling his money and kept on until his check was good for five figures.

Becoming tired of the hard life of a traveling salesman and having considerable money put by he got married and decided to go into business for himself.

Carefully looking around he decided that Florence presented the best place

STORY OF ROSE LIBERATTI

Nine Year Old Girl Who Was Made Ward of Court Monday. Is a Relative of President Taft and Has Attended Best Schools of Country While Father Was a-Noted Opera Singer Before Marriage—Have Lived in Florence for Over a Year.

Her grandfather on the maternal side, a cousin of President Taft, and himself a prominent physician of the south; her paternal great grandfather a member of an old Italian family who gained distinction in the service of Napoleon; such is the lineage of little Rosa Liberatti, who was Monday taken from the custody of her father by juvenile court.

A beautiful brown-eyed, brown haired girl of 9, Rosa is the child of an exceptionally romantic marriage and has had unusual advantages. Her father, Edward Liberatti, a tailor living here in Florence, says that he does not intend that she shall long remain a ward of the court. When she was but 4 years old, Rosa was placed in St. Mary's of the Woods, near Terre Haute, Ind., the finest Catholic school for children in the country. Later she attended the Lady of Providence Academy at Chicago, both of which institutions speak highly of her and her father, as the editor of the Tribune knows from correspondence with them.

The little Corsican tailor—although of Italian blood, Liberatti was born and spent his youth in Corsica—was determined that Rosa have an education fitting for a girl of ancestry, which had held its head high. Then came financial stringency and temporarily he had to send her to the Florence public schools.

"I guess I did strike Rosa too hard, but I do so want her to be a nice girl," said Liberatti yesterday. He was in the parlor of his neat little home on the outskirts of Florence, a cottage surrounded with beautiful grounds and fronting the river. From the wall looked down upon him a fine portrait of Mr. John Solomon Taft, his wife's father, and as fine a type of the old Southern gentleman as one could wish to see. Facing it is a portrait of his grandfather, Pascal Liberatti in the uniform he wore when he served with Napoleon.

It was another picture, however, that Edward Liberatti looked most frequently as he spoke. It was that of a sweetfaced woman in her early twenties. As he talked of the child,

broadsheet sympathies and kindness of heart. "Take the boy up to my house and we'll look after him," said Dr. Taft when called to attend the sick singer. For weeks the young Corsican hovered between life and death. When the delirium of fever passed and consciousness returned Liberatti soon noticed with gratitude a quiet, sweet-faced young woman who was constantly at his bedside and anticipating all the little services that a man weakened by sickness needs. Liberatti learned from Dr. Taft that the charming young nurse was his daughter Lena. As Liberatti began gaining strength the nurse did not grow neglectful. The patient showed his appreciation by singing soft, soulful Italian love air songs.

The inevitable happened. Within a few weeks after they met as nurse and patient the young Corsican singer and the fair daughter of an aristocratic southern family declared it was a case of love at first sight and plighted their troth.

"I was a little timid about asking Dr. Taft for his daughter's hand," Liberatti confesses. "But when I did he said: 'Well, young man, Lena has always had everything that she wanted and I guess there is no doubt she wants you. From what I have seen of you you're not a bad sort. Take her my boy and be happy.'"

They were happy for the several years it was granted them to be together. That happiness was boundless when the little daughter came. Then just when Rosa was merging from babyhood into young girlhood death took the mother away.

Meantime Dr. Taft had died. His wife, the grandmother of little Rosa, is still living at a ripe old age. When she dies little Rosa will inherit a share in the fine old North Carolina Taft estate.

"Yes my little girl is related to President Taft, but I don't think much about that," says Liberatti. "I want her to grow up to be a fine woman—a woman that she could be proud of," and again he pointed to the lady of the picture.

"We people of Southern Italy are hotblooded. We love much. We anger easily. I was angry because Rosa did things that it was not best for her to do. I struck her. I cried all that night. "In court everybody talked to me at once. I had never been there before. I could not explain to them. I could not tell them what was in my heart about Rosa."

Liberatti was greatly relieved when he learned that Rosa had not been sent to the Detention home, but to another institution.

"I will work my fingers to the bone to send her back to Saint Mary of the Woods or some other good school. I want to do the best I can for Rosa, but sometimes the money don't come very fast."

For sale at a bargain a fine surry in fine shape and will make terms to suit the buyer. Can be seen at Dugher's Store, Florence, Neb.

HOLLYS SHUT OUT RAMBLERS

Hickey Had Best of Pitching and Score Was Seven to Nothing at Florence Park Sunday.

In a very interesting game at Florence park Sunday afternoon the Hollys defeated the Ramblers by the score of 7 to 0. Both pitchers were effective, but Hickey had the best of the argument. The Hollys showed up fine in their fielding, while the Ramblers had four errors. The Hollys will meet the fast Monmouth Park team on the same grounds next Sunday and a good game is assured.

RAMBLERS.				
	AB.	H.	O.	A.
McGowan, cf.	4	1	2	0
Bando, ss.	1	0	1	2
Corcoran, 3b.	4	0	1	2
Bensen, 2b.	4	0	2	1
Dike, 1b.	3	1	6	0
Swift, lf.	2	0	0	1
McCreary, rf.	3	0	0	0
Dawne, c.	2	0	12	1
Nelson, p.	3	0	0	1
Totals	26	2	24	8

HOLLYS.				
	AB.	H.	O.	A.
Falconer, cf.	3	1	3	0
Kelly, 3b.	3	2	2	0
Gilham, 2b.	4	1	1	0
McAndrews, ss.	3	1	0	2
McCreary, rf.	4	0	0	0
P. Kelly, 1b.	3	0	6	0
Bressman, lf.	3	0	1	0
Miller, c.	4	0	14	0
Hickey, p.	2	0	0	2
Totals	29	5	27	6

Struck out: By Hickey, 13; by Nelson, 11. Bases on balls: Off Hickey, 4; off Nelson, 6. Hit by pitched ball: Hickey. Two-base hit: J. Kelly. Umpires: Roach and Denny.

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James Stribling, F. B. Nichols, John Lubold and Chris Baur were guests of E. L. Platz Sunday at a pump party, but there was so much castor oil in the water that they refused to drink it.



T. W. M'CLURE AND DAUGHTER IN FRONT OF STORE.

The Island of REGENERATION

By
**CYRUS TOWNSEND
BRADY**

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WATSON
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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. With no other ceremony than a handshake, they go away together. A few days on his yacht reveals to her that he only professed lofty ideals to possess her. While drunk he attempts to kiss her. She knocks him down and leaves him unconscious, escaping 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.

CHAPTER XIV—Continued.

"Because—"
She hesitated.
"Are you afraid to tell me?"
"Yes," she said.
"Afraid of what?"
"Of losing you."
"Banish that fear."
"But 'tis not that that keeps me silent."

"What then?"
"I would have the world's comment on what I say when I say it."
"The world's comment! What is the world's comment to me?"
"A test, a trial of your feelings! If it breaks my heart, you must know."
"If you feel that way about it," said the man resolutely, "you need tell me nothing at all."
It was a brave thing to say, for her mysterious words filled him with dubiety and dismay. He had no idea what it was that she could tell him. He had no experience by and through which to embody her vague hints into something real and tangible. He knew that he was terribly grieved, and but that he had no way to describe the pain of jealousy, he would have said that he was racking with that unhappy emotion.

"Tell me nothing," he repeated again, "if it grieves you."
"Are you afraid of the test?" she asked, swiftly.
"I am afraid of nothing, except losing you."
"I am not worthy of you," returned the woman, "as I told you, but if you will still have me if you will take me when I have said what I must say, and when the world has said what it will say, then I shall be yours as long as I live."

"It is well," said the man. "I wait the ship now eagerly that I may show you that what I have said is true."
"The vessel is nearer now," she said at last, rising from where they had been seated together upon the grass absorbed in each other, and pointing seaward.
"Yes," he answered, "I can even see the figures upon the deck."
"Your brother men."
"Will there be some women on the ship?"
"I do not know," she answered, quickly. "It isn't likely. Do you wish to see other women?"
"None," was the instant answer. "I wondered if my brothers would bring you sisters. That was all."

There was absolutely no dissimulation about the man. There had been no coquetry about her. He would simply have failed entirely to understand what it was. He was as honest, as straightforward, as absolute simplicity and sincerity must ever be, and she had met him exactly on his own ground. It was impossible, therefore, for her to misapprehend his mere casual interest.

She stood quietly studying the approaching vessel. As she did so, it came to her mind that there was something strangely familiar about the oncoming ship. She stared longer, and the conviction grew upon her. When she realized it she clasped her hand to her heart with a sudden gasp and turned a white face upon him. He was all solicitude in an instant.
"What is the matter?" he cried.
"Your face is white; you look so strangely."
"It is a sudden pain," she gasped, terror and dismay constricting her throat.

She wavered. He thought she was going to fall. He stepped closer to her and put his arm about her.
"No, no!" she said, repulsing.
It was the first command she had given him in those bygone days when he had stood dumbly before her.
"No, no!" she pushed him away. "I shall be all right."
"And has the approach of men deprived me of the privilege of touching you?" he asked, wistfully. "What is the matter?"
"Don't ask me now," she answered. "I—I cannot explain."

The vessel was nearer now and as she stared it came to a stop and swung broadside to the reef. There was no mistaking it. It was the Southern Cross. She knew it as well as she knew her own face. The thing which she had dreaded so when she fled from that vessel in the launch, which she had dreaded for a time in the

first period of her sojourn on the island, had come to pass. It was the very yacht from which she had escaped. Undoubtedly it bore the man from whom she had fled. He had come to claim her. Of all the teeming millions which the world held, this was he whom she would fain have avoided. Rather anyone and every one had come to her than he! What would happen when these men met? The story that she would have told him to-day in her own way had the ship not appeared, the story that she would have told him on her decks, had that ship been other than it was, he must now learn by the brutal force of circumstances, through some compelling necessity which she could not in any way influence or alter. She loathed the man who was coming to aid her. Her Christianity trembled in the balance. She would fain have called invectives down upon his head, and for the moment she swept the whole sex together in one unreasoning hatred and resentment in which the man of the island participated. What sorry jest had blind fate played upon her?

She moved farther away from her companion under the constraint of these thoughts, and when he would have approached her nearer, she flamed upon him in sudden anger that left him appalled. But under the influence of it he kept his distance. She saw the way of the yacht checked. She saw the boat dropped from the davits and manned by the men. She saw a figure, too far off to recognize, but which she divined must be his, descend the battens from the gangway. She saw the little boat headed toward the shore. Then she turned to the man. He was standing with folded arms, his brow black as midnight, staring out to sea. He knew nothing, understood nothing, comprehended nothing, suspected nothing. His only realization was that she, his gentle goddess, whom he had loved, was angry with him, so far as he was concerned, without rhyme or reason or cause.

The stoppage of the ship, the lowering of the boat, its approach to the island were now matters of indifference to him. She was angry. He could think of nothing else and there was bewilderment in his dismay. Nothing had given him power to solve the enigma of her conduct. Where she gazed with serious intentness, he looked listlessly. Her heart smote her again. The sense of justice upon which she prided herself came to her rescue. She stepped close to him and laid her hand upon his arm.
"Forgive me!" she murmured and her heart leaped within her bosom to meet the great flush of pleasure in his face as he responded instantly to her caress and her appeal.

"You said you knew men," the man asked as they threaded their way through the trees and won the hill along the familiar path, "do you know anyone on that ship, do you think?"
The question was an absurd one under almost any other circumstances than that. Yet chance had shown him the one point in her armor and his innocent and casual question had driven into her soul a stab. Evasion should have been easy. Indeed, his trust in her was so great that deceit would have been simple. But she had always told him the truth and she could not begin now.
"Yes," she said, "I think I do."

He stopped abruptly, illumination and anguish, the light of pain in his soul.
"Was it because you know that man that you suffered so on the hill?"
"Yes," she said, again forcing herself to speak.

"Is he one of those who loved you?"
"He said so, but—"
"And you, did you love him?"
"I hate him."
"Why?" asked the man sternly.
"Had he injured you in some way?"
"In the greatest way," she answered with deepening gravity. And here her sense of justice pricked her. "But it was partly my fault."
"And have you forgiven him?" he asked with a little softening of his voice.

To him forgiveness was as natural and inevitable as breathing. In his ethics there was no other course. He had never had anything to forgive, he remembered. She was not so true to her standards as the man she had taught. The pupil was more devoted than the master.

"There are some things," she replied bitterly, "that a woman cannot forgive, never forgives."
"What things?" he persisted, wondering ignorantly as to her meaning.
"Don't ask me," she answered, impatiently. "I told you I would tell you the story to-day and you will have to wait until then."
"But that comment of the world?"
"You will hear it from that man's lips, if I mistake not," said the woman, wearily, "but you must press me no further. See, they are close to the reef. We must hasten."

She drew her hand away from his and ran rapidly to the beach. Naturally he followed, overtaking her in a few swift steps and running as was his wont by her side. If he had stopped to indulge in the luxury of self-examination, he would have found his feelings in such a turmoil of such strange emotions as would have defied classification and description. Of but two things was he very clear; that he loved this woman, and that in some way, for causes unfathomable and not

present to him, he hated the man or the men in the boat off shore.

By the woman's directions just before they reached the shore, the man picked up two fallen branches of palm. They ran to the beach opposite the entrance and waved the palm branches above their heads. It was too far for the voice to carry and there was too much noise from the breakers on the reef if the distance had been shorter. But the men in the boat evidently caught sight of the signals and understood them, for she was presently about and in a few moments they saw her prow cut the blue waters of the lagoon through the one entrance to the barrier. The man and woman stood silently, a little apart, watching the swift approach. Unerringly steered, the boat struck the gently shelving beach bows on, and a last sturdy pull drove her fairly out of the water. The man in the stern sheets rose, stepped forward between the oarsmen and leaped out on the sand.
The present was in touch with the past, conventional faced the unconventional, civilization and primitive confronted one another.

CHAPTER XV.

Accusation and Admission.

Now that the great moment had come—for Langford had at last recognized the woman whom he sought in spite of her strange garb—he became suddenly acutely conscious of trivial details and accurately responsible to matters of no moment. He stepped, for instance, near the bow of the boat, told the coxswain that he might allow the men to land but that they must remain close to the beach and within easy call and see that the boat was properly secured. Then he turned and walked slowly—singular how eager he had been for that moment and how tardy he was in availing himself of it when it came—toward the two who stood silently watching a little distance away.

He was dressed in a boating suit of white and wore a white yachting cap. He was distinctly good looking. His repentance, his anxiety, his disappointment had refined his face to a certain degree and he was not an unworthy specimen of humanity in appearance. The man looked at him with vivid curiosity and a sudden sense of dismay to find the new comer so worthy of respect on the ground of appearance at least.

The glance that Langford gave the man was at once casual and indifferent. His whole interest was centered upon the woman. He found himself trembling violently in spite of the superhuman efforts he put forth at control. It was only the most iron constraint indeed that enabled him to approach her at all. As he drew near to her, he took off his cap, bowed to her and strove to speak.

"Katharine," he said at last hoarsely, "thank God that I have found you!"
"Woman," said the man by her side, stepping swiftly forward and confronting Langford, "who is this man?"
"His name," returned the woman steadily, "is Valentine Arthur Langford."

"What did you do to her," asked the man with the bluntest possible directness, "that she weeps at the thought of you; that she is filled with horror as you approach; that she looks at you as she does now? I have never seen that look upon her face since we have been upon this island."

Langford turned and faced the man as these singular queries were put to him.
"Who is this man, Katharine?" he

asked, an angry flush in his face.

"I don't know for certain," the woman answered, "but I think his name is—"

"What has my name to do with it?" interrupted the man persistently. "Will you answer my questions?"

"When I know who you are and by what right you put them, I will decide," was Langford's contemptuous answer.

The woman had never seen her companion in a temper, but he was perilously near the breaking point now, and Langford, although he realized it not, had never been and would never be in so much danger as at that instant. A swift glance showed her the man strung to the very outbreking point. The woman laid her hand upon his arm, a calming touch.

"In the world," she said, "people are presented to one another."
How she loathed Langford. She thought for a moment that she had only to say the word and her island companion would tear him to pieces. She wondered how far after all she had succeeded in instilling into his mind the restraints of civilization. She began to see dimly that such an achievement was beyond the power of any single individual; that it had been in the past and would always be in the future the result of the co-operation and restraint of the many. Yet she forced herself to speak evenly to the visitor.

"Mr. Langford, I believe this man's name to be John Revell Charnock. I believe him to be an American, a Virginian. I found him here upon the island."
"This matters nothing," said the islander, "I don't care what this man's name is, or who he is. I want to know why he distresses you."

"Sir," said Langford, wondering what was the best tone to take with this singular being, "pray let us withdraw yonder to the shade of the trees where we can be more private."
The men in the boat who had scrambled out upon the sands had been eager spectators and auditors of everything that had gone on. Their curiosity was greatly excited and their propinquity was evidently distasteful to Langford.

"You are refusing to answer my questions," said the man. "I will not be put off further."
"Man," said the woman, laying her hand upon his arm, "it is my wish."
"Oh, if you wish it."

He turned without a word and led the way rapidly across the beach out of earshot but not out of sight among the trees.

"Now," he said turning and facing the other two.

He noticed that the woman was ghastly white and that Langford was scarcely less pale.

"Sir," said Langford firmly, "I decline to answer your question. I have business with this lady and with her alone. It does not concern you and I beg you to withdraw for a moment and give me free speech with her. After that I may have some questions to put to you."

"Everything that concerns her concerns me," said the man, sternly. "What you have to say to her must be said to me. Speak on."

For a moment Langford looked as if he would have sprung upon the other, but he was so clearly no match for the wild stranger that discretion came to his aid and kept him still. Besides he had no wish for vulgar brawling then. He turned to the woman.

"Katharine," he said, "I have much to say to you. Can't you make this man hear reason?"

"She has made me hear reason for three years," answered the man for her before she could speak, "but her power ends in this hour."

The woman looked at him piteously and nodded her head. She realized that the thread of destiny was taken from her hands and forever.

"Mr. Langford, you will have to say to me whatever you wish before this man," she said at last.

"Why, 'tis impossible," cried the other.

"It must be."
"And," interposed the man, "you shall say nothing to her until you have answered my questions."

"There must be no violence," cried the woman, stepping between the two. "No violence!"

For answer the man gently, but with irresistible force, lifted her out of the way. She knew now where he got the strength to tear down the rocky wall, and while she trembled, she thrilled.

"Katharine," said Langford—to do him justice he was not afraid—"what is this man to you?"

"I am nothing to her," answered the man, "except that I love her."
"And you?" said Langford, hotly, still addressing the woman.

"She loves me," again answered the other, "and we were happy until you brought the world to our shores. Since then she has wept. Look at her now."

"My God," exclaimed Langford, "is it possible?"

"It is true," said the woman, finding voice at last and looking steadily from one to the other.

Langford's emotion now passed all bounds. He had trembled before; he shook now as if with the palsy. He reached out and caught the trunk of one of the trees to steady himself.

"What are you to this man, in God's name?" he cried.

"Nothing. Ever since I fled from the ship on that hateful night and landed on this island, we have been friends, good friends. He was a cast-away. He had forgotten his speech. He had lived here since he was a child. I taught him everything."

"To love you?" queried Langford in hot and bitter jealousy.

"That was one thing I learned myself," answered the man. "And yesterday, you might call it chance, but I call it God," said the man gravely, "discovered to us the love we bore each other and that is all."

"Are you—forgive the question," said Langford, addressing the woman, and there was agony in his voice, "as you were when I left you?"

"I am a different woman, thank God!"

"Different?"

"Yes, but in the sense in which you mean the question, I am just as I was, save that I love this man."

"But you had no right to love him or any one," burst forth Langford bitterly.

"And do you reproach me with that?"

"Do I?"

"Think of your wife."

"She's dead," said the man hoarsely. "I have searched the world for you. I have come back here to make amends, to own my fault, to marry you before God and man, to take you back, to do for you as long as I shall live all that a man can do."

There was such genuine passion in his voice and in his appeal that the most inimical and indifferent would have recognized it, but there was no response to it in the woman's heart. A greater love than his had come into her soul. The whole current of her being flowed to the man by her side.

"No," she said. "Your words have no appeal for me. They awaken no response in my heart. I love this man, not you."

"Have you thought," cried Langford meaningly, "that you are not free to love any one but me?"

"By heaven!" cried the man springing forward, "this time I will be answered. Why is she not free to love me or any one?"

"Because," said the other resolutely, "before she came into your life she belonged to me."

"Belonged to you?"

"Yes, to me."

"And by what tie?"

Langford hesitated. He was furiously wrought up. He saw that it was necessary to make a break, a rupture between these two. He thought that if he could do so, his own exit might be the better prosper. He was in deadly earnest and therefore he took the risk. How frightful it was, he had no pre-conception. He did not understand that he was dealing with a primitive man. How should he? He did not understand what passions slept beneath the surface. And perhaps if he had understood, to do him justice, for he was a fearless man, he would have ventured just the same.

"She was my mistress!" he said through his teeth.

"Shame! Shame!" cried the woman, and then fell silent, clasping her hands and waiting for what might come. The hour of her travail was upon her.

Langford flashed a look at her and then his gaze reverted to the man. The expected outbreak did not instantly come.

"Mistress!" said the other. "I know not what that means, but 'tis a word of bitterness. Say further and more clearly your intent."

"Why, you fool!"

"He that calleth his brother a fool shall be damned," said the man. Langford stared at him.



"Where have you lived," he cried, "that you don't know the meaning of words?"

"I have lived nowhere but here and I have known no language but what this woman has taught me."

"Yet she could easily have taught you the meaning of that word," the other responded with cruel, ruthless meaning.

"I will take the lesson from you."
"You will have it then!"

"I will."

"She was my wife, but without the blessing of God or the law of man. I owned her, do you understand? I possessed her body and soul."

"Not soul," said the woman, but the protest was lost.

"You lie!" cried the man, swiftly leaping upon him.

No tiger ever sprang with such swiftness or such ferocity. Langford



"Woman, Shall I Throw Him Down and Kill Him?"

was prepared for an attack. He dealt a blow at the oncoming figure with all the force of his arm, and skill and training enabled him to put into it more than one would have fancied from the slightness of his figure. He struck the man fairly in the chest. The blow apparently might have staggered an ox, it had no effect whatever upon the other. In an instant Langford was caught as if in the grasp of a whirlwind. He was lifted from the earth and held high in the air. For one tense moment, unable to struggle, he hung upon uplifted arms. He heard a voice beneath him cry:

"Woman, shall I throw him down and kill him?"

"Do him no hurt," said the woman, "for what he has said, as he sees it, is true."

CHAPTER XVI.

Confronted.

At these appalling words the strength seemed all at once to go out of the man's arm. Heavily, but not with purposeful ungentleness, he slowly set Langford down upon his feet on the sand.

"You brute!" cried the other man, trembling with impotent anger.

There was nothing that he could do personally. If he had possessed a weapon he would have killed the islander, but he was unarmed and helpless. Therefore he turned toward the beach and called to his men. They had seen the sudden attack and were already running across the sands.

"No," said the woman, "that word belongs to you. You have told the truth, and yet not all." She turned to her companion of the island.

"Man," she said, "you have loved me. You must hear what I have to say."

"You have said that it was true," he muttered, hoarsely. "And the man who has said it lives. Lives!"

His voice rose to a cry. He turned toward Langford again. But by this time the six blue jackets who made up the gig's crew were close at hand.

"Haley," cried Langford to the coxswain, "seize that brute yonder, and—"

The woman was still wearing the knife that she habitually carried. She used it often and kept the blade bright and of keen edge. She whipped it out on the instant, her civilization falling from her like a discarded garment when the man she loved was threatened.

"Let no one lay hand upon him," she cried, aflame to defend him. "I swear that I will drive it into my own heart if he be touched."

"Give me the knife," said her companion, suddenly.

Before she could prevent him, he whipped it out of her hand.

"And now," he said, springing toward the huddled group of sailors, the bright blade lifted, "which of you will touch me?"

The men shrunk back. There was something so furious in the aspect of the man, his power was so evident and his temper as well that none wished to precipitate the fray.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Stood Silently, a Little Apart, Watching the Swift Approach.

ANOTHER SKEPTIC CONVERTED

The United Doctors Daily Convince Hundreds of Their Great Power in Curing Disease.

Are you a skeptic—has disease fastened his terrible hold on you—have you tried so many doctors that you come to the conclusion that none of them know how to cure a real disease?

If so, you are in a bad way. But don't let your doubts keep you from going to these really great specialists—is the advice of all who know of the great work being done by the United Doctors in their Omaha Institute on the second floor of the Neville Block, corner of Sixteenth and Harney streets.

Here is a letter from Mr. J. M. Neff of 1918 Vinton street, Omaha, Nebr., who had given up all hope of ever being well, but he cast aside doubts and went to the United Doctors and now he writes:

Omaha, Nebr., March 27, 1910.

Dear Doctors:

"When I came to the United Doctors I was a complete wreck from asthma. For years I had been so that I could not rest at night, and if I walked a short distance against a moderate wind I would have to sit down and rest to regain my breath. I was scarcely ever able to breathe without great labor, and life was a burden to me. I have been under treatment now with the United Doctors for five months and I must say they have done me worlds of good. It will be some time before I can regain my entire strength, although I can do a fair day's work, right now at the carpenter's trade, and eat and sleep good every day. As for the asthma, that is entirely gone, and I feel that with treatment for a little while longer it will never return.

I am always ready to tell what I know about the United Doctors and their methods, and there is nothing I would not do to help any other sufferer from the affliction of asthma to find the right place for relief."

JOHN NEFF.

If you are a skeptic, how are you to be convinced? If testimonials from your friends and neighbors won't convince you, what will? Would you be convinced if you saw the wonderful cures made, saw it with your own eyes? If so, go to the United Doctors, whose Omaha Institute is on the second floor of the Neville Block, corner of Sixteenth and Harney streets, and see it. Their waiting rooms are always crowded with patients from all over the country, who are being quickly cured. A visit to the institute will convince any skeptic.

Pa's Conclusion.

"What is an old adage, pa?"
"Generally speaking, an old chestnut, my son."

Don't Risk Your Life

By neglecting Constipation. It leads to auto-intoxication. There is just one right remedy for Constipation, that is NATURE'S REMEDY (N.R. tablets). It's different from all others because it is thorough; it corrects the entire digestive system and the kidneys, cures Dyspepsia and Rheumatism. It's easy and sure to act. Take one tonight—you'll feel better in the morning. Get a 25c Box. All Druggists. The A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis.

Shameful.

Extract from a young lady's letter from Venice:

"Last night I lay in a gondola in the Grand canal, drinking it all up, and life never seemed so full before."—Lippincott's.

Old Men in Responsibility.

The American business system, which gives mere boys responsible positions before they have acquired practical experience, is to an Englishman quite unaccountable. He wonders whether it does not cause reckless trading and wild speculation. In other countries they prefer to keep elderly men in responsible positions because they can be depended upon. Messrs. Dyke & Sons, Somerset, England, employ 66 men. More than half have completed 30 years' service, 20 have been there 40 years, nine over 50 years and one 70 years.

Willing to Pay for Rammer.

When the British square at the battle of Abu Klea, in the Nubian desert, was penetrated by the dervishes, one of them attempted to spear a gunner who was in the act of ramming home a charge. The Briton brained the Sudanese, but the rammer head split on the man's hard skull. Next day the gunner was sent for. Mistaking the reason, and knowing from experience that soldiers are charged for government property which they break, he led off with: "Please, sir, I'm very sorry I broke the rammer, but I never thought the fellow's head could be so hard. I'll pay for the rammer so as to hear no more of the case."

School of Brothers and Sisters.

The doting father and mother of an only child lavish money like water upon it, and would not wish to be told that they are only half educating the little life that they cherish with such devoted care. Nevertheless, the only child can never be but half educated, because it misses the better half of the precious early school—brother and sister playmates. The teachers in that school are the youngsters themselves, and the lessons they teach one another are not written in books, but are none the less indispensable. Also, what is there learned is last forgotten.

Chivalrous Dr. Holmes.

I would have a woman true as death. At the first real lie which works from the heart outward, she should be tenderly chloroformed into a better world.—Dr. Holmes, "Autocrat of the Breakfast Table."

THE PRESIDENT'S FORTHCOMING VACATION

By WALDON FAWCETT

THE quaint little community of Beverly, Mass., is pretty certain to enjoy the distinction of ranking as the "summer capital" of the United States so long as William H. Taft is president. The Tafts chose the little seashore resort for a vacation retreat for the first summer of the present administration somewhat as an experiment. No member of the family had previously spent much time on the famed "North shore" of Massachusetts and consequently they were obliged to accept largely on hearsay its claims to pre-eminence as an ideal summer playground. However, after their first season at this pleasure domain the White House household was more than enthusiastic regarding the locality and forthwith decided to return there in future summers. Hence the action of the president in extending his base on the cottage he occupies at Burgess Point.

For a decade and a half prior to the election of William H. Taft as president, the present occupants of the White House, together with the members of all the other branches of the very numerous Taft family, had been wont to gather each summer at Murray Bay, Ontario, a picturesque resort on the north bank of the St. Lawrence river. They have not, to this day, lost any of their affection for the hamlet that was so long the rendezvous of the Taft clan, but Murray Bay is, of course, in Canada, and the president is not supposed to go beyond the borders of the United States, even for a vacation. This put up to the president and the first lady of the land the problem of selecting a new summer domicile.

That the North shore of Massachusetts was chosen was largely due to the influence of Miss Mabel Boardman, the well known Red Cross leader, and Mrs. Taft's closest personal friend. The Boardmans have long had a summer home at Manchester-by-the-Sea, which is but a few miles from Beverly and Miss Boardman, like her parents, is more than enthusiastic regarding this "summer colony belt." She accompanied Mrs. Taft on a house hunting expedition last spring, and was her chief adviser in the selection of the roomy frame cottage which was finally chosen as the "summer White House."

One factor in the satisfaction of the Tafts, and an influence in the decision to return to Beverly this summer, is found in the circumstance that this vacation retreat proved beneficial to Mrs. Taft. It may be remembered that Mrs. Taft broke down in health only a few weeks before the time set for the departure of the family for their summer home. When the physicians prescribed absolute quiet some of the friends of the mistress of the White House were dubious as to the effect of Beverly, for although the town is a quiet enough community, the whole North shore of Massachusetts is a very lively place socially in summer, even rivaling Newport in that respect, and the migration of a president to a summer resort is always followed by the transfer of many of the diplomatic establishments from Washington, to say nothing of the influx of ambitious social

leaders so that a "summer capital" quickly springs into existence as a setting for a "summer White House."

However, all misgivings to the contrary, Mrs. Taft was enabled to enjoy a thoroughly quiet and restful summer at Beverly, and this program will be repeated this season, for the health of the first lady of the land continues anything but robust. The Taft cottage being located on a point of land and surrounded by water on three sides, is well located with reference to quiet, and also for the securing of the sea breezes which have proven Mrs. Taft's best tonic. On the land side the house is located only about a hundred yards from a trolley line, but it is well screened by trees, and the fact that the cottage may be approached by land from only one direction makes it a comparatively simple matter for the secret service men to intercept unwelcome callers.

President Taft has planned for the summer of 1910 a much longer and more restful vacation than he was able to enjoy last year, when, it may be recalled, the extra session of congress and the fight over the tariff kept him in Washington until well into August. The president hopes to get to Beverly early in June, and with the exception of occasional trips, mostly to nearby points, will remain there throughout the heated term. A year ago the president planned to devote most of the summer of 1910 to a trip to Alaska—a journey that would have far surpassed in point of time consumed and number of miles traveled, the famous transcontinental "swing around the circle" in which Taft indulged during the autumn of 1909. However, various influences, primarily the state of Mrs. Taft's health—have caused the president to abandon this Alaska trip, and he will rest quietly at Beverly save for visits to fairs, conventions, etc., none of which will consume more than a few days.

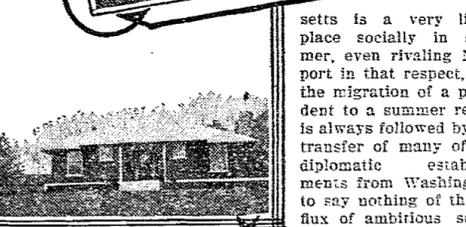
The president is planning a very busy and beneficial summer on the golf links. The courses in the vicinity of Beverly include some of the finest and also some of the most difficult in the country, and the chief magistrate's summer program calls for three or four hours of golf every day. He will not lack for worthy partners and opponents either. His especial chum "Jack" Hammond and W. J. Boardman, have cottages nearby; his brother, C. P. Taft of Cincinnati, also a golfer, has leased a cottage on North shore, to be near his brother this summer, and he will also have with him Capt. Archibald Butt, who in addition to serving as the president's military aide can likewise always be drafted for a golf game. Next to golf the president takes delight in motoring on the magnificent roads of the North shore—perhaps the finest in America. Several of the White House automobiles are transferred to Beverly, and these place the president within easy reach of three or four different golf courses.



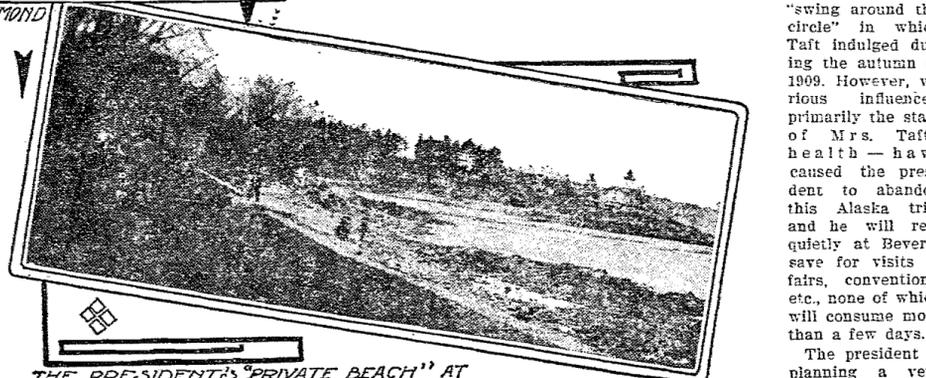
PRESIDENT TAFT'S FAVORITE MOTOR HIGHWAY



SUMMER HOME OF THE PRESIDENT



RESIDENCE OF JOHN HAYS HAMMOND



THE PRESIDENT'S "PRIVATE BEACH" AT BEVERLY, MASS.

Where Men Fought and Fell

Spurred by the efforts of Miss Georgia Frazer a descendant of an old revolutionary family, and Charles M. Higgins, a wealthy manufacturer of Prospect Park West, Brooklyn, the city authorities are taking steps to acquire for the erection of a suitable monument and a children's playground the plot of ground covering two city blocks on which part of the battle of Long Island was fought in the Revolutionary war on August 27, 1776. The plot is located between Third and Fifth streets and Fourth and Fifth avenues, Brooklyn, and there are now only about ten houses on the entire plot, which is owned by the Litchfield estate. The rest of the land is vacant.

Directly behind the row of houses in Fifth avenue, between Third and Fourth streets, stands an old willow tree, marking the site of the old Stone house at Gowanus, where an important engagement between the British and Americans was fought. The Americans, although inferior in numbers, dislodged the British troops from the old Stone house, which was used as a fort, and as a result Washington was able to cross the East river with his army, thus saving the patriots from utter annihilation and virtually deciding the country's fate.

The old Stone house of Gowanus is not visible now and very few of the present generation know anything about it. The plot where it stands was very low—much lower than the surrounding places—and it became a dumping ground. As a result the historic house has been buried by 16 feet of earth. A willow tree which stood at the entrance to the old house was also buried, but from its branches rose another willow tree, which is still standing, and it is because of this

tree that the movement to uncover the old house and erect a lasting monument to the defenders of the country who fell there has received such an impetus.

Mr. Higgins, who, although of Irish extraction, is an ardent American patriot, was touched by the survival of the old willow and looked upon it as a mute appeal to those now living to remember the men who fought and died that the country might become free forever. His attention was called to the spot by a book written by Miss Frazer in which she gives the history of the old Stone house at Gowanus. Miss Frazer's attention was first called to the house by a painting executed by Louis Grube in 1846 at the order of George Anderson, her granduncle. Miss Frazer spent her girlhood at the home of her uncle, Thomas Easton of Newport, R. I., to whom the painting had been sent, and she took a great interest in the picture and the story attached to it.

At a dinner given recently by the Prospect Heights' Citizens' association at which Mayor Gaynor, who is a neighbor, was present, Mr. Higgins aroused the enthusiasm of the gathering by his appeal for the restoration of the old Stone house and the consecration of the plot surrounding it to the memory of the revolutionary heroes who fell there.

He said it was a patriotic shame that the historic spot should have been neglected so long. Mayor Gaynor, Borough President Steers and other officials who were at the dinner let it be known that they were in favor of the restoration of the old Stone house, and the board of estimate is expected to make an appropriation for the purpose in the near future.

Miss Frazer, who is very modest about her connection with the matter, told a reporter how she came to discover the site of the old Stone house. "After much research," said she, "I found a bronze tablet that had been erected many years ago on the front of the two-story brick house that stands at the corner of Fifth avenue and Third street. It was almost hidden by grime, and in the shadow of the 'L.' It contains this inscription under a picture of a battle field:

"Here on the 27th of August, 1776, 250 out of 400 brave Maryland soldiers under the command of Lord Stirling were killed in combat with British troops under Lord Cornwallis."

"I found that the old Stone house around which the battle was fought, and which was also called the Cortelyou house, had been buried under 16 feet of earth, nobody knowing that it was famous 75 years before the battle of Long Island was fought in and around it. It was built in 1699 by Nicholas Vechate, a Dutch colonist, and in 1790 it passed to the Cortelyous, the price being \$12,500. In 1846 the Litchfields, who now own it, bought the property from the Cortelyous. It stood on the banks of a brook emptying into Gowanus creek, 15 or 20 feet below the present street level, and was famous as the largest and most substantial house on Long Island at the time.

"The spot became a city dumping ground, and in 1846 only the upper part of it was visible. Some one took away the iron brace that supported the roof and the roof fell in. Gradually it was covered up entirely, but I believe that when it is unearthed the lower portion of the house will be found in a good state of preservation."

System Required.
Clerk—May I have a day's leave to-morrow, sir? It is my mother-in-law's funeral.
Employer—My dear Huber, this mustn't occur again. Last week your wife died and now your mother-in-law's going to be buried. You must arrange things better in your family and see that they happen in the holidays.—Lustige Blatter.

PERRY DAVIS' PAINKILLER
For a sudden chill or cold (instead of whiskey) use Painkiller. For colic, diarrhea and summer complaints this medicine never fails. 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

Once you start thinking about yourself and your complaints, your health begins to go.

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

Put up with sarcasm—don't practise it.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original Tin Foil Smoker Package, 5c straight.

Farmers and washladies get their living from the soil.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

The Bitters has clearly proven, during the past 56 years, that it is an ideal tonic and invigorant for those in a weak and debilitated condition. It aids digestion and keeps the bowels open. Try it today.

WESTERN CANADA

What J. J. Hill, the Great Railroad Magnate, Says About its Wheat-Producing Power:

"The greatest need of this country (United States) in another generation or two will be the providing of homes for its people and producing sufficient for them. The days of our prominence as a wheat-producing country are gone. Canada is to be the great wheat country."

This great railroad magnate is taking advantage of the situation by extensive railway building in the wheat fields of Western Canada.

Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat were harvested in 1909. Average of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be upwards of 23 bushels per acre.

Free homesteads of 160 acres, and additional allotments of 100 acres (at \$3 per acre), are to be had in the choicest districts. Schools, convenient, climate excellent, soil the very best. Railways close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price. Water easily procured. Irrigated farming a success. Write us to best plan for settlement, settlers' low railway rates, descriptions, etc. "Last Best West" sent free on application. For further information, apply to the Canadian Government Agent.

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

SENT FREE

PYRAMID FLY CATCHER

Is more sanitary than fly paper and catches better and quicker, and lasts longer. It has no objectionable odor and will not drip in the hottest weather. It can be hung up out of the way. The shining surface attracts the flies. Sold by all druggists and grocers for 25c. Write for literature and sample to Louis Dolzoff & Co., 75 Duane St., N.Y.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Booklet, High-Grade references. Best results.

KNOW ALL ABOUT THE PUP

But Husband of Missing Woman Had Much Difficulty in Describing Wife's Appearance.

A man's voice, husky with anxiety, called up police headquarters the other night at about 2:30 a. m. It was a distraught husband begging the police to help him find his wife, who had been missing since eight o'clock in the evening.

"What's her description?" asked the official at the 'phone. "Her height? Weight?"

"Er—er—about average, I guess," stammered the husband.

"Color of eyes?"

A confused burring sound came back over the wire.

"Blue or brown?" prompted the official.

"I—I don't know!"

"How was she dressed?"

"I guess she wore her coat and hat—she took the dog with her."

"What kind of a dog?"

"Brindle bull terrier, weight 14½ pounds, four dark blotches on his body, shading from gray into white; a round, blackish spot over the left eye; white stub of a tail, three white legs and the right front leg nicely bridled all but the toes; a small nick in his left ear, gold filling in his upper right molar, a silver link collar with—"

"That'll do," gasped the official. "We'll find the dog!"—Puck.

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.
Office at
BANK OF FLORENCE
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.
LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.
E. L. PLATZ, Editor. Tel. 315
JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr., Tel. 165
Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.

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

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY
Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....John Bondeeson
City Treasurer.....George Siert
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....John Lubold
City Marshal.....Aaron Marx
City 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. B. Kelly,
Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A.
Golding, Chief.

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

TRADE UNION COUNCIL
FLORENCE, NEBR.
Florence, Nebr., Friday May 27, 1910.

BRAIN STORMS

Did you see the eclipse of the moon
Monday evening?

Just pay "that" pile of bills is a new
one and a bad one.

Just say you saw it in The Tribune
when purchasing goods.

The subject of sidewalks is a very
sore one to some councilmen.

The easiest way to secure favors
from some of our merchants is to do
your trading in Omaha.

Did you notice the good showing
made by the two banks in their state-
ments in last week's paper?

Wanted—by the council some one
to give instructions in parliamentary
practice. Apply at any old meeting.

There are enough people around
Florence interested in chickens to
make a poultry association or club a
success.

Those graduates of the high school
will now learn how hard it is to get
adequate money for all they have
learned.

Just one look at the comet is
enough for most folk, and then they
wonder why the astronomers made so
much about it.

Still the Commercial club sleeps
and in the meantime some place will
secure the aviation meet to be pulled
off the fore part of July.

As good an automobile show as was
ever put on can be witnessed every
night on Main street, and you don't
have to pay 50 cents either.

Are you reading our series of ar-
ticles on "A Man Who Did"? They
contain the secret of how to make a
success of life and are worthy of study.

If three men lay thirty bricks a day
between the rails of the street car
company, how long will it take that
company to complete the paving be-
tween its rails.

Every week complaint comes to us
of some who do not receive their pa-
per. The reason generally is they are
in arrears for their subscription and
our orders to the mailer is to cut off
the list all delinquents after a certain
time. Look at the date on your paper
and if you are delinquent pay up or
maybe you too will have your paper
cut off.

PROPOSALS FOR GRADING.
Sealed proposals will be received
by the undersigned until eight o'clock
P. M., Tuesday, May 31, 1910, for the
grading of 500 yards of earth at or
near the intersection of Bluff and
Sargent streets in the City of
Florence. Dirt to belong to City and
placed by contractor on Bluff and Sar-
gent streets within 1 1/2 blocks of the
work. The City Engineer estimates
the cost of said grading to be not to
exceed 20 cents per cubic yard. Each
bid to specify the cost per cubic yard
for said excavation.

As an evidence of good faith and
that contract will be entered into and
bond in the sum of \$100 furnished for
faithful performance should award
be made thereon, each bid be accom-
panied by a certified check for \$25.00.
Given by order of the Mayor and
Council of the City of Florence, Ne-
braska, this 24th day of May, 1910.
JOHN BONDESSON,
City Clerk.

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 136, Floren-
ce.

Joseph Alfred Scott of Lincoln, for-
merly manager of the Minne-Lusa
Lumber Co., spent Monday in Floren-
ce renewing old acquaintances.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

For Sale—Four lots on 40th and
Fort streets. Call phone Florence 307.

C. S. Hutington of Omaha was
visiting Florence friends Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Al. Bolson and Mr.
and Mrs. D. H. Seaver of Omaha
visited with Florence friends Sunday.

Donald Robertson of San Francisco
was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. B.
Hunt the first part of the week.

Judge Bachman of Omaha spent
Monday visiting with Florence friends.

Telephone your news to 315 before
Wednesday evening and it will ap-
pear in the Tribune.

Mrs. George Siert and daughter
Margie spent Saturday and Sunday in
Blair.

For sale cheap, family carriage in
good condition. Inquire Florence 402.

On account of Monday being a holi-
day the postoffice will only be open
in the morning between 9 and 10.

To trade—Imported Homer Pigeons
for laying hens. Phone Florence 340.

Mrs. J. S. Houston and Mrs. J.
Weber, Jr., were guests for luncheon
Wednesday of Mrs. Nail in Omaha.

For Sale—Big barn, new. Inquire
Mrs. Deland.—Mrs. J. P. Anderson.

The Imogen Study club met at the
residence of Mrs. R. H. Olmsted
Thursday.

Everything in Farm Machinery and
Wagons.—J. H. Price.

Dancing every Saturday night at
Cole's hall. Music by Smit-Tay-Gre
orchestra.

Gasoline and Oil Stoves. Get my
prices first.—J. H. Price.

Ensign E. L. Benson of the navy
will deliver the memorial day address
at the public school in Florence Fri-
day afternoon. Ensign Benson mar-
ried a former teacher in the Floren-
ce schools, Miss Nellie Beck, who,
for four years, was the primary
teacher.

How about a Corn Planter or a
Lister this spring? I have them—
J. H. Price.

John Lubold is building cement
walks in front of his new houses on
Main street.

For Sale—Two fresh cows. One
sow with 9 pigs.—J. E. Wuerth, Tele-
phone Florence 1504.

J. P. Crick of Omaha visited with
Florence friends Wednesday.

Miss Florence Olmsted will leave
Saturday for Chicago where she will
visit friends for some time.

For Rent—Six-room house on car
line, 505 Briggs street. Well and
cistern water, large lot. \$12 per
month.—John B. Star.

Charles A. Smith, Orchestra Music
furnished for balls, parties and enter-
tainments. Phone Florence 305.

For Rent—An 8-room house, large
lawn and big porches, good well and
barn. Inquire at Mrs. Ellen Deland,
back of Dr. Adams home.—Mrs. J. P.
Anderson.

Mr. Andrew Alback was surprised
by about seventy-three of his young
friends Monday evening. All reported
a good time.

Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Mr. and
Mrs. Wuerth were pleasant callers at
Mr. and Mrs. A. Albacks Sunday.

The Ponca Hooligans won from the
Garry Owens Shamrocks by a score of
25 to 10. They are to play another
game Sunday, May 27.

Mr. and Mrs. Chris. Peterson were
visiting Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bena
Wednesday evening.

Mr. Thos. Adams had an accident
which was a blessing in disguise.
While feeding a calf milk out of a pail
the calf butted him between the eyes
causing these members to turn a nice
black. In order to revenge himself
he fastened the calf to the anchor of
his boat. Thinking no more of the
incident he fell asleep in the bottom
of the boat. All at once he was
awakened by the violent tossing of
the boat. Grabbing the anchor rope
he pulled with all his strength, but
to no purpose. He therefore went to
the neighbor after a team. Hitching
the team to the anchor rope he start-
ed them up. Imagine their surprise
to see a monster sturgeon at the end
of the rope; he had swallowed the
calf. Upon seeing his captors he
fought so hard with his tail that he
knocked the channel of the river clear

over to the Iowa side and people with-
in a radius of four miles say that the
water splashed so hard and far they
thought a cloud had burst.

Mr. Snodderly's pet wolf bit him
through the finger causing him so
much pain he could not work for two
hours. As Mr. Snodderly is a very
industrious man the loss of the two
hours hurt him worse than the bite.

One of Mr. Specht's heifers was
swallowed by a fish last winter. Well,
last week this heifer had a calf and
now Mr. Specht is realizing a nice
profit from these two. The milk from
the heifer is so sticky and smells so
fishy that he has to sell it to fisher-
men who claim if a little of this fluid
is smeared over a hook or net it
makes the finest fishbait in the world.
The calf is half fish and half calf, so
he charges admission to see it.

An exceptional entertainment will
be given at the Ponca church Friday
evening, June 3, by workers of the
Omaha Young Women's Christian asso-
ciation. Music, impersonations, etc.
will comprise a program that should
interest all workers of the church.

Proposals for Permanent Cross-Walks.
Sealed proposal are invited and will
be received by the undersigned, Clerk of
the City of Florence, Nebraska, until eight
o'clock p. m., on Monday, the 9th day of
June, 1910, for the construction of all
artificial stone cross-walks that may be
ordered constructed during the year 1910,
in the City of Florence, Nebraska, said
cross-walks for to be built according to
the plans and specifications for perma-
nent cross-walks on file with the City
Clerk of Florence, Nebraska, each bid to specify
the price per square foot for all cross-
walks constructed. The Mayor and Coun-
cil reserve the right to reject any and all
bids and to accept in whole or in part
what will be publicly opened at the Council
meeting on June 6, 1910, and the person
or firm receiving the contract will be re-
quired to furnish a bond in the sum of
\$500.00 guaranteeing all cross-walks con-
structed by him for a period of five years.
Each bid to be accompanied by a cer-
tified check for \$50.00, payable to the
City of Florence as an evidence of good
faith and that contract will be entered
into and bond given in case contract is
awarded.

Given by order of the Mayor and Coun-
cil of the City of Florence,
JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.
Dated May 17, 1910.

RESOLUTION.
Introduced May 16, 1910, by Councilman
Robert Craig.
**RESOLVED BY THE MAYOR AND
COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:**
That the following estimate of expenses
and the same hereby is adopted as the
estimate of the probable amount of ex-
penses necessary to be expended for all
purposes in the City of Florence, Ne-
braska, during the fiscal year beginning
the first Tuesday in May, 1911, and
for which an appropriation ordinance
will be passed. Which said estimate of
expenses is based upon the entire net
income of the City of Florence for the fiscal
year ending the first Tuesday in May,
1910, amounting to \$9,527.75.

For street and alley fund.....	\$3,500.00
For city water fund.....	\$1,750.00
For electric lighting fund.....	1,200.00
For officers' salaries.....	1,970.00
For park fund.....	700.00
For miscellaneous purposes.....	600.00
Total.....	\$9,500.00

The above resolution was adopted at a
regular meeting of the Mayor and Coun-
cil of the City of Florence, Nebraska, held
on May 16, 1910, by the following vote of
the Council:
Councilman Allen (yes.)
Councilman Craig (yes.)
Councilman Feldhusen (yes.)
Councilman Price (yes.)
Approved May 16, 1910.
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
Attest:
JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.
M 20-27 J 3-10.

ORDINANCE NO. 274.
Introduced May 16th, 1910, by Councilman
J. H. Price.
AN ORDINANCE prohibiting the break-
ing or throwing of bottles and glass
upon streets, alleys or sidewalks, and
prohibiting the throwing, dropping or
placing on the streets, alleys and sid-
ewalks of nails or rubbish; and prohib-
iting the littering of any streets or alleys
in the City of Florence, and providing
penalties for the violation of this ordi-
nance and repealing all ordinances and
parts of ordinances in conflict with this
ordinance.

**BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR
AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE:**
Section 1. It is hereby declared unlaw-
ful for any person to throw, drop or place
any bottle or glass on any sidewalk,
street or alley, or to throw, drop, place or
sweep upon any street, sidewalk or alley
any papers, sweepings, straw, filth, nails
or rubbish of any kind or description, and
any person doing any such unlawful act,
and any firm, company or corporation oc-
cupying or owning any store, office or
other building in the City of Florence
who shall authorize, permit or allow any
violation of the terms of this ordinance
shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor,
and upon conviction thereof any such
person shall be fined in a sum not ex-
ceeding Fifty Dollars for each and every
offense.

Sec. 2. That all ordinances and parts
of ordinances in conflict with this ordi-
nance be and the same are hereby re-
pealed.
Sec. 3. This ordinance shall take effect
and be in force from and after its pas-
sage.
Approved this 16th day of
May, 1910. F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
Attest:
JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.
M 20-27.

ORDINANCE NO. 275.
Introduced May 16, 1910, by Councilman
C. H. Allen.
AN ORDINANCE creating a Board of
Health for the City of Florence, pre-
scribing its duties and privileges, and
repealing all ordinances and parts of
ordinances in conflict with this ordi-
nance.

**BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR
AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE:**
Section 1. That a Board of Health
for the City of Florence, be and the
same is hereby created, to consist of the
Mayor, who shall be chairman; the City
Physician, who shall be secretary; the
president of the Council and Marshal.
Sec. 2. A majority of said board shall
constitute a quorum to enact ordinances
for the enforcement of all rules, regula-
tions and orders of said board and pro-
vide fines and punishment for the viola-
tion thereof.

Sec. 3. Said Board of Health shall
have power to make all needful rules and
regulations relating to matters of health
and sanitation of the city, including the
removal of dead animals, the sanitary
conditions of the streets and alleys and
the and hog pens, wells, cisterns, water
closets, cesspools and stables, and all
buildings and places not herein specified
where filth, nuisances and offensive mat-
ter is kept or is liable to or does accu-
mulate; and to regulate, suppress and
prevent the occurrence of nuisances; and
enforce all laws of the State and ordi-
nances of the city relating to the same
or to matters of health and sanitation of
the city.

Sec. 4. Said Board of Health shall have
control of all contagious and infectious
diseases and the care, treatment, regu-
lation and prevention thereof, and places
for treatment of sick and of matters relat-
ing to the same, under such restric-
tions and provisions as may be provided
by ordinance of the city.

Sec. 5. That all ordinances and parts
of ordinances in conflict with this ordi-
nance be and they are hereby repealed.
Sec. 6. This ordinance shall take effect
and be in force from and after its pas-
sage.
Passed and approved this 16th day of
May, 1910. F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
Attest:
JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.
M 20-27.

NOTICE OF ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.
Notice is hereby given that the under-
signed have incorporated under the laws
of Nebraska, in the manner following,
to-wit:

The name of this corporation shall be
Standard Produce Co. The principal place
of business shall be at Omaha, Nebraska.
The general nature of the business to be
transacted shall be the buying and sell-
ing of real estate in any and all kinds of farm
and dairy products and generally in food
products and the preparing and storing
of the same or part thereof for sale,
packages and receptacles, and to do any
and all acts incident to any such busi-
ness. To purchase, own, lease, sell and
convey real estate in connection with its
business, and to perform all other
acts and things incident to the powers
herein enumerated. The capital stock of
the corporation shall be \$10,000.00, divided
into 100 shares of the par value of \$100.00
each, of which capital stock \$2,000.00
shall be subscribed and paid for when
issued. The remainder of the capital
stock may be issued from time to time
as determined by the board of directors.
All paid-up stock shall be non-assessable.
The corporation shall commence busi-
ness on May 1, 1910, and terminate on
May 1, 1915. The greatest amount of in-
debtedness to which the corporation may
subject itself shall not exceed a sum
equal to two-thirds of its capital stock.
The affairs of the corporation shall be
conducted by a board of not less than
three nor more than five directors. The
directors shall elect the officers, who
shall consist of a president, vice-presi-
dent, secretary and treasurer, and any
two of said officers may be held by the
same person. The directors shall have
authority to enact by-laws, and the ar-
ticles of incorporation may be amended at
any meeting of the stockholders.
IN WITNESS WHEREOF the under-
signed do hereby subscribe their
names this 15th day of May, 1910.
CARL FELDHIJSEN,
WILLIAM SILVER,
KATIE FELDHIJSEN,
Incorporators.
M-6-13-20-27.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.
Church Services First Presbyterian
Church.
Sunday Services.
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.
C. B. Meeting—7:00 p. m.
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
Sentry.....James Johnson
Escort.....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
Recorder.....Mrs. Newell Burton
Physician.....Susan Nichols
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
Juard.....Clarence Leach
Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant
physician.....Dr. Adams
Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Pe-
terson, Mrs. E. Hollett.
Meets Tuesdays in Pascale's Hall.

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted
McCoy & OLMSTED
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law
652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16

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

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

Bank at Home
Where the small account receives the same
good attention as the large one
Our Facilities are the Best
4% On Time Certificates of
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BANK OF FLORENCE
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Phone Florence 397 Florence,
C. A. BAUER
PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING
Repairing Promptly Attended to.
2552 Cuming St. Omaha, Neb.
Tel. Douglas 3034.

Young Women
coming to Omaha as strangers
are invited to visit the Young
Women's Christian Associa-
tion building at St. Mary's Av.
and Seventeenth St., where
they will be directed to suit-
able boarding places or other-
wise assisted. Look for our
Traveler's Aid at the Union
Station.

**PARIS
GREEN**
Saratoga Drug Co.
24th & Ames Ave.
Tel. Neb. 116
"Where You Change Cars"

**Making a
Noise**
is advertising.
Making the right kind
of noise is good advertising.
Making it within the hearing of
the buying multitude is
profitable advertising.
Write For Our Right Rates.
**The
Florence
Tribune**
Phone 315, Florence, Neb.

NEW POPULAR SONGS
HAYDEN BROS., Omaha
"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."
25c each or 5 for \$1.00. 1c extra per copy by mail

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED!
THE KNABE PIANO
ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR



The Florence Tailor

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

Suits to Order \$25.00

Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor

Benson Well Boring Co.

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

Rockmount Poultry Farm

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Tel. Florence 315 FLORENCE, NEB.

Henry Anderson THE SCHLITZ PLACE

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

Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

THE NEW POOL HALL

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

BLACKSMITH SHOP

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

See the Dot!
Is the dot large?
Oh, no! The dot is small as a pin-head, yet you see the dot on this whole page because it is very conspicuous!

Does the dot say anything? Oh, no; it's only a dot. What a pity to put a senseless dot where a good ad read by everybody would be worth something! Just so, if your ad was here hundreds would read it as you read the dot. You even will read this the second time!

WHY?

FRESH MILK

DELIVERED ANYWHERE IN FLORENCE

WILL LUBOLD

Telephone Florence 165

Postal Cards

Two for 25c. Finished while you wait. Four large photos for \$1, at

EMORY FOTOGRAFER

Pacific, Between Main and Fifth.

DR. SORENSON Dentist

Just South of Bank of Florence
Good Work—Reasonable Prices
Telephone Florence 178

At the End of the Story

By CLARISSA MACKIE

(Copyright, 1909, by Associated Literary Press.)

Eames withdrew from under the car and looked helplessly up and down the long stretch of country road. The sandy highway was deserted. There was not a house in sight, nor a vehicle of any description, nor even a human being, save a woman and two children crossing a distant field. It was a bad breakdown, he admitted, as with hands in pockets he surveyed the machine. He had left the city with the intention of running down to the Towers, where he had been invited for the week end. He was a good three miles from the house now as the road ran, and the disabled automobile was stranded on this by-road he had foolishly taken merely because he had once watched a sunset here with Helen Weir. As they had parted forever six miserable weeks ago, there was bitter sweetness in relieving one of their happy days.

"By Jove, it's the very same tree!" he exclaimed, looking up into the branches of the lofty elm that threw a generous shade on either side of the stone wall. "I'll rest here awhile and wait for a tow into the village." With this flimsy excuse to sentiment Eames threw himself down on the grassy bank and closed his eyes.

"Let us sit here, children," said a sweet voice on the other side of the wall.

"Tell us a story, auntie," pleaded a shrill young voice.

"What shall it be, Peter?"

"Oh, about a wicked man and a lovely princess," cried the voice of Peter. "A goggle-eyed man with terrible horns!"

"Very well; let me think a moment." Intense silence followed, and then:

"Once upon a time there lived a foolish princess whose home was in a country very much like this—"

"Was the castle like the Towers?" squeaked a third voice.

"Not at all, Peggy! She lived in a little cottage, for she was poor, although her rich relations lived in a great castle near by—"

"And was the castle like the Towers? Did it have a high wall with great spikes on top?" persisted Peggy.

"Yes, indeed; but you must not interrupt me or I shall forget the story. One day the princess was in her garden when a handsome young prince came riding by, and seeing her in the garden, he fell in love with her."

"How do you know he loved the princess, auntie?"

"I don't really know, Peggy," responded the sweet voice, rather sadly. "I know only that he told her that he loved her and that some day they would be married and live very happily together. Every day they took long walks and drives around the country, and one afternoon they came and stood under a tree just like this one—"

The voice broke.

"What makes you cry, auntie? I don't think it's sad a bit. They only came and stood under a tree, and it was like this one," expostulated practical Peter.

"I'm not crying—don't be impertinent, Peter."

"Tell us a funny story. I don't like this one."

"I want to hear the rest of it," howled Peggy, mournfully. "I want to hear about the wicked man."

"Now, be quiet, children, and I will go on. As I was saying, the prince and the princess came and stood under this tree and watched the sunset, and a wicked fairy saw them, and as it made her angry to see any one happy, she said to herself: 'There, I'll settle those young people.' And shaking her staff at them she disappeared in her cave."

"The next day she approached the princess and said to her: 'Lovely maiden—'

"Was she lovely?" interrupted Peter.

"The prince said she was," admitted the voice, modestly. "The witch said: 'Lovely maiden, the man who seeks your hand is not free. He is engaged to marry another damsel who has vast wealth and greater beauty than yours.' The princess was much distressed at this news and all that night she wept because of the man's faithlessness."

"The next morning she went to the wicked witch and said, boldly: 'I don't believe your story, witch!' and the witch smiled and said: 'Follow me.' They went to a window that overlooked the highroad and the witch said: 'The prince will be disguised in a bearskin cloak and he will wear great goggle eyes and you may not recognize him, but—here he comes!' There was a cloud of dust, a loud blowing of horns and an enchanted coach whirled by."

"Just like an automobile!" shouted Peter, gleefully.

"Very much like an automobile," agreed the sweet voice. "Inside the enchanted coach the princess saw her prince and beside him was a very—very beautiful lady. Her face was hidden behind pink veils and other lovely things." The voice sounded a little bitter.

"How could the princess see that the lady was beautiful under all the veils?" demanded Peggy, curiously.

"The witch told me—er—told her that the lady was very beautiful. 'The prince sat in the coach, too, and he was so much changed that the poor princess hardly knew him. He had on a great fur coat and furry gloves and great goggles. The princess saw that

the witch had told the truth; and that the prince was no longer faithful to her.

"So the princess went home and wept bitterly. The next day the prince came to see her and he pretended not to know the beautiful lady with whom he had been driving the day before. So the princess was very angry and sent him away and she never wanted to see him again!" The voice broke again.

"Take my handkerchief, auntie," soothed Peter.

"I ain't crying yet," commented Peggy, callously.

"I don't think we understand the story very well," apologized Peter. "If we did, I s'pose we'd cry, too."

"Tell us the rest," begged heartless Peggy.

"There isn't much to tell; the princess and the prince came and stood under the tree they loved so well and said goodbye forever!"

"Just like we saw you and Dick Eames doing one day," remarked Peggy, complacently.

"Oh, Peggy, hush!"

"I'm a-hushin'," returned the small maiden.

"And she wouldn't marry the prince just because he went to ride with a beautiful lady?" asked Peter, contemptuously.

"It wasn't that, dear. She wouldn't marry him because he denied that he knew the lady. And afterward she found that she had made a mistake and that it was another man whom the witch had pointed out as the prince, and the foolish princess lost her lover!"

"And won't she ever get married?"

"She doesn't want to, dears. She never wants to marry."

"Did she tell the prince she was sorry she made a mistake?" demanded Peter.

"No—not yet."

"Well, she oughter!" said Peter, didactically.

There was a long silence, broken at last by Mr. Eames, who arose and peered over the wall. There was a smothered shriek from within a pink sunbonnet.

"Auntie! Peter! There he is! Oh, I'm afraid!"

The owner of the sweet voice and the diminutive Peter turned with one accord and looked behind them. There, leaning over the wall, was a tall, fur-coated figure whose hands were in-cased in furry gloves and whose eyes were hidden behind great goggles.

"The goggle-eyed man!" bellowed Peter, backing away from the wall.

"Dick!" exclaimed the voice, dazedly.

"Helen!" whispered the goggle-eyed man, tenderly.

"You were listening!" accused Miss Weir.

Eames waved a deprecating hand toward the broken machine and they all peered over the wall. "I met with an accident," he explained, "and I sat down here to wait for a tow into the village. I could not help hearing the story. It was very interesting," he added with a smile.

"It was a fairy story," returned Helen, with impetuous haste, "and as such I hope you will remember it."

She moved down the slope and the children followed reluctantly.

"He's taking off his goggles," reported Peter.

"And it's Dick Eames," screamed Peggy, excitedly, throwing herself at the young man with affectionate ardor.

Helen looked away over the October hills. The sun was setting and the fictitious warmth of the day was replaced by a slight chill. A dead leaf rustled at her feet and a long, sighing moan trembled through the elm branches overhead. She looked toward the little group and watched the children fall upon the man with loving caresses. There was wistfulness in her gaze. Perhaps she realized it, for she suddenly turned and fled.

"Helen!" called Eames.

She paused, then, reluctantly she came, stifling a sob as she drew her hand within his own.

"You owe me some reparation," he whispered, sternly, while the children hung back with wondering eyes.

"Is it paid now?" she asked, laying her arms about his fur collar.

"Not quite," he murmured, stubbornly.

"And—now?"

"Yes."

As they all tramped homeward across the darkened fields Peter caught Helen's hand in his chubby fist.

"Some day will you tell us more about the beautiful princess?" he asked.

"She married the prince and lived happily ever afterward," declared Dick Eames.

How the Himalayas Feed the Desert.

Some of the most curious phenomena of the world are the underground water supplies existing beneath deserts.

In the Rajputana deserts water is held in vast quantities in sandstone beds under the scorched surface, and is drawn up from wells sunk into the strata. Bikaner raises its walls in the midst of a weary, almost rainless waste of sand, and depends on these hidden cisterns for its very existence.

Whence it comes, where is the out-fall, and what quantity runs under the baked sand remain a mystery. In one well at Kiganer it has been ascertained that the water supply is equal to 20,000 gallons an hour, which is held to point to the conclusion that there is an enormous subterranean flow, and that the snow-fed rivers of the Himalayas must be the source. People in Bikaner say that pieces of wood dropped into one well have come up in another. The idea of an underground river opens up a wide range of possibilities to the imagination, and we shall look with interest for further investigations.

SOLDIERS AND WILL POWER

Proof of at Least One Benefit That Comes as the Result of Military Training.

That military training strengthens the power of the will was shown by recent experiments in Austria. To determine what effect the fatigue resulting from a long march might have upon the shooting efficiency of trained soldiers, the Austrian school of musketry recently had a cyclist detachment of 50 men, all over two years' service, do 65 miles in eight hours, the return journey being against a strong head wind. Before and after the march they each fired ten rounds at a target representing a section of 26 men in skirmishing order lying down at 500 paces. Before the march the detachment made 40 hits on 10 figures; after the march, 38 hits on 16 figures.

The experiment was then repeated with a section of 42 noncommissioned officers, before and after a 23 hours' exercise in the field, during which 33 miles were covered. This section, consisting principally of marksmen, made 81 hits on 21 out of 26 figures before starting and 62 hits on 20 figures after their return.

But the raw recruit, when subjected to a similar test of endurance, fails to hit the target at all. He is incapable of the effort of will and firm resolve to hit which renders the trained soldier a formidable antagonist, even when his strength is exhausted by hunger and fatigue.

WAS NO NOVELTY TO HIM

From His Statement, Irish Visitor Evidently Was Thoroughly Familiar With Lobsters.

The congressman with a red necktie was entertaining a friend who had formerly arrived from the "Old Sod," but had attained fame as the man who had carried "the fourteenth precinct in the twenty-second ward." With such a visitor to entertain, the congressman thought the best thing was to take him to Harvey's Lobster palace. The gathering there somewhat impressed Pat, but when the waiter placed before him a great, rich, red lobster, set down with an airy and nonchalant wave of his hand, Pat's eyes opened a trifle wider than usual with astonishment.

"You did not get anything like that in your native town," remarked the entertainer. "These red lobsters are considered a delicacy suited to the palace of a king, and I understand were in high favor ever since the time when Nero insisted on having them for every meal—have you ever seen one before?"

"Ah, go on wid ye," was the reply. "Seen one? Isn't the coast of Ireland red with those fish—although a few of them have escaped lately and come across and got into congress in Washington?"—Joe Mitchell Chapple, in "Affairs at Washington," May National Magazine.

Bribe Taking an Ancient Vice.

Exodus 13:8—Thou shalt take no gift, for the gift blindeth the wise, and perverteth the words of the just.

Deut. 22:25—Cursed be he that taketh a bribe.

Chron. 19:6, 7—(Jehoshaphat) said to the judges, take heed what you do; for you judge not for man, but for God, who is with you in judgment. Wherefore let the fear of God be upon you; take heed and do it; for there is no iniquity with God, nor respect of persons, nor taking of gifts.

Isaiah 1:23—Thy princes are companions of thieves; every one loveth gifts and runs after rewards.

Isaiah 5:23—Woe unto them that justify the wicked for reward, and deprive the righteous of justice.

Prov. 17:23—A wicked man taketh a gift out of the bosom (pocket) to pervert the ways of judgment.

Mistook Use of Brushes.

Shoe brushes, made of red and black felt, have been added to the paraphernalia of a New York hotel. These were placed in the bathrooms. The other day a traveler from the west, in a hurry to join some friends for dinner, mistook the new article for a bath brush and used it vigorously, with the result that the water turned to a fiery red. Then he discovered that he was covered with red and black stripes. His efforts to remove the stripes failed and he rang for the manager. After a few hurried words there was some explanation and the victim of circumstances managed to meet his engagement. Just how the stripes were removed was not a matter of public record. The manager says he supposes he will have to put signs on the shoe brushes or chain them to the floor.

Established His Identity.

Mr. Heys, who has been in New York only a short time, was crossing when one of the cabs of a certain well-known company almost ran over him.

"There!" said he angrily to a passer-by who stopped to pick up his hat and incidentally to offer sympathy, "this is the third time today that that cabby has tried to run me down. He's pursued me all over the city. I know it's the same man because his cab is marked with a 'K.'"

An Arrangement.

Irate Tailor (who has called frequently to collect, without success)—My dear sir, I wish you'd make some definite arrangement with me.

The Man—Why, surely—let's see—well, suppose you call every Monday.—Exchange.

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

GENUINE must bear signature:

MADE PROMISE OF SECRECY

Therefore Caller Could Only Guess Who Had Taught Youngster to Stand on His Head.

"The venerable countess of Cardigan, the author, you know, of that wicked book of memoirs, thinks the modern girl is too athletic and boydenish," said an English visitor to New York.

"The countess of Cardigan often tells of a young man who was drinking tea with a beautiful girl when her little brother slipped into the room.

"Mr. Mannering," the boy asked, "can you stand on your head?"

"No, said the visitor, laughing. 'I don't believe I can.'

"Well, I can," said the boy. 'Look here.'

"And he stood on his head very neatly in the corner.

"Ha, ha!" laughed Mr. Mannering. "And who taught you that?"

"The urchin frowped.

"Sister," he said, "told me I must never tell."

Despisery.

Little Girl—Mother, that's such a nasty little boy; whenever he passes me he makes a face.

Mother—Very rude of him. I hope you don't do it back.

Little Girl—Oh, dear, no! I simply turn up my nose and treat him with despisery.

Shouldn't take boarders if she wants to, but she shouldn't try to board a moving train.

Some men get as much enjoyment out of a toothpick as others do out of a cigar.

No Man Needs to Starve.

At last the good man's temper rose. He swung his stool and deadly blows delivered, smashes on snarling nose. That forced his dainty door.

"Twas killed! He skinned it on the spot! And clapped the carcass in the pot. Then blew the coals; when they were hot Behind him locked the door.

Set out for town, returned with sack Of onions, salt, white bread and black. And, ah! the whiff, as he came back, Of wolf stew through the door.

"I got nine rubles for his hide. And bounty on his ears, beside. It's not a healthy place," he cried, "For wolves before my door."

So here's the nub; don't sit and fret; There's bounty paid on wolf ears yet; Pick up your stool, go out and get That wolf before your door.

—C. L. Edholm, in the Bookkeeper.

Proving It.

"Jack has proposed!"

"He certainly means what he says."

"Did he say he was going to propose to me?"

"No-o, but I rather expected him to; when I rerused him last week he said he did not care what became of him."

The INVENTIONS of IRAD BIGLOW
By HUGH PENDEXTER

Irada Biglow's Tabloid Weather



"Do They Scamper for Shelter? Hardly. They Send for Me."

"If you've said good-by to the women folks we'll be moving along," grimly remarked Irada Biglow's cousin, Edgar. The old man gazed mournfully at his trunk and remembered that his next refuge was problematical.

If he could but prolong his stay for a day—"Sunshine and storm in one's vest pocket," he murmured, moving slowly towards the trunk. "The weather bureau tells you what may happen. I can furnish the original goods. Jim Witham was figuring that out of church picnics alone we'd clear \$10,000 the first summer."

"Jim Witham and church picnics!" ejaculated Edgar, forgetting himself so far as to sit on the trunk. "What has he to do with church picnics?"

"Nothing, except as he may use my anti-foul weather tabloids to net him a neat income," gently returned Irada, combing his whiskers. "You see the tabloids guarantee certain brands of weather. You keep 'em corked tight in a glass bottle. Say you have a thunderstorm. Pull out the stopper and there's merry Sam Hill to pay. The picnic is spoiled; the races at the county fair are spoiled; the hay weather is spoiled, and there you be. But if you go around and guarantee seven miles of sunshine for any one of them rinktams and charge \$30 per rinktum—why, there's money in it. You see—"

"What in tarnation be you gitting at?" impatiently demanded Edgar.

"I was mentioning my tabloid weather tablets," murmured Irada. "And now I'll help with the trunk. Of course if it looked rainy and you had \$700 worth of hay out and could yank out a tabloid and gain a blistering sun, you'd be willing to pay a fancy price. So would any one. Just throw the tablet on the ground and watch it vanish in a steamy sort of smoke. And the clouds is driven away, or it rains great guns, according to which tablet you use. Witham is planning—"

"Witham!" angrily cried Edgar. "It's always Witham. Why should he be considered before me? Ah! I as good as Jim Witham? You kindly sit down and don't be so danged anxious to quit. The hosses go back to the stable. Lawd! if you could have your way you wouldn't stop here a minute. You stay here till to-morrow."

"Rather than have you think harshly of me I'll stay," said Irada.

"That's more neighborly. Now what about these storm pills?" asked Edgar.

"Not pills, out tablets," corrected Irada. "I simply gather my quintessence of all kinds of weather into tabloid form and then bottle it up. Sunshine and storm can be captured and boiled down just as milk can be condensed. Say it begins to look damp and rainy and I want clear weather. I just laugh in my sleeve because I know I have a hot, sultry day on tap. Then I uncork a bottle and take out my warm spell tablet. In three seconds the mercury begins to rise and the clouds skeddaddle and before you know it you have a blisterer.

"Say there's a church picnic in Huzzy's grove and a storm comes snooping over the horizon. Do they scamper for shelter? Hardly. They send for me and pay me my fee, say ten dollars. Then I let loose a June sunshiny tablet from bottle No. 3, and at once the black clouds snarl and draw back out of sight and old Libby Mullen is muttering: 'I smell

violets.' In cities when there's going to be a big parade each bottle is worth \$10,000. I could have got a half million dollars for just one of them pesky tablets in Washington on last inauguration day. I'd have to have \$100 a week royalty for furnishing weather at summer resorts. In foreign markets I'd charge \$2,000 a week. When there's a queen's jubilee, or a king is cutting up I'd have to have a fancy price, say \$230,000 a week, half in advance."

"D'ye mean I can make rain over Witham's farm and sunshine over mine?" gasped Edgar, pushing the trunk into the hallway.

"Ha! ha!" cheerily laughed Irada. "Think of unbotting a cyclone over Witham's back lot. Dear! dear! wouldn't it be droll? You see, a monopoly of the weather—with a iron-clad guarantee issued with every bottle sold at our weather stores—would be worth \$15,000,000 a year after we get started. Think of the business with ships at sea! But for the first year I'd be content with \$27,000 clear profit—"

"Can you let loose a corking storm over Witham's farm to-day?" eagerly asked Edgar, his mouth watering.

"I could if I had my electro-tripods set up," assured Irada, moving towards the door. "With them \$30,000 electro-tripods collecting and assorting out the atmosphere, I guess—"

"And it must be worked that way?" bitterly demanded Edgar.

"That's how Jim Witham figures to work it," replied Irada. "It's so simple and easy—"

"We start after breakfast to-morrow," groaned Edgar.

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Longevity.

Dr. Jacques Bertillon of Paris has started a world-wide discussion by his advice to "marry if you want to live to a good old age." "A married man or woman has," he says, "thrice as much chance for a good long run of life as a bachelor or spinster." This eminent authority on the sexes also shows by statistics that the average mortality among widowers is greater than the average among married men, so he recommends that they marry, provided they are under 60 years of age.

The married live longer than the single for the reason that, as a rule, they lead more regular lives. Unmarried men often indulge in late hours and amusements which impair their health, while the married are living generally nearer to the laws of health and conserving their mental and physical powers so that longer life is sure to be their lot. It does not require statistics to prove this. In every community there are enough married couples to demonstrate that Dr. Bertillon's observations and deductions are well founded.

Cattle and Tuberculosis.

Prof. Arloing, director of the Veterinary school at Lyons, France, maintains he has perfected a method of successfully protecting cattle against tuberculosis. He employs vaccines obtained by special cultural processes from certain kinds of bovine bacilli. These vaccines are introduced into the cattle either by the mouth, by injection or by subcutaneous injection. Intravenous injections appear to be the most effective. At a meeting of the French Academy of Sciences Prof. Chauveau confirmed Prof. Arloing's claims.

SUPPER FOR SUNDAY NIGHT

Meal May Be Made Most Enjoyable of the Week if Given a Little Thought.

There is nothing more cheering to the spirits than to have one's food and table appointments accord with this sweetest of all months. The housekeeper who wants her guests to have the "new feeling" should make her Sunday night supper table look as springlike as possible.

If the table is in a good wood, polished oak or mahogany, leave the cloth off and use plate mats with embroidery or lace edges. Have these round or square, but see to it that spring flowers are in the vase on the centerpiece and that the food is seasonal. Then don't clutter the table with a quantity of small dishes. One of the first requirements of spring is a sense of space, for among other things this rests the nerves.

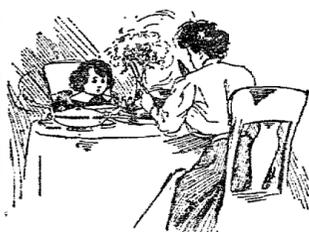
A good menu for a May-night Sunday supper could include cold meat with aspic jelly, a green salad and a cold custard. Here are some timely recipes:

Aspic Jelly.—Make a good aspic by cooking together a knuckle of veal and one pound of beef or a chicken carcass, put on in cold water for three hours. Put soup vegetables with the meat and let it all simmer slowly. Three or four pounds of meat would be required for three quarts of water, and this should be reduced to one quart when the meat is done. Let it become cold with the meat in the pot, then pour it off, strain it, return it to the fire and when it comes to a boil throw in the white and crushed shell of an egg. Boil up quickly, strain off the scum, and strain again. Add celery salt, white pepper and lemon juice until the taste is piquant, and then put it away in the ice box to jelly.

With this put around cold boiled beef, boiled chicken, lamb or veal, the housekeeper will have an excellent piece de resistance for the Sunday night supper.

The dish may be adorned and the taste varied by trimming the platter with a border of diced pickled beets, chopped gherkins, hard boiled eggs minced and mixed with chopped parley, slices of lemon, celery, etc.

The Home



Slice bananas over the cereal and serve with milk or cream.

Pour a little melted butter on top of cereals with stewed prunes, figs, canned peaches or raspberries.

Boil pots and pans in water and washing soda. Scour enameled ware with one part of fine salt or two parts of fine sand.

A delicious way of serving oat meal is with maple sugar and cream. Shave the sugar and pour the cream around it. This may be eaten warm or cold.

Insist upon all the clothing in the family wash being plainly marked. There is nothing so annoying to whoever puts away the clothes as to guess to whom the different pieces belong.

Remember the value of newspapers. They make good linings for carpets and shelves and are the best wrapping for hangings and curtains that are to be put away for the summer.

When beating the whites of eggs for any purpose the busy housewife will find it a saving of time and the eggs will be stiffer and nicer in every way if a pinch of salt is added before the beating begins.

Luncheon Rolls.

Toss a baking powder mixture on a floured board and pat and roll to one-fourth of an inch in thickness, keeping in rectangular shape. Brush over with melted butter and sprinkle with two tablespoonfuls of sugar mixed with one-half teaspoonful of cinnamon, one-third of a cupful of stoned raisins cut in small pieces and two tablespoonfuls of chopped nuts. Roll like a jelly roll and cut off pieces three-fourths of an inch in thickness. Place on a buttered tin cut side up and bake in a hot oven 15 minutes.—Woman's Home Companion.

Eggs on Sorrel.

Sorrel, which is the most easily grown of all herbs, and procurable in large cities, is splendidly tonic in its influence on the system. It is boiled like spinach, in plain water, drained and placed over slices of thin buttered toast; on top of it are put hard boiled eggs cut in lengthwise slices, and covered with drawn butter. Dandelion, which is an even better spring spur to the blood, may be used instead of the sorrel.

Chicory Salad.

Chicory makes a splendid spring edible, as the bitter quality is often just the thing the stomach needs for a better tone. The green part of the vegetable is generally discarded and the white is crisped with cold water before being used. It is served with French dressing, lemon juice providing a more freshening and tonic quality than vinegar.

A MINISTER'S CONSTIPATION

Rev. Kemp Tells of His Digestive Troubles and How He Overcame Them—You Can Do So Free.

The lack of exercise in a minister's life makes him very prone to constipation—but for that matter, most everybody is constipated now and then. It is the national disorder.

Many a reader knows that a sure way to cure constipation and other stomach, liver and bowel troubles is with Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, which a church people have been buying for twenty years. Rev. E. A. Kemp of Rising Sun, Ind., Secretary of the Indiana Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, says in part:

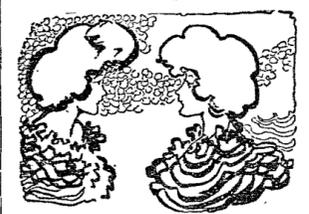


"For years I have been a victim of constipation but I have never found anything to equal Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I also had indigestion and heart trouble. I can certainly recommend it."

Dr. W. B. Caldwell Look for this picture on the package found anything to equal Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin. I also had indigestion and heart trouble. I can certainly recommend it."

It can be bought of any druggist at 50 cents or \$1 a bottle. If there is anything about your case that you don't understand, write to the doctor. If you have never used this remedy and would like to try it, send your address and a free sample bottle will be forwarded to your home. Address Dr. W. B. Caldwell, 201 Caldwell Bldg., Monticello, Ill.

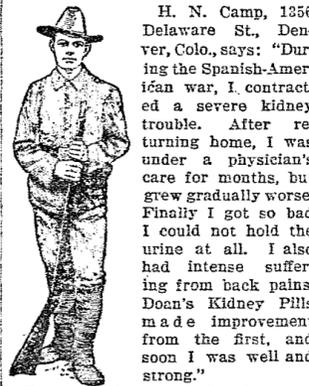
AWFUL.



Maisie—Was he on his knees when he proposed?
Daisy—No; but he went down the steps that way when papa caught him.

A SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE.

Hardships of Army Life Brought on a Severe Case of Kidney Trouble.



Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

An instance. "The rubber industry ought to be able to solve one financial problem." "What problem?" "That of elastic currency."

900 DROPS

CASTORIA

ALCOHOL—3 PER CENT

Vegetable Preparation for Assimilating the Food and Regulating the Stomachs and Bowels of

INFANTS & CHILDREN.

Promotes Digestion, Cheerfulness and Rest. Contains neither Opium, Morphine nor Mineral.

NOT NARCOTIC

Recipe of Old Dr. SAMUEL PITCHEE

Pumpkin Seed—
Aloes—
Rochelle Salts—
Anise Seed—
Opium—
Bicarbonate Soda—
Warm Seed—
Cinnamon—
Watergreen Flavor

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

Facsimile Signature of
Chas. H. Fletcher

THE CENTAUR COMPANY,
NEW YORK.

At 6 months old
35 Doses—35 CENTS

Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act

Exact Copy of Wrapper.

Libby's Food Products

Never Vary in Quality or Taste

Because the utmost care is taken by Libby's Chefs to select only the choicest materials and prepare them in the same careful manner every time. You are thus assured of uniform goodness, and this is the reason that the use of Libby's gives such general satisfaction to every housewife.

- Try Libby
- Dried Beef
 - Mexican Tamales
 - Ham Loaf
 - Chili con Carne
 - Vienna Sausage
 - Evaporated Milk

For luncheon, spreads or everyday meals they are just the thing.

Keep a supply in the house. You never can tell when they will come in handy. Ask for Libby's and be sure you get Libby's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3, \$2.50 & \$2

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS.

Millions of men wear W. L. Douglas shoes because they are the lowest priced, quality considered, in the world. Made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions.

W. L. Douglas \$5.00 and \$4.00 shoes equal Custom Bench Work costing \$6.00 to \$8.00.

Boys' Shoes, \$2.50 to \$3.00

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping the name and price on the bottom. Look for it. Make No Substitute.

Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If not for sale in your territory, Mail order Catalogue showing how to order by mail. Shoes ordered direct from factory delivered free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.



See Our Pocket Edition
NO STROPPING NO HONING
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

DEFIANCE STARCH

never sticks to the iron.
W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 22-1910.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

of

Chas. H. Fletcher

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

ROOSEVELT IN AFRICA and OMAHA-POSTEN

The Only Swedish Farm and Newspaper in Nebraska

From now to the 1st of January, 1911, \$1.00. Regular price of book \$1.50. A handsome 400-page volume with 150 illustrations. Furnished in either Swedish or English.

OMAHA-POSTEN, 1505 Howard Street, Omaha

IS SELF-MADE MAN

Sir William Van Horne Rests After Great Success.

American Who Once Worked for \$6 a Week in Joliet, Made Canadian Pacific Railway Greatest Transportation System.

Ottawa, Can.—Sir William Van Horne, who recently retired from the chairmanship of the board of directors of the Canadian Pacific railway, defests fulsome praise of his own career.

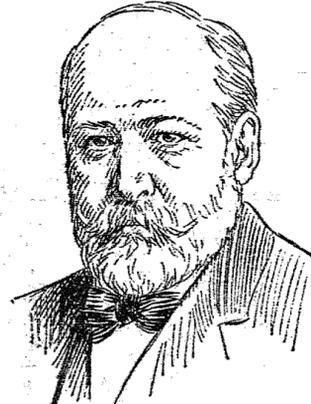
Out of deference to this characteristic the writer will confine himself, by way of introduction, to the statement that Sir William—then just plain William Van Horne, an American railroad man—came to Canada, built and made a financial success of the Canadian Pacific railway when it was the fashion to predict that the road would never pay for its axle grease.

Looking at it critically, that is about as fulsome as anything could be, since the road with its 13,000 miles of track is the only real transcontinental railroad on the North American continent and with its steamship lines in two oceans is the world's greatest transportation system. Nevertheless it is the truth and must stand.

The Canadian Pacific, that is, the C. P. R., which every one calls it for short, is a Canadian institution, and since Sir William Van Horne during his active connection was variously described as its brains, its heart and its soul, he, too, must be rated as a Canadian institution.

He says that he laid down the chairmanship of the board to have more time to himself, although, as he explained in Canada, the chairmanship is not an executive position, as in England. Some years ago he relinquished the presidency of the system to Sir Thomas Shaughnessy, another former American, whom Sir William brought from Milwaukee years ago. Ever since Sir Thomas took the reins from Sir William's hands the latter has stood in the background, ever deferentially leaving the control and the credit to his successor.

Some men—the self-made kind—feel lonely when they get out of the harness, but Sir William Van Horne through all his busy career has had



Sir William Van Horne.

diversions of an artistic character which, now that a comfortable fortune is his, have approached the dignity of an occupation. They say—perhaps it is a part of the fulsome biography that bores him—that when he was a youngster working for \$6 a week in Joliet, Ill., he broke into the library and copied a book from cover to cover, illustrations and all.

HAD HER EYEBROWS CARVED

Secret of Good Looks of Popular Actress Revealed—Real Work of Art.

Few who have adored the exquisite eyebrows of a certain charming and popular actress have been let into the secret of those wonderfully perfect features. The eyebrows are delicate, slender, perfectly arched, the penciled brows of the romancer, indeed. Such eyebrows are rarely seen, and these have caused more envy and heartburning among the young women who have beheld them than any other perfection of this very handsome woman.

Now comes the revelation. Those eyebrows, ladies, are carved out—yes, actually carved out of a broad and solid bridge of black brow, such as would well become a robber baron of the melodramatic stage. There was at least plenty of material here for any sort of brows which the lady preferred.

After thinking it over she decided upon threadlike much arched wonders which shone out beautifully against her ivory skin, and lent a surprised, even babyish look to her face. Accordingly these were marked out on the heavy beaming brows which already existed and the razor and similar corrective instruments were brought into play. Behold then the lady arriving upon the boards, beautiful in every way, particularly enchanting as to eyebrow. And no one yet has guessed it; that is, none but a very, very few, who don't count in a great cityful.

Realism.

Critic (as the composer plays his last piece)—Very fine, indeed. But what is that passage which makes the cold chills run down the back?

Composer—That is where the wanderer has the hotel bill brought; him.—Fitzgibbon Blaetter.

WASHINGTON GOSSIP

Boy In Knickers a Wireless Wonder



WASHINGTON.—Grave, gray-bearded members of the United States senate committee on commerce listened recently with respectful attention to the arguments of a 13-year-old boy in knickerbockers whose head barely topped the table which separated him and his dignified auditors.

The youthful orator was William E. D. Stokes, Jr., of New York, and his theme was wireless telegraphy and telephony. He is president of the Junior Wireless Club of America, Ltd., and he is opposed to certain features of the Depew bill, which provides for government regulation of wireless telegraphy.

Master Stokes said the members of his organization were amateur wireless telegraphers, all of tender years. He told the committee that the boys favored a nominal license fee for wireless operators, the license to be revocable for "malpractice."

The boy lobbyist's voice was youthful, but his words were those of a grown man and a scientist and his hearers smiled broadly at hearing him roll fluently from his tongue the polysyllabic technical terms of his craft. However, they paid respectful attention to his arguments and ap-

peared impressed by what he said.

When he had finished his argument against the bill the boy turned prophet. He said that in ten years it would be possible for persons on land to communicate with distant points by wireless.

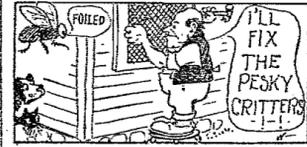
"If a man has an automobile breakdown 25 miles from home, ten years from now," he said, "all he will have to do will be to take out his wireless kit, call up his butler and tell him he will not come home to dinner."

Master Stokes also informed the members of the committee that foreign nations were far ahead of the United States in the development of wireless telegraphy and blamed the era of wireless stock exploitation this country has experienced. He said there were between 25,000 and 40,000 boys in the United States interested in wireless telegraphy and expressed the belief that their experiments would prove of great value to the nation in the future.

Young Stokes is the son of the proprietor of the Ansonia apartment hotel in New York, and will be remembered as the first person to devise a receiving box for the interception of wireless telephone and telegraph messages.

This device was perfected in September, 1908, on the roof of his father's hotel. It was the result of long and secret experiments in which the boy was unaided. When his invention was examined by wireless experts they pronounced him an electrical prodigy.

Animals In Kitchen Peril to Health

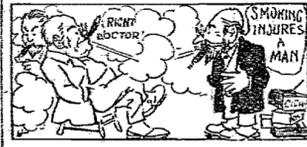


INSECTS play a large part as mechanical carriers of disease and none is worse than the common house fly, yet it is allowed to infest meat exposed for sale, bread and sweetmeats, berries, the edge of the milk pail and the food on the kitchen table.

The keynote of cleanliness is especially sounded with respect to keeping pet animals in the kitchen. The fur of the cleanest of them must come in contact with many things which we would not care to have touch our food.

This information is imparted in a bulletin issued by the department of agriculture, prepared under the supervision of the office of experiment stations. It is entitled, "Care of Food in the Home," and is for free distribution. Its author, Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel, has advanced many new ideas and called attention to many simple house methods that make for cleanliness and wholesomeness of foods in the home.

Smoke as They Discuss Tobacco's Harm



WITH smoke curling from their various flavored cigars, heart specialists from throughout the country who recently attended the congress of American physicians and surgeons gathered in Washington to discuss whether the prolonged and excessive use of tobacco meant "sudden death." At the close of a lengthy debate they were far from reaching an agreement as to what was the real effect of the use of tobacco on the heart.

Dr. H. L. Elsner of Syracuse, N. Y., introduced the subject by discussing the influence of tobacco on hypertension in the circulatory system. Smoking in moderate amount by grown persons might not be injurious, he said, but he expressed a belief that smoking was injurious to those who had hereditary heart afflictions.

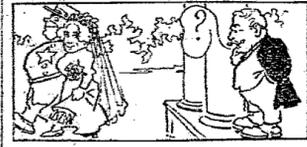
Dr. Judson Daland of Philadelphia

One of the most important suggestions is that in regard to ptomaine poisoning. On this subject the author says:

"Food may become dangerous even before it shows outward signs of decomposition and the danger hardly be recognized without laboratory apparatus. It is no uncommon thing to hear that a large number of persons attending a banquet were taken violently ill within a few hours. These cases of wholesale poisoning generally occur in summer after a heated term. It is a safe rule to eat sparingly of foods liable to changes in hot weather and where the serving of a large number at one time brings a strain on the culinary forces, when material is certain to be served which has been prepared a considerable time in advance."

Mrs. Abel thinks ordinary kitchen methods fall short of today's requirements, especially with respect to sanitary science. The old fashioned hatred for dirt is not enough. This applies especially with respect to the cleaning of kitchen utensils. For instance, boiling has long been known to kill whatever was the cause of "spoiling" food. However, most housekeepers did not "boil out" the milk cans, etc., but simply scalded them.

Taft In Quandary; His Cook Has Quit



TO be the White House cook and prepare the food for the president, his family and guests is an honor, but to be the bride of an Irish policeman detailed for duty at the executive mansion has proved more attractive to Martha Peterson, who has resigned.

Now when Martha decided to become the wife of Policeman Mulvey she thought of her cousin in Sweden, who she says is a better cook than herself. So she recommended her cousin to the president as the chef. The president was considering the advisability of having Mrs. Mulvey's cousin to come over to Washington to the White House cooking when the question arose: Is Swedish cooking an American industry to a great

enough extent to demand protection under the contract labor law? Foolish question No. 667,766! No, not at all, but the chances are it will be a mighty serious question with the honorable the attorney general of the United States and the honorable the solicitor general, ditto, to say nothing of the president of the same place, who needs the cook.

Just how serious are the intentions of the president toward his former cook's relative in Sweden time alone will divulge, but labor union officials are not so reserved. They, through Secretary Frank Morrison of the American Federation of Labor, cannot understand how the president can even consider the importation of a cook from Sweden.

Mr. Morrison said he could not go into the details of the affair, because he did not know them, but he said the president ought to know all about the law and ought not to think of doing such a thing. The contract labor law is plain and its provisions are not to be evaded.

COULDN'T TALK THE LANGUAGE.



First Caddie—Do you think he'll ever be able to play de game?

Second Caddie—Naw, he stutters.

UNSIGHTLY COMPLEXIONS

The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for toilet, bath and nursery purposes not only preserves, purifies, and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands, but prevents inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the complexion and skin. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair, will find Cuticura Soap most successful in realizing every expectation.

Cuticura Soap and Ointment are admirably adapted to preserve the health of the skin and scalp of infants and children, and to prevent minor blemishes or inherited skin humors becoming chronic, and may be used from the hour of birth. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the civilized world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, for their free Cuticura book, 32 pages of invaluable advice on care and treatment of the skin, scalp and hair.

For the Critics. Creston Clark, whose untimely death at Asheville robbed America of a serious and capable actor, was somewhat impatient of criticism. To a Philadelphia critic he once said:

"You chaps are unwilling to accept a man for what he is. You want to change him to your own taste. But each of you has a different taste. To whose inclination, then, is he to bend?"

"No, no! Take the artist for what he is. That is the right critical attitude. Don't be like the farm urchin I once saw—an urchin who, as he stoned a frog to death, repeated severely:

"I'll larn ye to be a toad."

What He Knew. "You can tell me the names of the twelve apostles, Sam?" said the pretty Sunday school teacher one morning. Sam's face fell, and he shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"Can't do it, ma'am," he said, sorrowfully; and then his eyes brightened; "but I can call off all of the pitchers in the league teams," he volunteered.—Harper's Magazine.

How's This? We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by his firm.

WALDOE, KINMAN & MARVIN, Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

No Affair of His. "I noticed, Mr. Lloyd, that you were the only person who did not weep during Mr. Evans' beautiful prayer."

"You forget, Mrs. Davies, that I belong to another parish."—The By-stander.

CUT THIS OUT And mail to the A. H. Lewis Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo., and they will send you free a 10 day treatment of NATURE'S REMEDY (No. 1) in all business transactions and financially able to carry out all obligations made by his firm.

Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

In 1950. "Did he object to his wife's getting into prison?"

"No; he only said it wasn't the jail where his mother used to go."—Harper's Bazar.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, cures colic, cures wind colic. See bottle.

He that dies pays old debts.—Shakespeare.

Afraid of Ghosts

Many people are afraid of ghosts. Few people are afraid of germs. Yet the ghost is a fancy and the germ is a fact. If the germ could be magnified to a size equal to its terrors it would appear more terrible than any fire-breathing dragon. Germs can't be avoided. They are in the air we breathe, the water we drink.

The Valuable Match. There was a loud splash, and a moment later a dripping head appeared above the waves. On the end of the dock was a stevedore nonchalantly lighting his pipe.

"Help, man!" cried the chap in the water. "Can't you see I am overboard? I can't swim."

"How often have you been down?" asked the stevedore, shielding the flickering match from the wind.

"Once, I believe, but hurry up, man! Give me a hand!"

"You wait! You have two more times yet to go down, and I have only one match. I'll catch you on the last trip."—Exchange.

The Man Invasion. The witch out for a moonlight jaunt on her favorite broomstick, had just escaped being run down by an aeroplane manned by a joyrider.

"Oh, this is simply maddening!" she cried, hysterically; "to think of man invading the one field of which we women have had a monopoly for centuries! And I believe I heard the brute say, as he passed: 'Oh, you kid witch!'"

Pity is akin to love, and if a young man has an obese bank balance it isn't difficult to find a girl to pity him.

If You Have Common Sore Eyes, if lines blur or run together, you need PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

I love everything that is old; old friends; old times; old manners; old books.—Goldsmith.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

A mustard plaster can always be depended upon to do something smart.

When shown positive and reliable proof that a certain remedy had cured numerous cases of female ills, wouldn't any sensible woman conclude that the same remedy would also benefit her if suffering with the same trouble?

Here are two letters which prove the efficiency of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Fitchville, Ohio.—"My daughter was all run down, suffered from pains in her side, head and limbs, and could walk but a short distance at a time. She came very near having nervous prostration, had begun to cough a good deal, and seemed melancholy by spells. She tried two doctors but got little help. Since taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, Blood Purifier and Liver Pills she has improved so much that she feels and looks like another girl."—Mrs. C. Cole, Fitchville, Ohio.

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

We will pay a handsome reward to any person who will prove to us that these letters are not genuine and truthful—or that either of these women were paid in any way for their testimonials, or that the original letter from each did not come to us entirely unsolicited.

What more proof can any one ask?

For 30 years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills. No sick woman does justice to herself who will not try this famous medicine. Made exclusively from roots and herbs, and has thousands of cures to its credit.

Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health free of charge. Address Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass.

DEFIANCE Cold Water Starch makes laundry work a pleasure. 16 oz. pkg. 10c.

Stop taking liquid physic or big or little pills, that which makes you worse instead of curing. Cathartics don't cure—they irritate and weaken the bowels. CASCARETS make the bowels strong, tone the muscles so they crawl and work—when they do this they are healthy, producing right results.

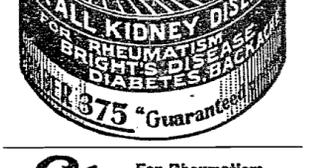
CASCARETS too a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

DAISY FLY KILLER placed anywhere, attracts & kills all flies. No sticky, greasy, or offensive odor. Kills 40 seasons. View of facial catarrh. 1/2 lb. or 1 lb. ever, will kill 1000 flies. Guaranteed. 10c. 1/2 lb. 5c. 1 lb. 10c. HARRISON'S 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, New York.

A Double-Header. "What kind of a candle do you want, my little man?"

"It's for pa, and, by what ma says about him, I guess it must be the kind that you burn at both ends."

We are our best when we try to be it not for ourselves alone, but for our brethren.—Phillips Brooks.



For Rheumatism Electropodes. Drive out pain. Strengthen nerves. Build up system. At Drug Stores—\$1.00. No cure, no pay. Write for free trial offer. Western Electropode Co., Dept. B, Los Angeles, Cal.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM. Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Falls to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c. and \$1.00 at Druggists.

PATENT your ideas. 64-page book and advice FREE. Established 1882. Fitzgerald & Co., Box K, Washington, D. C.

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If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

BUY BOVEE'S FURNACE AT FACTORY PRICES

And save from one-third to one-half of the cost of any first-class heating plant, having EQUAL CAPACITY.

SIXTY DOLLARS

We sell a first-class furnace, suitable for a cottage with all pipe and fittings for \$60.00, and larger furnaces at proportionately low prices.

We manufacture 36 different furnaces of the leading styles. We own one of the best equipped furnace plants in the west. We manufacture the very best and sell at the lowest possible manufacturer's price. Our furnaces burn any kind of fuel.



The Bovee furnace is the only furnace having a perfect forced Ventilating System, that insures pure air in every part of the house. The value of this forced ventilation cannot be over-estimated, especially in case of bad lungs or sickness.

We ship everything properly prepared ready to install so that any handy man can properly install our furnaces without any assistance from a tinner.

Send rough plan of building to be heated and get our three-colored catalog and best plans for heating plant. A letter to us will save you about half the cost of your heating plant.

BOVEE FURNACE WORKS

476 8th Street

WATERLOO, IOWA

BURGLARS AS LOVERS?

By MASON RAY

"Good night," Miss Prindle answered. She stood a moment longer on the rooming house steps to watch the slightly stooped figure in black broadcloth fade into the darkness.

"Been seeing me home from meeting every Thursday night night two years, and can't get up courage to propose," she mused as she entered and absent-mindedly climbed the stairs. In the upper hall she paused at a door, fished a key from her hand bag, unlocked the door and entered.

"Land sakes," she thought, seeing the room lighted, "I sure turned out the gas. What ever does this mean? Burglars?"

Miss Prindle claimed the quality of courage. Each night she inspected the housebreaker's well-known stronghold. Now as she stood glancing about a slight sound—as of muffled sneezing—attracted her attention.

"It is a burglar," she concluded. In confirmation of this a pair of boots showed beneath the valance at the foot of the bed.

"Don't move," she said sternly, addressing the feet. "If you do I'll shoot."

At the hall phone she hurriedly called up central, was connected with the police station and asked for men and a patrol.

"Hurry lively; I've a burglar for you," she explained.

From beneath the bed came in hollow tones: "For heaven's sake, Miss Prindle, don't call the police. I'm no thief."

"Then," demanded the astonished maiden lady, "who are you?"

"I'm Arthur Higgins. You've often met me on the stairs," declared the subterranean voice.

"If that's the truth," doubted Miss Prindle, "why are you concealed under my bed?"

"I'm not," denied the voice. "This is my bed. Your room is across the hall."

Miss Prindle looked about at the familiar furnishings. She remembered that the rooms were as similar as peas in a pod. She had, indeed, turned to the left instead of to the right and her key proved suited to both doors.

"But," she argued, unconvinced, "if you are that putty-faced bookkeeper why are you hiding under your own bed?"

"Because," patiently explained the voice in natural tones, having reversed position with the feet, "I thought you were Mrs. Buckley."

"Well, I ain't Mrs. Buckley, thank goodness, so crawl out and I'll send back the police."

"You can't," declared Arthur Higgins appearing at the door of his room. "And you've spoiled everything," he added gloomily.

Miss Prindle surveyed the pale young man with astonishment.

"I?" she cried. "I spoiled what?"

"The elopement," he declared. "I was about to elope with Mamie Buckley."

"Then," said Miss Prindle with energy, "if you have enough spunk to save that poor girl from her heathenish aunt I'll help you off."

"I have an auto waiting at the corner," explained the lover. "I thought, when you came, that all was discovered. I hoped to escape an interview with Mrs. Buckley. Such an interview would be painful."

"It would," agreed Miss Prindle. "And now the police will stop everything."

"Not if I can get you and the girl to the auto before they come," declared their friend.

"If you only will," implored Mr. Higgins.

"Go on and I'll have Mamie there in a minute," she promised.

In the family sitting room, guarded by her hard-faced, portly aunt, Miss Prindle found the fluffy-haired orphan.

"Mamie," the spinster ordered, "come and assist me a moment. You neglected to turn my bed around. I can't sleep with the head west."

But in the hall behind the closed sitting room door the girl was made to understand. In another minute they were at the side of the green auto. At the request of the lovers, Miss Prindle climbed in with Mamie and they were off with a whirl.

At the same instant, Mamie's suspicious aunt flung wide the front door. Her quick eye detected the runaways passing under an arc light. The police patrol at the moment entered her vision. They dashed up to her very curb.

"There they are; there, in the green motor. Fifty dollars reward if you get them," she screamed.

Instantly the electric patrol darted in pursuit. The officers had no reason to doubt that they were on the track of daring porch climbers.

Mamie, half fainting, sank back in the seat between Miss Prindle and her lover. The former snatched her own veil from her bonnet and tied it over the flying locks of the bride-to-be.

With bent head, Arthur guided the speeding motor between impeding carriages, shot past an oncoming trolley, then down a side street. Mamie wept from sheer fright at the danger of being overtaken.

"We'll never escape them," she cried, "and I'd rather die than return to aunt Jane!"

Miss Prindle's brain worked with vigor on the problem. How could she undo the evil wrought by her patrol call? To have the girl dragged back to her furiously angry aunt and the unpaid drudgery of the rooming house was not to be considered. Suddenly

she caught sight of a stoop-shouldered figure walking in advance on the cement pavement. Instantly a plan crystallized into shape.

"Skip with Mamie down that side street," she ordered, "and make your train on foot. I'll keep the police busy until you're safe!"

Arthur obeyed with alacrity. In an instant the two lovers had disappeared down the ill-lighted cross street and their deliverer had hailed the figure in black.

"Mr. Crandall! Jerry!" she called. "Come here!"

Amazed, her aged escort to Thursday night meetings turned, advanced to her side and, at her command, mounted to the seat beside her.

"Friends of mine nearly lost their train," she explained as Mr. Crandall took the steering wheel. "Left me to take the car back to the garage. Lucky I saw you."

"They should have hired a chauffeur," complained Mr. Crandall. "I don't know much about motors."

Their pace proved his word. At break-neck speed they shot down the center of the wide, well-paved thoroughfare. Miss Prindle, glancing back, noted that the police patrol had untangled from the main street medley of hacks and trolleys and was once more in hot pursuit.

Foot by foot, the patrol crawled onward in its overlapping speed. Then one of the police officers reached out an arm and shut off the green motor's speed. The other man had stopped their own vehicle.

"I arrest you both for burglary," the nearer man informed them.

"Preposterous!" declared Mr. Crandall.

"We've just been to the station with friends," explained Miss Prindle. "They had to catch a train."

"Well," the officer said grimly, "you're going to the station again—the police station."

In vain Miss Prindle explained in full. Her story of herself, calling up the police was laughed to scorn.

When the police and prisoners reached the precinct station the hour was too late for a hearing. Nothing could be done toward liberty, especially as a short phone talk with Mrs. Buckley confirmed the night officer in holding the aged fugitives over till morning. Mr. Crandall's offer to secure bail went unheeded.

Despite the rude quarters given each suspect, the maiden lady rested calmly content. She had, indeed, gained more time for the eloping couple than she had planned, but the affair had been rounded out beyond possibility of failure. After a time lovers, green autos, patrols, angry aunts and aged gentlemen in black merged into kaleidoscopic medley. Miss Prindle slept.

The opening hour of court brought the elderly prisoners and Mrs. Buckley, the complainant, face to face. The latter stared at the culprits with undisguised amazement.

"Not them," she shrieked at the magistrate; "what do you 'spose I want of them old idiots?"

"Madam," warned the judge, "calm yourself."

"They're the wrong ones," half shrieked the angry woman.

"They're the ones she pointed out, your honor," stubbornly insisted one of the patrol police.

"The fools, the numskulls!" cried the complainant. "I sent them after my eloping niece and the addlepate she wanted to marry, not these!"

"Madam," decreed the judge, "you're fined \$5 for contempt of court."

"Besides," added the judge, "the charge was burglary, not elopement."

"Who said anything about burglars?" snapped the enraged rooming house keeper. "I tell you it was an elopement!"

"Madam," again reminded the judge, "you're fined \$10 for contempt of court."

He then addressed the prisoners. "You're discharged," he said. "There's no case against you."

"So," commented Mr. Jeremiah Crandall, as the two emerged from the dingy courtroom, "we're arrested for eloping, eh? Now, the correct termination to an elopement is marriage. Suppose we end this adventure consistently: shall we?"

"I'm willing," murmured Miss Prindle; "but isn't this proposal just—a bit—sudden?" she queried.

Steering an Aeroplane.

The driving of a motor car demands a fair measure of vigilance and nerve, but, by the general consent of those who have tried both forms of amusement, it is nothing to the steering of an aeroplane. From the point of view of personal daring and initiative, the newest method of travel finds a closer parallel in the early human feats of taming the horse for riding and learning to sail a boat than in the invention of the steamship or the railway engine. The prominence of the human element in the new pursuit comes naturally out in the concentration of popular interest even more in the "flying men" than in their machines. When railways and steamships were new the absorption of public attention in them was immense. But the machine then dwarfed the man.

Moving Day.

When the gentleman with decided tendencies toward looking after everybody's business but his own saw a furniture removal van being loaded near his house, he sallied forth into the street on investigation bent.

"I say, carter," he began bump-tiously, "are the people upstairs moving?"

The carter looked at him scornfully. Then he wiped the perspiration from his manly brow.

"No, sir," he retorted grimly. "We're just taking the furniture for a drive!"

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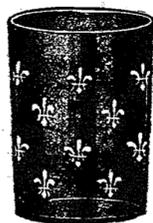
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∴ IDLE CHATTER ∴

A man whose name is said to be Harry Cooper and who is thought to live at Coffman, is lying unconscious in St. Joseph's hospital as the result of a fall on the pavement at Twenty-first and Cuming streets, Omaha, Tuesday night. He was picked up in that condition and blood was flowing freely from the right ear, but Dr. Dermot does not think, so far as he has been able to make examination, that the skull is fractured. John Schell, a machinist in the employ of the street car company, who lives at 3015 South Thirty-first street, is held at the police station in connection with the affair.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols was the guest of Mrs. Nail in Omaha for luncheon Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thompson and Miss Grace Thompson spent Monday fishing at Cut-off lake.

Richard and Paul Reynolds of Omaha were Florence visitors Sunday.

A small eight-inch plow for sale. Phone Florence 218.

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

Apron Bazar by the Royal Neighbors of America Tuesday, May 31, at Adam's hall. Social evening and refreshments, 15 cents.

Mrs. Maud Grebe was the guest of the Misses Edith and Francis Rogers in Omaha Wednesday afternoon.

F. S. King expects to start the erection of another house next week.

The Kierle Grading company has purchased a new elevator grading machine and a traction engine to pull it.

Opera First Produced.

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

FAIR AT FRENCH CAPITAL

Quaint Gathering, With Misleading Name, a Feature of Gay City of Paris.

A great feature of the present week is the ham fair which is held on the Boulevard Richard Le Noir. The name of this fair is wholly misleading, for as far as I have seen hams are the very last thing any one buys there.

Old brass and copper curios, quaint jewelry, rare china, lace, tapestries and books are what most people go out for to seek, and a sight not to be easily forgotten is the long, wide boulevard lined with ramshackle stalls laden with every possible kind of lumber and presided over by the most rapacious of brocanteurs.

Out of piles of valueless lumber Americans and English diligently seek for their pet kind of curios, and there is not an artist in Paris who cannot point to some bit of furniture in his or her studio and say with pride, "I got that for five francs at the ham fair."

No one ever pays more than five francs, I notice, but alas, every year these five franc bargains are becoming more rare, and even as housekeeping in Paris grows more and more costly so does the furnishing of one's house to keep.—London Queen.

Waiting for the Gas.

They had just moved from one flat to another and everything was torn up.

To make matters worse the gas man hadn't been out to turn on the gas which undoubtedly had been shut off since last tenant had moved out, and there were no electric lights in the flat. They didn't want to buy an outfit of oil lamps for so short a time and were getting along the best they could with candles.

Each morning they called up the gas office and the clerk said there would be a man out that day, but it was more than a week before he finally showed up.

Then he knocked on the door and announced with a grin of sullen disgust: "That gas has been turned on all the while. 'Tain't never been turned off since them other folks was here."

The new arrivals had never thought of trying it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.