

It is Well to test all things and to hold fast only that which is good. The Tribune as an advertising medium can stand the test. Its Readers are Buyers and Its Rates are Right.

The Florence Tribune

"Them Fellers Is Doing the business," says Bill Sticker, in a hot argument with Deacon Tubbs. "Why? Because they advertise big." Moral: To do big business, advertise big in the Tribune.

VOL. II. PUBLISHED BY E. L. PLATZ FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1910 Subscription, \$1.00 a Year. No. 26

NEWS OF FERRY RESERVE

Sis Tells of the News and incidentally Tells of Bud Getting the Chicken Raising Fever and the Remarkable Influence it is Having on Him. Bud is Offering a Fine Lot of Dogs for Sale Now as Dogs and Chickens Don't Get on Together.

Miss Teeter has ate little chickens which wuz hatched a Wednesday.

Old man Bird has already sat out two pecks of union sets for winter unions, and he aims to sot out as many moore. He sez that unions is sartin to drive away disease of all kinds. He says he eats them three times a day the year round an he sartinly smells like hes tellin the truth. Ef any man's prayers ever reach heaven, old Bird's ort to, fer his unified breath is strong enuff to stand by itself. They even say that when old Mrs. Bird wuz alive she ust to haft to closepin her nose before she could sleep in the same room with Mr. Bird and Bill Purkapile he says the old woman didn't die a natural deah at all, that she lost her close pin one nite an before she could wake up an find it she wuz arfixshiated.

You neadent expect to see Bud for many months to come for he has got the chicken feavor and hes got hit bad. I told you onct about him gettin a corner on houn purps. Well he is changin his ideas on this subject and if somebody comes along an offers him haff a trade on houns, thy'll sartinly buy a dorg.

I can't blame Bud fer changin of his mind about establishing a corner on houn purps cause last week Alfaly found eleven purps and only one was a male critter. Pap named her Alfaly cause she raises three crops a year. He named the other two houns Sawbuck and Ridge Pole cause both of them wuz generally so thin it tuck the two of them to make one good shadder.

Sawbuck and Ridge Pole wuz not goin to be outdone by Alfaly an so they found seventeen little houn purps, making a total of 28 purps on this place now an it is astonishin to say that only three of em is gentlemen dorgs.

Bud axed me to figger up what the result would be ef he could keep his houn dorg corner fer five years. I wuz always purty good in rithmetic, but Bud's problem was too much fer Sis. I got some where into the millyons before I wuz haff thru and I had to give hit up, and when Bud axed what it mounted to I told him, sez I:

"Bud, the anser is wane to be seen. I five years the hole earth would be covered with dorgs an dorg deas would be cloggin up every drain tile in the country. They would eat up everything living and dig up the dead an as fer you, Bud, the zaybers would tack your old hide to some sine post an paint a notis on hit sayin: Here hangs the hide of Bud L., Who's shovelin coal down deep in hell.

When he busts into Paradise, The devil will be cuttin ice.

Bud haint sed nothin about dorgs since then an he doant seem to ker much for his first crop of purps. From the way he looks at em hit wouldnt surprise me any day to hear of a eperdemick breaking out amongst them and callin of them hence before their eyes is open.

As I sad before, Bud has the chicken feavor. He red last week in your paper about Mr. Griffith selling eggs fer one dollar apiece an he says than when a single hen can lay from 50 to 100 eggs a year that will sell at a dollar apiece, a man is a plum fool who will raise cows or hogs or any such poultry. Bud wanted to send fer ten incubators, each of which would hatch 500 eggs a settin, makin a total of 5,000 chickens hatched here every three weeks, but I wuz afeared we might haff to buy two more mule teams and a couple of waggins, to haul chicken feed here an haul our crop to market. I therefor persuaded Bud to get a fifty egg size incubator an we have got it to runnin now. The only trouble is I haff to watch Bud all the time cause he's fusser than ary old hen I ever seed. He wants to turn the eggs every fifteen minits an he says that the hotter he keeps em, the sooner they'll hatch. He sets down by the incubator an cluks like an old

SUPERIORS BEAT MONMOUTHS

Foot Ball Game Sunday is Fast and Ends by a Score of 15 to 0.

The Superiors defeated the Monmouth Parks at Florence Park Sunday afternoon in a one-sided but hard fought game by the score of 15 to 0. The game was full of spectacular plays and tackles that brought great applause.

For the Superiors, Williams, Tracy and Smith were the best ground gainers. Henningsen's and Hatchesen's tackling was the feature of the game. Davis, Anderson and Carlson for the Parks were all good. Williams made two touchdowns and Tracy one. Smith was injured in the game but not severely.

When a crows like a rooster, jest to make the eggs feel comfortable and to keep the little chickens in the eggs from gettin lonesome. Ef he doant sit over the feaver, it wouldnt surprise me a bit to see the old fool walkin around the yard in about ten days with our first matchin of chickens follerin him and him trying to kiver them like onto a old hen.

Pleasures Past

A quiet wedding was solemnized Oct. 19 at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Smith at 1123 Beale avenue, Bakersfield, Cal., when their daughter, Miss Mabel, became the bride of Mr. Dorsey D. Shipley. Only immediate relatives attended and were present at the wedding dinner which followed. Miss Hazel Smith, sister of the bride, was bridesmaid, and Fred Owens was best man. Mr. and Mrs. Shipley left on a late train for Los Angeles where they will spend their honeymoon. Mrs. Shipley is a popular member of the younger set of East Bakersfield. She attended the Bakerfield school and was later employed as cashier in the Southern hotel office. She has many friends in the city. Mr. Shipley is the youngest son of Lafayette Shipley of Florence, Neb. He was raised at that place and received his education in the Florence schools. He is also well known in Bakersfield where he holds a good position.

Miss Zerlina Brisbin and Masters Harry and Lansing Brisbin entertained a few of their younger friends at a Hallowe'en party Monday evening. The evening was pleasantly spent with games appropriate to the occasion. Those present were Miss Gertrude Pollard, Miss Alice Platz, Miss Elizabeth Platz, Miss Zerlina Brisbin, Masters Joseph Pollard, Wallace Pollard, Donald Nichols, Harry Brisbin and Lansing Brisbin.

The Royal Neighbors gave a hallowe'en party at Adams hall Monday evening. All came dressed in sheets and pillow cases. The evening opened with a grand march by the ghosts after which there was dancing and card playing. Prizes were won by, first, Mrs. Cooper and Mr. Sam Jensen, consolation prizes by Mrs. Schrumm of Omaha and Mr. Cooper. Lunch was served at a late hour and all expressed themselves as having spent a very enjoyable evening.

The McCloud-Olmsted wedding party were the guests of honor at a dinner party given Monday evening by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henry Olmsted at their home in Florence. Following dinner there was to be a wedding rehearsal. The members of the wedding party were seated at one table which had a heart mound shaped of pink chrysanthemums as a centerpiece. The centerpiece for the other table was a basket of pink chrysanthemums. Those present were Misses Florence Olmsted, Anna Louise Knoedler of Chicago, Gladys Birkhauser of Milwaukee, Marguerite Busch, Rogene Dellecker, Katherine Milroy, Ruth McCoy, Annis Daggett of Minneapolis, Mrs. Herbert Hays of Stella, Neb.; Messrs. Dentley Crimes McCloud, Robert Sargent of St. Louis, William Ross, Lloyd S. Smith, Earl Burket, Frederick Wallace, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCloud of Kenilworth, Ill., Arthur K. Daggett of Minneapolis, Dr. and Mrs. W. F. Milroy, Mr. and Mrs. F. L. McCoy and Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted.

Mrs. Gramlisch, who has been ill, is convalescing.

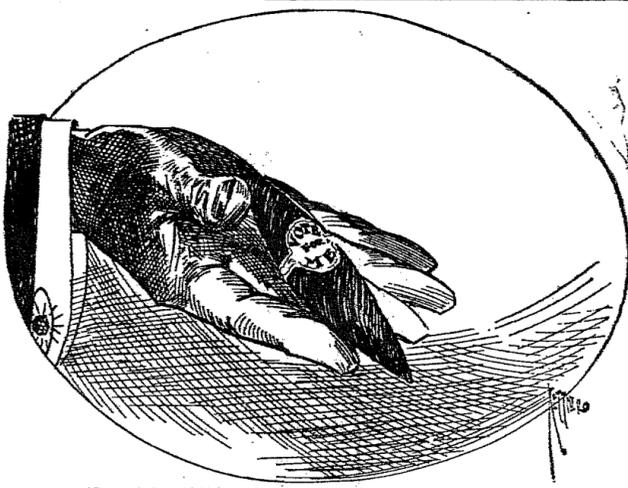
BIG MEETING MONDAY

The Ponca Improvement club will hold its meeting Monday evening at the Ponca school house. Two weeks ago they came to Florence 50 strong. Will Florence send as many to their meeting?

Everybody is invited to attend this meeting and most of the merchants will close early, so they can go. Let us make it a rouser. Transportation is promised for all who will go.

Everybody turn out and go.

A POPULAR BRAND AT PRESENT



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AS TOLD THE EDITOR

In Which is Told What the Neighbors Are Doing and What They Propose to Do as Set Down by Our Chroniclers for the Edification of All Who Are Interested in the Doings of People of Florence and Vicinity.

Pearl B. Martin has purchased of Anna C. Nielsen lot 8, block 57 paying \$3,000 for the property. This is the corner of Main and Harrison.

Miss Allie Houston was the weekend guest of Miss Corrienne Armstrong in Omaha.

P. L. Zilch is serving on the jury.

The Alpha Omacrons met with Ethel Herskind last Saturday evening.

Thomas A. Thirde has been appointed rural carrier on route one.

Rev. W. J. Roberts of the Omaha seminary gave us two excellent sermons on Sabbath last. In the morning he spoke on the subject, "Christ and the Father's Will," in the evening on, "I am the Way."

Croup is most prevalent during the dry cold weather of the early winter months. Parents of young children should be prepared for it. All that is needed is a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many mothers are never without it in their homes and it has never disappointed them. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols was the guest of Mrs. Naile in Omaha Friday and Saturday.

C. A. Grigg returned from a hunting trip out in the state Friday.

The Literary club will be entertained by Mrs. F. Gould at her home in Omaha Friday.

Misses Cora and Martha Moore of Lincoln were the guests of Mrs. Viola Pettit Saturday and Sunday.

The old, old story, told times without number, and repeated over and over again for the last 36 years, but it is always a welcome story to those in search of health—There is nothing in the world that cures coughs and colds as quickly as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by Geo. Siert.

O. E. Clagie of Pierce, Neb., visited Florence Tuesday and looked around with the idea of buying, could he find a desirable 40.

Mrs. S. W. Gleave of Chicago, who has been the guest of her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston for some time, returned home Friday.

Mrs. Kate Remington of Omaha was a Florence visitor Monday evening.

Mrs. Schrumm and Mrs. Knight of Omaha spent Monday evening with Florence friends.

Lame back comes on suddenly and is extremely painful. It is caused by rheumatism of the muscles. Quick relief is afforded by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mr. Olmsted took the pastor to Ponca in his auto Sabbath. Yes, we got there safe and sound this time. The little Ponca school is doing very well now. We hope for a much larger attendance than we have.

FROM NOVEMBER MAGAZINES

Extracts that are of Interest and Entertaining Are Reproduced for Our Readers.

George Ade as a dramatist is as ready a rewriter as he is a brilliant first-shot. But with him it is rather a matter of witty after-touches than laborious readjustment. An instance—not just of the Ade patness, but rather more especially of how a much-quoted line sometimes springs into being quite by accident—occurred at a rehearsal in Washington while the humorist was getting "The College Widow" into shape for its New York premiere. A remark failed to "get the laugh" expected. The producing manager was sitting in the empty auditorium with Mr. Ade. "That line doesn't land," he said, "what do you think is the matter with it?" "Perhaps it isn't natural."

"Well, what do you think the man would say in real life?" "In real life he'd say: 'You're a hell of a Baptist.'"

Though in fear and trembling lest it offend the audience, those words went in.—Their success was instantaneous.—From "Dramatists at Work" in the November Metropolitan Magazine.

When the world wants good cows, horses, sheep, hens and hogs it sends out to the farms and gets them.

And from the farms a steady stream of men goes to answer the call. You find them in the offices, in the stores of the great cities. They are doing much of the world's work today, and they will always be doing it, for the farm grows just that kind of men.

The world gets its best from the farm, and there is a plenty left. Let us be thankful for that.—From November Farm Journal.

Card Tray

Among the wedding presents received by Miss Florence Olmsted was a hand wrought silver spoon that was the wedding present of Elizabeth Stuart Bingham when she was married in 1811 and which has been handed down from generation to generation as a wedding present.

J. H. Price has a large ad in this week's paper telling of his making a large cut on the price of stoves right at the time when stoves are wanted. Read it.

Mrs. Mary Greer died at her residence in South Florence Sunday morning. She was born in England December 19, 1823. The funeral took place from the residence on Tuesday afternoon with Rev. Savidge officiating. The pallbearers were C. H. Allen, Fred Marks, Andrew Nelson, and John Brau. Interment was at Forest Lawn cemetery.

Mrs. George Fox of Omaha was a Florence visitor Tuesday evening.

Mrs. J. C. Kindred, president of the Missionary society of the Presbyterian church, and Mrs. W. A. Yoder attended the three days meeting in Omaha as delegates from Florence.

When a cold becomes settled in the system, it will take several days' treatment to cure it, and the best remedy to use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will cure quicker than any other, and also leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mrs. Naile of Omaha was the guest of Mrs. J. L. Houston the fore part of the week.

MISS OLMSTED IS MARRIED

Brilliant Wedding Ceremony is Performed in Omaha, Followed by a Magnificent Reception at the Palatial Home of the Bride's Parents in Florence. Both Church and Home Filled with Admiring Friends. Presents are Numerous and Costly.

Tuesday witnessed the red letter event in Florence, the wedding of Miss Florence Olmsted, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Henry Olmsted, to Mr. Bentley Grimes McCloud of Chicago.

Pink chrysanthemums and palms decorated the church and the different shades of pink formed the color scheme.

The ribbons were stretched by Masters Robert Olmsted and Frank Campbell, Jr., and Mr. Robert Sargent served as best man. To the strains of the Lohengrin wedding march the ushers, Mr. William Ross, Mr. Lloyd S. Smith, Mr. Earl Burket and Mr. Frederick Wallace, entered. Miss Katherine Milroy was the first of the bridesmaids and wore a dainty gown of white satin with a Dresden design of pink rose buds. A deep shade of pink marisette was draped over this. Miss Marguerite Busch came next wearing a gown of the same design, draped with rose pink marisette.

Miss Gladys Birkhauser of Milwaukee wore a paler shade of rose pink over Dresden satin and Miss Rogene Dellecker wore a gown of the same design draped with a lighter shade of pink marisette. Each of the bridesmaids wore pink tulle veils in the hair and carried old fashioned bouquets of pink rose buds surrounded with violets with the lace holders. They received four leaf clover pins of pearls as a gift from the bride. Little Miss Ruth McCoy was ringbearer and wore a white lingerie frock over Dresden silk. She carried the ring in a bouquet of roses which were tied to the end of a shepherd's crook.

Miss Anna Louis Knoedler of Chicago was maid of honor and wore a pretty costume of Dresden satin with overdress of shell pink marisette and carried a wedding ring of roses over her arm. She received a gold bracelet from the bride.

Miss Olmsted walked with her father and looked attractive in her wedding gown of white satin draped with an overdress of lace, richly embroidered with pearls. She carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley and orchids and wore a diamond lavallier, the gift of the groom. The groom gave the ushers pearl stick pins.

Rev. Edwin Harte Jenks performed the ceremony at the First Presbyterian church in Omaha.

Following the ceremony there was a large reception at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Olmsted in Florence. The rooms were abloom with pink chrysanthemums and assisting, besides the members of the wedding party were: Mesdames F. L. McCoy, W. H. Clarke, W. F. Denay, J. F. Stout, W. F. Milroy, E. J. Fitzgerald, Misses Gladys Impey and Ramona Taylor. Mrs. Olmsted wore a black velvet evening gown and Mrs. McCloud, mother of the groom, was gowned in white satin and marisette.

The out-of-town guests included: Misses Anna Louise Knoedler of Chicago, Gladys Birkhauser of Milwaukee, Annis Daggett of Minneapolis, Mrs. Herbert Hays of Stella, Neb., Messrs. Robert Sargent of St. Louis, Mr. and Mrs. Charles McCloud of Kenilworth, Ill., Arthur K. Daggett of Minneapolis.

Over 150 guests attended the reception. Mr. and Mrs. McCloud left for an extended eastern trip on the midnight train and will be at home after December 15 at 5350 Kenmore avenue, Edwater, Ill.

The wedding presents were both numerous and costly.

Mrs. Mary Stillwell of Chicago will speak in the Presbyterian church on Tuesday the 8th of November. Mrs. Stillwell is a Salvation Army worker of some note. At 3 p. m. she will talk to women only on the subject of the "White Slave." At 1:30 she will address a popular meeting. Let us all turn out and hear about the great work the Salvation Army is doing.

Many school children suffer from constipation, which is often the cause of seeming stupidity at lessons. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are an ideal medicine to give a child, for they are mild and gentle in their effect, and will cure even chronic constipation. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Dr. and Mrs. H. R. Reimer, Miss Emily Reimer, Miss Dora Reimer, Miss Stone and Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Reimer of St. Joseph, Mo., were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Reimer the fore part of the week. Mrs. H. R. Reimer will spend another week as their guest.

MRS. HAIL WRITES OF OREGON

Florence Woman Tells of Her New Life in the Far Western Country.

Fern Hill, Wash., Oct. 24 1910. Editor of Florence Tribune:

I have been reading several copies of the Tribune sent me by a friend, and I thought perhaps you would print a letter from one born and raised near Florence. I came to Tacoma, Washington, last April, and have been trying ever since I came here to get an estimate and value of the productiveness of the farming lands. In the vicinity of Tacoma there are perhaps some of the richest lands in the west, if not in the country. In the Puyallup Valley, which some years ago was devoted almost exclusively to hop raising, but it is now devoted to truck gardening and fruit raising. The truck gardening is done mostly by Japanese who pay as high as \$150 per acre cash rent annually. So one can see the land must be productive and well tilled to make it pay. There is a market in the city where they sell their produce direct to the consumers. Probably the natives or Americans could hardly make it pay, but the Japs seem to be thriving.

Farther up the valley land is devoted almost entirely to the raising of berries, with apple trees set with the berries. Plums and prunes are raised but apples and berries are the principal products.

These lands, when they are cleared, berries set, and offered for sale, are held at about \$1,000 per acre. A thousand dollars seems like quite a price to pay for land, but those who hold it do not seem anxious to sell. The evergreen blackberry is very productive, the vines grow very long and are trained the same as grape vines in the east. Red raspberries yield from 900 to 1,100 crates per acre and blackberries more than that. They realize about \$1.40 per crate of red raspberries, and \$1.00 on blackberries. They also have a canning factory that takes care of the fruit of all kinds.

I think the city of Tacoma is fine. It is somewhat new and shows its newness, but they are building rapidly. It has 1,200 acres in fine parks and many public and permanent buildings. There are 28 public schools, three business colleges, several private schools of high standard, while the high school, one of the public school buildings, is the finest building in the west. In connection with it is the Tacoma Stadium, which easily outclasses anything of its kind in the country, being built of solid masonry in a gulch, having a seating capacity of 30,000, a floor where 3,000 United States troops can maneuver easily. This is all in connection with the high school.

Tacoma has the largest saw mill in the world, third largest harbor in the world. It has today a population of 125,000 people. It is also a city of many beautiful suburban homes and residences and holds thousands of the common people, that is, the working men and business men, people that always go to make a prosperous city. There is 185 miles of street and interurban railway.

Tacoma's flour and feed mills ground last year 1,250,000 barrels of products. On account of its splendid harbor, any ship that floats can enter.

Living is a cheap in Tacoma as it is in Omaha, except butter, eggs and bananas. One can get beautiful potatoes for \$1.00 per hundred pounds, the finest kind of flour for \$5.35 per barrel and vegetables for almost nothing.

The climate in the western part of Washington is grand. One don't have to roast in the summer and freeze in the winter. I have never spent as pleasant a summer in the 35 years of my life as I did the past season. And I certainly do not regret coming to Tacoma.

MRS. S. J. HAIL.

Idle Chatter

Miss Mabel Anderson led Christian Endeavor Sabbath evening. The topic, "Our Denomination at Work in Other Lands," is an interesting one, and the time was fully used in an interesting way.

Next Sabbath's subject is, "Secrets of Sufferers."

Julia Feldhusen writes that she is enjoying herself away out in St. Anthony.

Mrs. James Kindred and Mrs. Yoder were delegates from our Missionary society to the Presbyterian Synodical and Missionary Jubilee in session at Westminster church last week.

Mrs. Irving Allison invited the ladies of the Aid to her home for an all day's work bee Thursday, the 10th of November.

The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER
& LUCIA
CHAMBERLAIN
ILLUSTRATIONS by M.G. Nestler
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SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Crew idol mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Gilsey, and her chaperon, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman, in discussing the disappearance of the ring, the exploits of an English thief, Farrell Wand, are recalled. Kerr tells Flora that he has met Harry somewhere, but cannot place him. \$20,000 reward is offered for the return of the ring. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese goldsmith to buy an engagement ring. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of brass is selected. Harry sets her not to wear it until it is reset. The possession of the ring seems to cast a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy and apprehensive. Flora is startled by the effect on Kerr when he gets a glimpse of the sapphire. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crew idol causes Flora much anxiety. Unseen, Flora discovers Clara ransacking her dressing room. Flora refuses to give or sell the stone to Kerr, and suspects him of being the thief. She decides to return the ring to Harry, but he tells her to keep it for a day or two. Ella Buller tells Flora that Clara is setting her cap for her father, Judge Buller. Flora believes Harry suspects Kerr and is willing to make sure the reward before unmasking the thief. Kerr and Clara confess their love for each other. Clara is followed by a Chinaman. Harry admits to Flora that he has the ring was stolen. He attempts to take it from her. Flora goes to the San Mateo place with Mrs. Herrick and writes Kerr and Clara to come. Ella Buller bribes Clara to leave the judge alone, by giving her a picture of Farrell Wand. Kerr and Harry unexpectedly arrive at San Mateo. Flora buys the picture of Farrell Wand from Clara for \$500. She misses her ring after Harry had said farewell to her. Kerr starts in pursuit of Harry.

CHAPTER XXIV.—Continued.

"Do you feel better?" Mrs. Herrick asked her. Then she opened her eyes wide and saw the walls and the high-arched ceiling of the hall directly above her, knew herself lying on the floor, saw above her the figure of Clara, standing with a bottle of salts, and then remembered; and, with a moan, buried her face in Mrs. Herrick's lap. "Oh, no, no, no; don't bring me back; I don't want to come back!"

Their voices sounding high above her were speaking. Mrs. Herrick said: "What is that?" Then Clara murmured. Then there was the light rustling of paper. Flora moved her hand.

"Give it to me; I want it." She felt the stiff little square of cardboard between her fingers, and closed them around it fast.

After a little she went upstairs holding tight to the baluster with one hand and to Mrs. Herrick with the other. After a little of sitting on the edge of her bed she lay down, still holding to Mrs. Herrick. She felt as though some cord within her had been drawn tight, too tight to endure, and every moment she hoped it would snap and set her free.

"You don't think I'm mad, do you?" she asked. Her friend earnestly disclaimed it. "Then things are," Flora said, "everything. Oh, oh!" The memory overwhelmed her. "He took me there as if by chance! He gave me the sapphire to me for my engagement ring. Oh, dreadful! Oh, poor Harry!"

All that afternoon and all night she slept fitfully, starting up at intervals, trembling at nameless horrors.

She wakened languid and weak. She lay looking about the room, and, like a person recovering after a heavy blow, wondered what had happened. Then her hand, as with her first waking thought it had done for the last week, went to the locket chain around her neck. Oh, yes, yes; she had forgotten. The sapphire was gone. Gone by fraud, gone at a kiss forever with Harry—no, with Farrell Wand.

For Harry was not Harry; and Kerr was not Farrell Wand. He was indeed an unknown quantity. Since she had found Harry she had lost both Kerr's name and his place in her fairy-tale.

She sat up quickened with humiliation. The thing was not a tragedy, it was a grotesque. Blushing more and more crimson, struggling with strange mingled crying and laughter, she slipped out of the bed, and, still in her night-gown, ran down the hall, and knocked on Mrs. Herrick's door, until the dismayed lady opened it.

"I thought it was he," Flora gasped. "I thought it was he who had taken the ring? Why didn't he tell me? Why did he keep it secret? I would do anything to have saved it for him, and I let Harry get it! Oh, isn't it cruel? Isn't it pitiful? Isn't it ridiculous?"

Mrs. Herrick, who, for the last 36 hours, had so departed from her curriculum of safety, and courageously met many strange appearances, now was to hear stranger facts. For Flora had let go completely, and Mrs. Herrick, without hinting at hysterics, let her laugh, let her cry, let her tell piece by piece, as she could, the story of the two men, from the night when Kerr had spoken so strangely at the club on the virtues of thieves to the moment when, in the willow walk, they discovered that the jewel was gone. Clara's part in the affair, and the price she had exacted, even in this unnerfed moment, Flora's instinct withheld, to save Mrs. Herrick the last cruellest touch. But for the rest—she let Mrs. Herrick have it all

—and under the shadow of the grim facts the two women clung together, as if to make sure of their own identities.

"I don't even know who he is," Flora said faintly.

Mrs. Herrick gave her a quick glance. She had not a moment's hesitation as to whom the "he" meant. "You will have to ask him when he comes."

"Do you think he will come back?" Mrs. Herrick had the heart to smile. "But think of what I have done. I have lost him the sapphire, and he loves it—loves it as much as he does me."

Again the glance. "Did he tell you that?"

Flora nodded. The other seemed intently to consider. "He will come back," she declared.

Upheld by her friend's assurance, Flora found the endurance necessary to spend the day, an empty, stagnant day, in moving about a house and garden where a few hours ago had passed such a storm of events. She reviewed them, lived them over again, but without taking account of them. Her mind, that had worked so sharply, was now in abeyance. She lived in emotion, but with a tantalizing sense of something unexplained which her understanding had not the power to reach out to and grasp. For a day more she existed under the same roof with Clara, for Clara stayed on.

At first it seemed to Flora extraordinary that she dared, but presently it began to appear how much more extraordinary it would have been if Clara had promptly fled. By waiting a discreet length of time, as if nothing had happened, she put herself indubitably on the right side of things. Indeed, when one thought, had she ever been legally off it?

That was the very horror. Clara had simply turned the situation over and seen its market value, and how enormously she had made it pay! Flora herself had paid; and she had seen the evidence that Harry had paid, paid for his poor little hour of escape which a mere murderer might have granted him in pity. Yet Clara could walk beside them, meet them at dinner with the same smooth face, chat upon the terrace with the unsuspecting Mrs. Herrick, and even face Flora in a security which had the appearance of serenity, since she knew that nothing ever would be told. At every turn in the day's business Flora kept meeting that placid presence; and it was not until the end of the day that she met it primed for departure. Flora was with Mrs. Herrick, and Clara, coming to seek them out, had an air of casual farewell. The small, sweet smile she presented behind her misty veil, the delicate white-gloved hand she offered were symbols of enduring friendship, as if they were leaving them only for a few hours; as if, when Flora returned to town, she would find Clara waiting for them in the house. But Flora knew it was only Clara's wonderful way. This uprising and departure were her last.

Now all her waiting was for Kerr's returning. She did not know how she should face him, but she wanted him. A telegram came an hour before him, came to Mrs. Herrick announcing him; and then himself, driven up on the high seat of the cart, just as daylight was closing.

"Did you save it?" Flora asked.

He looked at Mrs. Herrick, hesitating.

"You can tell, she knows," Flora assured him.

"No, I haven't saved it—not so far," he said. He had taken off his hat and the strong light showed on his face lines of fatigue and anxiety. "He gave me the slip—no trace of him. No one saw him come into the city; nothing turned up in the goldsmith's shop. His friend, the blue-eyed Chinaman, has dropped out of sight. I haven't made it public," he glanced at Flora—"but our men think he's gone by the water route—Lord knows in what or where! He must have had this planned for days." He didn't look at Flora now. He turned his communication carefully on Mrs. Herrick.

"There were seven vessels sailed that day, and all were searched; but there are ways of smuggling opium, and why not men?"

They were walking toward the house. Kerr looked up at the window where, a short time before, Clara's face had looked down upon the confusion in the garden.

"Is that paid woman still here?" "Oh, no; she's gone." Flora looked at him warningly. But Mrs. Herrick had caught his tone. "Why shouldn't she be?" she demanded with delicate asperity.

Kerr had dropped his monocle. "Because, in common decency, she couldn't. She sold Cressy to me for a good round sum."

Flora and Mrs. Herrick exchanged a look of horror.

"I'd suspected him," said Kerr. "I knew where I'd seen him but I couldn't be sure of his identity till she showed me the picture."

"What picture?" cried Flora.

"The picture Buller mentioned at the club that night; Farrell Wand, boarding the Loch Ettive. Don't you remember?" He spoke gently, as if afraid that a hasty phrase in such connection might do her harm. Now, when he saw how white she looked, he steadied her with his arm. "We won't talk of this business any more," he said.

"But I must talk of it," Flora in-



Across the Top in Thick Black Type Ran the Figures \$20,000.

sisted tremblingly. "I don't even know what you are."

For the first time he showed apologetic. He looked from one to the other with a sort of helpless simplicity.

"Why, I'm Chatworth—I'm Crew; I'm the chap that owns the confounded thing!"

To see him stand there, announced in that name, gave the tragic farce its last touch. Flora had an instant of panic when fight seemed the solution. It took all her courage to keep her there, facing him, watching, as if from afar off, Mrs. Herrick's acknowledgment of the informal introduction.

"I came here, quietly," he was saying, "so as to get at it without making a row. Only Purdie, good man! knew—and he's been wondering all along why I've held so heavy a hand on him. We'll have to lunch with them again, eh?" He turned and looked at Flora. "And make all those explanations necessitated by this lady's wonderful sense of honor."

It was here, somewhere in the neighborhood of this sentence of doubtful meaning, that Mrs. Herrick left them. In looking back, Flora could never recall the exact moment of the departure. But when she raised her eyes from the grass where they had been fixed for what seemed to her eternity she found only Kerr—no, Chatworth—standing there, looking at her with a grave face.

"Eh?" he said, "and what about that honor of yours? What shall we say about it, now that the sapphire's gone and no longer in our way?"

She was breathing quick to keep from crying. "I told you that day at the restaurant."

"Yes, yes; you told me why you kept the sapphire from me, but—he hung fire, then fetched it out with an effort—"why did you take it in the first place?"

She looked at him in clear astonishment. "I didn't know what it was." "You didn't!"

It seemed to Flora the whole situation was turning exactly inside out. The light that was breaking upon her was more than she could bear. "Oh," she wailed, "you couldn't have thought I meant to take it!"

"Then if you didn't," he burst out, "why, when I told you what it was, didn't you give it to me?"

The cruel comic muse, who makes our serious suffering ridiculous, had drawn aside the last curtain. Flora felt the laughter rising in her throat, the tears in her eyes.

"You guessed who I was," he insisted, advancing, "at least what I represented."

She hid her face in her hands, and her voice dropped, tiny, into the stillness.

"I guessed you were Farrell Wand."

CHAPTER XXV.

The Last Enchantment.

The tallest eucalyptus top was all of the garden that was touched with sun when Flora came out of the house in the morning. She stood a space looking at that little cone of brightness far above all the other trees, swaying on the delicate sky. It was not higher lifted nor brighter burnished than her spirit then. Shorn of her locket chain, her golden pouch, free of her fears, she poised looking over the garden. Then with a leap she went from the veranda to the

me over the dead line on to your side. That was the very point you made. That was where you would have dropped me—if I had stuck by my kind, as you thought it, and not come over to yours."

She saw herself fairly caught. She heard her mental process stated to perfection.

"But if you hadn't felt all along I was your kind, if you hadn't had an idea that I was a stray from the original fold, you would never have wanted to go in for me," he explained it.

Flora had her doubts about the truth of this. For a time she had been certain of his belonging to the lawless other fold, and at times she would have gone with him in spite of it, but this last knowledge she withheld. She withheld it because she could make out now, that, for all his seeming wildness, he had no lawless instincts in himself. Generations of great doing and great mixing among men had created him, a creature perfectly natural and therefore eccentric; but the same generations had handed down from father to son the law-abiding instinct of the rulers of the people. He could be careless of the law. He was strong in it. In his own mind he and the law were one. His perception of the relations of life was so complete that he had no further use for the written law; and Farrell Wand's was so limited that he had never found the use for it. Lawless both; but—the two extremes. They might seem to meet—but between those two extremes, between a Chatworth and a Farrell Wand—why, there was all the world's experience between!

She raised her eyes and smiled at him in thinking of it, but the smile faltered and she drew away. They were about to be disturbed. Beyond the rose branches far down the drive she saw a figure moving toward them at a slow, uncertain pace, looking to and fro. "See, there's some one coming."

"Oh, the gardener!" he said as one would say "Oh, fiddlesticks!"

The gardener had been her first thought. But now she rose uneasily, since she saw it was not he, asking herself: "Who else, at such an hour?"

By this time Chatworth, still seated, had caught sight of it. "Hello," he said, "what sort of a thing is that?"

It was a short, shabby, nondescript little figure, shuffling rapidly along the winding walk between the rose bushes. Now they saw the top of his round black felt hat. Now only a twinkling pair of legs. Now, around the last clump of bushes he appeared full length, and, suddenly dropping his businesslike shuffle, approached them at languid walk.

Flora grasped Chatworth's arm in nervous terror. "Tell him to go," she whispered; "make him go away."

The blue-eyed Chinaman was planted before them stolidly, with the curious blind look of his guarded eyes blinking in his withered face. He wore for the first time the blouse of his people, and his hands were folded in his sleeves.

"Who's this?" said Chatworth, appealing to Flora.

"At this the Chinaman spoke. "Mr. Crew," he croaked.

The Englishman, looking from the Oriental to Flora, still demanded explanations with expostulating gesture.

"It is the one who sold us the sapphire," she whispered; and "Oh, what does he want of you?"

"Eh?" said Chatworth, interrogating the goldsmith with his monocle. "What do you want?"

The little man finished his long, and what had seemed his blind, stare; then dived into his sleeve. He drew forth a crumpled thing which seemed to be a pellet and this he proceeded to unfold. Flora crept cautiously forward, loath to come near, but curious, and saw him spread out and hold up a roughly-torn triangle of newspaper. She gave a cry at sight of it. Across the top in thick black type ran the figures \$20,000.

Chatworth pointed a stern forefinger. "What is it?" he said, though by his tone he knew.

The Chinaman also pointed at it, but cautious and apologetic. "Twenty thousand dollar. You likee twenty thousand dollar?" He waited a moment. Then, with a glimmer as of returning sight, presented the alternative. "You likee god?—little joss?—come so?" And with his finger he traced in the air a curve of such delicate accuracy that the Englishman with an exclamation made a step toward him. But the Chinaman did not move. "Twenty thousand dollar," he stated. It sounded an impersonal statement, but nevertheless it was quite evident this time to whom it applied.

The Englishman measured off his words slowly as if to an incomplete understanding, which Flora was aware was all too miraculously quick. "This little god, this ring—do you know where it is? Can you take me to it?"

The goldsmith nodded emphatically at each word, but when all was said he only reiterated, "Twenty thousand dollar."

Chatworth gave Flora an almost shamefaced glance, and she saw with a curious twinge of jealousy that he was intensely excited. "Might as well have a pot-shot at it," he said; and sitting down on the edge of the fountain and taking out his check-book, rested it on his knee and wrote. Then he rose; he held up the filled-in slip before the Chinaman's eyes.

"Here," he said, "twenty thousand dollars." He held the paper well out



of the little man's reach. "Now," he challenged, "tell me where it is?"

Into the goldsmith's eyes came a lightning flash of intelligence, such as Flora remembered to have seen there when Farrell Wand, leaning on the dusty counter, had bidden him go and bring something pretty. He seemed to quiver a moment in indecision. Then he whipped his hand out of his sleeve and held it forth palm upward. This time it was Chatworth who cried out. The thing that lay on the goldsmith's palm Flora had never seen, though once it had been described to her—a bit of an old gold heathen god, curled around himself, with his head of two yellow sapphires and a big blue stone on top.

There it blazed at her, the jewel she had carried in her bosom, that she had hidden in her pouch of gold, and that had vanished from it at the touch of a magic hand, now cunningly restored to its right place in the forehead of the Crew idol, crowning him with living light.

Speechless they looked together at the magic thing. They had thought it far at sea; and as if at a wave of a genii's wand it was here before them flashing in the quiet garden.

With an effort Chatworth seemed to keep himself from seizing on ring and man together. He looked searchingly at the goldsmith and seemed on the point of asking a question, but, instead, he slowly held out his hand. He held it out cup-fashion. It shook so that Flora saw the Chinaman steady it to drop in the ring. Then, folding his check miraculously small, enveloping it in the ragged piece of newspaper, the little man turned and shuffled from them down the gravel walk.

Chatworth stood staring after him with his idol in his palm. Then, turning slow eyes to Flora, "How did he come by this?" he asked, as sternly as if he demanded it of the mystery itself.

"He had it, from the very first." The pieces of the puzzle were flashing together in Flora's mind. "That first time Harry left the exhibit he took it there."

"But the blue sapphire?" Chatworth insisted.

"Harry," Flora whispered, "Harry gave it up to him."

"Gave it up to him!" Chatworth echoed in scorn.

But she had had an inspiration of understanding. "He had to—for money to get off with. He gave Clara all he had so that she would let him get away. Poor thing!" she added in a lower breath, but Chatworth did not hear her. He had taken the idol in his thumb and finger, and, holding it up in the broadening light, looked fixedly at it with the passionate incredulity with which one might hold and look at a friend thought dead. She watched him with her jealous pang increasing to a greater feeling—a feeling of being separated from him by this jewel which he loved, and which had grown to seem hateful to her, which had shown itself a breeder of all the greedy passions. She came softly up to him, and, lifting her hand, covered the idol.

He turned toward her in wonder. "Ah, you love it too much," she whispered.

"That's unworthy of you," he reproached her. "I have loved you more; and that in spite of what I believed of you, and what this means to me. To me, this ring is not a pretty thing seen yesterday. It is the symbol of my family. It is the power and pride of us, which our women have worn on their hands as they have worn our honor in their hearts. It is part of the life of my people; and now it has made itself part of our life, of yours and mine. Shall I ever forget how starkly you held it for the sake of my honor, even against myself? Should I ever have known you without it?" He put the ring into her hand, and, smiling with his old dare, held it over the fountain. "Now, if you want to, drop it in." He released her hand and turned to leave her to her will.

For a moment she stood with power in her hands and her eyes on his averted head. Then with a little rush she crossed the space between them. "Here, take it! You love it! I want you to keep it! but I can't forget the dreadful things it has made people do. It makes me afraid."

In spite of his smiling he seemed to her very grave. "You dear, silly child! The whole storm and trouble of life comes from things being in the wrong place. This has been in the wrong place and made mischief."

"Like me," she murmured.

"Like you," he agreed. "Now we shall be as we should be. Give me your hand."

He drew off all the rings with which she had once tried to dim the sparkle of the sapphire, and, dropping them into his pocket like so much dross, slipped on the Idol that covered her third finger in a splendid bar from knuckle to joint. Holding her by just the tip of that finger, leaning back a little, he looked into her eyes, and she, looking back, knew that it wedded them once for all.

THE END.

STRANGE ROMANCE of an ILLINOIS BOY WHO BECAME FIJI KING

ONE of the strangest stories that ever came out of the tropic seas is that of Edward Thompson, the only American who ever became a king in his own right. Nothing more romantic exists in poetry or legend than the tale of the lad from southern Illinois, who founded a kingdom in the far-off isle of Nalkeva. For a quarter of a century he ruled in his savage realm, forgetful of the world that had forgotten him. While he sat in judgment over the affairs of his tribesmen or led his warriors to battle the map of the world was being changed. Only the faintest echoes from civilization ever reached the island kingdom of Nalkeva, where ruled



its affairs. He came armed with letters of introduction that opened the most exclusive homes of the aristocratic English families to him. Among the many young girls that he met was the village belle, the affianced of the young Scotch-American. It was another variation of that old triangle, the woman and two men. From the first the friends of young Thompson could see that his cause was hopeless. His affianced wife and the young stranger spent more and more of their time together. Little rumors began to find their way about the village. The gossips, ever ready in a small town, were soon busy. Thompson, moody and hurt by her systematic neglect, was the last to hear and the last to countenance the whispered talk that was going the round of the village loafing places. There was a great hue and cry along the quiet old streets one summer morning. Thompson's bride to be had disappeared. Her mother had gone to her room to awaken her and found her gone. She had gone with the young manager of Albion's latest business house, and from that day to this neither of them have been heard from.

Young Thompson changed in a day from a cheerful, happy lad to a grim-faced man. He became moody and silent. He neglected his work and never went near the home to which he had expected to lead his bride. Less than a month after the flight of the elopers there was more excitement in Albion. It was reported that Edward Thompson had disappeared. The strain and the shame of living in a town where every man, woman and child knew the story of his jilting had proven too much for his sensitive, high-strung nature.

While life flowed on in the same uneven current in the village of his nativity he was wandering here and there among the emerald islands, the lagoons and the coral reefs of the seas that behold the Southern Cross. All the islands that lie off the familiar track of the steamers knew him first and last in the three or four years that he spent with the traders and copra buyers. The Philippines, the Ladrones, the Solomons and a dozen other island groups of the southern Pacific were visited by him in the epic years of his Odyssey. Finally he and his trading companions touched at the island of Nalkeva in the Fijis. One of the eternal civil wars that are always disrupting the peace of the little island kingdoms was brewing in Nalkeva when the tramp schooner dropped anchor inside the reef of coral that formed the harbor breakwater. A new claimant had risen for the throne and he and his followers were demanding the scepter and the head of the old king.

Thompson had left Illinois, had put the states behind him to escape the constant reminder of his lost love that he saw in every woman. The wandering life of three or four years had cleansed his heart of but little bitterness against woman-kind. He had put the old life behind him and dreamed only of adventure and never of bright eyes and loving lips. It was a mixed crew of Kenakas, Malaysians and half-castes aboard the little trading schooner. They cared but little for the kings and chieftains of the islands, but it was a part of their policy to be polite to the native rulers. An audience was arranged with the native sovereign and a part of the ship's company attended laden with calicoes, mirrors and brass rods as gifts. It was in the royal hut Thompson first saw the Princess Lakanita. She stood at the side of her father's throne when the white men entered the palm hut for their talk with the old king.

Some indefinite attraction seemed to draw the white adventurer and the brown-skinned princess to each other. They met many times while the schooner was taking on its load of native products. There was more than a little Spanish blood in the veins of the old king's daughter. Her mother was a half-caste Spanish woman and much of the languorous beauty of the maids of old Castile was the heritage of this barbaric princess of the remote isle of Nalkeva. In the half twilight of the cocoanut groves he heard her

story of danger and distress. The rival claimant of the throne had demanded her hand in marriage, and had promised to spare the life of her father if she would consent to become his queen. It was but a matter of weeks, possibly of days, till his force would be strong enough to back his arrogant demands. In the end the white man knew that the island beauty had fallen in love with him. She pleaded with him to stay and help her escape from the clutches of the oppressor.

It is possible that Thompson would have lingered for a time if his companions had not been eager to get away from the island before the civil war began. They were traders, and as such they did not care to take sides in the dispute. It might hurt their business chances in case they ever made another trip to the island. The anchor was lifted, the brown sails spread and the ugly little schooner slipped out of the harbor of Nalkeva while Thompson stood on her deck and waved a farewell to the imperious little island beauty. At the very last she had reminded him of his promise to return to Nalkeva.

It was weeks after the departure of the ship from Nalkeva that Thompson was dramatically reminded of his promise to the Princess Lakanita. The sun had just set one night and Thompson was lying on deck smoking and watching the swift tropic dark come up out of the east. A native canoe scraped against the schooner's side and a native was heard calling for "the white man with the blue eyes." He was brought aboard and proved to be the faithful messenger of the distressed princess. He had followed the schooner across leagues of unknown seas in his open canoe searching for the only man upon whom she could rely for aid.

The end was at hand in Nalkeva, and Lakanita and her father were about to be put to death. Help must come quickly, and it was more than possible that it was now too late. That night the stanch little trading vessel pointed her prow toward Nalkeva. In the final melee along the sands the old king and his rival were both slain and Thompson was stunned by a blow from a war club in the hands of a savage fighting man. When he revived he and his men began a hunt of extermination for all the revolters. They were wiped out and their villages fired before the party returned to the king's village, where the schooner lay anchored. Then the white hero was stricken by one of the malignant island fevers, brought on by his injury on the beach.

It was many days before he was able to recognize his free-trading companions. The princess had been his devoted nurse through his dangerous attack of tropical fever. Now that he was about to leave the island forever she grew sorrowful and listless. She drooped like a dying flower as the ship's preparations for sailing were being made. All his promises to return brought on fits of passionate weeping on the part of the little princess. She wanted him to stay.

"I fought that fever when it tried to take you away from me, and it was all for nothing," was her constant reply, "and now that you are well the white men are taking you away where Lakanita can never hope to see you again."

In the end her pleadings won. After all there was nothing in the outer world to which he cared to go back.

The good news spread quickly over the little kingdom. "The Child of the Sun" was to wed the white princess and rule them in the wise ways of the white man.

After twenty-five years of idyllic happiness, Thompson, the love-lorn youth who fled from the covert jeers of the town of his birth, died a king in far-off Nalkeva. The princess still lives and his two sons will reign in his place. The silence of twenty-five years has been broken by the news of his passing away surrounded to the last by his dusky retainers.

ARE STRANGE TWINS

Missouri County Claims Distinction in Unusual Kinship.

Man and Tree Made Their Start in Life on the Same Day and Have Grown Up Together—Now 63 Years Old.

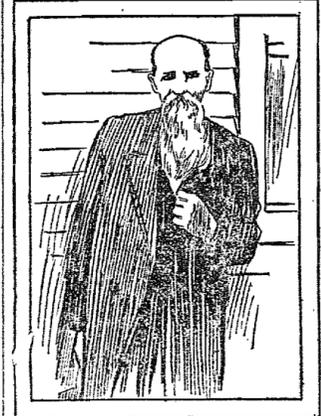
St. Louis, Mo.—New Garden neighborhood in Ray county, Missouri, boasts the possession of unique twins, a man and a tree, 63 years old. March 15, 1847, saw the birth, on his father's farm near New Garden, of Samuel Hightower. The same day Elias and Thomas, older brothers of the new arrival, set out in the yard before the house a slip of a sugar tree, or hard maple, as many know it.

Thus the two made their start in life together, and thus while the babe that was to be a man, hard thinking and hard working, fought its way through the precarious first days of its existence to a securer hold on life, before the door the slip that was to be a tree, great and spreading, underwent the same process.

When passing years had given the youngster sufficient strength to toddle about the yard one of the chief of the innumerable wonders his round eyes beheld was the sturdy young "sugar tree." His first efforts at climbing were expended on it.

The hard maple is of slow growth, and this one at that time was not large, yet to the child it seemed of great size.

Through the years of his childhood his happiest hours were those spent in scrambling around over its limbs. As he grew older, large enough to



The Man.

take a part in the work in the fields, he found a new pleasure in the sugar tree. Resting in its shade during the noon period was a pleasing reprieve from the toil in the sunbaked fields.

In time the boy reached man's estate and married, but as the young couple made the old place their home, the association between the twins was not interrupted by this momentous event in the man's life. It was in the tree's shade that the bridal party, on arriving at the house, halted to recuperate from the drive through the July heat. The grassy plot beneath it formed the parlor where friends and relatives were entertained on hot days.

When children came to the couple the young mother availed herself of the sugar tree's help in caring for them. A cradle or pallet underneath its boughs, and a mosquito net, insured baby a sound nap.

As time transformed these babies into children they, like their father before them, found their chief delight in clambering about over the tree, and now, though they are grown men and women, they still cherish a deep affection for it. Houses have come and gone from the yard, but each succeeding one has been so built that the sugar tree commanded a place of hon-



The Tree.

or before the front entrance. In planning changes in the place it is always taken into consideration. Nothing is done that may endanger its vigor or detract from its beauty in the least.

Mr. Hightower, or "Uncle Sam," as everyone calls him, is inclined to be old fashioned as regards the love of home, and has never traveled much, so in all the 63 years there has scarcely been a day that he has not seen the maple.

Wireless Music.

New York.—A recent test of wireless telephony was made to show its value for transmitting music. Several selections were sung in a transmitter at Park avenue and Fortieth street, New York, and were listened to by a group of newspaper men at the Metropolitan Tower. At times the singing was very clear, but frequently it was impossible to hear anything but a confused blur of sound.

WRONG IN THAT DIAGNOSIS

Physician's Method May Have Been All Right, but Here He was at Fault.

We are told that the latest sensation in the medical world is the assertion of a doctor that he is able, by looking into a patient's eye, to make an accurate diagnosis of the complaint which the patient is suffering. But is this really as novel as it is supposed to be? I recollect hearing some time ago of a doctor who said to a patient who was under examination: "I can see by the appearance of your right eye what is the matter with you. You are suffering from liver."

"My right eye?" asked the patient. "Yes," returned the doctor. "It shows me plainly that your liver is out of order."

"Excuse me, doctor," said the patient, apologetically. "My right eye's a glass one."

All About It.

To appreciate fully this scrap of dialogue, quoted from London Punch, one should see the two odd characters engaged in it. Apparently they parted satisfied, one that he had imparted some real information, the other that he had received some. Said one man: "D'you recollect' old wot's-is-name?"

"Im with the collar?"
"A'e!"
"Wot ababt 'im?"
"E'ad to go down"—jerk of the head—"you know—they give 'im wot you call it—didn't arf git it, I don't think!"

"Reely!"
"Adn't you 'eard, then?"
"I did 'ear somefink, but no details, not afore now."—Youth's Companion.

That observation which is called knowledge of the world will be found much more frequent to make men cunning than good.—Dr. Johnson.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

They who talk much of dying are usually dead already.

BETTER HEALTH WILL RESULT

To the thousands of persons who suffer from ailments of the Stomach, Liver, Kidneys or Bowels, and who therefore, feel half-sick all the time, we want to urge an immediate trial of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. We know from past experience that it will be of great benefit to you and bring about an improvement in your health. It is for Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Constipation and Malarial Fever. Try it today.

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

TAKE A DOSE OF
PISO'S
THE BEST MEDICINE
FOR COUGHS & COLDS

Those who have been able to hold back their vacations until now are to be congratulated. October is one of the finest months of the year for vacations, as any one who has been fortunate enough to have two weeks free at this time will tell you. The country lies before you. There is no better exercise than walking. Nature in the full beauty of her late summer foliage, is at her best, and the crisp air of the approaching fall is noticeable mornings. Soon it will be on tap all day. Why not keep up your open-air vacation habits all winter?

The United States government has ordered another large installment of the rifle "silencers," by which the noise of firing is done away with. Experiments are also under way with similar silencers for cannon. It may yet come to pass that the noise of battle will consist mainly of the "shouting and the tumult" that were in order before the days of gunpowder.

The expletive world is still waiting for developments in the project to provide meat from hippopotamidae on water hyacinth. It sounds better than terrapin.

Woman steals silk stockings and pleads that she did it "to feed her children." The science of infant dietetics is making great strides, these days.

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FLORENCE.**

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

ADVERTISING RATES.
Display ads.....25c an inch
Want ads.....1 cent a word
Reading notices.....10c a line

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....John Bondeson
City Treasurer.....George Stiert
City Attorney.....E. H. Omlster
City Engineer.....J. W. Green
City Marshal.....John McGregor
Councilmen.
Robert Craig
J. H. Price
Charles Allen
C. J. Kierle
Police Judge.....J. K. Bowry
Fire Department:
**HOSE COMPANY, NO. 1, FIRE DE-
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.**
Ludwig Imm, President; C. E. Stier,
Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A.
Golding, Chief.

SCHOOL BOARD.
Meets the first Tuesday evening in the
month at the school building.
R. A. Golding, President; Chairman
W. H. Thomas, Secretary
W. B. Parks, Treasurer



Florence, Nebr., Friday, Nov. 4, 1910.

Brain Storms

Big meeting is Monday.
Election day is Tuesday.

Are you helping boost the town?
"I told you so," will be heard on all
sides Wednesday.

Boost and you get a smile. Knock
and you get contempt.

If you knew today what you will
know next Wednesday you could
make a million.

No one need be afraid of offending
the editor by giving him a dollar to
pay for their subscription.

When it wants good things to eat it
writes a letter to the farmers and is
never disappointed in getting just
what it orders.

When it wants the choicest fruit,
our farms have it. If fruit is not plen-
tiful in the east, there is the great
west to draw from.

When it is looking for homes for
the thousands in other lands who
never knew what home really is, it
sends to this great country of ours.

The boy at the cookie-jar, you know,
is a mighty lucky chap.
For as long as mother can make the
dough,
He's pretty sure of a "snap."

When the world feels the need of
men to do great things, it reaches out
its hand to the farm, and says: "You
have just the ones we want. Send
them to us. It is a time of sore stress
—do not fail us."

THE ANVIL CHORUS BAND.

What a source of satisfaction when
our daily tasks are done
To lounge upon the portico and watch
the setting sun;
Each passing street piano adds its
quota to our store
Of life's ennobling harmonies we had
not known before.

To say these sounds are pleasant is
to put it very mild,
In fact, they're just as welcome as the
prattle of a child;
Not only bringing surcease from the
work of brain and hand,
But also from the music of the "anvil
chorus" band.

You may work in field or factory, in
office or in store,
Go where you will, you hear it still,
With its unending roar,
Its echoes even may be heard in pews
and lodges grand,
Home seems to be the only place you
cannot hear this band.

Where'er its sounds may enter it will
ruin social life—
Turn the milk of human kindness into
Turn the milk of human kindness into
Then let us not be satisfied till from
this glorious lagd
We drive each active members of the
"anvil chorus" band.

L'ENVOI.
Let each one hide his hammer where
it never can be found,
And this old town will prosper, and
its neighbors all around
Will follow our example and will
come to understand
Why we resigned as members of the
"anvil chorus" band.

The eleventh anniversary of the
International Live Stock Exposition

will be held at the Union Stock Yards,
Chicago, on the dates of November 26
to December 3 and will be wider in
scope, larger in importance than any
of its predecessors.

Seventy-five thousand dollars will
be given away in prizes, which will
be awarded by the most expert and
distinguished judges in this country
and from abroad.

The importance of this show from
a breeding as well as an educational
point of view cannot be measured,
realized or understood except from a
personal visit and a systematic study
of its extraordinary proceedings.

It is the greatest school of instruc-
tion of its kind that has ever been
presented to breeders, farmers, stock-
men and others who are interested in
the live stock industry, and an institu-
tion of practical information that
teaches in a fortnight more than can
be learned in double, treble and quad-
uple the time anywhere else.

The lessons learned from watching
the judging by these masters of live
stock breeding cannot be gained from
books.

The comparison of the various
champions and other prize winners
with their less fortunate brethren
shows the breeder and student the
weak points and shortcomings of
those which do not reach the required
standard; and so, these men go home,
carrying with them an object lesson
that can be acquired nowhere else,
and a fund of breeding knowledge
that will stand by them and be their
very best friend.

Everyone whose calling, whose work
and whose interests are centered in
the breeding and feeding industry
should religiously attend this expo-
sition, for it will pay him over and
over again, no matter what the apparent
cost may be.

Personals

You are cordially invited to attend
the program and box social to be held
at the Fairview school Saturday even-
ing, November 12. Miss Skow, teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. R. F. Golding were
guests of Dundee friends Wednesday
evening.

William Fielding sprained his ankle
Wednesday while chopping wood.

The Nebraska Telephone company
has been unusually busy of late put-
ting in new phones and replacing
those ordered out, when the other
service came in.

Mrs. Freeda Collins of York, Neb.,
and Mrs. Hawley of Omaha were the
guests of Mrs. Frank Brown Wednes-
day.

Mrs. Irving Allison was taken quite
sick Sunday, but was able to get
around as usual Monday.

Prayer meeting and Bible study
study Thursday at 7:30. Choir prac-
tice 8:30.

Sunday's topics: Morning, "Power."
Evening, "Reddigging Old Wells."

Ladies Aid met with Mrs. A. B. An-
derson on Wednesday afternoon.
There was an unusually large attend-
ance and the afternoon passed very
pleasantly.

The ladies ar planning to give their
usual annual chicken pie supper and
sale on Thursday, December 8th. The
editor is getting mighty hungry.

Place of next meeting of Ladies Aid
will be at Mrs. Babbitt's.

John P. Finley, who recently re-
moved from his farm north of town,
died Sunday and was buried Tuesday.
He leaves a wife and seven children.

Judge Troup has decided that vot-
ing machines will be used in Omaha,
South Omaha, Benson, Dundee and
Florence, so the Tribune advises its
readers to make up their tickets and
take time enough to see that they are
voted the way they are wanted.

Miss Oaks, the teacher of school
district No. 20, gave an enjoyable box
social at the school house last Friday
evening.

Frank Brown has again engaged in
business, having taken an interest in
the firm of Edward Knapp company.
Mr. Brown is the vice president and
manager.

Ft. Calhoun

Henry Benke reports from Comp-
on, Cal., that his last son was born
September 30.

George Rohwer and Lyman Peck
are being added some fine pedigreed
logs to their herd.

Jake Bross was down from Blair.

W. Selvers took Ed. Brenner and
wife to Fremont by auto to see Bren-
ner's sister, who underwent an opera-
tion.

Cashier Frank Parker of the Farm-

Want Ad Department

The department for the people. The place to tell your wants to our
army of readers and advertise anything and everything you have on
your place that you do not want to keep, and your neighbor might
want.
TERMS—One (1) cent per word. Nothing run for less than 25 cents
without cash in advance. Count your words and send in your ad.
with the cash. A 10 word ad run three weeks costs only 30 cents.

Krug's famous Luxus beer by the
case. Hans Peterson. (9)

LOST—Medium weight lap-robe. \$1.00
reward for return to Dr. W. L. Ross.

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

WANTED TO BUY—20 Suckledown
brood sows. Dr. W. L. Ross.

Storz famous Blue Ribbon beer by
the case. L. W. Imm. (9)

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

WANTED—Milch cow and horse to
keep for the winter. Good pasture
and stable—best of care. Tel. Web.
2915.

FOR RENT—5-room house and barn.
Phone Florence 170.

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

FOR RENT—4 rooms downstairs,
electric lights, etc., 4th and Harri-
son. Mrs. McElroy. (26)

Why not let me figure on that paint-
ing and paperhanging? M. L. Endres,
24th and Ames ave. (9)

George Foster.
Plastering and bricklaying.
Phone Flor. 307. (11)

TRY PASCALE'S RUBBER HEELS
on your shoes to ease your feet. (23)

LOST—Black and white English set-
ter, rolled tan collar. Any informa-
tion can be left at Bank of Florence.
Reward.—J. M. Jester. (26)

ers' Bank of Florence reports a good
time at Fullerton shooting ducks.

W. Selvers was chaperoning Fred
Voipp of Scribner and C. C. Van Dues-
en of Blair on a democratic mission.

D. Ross of Florence now has over
1,500 sheep on his farm on the edge
of Fort Calhoun.

Gustav Nelson reports a fine corn
crop on the Coffman hills.

S. P. Hughes, an archeologist, who
moved from Omaha to Howe, Neb., a
year ago, makes the complaint that it
is hard to get people interested in the
past history of this state.

Dietrick Teitzen was born in Ger-
many sixty-nine years ago, and had
thirty of his friends at his birthday
anniversary dinner.

William Miller will move from Pe-
ter Klinett's farm to Harry Roher's
next spring.

Dr. Allison of Omaha has put a fine
stallion and a \$400 Jack on his farm
south of Fort Calhoun.

Manager Robinson of the Blair mov-
ing picture shows was here looking
up a lyceum course for his people.

Hans Schmidt claims an ear of
corn ten inches long with twenty-eight
rows and challenges the county to
produce a better ear.

John Daily and John Quinlan were
over from Westside farms.

E. C. Babbitt has bought forty-four
acres of level upland near Platts-
mouth to move to in the spring.

Miss Edith Seirk, Miss Grace Neale
and Miss Sengschwager have re-
turned from their outing in California
and the west and have taken their
places again at the head of their Sun-
day school classes.

William Cape, recently of Roseburg,
Ore., is here with his parents.

Pastor Hilkerman is to preach to
his former congregation in St. Louis,
Mo., next Sunday.

Sunday morning near 2 o'clock, as
the two daughters of John Johnson
were passing near the old creamery
on their way home from a dance they
were halted by strange men and when
the girls refused to stop the men up-
set the buggy, throwing both girls
out and badly injuring them. One of
them was brought back to the hotel
in a dangerous condition.

Rockport

Mr. Anton Sorenson and family
were callers at the home of Mr. Carl
Holst Sunday.

A number of friends gathered at
the home of the Misses Bessie and
Rozella Adams Monday evening to
spend Halloween. Numerous games

D. C. PATTERSON,
Attorney, Omaha, Nebr.
NOTICE.

In the District Court of Douglas County,
State of Nebraska,
Provident Real Estate Company, Plain-
tiff, vs. Albert Bacon, et al., Defend-
ants.
To Albert Bacon, Charles F. Collins, Han-
nah Robert, Charles E. Nason, Bridget
Mahon, John M. Burns, defendants,
and the unknown heirs and devisees of
the above named defendants, and the
unknown heirs and devisees of Will-
iam W. Thompson, deceased.
You are hereby notified that on the
15th day of October, A. D. 1910, the Plain-
tiff filed in the District Court of Douglas
County, State of Nebraska, a petition
against you, Doc. 111, No. 322, the object
and prayer of which petition is to ob-
tain a judgment and decree that the
Plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee
simple of the title to Lots Thirteen and
fourteen (13-14) in Block One (1) in
Thornton Place, Lot Twelve (12) in
Block Sixteen (16) Omaha View, Lot
Four (4) in Block Two (2) in Pruyn Park,
Lot Twelve (12) in Block Twenty (20)
West Side, Lot Twenty-three (23) in
Block Four (4) Shriver Place, and Lot
Twenty-four (24) in Block Three (3) in
Pruyn Park, all being additions to the
City of Omaha, and all being in Douglas
County, Nebraska.

That you, Albert Bacon, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Albert Bacon,
have no title or interest in Lots Thir-
teen (13) and fourteen (14) in Thornton
Place, an Addition to the City of Omaha,
One (1) in Thornton Place, an Addition
to the City of Omaha.

That you, Clara F. Collins, Charles J.
Roberts and Hannah Roberts, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Clara F.
Collins, Charles J. Roberts and Hannah
Roberts, have no title or interest in Lot
Twelve (12) in Block Sixteen (16), Omaha
View, an Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Charles E. Nason, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Charles E.
Nason, have no title or interest in Lot
Four (4) in Block Two (2) in Pruyn Park,
an Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Bridget Mahon, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Bridget Ma-
hon, have no title or interest in Lot
Twelve (12) in Block Twenty (20), West
Side, an Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, John M. Burns, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of John M.
Burns, have no title or interest in Lot
Twenty-three (23), Block Four (4), Shri-
ver Place, an Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, the unknown heirs and de-
visees of William W. Thompson, de-
ceased, have no title or interest in Lot
Thirteen (13) and Lot Fourteen (14) in
Thornton Place, an Addition to the City of
Omaha, all above described property be-
ing located in Douglas County, Nebraska.

That the Title of the Plaintiff in and
to said Real Estate be forever quieted in
it and that the Plaintiff have such fur-
ther and other relief in the premises as
it may be entitled to.

You are required to answer in the said
action on or before the 5th day of De-
cember, A. D. 1910.

Provident Real Estate Company,
Plaintiff.

By D. C. Patterson, its attorney.
Dated this 19th day of October, A. D.
1910.

D. C. PATTERSON,
Attorney, Omaha, Nebr.
NOTICE.

In the District Court of Douglas County,
State of Nebraska,
John Gerlach, Plaintiff, vs. Honora Sulli-
van, et al., Defendants.
To Honora Sullivan, Julia Sullivan, Kate
Corrigan, Margaret Callahan, Nellie
Dunne, Mary Sullivan, Daniel Sullivan,
Patrick Sullivan, John Sullivan, De-
fendants, and the unknown heirs and
devisees of said defendants in the above
entitled action.

You are hereby notified that on the 15th
day of October, A. D. 1910, the plain-
tiff filed in the District Court of Douglas
County, State of Nebraska, a petition
against you, Doc. 111, No. 323, the object
and prayer of which petition is to obtain
a judgment and decree that the plain-
tiff is the owner and seized in fee simple
of the title to the East Sixty-three (63)
feet of the South Twenty-six (26) feet
of Lot Four (4) and the East Sixty-three
and one-fourth (63 1/4) feet of Lot
Five (5), all in Block Three (3) in Boyds
addition, an addition to the city of Omaha,
surveyed, platted and recorded, in
Douglas County, Nebraska.

And that you have no title or interest
in said property, and that the title to
said property be forever quieted in him
and that the Plaintiff have such further
and other relief in the premises as he
may be entitled to.

You are required to answer in the said
action on or before the 5th day of De-
cember, A. D. 1910.

John Gerlach, Plaintiff.

Dated this 19th day of October, A. D.
1910.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of Douglas County,
State of Nebraska,
D. C. Patterson, Trustee, Plaintiff, vs.
Catherine Walsh, et al., Defendants.
To Catherine Walsh, R. C. Finney, first
real name unknown, W. L. Abbott,
first real name unknown, Rufus B. Clark,
Kay Bridge, Johannes J. Jensen,
Edward A. Crendon, Martina A.
Gregg, Hugh H. Baxter, Mary E. Burke,
Henry W. Penneck, E. J. Ferguson,
first real name unknown, Lauretta
Begg, Henry J. Farmer, Belle M. Bak-
er, Jennie Graves, Annie Brown, A. Q.
Elger, first real name unknown, Fran-
cis J. Hagedorn, John Spaford, and
William P. Spaford, defendants, in the
above action, and the unknown heirs
and devisees of the above named de-
fendants.

You are hereby notified that on the 15th
day of October, A. D. 1910, the plain-
tiff filed in the District Court of Douglas
County, State of Nebraska, a petition
against you, Doc. 111, No. 324, the object
and prayer of which petition is to obtain
a judgment and decree that the plain-
tiff is the owner and seized in fee simple
of the title to Lot Twenty-six (26) in Oak
Hill, Lots Three (3) and Four (4) in
Block Fourteen (14) (except road) in
Central Park, Lots One (1), Two (2) and
Three (3) in Block One (1), First Addition to
Central Park, Lot Eleven (11) in Block One
(1), First Addition to Central Park, Lot
Thirteen (13) in Block One (1), First
Addition to Central Park, Lots Five (5),
Six (6), Seven (7) and Twelve (12) in
Block Two (2), First Addition to Central
Park, Lot Thirteen (13) in Block Two (2)
in Foster's Addition, Lot Seven (7) in
Block Sixteen (16) in Myers, Richards
and Tilden's Addition, Lot Ten (10) in
Block Three (3) in Myers, Richards and
Tilden's Addition, Lot Second (2) in
Block One (1) in Hatcher's First Addi-
tion to Omaha, and Lot Eighteen (18) in
Block One Hundred Two (102) in Flo-
rence, and Lot Nine (9) in Block Seven
(7) in Hatcher's First Addition to
Omaha, all being in Douglas County, Ne-
braska.

That you, Anders Jensen, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Anders Jen-
sen, have no title or interest in Lot
Twenty-six (26) in Oak Hill, an Addition
to the City of Omaha.

That you, Sarepta S. Dillrance and
Alen B. Dillrance, and the unknown heirs
and devisees of Sarepta S. Dillrance and
Alen B. Dillrance have no title or inter-
est in Lots Three (3) and Four (4) in
Block Fourteen (14) in Central Park, an
Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Frederick G. Leisenring and
James H. Swetnam, have no interest in
or title to Lot One (1) and Two (2) in
Block One (1), First Addition to Central
Park, an Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Thomas M. Brennan, and
the unknown heirs and devisees of Thom-
as M. Brennan, have no title or inter-
est in Lot Eleven (11) in Block One
(1), First Addition to Central Park, an
Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Hollis F. Hogle and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Hollis F.
Hogle, have no title or interest in Lot
Thirteen (13) in Block One (1), First
Addition to Central Park, an Addition to
the City of Omaha.

That you, S. M. Shaw, first real name
unknown, have no interest in or title to
Lots Five (5), Six (6), Seven (7) and
twelve (12) in Block One (1), First
Addition to Central Park, an Addition to
the City of Omaha.

That you, Chester A. Franklin, and
E. Dillrance, first real name unknown,
the widow of George F. Franklin, de-
ceased, have no title or interest in
Lot Fourteen (14) in Block Two (2) in
Foster's Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Lucy P. Morrow and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Lucy P.
Morrow, have no title or interest in
Lot Seven (7) in Block Sixteen (16) in
Myers, Richards and Tilden's Addition,
an Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Hattie A. Allen, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Hattie A.
Allen, have no title or interest in Lot
Ten (10) in Block Three (3) in McCor-
rick's 2nd Addition, an Addition to the
City of Omaha.

That you, Gustav G. Leney, have no
title or interest in Lot Eighteen (18)
in Block One Hundred Two (102) in
Florence.

That you, F. D. Brown, first real name
unknown, and the unknown heirs and de-
visees of F. D. Brown, first real name
unknown, have no title or interest in Lot
Nine (9) in Block Seven (7) in Hatcher's
First Addition to the City of Omaha,
all above described property being lo-
cated in Douglas County, Ne-
braska.

That the Title of the Plaintiff in and
to said Real Estate be forever quieted in
it and that the Plaintiff have such fur-
ther and other relief in the premises as
it may be entitled to.

You are required to answer in the said
action on or before the 5th day of De-
cember, A. D. 1910.

Provident Real Estate Company,
Plaintiff.

By D. C. Patterson, its attorney.
Dated this 15th Day of October, A. D.
1910.

That you, Edward A. Crendon and the
unknown heirs and devisees of Ed-
ward A. Crendon, have no title or interest
in Lot Twenty (20), in Block Seventeen
(17), in Omaha View, an Addition to the
City of Omaha.

That you, Hugh H. Baxter, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Hugh H.
Baxter, have no title or interest in
Lot Fourteen (14) in Block Three (3), in
Lakeview, an Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, Mary E. Burke and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Mary E.
Burke, have no title or interest in Lot
One (1) in Block Sixteen (16) in
Pruyn Park, an Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Henry W. Penneck, and the
unknown heirs and devisees of Henry W.
Penneck, have no title or interest in
Lot Twenty (20) in Block Eight (8),
Shriver Place, an Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, R. J. Ferguson, first real
name unknown, and the unknown heirs
and devisees of R. J. Ferguson, first real
name unknown, have no title or interest
in Lot Fifteen (15) in Block One (1)
in Ambler Place, an Addition to the City
of Omaha.

That you, Lauretta Begg, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Belle M.
Begg, have no title or interest in Lot
Fourteen (14) in Block One (1), in
Ambler Place, an Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, Henry J. Farmer, and the
unknown heirs and devisees of Henry J.
Farmer, have no title or interest in
Lot Nineteen (19) in Block One (1) in
Ambler Place, an Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, Belle M. Baker, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Belle M.
Baker, have no title or interest in Lot
Fifteen (15) in Baker's Addition, an
Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, Annie Brown, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Jennie
Graves, and Annie Brown, and the un-
known heirs and devisees of Annie
Brown, have no title or interest in
Lot Fourteen (14), Block Two (2), in
West Side 3rd Addition, an Addition to
the City of Omaha.

That you, A. Q. Elger, first real name
unknown, and the unknown heirs and
devisees of A. Q. Elger, first real name
unknown, have no title or interest in
Lot Five (5) in Block Seven (7) in
Ambler Place, an Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, Fannie V. Dillrance, and the
unknown heirs and devisees of Fannie
V. Dillrance, have no title or interest
in Lot Fifteen (15), Block Eight (8), in
Ambler Place, an Addition to the City of
Omaha.

That you, John Hourihan, and your
unknown heirs and devisees, have no
title or interest in Lot Thirteen (13)
in Block One (1) in Ambler Place, an
Addition to the City of Omaha.

That you, William P. Spaford, and the
unknown heirs and devisees of William P.
Spaford, have no title or interest in
Lot Eight (8), Block Nine (9), in Ambler
Place, an Addition to the City of Omaha,
all above described property being lo-
cated in Douglas County, Nebr.

You are required to answer in the said
action on or before the 5th day of De-
cember, A. D. 1910.

D. C. Patterson, Trustee,
Plaintiff.

By D. C. Patterson, its attorney.
Dated this 19th day of October, A. D.
1910.

D. C. PATTERSON,
Attorney, Omaha, Nebr.
NOTICE.

In the District Court of Douglas County,
State of Nebraska,
Prudential Real Estate Company, Plain-
tiff, vs. Anders Jensen, et al., Defend-
ants.

To Anders Jensen, Sarepta S. Dillrance
and Alen B. Dillrance, Frederic G.
Leisenring, James M. Swetnam, Thom-
as M. Hodgman, Hollis E. Hogle, S. M.
Shaw, first real name unknown, Ches-
ter A. Franklin, first real name unknown,
Lucy P. Morrow, first real name un-
known, and the unknown heirs and de-

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Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted
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Successor to
HARRY B. DAVIS
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coming to Omaha as strangers are invited to visit the Young Women's Christian Association building at St. Mary's Av. and Seventeenth St., where they will be directed to suitable boarding places or otherwise assisted. Look for our Traveler's Aid at the Union Station.

Harry W. Vickers
..Civil Engineer..
Successor to Thomas Shaw
PHONES: Doug. 7415, Ind. A-4415
520-521 Paxton Block Omaha

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FALL

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the fact that it's Fall and high time you were filling your coal cellar. This is no time to take chances on the weather so let us have the order today to
DELIVER YOUR WINTER COAL.
We'll start filling it at once so that a cold storm will not find you unprepared. But if you delay ordering we must delay sending the coal and delays are dangerous at this season. Do it today.

Minne-Lusa Lumber Co.
Frank Gleason, Mgr.
Tels. Flor. 335, Ind. B-1145

Charles W. Pool
I Solicit Your Support
Elect'on Tuesday, Nov. 8
Candidate on the Democratic and People's Independent Ticket For Secretary of State



F. C. BEST
Republican Candidate for State Representative.
A man's future actions may well be judged by his past. As a member of the legislature four years ago, I supported and voted for the following measures:
2-cent passenger rate, which made thousands of people happy and increased the earnings of the railroads.
Terminal taxation bill, which places the railroads on the same tax paying basis as the home owner.
15 per cent. freight rate reduction.
25 per cent. express rates reduction.
Railway commission bill which has in the last four years saved the people of this state hundreds of thousands of dollars. These are not radical measures but laws that the people were entitled to, years ago. If you believe in this kind of legislation, vote for men that have been tried and found not wanting.

Vote For Best

James C. Lynch
Republican Nominee.
Your vote will be appreciated.

For County Commissioner
Second district.—Everybody can vote for that sterling young man who is a practical business man.

ONE MINUTE
Your lumber—thoroughly seasoned selected kind is the best possible investment for you if you're going to build or make some repairs.
To buy cheap, poorly seasoned stock will mean nothing but continual expense replacing and repairing.
If you have us fill the bill you'll get the best and at fair prices.

Florence Lumber & Coal Co.
R. A. GOLDING, Mgr.
Florence, Neb. Phone 102

Storz
TRIUMPH BEER
"Pleasure and health in every bottle"
STORZ BREWING CO. FOR SALE BY LUDWIG IMM. JOHN NICHOLSON. OMAHA NEBRASKA

NOW IS THE TIME TO DO YOUR Fall Painting
No dust or insects. We handle the best mixed Paint on the market (John Lucas Co.) We also carry fillers, oil stains and varnishes, in fact everything pertaining to painting. By the way let us figure on your broken window lights, winter will soon be on us.

M. L. ENDRES, 2410 Ames Ave. Phones: Doug. 2138 Ind. B-2138
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Every day over five million Bell Telephones are more closely joining together the city and the country. The farmer and his family now use the telephone constantly in calling up each other and in reaching city, friends and business houses.

The value of telephone service to the country subscriber, lies in the number of people who can be reached without confusion, and the promptness with which responses are made. Bell service meets these demands.



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Our own make. Best quality at less than manufacturer's prices.
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Special attention given to repairing and oiling harness. Expert on good collars and fitting.
Whips, axle grease, and all kinds of harness work.
Charles Clure West Side Main St. Florence, Neb.
Prices As Low As the Same Quality Goods Can Be Sold Anywhere

The Right Place to Buy Right
Not what you pay, but what you get, is the test of value.
Small orders or large, we give equal attention to every customer.
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We invite comparison on every line we sell.
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Call in or telephone us your next order for any thing in the general merchandise line, and we will promptly deliver your order.

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Fred D. WEAD
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Vote For John C. Trouton
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Election at Large
Republican Candidate For County Commissioner
FOURTH DISTRICT FULL TERM

Read The Tribune \$1.00 A YEAR

**DOCTORS ADVISED OPERATION--
DECIDED TO TRY GREAT
KIDNEY REMEDY**

I want to tell you in a few words what your Swamp-Root did for me, believing that my testimony may do some other suffering person's great deal of good.

About six years ago, I was dangerously ill, consulted three doctors, all of whom said I had kidney trouble. One of the doctors analyzed my urine and reported that I had gravel, and further said that in order to regain my health and life, an operation would be necessary. I did not want to be operated on as I was afraid that I would not recover. Someone told me of Dr. Kilmor's Swamp-Root and said it was a reliable medicine for kidney trouble, so I decided to try it, and went to Mr. Rose, the druggist, at 303 Central Ave., Minneapolis, and bought a bottle, took it, noticed results and continued taking it until I was entirely cured.

Having been free from any kidney trouble for over six years, I consider that I am absolutely cured and know that Swamp-Root has the credit.

I never fail to tell my friends about your remedy, as I believe it is the best of its kind. Your U & O Ointment is also very good. We are never without a jar in our house.

Yours very truly,
MRS. MARGARET E. ANDERSON,
Minneapolis, Minn.

State of Minnesota ss.
County of Hennepin ss.
Personally appeared before me this 23rd day of Sept., 1909, Mrs. Margaret E. Anderson of the City of Minneapolis of the State of Minnesota, who subscribed the above, and on oath says that the same is true in substance and in fact.

M. M. KERRIDGE,
Notary Public.
Commission expires March 26, 1914.

Letters
Dr. Kilmor & Co.
Binghamton, N. Y.

Prove What Swamp-Root Will Do For You
Send to Dr. Kilmor & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. It will convince anyone. You will also receive a booklet of valuable information, telling all about the kidneys and bladder. When writing, be sure and mention this paper. For sale at all drug stores. Price fifty-cents and one-dollar.

What About Him?

The talk had gone back and fro, and the youthful socialist had been announcing that no man ought to get his living by cheating, and we all listened to him, and agreed that it was dreadful when men and women did not tell the truth, but tried to make their living by deceiving people. Millionaires, landowners, financiers, we scarified all of them who cheat the public. "No one should make a living by deception," said the young man. Then a quiet voice from a woman came from the corner of the sofa. "What about the conjurer?"—London Chronicle.

Church Utility.

Richard, aged five, was being interviewed in regard to his school work. "And where do you go to Sunday school?" was next asked. "To the Episcopal," he replied. "What have you learned there?" "Honor thy father and thy mother," he said. "And do you know, I went down to the Methodist church the other day and they were teaching the same thing there!"—Lippincott's Magazine.

"Kin by Marriage."

A caller was talking to a small Harlem girl who is extravagantly fond of her mother. She likes her father well enough, but he is far from being first in her affections. The caller, knowing the situation, asked the child why she didn't love her father as she did her mother. "Oh, you see," she explained, loftily, "he is only kin to us by marriage."

A Hot Time.

"That fellow cooked his reports." "I suppose that is how he happened to get into a stew."

Why should there be so much excitement when an aviator breaks the record for attaining the greatest height? The thing to become enthusiastic over, it seems to us, is in getting safely down from the greatest height.

A St. Paul burglar has returned money he had stolen three years ago. He has evidently reformed—partially. When he completely reforms he will insist on paying the penalty he incurred by violating the moral and criminal law.

Thieves have been known to steal hot stoves, but even this feat is surpassed by that of robbers in New Jersey who stole six cars loaded with merchandise by cutting a freight train in two and escaping with the booty. So far, this holds the record.

An early and severe winter is predicted, but while the thermometer holds its own as it does at present it is impossible for us to become even mildly excited over it.

According to the bears, the muskrats, the chipmunks and other natural weather prophets, the coming winter is to be a severe one. It really seems unnecessary to go to the expense of establishing, equipping and running weather bureaus with such infallible weather wisdom to be had for nothing.

An English expert who has been making observations in New York says that city is much more overcrowded than any European city. It is not a first-class recommendation.

A fashion autocrat says that the hobble skirt is soon to be a thing of the past. It was a foregone conclusion that it would never be popular on this side of the ocean. The American woman has too long been accustomed to putting down her foot with emphasis to endure the restraints of the hobble in any shape or form.

**NEW NEWS
OF
YESTERDAY**
By E. J. Edwards

Burial Place of Gen. Grant

Mayor William R. Grace's Story of the Way in Which New York City Was Selected.

For a number of years after the decision was reached that the permanent burial place of Gen. U. S. Grant and Mrs. Grant should be Riverside Drive, New York city, subscriptions to the projected monument to be erected over the sarcophagi lagged. Then Gen. Horace Porter organized a committee which speedily secured the fund needed. It was about the time of the dedication of the monument that William R. Grace, twice mayor of New York city, narrated to me this hitherto unpublished story of the manner in which New York was selected as the burial place of the great commander.

"I was serving my second term as mayor of New York," said Mr. Grace, "at the time General Grant was smitten with his mortal illness. I kept myself constantly informed as to his condition. At one time, I remember, word was brought to me that the chances were strongly in favor of his recovery. But within twenty-four hours thereafter I received authoritative information that the disease was mortal and that, in all probability, General Grant could not last the summer out."

"Now, I knew from many chats I had had with Grant after he became a resident of New York that he was very fond of the city. Its activities appealed to him greatly and as he walked about the streets he was fond of carefully looking at the improvements being made and pronounced judgment as to the future course of business in this, that or the other street. He was, in fact, one of the first to suggest that Fifth avenue and Thirty-fourth street would be an ideal location for a big hotel. Today one of the world's most famous hotels is located there."

"I also knew, when I learned definitely that Grant was in his last illness, that efforts would undoubtedly be made to persuade his family that his burial place should be either in the national cemetery at Arlington, or at West Point, Galena, or Chicago. But I said to myself that Grant's burial place should be New York, the city which he had selected as the one in which to spend his closing years and which, I knew beyond peradventure of a doubt, he loved. I made up my mind that I would do all that I could to have New York named as his burial place."

"Therefore, while Grant yet lived, I organized privately and quietly a competent body of men to work in behalf

of New York city after the general was dead; I was of the opinion—subsequently sustained—that no systematic attempt would be made to secure the burial elsewhere until some time after the general had died. It was not an easy matter to organize my committee; still I accomplished the task in time, and because I did not feel justified in calling upon anybody—let alone the city—to stand any of the expenses incidental to creating the organization, I paid them gladly out of my own pocket.

"The result of this secret preparatory work was that immediately after the death of General Grant we had a thoroughly well organized body of men ready to take the necessary public steps without a moment's delay to secure his burial in the city. On the advice of this secret body, I called a public meeting for the expressed purpose of organizing a permanent public committee to work for the burial of General Grant in New York city. This permanent Grant monument commission was the first organization of its kind in the field and through its work convinced the American people, generally, I am sure, that New York was the proper burial city for the great general. At any rate, I finally had the satisfaction of knowing that New York had been definitely and irrevocably selected, and I was happy."

"And do you know," Mr. Grace con-

tinued after a thoughtful pause, "I have always believed that the presence of a colored man on the permanent commission as its secretary did a great deal to convince the country at large of the sincerity and earnestness of the desire of the people of New York, regardless of race or class, that General Grant should be buried here. That colored man was Professor Greener. He was a graduate of Harvard and a brilliant scholar of his day. I had known him for some years, and when I began casting about for just the right man to be secretary of the permanent commission, I chanced to think of Greener. I had every confidence in his ability to fill creditably the executive office of the commission, and then there was the other thought, that the presence of a colored man on the commission would go a long way to showing the nation that all manner of New Yorkers were working together to have their city named as Grant's permanent burial place. So, at my request, Greener was appointed secretary and I have every reason to believe that the effect of his appointment on the mind of the public was just what I thought it would be. In short, I am convinced that simply by being first in the field with a perfect working organization having a negro executive officer, New York gained for all time the proud distinction over all competitors of being the burial city of Gen. Ulysses S. Grant."

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Why He Went to Congress

"Little Giant" Became Representative for Purpose of Having Remitted an Old Fine Imposed on General Jackson.

In 1838, when he was 25 years of age, Stephen A. Douglas ran unsuccessfully for congress. Three years later he took a seat on the bench of the supreme court of the state of Illinois. Yet another two years and he had resigned his judgeship to go to Washington as a member of the house of representatives. Connected with his second race for congressional honors is the anecdote I am about to tell.

After he had become a supreme court judge, the "Little Giant's" friends were of the opinion that he had given up all of his youthful desire to sit in the lower house of the federal legislature, and they stood ready to do all they could to keep him on the supreme court bench indefinitely.

But he had been interpreting the laws less than two years when he made known to his friends that he desired greatly to be nominated again for congress. Some of his friends remonstrated; why, they asked, did he want to give up a high judgeship for a position in congress and thus remove himself from Illinois as an important public figure? This was Mr. Douglas' reply, substantially:

"Since I have been on the bench I have met a southern Democrat who was not only a political follower but is also a strong personal friend of Andrew Jackson. He has told me many interesting things about Jackson, and from him I first learned of the fine that was imposed upon General Jackson at New Orleans when he put that city under martial law in 1814, preparatory to preparing it against attack by the British in the War of 1812. At that time General Jackson caused the arrest of a Judge Hall and for this act was fined \$1,000 for contempt. Then he went in and won the Battle of New Orleans, but to this day the fine stands against him. Gentlemen, I have thought much about this incident—about the inconceivable wrong that was done General Jackson at that time, and I want to go to congress to right it. I want to do all I can to see to it that this old fine is remitted with compound interest. I therefore very much want you to support me for a congressional nomination."

Nominated and elected to congress in due course, one of the first official acts of Representative Stephen A. Douglas was to introduce a resolution authorizing the return, with compound interest, of the fine of 30 years before to the victor of New Orleans. Early and late, in and out of session, and with all the earnestness of his being, Mr. Douglas, then thirty years of age, advocated the passage of the resolution, and with much less difficulty than he had anticipated, he finally had the satisfaction of knowing that the fine, with interest, would be returned to "Old Hickory," then with less than two years of life before him.

It was in 1856, when he was on a lecture tour in Illinois, that the late Parke Godwin, author, editor and son-in-law of William Cullen Bryant, was told this anecdote by several of the "Little Giant's" close friends in Springfield. Four years later, when Douglas was making his campaign for president, Mr. Godwin met him for the first time and related this anecdote as he had heard it.

"Why," exclaimed Douglas, in apparent surprise, "where did you hear that story? Yes, it is true, every word of it," he added a few moments later, "and if I had not heard incidentally of the grave injustice done General Jackson I might not have been stirred up sufficiently to run for congress again. But however that may have been, one of the most satisfying recollections of my public life is that I was able to right this great injustice inflicted upon General Jackson thirty years before. And I have no correspondence that I have treasured up more carefully than the personal note which I received from General Jackson acknowledging his appreciation of the service I was able to do him in his old age." (Copyright, 1910, by E. J. Edwards. All Rights Reserved.)

Had Learned.
"Why don't you get a motor?"
"I don't know whether I could manage one or not."
"That's not much of an argument. You took the same chance, didn't you, when you acquired a wife?"
"Yes; that's what makes me so jolly careful!"

One of the Best Rest Cures.

Is a good story. To many women it is as good as a trip away from home.

When you are tired out and your nerves are on edge, try going off by yourself and losing yourself in some good story. You will, in nine cases out of ten, come back rested and invigorated.

One woman who has passed serenely through many years of hard work and worry that go with the managing of a house and bringing up of a large family of children, said that she considered it the duty of every busy housekeeper to read a certain amount of "trash," light fiction, for the rest and change to the mind that it would give.

Try it, you who lead a strenuous life, and who sometimes grow exceedingly weary of the same.

Getting a Reputation.

There is a desk in the senate particularly convenient as a place from which to make speeches. It is next to the aisle and almost in the center of the chamber, and affords an opportunity for the speaker to make everybody hear.

At least a dozen senators, according to the Washington correspondent of the St. Louis Star, have borrowed this desk when they had special utterances to deliver to the senate. This led, not long ago, to a mild protest from its legitimate occupant.

"I am perfectly willing to give up my desk," said he, "but I am afraid people will think that the same man is talking all the time. I don't want to get the reputation of constantly filling the senate with words."—Youth's Companion.

AWFUL BURNING ITCH CURED IN A DAY

"In the middle of the night of March 30th I woke up with a burning itch in my two hands and I felt as if I could pull them apart. In the morning the itching had gone to my chest and during that day it spread all over my body. I was red and raw from the top of my head to the soles of my feet and I was in continual agony from the itching. I could neither lie down nor sit up. I happened to see about Cuticura Remedies, and I thought I would give them a trial. I took a good bath with the Cuticura Soap and used the Cuticura Ointment. I put it on from my head down to my feet and then went to bed. On the first of April I felt like a new man. The itching was almost gone. I continued with the Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment and during that day the itching completely left me. Frank Gridley, 325 East 43rd Street, New York City, Apr. 27, 1909." Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the world; Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props, Boston, Mass.

An Endless Job.

"I'll bet I could keep a fairly godmother busy."
"As to how?"
"I'd have her look after my touring car."

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

for Red, Weak, Watery, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelids. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. Eye Books and Eye Advice Free by Mail. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Laying the Foundation.

"Why are you always so careful to ask advice about what you are going to do?"
"So that if things go wrong I can say 'I told you so.'"

Beautiful Christmas Post Cards Free.

Send 2c stamp for five samples of our very best Gold Embossed Christmas Flower and Motto Post Cards; beautiful colors and loveliest designs. Art Post Card Club, 731 Jackson St., Topeka, Kan.

Natural Query.

Mrs. Thynn—Don't you think I look plump in this gown?
Thynn—Yes. Did you have it made at an upholsterer's?

A good honest remedy for Rheumatism, Neuralgia and Sore Throat is Hamlin's Wizard Oil. Nothing will so quickly drive out all pain and inflammation.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed, the deeper they burn.—Southey.

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

Anaemia is often temporarily mistaken for virtue.

Tell the dealer you want a Lewis' Single binder straight 5c cigar.

An ingrowing conscience drives many a man into sin.

THE FAMOUS Rayo Lamp



The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass; nickel plated—easily kept clean; an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp-making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a lighting device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agent of the STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)

SPohn's DISTEMPER



For **DISTEMPER** Pink Eye, Epizootic Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

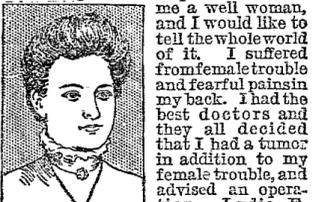
Sure cure and positive preventive, no matter how long a stage or infected or "exposed." Liquid, given on the tongue; acts on the Blood and Glands; expels the poisonous germs from the body. Cures Distemper in Dogs and Sheep and Cholera in Poultry. Largest selling live stock remedy. Cures La Grippe among humans being used in a fine kidney remedy. 50c and \$1 a bottle; \$5 and \$10 a dozen. Cut this out. Sent free to your druggist, who will add to the value of the Spohn's "Distemper, Causes and Cures." Special Agents wanted.

Chemists and Bacteriologists **GOSHEN, IND., U. S. A.**

AFTER SUFFERING ONE YEAR

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Milwaukee, Wis.—"Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has made me a well woman, and I would like to tell the whole world of it. I suffered from female trouble and fearful pains in my back. I had the best doctors and they all decided that I had a tumor in addition to my female trouble, and advised an operation. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made me a well woman and I have no more backache. I hope I can help others by telling them what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done for me."—Mrs. EMMA LENSE, 633 First St., Milwaukee, Wis.



The above is only one of the thousands of grateful letters which are constantly being received by the Pinkham Medicine Company of Lynn, Mass., which prove beyond a doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, actually does cure these obstinate diseases of women after all other means have failed, and that every such suffering woman owes it to herself to at least give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial before submitting to an operation, or giving up hope of recovery.

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

Towel Borders.

Towels that have been embroidered with initials and monograms should have embroidered borders also. These may be straight or scalloped and should be embroidered in such designs as wild rose, aster, forget-me-nots and trefoil patterns and conventionalized wreaths, bowknots and flowers.

Towels, sheets or pillowcases thus embroidered are a joy forever and a priceless gift to the particular and beauty-loving housewife.

Walnut Wafers.

Beat two eggs light, without separating; add gradually one cupful of brown sugar, beating all the while, and a pinch of salt. Mix with two tablespoonfuls of flour and one cupful of walnuts chopped fine. If not stiff enough add more flour, but the batter should drop easily from a spoon. Drop by spoonfuls on greased tins, and bake for five minutes in a quick oven.

Ham Sandwiches.

Half a cupful of ham minced fine with several pickles. Add three sardines which have been carefully skinned and boned, a teaspoonful of mustard, salt and pepper to taste and a teaspoonful or more of vinegar as desired. Spread on thin slices of buttered bread.

Artistic Cheese.

The next time you have cheese with your salad try the effect of cutting tiny rounds of red pepper about a quarter of an inch thick and filling the center with cream cheese. These rings should be prepared several hours before using and be kept on the ice until very cold. Pass as ordinary cheese with crackers.

Don't Persecute your Bowels

Cut out cathartics and purgatives. They are brutal hand—unnecessary.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS

Purely vegetable. Act gently on the liver, eliminate bile, and soothe the delicate membrane of the bowels. Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Sick Headache and Indigestion, as millions know.

Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price

Genuine must bear Signature

Wheatwood

PATENT your invention. Free booklet. Liberal Terms. Consults. MILLO 333 15th St., Washington; 29 Dearborn St., Chicago.

WANTED Live, hustling agents to sell an attractive lot and land proposition. Big money. E. E. Clark, Sales Mgr., Hamilton, Tex.

John Henry's Wedding

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Clara J. had said "yes," and the next evening I waded into the Vanviver mansion to drag Papa's and Mamma's consent away from them.

So long as I played light comedy roles I knew I was a hot favorite with the old folks at home, but when it came to doing a leading part and walking off with the daughter, I began to get uneasy for fear they'd reach for the egg basket and hand me a few x-rap scrambles.

When I squeezed through the portiere I found the old lady and gentleman very busy discussing their plans for a summer trip.

"Where are you going to spend the summer, John?" inquired Father, giving me a limp paw, which I shook hurriedly and then handed back to him.

Here was an opening—a grand chance to butt in right at the go off.

"Well, to tell you the solemn, we haven't decided yet," I answered.

"WE!" they both echoed.

"Why, John, I thought you were playing a lone hand?" said the old gentleman. "I've always known you as a young man who could walk up and down Easy street without a guardian or a time-card. This is the first time I ever heard you speak of a pull-back! Whence the WE?"

"I always thought you were free to go and come as you pleased, John," the old lady put in.

Here was my chance to climb the family tree and knock down the fruit, but for some reason or other the blood seemed to rush to my voice, and I went backwards like a crab.

Papa had fixed me with his steel-blue eyes, and I could see by mother's expression that she was beginning to set me back as one of those double-life leaders.

My collar began to faint and my hands grew nervous and wanted to fight each other.

"The fact is, ladies and gentlemen—er—I mean Mr. Vanviver, and you, too, Mother—er—that is—"

Then I grabbed a cat-fish grin and sat there till I used it all up. I was over the edge. Say, this marriage business is immense after the whistle blows, but the preliminaries make me sick.

"You seem to be a little to the bad this evening, John," said Father, and Mamma began to shake her head, as though she had a mental tintype of me far out on the road to ruin, and walking fast.

I went at them again. "As a matter of fact, I merely dropped around this evening to inquire if you could—that is to say, if it is possible for you to give me—to give me your—your—"

Overboard again and not a life preserver in sight.

It was pitiful.

"Most extraordinary attack of hesitation I ever knew you to have," said

Her voice seemed to have a high fever.

"And the lines of the skirt," Clara J. went on; "do you think they are good? You know a wedding dress should have good lines, Marietta; good, sweeping lines. Of course I know the design was good; but made up, Marietta, do you think it will be good made up?"

"When do you expect to get those glad garments cooked up?" I ventured; but all the wires were down in my direction, and I got no answer.

Clara J. took out her hammer and began to tap the bridesmaids, while Marietta held the anvil, so I got up sideways and went home.

It was the most cruel game of freeze-out I ever sat in.

All in good season the presents began to show up. One evening the minister, who was a friend of the family, dropped in to see if they would suit. Nearly everybody I knew had sent us a cut-glass decanter, and he made me rush out and sign the pledge.

With the exception of two or three of those present, the wedding was the happiest affair of the kind I ever attended. I was one of the exceptions.

When the fateful hour drew nigh

even if you are going to pass us up."

"It was good of you, John, to come to us with the news first. Wasn't it, Absalom?" smiled the old lady.

Father nodded his head vigorously, and there I sat with my mouth wide open—a regular Charlie Foolishface. I wanted to speak, but every word in my body was back-peddaling.

It was scandalous.

If I had realized what it meant to go up against an unsuspecting family council I certainly would have coaxed Clara J. to elope. Then I could have sent her beloved parents a postal card, breaking the awful news thus: "May I have your daughter? Thanks. I have her now. Last tag, you're it."

I began to recover consciousness slowly, and muttered, "You have me sized wrong."

"What I want to ask you is may I—"

Just then Tacks rushed in with a whoop. "Pop! Mom! What d'ye think? John Henry and Clara Jane are going to get married!"

"Greenwood cemetery—no flowers!" I murmured, and waited for the axe.

After a painful pause I opened my eyes and said, "What's the answer?"

Papa and Mamma had risen and were giving me the look-over with a side-smile I couldn't quite understand.

"What's the answer?" I repeated, prepared to duck and avoid a rush of furniture to the head.

Papa placed Mamma's arm gently under his own and started away.

At the door the old gentleman turned and said, "John, it's up to you!"

Then they both chuckled and left me flat.

If ever that boy Tack needs a friend I'm for the job, sure thing!

Two or three evenings later I picked my way into the house between double rows of messenger boys and dry goods deliverers; fell over about eight tons of packages, and, after divers perils by land and sea, finally drifted into the parlor. There sat Marietta Dawson, telling Clara J. all she had ever heard.

Marietta was to be the maid of honor, but to hear her talk you'd think she was the leading lady. That girl had the busiest voice I ever heard.

She certainly was a hard worker with the gab.

"Evening, ladies!" I said.

Clara J. gave me a spectral sort of a smile and Marietta shook her back hair at me, then they clinched.

"But I'm afraid, Marietta"—Clara J. was at the bat—"that I may not look well in ivory white. I do wish, Marietta, that I had chosen the other shade; and the train, Marietta; don't you think two yards too long for me? Now do tell me! I'm sure it will be. Oh, Marietta, do you think that old lace will be as becoming as the fresh tulle would have been?"



The Minister Made Me Rush Out and Sign the Pledge.

my heart crawled up in my throat and refused to go back home. I suppose it wanted to see the show.

As I stood near the chancel waiting for the bride to come and get me, I felt like a bottle of ketchup with the cork out. It seemed to me that everybody in the world was giving me the fish eye.

I couldn't remember whether I should wear my hands in my pockets or in my mouth, so I tried both styles.

Presently I caught the eye of Sydney DeBrie, and he didn't do a thing but throw off a grin that nearly put me out of the wedding business.

Sydney was one of the ushers, but he should have been away back sitting down at his work in the soap factory. He was one of the Five Little Shines who used to drop in on Clara J. of an evening and tease her with their talk. I don't know why I ever consented to let that human potato-salad be an usher. He couldn't ush for sour pickles. All he could do was to put his face where I could see it and let tired Nature do the rest.

About this time Billy DeVries, my best man, began to wilt. I didn't dare look at him, but I knew that mentally he was yelling for ice water. Outwardly he was very nervous, and he put in his spare time trying to chew his necktie.

Still, the thought flashed over me that Billy, being a college graduate and a football survivor, showed wonderful self-control in confining himself to a conflict between his teeth and his necktie. It's a wonder he didn't give the minister the low tackle and try for a touchdown.

Then the procession came down the aisle, and the bell rang for the wind-up.

Clara J. was a dream. I played an alarm clock.

One of the bridesmaids got gabby and wanted to talk her way into the main tent, but all around her were kind-hearted people, so she wasn't pinched.

Pretty soon the minister sprung that old gag on me about the rings, and I suppose for a moment he thought he had me, but I fooled him. I know it's customary for the bridegroom to get so rattled that he loses the ring, so I wasn't taking any chances. The day before the wedding I bought eight rings, and when the battle was raging I had them stored away in every pocket and a spare one in each shoe.

No fumble on the ring—not for me! No matter in which direction I dipped I was sure to fish up a ring. I think I'll get this idea patented.

Town the minister made a few cracks at us, but we called him every time, politely but firmly, and presently he handed us a card and said we were duly elected members of the Married People's Union.

Immediately thereafter we all went home in a flock of hacks to take a fall out of one of the finest wedding breakfasts that ever came off the griddle.

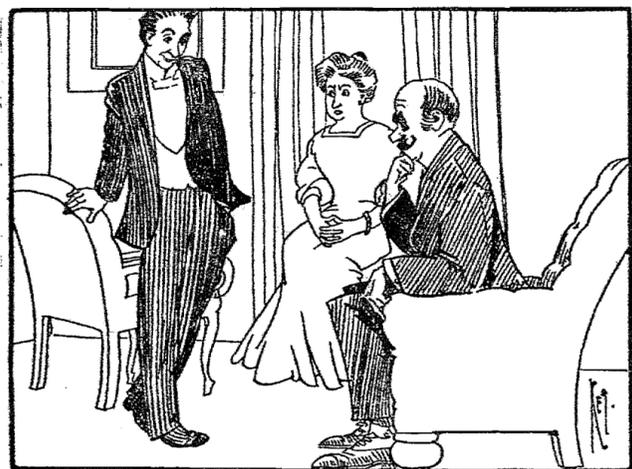
For one little moment Clara J. and I were alone in the library.

"Did I do all right?" she asked eagerly.

"You! The limit!" I said. "You looked like a queen. But, wait! Stop the wagon! Why, bless me, in the excitement of a quick flash nobody had time to kiss the bride!"

She put her face very, very close to mine and said with the sweetest of smiles, "Once more, John, it seems to be up to you!"

(Copyright by G. W. Dillingham Co.)



"What I Want to Ask You Is, May I—"

Father, while Mamma simply sat there and focussed me with her sad, reproachful lanterns.

"Perhaps you need something to brace you up," suggested the old gentleman.

I needed a sanitarium and a corps of efficient physicians, but I didn't say so.

At that moment I was doing a chump act never before equalled in the history of the world. My eyes looked like a couple of vacant lots and I had reversed grins, and was now using the style most affected by a stuffed leopard.

"The boy may be suffering from incipient brain fever, or is he in love?" whispered the old lady.

"Huh!" exclaimed Papa; "in love, eh? That's it. When's the wedding? who's the girl? Sorry to lose you, John, but the best of friends must part in the divorce court. Ha, ha!"

That cackle went right through me and splashed on the wall behind me. The old man was a fierce joke pusher.

"Come on now, John," he continued; "who is she? Have you told Clara? She'll be lonely, for you are certainly the best time killer she ever had. Speak out; we are your friends,

"Nice evening!" I suggested, but they had forgotten I was in the room.

"Why, Clara Jane!" gurgled the girl with the spendthrift tongue, "you know that your old point will turn all the women green with envy. I'm sure nothing on earth could persuade me to think of a tulle veil when I had such perfectly exquisite lace. Now there was Helen Duval—you remember when Helen was married? She had one of those—"

Then Marietta pulled the throttle wide open and took us to Helen's wedding and back again and all over the place. It was one of the longest and noisiest journeys I ever made.

"Got any wood for me to saw?" I interrupted after a bit. I was tired of playing solitaire.

"Pardon us," said Marietta, giving me enough eye-ice to keep me cutting for a month; "we are so busy!" Then to Clara J., "what did you say, dear?"

Clara J. grabbed her cue. "Really, now, Marietta, do you think that the sleeves are clever? I think a frock with poor sleeves is an abomination."

"Just think of being married in sleeves that were not absolutely smart!" cried Marietta.

HIS LIVELIHOOD AT STAKE

Certainly Candidate for Governor Could Not Expect to Get That Vote.

An incident in which former Gov. Odell of New York figured as the victim was told by Col. James Hamilton Lewis at a recent banquet.

"When Gov. Odell was last running for office," said Col. Lewis, "there had been a great deal of talk about Niagara falls and the electrical power that could be conferred on all parts of New York. One day an old negro halted Mr. Odell and said:

"Mr. Odell, is yo' runnin' for gov'ner, sah?"

"I am," answered the candidate.

"I guess yo' want my vote, den," said the old colored man.

"Well, I would like to have your vote, Zeb. I have known you for so many years."

"Well, I jist want to ask you a question, Mr. Odell, befo' I give mah vote to you. Are yo' for electric lights in dis town?"

"Well, Zeb, I am for all modern improvements," said Odell, with a slight flourish.

"Well, sah, I cain't vote for you," said Zeb with firmness. "Yo' done forget dat I is a lamp lighter."

LOOK TO YOUR KIDNEYS.

When Suffering From Backache, Headaches and Urinary Troubles.

They are probably the true source of your misery. To keep well, you must keep your kidneys well. There is no better kidney remedy than Doan's Kidney Pills. They cure sick kidneys and cure them permanently.

Ernest Ulbright, Kellogg, Idaho, says: I was nearly dead with kidney trouble. I passed enormous quantities of blood and lost 15 pounds in weight in three weeks. My bladder was so full of gravel I could not hold the urine. I passed several stones as large as a pea. I rapidly improved under the use of Doan's Kidney Pills and was soon well and strong."

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

Lovemaking and Practice.

The only way to become an expert at lovemaking is to practice. This was the information handed out to a handful of hearers by the Hindu philosopher, Sakharum Ganesh Pandit, in a lecture on "The Science of Love."

"Love is a divine discontent," said the philosopher, "and if you want to arouse love in others it can be done only by giving them love. How to develop the emotion of love in another, is the great question of today—the art of making love. It needs a great deal of study and a great deal of practice."

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, Lucas County, ss. FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

FRANK J. CHENEY. Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 6th day of December, A. D. 1922.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

"Off Day" of Favorite. Chapley—How did she happen to refuse you; I thought you were her favorite? Washley—Well, the favorite didn't win, that's all.

His Luck. "I know a man who is always up against it." "Who is he?" "The paper hanger when he has to fix a new wall."

The Exception. "Doesn't your husband like cats, Mrs. Binks?" "No, indeed. He hates all cats except a little kitty they have at his club."

Persevering mediocrity is much more respectable, and unspeakably more useful than talented inconsistency.—Dr. Harulilton.

NOT A PENNY TO PAY

MUNYON'S

EMINENT DOCTORS AT YOUR SERVICE FREE

We sweep away all doctor's charges. We put the best medical talent within everybody's reach. We encourage everyone who ails or thinks he ails to find out exactly what his state of health is. You can get our remedies here, at your drug store, or not at all, as you prefer; there is positively no charge for examination. Professor Munyon has prepared specifics for nearly every disease, which are sent prepaid on receipt of price, and sold by all druggists.

Send to-day for a copy of our medical examination blank and Guide to Health, which we will mail you promptly, and if you will answer all the questions, returning blank to us, our doctors will carefully diagnose your case and advise you fully, without a penny charge.

Address Munyon's Doctors, Munyon's Laboratories, 53d & Jefferson Streets, Philadelphia, Pa.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

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

100 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 LITCHER
Pumpkin Seed -
Aloes -
Sulphate of Soda -
Cinnamon -
Licorice -
Syrup of Marshmallows -
Glycerine -
Castor Oil -
Wintergreen 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.
Guaranteed under the Food and Drug Act
Exact Copy of Wrapper.

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of

In Use For Over Thirty Years

CASTORIA

THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

Were Coofs and Scraps

People of Cape Cod and Nantucket Used to Have Uncomplimentary Names for Each Other.

Deep sea fishermen hailing from New England parts have their own way of referring to one another. It goes without saying too that these nicknames are not complimentary.

Back in the days when Nantucket was the greatest whaling port in the world her sailormen bestowed the title "coofs" on all off-islander seafaring men. An off-islander is anybody who is so unlucky as to dwell anywhere but on the island of Nantucket.

In time the opprobrious epithet of "coofs" became in its application more or less restricted to folks from the cape. In that part of the world there is but one cape and its name is Cod. The Cape Codders in their turn denominated the Nantucketers as "scrap islanders," or even merely "scraps."

This name they got from the whalers' custom of cutting up and cooking,

also eating, scraps left after the blubber was taken from a whale. Not such bad eating, either, if one may believe the old Nantucketer men who used to go off on whaling cruises lasting four or five years and thus had time to acquire a taste for scraps.

On the cape itself there is naturally more or less friendly backbiting between the Provincetown fishermen and these from the neighboring village of South Truro. The Provincetown men call the South Truro fellows "Bible faces," a term originating, so it is said, from the latter's pious abstinence from fishing on the Sabbath day, though these hours, of sanctified leisure were spent below decks playing cards.

A Safe Bet. "Pa, who was it wrote 'To err is human, to forgive divine?'" "I don't remember now; but I'll bet it was somebody who had erred and been found out."

Chinese Traits

The Chinese are orderly, law abiding; and well behaved; they have a strong sense of right and justice—are fair minded; they are reliable in commercial dealings—pay their debts and keep their agreements, whether verbal or written; they are dutiful to parents, fond of children and mindful of etiquette and punctilious about returning courtesies or favors; they are respectful to elders and superiors; they honor

and respect character and intellectual ability, and do not recognize an aristocracy of wealth. This list might be largely extended, but it is enough to show what I have undertaken to show—that China has not by any means to seek abroad all the requisites for national greatness, and popular welfare; some of the most important are here already.—Address to Students at St. John's College, Shanghai.

W. L. DOUGLAS

\$3 \$3.50 & \$4 SHOES FOR MEN & WOMEN

BOYS' SHOES, \$2.00, \$2.50 & \$3.00. BEST IN THE WORLD.

W. L. Douglas's \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.

Do you realize that I make and sell more than 30 years, that I make and sell more than 30,000,000 shoes than any other manufacturer in the U.S., and that I DO LAR FOR DOLLAR, I GUARANTEE MY SHOES to hold their shape, look and fit better, and wear longer than any other \$3.00, \$3.50 or \$4.00 shoes you can buy. Quality counts. It has made my shoes THE LEADERS OF THE WORLD.

You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last ones wore so well, and gave you so much comfort.

CAUTION! None genuine without W. L. Douglas's name and price stamped on the bottom.

If your dealer cannot supply you with W. L. Douglas's shoes, write for Mail Order Catalog.

W. L. DOUGLAS, 145 Spark Street, Brockton, Mass.

MICA AXLE GREASE

Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.

MICA

STANDARD OIL CO. (Incorporated)

Insomnia

"I have been using Cascarets for Insomnia, with which I have been afflicted for twenty years, and I can say that Cascarets have given me more relief than any other remedy I have ever tried. I shall certainly recommend them to my friends as being all that they are represented."

Thos. Gillard, Elgin, Ill.

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good. Do Good. Never Sicken, Weakens or Grips. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped C.C.C. Guaranteed to cure or your money back. 924

ROOSEVELT'S OWN BOOK

"African Game Trails"

Wanted! by thousands for Christmas and New Years. Needed! A man in every place to take to the families in his locality. Offered! Monograph of field and high Commission. Take the great chance and write for prospectus now to CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, 153 (R. S.) Fifth Avenue, New York.

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

10% Discount On Stoves and Ranges

I am getting ready to move in my new building, where I will have the largest and finest store in Florence, and will carry a full line of New Hardware, Implements, Wagons, Buggies, Etc. In order to have the smallest amount of goods to move as possible I am going to make a very low price on Stoves. 10 per cent discount on every Stove in the house for the next six days.

Commencing Saturday, Nov. 5th

I have a full line of Baseburners, Oaks, Hot Blasts, Howard's Ranges, Cook Stoves, Etc. I have a fine range for \$33.00. Don't fail to see this range. And remember I give you 10 per cent discount from this price for one week. Every stove will carry the discount. Only complete line in Florence. Don't forget, I guarantee every range I put out.

J. H. PRICE

Telephone 3221



I am the Republican Nominee for Congress in the Second Congressional District of Nebraska, composed of Douglas, Washington and Sarpy Counties, and wish your support.

- 1—I am opposed to Cannon for Speaker.
 - 2—I am in favor of taking away from the Speaker the power of appointing committees and giving it to the house.
 - 3—I am in favor of revising the tariff again so that it will represent only the difference in wage cost of production between the United States and foreign countries.
 - 4—I am in favor of the direct election of United States Senators by the people.
 - 5—I am in favor of such legislation as will prevent the government from selling any more of its mineral or coal deposits, the same to be leased at adequate rentals and for moderate periods.
 - 6—I am in favor of such legislation as will prevent the Government from selling any more of its existing water sites, the same to be leased for moderate periods and for adequate compensation.
 - 7—I am in favor of a department of the Government devoted to children.
 - 8—I have served the people of this Congressional district as District Judge for the last six years, and if you have faith in me and believe I will make a good Congressman, I wish you would speak to your friends and neighbors in my behalf, and call up your friends by telephone or send them a postal card and ask them to support me, and the same will be very much appreciated.
- The National Congressional Committee has not and will not contribute one cent to my campaign, and I must depend on my friends to work for me without pay.

Abraham L. Sutton

American Ladies' Band

One of the chief attractions at the exposition of the National Horticultural Congress and Missouri Valley Corn Growers' Association in Council Bluffs will be the American Ladies' Band. This superb organization will be present throughout the session and render a daily program that will be a delight to everybody. Other special attractions will be New Orleans Day, Iowa Day and Children's Day.

Remember the date—NOV. 10-19
—and Come

JOHN GRANT

Republican Candidate For
County
Commissioner

FIRST DISTRICT
ELECTION AT LARGE

Present Commissioner. Taxpayer
and Resident of Omaha 29 Years.
Civil War Veteran—Served in 29th
and 38th N. J. Volunteers.

Election Nov. 8th

For Congress

VOTE FOR

C. O. LOBECK

Democratic Nominee

"He's All Right"

You know where he stands.
The only man from Florence or
vicinity asking for an office.

F. S. TUCKER

Mayor of Florence

Republican Candidate For
Representative

Voters of Florence and Union pre-
cincts should vote for a man who
will look after their interests and
F. S. Tucker's interests are their
interests.

Election November 8.

The Republican Ticket

It seldom occurs that the voters of this community have presented to them a better class of Candidates for office than those presented at this time upon the Republican ticket.

Each and every man upon the ticket is a man of good standing in this community and will be a credit to the office to which he aspires; and the election of the Republican ticket will be an assurance of good and efficient government both in Douglas County and the State at large.

The following is a list of Republican Candidates to be elected November 8th, 1910, and they should receive the support of every fair-minded man.

ELMER J. BURKETT.....For State Senator
CHESTER H. ALDRICH.....For Governor
M. R. HOPEWELL.....For Lieutenant Governor
ADDISON WAIT.....For Secretary of State
SILAS R. BARTON.....For State Auditor
WALTER A. GEORGE.....For State Treasurer
J. W. CRABTREE.....For State Superintendent
GRANT G. MARTIN.....For Attorney General
E. B. COWLES.....For Land Commissioner
HENRY T. CLARKE, Jr.....For Railway Commissioner
A. L. SUTTON.....For Congress
JAMES E. RAIT.....For County Attorney
ARTHUR C. PANCOAST.....For State Senator
FRANKLIN A. SHOTWELL.....For State Senator
FRED D. WEAD.....For State Senator
F. C. BEST.....For State Representative
HERMAN G. BOESCHE.....For State Representative
WM. B. CHRISTIE.....For State Representative
M. O. CUNNINGHAM.....For State Representative
JOHN A. DEMPSTER.....For State Representative
BYRON R. HASTINGS.....For State Representative
EDWARD LEEDER.....For State Representative
JAMES P. REDMAN.....For State Representative
F. S. TUCKER.....For State Representative
JOHN GRANT.....For County Commissioner
JOHN C. LYNCH.....For County Commissioner
JOHN C. TROUTON.....For County Commissioner
WALTER J. SLATE.....For County Commissioner

Nebraska

Her Great Crops and Wealth

Send these figures to your friends in the East. They will interest them.

The first railroad to build in Nebraska was the Union Pacific; that was in 1863.

Today the Union Pacific covers 3,411 miles of splendid roadbed, safeguarded by an automatic electric system of signals.

More than 26,000 freight and passenger cars and 1,000 monster locomotives are required to meet the public demands.

An army of men receives millions per year in wages.

Such activities are important factors in the building up of a State, and Nebraska needs prosperous railroads as the Union Pacific needs the support of the people of Nebraska.

We have a book on Nebraska and its resources which will be mailed to some friend in the East for the asking. Please send us his address.

Every Union Pacific ticket office is a bureau of railroad information.

Make your wants known there, or write to me.

GERRIT FORT
Passenger Traffic Manager
OMAHA, NEB.

Unimproved Land	\$ 19,000,000
Improved Land	145,000,000
Horses, Cattle, Hogs, etc.	132,000,000
Alfalfa Crop	14,000,000
Oat Crop	22,500,000
Wheat Crop	37,266,000
Corn Crop	89,000,000
Dairy and Poultry	63,000,000
Butter	28,000,000
Hay Crop	41,000,000

