

The Florence Tribune

VOL. I.

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No. 20

SCHOOL IS NOW OPEN

Monday Morning Witnesses the Opening of All Rooms in the New School Building Ready Except the Kindergarten and Manual Training, the Supplies of Which Have Not Yet Arrived—Some Recollections Called to Mind by the Opening.

School opened at the new school building Monday morning and now the youth of this city are learning the three Rs—the other Rs they will learn after they have left school.

Although the building and grounds are in a chaotic condition the lessons of the children are not and they are going through their daily work as though nothing had occurred to mar the serenity of life.

Of course all the girls were ready and anxious for the vacation to be over and the school to commence, but as for the boys—well, it can be best expressed in poetry, thus:

Terry found his shoes at last,
And then his book and slate;
Oh, no, you are mistaken,
He wasn't very late.

Terry's seat was near the door,
He could look out through the yard
And see the trees and fields and hills;
Do you think he studied hard?

Maybe yes, and maybe no,
At least he did not make a noise;
He just sat still and looked and looked
Quite different from the other boys.

The day dreams came, the day dreams went,
And others took their place;
He just sat still and thought and thought,
Nor moved a muscle in his face.

He was thinking of a robin's nest,
With eggs of heaven's blue;
He was thinking of the frog pond's banks,
Near where the cat-tails grew.

He was thinking of the apple trees,
Where the Maiden Blushes hung;
He was thinking of the grape-vine tops,
Where the biggest clusters hung.

He was thinking of the Indian camp
Where his big braves swore the rule
That never in their live-long lives
Would they ever go to school.

He was thinking—but the teacher thought
In a very different way;
And Terry learned the teacher's thought
On that lazy, dreamy day.

As for the teachers, well, they had their hands full getting things started and had many amusing experiences.

We all remember our teachers and I guess the most of them can say, "I remember, I remember, the school house where first I taught; and the boys and girls that in mischief I caught."

Appropos to the opening of school, here is a good story I recently heard:

Mrs. Smith was not in favor of adorning education with any frills and ruffles. She opposed the introduction of each of the so-called "fads" and her opposition was always loud and insistent. One morning she visited the principal of the school building which sheltered the little Smiths for the five most peaceful hours of their day and expressed her sentiments in no measured terms.

"It's a disgraceful way children are taught!" she began, with a painful disregard of tact and diplomacy. "Their studies are so jumbled together that they don't know when they have finished with arithmetic and taken up geography. The other day Bessie—she is in Miss Blank's room, you know—came home and said that the teacher had stopped in the middle of a singing lesson, right in the middle of a song, to ask how many turkeys were in a peck."

"You must be mistaken," excused the astonished principal.

"No, ma'am. Bessie told me and Bessie never lies," said Bessie's mother with a complacency that irritated the atmosphere.

The teacher was sent for. She denied that she had interrupted a music lesson to satisfy her curiosity in regard to turkeys and pecks. She went back to her room with unkindly feelings, but three minutes later she came back smiling.

"I know how what she meant," said she. "I asked the children how many beats were in a measure."

If you don't believe this story, just ask Professor Yoder.

Professor McLane can also tell of many funny as well as amusing (the difference in meaning of these words is the degree) stories of school life.

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J. F. WUERTH, Sec'y.

FARMER ANSWERED QUESTION

Neighbor Asked Him What He Did for His Hogs When Sick and Was Told.

There are two farmers north of town who do not speak as they pass by now and all because one of them only answered a question asked by the other without giving any explanation.

For the purposes of this story we will call them Jim and Joe.

Each bought a pair of fine Berkshire hogs and began at once, in imagination, to count his profits. Unfortunately for their hopes, both pairs of hogs were taken with some kind of malady which threatened their lives. Jim heard that arsenic administered in small doses would cure the disease, so he bought an ounce and administered it. A day or two afterward Joe called out to him when they met:

"Hello, Jim! I hear you've been giving your hogs arsenic for the distemper. How much did you give them at a dose?"

"An ounce," replied Jim, without stopping.

Joe bought some arsenic and administered it in ounce doses. A few days later, meeting Jim again, he hailed him with:

"I say, Jim, that arsenic killed my hogs."

"That's what it did to mine," answered Jim.

SCHOOL REPORT.

Report of Fairview School for month of September:

Number enrolled for the month, 42; daily average attendance, 35; cases of tardiness, 6.

Those who were neither absent or tardy are Walter Byer, William Byer, Nelle Lonergan, Ruth Smith, Mary Scott, Marion Bird, Paul Kuhl, Zee Ritchie, Blanche Soli.

MARY E. SKOW, Teacher.

A STARTLING EPISODE.

'Twas in the dark hours of the night when all had retired and everything had been closed up and locked up for the night.

Every one in the household was fast asleep.

Hark! What is that strange noise I hear?

Out of bed the man was pushed by his wife with a adjuration to go down stairs and get that burglar.

What she wanted with the burglar he did not know, but he did know her, so down the stairs he started.

I'll—and then he bethought himself of the needful firearms and started to retrace his tracks but seeing his wife decided to take only the hammer with him.

Softly he crept down the stairs and more softly still he stole from room to room downstairs till he finally located the sound in the pantry.

With perspiration streaming from every pore he opened the door suddenly and his forward with the hammer. A dull thud followed the blow and with sinking heart he struck a match and uttered but one exclamation. "He's dead."

His wife heard him and her heart gave a leap of fear for her brave husband.

Switching on the electric light he found he had killed the mouse that made the noise that woke the wife that kicked her husband out of bed.

Bravely in the electric light he stood, hammer in hand, and vainly endeavored to kill another, but found his skill in killing mice was only in the dark.

P. S.—He broke some of the dishes, however, and he lives near the pump house of the water works.

Superior to Gasoline.

The Electrical World calls attention to the great superiority of the electric to the gasoline automobile for city use, with especial reference to the anti-noise campaign. The distracting noise of the latter is sufficiently familiar—to an invalid confined to the city, for instance—the occasional startling explosion in the muffler of a charge which has missed fire, the screech of changing gears, not to mention the smell. None of these disadvantages apply to the electric vehicle, which also avoids the opprobrium directed against reckless driving, the electric motor being equally applicable to a light runabout which a woman or child can operate, or to a heavy commercial truck.

A Lack of Confidence.

A minister, frequently away from home, was in the habit of getting some one to stay with his wife and small daughter in his absence. Once, however, he went so unexpectedly and hurriedly that he had no time to make such provisions for them. The wife was very brave until night came, when her courage began to fail. After exhausting every reasonable excuse for staying up, she put the child to bed with the injunction to pray especially for God's protection during father's absence. "Yes, mother, we will do that tonight," said the little girl, "but the next time we will make better arrangements."—Delineator.

YOU BET HE TOOK A DRINK

Predicament of a Florence Man Who is a Teetotaler During His Travels in the Theatrical Business—Some Interesting Experiences of Charles Smith, One Time City Clerk of This Beautiful City of Ours.

Charles Smith, a well known Florence man, one time city clerk, and now engaged in organizing a band in Florence, is the hero of a story that is going the rounds of the papers.

Smith at one time played the part of Joe Morgan in "Ten Nights in a Bar Room" and one of the company tells this story of their experiences:

"Getting back to Texas, let me tell you of a fool thing that happened at Lebo. Prohibition was a red hot issue in Texas at the time and we switched from 'Tom' to 'Ten Nights in a Bar Room.' There was intense bitterness between the opposing partisans and to show their contempt of their enemies, anti-prohibitionists often came to a show with a quart of whisky, drinking publicly whenever thirsty.

"At the Lebo performance 'Joe Morgan' had entered the bar room of 'Simon Slade' and asked for a drink, only to be refused by 'Slade,' in whose place 'Morgan's' life had been ruined. 'Joe' was complaining of his misery and the cruelty of 'Slade,' when a great big Texan stood up with a quart bottle of whisky in his hand and exclaimed:

"Here, 'Joe,' damn it, take a drink with me."

"And the rascal walked up the runway and onto the stage. The man playing 'Joe Morgan'—Charles Smith, once city clerk of Florence, by the way—was a teetotaler and greatly opposed to drinking. He was a tenderfoot and sight of the advancing Texan, deep in his cups, unnerved 'Joe' so greatly that he took several big swallows from the bottle at the urgent request of the owner. I was playing 'Slade' and was puzzled to know how we could get rid of our bottle friend without a break in the performance.

"The Texan leaned against the bar, perfectly at home, and crossed his high-heeled boots in a comfortable attitude. The audience tittered. Then our unsalaried actor saw several bar room loafers at a table playing an imaginary game of cards, but without real cards, as public card games in Texas were forbidden by law. The Texan pulled up a chair, sat down at the table, drew a greasy deck from his pocket and dealt everybody a hand. The loafers had too much respect for the town marshal to take up their hands and moved gingerly away, leaving the friend of 'Joe Morgan' alone in his glory. The Texan finally became disgusted, walked down the runway and disappeared.

"Never heard about what happened to us at Indianola in the spring of 1908? Well, you should have been there. Good crowd and 'Legree' just in the act of larrupin' old 'Tom,' when in comes a deputy sheriff with five or six deputies all loaded with squirrel whisky and each with a six-shooter in his paw. 'Take to the brush, every damned one of you spotted leopards, and go back where you belong! You can't pull off this show in this here country! That's what they said, and they meant it. Everybody fell off the benches and ducked under the tent walls and lit out for home. The fellows with the guns hurried and cheered. Then each one opened a bottle of whisky and waded into a nearby lake, where they paraded back and forth for hours, singing 'Turkey in the Straw' and shooting off their guns. Some of us slept on the floor of the car that night, fearing that a bullet might come through the side of the car into our bunks.

"At Wynnewood, Okla., a minister circulated a petition and got 250 signers, asking the mayor to revoke our license. We had a dandy band that played selections from Faust, William Tell, Martha, Il Trovatore and all that kind of stuff, yet the crowd stood in the street and jeered and said that the musicians 'played like a lot of scared niggers.' That made us sore, but we couldn't do anything. The petition divided the town. The mayor refused to revoke the license. A local newspaper editor said our treatment was an outrage and got into a bully fight, with a gun play, for saying it. That night loafers threw bottles of stinking hoky-poky under the tent.

"Tact often quiets trouble. When I see something getting ready to start I stay close around the ticket wagon and pick out the biggest bully. I begin talking in a free and easy way, without his knowing that I belong to the show, and invite him to go in with me, paying for the tickets as if I were a stranger. Once inside, the bully becomes interested in the performance and the vaudeville and acrobatic stunts between the acts and grows friendly.

"The prejudice against negroes is here in some parts of Oklahoma. A number of towns will not permit a

MEMORIES OF BYGONE TIMES

The Editor Has Recollection of Some Good Old Times in the Years Gone Past.

Last week there blazoned forth on the billboards a name that brought back to memory some of the good times and incidents connected with my life as press agent for the Orpheum theater. The name was "Tom Nawn," but what a flood of stories it called to mind.

Anyone who ever heard his, "It's young Tim Kelley, eh?" can doubly appreciate the story.

One morning on a bleak and bare stage he was going through a sort of a rehearsal of a playlet he intended to produce soon, "Pat and the Geni" (which was played at the Orpheum last week.) I remarked to him:

"Tom, how do you think the audience will take your new effort. You can't use roller skates in that?"

"O'll make 'em laugh with this," said he and then told me this story:

"I'm a Philadelphia, and whenever I play the good old town, the boys make it pleasant for me, and drop round at the theater pretty frequently. Now, among my acquaintances, is one Bradley, a stingy old fellow with plenty of money in real estate and savings banks. He's the sort of a fellow who walks up to the bar, deposits his nickel or his dime and says, 'One drink fur one mon.'

"The last time I was in the town, he met me on the street and said: 'Sure, an' O'll never been to a theater in all me loife, Tom.'

"Well, after telling him what he'd missed, and hearing how the only thing of the sort he'd ever seen was a circus, way back in '64, the year he landed, it ended in my fixing him up with the price of a seat, and he got it with a bunch of the boys, in the front row of the balcony. The last thing he said before we parted, was: 'By golly, Tom, O'll see yez, when yez come on the night.'

"I was busy all day, and the matter slipped my mind, but in the midst of my act that evening I heard a commotion in the balcony. I looked up, and there was Bradley, leaning far over the railing, and shouting back to the boys: 'An is that Tom?'

"Evidently the answer was satisfactory, for he swung his hat to me and yelled: 'Here O! am, Tom.'

"The next second a couple of ushers swooped down upon him and pandemonium broke loose.

"Shut, up yez bloomins' indjuns. O'll knowed Tom Nawn iver since he was a bit av a b'y, an' O'll spake to him if I loike."

"I was in the midst of my play, 'A Touch of Nature,' but I saw the stuff was off. I called to my wife to hand me the skates, and I got off the stage as best I could for laughing. And the house had the good grace to laugh with me."

WILL REMAIN WITH HAYDENS.

George Boen, the well known piano manager, several years with Hayden Bros., who was reported to have severed his connection with that firm to accept the management of another concern, will not leave Haydens.

Boen has been given the entire management of the department and has begun to enthrone new life into it.

He is a prominent Eagle and Knight of Columbus and is well and favorably known in Florence.

Hayden Bros. bears the distinction of being the first department store in the United States which began to handle pianos. Wannamaker followed their example in Philadelphia.

NOTICE.

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J. F. WUERTH, Sec'y.

SNAP.

New eight-room house in Florence, on street car line, house has electric light, good well, two acres of ground, strawberries, blackberries, grapes and some fruit. Chicken house, pigeon house, barn, cow shed, hog lot. Owner raised about \$200 in strawberries this year. Chances like this are few.

HASTINGS & HEYDEN,
1614 Harney St., Tel. Doug. 1606.

negro to get off the train. At Hobart and Bangum I kept my negro singers secreted in the car, took them in a closed carriage to the tent at night and opened the carriage door right against the door of the tent. Once inside and on the stage the audience couldn't tell whether the negroes were genuine or imitation.

"There are towns in Texas and Mississippi, however, that are simply pizen. At Palestine, Tex., the town band came down the street playing 'Dixie' and followed by a mob of 250 men and boys. We canceled the performance and pulled out of town. Never get into a fight in such places; you'll get licked to a dead certainty and maybe killed. We call Humphstead 'Six-Shooter Junction,' after having had all the windows of our cars shot out one night."

CONTRACT FOR SEWER IS LOST

City Council Meets Monday Evening and Receive Bids for the Main Street Sewer and Another Batch of Sidewalks and Let Contract for the Sidewalks to G. Mancini on His Bid of Twelve Cents, While the Sewer Contract Goes to F. B. Leach at His Bid of Thirty-One Cents.

The city council held a special meeting Monday evening to consider bids on the new cement sidewalks and for the sewer on Main street.

But one bid was put in on the sidewalks, that of G. Mancini at 12 cents a square yard with 25 cents for extra grading.

Councilman Price said Mr. Estell was objecting to the laying of the walk up the hill past his place, saying he had just completed one along the entire front of his place.

Councilman Kelly said Mrs. Powell was objecting for the same reason.

Mayor Tucker said the people living farther up the hill had asked for the walks and it wouldn't be right to make them put them in and then wade in the mud to get to their walks. He said he was in favor of having all walks go in or none and that he didn't like to play favorites. He said Mr. Cole had two lots and himself one that they desired walks in front of, but if the walks were not complete all the way they would be of no use.

Councilman Allen moved that the contract be let to G. Mancini on his bid, and the motion was carried unanimously.

The sewer bids were then opened, three bids having been filed as follows:

John Lubold, 65 cents per lineal foot furnishing the pipe and 35 cents if city furnished the pipe.

G. Mancini, 65 cents per lineal foot furnishing the pipe and 40 cents if city furnished the pipe.

F. D. Leach, 57 cents per lineal foot furnishing the pipe and allow the city the same price as he has to pay for new tile or all the city furnishes.

Mayor Tucker said city had on hand almost enough 16-inch tile to do the work.

Councilman Price moved that the city furnish the tile and award the contract to F. D. Leach at 31 cents per lineal foot.

All except Kelly voted in the affirmative.

While Mr. Leach went out to find a bondsman, Mr. Suttie renewed his request for a sidewalk.

Mayor Tucker said the county commissioners had agreed to put in a new steel or cement sewer on the north part of Main street.

Mr. Leach returned with a \$100 bond signed by Charles Baughman and his contract and bond were approved with Kelly voting against both.

Councilman Price wanted to know what had been done about inspection of the paving.

Mayor Tucker said he hardly thought one necessary at present, but will look up one as soon as necessary.

Councilman Craig thought something ought to be done about the crosswalks across alleys and streets where the new walks had been laid.

After considerable discussion on the subject adjournment was taken without action.

PAUL DIVORCE CASE COMES TUESDAY.

The Paul divorce case will be called up before Judge Troup Tuesday.

There have been many developments in the case the past week, chief of which was the amended petition of Mr. Paul in which the names of E. H. Walker, H. S. Smith, E. J. Bodwell and John Dech appear and is of such a nature as to be unfit for publication.

The answer of Mrs. Paul and her cross suit for divorce is one of the most remarkable documents ever filed in Douglas county and contain many sensational charges and is also of a nature unfit for publication.

Mr. Paul, through his attorney, has asked that her petition be made more specific and that names and dates be given.

Judge Troup Wednesday issued an order allowing Mr. Paul the privilege of seeing his children. Mrs. Paul to absent herself while he is visiting them. He claims not to have seen them since July 11, which is a little strange, as he has been living next door except during his trip to the Pacific coast.

The case gives every evidence of being sensational in the extreme and giving to Florence a lot of undesirable notoriety.

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J. F. WUERTH, Sec'y.

FLORENCE FOOTBALL SUNDAY

The Dietz Team Defeats the All Stars and the Monmouth Parks Eat Up the Tigers.

The Dietz club eleven opened the season at Florence Sunday, playing an "all-star" aggregation, and defeating them by the score of 11 to 0. The game with the Superiors was called off until November 7. From present indications it looks as though the Dietz eleven will more than live up to its former reputation, as they have one of the fastest eleven Omaha has seen for many a moon.

Coad, a former Notre Dame warrior, showed up in fine form both on the offensive and defensive. Maxwell, a recruit from Fort Omaha, played a stellar game, his line plunges being very effective. For the All-Stars, Williams, Hachten and Smith were continually in the limelight, their work on the defensive being particularly strong and on the offensive most of the gains were made by this trio.

The Dietz team scored in both halves, the first touchdown being made by Steck after Quigley made a spectacular sixty-yard run, but was down on the five-yard line. Quigley missed a difficult goal.

In the second half Coad slipped away for a sixty-five-yard run, bringing the ball to the twenty-yard line and after a series of line plunges. Coad made the last touchdown of the day. Quigley kicked a difficult goal. Score: 11 to 0.

The second game was between the Monmouth Parks and the Tigers, and it was hard fought from the beginning to the finish, resulting in favor of the Monmouth Parks by a score of 5 to 0. After playing the first game, Quigley also played with the Monmouth Parks. He made many spectacular runs, the last one for sixty yards and a touchdown. Golden and Callahan also played great foot ball. For the Tigers Singleton and Priesman were the stars that shone brightest. Time of halves: 20 minutes. Umpire: Trotter. Referee: Jenkins.

Thomas D. Crane, who has a magnificent place on Florence Heights, is to build a \$30,000 apartment house in Omaha. He will not give up his residence here, however.

Mr. and Mrs. James Breneman announce the engagement of their daughter, Miss Ethel, to Mr. Oswald Herzog of Omaha.

Mr. J. F. Drabek has left for Klamath Falls, Oregon, for a short visit.

Miss Lois Spencer of Lincoln was the guest of her brother, G. L. Spencer and family, for a few days this week.

Mrs. Dan Green is very ill with a liver trouble.

Dr. Horton, who at one time practiced in Florence, but removed to Bennington to practice, expects to come back to Florence and practice.

For Sale—2 fresh cows and 2 horses—J. F. Wuerth, Florence, Neb., phone Fl. 1504.

The Misses Myra and Maud Goodlett of Omaha were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Suttie Sunday.

Harry Swanson is now working for the undertaking firm of Hulse & Ripen.

Mrs. Parish of Hitchcock county was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Newell Burton the forepart of the week.

A. Bonar, who has been working for W. A. Anderson for the past seven years is now located with the Mandy Lee Poultry farm.

The Royal Neighbors of America lodge gave an enjoyable dance at Pascale's hall Wednesday evening.

Cecil Kindred, 16 years old, son of Mr. and Mrs. M. W. Kindred, died in an Omaha hospital Tuesday morning. The body was sent to Herman for burial after services at the house Wednesday. He was ill only a very short time, being brought home from the country Monday evening and taken direct to the hospital. Mrs. Reynolds and Mrs. Coitrell furnished the music.

W. H. Thompson, who has been hunting ducks in the sand hills of the western part of the state, returned Wednesday. He certainly brought home a lot of ducks, for the editor is still eating those he sent to him. We wish more of our readers would go duck hunting and then do likewise, for there is a heap of satisfaction in eating duck that you hunt with a lead pencil.

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J. F. WUERTH, Sec'y.

THE DIVA'S RUBY

By F. MARION CRAWFORD
 AUTHOR OF "SARACINESCA," "ARETHUSA," ETC.
 ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WEIL
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"That is the Passage."

CHAPTER I.

There is a ruby mine hidden in the heart of the mountains near a remote little city of central Asia, unknown to European travelers; and the secret of the treasure belongs to the two chief families of the place, and has been carefully guarded for many generations, handed down through the men from father to son; and often the children of these two families have married, yet none of the women ever learned the way to the mine from their fathers, or their brothers, or their husbands, none excepting one only, and her name was Baraka, which may perhaps mean "Blessed;" but no blessing came to her when she was born. She was much whiter and much more beautiful than the other girls of the little Tartar city; her face was oval like an ostrich egg, her skin was as the cream that rises on sheep's milk at evening, and her eyes were like the Pools of Peace in the Valley of Dark Moons; her waist also was a slender pillar of ivory, and round her ankle she could make her thumb meet her second finger; as for her feet, they were small and quick and silent as young mice. But she was not blessed.

When she was in her seventeenth year a traveler came to the little city, who was not like her own people; he was goodly to see, and her eyes were troubled by the sight of him, for the stranger was tall and very fair, and his beard was like spun gold, and he feared neither man nor evil spirit, going about alone by day and night. Furthermore, he was a great physician, and possessed a small book, about the size of a man's hand, in which was contained all the knowledge of the world. By means of this book, and three small buttons that tasted of mingled salt and sugar, he cured Baraka's father of a mighty pain in the midriff which had tormented him a whole week. He brought with him also a written letter from a holy man to the chiefs of the town; therefore they did not kill him, though he had a good Mauser revolver with ammunition, worth much money, and other things useful to believers.

Satan entered the heart of Baraka, and she loved the traveler who dwelt in her father's house, for she was not blessed; and she stood before him in the way when he went out, and when he returned she was sitting at the door watching, and she took care to show her cream-white arm and her slender ankle, and even her beautiful face when neither her father nor her mother was near. But he saw little and cared less, and was as grave as her father and the other graybeards of the town.

When she perceived that he was not moved by the sight of her, she watched him more closely; for she said in her girl's heart that the eyes that are blind to a beautiful woman see one of three things: Gold, or power, or heaven; but her sight was fixed only on him. Then her throat was dry, her heart fluttered in her maiden breast like a frightened bird, and sometimes, when she would have tried to speak, she felt as if her tongue were broken and useless; the fire ran lightly along her delicate body, her eyes saw nothing clearly, and a strange rushing sound filled her ears; and then, all at once, a fine dew wet her forehead and

cooled it, and she trembled all over and was as pale as death—like Sappho, when a certain god-like man was near. Yet the stranger saw nothing, and his look was bright and cold as a winter's morning in the mountains.

Almost every day he went out and climbed the foothills, and when the sun was lowering he came back bringing herbs and flowers, which he dried carefully and spread between leaves of gray paper in a large book; and he wrote spells beside them in an unknown tongue, so that no one dared to touch the book when he went out, lest the geni should wake and come out from between the pages, to blind the curious and strike the gossips dumb, and cast a leprosy on the thief. At night he lay on the roof of the forehouse beside the gate of the court, because it was cool there. Baraka came to him, before midnight, when her mother was in a deep sleep; she knelt at his side while he slept in the starlight, and she laid her head beside his, on the sack that was his pillow, and for a little while she was happy, being near him, though he did not know she was there. But presently she remembered that her mother might wake and call her, and she spoke very softly, close to his ear, fearing greatly lest he should start from his sleep and cry out.

"The ruby mine is not far off," she said. "I know the secret place. Rubies! Rubies! Rubies! You shall have as many as you can carry of the blood-red rubies!"

He opened his eyes, and even in the starlight they were bright and cold. She stroked his hand softly and then pressed it a little.

"Come with me and you shall know the great secret," she whispered. "You shall fill this sack that is under your head, and then you shall take me with you to Egypt, and we will live in a marble palace and have many slaves, and be always together. For you will always remember that it was Baraka who showed you where the rubies were, and even when you are tired of her you will treat her kindly and feed her with fig paste and fat quails, such as I hear they have in the south all winter, and Frank rice, and coffee that has been picked over, bean by bean, for the great men."

She said all this in a whisper, stroking his hand; and while she whispered he smiled in his great golden beard that seemed as silvery in the starlight as her father's.

"That is women's talk," he answered. "Who has seen mines of rubies? And if you know where they are, why should you show them to me? You are betrothed. If you had knowledge of hidden treasures you would keep it for your husband. This is some trick to destroy me."

"May these hands wither to the wrists if a hair of your head be harmed through me," she answered; and as she knelt beside him, the two little hands held his face towards her very tenderly, and then one of them smoothed the thick hair back from his forehead.

"You are betrothed," he repeated, "and I am your father's guest. Shall I betray him?"

"I care nothing, neither for father, nor mother, nor brothers, nor betrothed," Baraka answered. "I will give you the riches of Solomon if you will take me, for I will have no other man."

"There are no rubies," said the stranger. "Show them to me and I will believe."

The girl laughed very low, and took from her neck a bag of antelope skin, no larger than her closed hand, and gave it to him with the thin thong by which it had hung.

"When you have seen them in the sun you will want others," she said. "I will take you to the place, and when you have filled your sack with them you will love me enough to take me away. It is not far to the place. In two hours we can go and come. To-morrow night, about this time, I will wake you again. It will not be safe to unbar the door, so you must let me down from this roof by a camel rope, and then follow me."

When Baraka was gone the stranger sat up on his carpet and opened the small bag to feel the stones, for he knew that he could hardly see them in the starlight; but even the touch and the weight told him something, and he guessed that the girl had not tried to deceive him childishly with bits of glass. Though the bag had been in her bosom, and the weather was hot, the stones were as cold as jade; and moreover he felt their shape and knew at once that they might really be rough rubies, for he was well versed in the knowledge of precious stones.

When the day began to dawn he went down from the roof to the common room of the fore-house, where guests were quartered, yet although there was no other stranger there he would not take the bag from his neck to examine the stones, lest some one should be watching him from a place of hiding; but afterwards, when he was alone in the foothills and out of sight of the town, searching as usual for new plants and herbs, he crept into a low cave at noon, and sat down just inside the entrance, so that he could see any one coming while still a long way off, and there he emptied the contents of the little leathern wallet into his hand, and saw that Baraka had not deceived him; and as he looked closely at the stones in the strong light at the entrance of the cave, the red of the rubies was reflected in the blue of his bright eyes, and made a little purple glare in them that would have frightened Baraka; and he smiled behind his great yellow beard.

He took from an inner pocket a folded sheet on which a map was traced in black and green ink, much corrected and extended in pencil; and he studied the map thoughtfully in the cave while the great heat of the day lasted; but the lines that his eye followed did not lead towards Persia, Palestine, and Egypt, where Baraka wished to live with him in a marble palace and eat fat quails and fig paste.

She came to him again that night on the roof, bringing with her a small bundle, tightly rolled and well tied up. He wrapped his blanket round her body, and brought it up under her arms so that the rope should not hurt her when her weight came upon it, and so he let her down over the edge of the roof to the ground, and threw the rope after her; and he let himself over, holding by his hands, so that when he was hanging at the full length of his long arms he had only a few feet to drop, for he wished to take the rope with him.

Baraka's house was at the head of the town, towards the foothills; every one was sleeping, and there was no moon. She followed the stony sheep-track that struck into the hills only a few hundred paces from the last houses, and the stranger followed her closely. He had his sack on his shoulder, his book of plants and herbs was slung behind him by a strap, and in his pockets he had all the money he carried for his travels and his letters to the chiefs, and a weapon; but he had left all his other belongings, judging them to be of no value compared with a camel's bag full of rubies, and only a hindrance, since he would have to travel far on foot before daylight, by dangerous paths.

The girl trod lightly and walked fast, and as the man followed in her footsteps he marked the way turn by turn, and often looked up at the stars overhead as men do who are accustomed to journeying alone in desert places. For some time Baraka led him through little valleys he had often traversed, and along hillsides familiar to him, and at last she entered a narrow ravine which he had once followed to its head, where he had found it ended abruptly in a high wall of rock, at the foot of which there was a clear pool that did not overflow. It was darker in the gorge, but the rocks were almost white, so that it was quite possible to see the way by the faint light.

The man and the girl stood before the pool; the still water reflected the stars.

"This is the place," Baraka said. "Do you see anything?"

"I see water and a wall of rock," the man answered. "I have been here alone by day. I know this place. There is nothing here, and there is no way up the wall."

Baraka laughed softly.

"The secret could not have been

kept by my fathers for 14 generations if it were so easy to find out," she said. "The way is not easy, but I know it."

"Lead," replied the traveler. "I will follow."

"No," returned girl. "I will go a little way down the gorge and watch, while you go in."

The man did not trust her. How could he tell but that she had brought him to an ambush where he was to be murdered for the sake of his money and his good weapon? The rubies were real, so far as he could tell, but they might be only a bait. He shook his head.

"Listen," said Baraka. "At the other side of the pool there is a place where the water from this spring flows away under the rock. That is the passage."

"I have seen the entrance," answered the traveler. "It is so small that a dog could not swim through it."

"It looks so. But it is so deep that one can walk through it easily, with one's head above water. It is not more than 50 steps long. That is how I found it, for one day I wandered here alone in the morning for shade, when the air was like fire; and being alone I bathed in the clear pool to cool myself, and I found the way and brought back the stone, which I have hidden ever since. For if my father and brothers know that I have seen the treasure they will surely kill me, because the women must never learn the secret. You see," she laughed a little, "I am the first of us who has known it, since many generations, and I have already betrayed it to you! They are quite right to kill us when we find it out!"

"This is an idle tale," said the traveler. "Go into the pool before me and I will believe and follow you under the rock. I will not go and leave you here."

"You are not very brave, though you are so handsome! If they come and find me here, they will kill me first."

"You say it, but I do not believe it. I think there is a deep hole in the passage and that I shall slip into it and be drowned, for no man could swim in such a place. I have but one life, and I do not care to lose it in a water-rat's trap. You must go in and lead the way if you wish me to trust you."

Baraka hesitated and looked at him. "How can I do this before you?" she asked.

"I will not go alone," the man answered, for he suspected foul play. "Do as you will."

The girl took from her head the large cotton cloth with which she veiled herself, and folded it and laid it down on the rock by the pool; then she let her outer tunic of thin white woolen fall to the ground round her feet and stepped out of it, and folded it also, and laid it beside her veil, and she stood up tall and straight as a young Egyptian goddess in the starlight, clothed only in the plain shirt without sleeves which the women of her country wear night and day; and the traveler saw her cream-white arms near him in the soft gloom, and heard her slip off her light shoes.

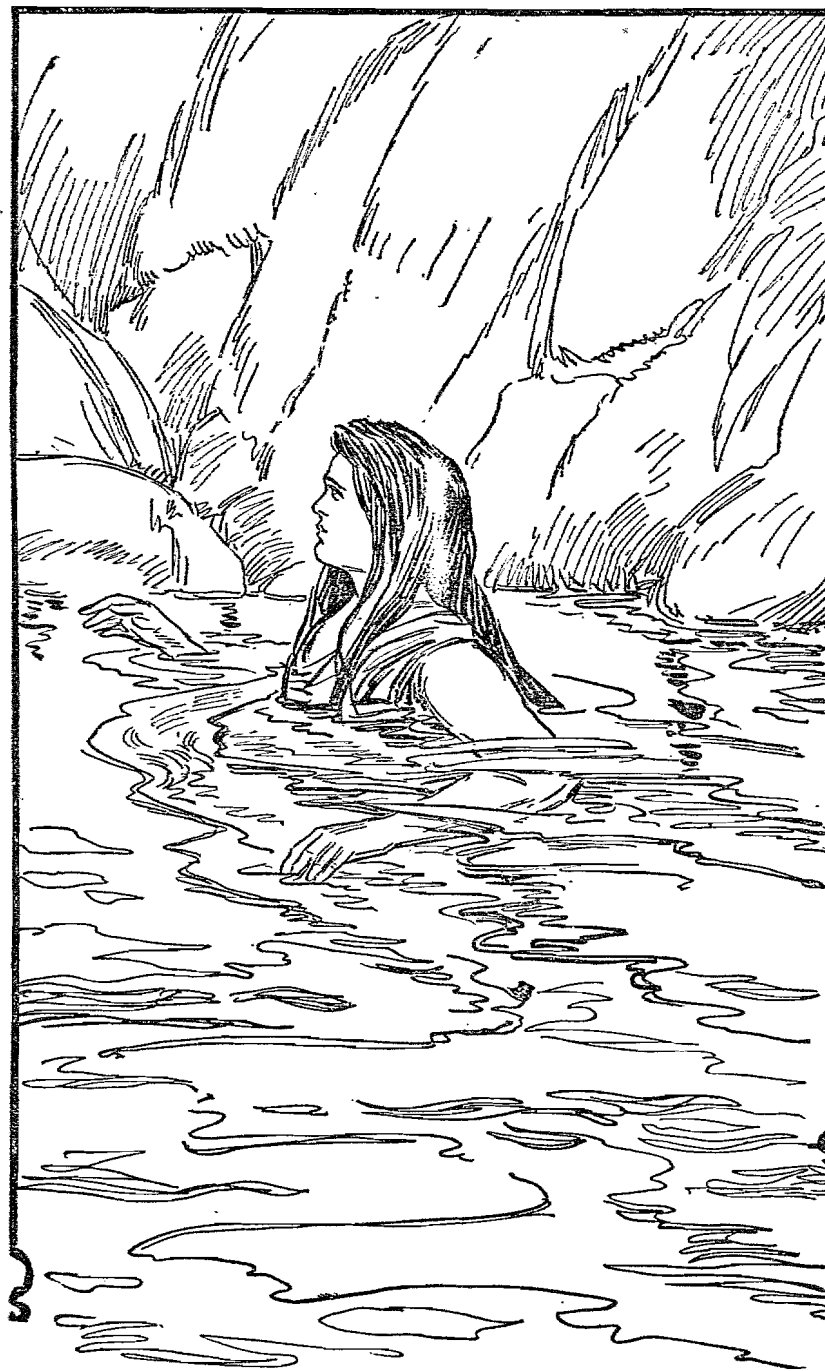
"I will go before you," she said; and she stepped into the pool and walked slowly through the water.

The traveler followed her as he was, for he was unwilling to leave behind him anything he valued, and what he had was mostly in the pockets of his coat, and could not be much hurt by water. Even his pressed herbs and flowers would dry again, his cartridges were quite waterproof, his letters were in an impervious case, and his money was in coin. When he entered the pool he took his revolver from its place and he held it above the water in front of him as he went on. With his other hand he carried the sack he had brought, which was one of those that are made of Bokhara carpet and are meant to sling on a camel.

Baraka was almost up to her neck in the water when she reached the other side of the pool; a moment later she disappeared under the rock, and the traveler bent his knees to shorten himself, for there was only room for his head above the surface, and he held up his revolver before his face to keep the weapon dry, and also to feel his way, lest he should strike against any jutting projection of the stone and hurt himself. He counted the steps he took, and made them as nearly as possible of equal length. He felt that he was walking on perfectly smooth sand, into which his heavily shod feet sank a very little. There was plenty of air, for the gentle draught followed him from the entrance and chilled the back of his neck, which had got wet; yet it seemed hard to breathe, and as he made his way forward his imagination pictured the death he must die if the rock should fall in behind him. He was glad that the faint odor of Baraka's wet hair came to his nostrils in the thick darkness, and it was very pleasant to hear her voice when she spoke at last.

"It is not far," she said quietly. "I begin to see the starlight on the water."

The passage did not widen or grow higher as it went on. If it had been dry, it would have been a commodious



Baraka Was Almost Up to Her Neck.

cave, open at each end, wide at the bottom and narrowing to a sharp angle above. But the pool was fed by a spring that never failed nor even ebbed, though it must sometimes have overflowed down the ravine through which the two had reached the pool.

They came out from under the rock at last, and were in the refreshing outer air. The still water widened almost to a circle, a tiny lake at the bottom of a sort of crater of white stone that collected and concentrated the dim light. On two sides there were little crescent beaches of snow-white sand, that gleamed like silver. The traveler looked about him and upward to see if there was any way of climbing up; but as far as he could make out in the half darkness the steep rock was as smooth as if it had been cut with tools, and it sloped away at a sharp angle like the sides of a funnel.

Baraka went up towards the right, and the bottom shelved, so that presently the water was down to her waist, and then she stood still and pointed to a dark hollow just above the little beach. Her wet garment clung to her, and with her left hand she began to wring the water from her hair behind her head.

"The rubies are there," she said, "thousands upon thousands of them. Fill the sack quickly, but do not take more than you can carry, for they are very heavy."

The traveler waded out upon the beach, and the water from his clothes ran down in small rivulets and made little round holes in the white sand. He put down his revolver in a dry place, and both his hands felt for the precious stones in the shadowy hollow, loosening small fragments of a sort of brittle crust in which they seemed to be clustered.

"You cannot choose," Baraka said, "for you cannot see, but I have been here by daylight and have seen. The largest are on the left side of the hollow, near the top."

By the stars the traveler could see the pieces a little, as he broke them out, for the white rocks collected the light; he could see many dark crystals, but as to what they were he had to trust the girl.

"Do not take more than you can carry," she repeated, "for you must not throw them away to lighten the burden."

"You can carry some of them," answered the traveler.

He broke up the crust of crystals with a small geologist's hammer and tore them out like a madman, and his hands were bleeding, for though he was a philosopher the thirst for wealth had come upon him when he felt the riches of empires in his grasp, and the time was short; and although he knew that he might some day come back with armed men to protect him, and workmen to help him, he knew also that to do this he must share the secret with the overlord of that wild country, and that his portion might be the loss of his head. So he tore at the ruby crust with all his might, and as he was very strong, he broke out great pieces at once.

"We cannot carry more than that, both of us together," said Baraka, though she judged more by the sound of his work than by what she could see.

He lifted the sack with both his

hands, and he knew by its weight that she was right. Under the water it would be easy enough to carry, but it would be a heavy load for a man to shoulder.

"Come," Baraka said, "I will go back first."

She moved down into the deeper water again, till it was up to her neck; and feeling the way with her hands she went in once more under the rock. The traveler followed her cautiously, carrying the heavy sack under water with one hand and holding up his revolver with the other to keep it dry.

"I begin to see the starlight on the water," Baraka said, just as before, when they had been going in.

When she had spoken, she heard a heavy splash not far off, and the water in the subterranean channel rose suddenly and ran past her in short waves, three of which covered her mouth in quick succession and reached to her eyes, and almost to the top of her head, but sank again instantly; and they passed her companion in the same way, wetting his weapon.

"Go back," Baraka said, when she could speak; "the rock is falling!"

The traveler turned as quickly as he could, and she came after him, gaining on him because he carried the heavy sack and could not move as fast as she. He felt his damp hair rising with fear, for he believed that, after all, she had brought him into a trap. They reached the opening and came out into the pool again.

"You have brought me here to die," he said. "Your father and your brothers have shut up the entrance with great stones, and they will go up the mountain and let themselves down from above with ropes and shoot me like a wolf in a pit-fall. But you shall die first, because you have betrayed me."

So he cocked his revolver and set the muzzle against her head, to kill her, holding her by her slender throat with his other hand; for they were in shallow water and he had dropped the sack in the pool.

Baraka did not struggle or cry out. "I would rather die by your hand than be alive in another man's arms," she said quite quietly.

He let her go, merely because she was so very brave; for he did not love her at all. She knew it, but that made no difference to her, since no other woman was near; if they could get out alive with the rubies she was sure that he would love her for the sake of the great wealth she had brought him. If they were to starve to death at the bottom of the great rock wall in the mountains, she would probably die first, because he was so strong; and then nothing would matter. It was all very simple.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Hint for a Groom-Elect.

If a groom-elect has not provided an extra room to his house for storing his bride's linen he should build it in time, for in these days whenever a girl marries, her mother closes her lips grimly, goes after pa's pocketbook, and does the right thing with nine dozen towels, 15 dozen napkins, 84 pairs of sheets, etc. She doesn't expect her daughter to open a boarding house, but she has proper pride, and intends to do the right thing by the girl, even if it breaks pa.—Aitchison Globe.

A Money Tree

WITH DOLLARS ON EVERY LIMB.

THAT'S WHAT GOOD ADVERTISING IS

It was shown recently in a legal proceeding that the output of a great concern engaged in making soda crackers had been enlarged thirteen hundred per cent within a period of three years, and almost entirely this increase had come through the use of printers' ink. The business of a certain shoe manufacturing company has grown one thousand per cent since it went into the use of printers' ink four years ago. Wearing apparel of all kinds and descriptions is now advertised on the most liberal scale, and the result, according to statistics recently compiled, has been to increase the sale in certain lines all the way from three hundred to eight hundred per cent. And this has been done without increasing the cost to the consumer or reducing the profits of the manufacturer. On the contrary, it has been the general experience that the retail prices of standard goods have been decreased on the whole, that the quality has been elevated, and that the manufacturer, through his enormously increased sales and the cutting out of the middleman, had made greater profits with less effort than ever before. The most ordinary articles of everyday consumption are being advertised, and almost invariably with success.—Saturday Evening Post.

You may neither manufacture shoes nor soda crackers, but if the one will show a gain from advertising of one thousand and the other a gain of thirteen hundred per cent—if consistent, thorough advertising can boom the sales of wearing apparel three to eight fold—surely we may assume that the same methods that added to this prosperity will enhance yours, whatever your line may be.

The Florence Tribune

TELS. 315 AND 165.

FLORENCE, NEB.

LOOK AND LONG FOR LETTERS

Young Folks Too Frequently Fail to Realize What a Message to Home Means.

"My boy," writes a white-haired mother to her son, a busy man in a distant state, "write home often. You do not realize what your letters are to me, and how long it is between them."

No, he had not realized it, and unhappily there are many absent sons and daughters who need a similar reminder. They would be indignant at the suggestion of waning filial devotion, but in the stress of business, in the society of new friends, in the happiness of a new home circle, how rarely they spare an hour for a good long letter to the aging mother in the old home—the loving mother whose heartache, as the passing days fall to bring the longed-for letter, is one of the most pathetic tragedies of old age.

The decline of the letter-writing habit of an earlier generation has often been noted, but its feature

of the decline can neither be excused nor defended. The post-card substitute is little less than a mockery when the cards are sent to the mother who wants, and should have, so much more than that.

As youth lives in and for the future, so does old age always look back over the slope as it nears the summit. The parent is wrapped up in the son and daughter; but as the son grows to manhood and the daughter to womanhood, they are absorbed in the plans and the processes of building the coming years. Such is the law of life and the basis of all progress, but it is a pitiful thing when the son and daughter fail to keep in mind their obligation to the loyalty and love of their parents.

Blessed are the absent ones who write long letters to the home. Soon, they cannot know how soon, the precious privilege will no longer be theirs.—Youth's Companion.

No one cares much what you're doing unless you try to be smart. —Smart Set.

BAD LUCK ASCRIBED TO DAY

Basis for Belief of Ill Luck of Friday Has Its Root in Two Causes.

The bad luck supposed to attach to Friday is said to be traceable to the worship of the goddess Freya, the Venus of the north, who felt herself slighted if anyone began a journey on this, her festival. In punishment for the dishonor thus brought upon her Freya was wont to direct misfortune to assail the offender, so that it came to be thought that Friday was an unlucky time to embark on any enterprise, although most marriages in Scotland are said to take place on that day. In Walsh's "Curiosities of Popular Customs," is told the story of the brig, Friday of Wilmington, whose builder defied superstition by giving her this whimsical name and launching her on Friday. He also sent her upon her first voyage on the sixth day of the week, but on the succeeding Friday a home-bound vessel "saw the hull of a barge pitching heavily in the

trough of the sea, while her crew ran about the deck, cutting loose the wreck of the masts that dragged and bumped alongside." This was the last of the "Friday," concerning whose fate the shipbuilder's wife merely said when she heard of it, "I told thee so, Isaac. This is all thy sixth-day doings. Now thee sees the consequences."

Another reason for the supposed un-luckiness of Friday lies in the crucifixion of Jesus on that day. It is from a similar historical source, indeed, that the "thirteen" superstition is believed to have sprung, a natural distaste grew up for the number representing the circle of the disciples with the addition of Judas. Yet it seems as if by this time the world might be willing to forget its ancient superstitions and regard every day and every number with equal respect.

There's always one good thing about tight money—there are fewer men in the same condition.

The chronic worrier worries, because he has nothing to worry about.

A Handy Man.

"Drat that electrician!" exclaimed the villain. "I can't be a villain except in the dark of the moon and here is the moon coming up ten minutes ahead of time." Thereupon he did a little song and dance act to fill in, for he was a versatile villain.

It All Depends.

"Is her hair red or auburn?" "I think it is just plain red; at least I have never heard that she was

Down at Escon Ridge.

Farmer Ryetop—How did you come to lose your barn by fire, Hiram?

Farmer Hardapple—Burglars, Jed, burglars.

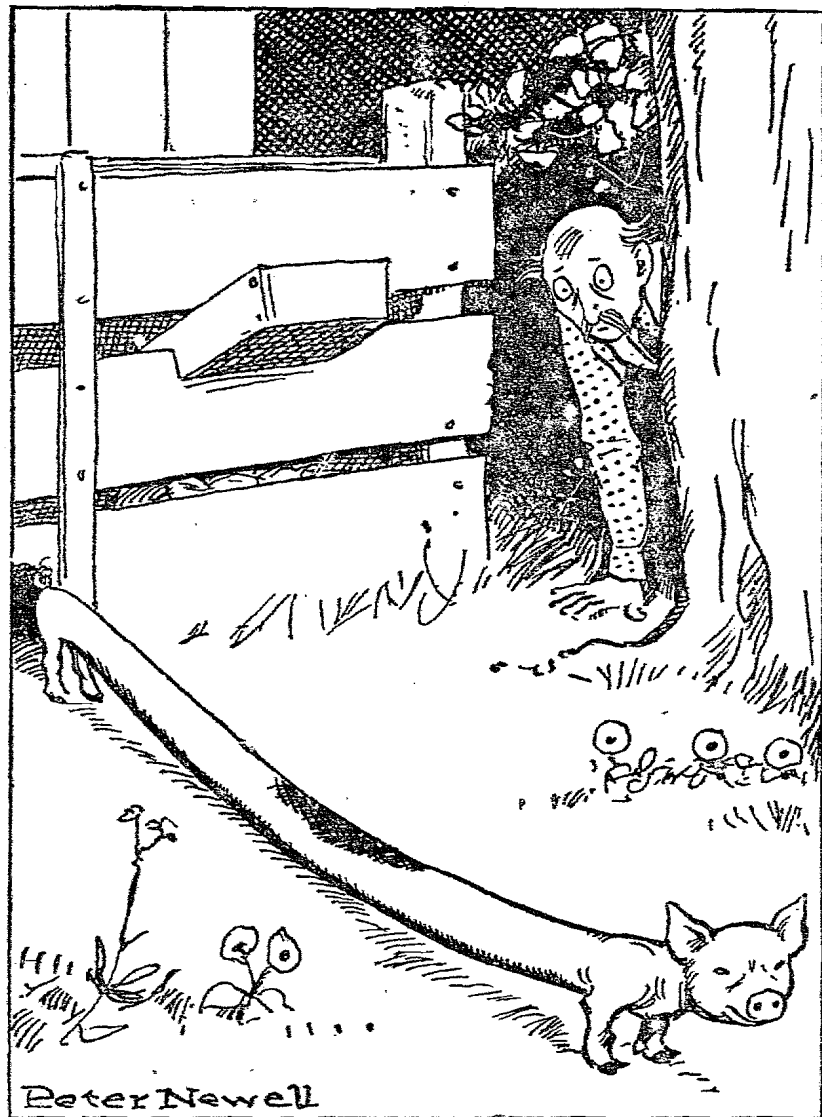
Farmer Ryetop—Gosh! Did the burglars set the barn afire?

Farmer Hardapple—No, but they broke into the village firehouse the night before and stole all the red shirts and you know our fire-fighting boys would as soon think of flying without wings as to turn out to a fire without their red shirts.

BETZVILLE TALES

Rickshaw Phipps and Bedelia

By Ellis Parker Butler
Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



When Bedelia Emerged She Was at Least Ten Feet Long.

Last Wednesday Rickshaw Phipps, who has been living in the old boat house on the river two miles south of Betzville, came up to town to see Dr. Tropp, and the doctor sent him back home with two quarts of nerve restorer and a box of small yellow pills that taste like all-get-out. When seen by a reporter of the Betzville Times, Rickshaw was standing on the corner by the Betzville hotel, with tears running down his face and something that looked like 200 feet of yellow garden hose wrapped on an old hose reel. It was evident that Rickshaw was a nervous wreck, and that he had recently been under a terrible strain.

Rickshaw said that nothing he had ever undergone in his life had so upset him as what happened last Wednesday night. It seems that about a year ago Rickshaw found a brand new litter of pigs in his pig-pen, and thought nothing of it, except that he was lucky to have such a large clean litter; but suddenly he noticed that one of the baby pigs was cleaner and handsomer than the others, and seemed to avoid the society of its brothers and sisters.

He said he thought little of it, however, and might have forgotten it, but that when he went back to his houseboat he happened to look down, and there was the little clean pig at his feet. The way that little pig rubbed against his legs showed him at once that it was a case of love at first sight, and the pig would sit and look at Rickshaw with love and admiration in its eyes, seeking to tell Rickshaw as best it could that it thought he was about the wisest and handsomest and best man in the whole wide world. It touched Rickshaw to the heart, but he said he felt that he should not show any favoritism, so he put the little pig back in the pen.

The next day the same thing happened. The minute he got back to the houseboat, there was the little pig, rubbing affectionately against his ankles. So, just to show the little creature there was no hard feelings, he named it Bedelia, but, in order to show Bedelia that certain rules must be observed, he took the little pig back to the pen. Very well, but when he got back to the houseboat, there was Bedelia!

Rickshaw said he was puzzled, but he went back to the pen, and there, in one corner, was a little round hole no bigger around than his fist, and that was where Bedelia had squeezed out. He said he would have filled up the hole then and there, but he knew how fast little pigs grow, and he felt that by the next day Bedelia would probably be too big to squeeze through that hole, anyway, so he let it be. But the next day Bedelia was out again. Out, and snuggling up to Rickshaw, and making sheep's eyes at him.

By the end of the week Rickshaw felt that Bedelia must be a stunted pig, for no ordinary pig of her age could have got out of that hole, and about then was when he noticed something peculiar about Bedelia. She looked more like a dachshund than any well-shaped pig; long and thin and low were her general characteristics. Rickshaw thought about it awhile, and then he took Bedelia and locked her in the boat house and left her there for a week, and she grew and grew, and then he took her and locked her in the pen again, and hid behind a tree and watched. For awhile she looked mournfully at the locked gate and then tears ran down

her face, and then she summoned all her love for Rickshaw, and all her resolution, and made a bolt for the hole in the pen. She was about twice as large around as the hole was, but she stuck her head into the hole and pulled and pushed and wriggled and squirmed! Rickshaw said he would never have believed it if he hadn't seen it with his own eyes, but that pig actually squeezed through that little hole! Of course the effort permanently elongated the pig. When Bedelia emerged she was at least ten feet long, and not over 12 inches in circumference; but she was happy.

Rickshaw said that after that he saw that Bedelia had a love that would overcome all obstacles, and he hadn't the heart to close the hole in the pen, and as the days and months went by, and Bedelia grew and grew, she naturally had to have her growth in relation to the size of that hole, and Rickshaw fed her so well that she became one of the heaviest weight pigs he had ever seen, but the weight had to run to length because Bedelia couldn't be any bigger around than that hole in the pen. The result was that the first thing Rickshaw knew, Bedelia was 40 feet long, and had a waist and chest measure of exactly 12 inches. She was so long that she could put her head on her knee in the boat-house, while her tail was wagging with joy in the pen, 40 feet up the river bank.

All would have been well, however, for Rickshaw had come to love Bedelia as Bedelia loved him, if the big flood had not come on last Wednesday night. Rickshaw had put Bedelia in the pen and had gone to bed in his boat-house, and was asleep when the cloud-burst came, about 2 a. m. The first thing he knew was the rocking of the boat-house, and he sprang to the deck to jump ashore, for if the houseboat ever broke loose and dashed itself over the dam he would have been drowned. But he was too late. Already the cable had parted, and Rickshaw gave himself up for lost, when, with a squeal, Bedelia made a leap and grabbed the main mast in her teeth. The current carried the boat on, but more slowly, and then Rickshaw noticed that Bedelia had not come entirely aboard—her tail was wrapped around one of the trees 20 feet up the bank.

The force of the current was terrific, but Bedelia held on. The strain on Bedelia was awful, but she held on. Eighty feet, 100 feet, 200 feet, the river bore the houseboat down stream, and then Bedelia's body refused to stretch any more. Would she break? But no! The houseboat swung slowly shoreward, touched the bank, and Rickshaw sprang ashore and tied to a tree. Then he gathered up Bedelia. Poor, faithful little pig—she was stretched into a length of 200 feet, and one inch through.

Rickshaw Phipps walked to town and borrowed a hose reel, and reeled the 200 feet of Bedelia on it, and as he did so she smiled lovingly at him. It was her last smile. On the road to town she lapsed into unconsciousness, and Dr. Tropp could do nothing for her. He said her constitution had been stretched out too long and thin.

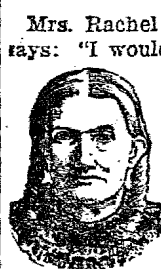
(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

Elemental.

"My mamma says that rice is a better food than wheat."
"Why is it?"
"Because of the food elephants it contains."

FREED AT LAST

From the Awful Tortures of Kidney Disease.



Mrs. Rachel Iyie, Henrietta, Texas, says: "I would be ungrateful if I did not tell what Doan's Kidney Pills have done for me. Fifteen years kidney trouble clung to me, my existence was one of misery and for two whole years I was unable to go out of the house. My back ached all the time and I was utterly weak, unable at times to walk without assistance. The kidney secretions were very irregular. Doan's Kidney Pills restored me to good health, and I am able to do as much work as the average woman, though nearly eighty years old."

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

He Bit.

Ex-Police Commissioner Bingham of New York said of graft at a recent dinner:

"The grafter isn't so easily caught; he isn't quite so naive as an old fellow they used to tell about in Andover."

"This old fellow was suspected of tampering with the church collections. A couple of clumsy traps that were set for him failed to work. Then one day a young deacon walked past his house leading a new horse."

"That's a fine horse, deacon," the old fellow shouted. "Did you buy him at the fair?"

"Yes," said the deacon. Then, as the other came nearer, he added: "I bought him with my pickings out of the collection plate."

The old man looked horrified.

"Good gracious!" he said. "I've often taken enough myself to buy a hat or a pair of trousers; but, deacon, in takin' enough to buy a horse ain't ye committin' a positive sin!"

Definite Location.

Every visitor at the new capitol at Harrisburg, Pa., who gets as far as the registration room, is expected to write his name in a big book, together with his birthplace and present residence, says the Troy Times. Not long ago, when a crowd of excursionists visited the grounds and buildings, a stout girl started to register.

She paused, pen poised in air, and called out to an elderly lady, comfortably seated in a big chair, "Mon. vere vas I borned at?"

"At you want to know dat for?"

"Dis man wants to put it in der big book."

"Ach," answered the mother, "you know vell enough—in der old stone house."

True Representative of Race.

Dr. Bethmann-Hollweg may claim this distinction, that he is the first German chancellor to wear a beard. Bismarck hastened to shave his off when he entered upon diplomacy, and showed his rivals and enemies a massive jaw and clear-cut chin; and he shaved to the end, with an interval enforced by neuralgia in the early '80s. As a soldier, too Capriivi shaved, all but his mustache, and so did Hohenlohe and Bulow. But Bethmann-Hollweg is gaunt, rugged, hirsute, and Germanic.

And There Are Others.

The cook had been called away to a sick sister, and so the newly wed mistress of the house undertook, with the aid of the maid, to get the Sunday luncheon. The little maid, who had been struggling in the kitchen with a coffee mill that would not work, confessed that she had forgotten to wash the lettuce.

"Well, never mind, Pearl. Go on with the coffee and I'll do it," said the considerate mistress. "Where do they keep the soap?"

In standing off the Moors Spain has a permanent job.

Keep the nation's gates barred against the foreign criminal.

Halley's comet has had its excursion ticket stamped in Heidelberg.

We have it at first hand from the poet that summer will not last forever.

Like the north pole, the Halley comet is billed for discovery by a procession of scientific scouts.

At any rate the world is glad to think that finding the north pole is no longer unfinishing business.

There is many a slip between being talked of for a federal appointment and the actual seizure of the plum.

Peru is sending its president's son to learn scientific farming in Wisconsin, though llama raising is but indifferently taught there.

There seems to be no such thing in the world as an automatic and inviolable polometer to ring a bell when a man reaches the boreal climax.

The pole has claimed its full quota of human victims. Now that it has been found, aviation is going to take its place in the sacrifice of life to gain victory.

A Brooklyn girl has gone through Hell Gate, an aquatic feat attempted by many men who have failed in it. The gentler sex is just now decidedly in the swim.

Those who missed the occultation of Mars recently did not miss much. It was less exciting than some of the things one hears in the airshaft of an apartment house.

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

We Have the Largest List
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LOTS
in FLORENCE
\$175 TO \$300

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

Hastings & Heyden
1614 Harney St.

James Nicholson
BLUE RIBBON GARDEN

At the end of the car line.

Storz Celebrated Artesian Well
Water Beer.

Postal Cards

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

EMORY
FOTOGRAFER

Pacific, Between Main and Fifth.

Rockmount
Poultry Farm

BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS

Tel. Florence 315 FLORENCE, NEB.

John Lubold
Real Estate

Fire and Tornado Insurance, Loans

The Largest List of Florence and Suburban Property on the Best Terms.

Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 165.

VOTE FOR
Charles L. Van Camp

Democratic Candidate for

County Commissioner

ELECTION:

Tuesday, November 2, 1909

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at
POSTOFFICE NEWS STAND
Editor's Telephone: Florence 215.

LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor. Tel. 215
JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr., Tel. 165
Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.

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

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....Charles Cottrell
City Treasurer.....W. H. Thomas
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....Harold Reynolds
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr
Councilmen.
Robert Craig.
J. H. Price.
Charles Allen.
Dan F. Kelly.
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DE-
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.
Andrew Anderson, President; Wilbur
Nichols, Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treas-
urer; George Gamble, chief.

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

TRADE COUNCIL
FLORENCE, NEB.

Florence, Neb., Friday, Oct. 15, 1909.

How did you like the first taste
of winter?

When the bells of the town becomes
engaged it is time for her to ring off.

"Where, oh, where, is the coal?"
sang more than one when the cold
snap arrived.

Minister Crane, after his interview
with the department of state, was fa-
miliar with Knox.

Maybe a few more red lights will
be placed on Main street if there are
a few more accidents.

The department of agriculture is
planning to prevent short weights in
food. It is the long waits between
food that bothers some people.

We know what Sherman said of war;
I know a clerk
Who claims that saying is by far
More true of work.

The third finger is said to be the
weakest of all and yet it plays a
most important part in the engage-
ment of women.

There is absolutely no excuse for
any man being out of work in Flo-
rence at the present time when the
paying contractor will hire all who
come at 25 cents an hour.

The council is talking of putting in
some crosswalks to connect the new
cement walks. Last spring they put
a crosswalk on Bluff street across
State, but for the last month or so
it has been under a foot or so of
mud.

"Talk is cheap," but paper!—say!
That's something folks don't give
away.

We'll print your "ad" and widely
strew it,
F you'll pay for the paper it takes
to do it.

W. E. Gladstone once remarked:
"Books are delightful society. If you
go into a room filled with books and
even without taking them down from
their shelves they seem to speak to
you, seem to welcome you, seem to
tell you that they have something in-
side their covers that will be good for
you, and that they are willing and
desirous to impart it to you. Value
them and endeavor to turn them to
account."

AN AWFUL DREAM.
The Ackley (Iowa) Phonograph
says a Clarion young lady put a piece
of wedding cake under her pillow to
sleep over and before she retired her
little brother stole the cake, ate it and
put a piece of limburger cheese in
its place. The young lady went to
bed and dreamed she was buried
alive.

FROM A DRY TOWN.
According to the Pender Times a
farmer in the vicinity of Pender has
succeeded in developing some polled
hogs, at least he advertises some of
that brand for sale. We are very glad
to have this information. We always
did think his hogship had more than
his share of cussedness and we are
glad to know that he is to be de-
prived of at least a part of it—his
horns. If we had seen a statement
of that kind in the Republic we might
figure that it was a mistake or just
some more of Hughes' hot air. But
you know when you see it in the
Times it's so. Therefore the polless
hog is a reality. Verily, this old
world do move.—Pender Republic.

Brothers! Brothers! Be careful. If
living in a dry town will produce pole-
less hogs you had better visit Flo-
rence before you have barkless dogs,
crowing geese, cackling ducks, mew-
ing horses, whinnying cats and bawling
roosters.

TIMELY WORD TO HOME MER-
CHANTS.
The remedy for the mail order busi-
ness rests with home merchants. If
instead of sitting down in despair or
gloomily telling people how their
trade is cut by the mail order houses
they would but imitate some of the
features of those houses and then go

THE COUNTY TICKETS.

Take Your Choice. Election Tuesday,
November 2.

Republican Democrat
FOR SHERIFF
E. F. Bralley Peter G. H. Boland
FOR COUNTY JUDGE
Charles Leslie George Holmes
FOR COUNTY CLERK
D. M. Haverly Al E. Atten
FOR COUNTY TREASURER
Frank A. Furray M. L. Endres
FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS
Frank W. Bandle E. L. Lawler
FOR CORONER
W. C. Crosby P. C. Healy
FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT
W. A. Yoder F. C. Hollingsworth
FOR SURVEYOR
George McBride John P. Crick
FOR COMMISSIONER (Long Term)
John A. Scott C. L. Van Camp
FOR COMMISSIONER (Short Term)
John Grant
FOR ROAD OVERSEER
L. B. Ritter

The following were nominated on
the socialist ticket: For sheriff, E. T.
Morrow; for county clerk, F. A. Bar-
nett; for county treasurer, Chas. S.
Duke; for county commissioner (long
term), J. N. Carter.

one better, they would have no cause
to complain of poor trade.

It is by profuse and timely adver-
tising and by getting that advertising
into the homes that the mail order
business thrives. Too often the home
merchant contents himself with a
small, unattractive ad that does not
appeal to people. When that is the
case he alone is to blame if the mail
order house gets the best of him.

Let the home merchant catch the
eye by generous and timely adver-
tising in which the quality and variety
of his goods are set forth. Let him
also point out how in the home store
the customer sees the goods before
he buys them, that he does not have
to pay in advance, that if his credit
is good credit is given and that there
are no vexatious delays in delivering
the goods (all of which are advan-
tages the customer of a mail order
house never has) and business will
flourish.

It may be said that people know
this already. Probably they do, but
it is necessary to get them to realize
it and that is done by constantly keep-
ing at it.

MISS IDLE CHATTER

J. M. Whitted left Wednesday for
Ukiah, California.

While driving along Main street
Monday evening, Mr. and Mrs. Wolfe
and James Anderson had the mis-
fortune to run into the holes caused
by the grading upsetting the buggy
and badly shaking up the occupants.
The horse ran away and the buggy
was badly smashed. There was no
warning light placed at the spot.

Mrs. T. B. Olmsted and Misses
Ellen and Mary Olmsted of Chilo, O.,
arrived Wednesday for a two weeks'
visit with their son and brother, Mr.
Robert H. Olmsted and family. They
expect to spend the winter with Mr.
Olmsted's brother in Montana.

Mrs. Joseph Scott, who has been
visiting her parents in Seattle and
who was very ill while there, has re-
turned much improved in health,
though not entirely recovered.

The Ladies Aid Society of the Ponca
Presbyterian church will give an
oyster supper at the Johansen home
on Friday evening, October 15th.

Miss Minnie Bingschat and Miss
Sophie Bebensee were the only Flo-
rence girls to win prizes at the Dou-
glas county fair, the former winning
first on sofa pillow and the latter
fourth for sofa pillow.

Frank Hunt, who spent the greater
part of his life in Florence, but is
now living on a ranch in Nebraska's
new county, Morrill, has been nom-
inated on the democratic ticket for
county treasurer of that county. An-
other Florence boy making good.

Mrs. Jacob Weber, Sr., and Mrs.
Mary Griffin who left Friday of last
week to visit the Weber boys and
their families, returned Tuesday.

If you have any news for the Tri-
bune either telephone to the editor at
315 or leave it at post office news
stand before Thursday morning at 8
o'clock.

Miss Clara Hendricks, who has been
visiting the Misses Anderson, re-
turned to her home in Blair Monday.
Miss Emma Anderson accompanied
her for a short visit.

Charles Thompson is training for a
championship. The stunt at which he
aims to excel is in getting off mov-
ing street cars. As the result of his
latest trial he is still spitting out cin-
ders between times of pulling them
out of his cuticle. he says it is a
gay old life.

The city council will sit as a board
of equalization Monday evening to
equalize the tax on the new cement
sidewalks, besides attending to the
regular business of the city.

The Volunteer firemen held their
regular monthly meeting at the city
hall Monday evening, but aside from
deciding to give their annual hall
Thanksgiving day only transacted
routine business.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Burdich of Herman,
Neb., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs.
H. F. Reynolds Monday.

H. F. Reynolds and Willis Barber
are making preparations for a two
weeks duck hunting trip up the river.
They will leave Sunday. If they send
the editor a duck he will tell how
many they shot, otherwise it is a
closed incident.

For Sale—A Riverside steel range,
six griddles, good as new; cheap for
cash. Call Florence 462.

The Booster committee of the
Royal Neighbors met at the residence
of Mrs. Gus Nelson Tuesday after-
noon.

J. F. Nicholson, charged with reck-
less driving on September 19, when his
buggy collided with that of Mrs.
Burt Smith, 1821 Spencer street,
Omaha, throwing her and her little
son to the pavement, was fined \$25
in the Omaha police court Tuesday.
Captain F. J. Ellison, who was in the
vehicle with Nicholson, was dis-
charged.

For Sale—A good boar. Telephone
Florence 462.

Mr. and Mrs. H. T. Brisbin and Mr.
and Mrs. J. B. Brisbin were guests
at the Happy Hollow club Thursday
evening.

J. M. Griffith of Seattle, Wash., is
the guest of his son, L. R. Griffith, at
Mandy Lee Poultry farm.

The latest and best method of
teaching the piano is given by Mrs.
B. F. Reynolds on Fifth street.

Wanted to Trade—A lot in Omaha
for a horse. Address E 3, care Tri-
bune.

Mrs. H. T. Brisbin and Mrs. J. B.
Brisbin were the guests of Mrs. R. H.
Olmsted Monday at luncheon.

If you like the Tribune why don't
you send us a dollar for it for one
year?

Mrs. Carrie Taylor has been on the
sick list all this week.

Misses Mabel Cole, Carrie Parks,
Esther Nelson and Dottie Morgan
were the guests of Miss Helen Nich-
ols Sunday.

Miss Kathryn Evans of Omaha was
the guest of Mrs. Viola Pettit Sunday.

Mrs. Jennie Florine and Miss
Grace Florine were indicted by the
federal grand jury Tuesday, charged
with resisting a United States officer
serving a warrant.

Tom Cluck was released from jail
on his promise to leave town. He
was gone for a few days, but again
showed up and on his refusal to work
was told to leave town or he would
be rearrested.

Mrs. C. J. Moyer is building a new
house on Elk street. Dick Richards
has the contract and the Minne-Lusa
Lumber company is furnishing the
lumber.

W. R. Wall is erecting a large ce-
ment block house. The Minne-Lusa
Lumber company sold him his lum-
ber, which amounted to over \$1,500.
The house when complete will cost
between \$5,000 and \$6,000.

Mr. Charles Frost of Omaha was
the guest of Lyman Griffith Sunday at
Mandy Lee Poultry farm.

Mr. and Mrs. Louis J. Grebe and
family were the guests of Mr. and
Mrs. Harry G. Counsman in Omaha
Sunday.

For Sale—A good medium size base
burner in good condition. Telephone
Florence 202.

Miss Frances Thompson, who was
living in Omaha during the street
car strike, is now staying at home.

Mrs. J. B. Brisbin and Mrs. H. T.
Brisbin entertained at luncheon to-
day in honor of Mrs. R. H. Olmsted
and her guests, Mrs. C. L. McCloud
of Englewood, Ill., Mrs. T. B. Om-
sted, Miss Ellen Olmsted and Miss
Mary Olmsted of Chilo, O.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian
Church.

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

Mid-Week Service.
Wednesday—8:00 p. m.

The public is cordially invited to
attend these services.
William Harvey Amos, Pastor.

Church Services Swedish Lutheran
Ebenezer Church.

Services next Sunday.
Sermon—3:00 p. m.

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

LODGE DIRECTORY.

JONATHAN NO. 225 I. O. O. F.
Hayes Lowery..... Noble Grand
C. G. Carlson..... Vice-Grand
W. E. Rogers..... Secretary

Meets every Friday at Wall's hall.
Visitors welcome.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal
Order of Eagles.

Past Worthy President.....Hugh Suttie
Worthy President.....James Stribling
Worthy Vice-President.....Paul Haskell
Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson
Worthy Treasurer.....F. H. Reynolds
Worthy Chaplain.....E. L. Platz

Inside Guard.....Nels Bondesson
Outside Guard.....Wm. Storms, Jr.
Physician.....Dr. W. A. Akers
Conductor.....L. R. Griffith

Trustees: W. B. Parks, Dan Kelly,
John Lubold.

Meets every Wednesday in Wall's
hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.
Venerable Consul.....J. A. Fox
W. A.C. J. Larsen
Banker.....F. D. Leach
Clerk.....W. R. Wall

Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday
of each month in Wall's Hall.

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of
America.

Past Oracle.....Emma Powell
Oracle.....Carrie Taylor
Vice Oracle.....Alice E. Platz
Chancellor.....Mary Nelson
Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson
Outside Sentinel.....Elizabeth Hollett
Receiver.....Mrs. Newell Burton
Recorder.....Susan Nichols
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams

Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James
Johnson.

Meets 1st and 3rd Monday at Wall's
Hall.

VOTE FOR

JOHN A. SCOTT

for

County Commissioner

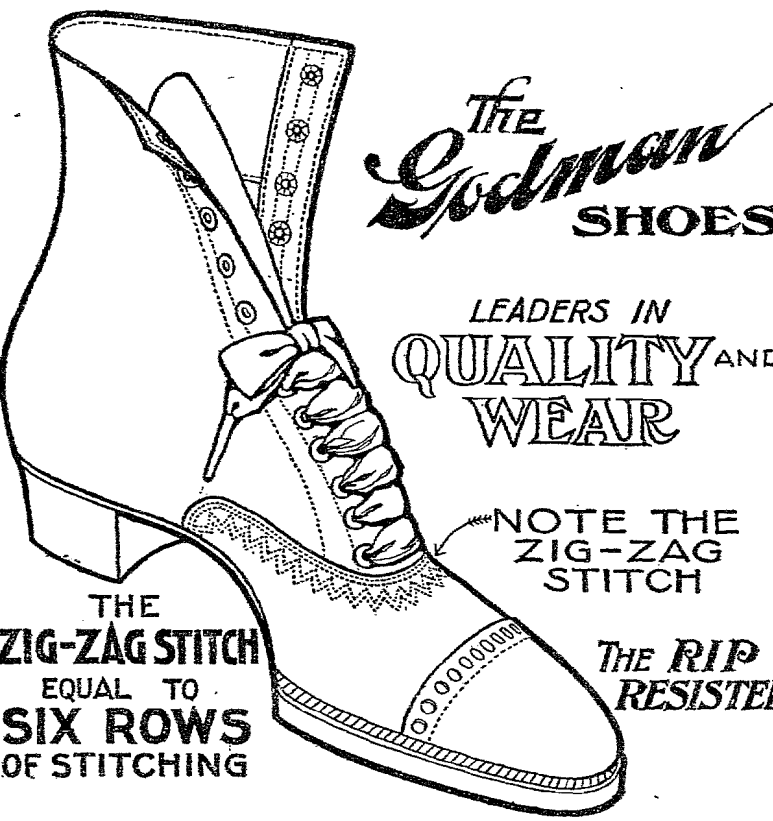
(LONG TERM)

A LIVE MAN FOR A LIVE PLACE.



SCHOOL SHOES THAT WON'T RIP

Are yours that kind; or are they the kind that after you wear them awhile the stitches all pull out and the shoe spreads out and loses its shape?



We have them in all sizes, both high and regular cuts.

PRICES \$1.50 TO \$2.50

McCLURES 2 Phones Flor. 440, Florence

WE SELL EVERYTHING

When you build don't forget

J. H. PRICE

FOR HARDWARE.

Special Prices to Contractors and
Builders.
Tel. 3221.

THE NEW POOL HALL

G. R. GAMBLE, Prop. Tel. 215.

Cigars, Soft Drinks, Lunch, Candies.

EVERYTHING NEW.

Fresh Buttermilk Every Day.

W. H. HOLLETT

Bakery, Restaurant, Candies

Cigars, Fresh Roasted

Peanuts

We Make a Specialty of Fine Cakes

Some people do not care to open an
account with a bank because they
have not a large amount to deposit.
For this reason you need not hesitate
or delay starting an account with us.
All accounts—large or small—are wel-
come.

We do a general banking business—
sell you drafts good anywhere—Fire
Insurance.

DIRECTORS—Thos. E. Price, J. B.
Brisbin, C. J. Keirle, Irving Allison,
H. T. Brisbin.

BANK OF FLORENCE

PHONE 310 - - FLORENCE, NEB.

Florence Drug Store

GEORGE SIERT, Prop.

WINDOW GLASS.

School Supplies of all kinds.

A fine line of Fresh Candies.

Telephone Florence 1121.

C. A. BAUER

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING

Repairing Promptly Attended to.

2552 Cuming St. Omaha, Neb.

Tel. Douglas 3034.

MEALS

The best in the city for
the price.

Cooper's Over Henry Anderson's
GIVE US A CALL

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED

THE KNABE PIANO

ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR

... IDLE CHATTER ...

For Sale—A milk cow soon to be fresh. Address J 2, care Tribune.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Tyler were the guests of Mrs. Viola Pettit Thursday.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols has been under the weather this week with a severe cold.

For Sale or Trade—A typewriter in good shape to use. Apply G. 4 Tribune.

FORT CALHOUN NEWS

Washington county is sending nearly a car of apples a day to St. Louis.

The Sibbensen orchard at Fort Calhoun planted by the late Hiram Craig, has sold over 7,500 bushels to date.

One South Dakota man took two cars, 5,300 baskets, of Washington county grapes in one day.

Harry Wagers of St. Paul was home on a visit here a few days.

William Kruger is boring new wells on the former Crouse farm.

Henry Fisher took a large water tank out to his farm.

Miss Madeline Cachelan of Blair was visiting here a few days.

Jacob Hungate, a former treasurer of Washington county and a civil war veteran, gave a birthday party to his Grand Army comrades at the Clifton hotel in Blair. Thirty-eight responded and a large number of ladies, chaperoned by the wife of Banker Howe, acted as a glee club. State Commander Richards of Fremont made a few remarks. W. H. Woods ate fried chicken with the rest. Among other invited guests was Pioneer Watson Tyson, now nearly seventy-eight years old.

Ed. Brenner has gone to see a brother at Randolph, and Fred Nair of Omaha is running the creamery during his absence.

Ed Lewellen of Brail has two large chestnut trees loaded with nuts and plenty of handy squirrels.

Mr. Carter, foreman for Mrs. Nash at Coffman for the past two years, is returning to his old home in Idaho and presented to W. H. Woods a set of elk legs from one he killed years ago and saved for chair-legs.

Mr. and Mrs. Palmiter were here on their way from Denison, Ia., to Sioux City.

Emil Thornlap has left here to make a new home in South Dakota.

John Rathman, a territorial pioneer who went to Grand Island twenty-five years ago, dined last week with Nicholas Rix.

Milton Glann, a graduate of the school, now a bank cashier in New Jersey, was at the big Fulton celebration in New York.

Mr. and Mrs. Gus Weiner of Norfolk were at Boss Schumacher's.

Henry Crabtree and wife of Ponca creek were here visiting.

The Coffman Sunday school held its annual picnic at Mads Mortensen's in Garretown Saturday. Owing to the weather only fifty responded. The big dining room was turned into a banquet hall and the big hay barn into a playroom and, with a big noonday feast, games, ice cream and music a grand time was held. Among others present were Harvey and Miss Lena Allen, Holt county, and Miss Henrietta Lundt of Omaha.

Homer L. Fisher of Blair, a soldier in the civil war, has been in government employ in Manila for eight years and writes that he is coming home soon.

John Landis, on Fort Calhoun rural route No. 1, who travels over twenty-seven miles a day through swampy bottoms and then up among the hills, has ninety-four boxes and serves over 100 families regularly. When the roads permit he uses his automobile.

Red Willow camp of Woodmen had planned the unveiling of a monument Sunday, but the cold rain stopped it. State Lecturer Schley, wife and daughter of Omaha, and his neighbors, Mr. and Mrs. Stevens and Miss Stevens, came. The doctor preached in the Presbyterian church. Mr. Stevens came direct from London, England, to Burr county in 1874, and nine years later moved to Omaha.

August and Lewis Schwager, after sowing over 200 acres of wheat on their farm in Idaho, concluded to come home for the winter, and their brothers, Charles and Henry, came from Omaha to greet them.

Miss Lucy Hagenbuck of Arlington and Mrs. Swart and son of Michigan are at Dr. Pettigill's.

Otto Kruse is back from Idaho.

Mr. and Mrs. Lyman Peck have returned from their wedding trip and will occupy the Peck homestead during the winter.

W. H. WOODS.

Indian Moon-Months.

Time is calculated among the Indians by moons instead of months. "We" is the Indian for month. January is called "We terl," "the hard moon;" February, "the raccoon moon;" March, "sore-eye moon;" April, "the moon in which geese lay eggs;" May, "the planting moon;" June, "the moon when the strawberries are red;" July, "the moon when choke-cherries are ripe;" August, "the harvest moon;" September, "the moon when rice is laid up to dry;" October, "the rice drying moon;" November, "the deer killing moon;" December, "the deer moon."—Editorial Review.

Napoleon's Name.

A Greek scholar has called attention to a very curious coincidence about the name of Napoleon. If you take away the first letter of his name, you have "apoleon;" take away the first letter of that word, and you have "poleon;" do so successively down to the last syllable, and you have "leon," "eon" and "on." Put these several words together in this order, Napoleon on oleon leon eon poleon poleon, and you have a Green phrase the literal translation of which is "Napoleon, the lion of peoples, went about destroying cities."—Unidentified.

Progress of "Florida."

Such rapid progress has been made on the Florida that she will probably undergo her trials during the next few months. Special interest attaches to this vessel because of the fact that she is the first of the "Dreadnaughts" designed specifically as such for our navy, and the first of our battleships to be driven by turbine engines. The South Carolina and Michigan of 16,000 tons, although they carry a "Dreadnaught" armament, were originally designed to be of the Connecticut type.

Flyology.

The pesky fly makes you swear by crawling, crawling everywhere. He wipes his feet upon the bread, and creeps about your hairless head. Within the milk he takes a bath, and in the butter makes a path, and then he angers Mary Jane by speckling up the window pane, and mamma yells and bay squirms, because he leaves those awful germs. Get out the sticky paper, quick, and make him goshamighty sick.

Prison for Debtors Again.

The report of a select committee on imprisonment for debt which was laid on the table in the British house of

Commons last month has been made public. The present law permits imprisonment where the debtor has means to pay and will not do it. Charles Dickens was largely the cause of the change in the old laws when poor debtors were kept in prison hopelessly. Some now think England went too far the other way and ask that where the debt is for necessities or for damages for wrongs committed, the prison should punish. Poor people and artisans are not to suffer.

Moving Picture Causes Divorce.

A Seattle man attended a moving picture show where a series of pictures showed "San Francisco at Fleet Time." In the picture he saw his wife with another man. She had been supposed to be visiting in Spokane at the time. Suit for divorce followed. Besides being always prepared for death, people these days have to also be prepared for the snapshot.

Polychrome Statue of Joan.

During the recent Joan of Arc fetes at Rheims a polychrome statue of the French heroine was erected in the cathedral. This statue is composition of silvered bronze, ivory, marble and precious stones, and is the work of P. d'Epinau.

Working Girls' Vacations.

It is said that 6,734 out of the 300,000 working girls in New York get vacations through churches, social settlements and societies.

LEGALNOTICES

ORDINANCE NO. 260.
Introduced October 4, 1909, by Councilman C. H. Allen.
AN ORDINANCE requiring the Omaha Water Company to open and inspect each fire hydrant in the City of Florence on October 15, 1909, and on the first day of April and the first day of October of each and every year hereafter.
BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:
Section 1. That the Omaha Water Company be and is hereby ordered to open and inspect all fire hydrants in the City of Florence on the 15th day of October, 1909, and on the first day of April and the first day of October of each and every year hereafter, to the end that all of said hydrants be kept in perfect and safe running order at all times.
Sec. 2. That the City Clerk forthwith serve on the manager of said Omaha Water Company a copy of this ordinance.
Sec. 3. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.
Passed and approved October 4th, 1909.
Attest: F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 259.
Introduced October 4, 1909, by Councilman J. H. Price.
AN ORDINANCE requiring all owners of lots and real estate abutting on that part of Main street in the City of Florence from Jackson street to Briggs street within Street Improvement District No. 1, to install and connect water service and pipes from the water main on Main street with their respective properties; providing the size and kind of pipe to be used and prescribing the opening up of the pavement on said part of said street for the period of five years after its completion.
BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

Section 1. That the owners of all lots and real estate abutting upon that part of Main street in the City of Florence from the south side of Jackson street to the south side of Briggs street within Street Improvement District No. 1, be and they are hereby respectively ordered to forthwith install water service to their respective lots by connecting with the present water main on Main street and extending their pipes to a point beyond the curb lines on each side of said street.
Sec. 2. That all pipes to be used and installed under said pavement for water service having a diameter of one inch or less shall be lead pipes and nothing else; and all such pipes exceeding one inch in size shall be Class C cast iron pipe.
Sec. 3. That all said water connections shall be installed within such a time after the passage of this ordinance as not to interfere with the construction of the brick pavement about to be constructed on said part of said street, and any owner of any such lot or lots, his successors or assigns, who shall fail to install this water service as aforesaid within the time above specified shall not be permitted to open said pavement for the purpose of installing water service for the period of five years after said pavement is completed.
Sec. 4. That the City Clerk serve on each and every owner of said lots and real estate, a written notice to install said water service forthwith in accordance with the provisions of this ordinance.
Sec. 5. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.
Passed and approved this 4th day of October, 1909.
Attest: F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 251.
Introduced August 2, 1909, by Councilman Charles H. Allen.
An Ordinance repealing Ordinance No. 242 passed and approved May 17, 1907, creating Street Improvement District No. 1 in the City of Florence, Nebraska, for the improvement of that part of Main street from the south line of Davenport street to the south city limits of said city, by paving, curbing and guttering the same and fixing and defining the boundaries of said district, and ordering the improvement of said part of said street in said district, and directing the city clerk to advertise for bids on vitrified brick block, artificial stone or concrete and tarred macadam paving.
BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:
Section 1. That Ordinance No. 242, passed and approved May 17, 1907, creating Street Improvement District No. 1 in the City of Florence, Nebraska, for the improvement of that part of Main street from the south line of Davenport street to the south city limits of said city, by paving, curbing and guttering the same and fixing and defining the boundaries of said district, and ordering the improvement of said part of said street in said district, and directing the city clerk to advertise for bids on vitrified brick block, artificial stone or concrete and tarred macadam paving, be and the same is hereby repealed.
Sec. 2. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.
Passed and approved this 2nd day of August, 1909.
Attest: F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

D. M. PATTERSON, Attorney.
By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, and in pursuance of a decree of said Court in an action there, indexed at appearance docket 74, page 262, execution docket 12, page 402, wherein James L. Browne was plaintiff and Jeremiah C. Wilcox et al., defendants, I will at ten o'clock A. M. on Monday the 1st day of November, A. D. 1909, at the east front door of the Douglas County Court House, in the City of Omaha, County of Douglas, State of Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the property described as follows, to-wit: Lot four (4) in block twenty-three (23) in Wilcox Second addition to the City of Omaha, Douglas County, Nebraska; to satisfy plaintiff in the sum of \$65.25 with interest from May 6, 1901 at 10% per annum to satisfy the sum of \$35.10 costs and the accruing costs, all as provided by said order and decree.

Dated at Omaha, Nebraska, September 25, 1909.
EDWIN F. BRAILEY,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska.
Oct 1, 8, 15, 22, 29

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that there will be a special meeting of the Mayor and Council of the city of Florence, Nebraska, on Monday, October 19, 1909, at eight o'clock in the evening for the purpose of equalizing the cost of constructing artificial stone sidewalks in the city of Florence under contract with Emil Hansen.
That the following is the proposed plan of assessment and the description of the lots to be assessed and the amount proposed to be taxed against each lot respectively, to-wit:

Lot.	Block.	Tax.
2	12	\$ 51.83
3	12	37.73
4	12	38.23
5	12	124.12
6	12	16.78
7	12	22.96
8	12	121.59
9	12	32.83
10	12	36.12
11	12	33.57
12	12	52.33
13	12	52.12
14	12	76.67
15	12	59.17
16	12	90.13
17	12	57.17
18	12	57.17
19	12	102.56
20	12	87.06
21	12	81.67
22	12	55.92
23	12	55.92
24	12	55.92
25	12	55.92
26	12	55.92
27	12	55.92
28	12	55.92
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94	12	55.92
95	12	55.92
96	12	55.92
97	12	55.92
98	12	55.92
99	12	55.92
100	12	55.92

Given by order of the Mayor and Council of the city of Florence this 22d day of September, 1909.
CHAS. M. COTTRELL,
City Clerk.

S 24 O 1-8-15

To

Uneeda Biscuit

Hunger makes me think of you;
Thought of you makes me hungry.
Between the *thought* and *sight* of you,
Indeed I'm *always* hungry.

But with appetite awaiting—
a nickle in hand and *you*
in store—who could wish
for anything more?

Uneeda Biscuit

NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

The Florence Tailor
is now open for business, and all kinds of clothing and repairing will receive prompt attention.
The latest style in men's and ladies' clothing at prices you can afford to pay.
1513 MAIN STREET
Florence

WILLIS C. CROSBY

M. L. ENDRES
Democratic Candidate for
City and County
Treasurer
ELECTION TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1909

HAD ONE GOOD POINT



Young Guest—It seems to me that you don't object to the mosquitoes singing in your room.

Old Guest—You bet I don't. Why, when the mosquitoes are singing I can't hear the glee club practicing on the piazza.

When to Send Children to Europe.

Some people wait so long before sending their children to Europe that the little ones are humiliated by others who have already been there. Every self-respecting parent will be careful not to subject his children to this evident injustice; at the same time all unseemly hurry is to be avoided.

Some people argue that as soon as a child can walk well and speak a few necessary French words, he should be placed in a stateroom, next to a private bath, and sent to Paris. Others feel that he must naturally lose much at this age, and that the proper time is between five and six, when—as an American—he has reached his maturity.

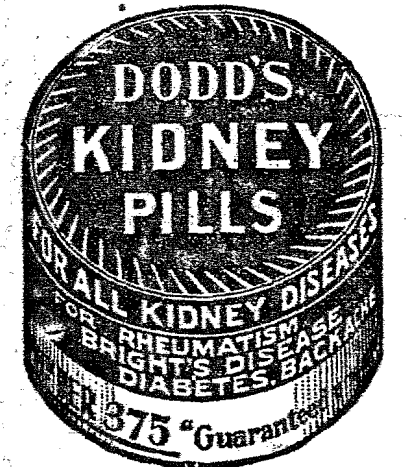
Probably the ideal age is about four. At four a child can easily do England, France and Italy, and get home in time for the first night at the opera.—Judge's Library.

The extraordinary popularity of fine white goods this summer makes the choice of Starch a matter of great importance. Defiance Starch, being free from all injurious chemicals, is the only one which is safe to use on fine fabrics. Its great strength as a stiffener makes half the usual quantity of Starch necessary, with the result of perfect finish equal to that when the goods were new.

Reaching Life's Goal.

If you want to be somebody in this world you must assert your individuality and assert it in the right direction, so that it may lead to a goal of honor for yourself and be an example for others. Find out what you ought to do, say to yourself: "I must do it," then begin right away with "I will do it," and keep at it until it is done.

Don't abuse the rich; we can't all be paupers.



Children Like PISO'S CURE
THE BEST MEDICINE FOR COLIC AND COLDS
It is so pleasant to take—stops the cough so quickly. Absolutely safe and contains no opiates.
All Druggists, 25 cents.

Cost of Railroads.

Last year \$56,000,000 was spent by the railroads of the United States for cross ties. The average price of the ties was 50 cents. Forty-three per cent of the ties were of oak and 19 per cent of yellow pine. Owing to the growing scarcity of suitable timber, other woods are being used after treatment with various preservatives, and it has been found that these treated outlast the more expensive untreated oak ties.

The Fox Who Had Olds His Tail.

A fox caught in a trap escaped with the loss of his brush. Thereafter feeling his life a burden through the ridiculous to which he was exposed, he schemed to bring all other foxes into like condition with himself, that in the common loss he might better conceal his own deprivations. He assembled a good many foxes and publicly advised them to cut off their tails, saying they would not only look much better without them, but would get rid of the weight of the brush, which was a very great inconvenience. But one of them, interrupting him, said: "If you had not yourself lost your tail, my friend, you would not thus counsel us."—Aesop's Fables

Seek to Thwart Cupid With Money.
A young New Mexican wants to marry a girl with money enough to help him pay for a ranch. A Los Angeles aviator wants to marry a girl with money enough to set him up in flying machines. Both of these men mean well, but there never was a bigger fool in the world than the fool who speculates in matrimony. Marry the girl for the girl's own sake and for no other reason under the sun.

The Marriage Vow

INTELLECT IN A WIFE

BY LILLIE DEVEREAUX BLAKE
(Authoress and Lecturer, President National Legislative League.)

"My son," said the mission priest to the Spanish child, "define matrimony."

"Matrimony," replied the boy, "is a state of torment to be endured in the blessed hope of purifying the soul for heaven."

"No, no!" gasped the horrified catechist. "You have given the definition of purgatory."

"Hush, brother!" counseled the father superior. "Perchance the child is right."

There may or may not be a modicum of truth in the lad's blundering assertion and in the father's doubting indorsement. At any rate there can be no doubt that on two points hang all the difference between married happiness and married purgatory. These two requisites to happy conjugal life are mutual affection and unselfishness. The former of course includes sympathy in tastes, and with this it is my intention to deal.

A great source of misery is the drawing together through a brief attraction of two people who have nothing in common on which to build a regard and respect which shall endure when the ignis fatuus of mere infatuation shall have burned itself out.

In cases of this sort, if there are no children, it may be eminently proper that the husband and wife separate when the marriage bonds gall unbearably, but where there are children this condition changes and forbearance must be practiced. The household must not be broken up. Better live on together in mutual misery than to rob your children of the home ties that are inalienably theirs.

Unhappiness in married life is most often due to lack of community of interest between man and wife. The man of literary tastes cannot find an enduring companion in the mindless butterfly of fashion. The woman who keeps abreast of the times cannot long be interested in the society of the husband who shares none of her interests and amusements. And this brings me to the oft-voiced, never-quite-solved problem:

"Does a man prefer a pretty wife or an intellectual one?"

While the two qualities are by no means incompatible, I maintain that the chances of the intellectual woman far outclass those of her prettier but shallower sister.

Common sense is a strong factor in married happiness, and the intellectual woman knows best when and how to yield in matters of real importance and does not magnify trivialities.

Men are always attracted by a pretty face, but the wiser among them do not want to marry a woman who will be too attractive to other men.

"You admire Miss —," I once said to a man of the world. "Why don't you marry her?"

"My dear Mrs. Blake," he laughed, "she is far too handsome. A diamond is fine to look on, but one would find far more safety and real companionship with a collie dog."

Similarity of tastes and pursuits is the firmest foundation for that precarious structure known as a matrimonial alliance. Self-control, too, is a dominant factor in household peace, and this is found to a much greater degree among intellectual and highly-educated people than among those of a lower order of mind. An intellectual couple defer to and value each other's opinions.

The happiest unions are found where both husband and wife have intellect. Man and wife, by constantly living together, have such a strong effect each on the formation of the other's character that it is surprising this point of view is not oftener considered before alliances are entered upon. Each modifies the other's characteristics and personality. After a few years this change in personality is often apparent to everyone.

For instance, the man who marries a fool usually becomes lowered in ideals and mentality. The woman who marries a boor sinks to his level or else raises him nearer to hers.

The question of marriage grows yearly more complex. Society's double standard of ethics for man and for woman are cruelly hard upon the latter. Were the same code made applicable to both the aspect of marital life would undergo a vast transformation for the better. In the meantime choice of helpmeets, guided by community of tastes, the uplifting of one's husband or wife, and constant reference to the good old maxim, "Bear and forbear," will do much to save countless married couples a lifetime of misery.

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Long Live Apple Pie"

BY G. F. WRIGHT, LL.D., F. G. S. A.

There is a widespread but false prejudice against all pies, on the score of indigestibility. But it is related that at one time, when Emerson and Carlyle met, they fell into a discussion concerning the reasons for their differences in temperament. Whereas Carlyle was always morose and gloomy Emerson was always placid, serene and happy. Carlyle could see no reason why Emerson should not be of like temperament with himself. But Emerson thought he saw the reason in their diet. "Why," he said, "Carlyle, you eat nothing but horrid oatmeal, while I keep serene on pie three times a day."

One cannot realize the goodness of Providence until he sets out to enumerate the great variety of things, not only which satisfy his hunger, but which appeal to his taste, and make the table the chief center of social life. What is better than a thick apple pie, with rich, tender crusts above and below, filled with tart, crisp apples, well cooked, seasoned with sugar and cinnamon? There is nothing better, except it be a turnover, which is about half the size of a small pie, with the crust turned over, as its name signifies, upon its sides, so as to keep all the richness in, and to be eaten without being cut. What schoolboy in the country does not remember his mother's turnover that he carried with him for his lunch.

In this case, as in so many others, familiarity is in danger of breeding contempt. The apple fails to be appreciated, because it is so common and so widespread. Its history is obscure, but interesting. There are enumerated no less than 2,000 varieties, and their number is still increasing, under cultivation. In its wild state it is the crab apple, which is found growing in the fields throughout Europe and western Asia, seeming as much at home in northern Norway and in Siberia as anywhere. But the crab apple is small, hard and "crabbed," and is only utilized where nothing better is obtainable.

The best varieties of apples grow in the temperate zones, where the summer is hot and not too short, late frosts in the spring being peculiarly destructive of the fruit. How these varieties originated is one of the mysteries of science, for no one can tell when he plants the seed of an apple what the fruit will be.

The great variety of apples, therefore, on all occasions has been obtained by selecting out of a great many apple seeds that were planted, some trees which produce good fruit. (Those are preserved in all cases by

grafting or budding. And just here is one of the greatest mysteries in the universe. One has but to insert a bud from a good apple tree underneath the bark of a crab tree and the branch that grows from that bud will transform the juices poured into it from the main stem and exert a controlling influence over the fruit that is produced. The bud from the branch of a pipin will transform the juice of a crab apple into a large, highly cultivated and luscious pipin, as different from the natural fruit as a cultured Caucasian is from the aborigines of Australia. How it is done no man knows. But we eat of the fruit and acknowledge that the chemistry of nature is infinitely superior to that of man.

Apples have been cultivated from the very earliest times, the remains of them having been found in the ruins of the prehistoric lake dwellings of Switzerland, while, if we give the ordinary interpretation to the word, there was an apple tree in the Garden of Eden. But it is difficult to tell the exact meaning of the words applied to objects which existed in prehistoric times. Many commentators suppose that, in early times, the word "apple" was a designation of any fruit that emitted fragrant odors. But from all we know of the earliest varieties of apples, they would scarcely have been a temptation to Eve, for even as late as the times of Pliny, the only apple known was a crab, "a wilding," upon which many a foul and shrewd creature was poured on account of its sourness.

The apple is a most valuable food, because of its abundance, its digestibility when cooked, its variety of flavors, and the readiness with which it can be preserved throughout the winter season. Certain varieties of apples can be kept in cool cellars until spring, some of them, indeed, scarcely being good to eat until nearly the close of the season.

In former generations dried apples were an essential element in every well-stocked larder. No social gathering was more interesting in former times than the apple bee, when both the old folks and the young gathered to spend an evening in paring, quartering, coring and stringing apples, these being the preliminary stages in those days to the process of drying.

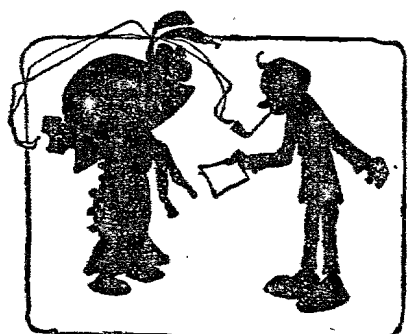
(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Night Baseball Won't Do.
Baseball at night is being tried in Cincinnati. It will be a failure. The fans would not see it.

PUBLIC LAND DRAWING

Lamar, Colo.—The price fixed by the Colorado State Board of Land Commissioners for land and water rights, under the Two Buttes Carey act project, Southeast of Lamar which will be allotted by public drawing October 21st, is \$35.50 per acre. Only \$5.25 per acre has to be paid at time of making entry. The settlers being permitted eleven years' time to complete the payments. Any adult citizen of the United States may file on 40, 80, 120, or 160 acres. Final proof may be made at the end of 30 days' residence. The soil on this tract is a sandy loam of great depth and fertility. The altitude is 4,100 feet. The growing season 150 to 180 days, and the climate ideal. A new townsite has been established and a town lot sale will be held on October twenty-second. Both the land drawing and the town lot sale will be held at the new townsite of Two Buttes, which is reached via Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe R. R. to Lamar, Colorado, from which point transportation will be provided at reasonable rates.

LATER REALIZATION



"I don't see why you make such a fuss over every little bill I run up. Before we were married you told me you were well off."

"So I was. But I didn't know it!"

TOTAL LOSS OF HAIR.

Seemed Imminent—Scalp Was Very Sealy and Hair Came Out by Handfuls—Scalp Now Clear and

New Hair Grown by Cuticura.

"About two years ago I was troubled with my head being sealy. Shortly after that I had an attack of typhoid fever and I was out of the hospital possibly two months when I first noticed the loss of hair, my scalp being still sealy. I started to use dandruff cures to no effect whatever. I had actually lost hope of saving any hair at all. I could brush it off my coat by the handful. I was afraid to comb it. But after using two cakes of Cuticura Soap and nearly a box of Cuticura Ointment, the change was surprising. My scalp is now clear and healthy as could be and my hair thicker than ever, whereas I had my mind made up to be bald. W. F. Steese, 5812 Broad St., Pittsburg, Penn., May 7 and 21, 1908."

Fetter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Poverty and Consumption.

That poverty is a friend to consumption is demonstrated by some recent German statistics, which show that of 10,000 well-to-do persons 40 annually die of consumption; of the same number only moderately well-to-do, 66; of the same number of really poor, 77; and of paupers, 97. According to John Burns, the famous English labor leader, 90 per cent. of the consumptives in London receive charitable relief in their homes.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

The American Cat-Tail.

The cat-tail of the American swamps is almost exactly the same plant as the Egyptian bulrush. It is no longer used for making paper, as it once was, but from its root is prepared an astringent medicine, while its stems, when prepared dry, are excellent for the manufacture of mats, chair-bottoms and the like.

How's This?

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

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALDING, KENNAN & MARVIN,
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Against Pretenses.

Away with all those vain pretenses of making ourselves happy within our selves, of feasting on our own thoughts, of being satisfied with the consciousness of well-doing, and of despising all assistance and all supplies from external objects. This is the voice of pride, not of nature.—Hume.

A Rare Good Thing.

"Am using Allen's Foot-Ease, and can truly say I would not have been without it so long, had I known the relief it would give my aching feet. I think it a rare good thing for anyone having sore or tired feet."
—Mrs. Marietta Holmstrom, Providence, R. I.
Sold by all Druggists, 5c. Ask to-day.

Appropriate.

First Milliner—You have designed the north pole hat?
Second Milliner—Yes, it will be a matter of dispute between the purchaser and her husband.

Drug Store Color.

Geraldine—My face is my fortune.
Gerald—I can see the color of your money.

Libby's Food Products

RECEIVED THE ONLY

GRAND PRIZE

(HIGHEST AWARDS)

At the Alaska-Yukon-Pacific Exposition

AGAINST ALL COMPETITORS ON

PICKLES—OLIVES—CONDIMENTS—CALIFORNIA ASPARAGUS—PRESERVES—JELLIES—SALAD DRESSING—CONDENSED MILK—EVAPORATED MILK—CALIFORNIA FRUITS

CANNED MEATS

CORNED BEEF—SLICED DRIED BEEF—OX TONGUE—VEAL LOAF—HAM LOAF—VIENNA SAUSAGE

WHERE QUALITY COUNTS WE LEAD

Your Grocer Has Them—Insist on Getting Libby's

LIBBY, McNEILL & LIBBY

Insure Your Future

Money invested in the profit-paying farm land of the west is safer than in a savings bank. It earns big dividends on steady rising value alone. In

Butte Valley California

prices are moderate. And the soil is the richest—climate the finest—railroad facilities the best—that can be found in the United States.

Round-Trip Homeseekers' Fares

are on sale the first and third Tuesdays of every month to October 31, via

Union Pacific-Southern Pacific

"The Safe Road to Travel"

Electric block signals—dustless roadbed. For literature and information call on or address

E. L. LOMAX, G. P. A.

Union Pacific R. R., Omaha, Neb.

(12)

Will Seek the South Pole.

A. Henry Savage Landor, the English explorer, who will soon make an attempt to reach the south pole, is of the opinion that Lieut. Shackleton failed through having a cumbersome and unnecessarily large expedition. Mr. Landor's theory is that a small caravan of trusted and hardy men, lightly equipped as in his expeditions through Asia and Africa, is best. Mr. Landor's activity in aeronautic investigations gives color to the rumor that an airship will be used by him in his expedition.

Death from Sting of Poisonous Flies.

Three persons died recently at Marseilles after having been stung by poisonous flies. Several streets are infested by the insects, which are said to have been brought to Marseilles in a cargo of South American wool.—Echo de Paris.

Conclusive.

Mother—Tommy, why don't you play with Frank any more? I thought you were such good chums.

Tommy—We was, but he's a molly-coddle! He paid to get inter their ball grounds.

Instant Relief for All Eyes,

that are irritated from dust, heat, sun or wind, PETIT'S EYE SALVE, 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

There is no better way of hiding your light under a bushel than by keeping your church letter in your trunk.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c. bottle.

Young man, beware of the peach who is the apple of your eye. She may prove to be a lemon.

BE JUST TO YOURSELF

and keep well if possible. Check that cough with the harmless and efficient remedy, Allen's Lung Balm. All druggists, 25c. and 50c. bottles.

Some people assume that hearing is just as good as seeing.

Levis' Single Binder, the famous straight 5c cigar—annual sale 9,000,000.

The door of success is marked: "Push."

Quaker Oats

is the perfectly balanced human food

China for your table in the Family Size Packages

You Can Shave Yourself With
TRADE MARK Gillette
NO STROPPING NO HONING
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

PARKER'S HAIR BALM
Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 25c. and 50c. at Druggists

If afflicted with Thompson's Eye Water

AGENTS—IF I KNEW YOUR NAME, I would send you our E.L.I. sample outfit free this very minute. Let me start you in a profitable business. You do not need one cent of capital. Experience unnecessary. 50% profit. Credit given. Premiums. Freight paid. Chance to win \$500 in gold extra. Every man and woman should write me for free outfit. J.A. Black, President, 240 Beverly Street, Boston, Mass.

WEAR THE BEST WAISTS MADE
Exclusive New York Styles a season ahead. Sold direct from maker to you. Cost half what you usually pay for the inferior, out-of-date kind. Send today for free catalogue and samples.
SOCIETY QUEEN CO., Dept. 6, St. Louis, Mo.

Bale Ties For Hay and Straw
Des Moines Bale Tie Co., 8th and Vine Sts., Des Moines, Iowa

When You Think

Of the pain which many women experience with every month it makes the gentleness and kindness always associated with womanhood seem to be almost a miracle. While in general no woman rebels against what she regards as a natural necessity there is no woman who would not gladly be free from this recurring period of pain.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription makes weak women strong and sick women well, and gives them freedom from pain. It establishes regularity, subdues inflammation, heals ulceration and cures female weakness.

Sick women are invited to consult Dr. Pierce by letter, free. All correspondence strictly private and sacredly confidential. Write without fear and without fee to World's Dispensary Medical Association, R. V. Pierce, M. D., President, Buffalo, N. Y.

If you want a book that tells all about woman's diseases, and how to cure them at home, send 21 one-cent stamps to Dr. Pierce to pay cost of mailing only, and he will send you a free copy of his great thousand-page illustrated Common Sense Medical Adviser—revised, up-to-date edition, in paper covers. In handsome cloth-binding, 31 stamps



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THE SCHLITZ PLACE

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

Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

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

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor
Benson Well Boring Co.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY
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UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

Successor to
HARRY B. DAVIS
709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

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FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER
At Henry Anderson's Florence

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Krug's Famous Beer, Wines Liquors
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Seeing France with Uncle John

By ANNE WARNER

YVONNE to Her MOTHER

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Rouen.
Dearest Mama: It is midnight, and I must tell you the most astonishing piece of news. We came here with uncle last night and all this morning we were out with him. When we came home and unlocked our room we found Lee sitting by the window. But he doesn't want uncle to know. It was fortunate that uncle's room is across the hall, for I screamed. We couldn't see how he got in, but he says that he has bent a buttonhook so that he can travel all over Europe. It seems he never meant to go to Russia at all; but he doesn't want uncle to know. He says he thinks Russia is a good place for uncle to imagine him in. We had such fun! We told him all about the voyage and all about uncle. He says M. Sibilet's mother is his wife—he married her for money. Lee is really going yachting, but he doesn't want uncle to know. While we were talking, uncle rapped and Lee had to get into the wardrobe while uncle came in and read us a lecture. When we were in the cathedral to-day he found a man he used to know in school, and he was utterly overjoyed until he saw that the man had a son, and then, of course, he was worried over the son. So he came in to-night to tell us that if he discovered any skulking he should at once give up a friendship which had always meant more to him than we young things could possibly imagine. He said we must understand that he'd have no sort of foolishness going on and at that the wardrobe creaked so awfully that Edna had a fit of coughing and I didn't know what I should have if he kept on. He didn't go until it was high lunch-time, and I was afraid Lee would have to stay in the wardrobe until he smothered.

We lunched with uncle, Mr. Porter and Mr. Porter, Jr., and afterward we visited the church of the Bon-Secours and the monument to Jeanne d'Arc. She stands on top, her hands manacled, with her big, frightened eyes staring sadly and steadfastly out over the town where she met death. Uncle admired her so much that he tripped on one of the steps that he carved on the steps and after that he didn't admire anything or anybody.

Next Day.

We went to Jumièges to-day. Uncle found it in the guide-book and we took an 11 o'clock train. Mr. Porter and his son were late and just had time to get into the rear third-class coach. Uncle was much distressed until we came to Yainville, where the train stopped and they got out. Uncle wanted them to get in with us and he talked so forcibly on the subject that the train nearly started again before Mr. Porter could make him understand that Yainville is where you get off for Jumièges.

I do wish it wasn't so hard to turn Uncle's ideas another way when he's got them all wrong.

Yainville has a red brick depot on the edge of a pleasant, rolling prairie, but there is a little green omnibus to hypenate it with Jumièges. We were a very tight fit inside, for of course we could only sit in uncle's lap and didn't suggest it, so I had to hold Edna; and Mr. Porter and his son knew uncle well enough not to suggest taking her. I thought that we should never get there, and it was so tantalizing, for the country became beautiful and we could only see it in little triangular bits between shoulders and hats. Young Mr. Porter wanted to get out and walk, but uncle said, "Young man, when you are as old as I am, you will know as much as I do," so he gave up the idea. I do believe we were cooped up for a solid hour before we finally rolled down a little bit of a hill into a little bit of a village and climbed stiffly out into the open air.

We all had to cry out with wonder and admiration, it was really so wonderful. On one side were the hills, with the Seine winding off toward Paris, and on the other side was the wood, with the ragged ruins of the abbey-church walls towering up out of the loftiest foliage. Uncle thought we had better go and see all there was to be seen directly, so we walked off down the little road with a funny feeling of being partly present and partly past, but very well content.

The story goes that one of the ancient French kings took two young princes of a rival house, crippled them, put them on a boat and set them afloat at Paris. They drifted down the current as far as this spot and here they were rescued. They founded a monastery in gratitude and

their tomb was in the church, which is now in ruins. Later we saw the stone, with their effigies, in the little museum by the gate. They were called "Les Deux Enervés," in reference to their mutilation. Uncle thought the word meant "nervous" and we heard him say to Mr. Porter, "Well, who wouldn't have been, under the circumstances?" The whole of the abbey is now the private property of a lady who lives in a nice house up over back beyond somewhere. She built the lodge and also a little museum for relics from the ruins and has stopped the wholesale carrying off of stones from the beautiful remnants of what must have once been a truly superb monument. I am sure I shall never in all my life see anything more grand or impressive than the building as it is to-day. It is much the same plan as the cathedral at Rouen, only that that has been preserved and this has been long abandoned. It is so curious to think of the choir which we saw yesterday, with its chapels and stained glass and then to compare it with this roofless and windowless one, out of the tops of the walls of which fir trees—big ones—are growing. You don't know what a strange sensation it is to see trees growing out of the tops of ruined walls the foundations of which were laid by Charlemagne's relatives.

Uncle was delighted; he sighed with satisfaction. "This is the real thing," he said to Mr. Porter; "I like this. You can see that there's been no tampering with this ruin."

The little museum was really very interesting and had the tombstone of one of Joan of Arc's judges. I feel very sorry for Joan's poor judges.



"There's Been No Tampering with This Ruin."

They had to do as they were bid and have been exorcised for it ever since.

We came home late in the afternoon and Mr. Porter found a telegram calling him to Brussels on business, so he and his son said good-by hurriedly and took a half-past-six train. Uncle wants to go to Gisors to-morrow.

P. S.—I must add a line to tell you that Mrs. Braytree and the four girls have arrived.

They are going to stay here a week. It's so nice to meet some one from home!

Always yours lovingly,

YVONNE.

UNCLE JOHN EN ROUTE.

Rouen.

"Come on, girls, this is quite an expedition. I vow I shook a little when Mrs. Braytree suggested coming, too. Seven women to one man would be too many for comfort as a general thing; but your Uncle John never shows the white feather, so I only drew the line at the dog. Why the devil five women want to travel with one dog and eight trunks I can't see; but if I was Mrs. Braytree, I'd probably know more about it. Curious little creature, the cross-eyed one, isn't she? And that Pauline—always wanting to be somewhere else. I told her pretty flatly at dinner that if she couldn't get any more fun out of Rouen than by wishing it was St. Augustine, she'd better have stayed in New York. Anything but these fault-finders.

"Well, ain't you ready? I've sent the luggage along, and it seems to me that we ought to be following its good example. Lord knows, two days is enough to waste in an old hole like Rouen; I was wondering last night what we ever came for. I never was so cold anywhere in my life, and sleeping on a slope with a pillow on your feet isn't my idea of comfort at night, anyhow. I don't understand the moral of the scheme, and the pillow keeps sliding, and I keep swearing, all night long. Also, I can't learn to appreciate the joy of standing on a piece of oil-cloth to wash. I must say

that one needs to wear an overcoat and ear-muffs to wash here, anyhow. I was dancing under the bell-rope and ringing for hot water a good half-hour this morning. I'm going to write and have the asterisk subtracted from this hotel.

"Well, come on, if you're ready. Whose umbrella is that getting left by the door? Mine? I vow, I didn't remember putting it down. But no one can think of everything. Edna, is this soap yours? No? Well, I just asked. I seem to have left mine somewhere, and it's live and learn. Come on! come on!

"Good morning, Mrs. Braytree—Eunice—Emma—Pauline—Augusta. I reckon we'd better be hustling along pretty promptly. The train doesn't go until five minutes after the time, if we don't hurry. It's truly a pleasure having you join us, Mrs. Braytree. A little excursion like this makes such a pleasant break in the



"This is as Good a Time as We'll Have to Study Up on Gisors."

routine of sight-seeing, I think, and these quaint old—there, all get out now, I have the money. I'll take the tickets; we're all full-are, aren't we? Or—how old is the little cross-eyed one? I beg your pardon, Mrs. Braytree, but I had to know in a hurry.

"There, come on! come on! Squeeze through. Se—seven women and one man. Hurry! We want a compartment, here—no, there. Run, Edna, and get ahead of that old lady; here's two umbrellas to throw crossways, and then you can tell her there's no room, and the law will uphold you. You look surprised, Mrs. Braytree, but I learned that little trick coming from Havre. I tell you, by the time I get to Paris I'll be on to every kind of game going. I learn fast—take to Europe as a duck takes to water, so to speak.

"Well, we're off for Gisors. Great pleasure to have you with us, Mrs. Braytree: no more work to steer seven—Good Lord! there aren't but six here! Who isn't here? Edna's gone! What is it, Yvonne? I sent her ahead, did I? Oh, so I did, so I did. Poor child! I hope she's not worried.

"Speaking of Gisors, Mrs. Braytree, it's really a very interesting place—according to the guide-book. As far as I'm personally concerned, I'd be willing to take the time to go there to learn how to pronounce it. The workings of the mind which laid out the way to speak French don't at all jibe with the workings of the mind which laid out the way to spell it—not according to my way of thinking. There's that place which we've just left, for instance—'Ruin' as plain as the nose on your—on anybody's face—and its own inhabitants can't see it—pronounce the R in a way that I should think would make their tongues feel furry, and then end up as if, on second thought, they wouldn't end at all.

"Yvonne, I wish you'd hang out and see if you see any of Edna hanging out. I declare, this is a very trying situation to be in. You don't know what a trip I had, Mrs. Braytree, trying to keep track of these girls; and since we landed—well, I just had to call a halt in Havre and come off alone. Curious place, Havre, don't you think? See any one you knew there? We—who did you say? Why, that can't be, he's in Russia. Yvonne, didn't that young reprobate write you he was going to Russia? Yes, I thought so. Well, Mrs. Braytree says she saw him Havre. Good joke he's not knowing we were in Rouen; he'd have been down there in a jiffy, I'll bet anything.

"I presume this is as good a time as we'll have to study up a little on Gisors. It seems to have been the capital of the Vevin. I shouldn't be surprised if 'vex' and 'vexing' both come from that country, for the guide-book gives it as always in hot water. The French and English were both up against it most of the time, and it was vexin' with a vengeance. It says here that the old city walls are still standing and that Henry II. built the castle. Isn't he the one we peeked around in Rouen? Yes, I thought so. It says that there's very little left of the castle, though. I must say I'm always glad when I read that there's not much left of anything; it gives me a quiet, rested sort of feeling."

Immense Shoal of Herrings.

A shoal of herrings is sometimes five or six miles long and two or three miles broad.

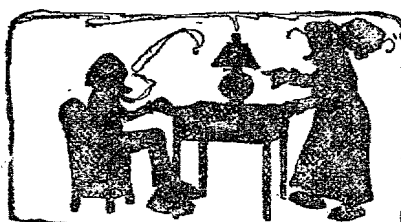
(indicating where he had thrown the others). Same as you!

"It dawned on me that when I had taught him to make the pudding I had found the second and third eggs that I had broken to be bad and had thrown both away. He had simply done what he had seen me do—after smelling the second and third egg he had thrown them away."

Is Always Near Him.

It costs the devil little trouble to catch a lazy man.—German.

EASY.



Mrs. Henpeck—Did you ever hear of anything worse than a man who who smokes in the house?
Mr. Henpeck—Yes. A smoking lamp. Ask me another!

Origin of Word "Bible."

The word bible is derived from the Latin name biblia, which was treated as a singular although it comes from the Greek neuter plural, meaning "little books." This Greek diminutive was derived from byblus, or papyrus, the famous material on which ancient books were written. The title "Bible" was first used about the middle of the second Christian century in the so-called second epistle of Clement (xiv. 2).

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Secret of Happiness.

I have lived to know that the great secret of human happiness is this: Never suffer your energies to stagnate. The old adage of "too many irons in the fire" conveys an untruth—you cannot have too many—poker, tongs and all—keep them going.—Adam Clark.

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If so, you will welcome Perry Davis' Painkiller with its soothing and healing effect. Equally good for rheumatism, lameness, frost bites. In 25c, 50c, and 1.00 bottles.

Smith—So the will was read?

Jones—Yes; but the air was blue.

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

The only way to get something for nothing is to start a fight about it.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, tiny granules, easy to take as candy.

After breaking a \$5 bill the pieces are soon lost.

FAMOUS DOCTOR'S PRESCRIPTION.

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Positively cured by these Little Pills.
They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Mouth, Coated Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER. They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable.

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Facts For Sick Women

We know of no other medicine which has been so successful in relieving the suffering of women, or secured so many genuine testimonials, as has Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

In almost every community you will find women who have been restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Almost every woman you meet has either been benefited by it, or knows some one who has.

In the Pinkham Laboratory at Lynn, Mass., are files containing over one million one hundred thousand letters from women seeking health, in which many openly state over their own signatures that they have regained their health by taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has saved many women from surgical operations.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is made exclusively from roots and herbs, and is perfectly harmless.

The reason why it is so successful is because it contains ingredients which act directly upon the female organism, restoring it to healthy and normal activity.

Thousands of unsolicited and genuine testimonials such as the following prove the efficiency of this simple remedy.

Minneapolis, Minn.:—"I was a great sufferer from female troubles which caused a weakness and broken down condition of the system. I read so much of what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound had done for other suffering women, I felt sure it would help me, and I must say it did help me wonderfully. Within three months I was a perfectly well woman."

"I want this letter made public to show the benefits to be derived from Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound." Mrs. John G. Moldan, 2115 Second St. North, Minneapolis, Minn.

Women who are suffering from those distressing ills peculiar to their sex should not lose sight of these facts or doubt the ability of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound to restore their health.



PINK EYE

Cures the sick and acts as a preventive for others. Liquid given on the tongue. Safe for broad masses and all others. Best kidney remedy; 50 cents and \$1.00 a bottle; \$5.00 and \$10.00 the dozen. Sold by all druggists and horse goods houses, or sent express paid, by the manufacturers.

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THE OIL THAT PENETRATES

Anderson & Hollingsworth FLORENCE,
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TELEPHONE FLORENCE 320

ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH

The dinner passed off more pleasantly than might have been expected, but Joe found opportunity to remark to Darby that the strain was telling.

Mr. Deadstone, afraid to deny and unwilling to approve, gave a half groan and toppled back, just in time to reach the arms of Mr. Kersey, as that gentleman scrambled out of the closet.

Union Pacific R. R. Co., Omaha, Neb.

