

# The Florence Tribune

VOL. I.

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No. 16

## UPS AND DOWNS OF THIS LIFE

A Little Sermon on the Life of a Country Newspaper Man Brought to Mind by the Difficulties of The Gazette Which is in the Hands of the Law After a Brief Meteoric Career Trying to Get Ahead of The Tribune.

The troubles of The Gazette the past week puts the editor of The Tribune in a reminiscent mood of the misfortunes of the country newspaperman.

If the struggles and sacrifices of those who have established and developed the country newspapers of the United States were to be woven into narrative, what examples of pluck and accomplishment, with the inevitable elements of sadness and unrequited ambition, would be presented. In this glad season, when hearts are light and joy abounds, consideration for those whom fate has treated less kindly than ourselves can but enhance the appreciation of our own blessings, while it strengthens the bonds of human sympathy.

One of the saddest cases of misfortune that ever came under the writer's observation was that of a printer who will be called Smith.

He was foreman of a local newspaper office in B—, and after being thus employed for a few years, he got together a small plant and started for himself. He was a family man, and the possessor of a daughter and two or three boys, all of tender years. As everybody who has started in the printing business on a small capital knows, the proceeds for the first year or two are barely sufficient to support oneself and family. Smith encountered the common experience. He established a newspaper and conducted a small job business, at the beginning performing the duties of editor, newspaper and job compositor, pressman and office boy unaided.

As his business grew, he found it necessary to have help, but his financial condition was not such as to warrant the employment of skilled labor, so he bethought himself of utilizing his children. His girl, a diminutive, rosy cheeked miss of less than twelve years, was taken into the office as an apprentice, devoting such time as possible outside of school hours, and when not assisting her mother at home, in learning the art typographic. Smith built a low frame at which the little girl could stand, and after a time she became sufficiently expert so that her father could depend upon her to set a good deal of the straight matter. This assistance bridged over the difficulty for the moment, but more help was required, and the boys were inducted into the mysteries of typesetting, until finally the fortunate father could depend upon his little helpers to put into type nearly all the reading matter that was set for the paper.

The writer remembers calling upon Smith one day at about this period. The proprietor was working at the case, setting a job, the girl was employed on newspaper composition, the oldest boy was kicking a job press, and two other boys were otherwise engaged about the office. Smith spoke about how valuable the assistance of his children had been and how much he owed to them. He appreciated fully their help, and they were most willing workers.

A year or two later the writer had occasion to call upon Smith one evening, and not finding him at the office, went to his house in the outskirts of the town. Smith was sitting on the piazza of a comfortable frame house, located in the midst of trees and pretty shrubs, and seemed in the full enjoyment of life. From the house came the noise of merry young people, and all about was the appearance of thrift and prosperity. Taking a seat upon the piazza, the writer soon dispatched the business which had brought him, and the conversation turned to Smith's struggles in establishing a business for himself. He gave credit for his success largely to the frugality of his wife and the assistance of his girl and boys. It was an interesting story of what thrift, persistence and dutiful children may accomplish. If only the story could end here.

Taking up a paper some months after the interview with Smith above referred to, the writer's eye caught among the death notices, the following:

SMITH—In Blanktown, 188—  
Jane Smith, wife of John Smith, aged—

The cruelty of it! Who could tell of the suffering which followed this awful blow? After years of struggling, Smith had begun to taste the joys and happiness toward which he had always looked, and the companion of his life had been taken from him just as the full enjoyment had been entered upon. The man was staggered by the blow, and those who

## PONCA IMPROVEMENT CLUB

Completes Its Organization Last Sunday and Has Big List of New Members—Meets Tomorrow.

The Ponca Improvement club completed its organization last Sunday by adopting a constitution and by-laws and electing officers for the coming year, as well as appointing its first committee.

Over fifty were present and the treasurer took in \$18 in initiation fees just to have money on hand to carry on the work.

The following officers were elected: President—D. Deyo. Vice-President—T. E. Price, Jr. Secretary—J. F. Wuerth. Treasurer—C. B. Christianson.

A committee consisting of T. E. Price, Jr., H. L. Snyder and J. A. Johanson was appointed to see the county commissioners about the fixing up of the roads.

Sunday, September 19, the club will meet again to take up some important matters, and all farmers are invited to be present and join. The initiation fee is 50 cents and dues 15 cents for three months.

came in contact with him in his daily life could see that the loss which he had suffered had wrought a change in his hitherto joyous nature. But to sustain him in this time of sorrow and despair was his daughter, who had grown to young womanhood, and who, so far as possible, assumed the duties and responsibilities of the care of the household.

A year or more had passed by, and the intervening time had assuaged the bitterness of his grief. He had come to lean upon his daughter, and her care and loving attention made up in a large degree for the loss of his wife.

One day he was summoned to his home by a messenger from his daughter, and upon reaching there found her very ill. The best doctors were summoned, and everything possible was done to allay the progress of disease, but after a few days she succumbed, and there was another mound in the cemetery for loving hands to bedeck. When the funeral service was over and Smith had an opportunity to dwell upon his situation, his boys noticed a strange look in his eyes. They attempted to comfort him, but he rejected their advances and went about his business in a dumb sort of way. Sometimes he would appear cheerful and reconciled, and again his mind would seem to be afar off. He harbored the hallucination that people with whom he did business were attempting to defraud him. Every person he looked upon as an enemy, and to such an extent did the aberration develop that his friends found restraint to be necessary, and one day a carriage came to his office and, he was borne away to a state institution.

Just at the outbreak of the Spanish war a stalwart young man sought entrance to an asylum for the insane. He was conducted to a room occupied by a man apparently about 60 years of age, with white hair, and bent with years and care. The young man stepped up to the inmate, and addressing him, said:

"Father, I have enlisted in the army and leave tomorrow for New York, whence I shall probably go to Cuba. Possibly I may not return. I have come to bid you goodbye."

The old man stared vacantly at the boy, and a look of half recognition came into his eyes. He conversed disconnectedly for a few moments with his visitor, and the latter, seeing that he was not fully known, took his departure. The elderly man was Smith, and the young soldier was one of his sons, to whom reference was made at the beginning of the sketch.

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

For rent—A six room house Inquire of W. H. Thomas or telephone Florence 360.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gieve and daughter of Chicago arrived Monday to be the guests of Mrs. Gieve's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston.

Hugh Suttie has been attending the Eagles convention in Omaha this week, being the delegate from the Florence lodge.

Lyman Griffith was a Benson visitor Monday attending the state convention of the Eagles.

James Nicholson has entered his house, George M., in the class A pace at the races at Courtland Beach track Saturday.

It is rumored that one of the young ladies who went west for her vacation trip returned home engaged, and is keeping it dark for the present.



"MAID OF THE ORCHARD." Courtesy Omaha Bee.

## TUCKER WANTS TO KILL CITY

Mayor of This City Gives Out An Interview to Omaha Newspapers in Which He Says He Favors Killing of Florence by Consolidating it With Omaha and Hopes the Majority of Florence People Will Vote for Consolidation.

Mayor F. S. Tucker came out for annexation Wednesday of this week when he was interviewed by a Bee reporter.

Here is what the Bee says: Mayor F. S. Tucker of Florence is for a Greater Omaha and advises the people of his city to vote for consolidation.

"I am heartily in favor of consolidating the cities of Florence and Omaha under the one name of Omaha—'Greater Omaha'—and hope the people in our little city to the north will vote this fall to come into the municipality of the larger city," said Mayor Tucker.

"The combination would make a city of more magnitude, we would help swell the population of Omaha to a considerable extent, taxes would not be any higher, more improvements could be secured and, anyway, consolidation is the modern theory in all things, and a very good theory, at that Florence could not possibly lose anything by consolidation, excepting a few petty offices, but it would gain materially. It would gain in getting paved streets, better street car service, more business enterprises and more homes. Taxes would be equitably apportioned and when the expense of running our individual municipality was lopped off, I think the property owners of our city would find their taxes would not be 1 mill higher and, if anything, they would be lower.

"Put me down for consolidation," said the mayor of Florence in conclusion. It certainly is a mistake for the mayor to say that the taxes would not be 1 mill higher when Omaha has an 53 mill levy and Florence a 50 mill levy, but then maybe he knows that the taxes of Florence will be raised. He is in a position to know. If the mayor's wish for consolidation is granted, the four saloons will pay each \$1,000 to build up the schools.

There will be no paving, for then the cost will be to abutting property. Neither will there be other improvements, for the Omaha city council will say we are too far out to bother with just as it does with the outlying sections of Omaha at present.

Sure! When you hear a girl speak of a young man as being a liar—well, you can draw your own conclusions.

Mrs. John Purnpille of Omaha was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston Saturday and Sunday.

Miss Ruth Anderson returned Monday evening from a trip to Herrick, South Dakota.

## LAST SUNDAY'S NASTY FIGHT

Our Office Boy Witnesses an Encounter on Main Street and Pleads to Have His Write-up Printed.

Last Sunday morning a telephone call came to the Tribune that there was a big fight down on Main street and to come and get the particulars. At the time the editor was so busy counting his money and as it would take several hours before he was through he sent the office boy.

The boy brought back this story and if any errors appear blame him.

"Alexander Shott was shot by John S. Nott in the fracas. Nott was shot and Shott was not. In this case it is better to be Shott than Nott."

"There was a rumor that Nott was shot, and Shott avows that he shot Nott, which proves either that the shot shot at Nott was not shot or that Nott was shot notwithstanding. Circumstantial evidence is not always good."

"It may be made to appear on trial that the shot Shott shot shot Nott, or as accidents with firearms are frequent it may be possible that the shot Shott shot shot Shott, when the whole affair would resolve itself into its original elements and Shott would be shot and Nott would be not."

"We think, however, that the shot Shott shot shot not Shott but Nott; anyway, it is hard to tell who was shot and who was not."

## TONQUE TANGLERS.

(Read rapidly.)

Wright, the wright, did write a rite, But could not write a rite aright, Said Letter-writer, "You're no writer, Let a writer write a rite— Let a letter-writer write, or You'll no letter write aright." Quoth Wright, the wright, "I'll write a rite, I'll write a rite aright." Said Letter-writer, "Wright, ah Wright! I write a rite aright."

There was a young fellow named Tate, Who was invited to dine at 8:08. Now, I will not relate, What this young man named Tate And his tete-a-tete ate at 8:08.

How much wood would a woodchuck chuck, If a woodchuck would chuck wood? He would chuck as much wood As a woodchuck could, If a woodchuck could chuck wood.

Betty Botter bo't some butter, But she said, "This butter's bitter, If I put it in my batter It will make my batter bitter; But a bit of better butter Will make my batter better." So she bo't a bit of better Butter than the bitter butter, And put it in her bitter batter. Made the bitter batter better. So 'twas better Betty Botter Bo't a bit of better butter. P. S.—Don't try to read this before 8 p. m.

## AMERICANS 6, TOWSENDS 5

Account of Sunday's Game at the Base Ball Park When Good Game is Played.

The Americans made it three straight from the Townsends Sunday at Florence park by the score of 6 to 5. This was one of the hardest games the Americans ever played, it going ten innings. In the first inning the Americans made two runs on an error and two two-base hits and scored in the third and eighth innings. In the ninth, with the score 5 to 4 against them, Denny led off with a single, was sacrificed to second by Fagen and scored on Rapp's timely hit over second base. In the tenth Fox walked, Dygert beat out a bunt and Dennison placed a neat bunt down the first base line, scoring Fox, and the great battle was over.

The features of the game were the fielding of Dygert, who took six hard chances in left, and Durkee, who got three hits out of five times at bat and fielded brilliantly. Score: Americans 2 0 1 0 0 0 0 1 1 1—6 Townsends 1 0 0 2 0 1 0 1 0—5 Two-base hits—Machton (2), Fox, Smith, Dennison. Homerun—Durkee. Stolen bases—Hachton, Quigley (2), Atkins. Sacrifice hits—Fagen, Trowbridge, Dennison. Double plays—Fagen to Rapp to Hachton; Fox to Rapp; Eastman to Hall to Quigley. Bases on balls—Off Bruggeman 2. Struck out—By Denny 3. by Bruggeman 7. Time of game—One hour and forty minutes. Umpire—O'Connor.

## Chartar 812.

Report of the Condition of the BANK OF FLORENCE, Florence, Nebraska. (Incorporated)

at the close of business August 31, '09.

## RESOURCES

Loans and discounts.....	\$74,691.21
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured.....	562.05
Banking house, furniture and fixtures.....	500.00
Current expenses and taxes paid.....	496.50
Due from national, state and private banks.....	10,852.21
Currency.....	\$2,020.00
Gold coin.....	3,235.00
Silver, nickels and cents.....	\$61.02 6,266.02
Total.....	\$93,367.99

## LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in.....	\$ 5,000.00
Surplus fund.....	1,000.00
Undivided profits.....	2,464.15
Individual deposits subject to check \$68,518.89	
Demand certificates of deposit.....	3,882.90
Time certificates of deposit.....	12,502.05 84,903.84
Total.....	\$93,367.99

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas—ss.

I, J. B. Brisbin, of the above named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the State Banking Board.

J. B. BRISBIN, President. THOMAS E. PRICE, H. T. BRISBIN, Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of September, 1909.

J. P. BROWN, Notary Public.

(Seal)

## .. PONCA NEWS ..

The Ponca Improvement club met Sunday afternoon at the Ponca school house, the membership being 42. The constitution and by-laws were read and commented on. Officers and committee were elected and meeting adjourned until Sunday, September 19. All members come.

Mr. Chris Sorensen is very sick.

Mr. and Mrs. Ed Putney lost their little baby, cholera infantum being the cause.

The work on the Ponca road is progressing rather slowly on account of the wet weather. This will make one of the finest drives in the county when completed.

Mr. Holmquist and son Harvey are getting along nicely.

Mr. Williams lost one of his most valuable horses last week.

While Mr. and Mrs. Alback and family were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Pete Kaer they lost one of their horses, having to borrow one to return home with.

Mr. and Mrs. C. B. Christensen were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. John F. Wuerth Sunday.

Many of the young folks from this neighborhood went down to see the fair at Lincoln. All report a good display of everything and also of having a very good time.

## YODER WANTS GIRL'S WORK

County Superintendent Has Been Placed at Head of Department for Girls' Work of Douglas County Fair and Desires to Have Some of Our Girls Show Their Skill With the Needle and Bring the Prizes Offered to This City.

Prof. W. A. Yoder has been placed at the head of the girls department of the Douglas County Fair and wants some of the girls of Florence to enter the contest and carry of the premiums.

The Douglas County Fair for 1909 will be held on the Ak-Sar-Ben carnival grounds in Omaha, commencing September 29 and closing October 9. The premium list has been increased and additional facilities have been arranged to make a much larger and better show than has been given at any former exhibition.

The precinct collective display has been made a special feature. The premiums in this department aggregate \$680, divided as follows:

First premium, \$120. Second premium, \$110. Third premium, \$100. Fourth premium, \$90. Fifth premium, \$80. Sixth premium, \$70. Seventh premium, \$60. Eighth premium, \$50. See premium list for rules governing in this contest.

A special is a girls' department for textile fabrics, with W. A. Yoder, superintendent.

Those competing must be girls eighteen years of age or under. Each exhibit must be the individual work of the exhibitor. Quality of work will govern the judging of all articles exhibited in this class. The management desires the privilege of holding exhibits for the National Corn Exposition and, perhaps, for the Nebraska State Meeting at Lincoln.

Five valuable prizes are offered by Omaha merchants. The Douglas County Agricultural Society contributes the cash prizes, aggregating \$50.

1. Work Apron.—First, tennis racket, Townsend Gun Co., \$5; second, cash, \$2; third, cash, \$1; fourteen cash prizes, each 50c.

2. Fancy Apron.—First, gold bracelet, Fred Brodegaard & Co., \$5; second, cash, \$2; third, cash, \$1; fourteen cash prizes, each 50c.

3. Washable Sofa Pillow Cover.—First, silk umbrella, Thompson, Belden & Co., \$5; second, cash, \$2; third, cash, \$1; fourteen cash prizes, each 50c.

4. Shirt Waist.—First, violin, Hayden Bros., \$10; second, cash, \$4; third, cash, \$2; four cash prizes, each \$1.

5. Collection.—(Not less than eight nor more than ten articles.)—First, toilet set, Brandeis & Sons, \$10; second, cash \$4; third, cash, \$3; fourth, cash, \$2; fifth, cash, \$1.

Any kind or class of textile article can be entered in making up this collective exhibit; plain sewing, fancy sewing embroidery, etc.

This class in independent of the girls' department in textile fabrics, lot 12, as published in the regular premium list. This is a great opportunity for the girls of Douglas county to join in a friendly contest in showing the public what they are able to do in the manufacture of home articles in both needle and machine work.

For further information confer with County School Superintendent W. A. Yoder, office at the Court House; or G. W. Hervey, Secretary of the Douglas County Fair, Room 601 Bee bldg.

The officers of the Douglas County Agricultural society are as follows: F. P. Brown, president, Florence; Wm. Lonergan, vice-president, Florence; Lewis Henderson, treasurer, Omaha; G. W. Hervey, secretary, Omaha.

There is a reward offered for the apprehension of the man who fixed up the space between the sidewalk and lot line on Pacific street from picture gallery to Fifth street. It's a good job and if the man is caught he will be put to work fixing up other places.

Baby Bena is getting along splendidly.

A good many apples are being hauled from this neighborhood.

Mr. J. A. Johansen has a fine looking strawberry bed, as fine as can be seen in the county. He also reports an excellent grape crop. Proper methods and cultivation being used to procure these.

Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wood and Mrs. James Bena were Omaha visitors Monday.

The Misses Helen, Ingar and Ellen Kelle were calling on Miss Bessie and Master Willie Bena Sunday afternoon.

This wet weather makes it very disagreeable for the gardeners to haul their produce to market as the roads are almost impassible.



# WHISPERING SMITH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS  
BY ANDRE BOWLES

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## SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck. "Whispering" Gordon Smith told President Bucks of the railroad of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crazed miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his office. McCloud arranged board at the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair, the ex-foreman's deserted wife. Dickie Dunning was the daughter of the late Richard Dunning, who had died of a broken heart shortly after his wife's demise. After a year of marriage, the young couple was mysteriously burned. President Bucks notified Smith that he had work ahead. A stock train was wrecked by an open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the express car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. "Whispering" Smith approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed. He warned McCloud that his life was in danger. McCloud was carried forcibly into Lance Dunning's presence. Dunning refused the railroad a right-of-way, he had already signed for. Dickie interfered to prevent a shooting affray. Dickie met McCloud on a lonely trail to warn him his life was in danger. On his way home a shot passed through his hat. A sudden rise of the Crawling Stone river created consternation. Dickie and Marion appealed to McCloud for help. Whispering Smith joined the group. McCloud took his men to fight the river. Lance Dunning welcomed them cordially. McCloud succeeded in halting the flood. Dickie and Marion visited Sinclair at his ranch. He tried to persuade his deserted wife to return to him. She refused. He accused "Whispering" Smith of having stolen her love from him. A train was held up and robbed, the bandits escaping. Smith and McCloud started in pursuit. At Baggs ranch Du Sang killed old Baggs. Whispering Smith befriended his ten-year-old son. They came to Williams Cache. Smith was certain the bandits were there. He imported Rebstock, "king of the cache," to give up Du Sang. Rebstock refused. Smith declared he would clean out the whole gang, including Rebstock. Smith came upon the bandits, Du Sang among them. Single-handed he routed them all. He set in pursuit of one, the other two being hopelessly wounded and died of their wounds. The party started for home. Medicine Bend heard the news of the capture. McCloud's love match with Dickie progressed favorably. Smith returned to Medicine Bend. He expressed the belief that Dickie and McCloud had become engaged. Marion again refused to live with Sinclair. Smith reported to President Bucks. In attempting to serve a warrant on Sinclair, Sheriff Banks was killed. The duty was then assigned to Smith. Smith prepared to pursue Sinclair.

## CHAPTER XXXIII.—Continued.

"Oh, I do not know! I am afraid he will not."

"I do not think I have ever hesitated before at any call of this kind; nor at what such a call will probably mean; but this man I have known since we were boys."

"If I had never seen him!"

"That brings up another point that has been worrying me all day. I could not help knowing what you have had to go through in this country. It is a tough country for any woman. Your people and mine were always close together, and I have felt bound to do what I could to—"

"Don't be afraid to say it—make my path easier."

"Something like that, though there's been little real doing. What this situation in which Sinclair is now placed may still mean to you I do not know, but I would not add a straw to the weight of your troubles. I came tonight to ask a plain question. If he doesn't leave the country I have got to meet him. You know what, in all human probability, that will mean. From such a meeting only one of us can come back. Which shall it be?"

"I'm afraid I don't understand you—do you ask me this question? How can I know which it shall be? What is it you mean?"

"I mean I will not take his life in a fight—if it comes to that—if you would rather he should come back."

A sob almost refused an answer to him. "How can you ask me so terrible a question?"

"It is a question that means a good deal to me, of course, and I don't know just what it means to you; that is the point I am up against. I may have no choice in the matter, but I must decide what to try to do if I have one. Am I to remember first that he is your husband?"

There was a silence. "What shall I say? What can I say? God help me, how am I to answer a question like that?"

"How am I to answer it?"

Her voice was low and pitiful when her answer came: "You must do your duty."

"What is my duty, then? To serve the paper that has been given to me, I know—but not necessarily to defend my life at the price of his. The play of a chance lies in deciding that; I can keep the chance or give it away; that is for you to say. Or take the question of duty again. You are alone and your friends are few. Haven't I any duty toward you, perhaps? I don't know a woman's heart. I used to think I did, but I don't. My duty to this company that I work for is only the duty of a servant. If I go, another takes my place; it means nothing except taking one name off the pay roll and putting another on. Whatever he may have done, this man is your husband; if his death would cause you a pang, it shall not be laid at my door. We ought to un-

derstand each other on that point fairly before I start to-night."

"Can you ask me whether you ought not to take every means to defend your own life? or whether any consideration ought to come before that? I think not. I should be a wicked woman if I were to wish evil to him, wretched as he has made me. I am a wretched woman, whichever way I turn. But I should be less than human if I could say that to me your death would not be a cruel, cruel blow."

There was a moment of silence. "Dickie understood you to say that you were in doubt as to whether you ought to go away with him when he asked you to go. That is why I was unsettled in my mind."

"The only reason why I doubted was that I thought by going I might save better lives than mine. I could willingly give up my life to do that. But to stain it by going back to such a man—God help me!"

"I think I understand. If the unfortunate should happen before I come back I hope only this: That you will not hate me because I am the man on whom the responsibility has fallen. I haven't sought it. And if I should not come back at all, it is only—good-by."

He saw her clasp her hands convulsively. "I will not say it! I will pray on my knees that you do come back."

"Good-night, Marion. Some one is at the cottage door."

"It is probably Mr. McCloud and Dickie. I will let them in."

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

### Wickwire.

McCloud and Dickie met them at the porch door. Marion, unnerved, went directly to her room. Whispering Smith stopped to speak to Dickie and McCloud interposed. "Bob Scott telephoned the office just now he had a man from Oroville who wanted to see you right away, Gordon," said he. "I told him to send him over here. It is Wickwire."

"Wickwire," repeated Whispering Smith. "Wickwire has no business here that I know of; no doubt it is something I ought to know of. And, by the way, you ought to see this man," he said, turning again to Dickie. "If McCloud tells the story right, Wickwire is a sort of protegee of yours, Miss Dickie, though neither of you seems to have known it. He is the tramp cowboy who was smashed up in the wreck at Smoky creek. He is not a bad man, but whisky, you know, beats some decent men." A footstep fell on the porch. "There he comes now, I reckon. Shall I let him in a minute?"

"Oh, I should like to see him! He has been at the ranch at different times, you know."

Smith opened the door and stepping out on the porch talked with the newcomer. In a moment he brought him in. Dickie had seated herself on the sofa, McCloud stood in the doorway and the dining room, and Whispering Smith laid one arm on the table as he sat down beside it with his face above the dark shade of the lamp. Before him stood Wickwire. The half-light threw him up tall and dark, but it showed the heavy shock of black hair falling over his forehead, and the broad, thin face of a mountain man.

"He has just been telling me that Seagrue is loose," Whispering Smith explained, pleasantly. "Who turned the trick, Wickwire?"

"Sheriff Coon and a deputy jailer started with Seagrue for Medicine Bend this morning. Coming through House Eye canyon, Murray Sinclair and Barney Rebstock got a clean drop on them, took Seagrue, and they all rode off together. They didn't make any bones about it, either. Their gang has got lots of friends over there, you know. They rode into Atlantic City and stayed over an hour. Coon tracked them there and got up a posse of six men. The three were standing in front of the bank when the sheriff rode into town. Sinclair and Seagrue got on their horses and started off. Rebstock went back to get another drink. When he came out of the saloon he gave the posse a gun-fight all by himself, and wounded two men and made his getaway."

Whispering Smith shook his head, and his hand fell on the table with a tired laugh. "Barney Rebstock," he murmured, "of all men! Coward, skate, filler-in! Barney Rebstock—stale-beer man, sneak, barnyard thief! Hit two men!" He turned to McCloud. "What kind of a wizard is Murray Sinclair? What sort of red-blood toxin does he throw into his gang to draw out a spirit like that? Murray Sinclair belongs to the race of empire-builders. By heavens, it is pitiful a man like that should be out of a job! England, McCloud, needs him. And here he is holding up trains on the mountain division!"

"They are all up at Oroville with the Williams Cache gang, celebrating," continued Wickwire.

Whispering Smith looked at the cowboy. "Wickwire, you made a good ride and I thank you. You are all right. This is the young lady and



"You Must Do Your Duty!"

this is the man who had you sent to the hospital from Smoky creek," he added, rising. "You can thank them for picking you up. When you leave here tell Bob Scott to meet me at the Wickwire with the horses at 11 o'clock, will you?" He turned to Dickie in a gentle aside. "I am riding north tonight—I wish you were going part way."

Dickie looked at him intently. "You are worried over something," she murmured. "I can see it in your face." "Nothing more than usual. I thrive, you know, on trouble—and I'm sorry to say good-night so early, but I have a long ride ahead." He stepped quietly past McCloud and out of the door.

Wickwire was thanking Dickie when unwillingly she let Whispering Smith's hand slip out of her own. "I shore wouldn't have been here tonight if you two hadn't picked me up," laughed Wickwire, speaking softly to Dickie when she turned to him. "I've known my friends a long time, but I reckon they all didn't know me."

"I've known you longer than you think," returned Dickie with a smile. "I've seen you at the ranchhouse. But now that we really do know each other, please remember you are always sure of a home at the ranch—whenever you want one, Mr. Wickwire, and just as long as you want one. We never forget our friends on the Crawling Stone."

"If I may make so bold, I thank you kindly. And if you all will let me run away now, I want to catch Mr. Whispering Smith for just one minute."

Wickwire overtook Smith in Fort street. "Talk quick, Wickwire," he said. "I'm in a hurry. What do you want?"

"Partner, I've always played fair with you."

"So far as I know, Wickwire, yes. Why?"

"I've got a favor to ask."

"What is it—money?"

"No, partner, not money this time. You've always been more than liberal with me. But so far I've had to keep under cover; you asked me to. I want to ask the privilege now of coming out into the open. The jig is up so far as watching anybody goes."

"Yes."

"There's nobody to watch any more—they're all to chase. I reckon, now. The open is my kind of a fight, anyway. I want to ride out this man-hunt with you."

"How is your arm?"

"My arm is all right, and there ought to be a place for me in the chase now that Ed Banks is out of it. I want to cut loose up on the range, anyhow; if I'm a man I want to know it, and if I can't I want to know it. I want to ride with you after Seagrue and Sinclair and Barney Rebstock."

Whispering Smith spoke coldly: "You mean, Wickwire, you want to get killed."

"Why, partner, if it's coming to me, I don't mind—yes."

"What's the use, Wickwire?"

"If I'm a man I want to know it; if I ain't, it's time my friends knowed it. Anyhow, I'm man enough to work out with some of that gang. Most of them have put it over me one time or another; Sinclair passed me like a blackbird only the other day. They all say I'm nothing but a damned tramp. You say I have done you service—give me a show."

Whispering Smith stopped a minute

in the shadow of a tree and looked keenly at him. "I'm too busy tonight to say much, Wickwire," he said, after a moment. "You go over to the barn and report to Bob Scott. If you want to take the chances, it is up to you; and if Bob Scott is agreeable, I'll use you where I can—that's all I can promise. You will probably have more than one chance to get killed."

## CHAPTER XXXV.

### Among the Coyotes.

Oroville once marked farthest north for the Peace river gold camps, but with mining long ago abandoned it now marks furthest south for a rustlers' camp, being a favorite resort for the people of the Williams Cache country. Oroville boasts that it has never surrendered and that it has never been cleaned out. It has moved, and been moved, up stream and down, and from bank to bank; it has been burned out and blown away and lived on wheels; but it has never suffered the loss of its identity.

Whispering Smith, well dusted with alkali, rode up to the Johnson ranch, eight miles southwest of Oroville, in the afternoon of the day after he left Medicine Bend. The ranch lies in a valley watered by the Rainbow, and makes a pretty little oasis of green in a limitless waste of sagebrush. Gene and Bob Johnson were cutting alfalfa when Whispering Smith rode into the field, and, slowing the mowers, the three men talked while the seven horses nibbled the clover.

"I may need a little help, Gene, to get him out of town," remarked Smith, after he had told his story; "that is, if there are too many Cache men there for me."

Bob Johnson was stripping a stalk of alfalfa in his fingers. "Them fellows are pretty sore."

"That comes of half doing a job, Bob. I was in too much of a hurry with the round-up. They haven't had dose enough yet," returned Whispering Smith. "If you and Gene will join me sometime when I have a week to spare, we will go in there, clean up the gang and burn the hair off the roots of the chapparal—that? I've hinted to Rebstock he could get ready for something like that."

"Tell us about that fight, Gordon."

"I will if you will give me something to eat and have this horse taken care of. Then, Bob, I want you to ride into Oroville and reconnoiter. This is mail day and I understand some of the boys are buying postage stamps to put on my coffin."

They went to the house, where Whispering Smith talked the boys. Bob took a horse and rode away, and Gene, with his guest, went back to the alfalfa, where Smith took Bob's place on the mower. When they saw Bob riding up the valley, Whispering Smith, bringing in the machine, mounted his horse.

"Your man is there all right," said Bob, as he approached. "He and John Rebstock were in the Blackbird saloon. Seagrue isn't there, but Barney Rebstock and a lot of others are. I talked a few minutes with John and Murray. Sinclair didn't say much; only that the railroad gang was trying to run him out of the country, and he wanted to meet a few of them before he went. I just imagined he held up a little before me; maybe not. There's a dozen Williams Cache men in town."

"But those fellows are not really



dangerous. Bob, though they may be troublesome," observed Smith, reflectively.

"Well, what's your plan?" blurted Gene Johnson.

"I haven't any, Gene," returned Smith, with perfect simplicity. "My only plan is to ride into town and serve my papers, if I can. I've got a deputyship—and that I'm going to do right away. If you, Bob, or both of you, will happen in about 30 minutes later you'll get the news and perhaps see the fun. Much obliged for your feed, Gene; come down to Medicine Bend any time and I'll fill you up. I want you both for the elk hunt next fall, remember that. Bucks is coming, and is going to bring Brown and Henson and perhaps Atterbury and Gibbs and some New Yorkers; and McCloud's brother, the preacher, is coming out and they are all right—all of them."

The only street in Oroville faces the river, and the buildings string for two or three blocks along modest bluffs. Nor a soul was anywhere in sight when Whispering Smith rode into town, save that across the street from where he dismounted and tied his horse three men stood in front of the Blackbird.

They watched the new arrival with languid interest. Smith walked stiffly over toward the saloon to size up the men before he should enter it. The middle man of the group, with a thin red face and very blue eyes, was chewing tobacco in an unpromising way. Before Smith was half-way across the street he saw the hands of the three men falling to their hips. Taking care, however, only to keep the men between him and the saloon door, Smith walked directly toward them. "Boys, have you happened to see Gene or Bob Johnson to-day, any of you?" He threw back the brim of his stetson as he spoke.

"Hold your hand right there—right where it is," said the blue-eyed man sharply.

Whispering Smith smiled, but held his hand rather awkwardly upon his hat-brim.

"No," continued the spokesman, "we ain't none of us happened to see Bob or Gene Johnson to-day; but we happen to see Whispering Smith, and we'll blow your face off if you move it an inch."

Smith laughed. "I never quarrel with a man that's got the drop on me, boys. Now, this is sudden but unexpected. Do I know any of you?" He looked from one face to another before him with a wide reach in his field of vision for the three hands that were fast on three pistol-butts. "Hold on! I've met you somewhere," he said with easy confidence to the blue-eyed man with the weather-split lip. "Williams Cache, wasn't it? All right, we're placed. Now what have you got in for me?"

"I've got 40 head of steers in for you," answered the man in the middle, with a splitting oath. "You stole 40 head of my steers in that round-up, and I'm going to fill you so full of lead you'll never run off no more stock for nobody. Don't look over there to your horse or your rifle. Hold your hands right where they are."

"Certainly, certainly!"

"When I pull, I shoot!"

"I don't always do it, but it is business, I acknowledge. When a man pulls he ought to shoot—very often it is the only chance he ever gets to shoot. Well, it isn't every man gets the drop on me that easy, but you boys have got it," continued Whispering Smith in frank admiration. "Only I want to say you're after the wrong man. That round-up was all Rebstock's fault, and Rebstock is bound to make good all loss and damage."

"You'll make good my share of it right now and here," said the man with the wash-blue eyes.

"Why, of course," assented Whispering Smith. "If I must, I must. I suppose I may light a cigarette, boys, before you turn loose the fireworks?"

"Light it quick!"

Laughing at the humor of the situation, Whispering Smith, his eyes beaming with good nature, put the finger and thumb of his right hand into his waistcoat pocket, drew out a package of cigarette paper, and, bantering his captors innocently the while, tore out a sheet and put the packet back. Folding the paper in his two hands, he declared he believed his tobacco was in his saddle-pocket, and asked leave to step across the street to get it. The trick was too transparent, and leave was refused with scorn and some hard words. Whispering Smith begged the men to front of him in turn for tobacco. They cursed him and shook their heads.

For an instant he looked troubled. Still appealing to them with his eyes, he tapped lightly the lower outside pockets of his coat with his fingers, shifting the cigarette paper from hand to hand as he hunted. The outside pockets seemed empty. But as he tapped the inside breast pocket on the left side of the coat—the three men, lynx-eyed, watching—his face brightened. "Stop!" said he, his voice sinking to a relieved whisper as his hand rested lightly on the treasure. "There's

the tobacco. I suppose one of you will give me a match?"

All that the three before him could ever afterward recollect—and for several years afterward they cudgeled their brains pretty thoroughly about that moment—was that Whispering Smith took hold of the left lapel of his coat to take the tobacco out of the breast pocket. An excuse to take that lapel in his left hand was, in fact, all that Whispering Smith needed to put not alone the three men before him but all Oroville at his mercy. The play of his right hand in crossing the corduroy waistcoat to pull his revolver from its scabbard and throw it into their faces was all too quick for better eyes than theirs. They saw only the muzzle of the heavy Colt's "playing like a snake's tongue under their surprised noses, with the good-natured smile still behind it. "Or will one of you roll a cigarette?" asked Whispering Smith, without a break between the two questions. "I don't smoke. Now don't make faces; go right ahead. Do anything you want to with your hands. I wouldn't ask a man to keep his hands or feet still on a hot day like this," he insisted, the revolver playing all the time. "You won't draw? You won't fight? Pshaw! Then disengage your hands gently from your guns. You fellows really ought not to attempt to pull a gun in Oroville, and I will tell you why—there's a reason for it." He looked confidential as he put his head forward to whisper among the crest-fallen faces. "At this altitude it is too fast work. I know you now," he went on as they continued to wilt. "You are Fatty Filber," he said to the thin chap. "Don't work your mouth like that at me; don't do it. You seem surprised. Really, have you the asthma? Get over it, because you are wanted in Pound county for horse-stealing. Why, hang it, Fatty, you're good for ten years, and of course, since you have reminded me of it, I'll see that you get it. And you, Baxter," said he to the man on the right, "I know I spoke to you once when I was inspector about altering brands; that's five years, you know. You," he added, scrutinizing the third man to scare him to death—"I think you were at Tower W. No? No matter; you two boys may go, anyway. Fatty, you stay; we'll put some state cow on your ribs. By the way, are you a detective, Fatty? Aren't you? See here! I can



"Or Will One of You Roll a Cigarette?"

get you into an association. For ten dollars, they give you a German-silver star, and teach the Japanese method of pulling by correspondence. Or you might get an electric battery to handle your gun with. You can set pocket dynamos from the mail-order houses. Sure! Read the big book!"

When Gene and Bob Johnson rode into town, Whispering Smith was sitting in a chair outside the Blackbird, still chatting with Filber, who stood with his arms around a litching-post, holding fast a mail-order house catalogue. A modest crowd of hangers-on had gathered.

"Here we are, Gene," exclaimed Smith to the deputy sheriff. "I was looking for steers, but some calves got into the drive. Take him away."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## One Effect of Pies.

The shop window was full of pies. A man came by, stopped, looked the pies over, mumbled something to himself, then went on muzzling as he went.

"I don't know what makes them do that," said the cashier girl, who was near the window. "I don't know whether they are counting the pies and don't like the number of them, or don't like the looks of them, or are mad because they haven't enough money to buy them; but they do that way all day long. Come by the window, take a look at our pies, then go along muzzling."

## The Easy Way.

Knicker—Did he give his son a college education?

Bocker—Yes, he bought him a phonograph with a yell in it.



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of  
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in FLORENCE  
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priced lots. Be sure  
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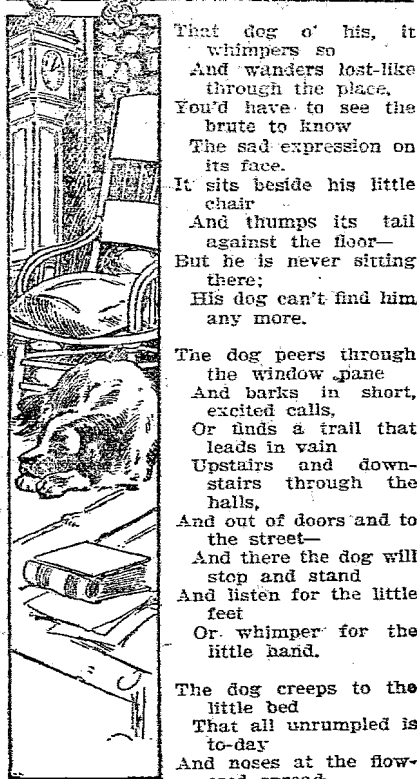
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**THE ONLOOKER**  
WILBUR D. NESBIT.

**"That Dog O' His"**

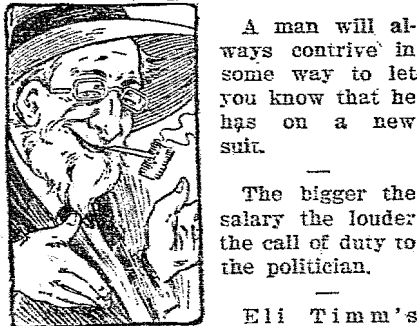


That dog o' his, it  
whimpers so  
And wanders lost-like  
through the place.  
You'd have to see the  
brute to know  
The sad expression on  
its face.  
It sits beside his little  
chair  
And thumps its tail  
against the floor—  
But he is never sitting  
there;  
His dog can't find him  
any more.  
The dog peers through  
the window-pane  
And barks in short,  
excited calls,  
Or finds a trail that  
leads in vain  
Upstairs and down-  
stairs through the  
halls,  
And out of doors and to  
the street.  
And there the dog will  
stop and stand  
And listen for the little  
feet  
Or whimper for the  
little hand.  
The dog creeps to the  
little bed  
That all unrumpled is  
to-day  
And noses at the flow-  
ered spread.  
Then whimpers as it turns away;  
It finds some little battered toy  
And brings it in its mouth with glee  
And wags its tail in new-found joy  
And looks all questioning at me.

It rests its head upon its paws  
And thinks, and thinks—and does not  
heed  
The bone on which it never gnaws—  
Then rises with excited speed  
And races to some play spot; then  
Comes back and whines and whimpers  
—yes,  
And does the same things once again  
As though a dog could feel distress!

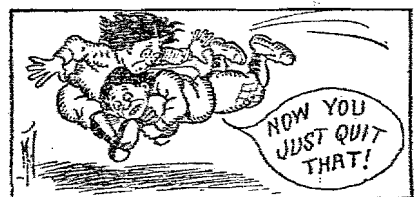
That dog o' his—it came to me  
About a half hour ago  
And put one front paw on each knee  
And looked as though I ought to know,  
As though I—Ah, how sad it is!  
We two who loved the lad so well—  
I'm dumb as is that dog of his—  
It cannot ask; I cannot tell.

**OLD MAN GIDDLES**  
**OBSERVES.**



A man will al-  
ways contrive in  
some way to let  
you know that he  
has on a new  
suit.  
The bigger the  
salary the louder  
the call of duty to  
the politician.  
Eli Timm's  
daughter thinks  
she has a great voice, and his son  
believes he is cut out for a diplomat.  
Eli says it would cost him just as  
much to raise them, anyway.

The successful man is the one who  
doesn't let others learn of his mis-  
takes.



Long hair doesn't make a football  
player; it's the sand to take the  
bumps.

What will they do in the next world  
to the man who figures out how to



make imitation pumpkin pies in  
this?

The Dull Man.

"I can't imagine what is wrong with  
our gas supply," says the beautiful  
young thing when George has been  
seated in the parlor. "We don't seem  
able to get more than one-fourth  
enough for light."

Sure enough, the gas is burning dimly—  
so dimly, indeed, that George can  
barely see her where she sits across  
the room.

Recognizing an opportunity to dem-  
onstrate his ability to cope with any  
set of circumstances, George volun-  
teers to find the trouble. He goes to  
the basement, and after inspecting  
the gas meter returns and says:

"Oddest thing I ever saw. The cap  
controlling the gas supply was almost  
entirely shut off."

The gas is now blazing merrily, but  
the fair young thing twists a hand-  
kerchief about her bruised hand and  
soon feigns a headache of sufficient  
strength to make George cut short his  
call.

The Telling Author.

"No doubt," we say to the author  
of the best seller, "you have to work  
over and over your stories."

"Yes," he responds, wearily. "After  
the publishers have accepted them I  
have to re-write them to make them  
fit the illustrations."

Wilbur D. Nesbit.

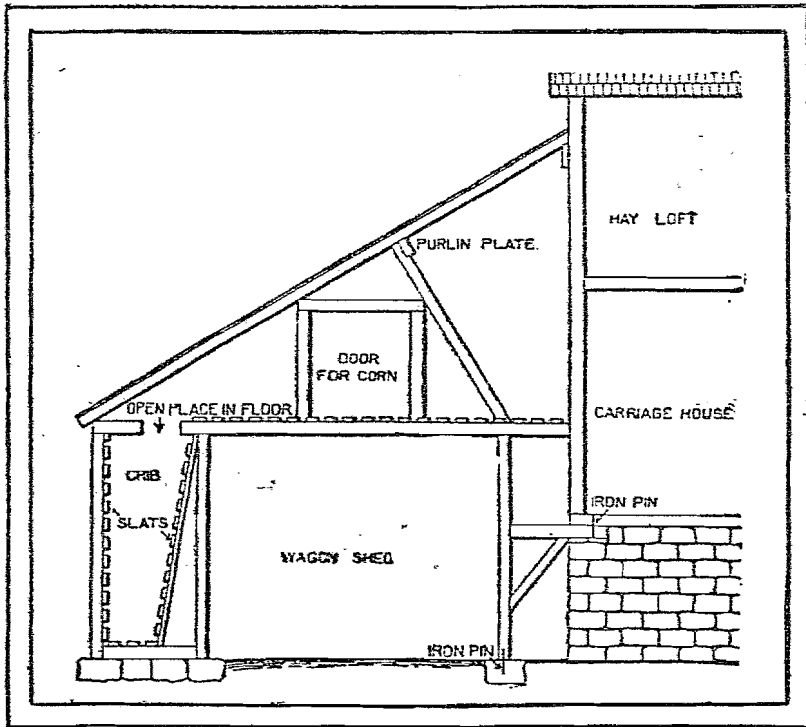
## CONVENIENT STOREHOUSE COMBINED WITH CORNCRIB

Where Farmer Raises But Little Corn an Inexpensive Crib  
Suffices—How to Erect One—By John  
Upton.

Where the farmer raises but little  
corn he needs an inexpensive crib.  
The accompanying illustration shows  
how one can build a very convenient  
corner, and also secure a shed to  
store the farm wagon, as well as other

the wagon, writes John Upton in  
American Agriculturist.

If built as here shown there should  
be a door from carriage house, so corn  
may be put upon the floor from there  
when crib is full. There should be



Convenient Shed and Corncrib.

machinery. Where the nature of the  
ground will allow it, have the floor of  
the shed and crib lower than that of  
the building to which it is added.

If this cannot be done, the corn  
may be shoveled through the small  
door at the top, or the slat floor,  
where it may dry a few days before  
going into the crib. Openings are left  
on the inside of the crib, so corn may  
be put in from the shed directly from

two narrow doors on the end of the  
shed, also doors at the side under the  
eaves.

There should be a bolt or iron pin,  
as shown, through sill of old building  
and the girt, which is mortised into  
the door post. An iron pin in bottom  
of post, with the brace, will keep the  
post in its proper place. Hang the  
small door above, so it will swing  
toward the other building.

## KEEPING SWINE ON THE FARM

Thoroughbred Stock of Any Kind  
is the Most Profitable for  
the Farmer to Keep.

I am a great believer in keeping  
swine on the farm, and have often  
wondered why more farmers do not  
engage in this profitable industry.  
writes D. M. Stuart in American Agri-  
culturist. I have bred swine for many  
years, and am a friend to all, but con-  
sider the Berkshire the most profit-  
able for me to keep. In fact, thor-  
oughbred stock of any kind is the  
most profitable for the farmer to  
keep.

In order to be successful it is neces-  
sary to give the hogs considerable  
care, especially at farrowing time. I  
put my sows in pens by themselves  
about two weeks before farrowing  
time, and feed them bran and flour  
made into a swill. Mix with hot  
water and occasionally add some salt  
and a little linseed oil. Give them  
about all they will eat. Under this  
treatment I never have any trouble  
from sows eating their pigs. After  
pigs are born feed lightly for first  
week, and increase feed as pigs grow  
older. I generally wean pigs at four  
to six weeks of age.

As I sell a large number of pigs  
each year for breeding purposes, I do  
not fatten a great many, but think  
most every farmer can make it profit-  
able to raise more pigs for pork.  
After sowing farrowing I turn my  
brood sows into a pasture and feed  
just the same as though confined in  
pens. I do not feed much corn. When  
I fatten my hogs I feed cornmeal  
with potatoes. In this way, I can feed  
my brood sow I have in my herd one  
year for \$15, and buy everything she  
eats and raise two litters of pigs. If  
there is any stock on the farm more  
profitable than that, should be pleased  
to hear what it is.

With winter quarters I have a house  
with pens 10x12 feet, which will ac-  
commodate two hogs in a pen, giving  
them as much exercise as is neces-  
sary. They are fed twice a day with  
hot swill, composed of apples, feed  
flour and water, with occasionally a  
few turnips and potatoes. Young pigs  
that are being raised for breeding are  
fed warm milk, with ground oats and  
middlings in place of feed flour.

I approve sanitary quarters for  
hogs, and should build cement walls  
and floors in preference to wood, as  
first cost is very little more, and they  
will last indefinitely.

One thing I must say for the benefit  
of the hog: It will appreciate a clean  
floor and dry bed as much as a human  
being.

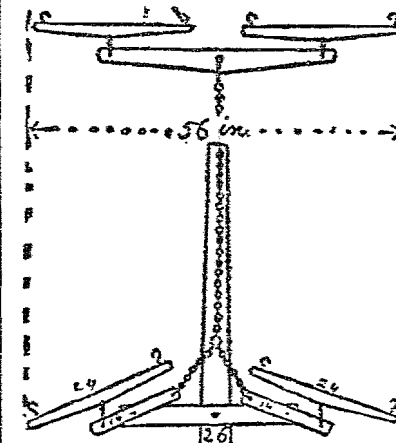
### No Eggs for Horses.

It has been claimed that it is a  
good thing to feed eggs to stallions  
during the breeding season, but a  
noted New England veterinarian  
says a well-nourished horse would not  
be greatly benefited by being fed eggs.  
It is a fact that eggs are highly nutri-  
tious and might be used to advantage  
if an animal lacked vitality. How-  
ever, the digestive system of the  
horse is not capable of digesting ani-  
mal proteins, and consequently he  
would not be able to secure the full  
benefit of such foods.

## DEVICE NEEDING FOUR HORSES

Illustration Showing One Used on  
a Harvester, With One Team  
on the Tongue.

This was used on a harvester. I  
hitch one team in lead and one on  
tongue, writes C. J. Becker, in Mis-  
souri Valley Farmer. If the tongue  
is used, a piece of hard wood 26  
inches long is bolted fast to it. To  
each end of this piece is attached two  
short bits of wood 14 inches in length.



Four-Horse Hitch.

To each of these a singletree 24  
inches long is added and the other  
end attached to a chain which extends  
forward to which the lead team is  
hitched.

### Woman Conducts a Mouse Farm.

A woman in western Massachusetts  
makes a living at the unusual occu-  
pation of mouse farming, says the Amer-  
ican Cultivator. Last year she sold  
8,000 mice and rats for experimental  
purposes. They were bought by the  
laboratories for use in the study of tu-  
berculosis and various diseases. The  
animals are artificially infected and  
the results studied by observations  
carefully recorded. Mice are used in  
greatest numbers at \$15 to \$25 per  
100. Rats sell for about \$25 per 100.  
The animals are kept in cages on the  
farm buildings. Besides rats and mice  
the live stock includes several hun-  
dred guinea pigs and a number of rab-  
bits. Some of the animals are of  
rare breeds and are sold for pets.  
They are fed on grain and vegetables,  
using several hundred dollars worth  
of oats yearly and several tons of  
carrots and other vegetables. Guinea  
pigs are used in large numbers in the  
laboratories for the manufacture of  
antitoxin, the antidote for the poison  
which certain diseases create in the  
system.

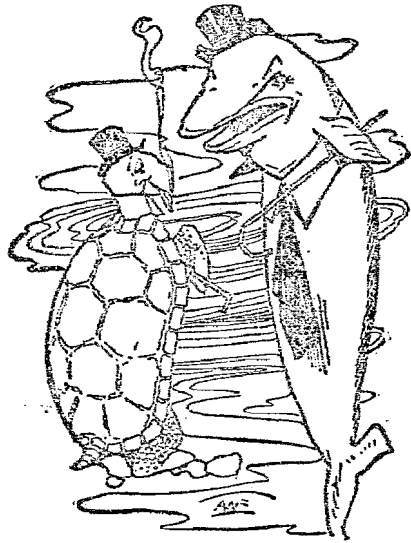
### Items About the Horse.

If you starve the colt the first win-  
ter he is liable to come out very thin  
in the spring and worth less than  
when weaned.

Oats are the best general feed for  
a horse and go well with timothy  
hay. Once or twice a week give a  
feed of corn and clover with bran  
mash. Give only what will be eaten  
up clean.

Do not give horses water imme-  
diately after eating. An hour after  
they have finished their meal is soon  
enough to water them.

### DEEP SEA TALK.



The Porpoise—I hear that the  
sporty old lobster went all to pieces  
in his last days.

The Tortoise—Well, I should say he  
did go to pieces, and small pieces.  
He ended up in a lobster salad.

### CUTICURA CURED HIM.

Eczema Came on Legs and Ankles—  
Could Not Wear Shoes Because

Of Bad Scaling and Itching.

"I have been successfully cured of  
dry eczema. I was inspecting the re-  
moval of noxious weeds from the edge  
of a river and was constantly in the  
dust from the weeds. At night I  
cleansed my limbs but felt a prickly  
sensation. I paid no attention to it  
for two years but I noticed a scum  
on my legs like fish scales. I did not  
attend to it until it came to be too  
itchy and sore and began getting two  
running sores. My ankles were all  
sore and scabby and I could not wear  
shoes. I had to use carpet and felt  
slippers for weeks. I got a cake of  
the Cuticura Soap and some Cuticura  
Ointment. In less than ten days I  
could put on my boots and in less than  
three weeks I was free from the con-  
founded itching. Capt. George P. Bliss,  
Chief of Police, Morris, Manitoba, Mar.  
20, 1907, and Sept. 24, 1908."

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

### A Useful Baby.

Speaking of tricks to win the sym-  
pathy of juries in criminal cases,  
Judge Willard M. McEwen, in a re-  
cent address before the Illinois State's  
Attorneys' association, said: "I know  
of four cases where a baby played a  
prominent part in getting the acquit-  
tal of the defendant, and I later  
learned that the same baby had been  
used in each of the cases, although  
the supposed mothers in each case  
were different women."—Law Notes.

It's the judgment of many smokers that  
Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar equals in  
quality most 10c cigars.

In Madagascar everyone wears silk,  
which is cheaper than linen.

Constipation cures and aggravates many serious  
diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Dr. Pierce's  
Pleasant Pellets. The favorite family laxative.

Woman thinks she will be man's su-  
perior when she gets her rights.

### LOW COLONIST FARES TO THE WEST AND NORTHWEST.

Union Pacific Passenger Depart-  
ment announces that Colonist Fares  
will be in effect from Sept. 15 to Oct.  
15, 1909, to all points in the West and  
Northwest.

This year the West looks more  
promising than ever. Now is the time  
to secure land at low prices, and, at  
the same time, to visit the many inter-  
esting points in the West and North-  
west, at which liberal stopover ar-  
rangements may be made.

A better estimate of raw lands can  
be made now than formerly, because  
these lands are in proximity to new  
farms that are producing wonderful  
crops.

For descriptive literature, write  
to E. L. Lomax, G. P. A., U. P. R. R.,  
Omaha, Neb.

### Women in Postal Service.

The distinction of first appointing a  
woman postmaster does not belong to  
America, nor is the employment of  
women in the postal service a new  
idea. As early as 1548 a woman post-  
master was appointed to look after the  
mails of Braine le Comte, an im-  
portant town of France. In the try-  
ing times of the Thirty Years' war,  
the principal office in the postal ser-  
vice of Europe was held by a woman,  
Alexandrine de Rue. From 1628 to  
1646 she was in charge of the mails  
of the German empire, the Nether-  
lands, Burgundy and Lorraine. She  
was known as a master general of the  
mails. In America, Elizabeth Harvey  
was the first to hold a place in the  
postal department. She had charge  
of the letters in Portsmouth, N. H., in  
the beginning of the seventeenth cen-  
tury. A half century afterward Lydia  
Hill was placed in charge of the post-  
office in Salem, Mass.

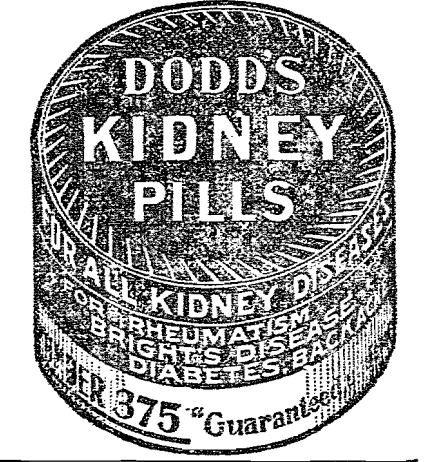
### Not Qualified for the Job.

Father (impressively)—"My son, I  
want you to be very attentive to your  
new teacher, who is a man of wide  
and general information. He can  
teach you everything you need to  
know." Small Boy (derisively)—"He?  
He don't know nothin'! Why, he  
can't even tell who's pitchin' in the  
league teams."

### The "Black-Hand" Business.

Mrs. Bart—My husband got a letter  
to-day saying something dreadful  
would happen if he didn't send the  
writer a sum of money.

Mrs. Smart—My husband gets  
dunned for his bills, too.



# Ask Her This Question

"Do you know of any woman who ever received any  
benefit from taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Com-  
pound?"

If any woman who is suffering with any ailment peculiar  
to her sex will ask her neighbors this question, she will be  
surprised at the result. There is hardly a community in  
this country where women cannot be found who have been  
restored to health by this famous old remedy, made  
exclusively from a simple formula of roots and herbs.

During the past 30 years we have published thousands  
of letters from these grateful women who have been cured  
by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and never  
in all that time have we published a testimonial without  
the writer's special permission. Never have we knowingly  
published a testimonial that was not truthful and genuine.  
Here is one just received a few days ago. If anyone doubts  
that this is a true and honest statement of a woman's experi-  
ence with Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound write  
and ask her.

Houston, Texas.—"When I first began taking Lydia E. Pink-  
ham's Vegetable Compound I was a total wreck. I had been  
sick for three years with female troubles, chronic dyspepsia,  
and a liver trouble. I had tried several doctor's medicines, but  
nothing did me any good.

"For three years I lived on medicines and thought I would  
never get well, when I read an advertisement of Lydia E. Pink-  
ham's Vegetable Compound, and was advised to try it.

"My husband got me one bottle of the Compound, and it did  
me so much good I continued its use. I am now a well woman  
and enjoy the best of health.

"I advise all women suffering from such troubles to give  
Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. They won't  
regret it, for it will surely cure you."—Mrs. Bessie L. Hicks,  
819 Cleveland St., Houston.

Any woman who is sick and suffering is foolish surely  
not to give such a medicine as this a trial. Why should it  
not do her as much good as it did Mrs. Hicks.



# The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at  
POSTOFFICE NEWS STAND  
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.

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E. L. PLATZ, Editor. Tel. 315.  
JOHN LUBOLD,  
Business Mgr. Tel. 165.

Published every Friday afternoon at  
Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF  
FLORENCE.

Entered as second-class matter June 4,  
1908 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  
Councillmen.....

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 Suttle.....Secretary

## TRADE'S UNION COUNCIL.

OMAHA, NEB.

Florence, Neb., Sept. 17, 1909.

The Gazette had a costly lesson in  
Florence, but then experience is a  
good teacher.

The paving of Main street was to  
have started Thursday, but the weather  
got out an injunction that stopped it  
temporarily.

Little Johnnie Jones and his sister  
Sue say they don't care if school  
never opens. Parents are thinking  
differently.

It's the same old story. The Ga-  
zette is in the hands of the constable.  
If anybody is afraid that this paper  
won't last put the money in the bank  
until the year is up.

## HOW TO BE POPULAR.

Show a helpful spirit toward every-  
body, and a willingness always to lend  
a hand. Every one despises a man or  
woman who is always thinking of self.  
Be generous. The world loves a  
magnanimous soul. Large-heartedness  
is always popular.

Learn to say pleasant things of  
others. Always look for the good in  
others, but never for their faults.  
Try to see the man or woman that  
God made, not the distorted one which  
an unfortunate heredity and environ-  
ment have made.

No not remember injuries. Always  
manifest a forbearing, forgiving spirit.  
Be cheerful. The sunny man is  
wanted everywhere. All doors fly  
open to him; he needs no introduc-  
tion.

Be considerate of the rights of oth-  
ers. Never monopolize conversation.  
To listen well is as great an art as to  
talk well.

Always boost for Florence. It is the  
best place in the United States to live.

Keep your premises neat and clean.  
A clean city is a big advertisement.  
Read the Tribune. It is the only  
paper devoted to the interests of  
Florence and costs only \$1 a year and  
is worth it.

## THE COUNTRY SCHOOLMA'AM.

Under a spreading leafy tree  
A country schoolma'am stands,  
A happy look upon her face  
A book within her hands.  
And round her merry children skip  
With laugh and shout and song;  
She loves the music that they make  
And longs to join the throng.

For was she not a child herself  
In days not long gone past?  
O, would that childhood days like  
these

Forever might but last!  
Each peal of laughter brings to mind  
Some untold trick of old  
That happened in her schooldays  
bright  
And treasured now like gold.

The schoolhouse standing on the hill  
To her is a delight;  
'Tis there she hears a merry word  
At morning, noon, and night,  
And people, passing along the road,  
Gaze in at the open door—  
They love to hear the youthful noise  
And think of days of yore.

Week in, week out, from morn till  
night  
She rules with steady hand  
This youthful school of children  
bright,  
And knows not when 'twill end.  
She tries to please the parents all  
And pleases every one.  
She looks the whole world in the  
face—  
Her duty's been well done.

Nor would she change her lot in life  
For riches all untold.  
For companionship of children  
Is better far than gold.  
It brings to memory back again,  
The merry days gone past.  
O, would that childhood days like  
these  
Forever might but last!

## JUST A LITTLE SERMON.

A gentleman of this city said to me  
the other morning, "Why don't you  
take for your motto 'If you can't say  
good of a man, don't say anything?'"  
That sounds nice, don't it?

At first thought one would say that  
it is a first class motto. It may be  
for an individual but how about a  
newspaper?

Why, it's fine. Every thief, every  
murderer, every grafter and every  
evildoer of whatsoever nature will  
stand up and tell what a grand good  
thing that motto is.

What a harvest the criminal would  
reap if that motto was followed.  
What a life the grafter would lead  
if that motto was adopted.

Bah! 'Tis but a platitude for the  
weak-minded and those who have not  
the nerve to stand up for the good of  
all.

The trouble in these piping times of  
peace and prosperity, graft and scan-  
dal, rapine and murder is that the  
bad in some men is not blazoned forth  
more than it is.

There's many a man in this town,  
as in all towns, masquerading as up-  
right citizens with long sanctimoni-  
ous faces for public view who are de-  
praved and vicious to the lowest ex-  
tent possible and it certainly would  
be a boon to them to have everybody  
adopt this policy.

As a platitude it's great but as a  
motto far from it.

Truth and justice should prevail and  
through truth being published justice  
will prevail.

More people are kept in the  
straight and narrow path through  
fear of being found out and the trans-  
gression becoming public than through  
almost any other agency.

It's a good idea to speak of the  
good in mankind, praise it in fact, but  
don't fail to criticize the bad, for that  
criticism, or fear of it, will do much  
to uplift humanity.

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

Lorenzo Edward, the fifteen months  
old boy of Mr. and Mrs. Putney, died  
Monday and was buried Wednesday.

Don't forget that the Florence Drug  
Co. has a full line of school supplies  
of all kinds.

Robert Olmsted has started to  
school in the Saratoga school in  
Omaha.

Sunday night's storm tore down all  
the decorations of the Eagles' head-  
quarters on Main street, necessitating  
renewal.

For Rent—A seven room house. In-  
quire of David Andrews.

## NOT JUST WHAT SHE MEANT.

Fair One's Loving Protestation Sound-  
ed Somewhat Odd to Passionate  
Woover.

It was, indeed, a beautiful night.  
The gentle zephyrs played musically  
amid the delicate fronds of the turnip  
ions, and wafted from far distant  
fields the subtle perfume of the lus-  
cious onion and the fragrance of de-  
caying cabbages.

"Betsy," he whispered, as they sat  
together on the fence surrounding  
Mrs. Filligan's pigsty, "ow beautiful  
you be! Jes' think of it, Betsy. When  
us be married us will have a pig of  
our own! Think of that, Betsy!"

"Jan," she whispered, a note of re-  
sentment in her voice, "what do I care  
There is no limit which can be re-  
garded as reasonable when once the  
craze for tallness commences; yet at  
the moment when with that mysteri-  
ous facility of the feminine nature  
tail girls seem to be looming up in all  
directions the edict goes forth that  
her reign is over and the little woman  
is in the ascendant.

Men would seem to have rather in-  
geniously guarded against fashions in  
height by becoming almost uniformly  
of medium stature. The present pre-  
diction of smaller men need not be  
taken seriously; from every point of  
view moderation in inches has been  
found satisfactory, now that we never  
know from one year to another whether  
woman is going to be ridiculously  
small or absurdly tall.

## FIND RARE WORK OF CAXTON.

Discovery in England Will Stir the  
Hearts of Bibliophiles the  
World Over.

It is good to know that there are  
still treasures in the way of books  
and pictures to be discovered in re-  
mote rural places. The latest "find"  
in England is a splendid Caxton, a  
unique volume in its original binding  
of oaken boards leather, with panel  
and border stamps of monstrous birds,  
fleur-de-lis, bees, thistles, etc. It con-  
tains the following works from the  
Caxton press: "The Mirrour of the  
World," the "Dictes of Sayings of  
the Philosophers," "Cato on Old Age,"  
"Cicero De Amicitia" and Corydale's  
"Memorare Novissima"—all in excel-  
lent condition. This "Cicero De Ami-  
citia," 1481, has a rare feature in its  
inclusion of signature D.5 which be-  
gins thus: "Here Followeth the Argu-  
ment of the Declamacyon which labor-  
eth to show wherein Honour shoulde  
Reste." The book was found in an  
old manor house in the north of Eng-  
land.

Mark of Queen's Thumb.  
Miss Buckle, superintendent of  
queen's nurses Brigatone, England, nar-  
rates a little anecdote illustrative of  
the intense interest manifested by  
Queen Victoria in her nurses. When  
the uniform was shown to the queen  
she took the bonnet and remarked:  
"Don't you think it would look prettier  
bent down in the middle: "and from  
that time the nurses always called  
that bend "the mark of the queen's  
thumb."

## THE SAME TOUCH OF NATURE.

People of To-Day and Moslem Con-  
queror of Old Show Themselves  
Alike in One Respect.

Freight car No. 16,656 of the Penn-  
sylvania railroad was held empty on  
a side track waiting until Mrs. Rob-  
in Redbreast completed the hatching  
out of a fine nestful of eggs laid on  
a journal box while the car was in  
New York.

Touching, but no novelty. When  
mighty Amr' and his Moslem hosts  
overthrew Egypt and made all north-  
ern Africa a stronghold of Allah and  
his prophet, they camped on the east  
bank of the Nile, opposite the ancient  
capital, Memphis, until they had  
licked the defenders of that ten-mil-  
es-wide and twenty-miles-long city.

When Amr' had finished he thought  
of moving into the fine town across  
the river, for which the pale shades  
of the slaughtered Egyptians had no  
further use. But in the interval a dove  
had built its nest in the peak of his  
great tent.

Moslems are kindly to animals,  
which are beyond the possibility of  
being converted to Islam by the  
sword. Amr' allowed that it would be  
a pity to disturb the dove; he de-  
layed; meanwhile a new city gradu-  
ally grew up on the bare plain to the  
north of his tent. In a word, Cairo  
rose out of the desert for the amaze-  
ment of after-ages, while the Mem-  
phian palaces of sun-dried bricks went  
back into the soil. To this day in  
South Cairo they will show you the  
original Postat, the "place of the  
dove."—New York World.

## Flying-Machines as Scouts in War.

Wright flying machine in order to  
escape attack can shoot upward at a  
pretty sharp angle and be out of range  
in a few seconds. A shrapnel might  
explode fairly into the planes without  
disabling them or injuring the op-  
erator. As a target it is small and swift,  
difficult as a bird in flight to the  
sportsman with a rifle. An army may  
have aeroplanes by flotillas as the  
navy has torpedo boats, hoping that  
some will return from any fight.  
Though they may do little killing,  
they can see what the enemy is do-  
ing—and this one factor means in all  
the work of an army staff as radical  
a change as to eliminate the post  
office from the functions of govern-  
ment by the substitution of thought  
transference. — Frederick Palmer, in  
Collier's.

## New Folding Umbrella.

A new folding umbrella is so con-  
structed that the ribs and the center  
rod, being hinged in the middle, will  
fold to half their length. When fold-  
ed and slipped into its case it is only  
16 inches long and can easily be car-  
ried in the overcoat pocket or in a  
satchel. When extended each rib  
snaps into a clamp which holds it per-  
fectly rigid, and the two sections of  
the center rod screw together in a  
firm joint. Only half a minute is re-  
quired to either set up the umbrella  
or to fold it. When set up it can be  
carried open or closed in exactly the  
same manner and with the same ap-  
pearance as an ordinary umbrella.—  
Popular Mechanics.

## Heathen and Hats.

"I came up in the car to-day," said  
a woman who once lived in the west,  
"with an Indian, fine, strong, im-  
mense, calm as any Indian I ever saw  
on the plains, but he wore a Derby hat  
on the face. Seemed terrible to me  
to see that stiff Derby hat on that fine  
calm face. I have given anything to  
see him carrying a tomahawk and  
wearing feathers on top of his head  
and trailing down his back, even if  
he went on the warpath suddenly and  
whooped. I don't think there is any-  
thing more distressing than an Indian  
in a Derby hat unless it is a Chin-  
aman in a silk hat with a glimpse of  
his pigtail wrapped jauntily around  
his head, showing just a trifle beneath  
it, to set it off."—Chicago Inver  
Ocean.

## Teaching the Blind.

An interesting entertainment, ar-  
ranged by Miss Winnifred Hoit of  
New York, secretary of the New As-  
sociation for the Blind, was a hippo-  
drome. A program including swim-  
ming races, fancy diving, life-saving,

butterfly dancing and all sorts of  
games, in which blind children took  
part, was arranged. Miss Helen Kel-  
ler was very enthusiastic about the  
entertainment, which she said illus-  
trated so well what a difference in  
courage and strength a well-developed  
body makes when a child is blind.

## NOTICE.

To Whom It May Concern:  
Notice is hereby given that the corpo-  
ration known as the Parkway Real  
Estate Company has amended its Articles  
of Incorporation to read as follows:

Article IV. The authorized capital stock  
of this corporation shall be \$10,000, divid-  
ed into shares of \$100.00 each, subscribed,  
issued and to be paid for in cash or other  
property as may be determined by the  
Board of Directors.

Article VI. The Board of Directors  
shall consist of three directors from  
whom shall be elected a President, Vice-  
President, Secretary and Treasurer.  
Dated June 21st, 1909.

D. C. PATTERSON,  
President.

s3-10-17-24

## NOTICE.

To Whom It May Concern:  
Notice is hereby given that the corpo-  
ration known as the Prudential Real  
Estate Company has amended its Articles  
of Incorporation to read as follows:

Article IV. The authorized capital stock  
of this corporation shall be \$10,000, divid-  
ed into shares of \$100.00 each, subscribed,  
issued and to be paid for in cash or other  
property as may be determined by the  
Board of Directors.

Dated June 21st, 1909.

D. C. PATTERSON,  
Secretary.

s3-10-17-24

## NOTICE.

To Whom It May Concern:  
Notice is hereby given that the corpo-  
ration known as the Prudential Real  
Estate Company has amended its Articles  
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issued and to be paid for in cash or other  
property as may be determined by the  
Board of Directors.

Dated June 21st, 1909.

D. C. PATTERSON,  
Secretary.

s3-10-17-24

## 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, September 29, 1909, at eight  
o'clock in the evening for the purpose  
of equalizing the cost of constructing the  
sewer in Sewer District No. 2 in  
the City of Florence and levying special  
assessments to the lots specially benefited  
thereby in said district for the cost of  
constructing said sewer. That the fol-  
lowing is a description of the lots to be  
assessed and the amount proposed to be  
tacked against each lot respectively:

Lot.	Block.	Tax.
1.	36.	\$12.65
2.	36.	12.65
3.	36.	12.65
4.	36.	12.65
5.	36.	12.65
6.	36.	12.65
7.	36.	12.65
8.	36.	12.65
1.	42.	\$25.50
2.	42.	25.50
3.	42.	25.50
4.	42.	25.50
5.	42.	25.50
6.	42.	25.50
7.	42.	25.50
8.	42.	25.50

Given by order of the Mayor and Coun-  
cil of the City of Florence, Nebraska,  
this 21st day of August, 1909.

CHARLES M. COTTRELL,  
City Clerk.

a27-s3-10-17

## 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.

Sermon—3:00 p. m.

Sunday school—4:30 p. m.

Our services are conducted in the  
Swedish language. All Scandinavians  
are most cordially welcome.

## LODGE DIRECTORY.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal

Order of Eagles.

Past Worthy President...Hugh Suttie

Worthy President...James Striding

Worthy Vice-President...Paul Haskell

Worthy Secretary...M. B. Thompson

Worthy Treasurer...F. H. Reynolds

Worthy Chaplain...E. L. Platz

Inside Guard...Neils 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.

## Fall Announcement

You will be interested in knowing  
that we have received our line of new  
Fall woollens for men's made to order  
clothes sent to us by the famous tailoring  
firm of

Strauss Brothers  
Master Tailors Chicago

whose exclusive local agency we have the  
privilege of controlling. We shall find  
great pleasure in displaying this line to  
you because of its exceptional merit.  
Every pattern is of approved quality.  
The variety is practically endless. All  
the latest ideas in grays, browns, olives,  
drabs are at your service. The fashions  
represent the authoritative thought of  
the country's leading designers. The  
workmanship of the clothes could not be  
any better because the pick of the nation's  
tailors are employed by Strauss Brothers.  
Prices are remarkably low considering the  
great values you receive. We shall deem  
it a privilege to show you through the line,  
whether you decide to order or not. It  
will be well worth your while to spend a  
few minutes with us.

McCLURE'S BIG STORE

Tel. 119 Florence, Neb.

## Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of America.

Past Oracle.....Emma Powell  
Oracle.....Blanche Thompson  
Vice Oracle.....Harriet Taylor  
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, Elmer  
Taylor.  
Meets 1st and 2nd Monday at Wall's  
Hall.

## MEALS

The best in the city for  
the price.

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

## KIERLE ICE CO.

Reservoir Ice

TEL. FLORENCE 208 and 347

## The Florence Tailor

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

1518 MAIN STREET  
Florence

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted

## McCOY & OLMSTED

Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law

652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16

## Henry Anderson

THE SCHLITZ PLACE

Finest Wines and Liquors and Ci-  
gars. Sole agent for celebrated  
Metz Bros. Bottled Beer for Flo-  
rence and vicinity.

Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

Did you ever stop to think that a  
cancelled check was the best receipt  
you could have.  
Open an account with us and see  
what it does for you. We do a gen-  
eral banking business, pay interest on  
deposits, sell you drafts good in all  
parts of the world, the best way to  
send money. We insure your store or  
house in good companies.

## BANK OF FLORENCE

'PHONE 310.

## W. H. HOLLETT

Bakery, Restaurant, Candies  
Cigars, Fresh Roasted  
Peanuts

We Make a Specialty of Fine Cakes

## BLACKSMITH SHOP

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  
Phone Benson 287 BENSON, NEB.

JOHN C. RENNINGER, BARBER SHOP

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## Farmers' State Bank

CAPITAL, \$25,000.00

Does a General Banking Business  
on a Conservative Basis. 4 per  
cent on Time Deposits.

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&lt;



## FORT CALHOUNNOTES

Z. Leftwich marketed hogs at So. Omaha Tuesday.

Hillcroft farm won second at the state fair last week in the fat short-horn class of steers under one year on Hillcroft Sculptor. They also had three head of Poland-China hogs on display, but did not get in on the money.

Joe Bolln marketed hogs at South Omaha Tuesday.

The Rev. Mr. Bell of the Omaha Presbyterian Church of the Covenant, visited Dr. Curtis.

Mrs. James Foley of Blair, Mrs. John Carter of Tyson and Miss Buena Gardaper of Tekamah were at Marion Trisber's.

Harry Johnson came out to his parents from the Omaha postoffice for a visit.

Miss Lena Vanzago, daughter of Mrs. Johanna Vanzago, and Roy M. Chase, both of Ft. Calhoun, were married by Rev. Charles W. Savidge at his residence Wednesday at 2 p. m. John Chase and Miss Carolyn Deyo, both of Florence, were the attendants.

Florence Tribune—SEVEN . . . . . Mr. and Mrs. Tracy of Henry county, Ill., were at James Walton's.

Henry Gherke has sold the former pioneer, John Allen farm, mostly hill land, to a man named Meyers of Pender for \$58 per acre.

Cornelius Haskins of Kansas, on a visit to his sister, Mrs. David Miller, was suddenly called to Carson, Ia., by the illness of his father.

Master Howard Beales tended store for Fred Frahm, while Fred was in Lincoln at fair.

Master Klabunde was unloading hogs at the stock yards when the horses took fright, scattered the hogs on the streets and then ran to the river, four miles before they were caught, without damage to hogs, wagon, team or harness.

Rev. W. J. Primrose of Primrose has been asked to preach at Ponca Creek Presbyterian church again while attending Bellevue college.

About two cars of apples, pears, etc., were shipped last week.

Herman Rafman has a new ear of corn on exhibition that makes him proud.

The late E. H. Clarke, Colonel Stevens, Hiram Craig, Mr. Andrews Hans Rohwer, Elain Clarke and Governor Crouse paid as high as \$2 a tree for apple trees and insisted that some day this would be a fruit growing country, and already this season Fort Calhoun has shipped two cars to Chicago and several cars west and men are still busy picking and shipping both apples and pears.

Elder Ardt of Blair came from Germany to America three years before the civil war and had so much love for the stars and stripes that he gave up \$60 a month to carry a musket at 16. The old man is now 84 years old and pretty lively yet.

Rev. Mr. Rice, former pastor here, has been in Utah all summer and expects to preach in Florida next year.

James Foley, who has just sold his farm near Blair for \$24,000 bought his 120 acres near Fort Calhoun and paid for it in less than one winter's work teaming to Omaha. A few years later he sold it for over \$2,000. Today it cannot be bought for \$12,000.

Miss Mary Nichols has returned to Omaha for the winter.

William Smith is moving some of his horses to his livery stable up town.

Henry Clasan, who was very ill, is now about again.

Fred and William Frahm, Lyman Beck and Walter Doyle were among state fair visitors.

Rev. Dick Lay, who has been visiting at the parsonage, has gone back to the Presbyterian seminary at DuBuque, Ia.

Dennis Barkalow came out Saturday to visit the young woman he is soon to make his bride.

Miss Louise Peck and Mr. Barkalow are both grandchildren of territorial pioneers who helped to make Omaha great. Their grandparents are still active in the good work and the young people are pretty sure to follow in the same footsteps.

William Iversen has decorated his farm with a new four-horse power sheller with a complex horse power.

Mrs. John Seirk had a birthday party Saturday. Elder Lehman and wife, of Omaha, Carl Feldhusen and family of Florence and Peter Klindt of Locust hill were in attendance.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambler write from Halfway, Ore., that cloudburst has caused an overflow of the irrigation district.

The Knights of Pythias lodge, about fifty strong, with ice cream and

trimmings, were boating on the Stillwater Sunday.

David Miller was called to Iowa to attend the funeral of his father-in-law.

Saturday night a farmer reported that the missing man, W. Lytle, got him out of bed and sold him some wood and said he was going to Blair, and that is the last trace so far.

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

Miss Hazel Weber returned to her home in Wayne, Neb., Tuesday afternoon after a delightful visit among relatives here.

Mr. and Mrs. Olin Wullison of Pennsylvania have been the guests of his uncle, W. B. Parks and family during the past week. Mr. and Mrs. Parks accompanied them on a visit among their relatives at Surprise, Neb.

Rev. W. H. Amos attended a meeting of Presbytery held in the North church, Omaha, this week.

Chas. E. Clark of Craig, Neb., was the guest of his old school mate, Miss Prudence Tracy, last Friday.

Miss Lucile Negley returned recently from spending the summer with her aunt, Miss Bertie Wilson, near Long Pine, Neb.

Don't forget the "bake day" of the Ladies Aid exhibited at the postoffice building Saturday, September 18. Those who were disappointed last Saturday over a mistake in the date should come early so as not to be again disappointed. From 1 p. m. till all the home baking is sold.

Miss Edith Gabrielson is taking a two weeks' vacation at her home in Gilmore City, Iowa.

D. C. Lonergan exhibited twelve head of his Poland-China hogs at the state fair last week and brought home four of five more ribbons. He won second on aged boar with Big Victor and would have landed first had he put 150 pounds more on him. He also won first on sow one year and under 18 months with Guy's Queen, fifth on boar six month and under one year with Hazel's Vic. and sixth on aged sow with Guy's Best.

George Gamble was elected chaplain of the state aerie of Eagles at Benson this week.

Saturday night Henry Anderson's saloon was robbed of about \$10 worth of whiskey. Tom Cluck was picked up drunk with a lot of empty bottles on his person and at his preliminary trial was bound over to a higher court.

## Uneeda Biscuit

are made from the finest flour and the best materials obtainable—

That Makes them an ideal

**Food**

## Uneeda Biscuit

are baked in surroundings where cleanliness and precision are supreme—

That Makes them

**Pure**

## Uneeda Biscuit

are touched only once by human hands—when the pretty girls pack them—

That Makes them

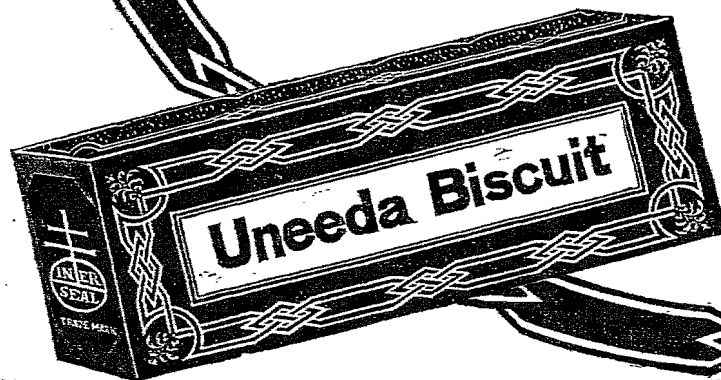
**Clean**

## Uneeda Biscuit

are sealed in a moisture proof package—

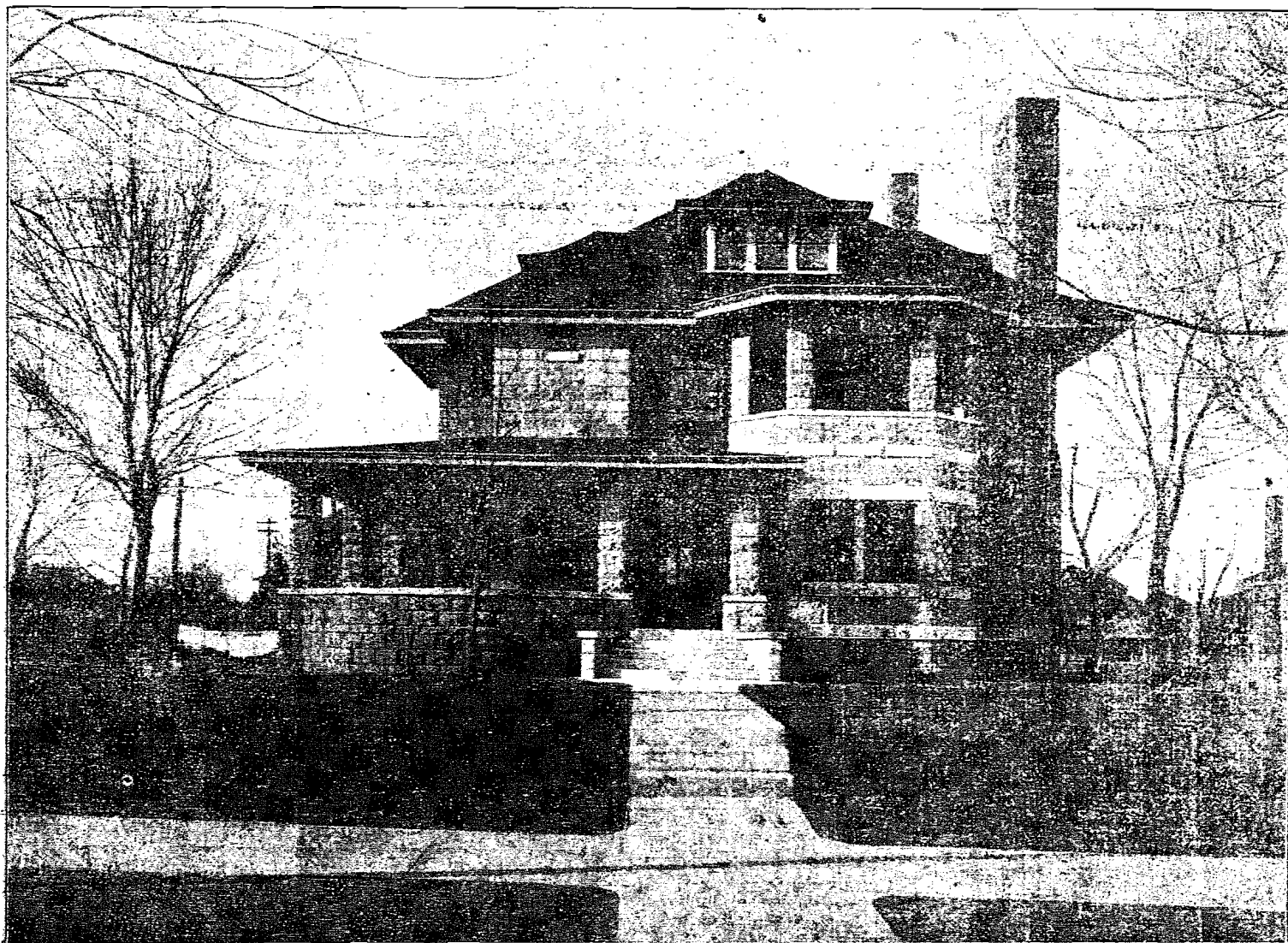
That Keeps them

**Fresh**



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

**5c**



Residence of Dr. R. E. Lamoreaux, Near Thirty-third and Woolworth, Omaha.

Are you going to do any building? If so, don't fail to investigate Cement Blocks as a building material, and don't overlook us when you want estimates on any work. We have on hand always a complete line and assortment to select from. Oldest Cement Stone Yard in Omaha. Have built six cement residences in Florence. Are now building the J. J. Cole block.

COME AND SEE US OR TELEPHONE US YOUR WANTS.  
PROMPT DELIVERY AND GOOD WORK

# Omaha Concrete Stone Co.

FRANK WHIPPERMAN, Manager.

28th AVE. AND SAHLER ST., OMAHA, NEB.

Office Phone Web. 886, Ind. B-3018

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# A TEXAS CLERGYMAN

Speaks Out for the Benefit of Suffering Thousands.

Rev. G. M. Gray, Baptist clergyman, of Whitesboro, Tex., says: "Four years ago I suffered misery with lumbago. Every movement was one of pain. Doan's Kidney Pills removed the whole difficulty after only a short time. Although I do not like to have my name used publicly, I make an exception in this case, so that other sufferers from kidney trouble may profit by my experience."

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-McIlburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

Douglas Jerrold's Wit.

On the first night of the representation of Jerrold's pieces a successful adapter from the French rallied him on his nervousness.

"I," said the adapter, "never feel nervous on the first night of my pieces."

"Ah, my boy," Jerrold replied, "you are always certain of success. Your pieces have all been tried before."

He was sorely disappointed with a certain book written by one of his friends. This friend heard that Jerrold had expressed his disappointment and questioned him: "I hear you said — was the worst book I ever wrote."

"No, I didn't," came the answer; "I said it was the worst book anybody ever wrote."

Of a mistaken philanthropist Jerrold said he was "so benevolent, so merciful a man—he would have held an umbrella over a duck in a shower of rain."—Argonaut.

## Mottoes of a Queen.

Her majesty, the queen of Portugal, pins her faith, it is said, to the following mottoes:

Keep out of doors all you can. Breathe outdoor air, live in it, revel in it. Don't shut yourself up. Build your houses so that the air supply is good. Throw away your portieres and bric-a-brac. Don't have useless trifles about you.

Have a favorite form of exercise and make the most of it. Ride on horseback if you can; cycle if you cannot get a horse; do anything to get out in the open air.

Don't overeat. Drink little and let that little be pure. Don't try to dress too much, yet dress as well as you are able. Wear everything you can to make yourself lovely.

## What's the Matter with Baby?

"I wonder what makes baby cry so?" said the first friendly person. "Perhaps a pin is annoying it," ventured another.

"Or else it's hungry," said a third. "Or teething," said another. "You can't do anything for that."

"Aw, look at the way he's kicking, and see how his little fists are doubled up," put in Bobby. "He wants somebody of his own size to fight with, that's what he wants."

## Just an Angel.

"My wife is awfully good to me," "Lucky man! How does she show it?"

"She lets me spend all the money I save by shaving myself to buy baseball tickets."—Cleveland Leader.

## Quite True.

"Alas!" moaned the egg on the kitchen table, waiting for the cook's beater; "give every man his dessert and which of us escapes whipping?"

At a rose competition in Paris recently, 69 entirely new varieties of roses were exhibited.

Your fellow countrymen bought \$11,000,000 worth of patent medicine.

## PRESSED HARD

Coffee's Weight on Old Age.

When prominent men realize the injurious effects of coffee and the change in health that Postum can bring, they are glad to lend their testimony for the benefit of others.

A superintendent of public schools in North Carolina says:

"My mother since her early childhood, was an inveterate coffee drinker and had been troubled with her heart for a number of years, and complained of that 'weak all over' feeling and sick stomach."

"Some time ago I was making an official visit to a distant part of the country and took dinner with one of the merchants of the place. I noticed a somewhat peculiar flavor of the coffee, and asked him concerning it. He replied that it was Postum."

"I was so pleased with it, that after the meal was over, I bought a package to carry home with me, and had wife prepare some for the next meal. The whole family liked it so well, that we discontinued coffee and used Postum entirely."

"I had really been at times very anxious concerning my mother's condition, but we noticed that after using Postum for a short time, she felt so much better than she did prior to its use, and had little trouble with her heart and no sick stomach; that the headaches were not so frequent, and her general condition much improved. This continued until she was as well and hearty as the rest of us."

"I know Postum has benefited myself and the other members of the family, but not in so marked a degree as in the case of my mother, as she was a victim of long standing."

Read "The Road to Wellville," in books.

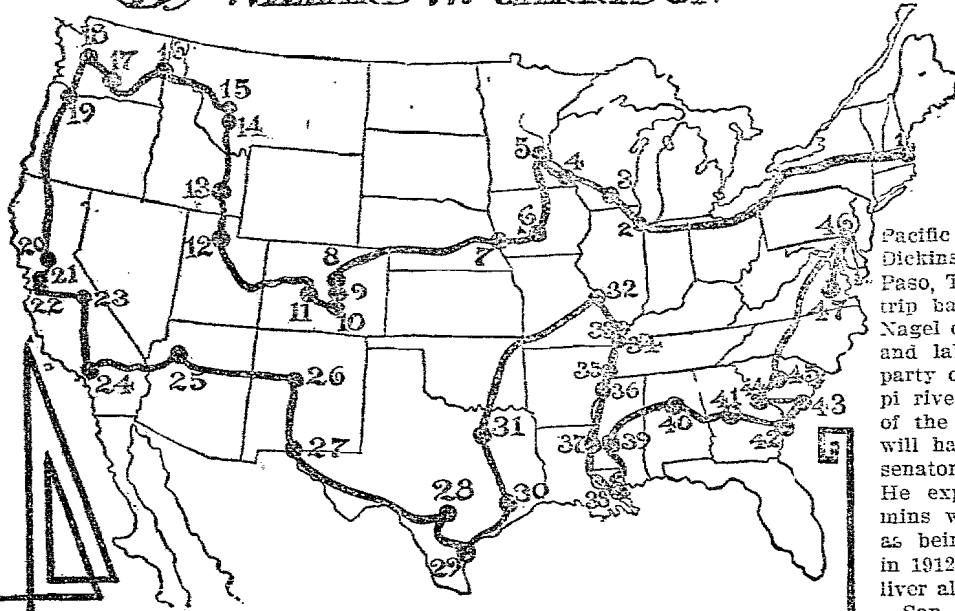
## There's a Reason.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

# President Taft's 13,000 Mile Tour

IN THE ROLE OF ENGINEER.

By WILLARD W. GARRISON



Key Numbers Show President's Course:

Leaves—Beverly, Mass.	Sept. 15	El Paso	Oct. 16
1—Boston, Mass.	Sept. 15	25—San Antonio, Tex.	Oct. 17
2—Chicago, Ill.	Sept. 16	26—Fort San Houston, Tex.	Oct. 18
3—Madison, Milwaukee	Sept. 16	27—Corpus Christi	Oct. 18
4—Portage, Wis.	Sept. 17	28—Brother's ranch at Corpus Christi	Oct. 19-20-21-22
5—Winona, Minn.	Sept. 17	29—Houston, Tex.	Oct. 23-24
6—Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn.	Sept. 18-19	30—Dallas, Tex.	Oct. 23-24
7—Des Moines, Ia.	Sept. 20	31—St. Louis, Mo.	Oct. 25
8—Omaha, Neb.	Sept. 20	32—East St. Louis, Ill.	Oct. 25
9—Denver, Col.	Sept. 21	33—Cape Girardeau, Mo.	Oct. 26
10—Wichita, Kan.	Sept. 22	34—Cairo, Ill.	Oct. 26
11—Glenwood Spgs., Col.	Sept. 23	35—Hickman, Ky.	Oct. 26
12—Montrose, Col.	Sept. 23	36—Memphis, Tenn.	Oct. 27
13—Salt Lake City, Utah	Sept. 23	37—Helena, Ark.	Oct. 27
14—Pocatello, Idaho	Sept. 23	38—Vicksburg, Miss.	Oct. 28
15—Butte, Mont.	Sept. 27	39—Baton Rouge, La.	Oct. 28
16—Helena, Mont.	Sept. 27	40—New Orleans, La.	Oct. 29
17—Spokane, Wash.	Sept. 28	41—Jackson, Miss.	Nov. 1
18—North Yakima, Wash.	Sept. 29	42—Columbus, Miss.	Nov. 1
19—Seattle, Sept. 29-30 and Oct. 1		43—Birmingham, Ala.	Nov. 2-3
20—Portland, Ore.	Oct. 2-3	44—Macon, Ga.	Nov. 4
21—Sacramento, Cal.	Oct. 4	45—Savannah, Ga.	Nov. 4
22—Oakland, Cal.	Oct. 5	46—Charleston, S. C.	Nov. 5
23—Berkeley, Cal.	Oct. 5	47—Augusta, Ga.	Nov. 6-7
24—San Francisco	Oct. 5	48—Columbia, S. C.	Nov. 8
25—Yosemite Valley	Oct. 6-7-8-9	49—Wilmington, N. C.	Nov. 9
26—Fresno, Cal.	Oct. 10	50—Richmond, Va.	Nov. 9
27—Los Angeles, Cal.	Oct. 11-12	51—Washington, D. C.	Nov. 10
28—Grand Canyon	Oct. 14	52—Hiddletown, Conn.	Nov. 11
29—Albuquerque, N. Mex.	Oct. 15	53—Norfolk, Va.	Nov. 19
30—El Paso, Tex.	Oct. 16	54—Hampton, Va.	Nov. 20
Meets President Diaz of Mexico at		55—Washington, D. C.	Nov. 21

**P**RESIDENT WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT, backed up by 326 pounds of joyful smiles is to-day speeding westward on a 13,000-mile tour of the United States.

The trip is over two months in duration, starting September 15 from Boston and ending with the president's arrival in Washington for the winter, on November 21.

It is the longest journey through the length and breadth of the United States ever undertaken by an American executive while in office, and the trip is notable in presidential annals.

While ex-President Theodore Roosevelt is smashing precedents and setting new ones in Africa by riding on the cowcatchers of engines, etc., his successor is getting close to the soil in his own environment.

Riding with the engineer, getting his picture taken leaning from the cab of the engine almost in the act of swabbing the grease from the numbers on the side of the vehicle, stretching over the observation platform to shake hands with countrymen at towns where two-minute stops are billed, shouting a cheery "howdy" as the special train pulls out of the small town station, "Big Bill" Taft is racing from coast to coast and back again.

He was scheduled to touch the extreme northern boundary of the country and upon the occasion, October 16, when it was prearranged that he should shake hands with President Diaz of Mexico, and thereby cement relations between these national neighbors, he was slated to set foot on the south boundary.

He started from Beverly, Mass., which is on the east coast of the United States and his program called for a visit of several days at Seattle and other points on the Pacific coast which is the west boundary of the union. Thus it was predestined that the executive should set foot on the four extreme lines which enclose the domain which selected him as its head.

The personnel of the president's traveling party besides the president, consists of John Hays Hammond, president of the League of Republican Clubs; Capt. Archibald W. Butt, military aide; Wendell W. Mischler, assistant secretary; Dr. J. J. Richardson of Washington, D. C.; James Sloan, Jr., and L. C. Wheeler of the secret service and Maj. Arthur Brooks, the president's confidential messenger. Six newspaper men accompany the president throughout the entire trip. The party travels in two private cars attached for the greater part of the time to regular trains. Besides the regular executive affairs, President Taft is preparing his message to congress and a small part of each day is spent in either making memoranda or mental notes on points upon which he will elucidate in the regular communication due in December.

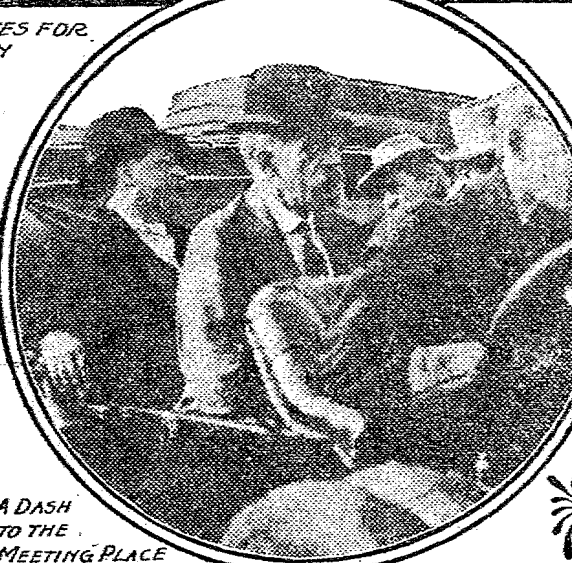
Secretary Carpenter, the man who handles much of the president's business of national importance, has packed away in his grips several hundred pounds of programs which are to be carried out at the various points at which the president is scheduled to stop and make a few remarks.

There is scarcely a state in the union through which the president does not pass. Every big city in the country with only a few exceptions, will be invaded in accordance with the presidential program.

Leaving Boston, after motoring into the city of highbrows, Mr. Taft and his two special trains departed westward for Chicago, arriving in the windy city the following day. Party chiefs there received him with the sort of glad hand that Chicago knows how to extend. Taft's palm turned upward in response to the cordial greeting, after



FIVE MINUTES FOR A RECEPTION



A DASH TO THE MEETING PLACE

which he was down on the bookings to "do" Madison, Portage and Milwaukee, Wis., in a single day on his way to Minneapolis and St. Paul, Minn.

Thence the program called for a southern trip to Des Moines, Iowa, and Omaha, Neb., with a long jump to Denver, Colo., which city a little over a year ago wasn't big enough to hold all the Democrats who wanted William Jennings Bryan for the job Mr. Taft now has.

Thence to Wolhurst, Pueblo, Glenwood Springs and Montrose, Colo. From there the president was routed to Salt Lake City, Utah, Pocatello, Idaho, Butte and Helena, Mont., Spokane, North Yakima and Seattle, Wash.

The line of travel from Spokane extends southward along the Pacific coast, the southern states being next to receive the president. At El Paso, Texas, one of the most notable events of the tour will occur when on the sixteenth day of October President Diaz of Mexico and President Taft of the United States, will shake hands in a mutual harmony carnival.

Along the northern line of travel "Oh, you Bill Taft!" became a slogan, and "Howdy Bill!" was another favorite expression of the multitude dur-

ing the first days of the tour. That great big 326 pound Taft smile, which is the only one of its kind in captivity, was the greeting which met the salutations from close to the soil.

Secretary of the Interior Ballinger will accompany the president through the Pacific northwest. Secretary of War Dickinson will join the party at El Paso, Texas, and make the remaining trip back to Washington. Secretary Nagel of the department of commerce and labor will be a member of the party on the trip down the Mississippi river. During his stay in certain of the states the president probably will have as guests on his train the senators of those commonwealths. He expected to meet Senator Cummins who has been reported of late as being boomed for the presidency in 1912, at Des Moines. Senator Dolliver also was to be at Des Moines.

San Antonio, Texas will add its welcome to President Diaz at El Paso in the meeting of the president of the Latin republic with President Taft, on October 16, through a committee of 100 citizens and members of the international club. If President Diaz decides to return to Mexico City via San Antonio, a special train will be placed at his disposal and he and his staff will be given possession of the international club's home. A special committee of 25 conveyed this welcome and invitation to President Diaz in Mexico City. President Taft was

"Howdy, Bill!"



PRESIDENT DIAZ OF MEXICO, WHOM TAFT WILL MEET

made honorary president and member for life of the club, as are President Diaz and former President Roosevelt, and a special committee will present engrossed certificates of election to him before his visit.

Arriving at St. Louis from Texas at 7:27 a. m., Monday, October 25, President Taft will be entertained at breakfast at 8:30

o'clock by the Commercial club at the St. Louis hotel. At 11 a. m. he will make an address in the Coliseum, which holds 15,000 people.

At 2 p. m. the president will be the guest of Business Men's League at luncheon, in the Jefferson hotel. He will not speak at this function, but will hurry to East St. Louis (Ill.), to attend the dedication of a government building there at 4 p. m.

The president will return to St. Louis in time to sail for New Orleans on the steamboat Mississippi at 5 p. m. Arriving at Cape Girardeau, Mo., at 6 a. m., October 26, the president will be routed out of bed to make an address from the upper deck of the steamboat to the people gathered on the wharf. Leaving Cape Girardeau at 7 a. m., there will be a five-hour run to Cairo, Ill., where at noon Mr. Taft will make a second address from the boat. Leaving Cairo at 1 o'clock the next stop is scheduled at Hickman, Ky., at 4 p. m., where the third address from the deck of the Mississippi will be made. Leaving Hickman at 5 p. m. an all-night run will bring the party to Memphis, Tenn., at 8 o'clock on the morning of Wednesday, October 27.

At Memphis the president will leave the steamer and be entertained in the city for four hours, making an address while there. Helena, Ark., will be reached at 6 p. m. on the 27th, and an address from the boat is scheduled. On Thursday, October 28, the only stop is scheduled at Vicksburg, where the president's party arrives at 5 p. m.

## BIG PROFIT MADE ON LAND

Which Can Be Bought for a Mere Song in the Little Snake River Valley, Routt County, Colo.

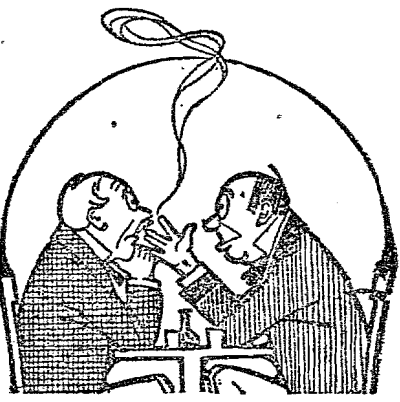
A ten per cent profit on a valuation of over \$200 an acre is what is being made now by farmers in the Little Snake River valley in Routt County, Colorado, and lands similar in quality and with gilt edged water rights are now offered by the State of Colorado under the Carey Act at \$35.50 per acre on ten years' time.

This land will grow in abundance oats, potatoes, sugar beets and all other grains, grasses and root crops, and is suitable for all kinds of fruit, except possibly the most delicate of tree fruits.

The land is sold in tracts of 40, 80, 120 and 160 acres to citizens of the United States, or those who have declared their intentions of becoming citizens. There is no drawing in connection with this land; first come, first served being the policy.

If interested, write to the Routt County Colonization Co., 1734 Welton street, Denver, Colorado, for full information as to the land, special excursion rates, etc.

## SUBJECT TO CONDITIONS.



Gimlet—Fibbs claims to have caught a catfish weighing 50 pounds down in the creek, does he? Well, it's safe to say he's lying to the extent of about 40 pounds.

Hammer—Not if he hears you say it.

## WHAT IS PAINT?

The paint on a house is the extreme outside of the house. The wood is simply a structural under layer. That is as it should be. Unprotected wood will not well withstand weather. But paint made of pure white lead and linseed oil is an invulnerable armor against sun and rain, heat and cold. Such paint protects and preserves, fortifying the perishable wood with a complete metallic casing.

And the outside of the house is the looks of the house. A well-constructed building may be greatly depreciated by lack of painting or by poor painting.

National Lead Company have made it possible for every building owner to be absolutely sure of pure white lead paint before applying. They do this by putting upon every package of their white lead their Dutch Boy Painter trademark. That trademark is a complete guarantee.

## True Thrift.

"When visiting a certain town in the Midlands," says a medical man, "I was told of an extraordinary incident wherein the main figure, an economical housewife, exhibited, under trying circumstances, a trait quite characteristic of her. It seems that she had by mistake taken a quantity of poison—mercurial poison—the antidote for which, as all should know, comprises the whites of eggs. When this antidote was being administered, the order for which the unfortunate lady had overheard, she managed to murmur, although almost unconscious, 'Mary, Mary! Save the yolks for the puddings!'"—Tit-Bits.

## Why We Are Stronger.

The old Greeks and Romans were great admirers of health and strength; their pictures and statuary made the muscles of the men stand out like cords.

As a matter of fact we have athletes and strong men—men fed on fine strength making food such as Quaker Oats—that would win in any contest with the old Roman or Greek champions.

It's a matter of food. The finest food for making strength of bone, muscle and nerve is fine oatmeal. Quaker Oats is the best because it is pure, no husks or stems or black specks. Farmers' wives are finding that by feeding the farm hands plentifully on Quaker Oats they get the best results in work and economy. If you are convenient to the store, buy the regular size packages; if not near the store buy the large size family package.

## An Arbitrary Classification.

"So you think every patriot has a more or less clearly defined ambition to hold public office?"

"Yes," answered Senator S. M. "As a rule, patriots are divided into two classes—the appointed and the disappointed."

## His Helping Hand.

First Him—When that man fell overboard, why did you throw the cigar I gave you after him?

Second Him—I thought I heard the poor devil call for a rope!

## Good for Sore Eyes.

For 100 years PITT'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye diseases everywhere. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Bees sometimes fly two miles from the hive and find their way back without difficulty.

## Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

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

A dead beat always gets more credit than he deserves.



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.

Men is creation's masterpiece.  
Light Your Way.  
Don't make light of life, but put light enough into it to enable you to see good roads to the end.—Exchange.

No Shape in It.  
"Did she leave her business in good shape?" "No; she couldn't. She's a fashionable dressmaker."

**HERE IN OMAHA IN OUR OWN SHOP**  
We grind our own invisible bifocal lenses. There is no cement to flake or ugly lines to blur the vision. One solid piece of glass. Ask to see them. Free examination. **HUTCHESON OPTICAL CO.** Exclusive Opticians, 213 S. 16th St., Omaha, Neb. Factory on premises. Wholesale and Retail.

**Nebraska Directory**  
**TAFT'S DENTAL ROOMS**  
1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.  
Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

**TYPEWRITERS** ALL MAKES  
We repair, rent, and sell typewriters. We also sell and repair adding machines. Write for our list of machines and prices. **H. F. SWANSON** 16, 221 Woodman Bldg., Omaha.

**MARSEILLES GRAIN ELEVATORS**  
are the best; insist on having them.  
Ask your local dealer, or  
**JOHN DEERE PLOW CO.** OMAHA

The Roof with the Lap.  
All Vent Heads Protected  
**CAREY'S ROOFING**  
Hail and Fire Resisting  
Ask your dealer or  
**SUNDERLAND ROOFING & SUPPLY CO.**  
Omaha, Neb.

**FURS**  
**G. E. SHUKERT**  
401-3 S. 15th St., Omaha, Neb.  
Estab. 1883. Mail orders filled.

**Cheap Lands in Colorado**  
Good, level, rich farm land, close to Denver and main line of railroads. Can be sold in one acre or one-half sections from \$7.50 to \$10.00 an acre. Good settlers all around growing big crops. Land sure to do in a short time. **HASTINGS & HYDEN**, 614 Harney Street, Omaha, Nebraska.

**DOCTORS SEARLES & SEARLES**  
Specialists for MEN AND WOMEN  
Established in Omaha 25 YEARS  
Pay Our Fee When Cured  
Write for Symptom Blank for Home Treatment of Men and Women. For all ailments no matter how acquired.  
Free Examination and Consultation  
Northwest Corner 14th & Douglas Sts., 2nd Floor, OMAHA Dept. A

**MILLARD HOTEL** 13th and Douglas Sts.  
American—\$2.00 per day and upwards.  
European—\$1.00 per day and upwards.

**OMAHA** Take Dodge Street Car at Union Depot.  
**ROME MILLER**  
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## BETZVILLE TALES

### Aunt Rhinocolura Betz and the Coachman.

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

Aunt Rhinocolura Betz has long been the leader of Betzville society circles, and justly so, having always eight more kinds of bottles of face wash on her toilet table than any other lady, but the real reason she keeps a carriage and coachman is because of her wooden leg, and not for style. But if a lady has to have the accessories of a wooden leg she might as well get all the style out of them that she can. If my head was very bald I would keep it so highly polished that it would be an ornament.

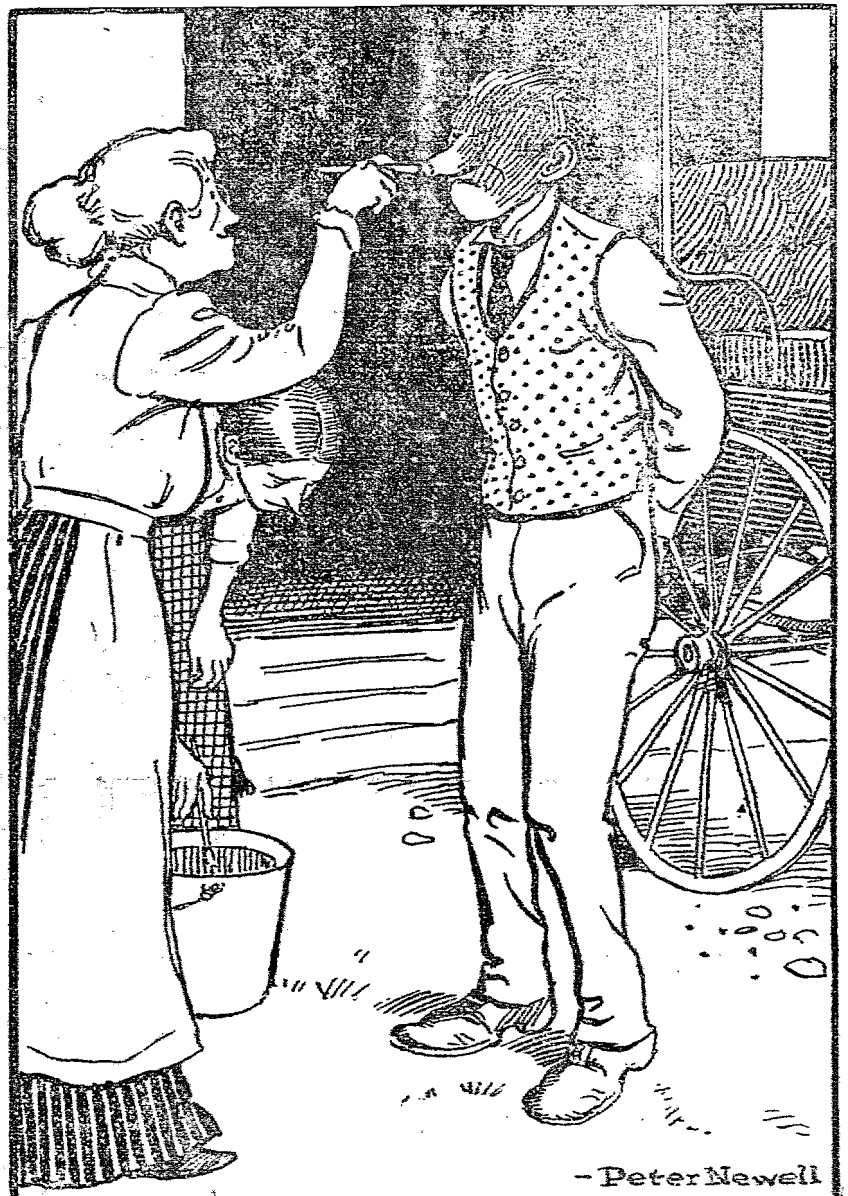
Five weeks ago last Tuesday Aunt Rhinocolura received a letter from her cousin's wife in Washington that was full of brag about her new coach, that was dark tan in the upholstery, and just matched her dark tan suit, and she said she had got that particular shade because it just matched her dark tan coachman's complexion, and that the whole thing was therefore very stylish.

It doesn't take much of a hint to inform Aunt Rhinocolura what is

inharmonious, and she dyed his hair accordingly.

It was a proud moment for her and Jabez when they took their first drive. Aunt Rhinocolura had the blessed satisfaction of knowing she was right in style, and Jabez had the satisfaction of knowing he matched the upholstery as well as possible. It was affecting to see him lay his hand on the cushion of his seat and gaze at it with honest pride, and all would have been well if it hadn't come on to rain.

As soon as it began to rain Aunt Rhinocolura told Jabez to drive home as fast as he could, for she had doubts about the dye being a fast color, seeing it had not been boiled into his complexion, and Jabez whipped up, but the rain poured down on a slant, right into his face and on his hands, and when he reached the barn he was a bright and beautiful blue, with streaks of green all through it. He looked like a marbled coachman, or an Easter egg. They went right to work and dyed



—Peter Newell

So They Did the Best They Could, and Gave Him Six Coats of Dye.

what, and as soon as she had finished the letter she called Jabez Wicks. Jabez is coachman to Aunt Rhinocolura, and has been ever since her leg got cut off, and he is a faithful fellow. So he came in and stood respectfully, and Aunt Rhinocolura read the letter to him, but as she went on Jabez turned mighty pale. The trouble was that Aunt Rhinocolura's coach was upholstered in dark green, and Aunt Rhinocolura had a dark green dress of the same shade. At first Jabez shuffled his feet on the floor, and then he gasped once or twice, like a fish, but Aunt Rhinocolura looked at him with a stern but kind eye, and so he just said "Gosh!" like a man that is so surprised he can't say any more.

So that afternoon Aunt Rhinocolura and her hired girl went out into the back yard and Jabez rolled the coach out into the light, and they went to work on him with the package of Absolutely Fast Persian Dye. They had to have the coach so they could match the color exactly. It was a pretty hard color to match.

Aunt Rhinocolura admitted afterward that it was a mistake to try a dye that was meant for woolen goods on the human face, and it was not until they had tried and tried to get the right color that they thought of reading over the directions, and noticed that they said: "Boil the goods in the dye." When Aunt Rhinocolura read that a sort of spasm of fright passed over Jabez Wicks' face. Jabez was a faithful coachman but he seemed to have a lingering dislike to being boiled in green dye, and Aunt Rhinocolura, after she had considered the matter seriously decided she would not boil Jabez; it might get a better color, but Jabez wouldn't be much use as a coachman after he had been boiled. So they did the best they could and gave him six coats of dye, rubbing it in well, and at each coat he came a little nearer the shade of the coach upholstery, and at last Aunt Rhinocolura was satisfied and said he matched it well enough. He was a rich dark green, except his hair, which was red, and after Aunt Rhinocolura had stood on and off and studied him, she decided his hair was

him up again, and the only thing they could think of to protect him against the rain was to varnish him. So they varnished him. They gave him one coat of varnish that evening, and said they would give him another coat in the morning, and then rub him well with pumice stone, to give him a high polish, and after that they would have no more trouble; all they would have to do would be to rub him over with furniture polish on a soft rag every Wednesday. But the next morning when they went out to give him the second coat he hadn't dried. The varnish seemed just as sticky as ever. So, as they didn't know what else to do, they sent for Jiggers Duff, our popular painter and whitewasher, and as soon as he came he shook his head and said he didn't see that he could do anything. He said there should have been more dryer in the varnish, but that according to his idea they hadn't ought to have dyed Jabez at all—if they had wanted a real good job they should have given him two or three coats of flat green paint. But he said he guessed Jabez would dry sometime. He said maybe it would take a month, and maybe a year, and that Jabez would always be rather sticky, and that if he did dry up he would never be able to smile again, for as sure as he did he would crack the varnish. Jabez said that was all right, that he felt right then as if he would never smile again anyway.

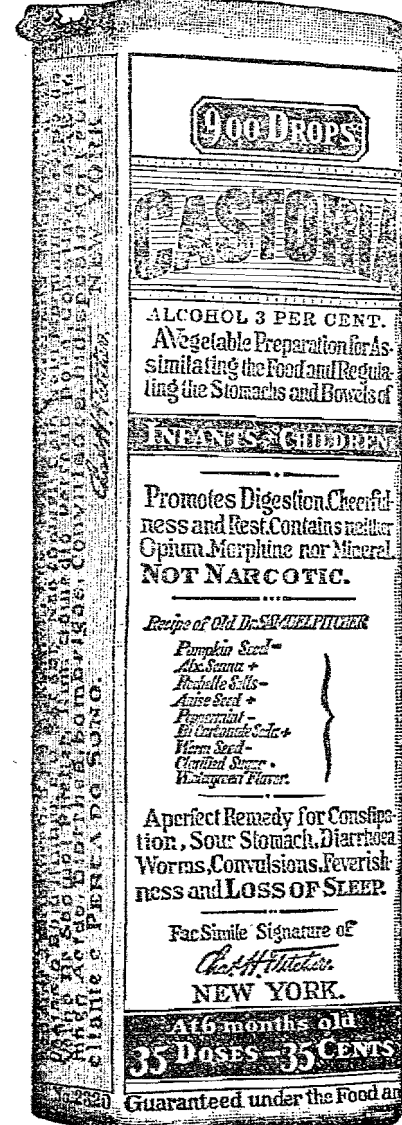
But it turned out all right. The sand and dust blew against Jabez and gave him a finish like a gravel roof, and letting her dress and upholstery get dusty too, Aunt Rhinocolura had a pretty good harmony. And when Jabez wants to sandpaper anything all he has to do is to rub it lovingly with his cheek.

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Nature's Plans.  
As you grow ready for it, somewhere or other you will find what is needed for you, in a book, or a friend, or best of all, in your own thoughts, the eternal thought, speaking in your thought.—George Macdonald.

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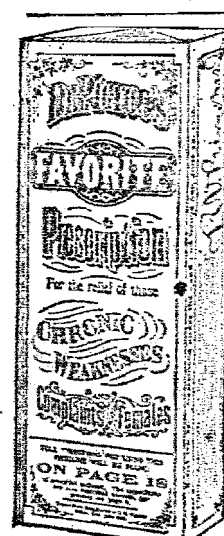
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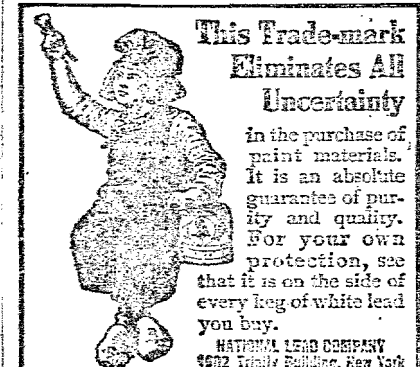
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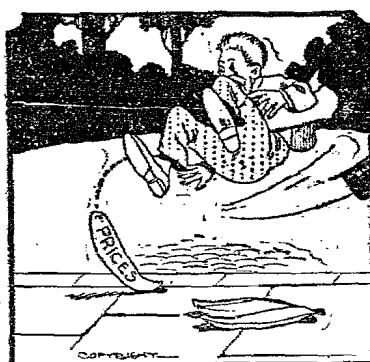
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