

# The Florence Tribune

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No. 11

## WILDWOOD OR GARDEN

A Beautiful Essay Upon the Fruits of Nature as Related by a City Man Upon a Topic Familiar to All Our Readers and Printed to Give an Inside View of the Workings of a Mind Akin in Instinct But Different in Practice.

In these days, when everything is improved, going berrying means going into your own garden and picking scientifically produced fruit that appeals more to your imagination than to your sense of taste. It is really going to school, for at every turn you are studying fertilizers, irrigation, cultivation crossbreeding and handling for market. You are keen, also, for any chance development that has occurred without your assistance. You might call your garden the academy, where the alieys, berry-bordered, are the walks through which Aristotle led his pupils.

The old-fashioned strawberry took five hundred to fill a quart and lots of time to gather them; the Marshalls and Mark Hannas and William Belts require from fifteen to twenty-five to fill your basket plumb over. But it is not the size only that you note so much as the quality. No wild strawberry ever had the delicious concentration of flavors found in some of these berries, one of which fills your palm.

The story of evolution is the story of life, and life forms the one all-important study of living beings. The strawberry is a sort of freak in the family, for it is a swelling of a receptacle of seeds, retaining its seeds lightly all over the surface. There was no object whatever in this swelling but to tempt birds to eat them and so carry the seed about for sowing. Now that man has come and likes big fruit, the little strawberries have to pass away, and the big ones are puffing out with importance. The raspberry is an enlargement of the separate seed sacks, until a cap of these sits on the receptacle or fleshy stem. This cap we pull off for eating, leaving the receptacle on the bush; but in the case of the blackberry the receptacle also is sweet and eatable, and it comes off with the rest of the berry. The seeds of all these berries are simply kinds of nuts, with the shell surrounded by attractive sacks of juice. It was a shrewd piece of business on the part of Nature, for otherwise there would not have been the least chance for any protracted survival or any general spread of such delicate fruits. You will note that it is those things everywhere that tempt the birds that get the best chance to be propagated and sowed everywhere. When wings were only fins in the water there was a poor showing for this rose-family. Rodents like the fruit well enough, but they eat the seeds and throw away the pulp. We are obliged to kill red squirrels because, besides killing young birds, they will strip a tree of pears inside of three or four days, leaving only a mass of gnawed refuse. This puts an end to their usefulness in that direction.

We join with the birds in rejecting the seeds and scattering them about the soil. Evolution has not so far got any good grip on the wild cherries and haws and sloes, yet they serve as food for birds, and they get sowed, but so far without acquiring any useful development. They probably will at some time get a start, after which they will be of value to ourselves, and under tutelage will be made over into valuable fruits. At any rate you can hardly get a prettier small tree on your lawn than a red-fruited wild cherry. I have also a very rare yellow-fruited specimen. So far only one member of this family has rejected the sack and become a nut—that is the almond. Others may follow on the same line, and occasionally a peach comes very near to it.

I do not think that history has a finer passage than that of the Roman Emperor who invited those who wished to restore his crown to come into his garden and "see his cabbage." If you will come and see my strawberries and raspberries you will do me a real kindness, and you will understand why city delights are in no way comparable. There is a chuckling pleasure in going up and down the rows of Silver Queen raspberries, because I made that splendid variety myself. It is as big as a Sutherland, and it carries its grand loads of golden berries as proudly as if a member of my family. Among the currants our own Giant Red stands six and seven feet high, and outbears all its rivals. I advise you to try to make something. In this way religion as well as the school comes into your garden, and you are a child of the Creator.

There are just defects enough all along the line to provoke you to try your wits at betterment. We need a strawberry about the size of a butter-nut—say two bites—rich red, solid meated, uniform shape, and standing

## GOODESS OF LIBERTY FOR CITY

Historical Statue on Dome of Old Court House Wanted by Florence Woman for Park Decoration.

Who says Florence people are not aesthetic? Well, whoever does, knows not whereof they speak. Look at all the beautiful front yards with big trees and beautiful flowers. Yet there is something missing. Where are your statues? There is none. But there will be in the near future, for has not Mrs. Jorgenson made a formal offer to the Board of County Commissioners for that beautiful tall stone statue of the Goddess of Liberty now adorning the top of the court house? She has and from the present outlook it looks as though she would get it. It is her intention to have it erected in Pries Lake Park as a permanent decoration to that beautiful place.

## FLORENCE CONSTABLE IS SUED

Verne W. Nobles is Defendant in a Suit for \$300 Brought by Chas. S. Gale of Omaha.

Verne W. Nobles, a constable at Florence, is being sued by Charles S. Gale for \$300 because of the alleged appropriation of a horse and wagon. Gale declares in his petition that Nobles took the horse and wagon used in his business as a painter away from his barn on a judgment, disregarding the fact that it was exempt property. Gale made his protest in court that the horse and wagon were exempt, but the constable, he says, found use for the vehicle in his business as an administrator of law and refused to give it up to the court or to its owner. For these alleged grievances Gale wants \$300.

on a stalk fifteen inches high, and strong enough to hold half a dozen ripe berries at once. This plant should be matched by roots that feed at least two feet away and six inches downward, for the chief trouble now is that the strawberry dries up quickly under a hot sun and without showers nearly every day. The red raspberry should be just a little bigger than it is, not much larger than the Schaeffer, but of a brighter red, and a cane that can endure thirty degrees below zero. Among my seedlings I have the hardy cane and the hardy berry, but the color is not quite right, or there is some other difficulty to keep me busy. Loudon is a delicious sort, and a real acquisition, but it melts in the crate within ten hours after picking. When E. P. Roe sent out "The Pride of the Hudson" it was so fine a berry that it seemed to me strange that he stopped selling it. He replied, "It is not hardy enough, and I have withdrawn it from the market." We are still on the road, and we probably ever shall be on the evolution road with this wonderful family. The charm of it all is, about the same as in our social struggling, we aim at perfection, but never quite touch it.

We began our currant picking June 28th, sending one hundred bushels to market; followed immediately with fifty bushels of red raspberries and seventy-five of blackberries. You do not need more than three to four acres for this crop, and meanwhile you will have had your cherries and plums and pears and apples overhead. The raspberries like considerable shade and the currant likes more of it. Berrying requires close application from daylight till dark. It requires some Sunday work as well for the berries will ripen without consideration of our religious feelings and customs. It is a grand lesson, for the pickers are trained to quick vision steady movements and the entire suppression of nonsense. Marketing is the chief difficulty. A small fruit farm has to be not more than fifteen miles from the city, in order to deliver the fruit early enough for the customers to dispose of it before decay. We must load up the night before and be ready to start for the city by half-past four. An economic electric motor should shorten the two hours' drive to twenty minutes, and that will surely come about. The demand is not only good, but it is greatly increasing, for all the berry fruits, and as the red raspberry cannot be shipped to any distance, it offers a splendid chance for those who cannot do extensive farming to pay their way through the world.

I tell you plainly that I will not quite give up rambling about the hills and crawling through the thorny bushes. But I am afraid my grandchildren will know nothing about these things. I am afraid that the world is going to be smoothed all over and patted down into little suburban homesteads. I am afraid that fashion will have its trademark on the hillsides as well as in the valleys, and all our wild glens will be laid out with careful formality by landscape artists—instead of poets. But what of it? Nature knows how to take care of herself, and in one way or another will always restore a reign of common sense.—E. P. Powell in The Independent.

## SCHOOL GIRL WINS PRIZE

Miss Lulu Mae Coe, Fourteen-Year-Old Daughter of M. C. Coe of Florence, Shows Her Ability at Story Writing and Wins One of the Prizes Offered by an Omaha Paper for an Original Story Written by a Child.

This story won second prize in the story writing contest of the Omaha Bee this week:

"Girls, the doctor says that father has to go to Colorado for his health, and mother and I are going to stay here."

"Why, Jean, what are you going to do?"

"I am going to stop school and go to work. Mother is not able to do much."

"Do you have to stop school?" The little there is to do in this town can be done after school hours. So many do that."

"I will not stay here."

"Where will you go? The surrounding towns are just as small."

"The only place is Omaha—"

"But, Jean, it is a long journey and you might be disappointed."

"I know, but I will write to Aunt Grace and ask her if she knows of any work."

"I have a better plan than that," cried Ruth Logan. "Uncle Jack takes The Omaha Bee. Let's go over and look at the want ad page."

The paper came just as they opened the gate. They picked it up and eagerly scanned it for a possible ad.

"Listen here," said Jean. "Twenty-five girls wanted at once; steady work and good pay."

"But a factory! You could not stand the work."

"I can if it is necessary," was her reply.

That evening Jean gained her mother's consent, and in a few days she was on her way to Omaha. The day after her arrival she went to the factory and obtained the work.

Her efficient work soon promoted her, thus enabling her to earn more money, which at that time was her greatest desire.

It was three years later when a girl of 17 stepped off the train and walked up the shady village street. Two breathless figures rounded a corner and cried, "Jean Morton, is that you? Why don't you tell us you were coming? We just heard it."

"Come on in here," said Ruth, for they were in front of her uncle's home.

"I can't; I must go home. Have you heard that father is coming home today, entirely cured, the doctor says?"

"No, we did not know that. How lovely, Jean, you are a wonder to have kept your father there for three years."

"Do not praise me too much. It was a Bee want ad that told me how and where to earn 'my fortune.' That kept father out there."

"You are right," said Ruth and Bess together.

How They Do It in Omaha.

This communication to the Board of County Commissioners contains a hint that Florence people should take advantage of.

To the Honorable, the Board of County Commissioners of Douglas County: We, the undersigned citizens, believe that the paving of Thirteenth street, from Vinton street south to the city limits, and to a point beyond, so that it will join onto the great National boulevard or highway leading into Fort Crook, thereby making it a broad, first-class thoroughfare, into the city from the south, is a public necessity, and would be a great public benefit. And knowing full well that the opening, widening, extending and grading of said street has been a very heavy burden upon the property owners along said street, we realize that to add the total cost of paving the same would increase that burden almost to confiscation. We therefore most respectfully petition you Honorable Body and request that you take this matter up with the Honorable Mayor and City Council of the city of Omaha and the Honorable Board of Park Commissioners, with a view to combining the three powers for the purpose of devising ways and means to assist in the paving of this much needed highway. Thereby giving the general public direct connection with and a chance to use and enjoy the fine National boulevard, to be built and maintained at government expense. This would be a great addition to our fine system of good roads and boulevards and give direct benefits of all government money expended. We therefore ask for united action.

Wanted. Two furnished or partly furnished rooms in Florence, suitable for light housekeeping. Address "Q." Florence.

## THE NEW BANK MONEY ORDERS

Easiest, Quickest, Safest, Cheapest and Best Form of Remittance.

Sending money through the mails is an almost daily occurrence with some people.

Everybody has occasion to remit by mail at times.

Many people believe that a post-office or express money order is necessary or that they must send the cash itself in a registered letter.

This is a mistaken idea. Your bank is the logical home of all things financial, and is the best institution for the transfer of funds, no matter how small the remittance.

A bank money order costs much less than either a postoffice or express order, as you will note by the prices quoted on the reverse side.

It requires no written application to secure it. You simply ask for an order for so much money and it is promptly filled out and handed to you.

If the money order is lost, stolen or destroyed we issue a duplicate without delay or charge, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that the lost or stolen money order is worthless to any one except the person in whose favor it is drawn.

The bank records furnish conclusive proof of the fact that you have remitted a certain amount and to whom, and finally, the order comes back to the bank files bearing the receipt of the person to whom it was sent. This evidence and proof is yours for the asking at any time that any question may arise.

The Farmers' State Bank is the only bank in this vicinity that handles these up-to-date orders, and would like to have you stop in and ask them about the orders.

BASE BALL IN FLORENCE.

For three innings Sunday the Florence nine held the Hollis close, but in the fourth inning the Omaha team began to club everything Doran could get near the base. As a result the Hollis piled up hits and runs until the game was called, in the first half of the sixth, when the Hollis had two men on bases and only one out. P. McAndrews pulled off the feature fielding play with a running catch of a liner. He also secured three hits.

Score:

	R.	H.	E.
Hollis	1	6	8
Florence	2	0	0

The following was the line-up of the teams:

	Florence.	
Hill	.....	First
McGugan	.....	Second
Elliott	.....	Third
Barney	.....	Short
Barr	.....	Left
Reinschreiber	.....	Center
O'Neill	.....	Right
Brown	.....	Catch
Doran	.....	Pitch
Matthews	.....	Pitch

	Hollis.	
Dougherty	.....	First
Gilhan	.....	Second
McAndrews	.....	Third
Murphy	.....	Short
Bressman	.....	Left
Falconer	.....	Center
McAndrew	.....	Right
Gibson	.....	Catch
Kelly	.....	Pitch

The first game was between Florence and Royal Achates, and was easily won by the Florence boys by a score of 6 to 5. The line-up:

Florence	Hill, 1b; McGugan, 2b; Elliott, 3b; Barney, ss; Reinschreiber, c; Barr, lf; O'Neill, rf; Brown, c; Matthews, p; Doran, p.
Royal Achates	Brown, 1b; Baker, 2b; Craig, 3b; Thompson, ss; Saup, cf; Delaney, lf; Berkhardt, rf; Ken nedy, c; Adams, p; Woodward, p.

Publisher's Notice.

All items of news and changes of ads must be in the hands of the editor not later than 8 o'clock Thursday morning. We are compelled to make this early hour in order that we may go to press at noon on Thursday, allowing us the afternoon in which to print the paper and get it ready for mailing. The papers are always put in the postoffice Thursday evening, just before the close of the office, so that the papers may go out in the morning mail of the rural carriers, and that everybody may get their paper on Friday morning.

Notice carefully the address tag on your paper and see that the date corresponds with the date to which you have paid your subscription. If there is no date on the address tag you owe for the paper from June 1, 1909.

For Sale.

A good Red Poll bull, coming three years old, and weights about 1,105; good enough to head any herd. Apply to Wm. Bena, Flo. Tel. 3583.

## TAKING ALL YOUR DOLLARS

An Itinerant Medical Nostrum Puts On an Alleged Show on the Main Street, Between Two Home Druggists, to Attract a Crowd of People, So They Can Dispose of Their Alleged Cure-All to the Suckers Who Imagine They Are Sick.

There is pitched on the main street of our town the tents of an alleged cure-all medical concern, which, in order to sell the nostrum, puts on an alleged show.

Why? Why is an obnoxious medical show allowed to come in this town and sell its alleged medicine to our citizens in competition with the druggists who are permanently located here and pay taxes?

Why are they allowed to give an entertainment in competition with our local theater?

Because they pay a license, you say. But do they? That is just the point. No one seems to know anything about the fee or license.

Why? If there is an ordinance on our books requiring a license, whose business is it to collect it?

If there is no license fee required, again, why?

These are pertinent questions that should be answered to satisfy those of our citizens who are asking them.

What we would like to know is, why will people be suckers enough to buy a medicine from a fly-by-the-night company, manufactured by an unknown concern, and endanger their health by taking the stuff?

We have two drug stores in this city that handle all legitimate medicines, and if there was any merit in the nostrum sold by the peddlers they would permanently keep it in stock and sell it.

## CUCUMBERS CAUSES COMMENT

Cute Caustic Correspondent Critically Criticises Collicky Cucumber Cause in Certain Cusses.

You know it is the time of year when the death-dealing cucumber is abroad in the land seeking whom it may double up and make sad. When a man goes home in the evening after a hard days work he finds that he is the proud possessor of an appetite like a self-binder, and when he sits down to the table and sees before him the first cucumbers of the season he can hardly wait until he gets a quantity stored away under his baseball belt. Under this belt said cucumbers quietly lay in wait until the eater has gone to sleep for the night. Then they get up on their feet, unbutton their vests, roll back their sleeves and proceed to business. At the first attack the sleeper only dreams that George Stone has hit him in the vitals with a baseball bat, but the cucumbers rapidly get warmed up and the victim's agonies increase. His dreams become more picturesque, he begins to snort and feels like some Scotchman was dancing the Highland fling on his abdomen. The dancers gradually enter the sport with more zest and reinforcements keep on arriving. Things get desperate and Drs. Rolph and Heron are telephoned for and instructed to bring their fullgrown stomach pumps. At last, along about daybreak, the state militia; the Pender fire department and the Thurston band appear on the scene and join in the terpsichorean exercises. When the sleeper awakes in the morning the first thing he does is to feel of his stomach to see if it is still there. He finds the stomach, also the cucumber which the night before sat up and smiled so innocently at him. There are lots of people who are harvested before they are ripe simply because they absorb more cucumbers into their anatomy than their digestive apparatus can cope with.—Pender Republican.

The Stork's Assistant.

"When the stork brought me," says the man who apparently weighs some 400 pounds, "when the stork brought me—"

"Huh!" interrupts the excessively thin man. "o'Yu weren't brought by any stork. You must have been brought by a traveling crane."

Card of Thanks.

I desire to thank the many kind friends who sent floral tokens to the funeral of my departed brother; also to others who by kindness and sympathy softened the dreadful sorrow.

CHARLES HAMILTON.

Wanted.

The Tribune wants correspondents in all parts of this section of the county, and is willing to pay for such matter as it uses. For further information address the editor.

## THE SAD LOT OF THE FARMER

Burdened With Worries, He Can Hardly Sleep for Thinking How to Spend All His Money.

Pity the poor farmer of Nebraska. He is a sad lot. The price of corn and oats is so high he doesn't dare to feed them to his stock, but the price of cattle is so high he can't afford to let them go hungry.

To make matters worse, the price of grain keeps going up so fast that he doesn't dare sell it anyway.

Chickens are so high that he knows he ought to sell them; and eggs are so high he knows he ought to keep them.

He lies awake half the night worrying about what to do with his money, and has to get up before daylight to chase away the bankers who are prowling about his estate trying to loan him money.

He used to spend his Sundays driving his lean old cows onto the railroad track when the train was coming, and then live off the damages he could collect.

But now there isn't a railroad in the state that could pay for a whole cow at one time.

When he goes to town he can't spare a horse from the fields and has to drive in his six-cylinder automobile. He walks behind the steel gratings of our large financial palaces and talks business while the bank president shines his shoes.

He amuses himself by purchasing a hotel, and trading a couple of ears of corn for a rope of pearls.

Then he turns his tired, hopeless face toward home—back to his humble three-story but of Carrara marble to take up the pitiful monotony of counting money while one of his hired hands plays on his private pipe organ.

Every now and then his well runs dry and he has no place to cool his champagne.

Pity the poor farmer—the Weekly Bunion.

HILL OFFERS \$2,500 PRIZE.

James J. Hill, chairman of the board of the Great Northern, has offered \$2,500 in gold as prizes to be awarded for the best grains and grasses grown in the territory along his lines to be exhibited at the National Corn Exposition in Omaha, December 6 to 18.

The money is to be divided into 200 prizes by Prof. C. P. Bull of the Minnesota Agricultural College and Prof. Thos. Shaw of the Dakota Farmer.

There will be about 40 first prizes for wheat, oats, barley, corn, clover, timothy and alfalfa hay, as well as prizes for speltz and field peas.

Details of the contest will be supplied by the exposition at Omaha within a few days, and farmers intending to win some of the Hill money should save samples of small grains in bundles as well as the peck samples of grain.

In addition to offering the prize, Mr. Hill will arrange to assist the farmers in getting their exhibits to Omaha.

The contest is an unusual one, because the farmers will not have to compete with those in the old agricultural states, but simply among themselves, as the contest for Mr. Hill's prizes will be open only to those living along the Great Northern lines. Besides, the prizes are to be offered by states, so Montana, for instance, will not have to compete with the highly developed farms of South Dakota and Minnesota.

Besides Hill money, the exposition offers \$50,000 in prizes, and while competing for the Hill prizes, the exhibitors may also win some of the regular prizes.

J. WHITCOMB RILEY SAYS:

"Us farmers in the country, as the seasons go and come, is purty much like other folks—we're apt to grumble some.

The spring's too back'ard fer us, or too far'ard—anyone—

We'll jaw about it anyhow, and have our way or none.

The thaw's set intoo suddent, er the frost's stayed in the soil

Too long to give the wheat a chance, and crops is bound to spoil.

The weather's either most too mild, er too outrageous rough.

And altogether too much rain, er not half rain enough.

"Now what I'd like and what you'd like is plane enough to see.

It's just to have old Providence drop round on you and me

And ast us what our views is first, re-gardin' shine er rain.

And post 'em when to shet her off, er let her on again;

And yit I'd ruther, after—consider' other chores

I' got on hand-, a 'tendin' both to my affairs and yours—

I'd ruther miss the blame I'd git, a rulin' things up there.

And spend my extry time in praise and gratitude and prayer."

# WHISPERING SMITH

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ 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. She gave him a message for Sinclair. "Whispering" Gordon Smith told President Bucks of the rail to Marion Sinclair's brave fight against a gang of crazed miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his high office. McCloud arranged to 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, which occurred after one year of married life. Sinclair visited Marion Sinclair's shop and a fight between him and McCloud was narrowly averted. Smoky Creek bridge was mysteriously burned. In a fairly good order. He overheard Dickie's criticisms of his methods. To Marion Sinclair, 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. McCloud was notified that Whispering Smith was to hunt the desperadoes. Bill Dunning, a road lineman, proposed that Sinclair and his gang be sent to hunt the bandits. A stranger, apparently with authority, told him to go ahead. Dunning was told the stranger was "Whispering Smith." Smith preached Sinclair 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. Whispering Smith reported that Du Sang, one of Sinclair's gang, had been assigned to kill McCloud. He and Smith sent Du Sang. Whispering Smith taunted Du Sang and told him to get out of Medicine Bend or suffer. Du Sang seemed to succumb to the bluff. McCloud's big construction job was taken from him because of an injunction issued to Lance Dunning by the United States court. A sudden rise of the Crawling Stone river created considerable trouble. Dickie appealed to McCloud for help. Whispering Smith joined the group. He and Dickie spent the night in conversation. Smith giving the outline of his plan. In the morning McCloud took his men to fight the river. Lance Dunning welcomed them cordially. Whispering Smith warned Dickie of possible danger. Dickie's marriage to her husband, Murray Sinclair, and Dickie was at once on her guard in her friend's interests.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### The Man on the Frenchman.

Sinclair's place on the Frenchman backed up on a sharp rise against the foothills of the Bridger range, and the ranch buildings were strung along the creek. The ranchhouse stood on ground high enough to command the country for miles up and down the valley.

Only two roads lead from Medicine Bend and the south into the Frenchman country; one a wagon road following Smoky creek and running through Dale canyon; the other a pack road, known as the Gridley trail, crossing the Topah Topah hills and making a short cut from the Dunning ranch on the Crawling Stone to the Frenchman. The entire valley is, in fact, so difficult of access, save by the long and roundabout wagon road, that the sight of a complete outfit of buildings such as that put up by Sinclair always came as a surprise to the traveler, who, reaching the crest of the hills, looked suddenly down 1,000 feet on his well-ordered sheds and barns and corrals.

Over the Gridley trail from the Crawling Stone Marion and Dickie Dunning rode early in the morning the day after McCloud and his men left the Stone ranch with their work done. The trail is a good three hours long, and they reached Sinclair's place at about ten o'clock. He was waiting for Marion—she had sent word she should come—and he came out of the front door into the sunshine with a smile of welcome when he saw Dickie with her. Dickie, long an admirer of Sinclair's, as women usually were, had recast somewhat violently her opinions of him. She faced him now with a criminal consciousness that she knew too much. The weight of the dreadful secret weighed on her, and her responsibility in the issue of the day ahead did not help to make her greeting an easy one. One thing only was fixed in her mind and reflected in the tension of her lips and her eyes: The resolve to keep at every cost the promise she had given. For Dickie had fallen under the spell of a man even more compelling than Sinclair, and felt strangely bounden to what she had said.

Sinclair, however, had spirit enough to smooth quite away every embarrassment. "Bachelor's quarters," he explained roughly and pleasantly, as he led the two women toward the house. "Cowmen make poor housekeepers, but you must feel at home." And when Dickie, looking at his Indian rugs on the floors, the walls, and the couches, said she thought he had little to apologize for, Sinclair looked gratified and took off his hat again. "Just a moment," he said, standing at the side of the door. "I've never been able to get Marion over here before, so it happens that a woman's foot has never entered the new house. I want to watch one of you cross the threshold for the first time."

Dickie, moving ahead, retreated with a laugh. "You first, then, Marion."

"No, Dickie, you." So Marion, quite red and wretchedly ill at ease, walked into the ranchhouse first.

Sinclair shone nowhere better than as a host. When he had placed his guests comfortably in the living room he told them the story of the building of the house. Then he made a cicerone of himself, and explained, with running comments, each feature of his plan as he showed how it had been carried out through the various rooms. Surprised at the attractiveness of things, Dickie found herself making mental notes for her own use, and began asking questions. Sinclair was superb in answering, but the danger of admiring things became at once apparent, for when Dickie exclaimed over a handsome bearskin, a rich dark-brown grizzly skin of unusual size, Sinclair told the story of the killing, bared his tremendous forearm to show where the polished claws had ripped him, and, disregarding Dickie's protests, insisted on sending the skin over to Crawling Stone ranch as a souvenir of her visit.

"I live a great deal alone over here," he said, waving Dickie's continued refusal magnificently aside as he moved into the next room. "I've got a few good dogs, and I hunt just enough to keep my hand in with a rifle." Dickie quailed a little at the smile that went with the words. "The men, at least the kind I mix with, don't care for grizzly skins, and to enjoy anything you've got to have sympathetic company—don't you know that?" he asked, looking admiringly at Dickie. "I've got another skin for you—a silver-tip," he added, in deep, gentle tones, addressing Marion. "It has a fine head, as fine as I ever saw in the Smithsonian. It is down at Medicine Bend now, being dressed and mounted. By the way, I've forgotten to ask you, Miss Dickie, about the high water. How did you get through at the ranch?"

Dickie, sitting on the piano bench, looked up with resolution. "Bravely!" she exclaimed. "Mr. McCloud came to our rescue with bags and mattresses and 100 men, and he has put in a re-ventment 1,000 feet long. Oh, we are regular river experts at our house now! Had you any trouble here, Mr. Sinclair?"

"No, the Frenchman behaves pretty well in the rock. We had 40 feet of water here one day, though; 40 feet, that's right. McCloud, yes; able fellow, I guess, too, though he and I don't hit it off." Sinclair sat back in his chair, and as he spoke he spoke magnanimously. "He doesn't like me, but that is no fault of his; railroad men, and good ones, too, sometimes get started wrong with one another. Well, I'm glad he took care of you. Try that piano, Miss Dickie, will you? I don't know much about pianos, but that ought to be a good one. I would wheel the player over for you, but any one that plays as beautifully as you do ought not to be allowed to use a player. Marion, I want to talk a few minutes with you, may I? Do you mind going out under the cottonwood?"

Dickie's heart jumped. "Don't be gone long, Marion," she exclaimed, impulsively, "for you know, Mr. Sinclair, we must get back by two o'clock." And Dickie, pale with apprehension, looked at them both. Marion, quite composed, nodded reassuringly and followed Sinclair out of doors into the sunshine.

For a few minutes Dickie fingered wildly on the piano at some half-forgotten air, and in a fever of excitement walked out on the porch to see where they were. To her relief, she saw Marion sitting near Sinclair under the big tree in front of the house, where the horses stood. Dickie, with her hands on her girdle, walked forlornly back and forth, hummed a tune, sat down in a rocking chair, fanned herself, rose, walked back and forth again, and reflected that she was perfectly helpless, and that Sinclair might kill Marion a hundred times before she could reach her. And the thought that Marion was perhaps wholly unconscious of danger increased her anxiety.

She sat down in despair. How could Whispering Smith have allowed any one he had a care for to be exposed in this dreadful way? Trying to think what to do, Dickie hurried back to the living room, walked to the piano, took the pile of sheet music from the top, and sat down to thumb it over. She threw song after song on the chair beside her. They were sheets of gaudy coon songs and ragtime with flaring covers, and they seemed to give off odors of cheap perfume. Dickie hardly saw the titles as she passed them over, but of a sudden she stopped. Between two sheets of music lay a small handkerchief. It was mused, and in the corner of it "Nellie" was written conspicuously in a laundry mark. The odor of musk became in an instant sickening. Dickie threw the music disdainfully aside, and sprang up with a flushed face to leave the room. Sinclair's remark about the first woman to cross his threshold came back to her. From that moment Dickie hated him. But no sooner had she seated herself on the porch than she remembered she had left her hat in the house, and rose to go in after it. She was resolved not to leave it under the roof another moment, and she had resolved to go over and wait where her horse

was tied. As she re-entered the doorway she stopped. In the room she had just left a cowboy sat at the table taking apart a revolver to clean it. The revolver was spread in its parts before him, but across the table lay a rifle. The man had not been in the room when she left it a moment before.

Dickie passed behind him. He paid no attention to her; he had not looked up when she entered the room. Passing behind him once more to go out, Dickie looked through the open window before which he sat. Sinclair and Marion sitting under the cottonwood tree were in plain sight, and the muzzle of the rifle where it lay covered them. Dickie thrilled, but the man was busy with his work. Breathing deeply, she walked out on the porch again. Sinclair, she thought, was looking straight at her, and in her anxiety to appear unconscious she turned, walked to the end of the house, and at the corner almost ran into a man sitting out of doors in the shade mending a saddle. He had removed his belt to work, and his revolver lay in the holster on the bench, its grip just within reach of his hand. Dickie walked in front of him, but he did not look up. She turned as if changing her mind, and with a little flirt of her riding skirt sat down in the porch chair, feeling a faint moisture upon her forehead.

"I am going to leave this country, Marion," Sinclair was saying. "There's nothing here for me; I can see that. What's the use of my eating my heart out over the way I've been treated? I've given the best years of my life to this railroad, and now they turn me down with a kick and a curse. It's the old story of the Indian and his dog, only I don't propose to let them make soup of me. I'm going to the coast, Marion. I'm going to California, where I wanted to go when we were married, and I wish to God we had gone there then. All our troubles might never have been if I had got in with a different crowd from these cow-boozers on the start. And, Marion, I want to know whether you'll give me another chance and go with me."

Sinclair, on the bench and leaning against the tree, sat with folded arms looking at his wife. Marion in a hickory chair faced him.

"No one would like to see you be all you ought to be more than I, Murray; but you are the only one in the world that can ever give yourself another chance to be that."

"The fellows in the saddle here now have denied me every chance to make a man of myself again on the railroad—you know that, Marion. In fact, they never did give me the show I was entitled to. I ought to have had Halley's place. Bucks never treated me right in that; he never pushed me in the way he pushed other men that were just as bad as I ever was. It discouraged me; that's the reason I went to pieces."

"It could be no reason for treating me as you treated me; for bringing drunken men and drunken women into our house, and driving me out of it unless I would be what you were and what they were."

"I know I haven't treated you right; I've treated you shamefully. I will do anything on earth you say to square it. I will! Recollect, I had lived among men and in the same country with women like that for years before I knew you. I didn't know how to treat you; I admit it. Give me another chance, Marion."

"I gave you all that I had when I married you, Murray. I haven't anything more to give to any man. You would be disappointed in me if I could ever live with you again, and I could not do that without living a lie every day."

He bent forward, looking at the ground. He talked of their first meeting in Wisconsin; of the happiness of their little courtship; he brought up California again, and the northwest coast, where, he told her, a great railroad was to be built and he should find the chance he needed to make a record for himself—it had been promised him—a chance to be the man his abilities entitled him to be in railroading. "And I've got a customer for the ranch and the cows, Marion. I don't care for this business—damn the cows! Let somebody else chase after 'em through the sleet. I've done well; I've made money—a lot of money—the last two years in my cattle deals, and I've got it put away, Marion; you need never lift your hand to work in our house again. We can live in California, and live well, under our own orange trees, whether I work or not. All I want to know is, will you go with me?"

"No! I will not go with you, Murray."

He moved in his seat and threw his head up appealingly. "Why not?" "I will never be dishonest with you; I never have been and I never will be. I have nothing in my heart to give you, and I will not live upon your money. I am earning my own living. I am as content as I ever can be, and I shall stay where I am and do what I am doing till I die, probably. And this is why I came when you asked me to; to tell you the exact truth. I am

not a girl any longer—I never can be again. I am a woman. What I was before I married you I never can be again, and you have no right to ask me to be a hypocrite and say I can love you—for that is what it all comes to—when I have no such thing in my heart or life for you. It is dead and gone, and I cannot help it."

"That sounds pretty hard, Marion." "It is only the truth. It sounded fearfully hard to me when you told me that woman was your friend—that you knew her before you knew me and would know her after I was dead; that she was as good as I, and that if I didn't entertain her you would. But it was the truth! you told me the truth, and it was better that you told it—as it is better now that I tell it to you."

"I was drunk. I didn't tell you the truth. A man is a pretty tough animal sometimes, but you are a woman and a pure one, and I care more for you than for all the other women in the world, and it is not your nature to be unforgetting."

"It is to be honest."

He looked suddenly up at her and spoke sharply: "Marion, I know why you won't go."

"I have honestly told you."

"No; you have not honestly told me. The real reason is Gordon Smith."

"If he were I should not hesitate to tell you, Murray; but he is not," she said, coldly.

Sinclair spoke harshly: "Do you think you can fool me? Don't you suppose I know he spends his time loafing around your shop?"

Marion flushed indignantly. "It is not true!"

"Don't you suppose I know he writes letters back to Wisconsin to your folks?"

"What have I to do with that? Why shouldn't he write to my mother? Who has a better right?"

"Don't drive me too far. By God! if I go away alone I'll never leave you here to run off with Whispering Smith—remember that!" She sat in silence. His rage left her perfectly quiet, and her unmoved expression shamed and in part silenced him.

"Don't drive me too far," he muttered, sullenly. "If you do you will be responsible, Marion."

She did not move her eyes from the blue hills on the horizon. "I expect you to kill me sometime; I feel sure you will. And that you may do." Then she bent her look on him. "You may do it now if you want to."

His face turned heavy with rage. "Marion," he cried, with an oath, "do you know how close you are to death at this moment?"

"You may do it now." He clinched the bench-rail and rose slowly to his feet. Marion sat motionless in the hickory chair; the sun was shining in her face and her hands were folded in her lap. Dickie rocked on the porch. In the shadow of the house the man was mending the saddle.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

### Tower W.

At the end of a long and neglected hall on the second floor of the old bank block in Hill street, Whispering Smith had a room in which he made headquarters at Medicine Bend; it was in effect Whispering Smith's home.

The door of the room in the course of many years had been mutilated with keyholes and re-enforced with locks until it appeared difficult to choose an opening that would really afford entrance; but two men besides Whispering Smith carried keys to the room—Kennedy and George McCloud. They had right of way into it at all hours, and knew how to get in.

McCloud had left the bridge camp on the river for Medicine Bend on the Saturday that Marion Sinclair—whose husband had finally told her he would give her one more chance to think it over—returned with Dickie safely from their trip to the Frenchman ranch.

Whispering Smith, who had been with Bucks and Morris Blood, got back to town the same day. The president and general manager were at the Wickiup during the afternoon, and left for the east at nine o'clock in the evening, when their car was attached to an east-bound passenger train. McCloud took supper afterward with Whispering Smith at a front street chop-house, and the two men separated at 11 o'clock. It was three hours later when McCloud tapped on the door of Smith's room, and in a moment opened it. "Awake, Gordon?"

"Sure; come in. What is it?"

"The second section of the passenger train—Number Three, with express cars—was stopped at Tower W to-night. Oliver Sollers was pulling; he is badly shot up, and one of the messengers was shot all to pieces. They cracked the through safe, emptied it, and made a clean get-away."

"Tower W—276 miles. Have you ordered up an engine?"

"Yes."

"Where's Kennedy?"

A second voice answered: "Right here."



"No! I Will Not Go with You!"

"Strike a light, Farrell. What about the horses?"

"They're being loaded."

"Is the line clear?"

"Rooney Lee is clearing it."

"Spike it, George, and leave every west-bound train in siding, with the engine cut loose and plenty of steam, till we get by. It's now or never this time. Two hundred and seventy-six miles; they're giving us our money's worth. Who's going with us, Farrell?"

"Bob Scott, Reed Young, and Erill. If Reed can get him at Sleepy Cat, Dancing is loading the horses."

"I want Ed Banks to lead a posse straight from here for Williams Cache; Dancing can go with him. And telephone Gene and Bob Johnson to sit down in Canadian pass till they grow to the rocks, but not to let anybody through if they want to live after I see them. They've got all the instructions; all they need is the word. It's a long chance, but I think these are our friends. You can head Banks off by telephone somewhere if we change our minds when we get a trail. Start Brill Young and a good man from Sleepy Cat ahead of us, George, if you can, in a baggage car with any horses that they can get there. They can be at Tower W by daybreak and perhaps pick up a trail before we reach there, and we shall have fresh horses for them. I'm ready, I guess; let's go. Slam the door, George!" In the hall Whispering Smith threw a pocket-light on his watch. "I want you to put us there by seven o'clock."

"Charlie Sollers is going to pull you," answered McCloud. "Have you got everything? Then we're off." The three men tiptoed down the dark hall, down the stairs, and across the street on a noiseless run for the railroad yard.

The air was chill and the sky clear, with a moon more than half to the full. "Lord, what a night to ride!" exclaimed Whispering Smith, looking mournfully at the stars. "Well planned, well planned, I must admit."

The men hastened toward the yard, where lanterns were moving about the car of the train guards near the Blue Front stables. The leading beard had been lowered, and the horses were being carefully led into the car. From a switch engine behind the car a shrill clod of steam billowed into the air. Across the yard a great passenger engine, its huge white side-rod rising and falling slowly in the still light of the moon—one of the mountain racers, thick-necked like an athlete and deep-chested—was backing down for the run with the single car almost across the west end of the division. Trainmen were running to and from the Wickiup platform. By the time the horses were loaded the conductor had orders. Until the last minute, Whispering Smith was in consultation with McCloud, and giving Dunning precise instructions for the posse into the Cache country. They were still talking at the side door of the car, McCloud and Dancing on the ground and Whispering Smith squatting on his haunches inside the moving car, when the engine signaled and the special drew away from the chute, pounded up the long run of the ladder switch, and moved with gathering speed into the canyon. In the cab Charlie Sollers, crushing in his hand the tissue that had brought the news of his brother's death, sat at the throttle. He had no speed orders. They had told him he had a clear track.

## CHAPTER XXIV.

### Pursuit.

Brill Young picked up a trail Sunday morning at Tower W before the special from Medicine Bend reached there. The wrecked express car, which had been set cut, had no story

to tell. "The only story," said Whispering Smith, as the men climbed into their saddles, "is in the one from the hoofs, and the sooner we get after it the better."

The country around Tower W, which is itself an operating point on the western end of the division, a mere speck on the desert, lies high and rolling. To the south, 60 miles away, rise the Grosse Terre mountains, and to the north and west lie the solitudes of the Heart range, while in the northeast are seen the three white Saddle peaks of the Missions. The cool, bright sunshine of a far and lonely horizon greets the traveler here, and ten miles away from the railroad, in any direction, a man on horseback and unacquainted with the country would wish himself—mountain men will tell you—in hell, because it would be easier to ride out of.

To the railroad men the country offered no unusual difficulties. The Youngs were as much at home on a horse as on a hand car. Kennedy, though a large and powerful man, was injured to hard riding, and Bob Scott and Whispering Smith in the saddle were merely a part—though an important part—of their horses; without killing their mounts, they could get out of them every mile in their legs. The five men covered 20 miles on a trail that read like print. One after another of the railroad party commented on the carelessness with which it had been left. But 20 miles south of the railroad, in an open and comparatively easy country, it was swallowed completely up in the tracks of 100 horses. The railroad men circled far and wide, only to find the herd tracks everywhere ahead of them.

"This is a beautiful job," murmured Whispering Smith as the party rode together along the edge of a creek bottom. "Now who is their friend down in this country? What man would get out a bunch of horses like this and work them this hard so early in the morning? Let's hunt that man up. I like to meet a man that is a friend in need!"

Bob Scott spoke: "I saw a man with some horses in a canyon across the creek a few minutes ago, and I saw a ranchhouse behind those buttes when I rode around them."

"Stop! Here's a man riding right into our jaws," muttered Kennedy. "Divide up among the rocks." A horseman from the south came galloping up the creek, and Kennedy rode out with an ivory smile to meet him. The two men parleyed for a moment, disputed each other sharply, and rode together back to the railroad party.

"Haven't seen any men looking for horses this morning, have you?" asked Whispering Smith, eyeing the stranger, a squat, square-jawed fellow with a cataract eye.

"I'm looking for horses myself. I ain't seen anybody else. What are you looking for?"

"Is this your bunch of horses that got loose here?" asked Smith.

"No."

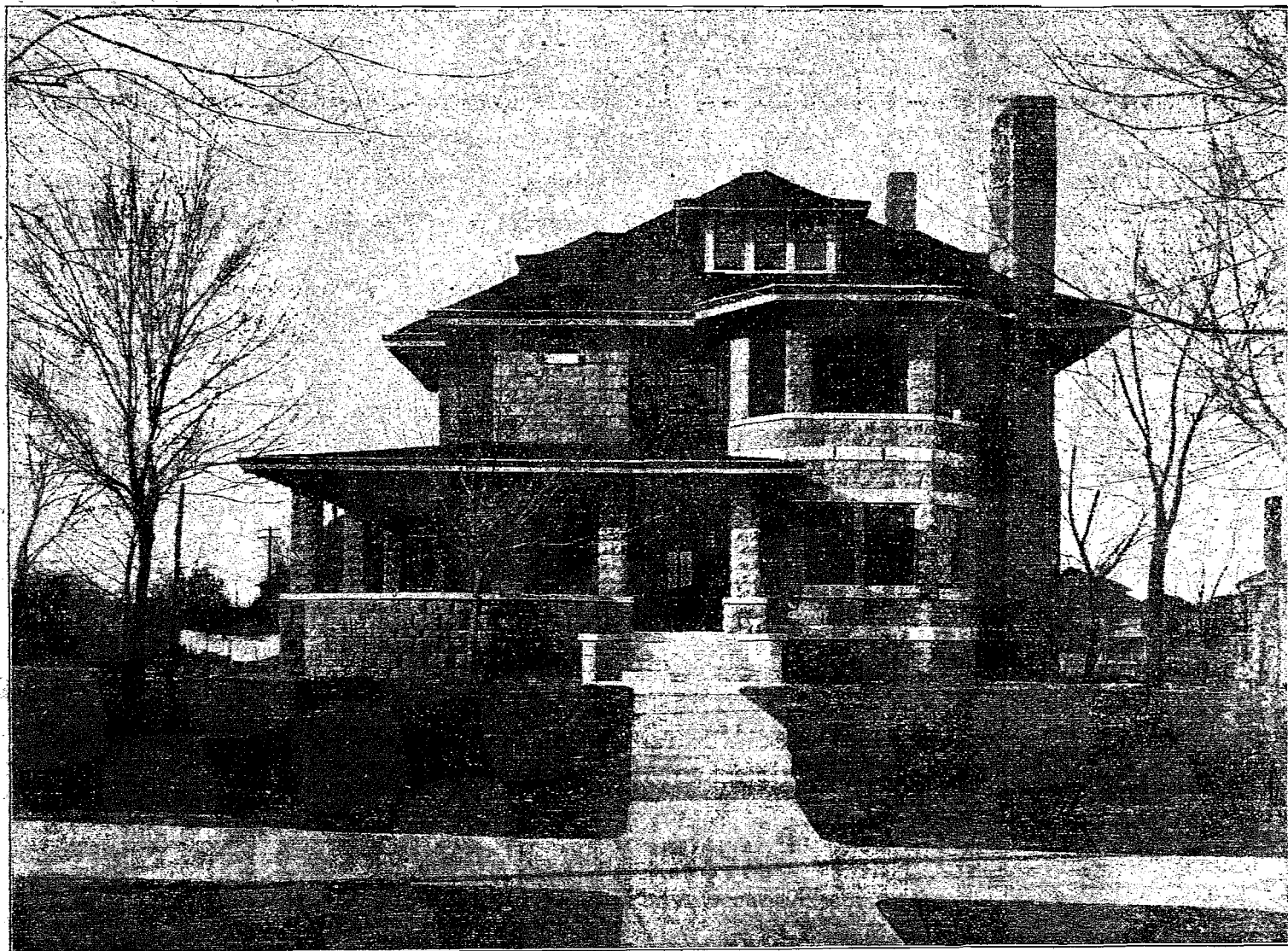
"I thought," said Kennedy, smiling, "you said a minute ago they were."

The stranger fixed his cataract on him like a flash-light. "I changed my mind."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

## Advertising That Counted.

An Oklahoma boy put up what he considered a good joke on his mother by advertising in her name for a husband. He is now being walloped by a good, stout stepfather, the surprised but not at all frustrated mother having annexed the first man that came along, and doing well at that, as the neighbors all allowed. You can do anything in this world that is doable by proper advertising. Let our Mr. — talk with you about it.—Minneapolis Journal.



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.

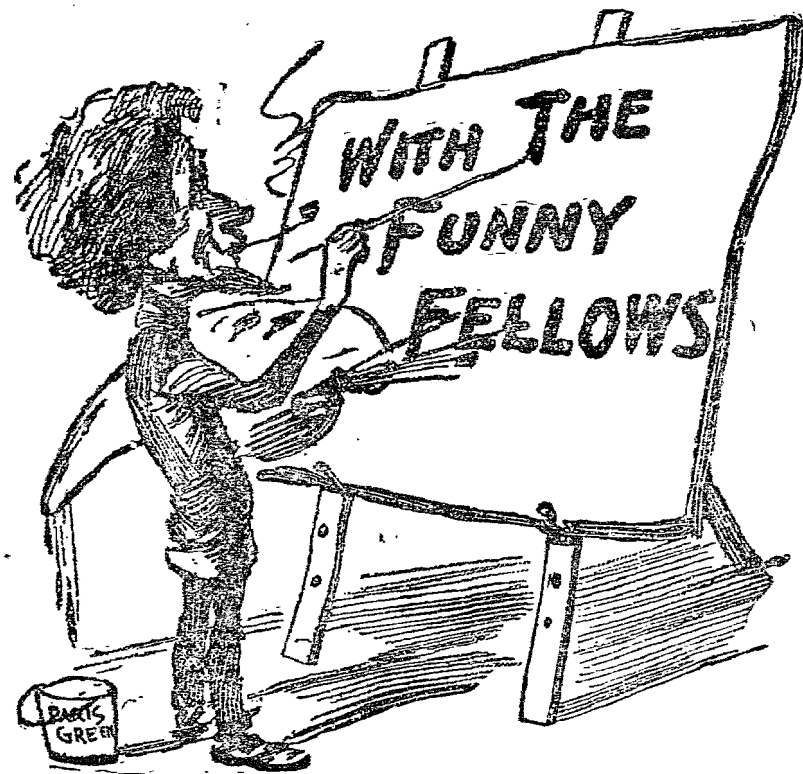
COME AND SEE US OR TELEPHONE US YOUR WANTS,  
PROMPT DELIVERY AND GOOD WORK

# Omaha Concrete Stone Co.

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

Office Phone Web. 886, Ind. B-3018

Residence Phone Web. 4231



### HAPPY, ANYHOW.

Just a little love to  
Help the day along;  
Just a little love was  
The burden of his song.

When the bells were ringing  
On his wedding day,  
Didn't have the money  
Preacher for to pay.

Asked the man for credit,  
So the knot was tied,  
Gracious, that's a funny  
Way to take a bride.

Poor as any woodchuck,  
But he didn't care;  
Said that love had made him  
Twice a millionaire!

### A Truthful Verdict.

Fargo, N. D., once boasted a composite postmaster and coroner. He was called one day to give his verdict upon the case of a stranger who had been the victim of a fit on the main street.

As the man was known to nobody, he was hurried to the much prized new city hospital. There the case was diagnosed as appendicitis, but when the operation took place the attending surgeon discovered that the patient had been previously relieved of his appendix.

The doctor endeavored to retract his steps, but the strange man died from the effects of the operation.

The postmaster-coroner, in rendering his verdict, filled in the space, after "Cause of Death" with a rubber stamp, which read, "Opened by Mistake."—Success Magazine.

### Louis Cross-Eye.

A doctor, visiting a small country town, went over the local museum. After admiring one or two of the exhibits, the curator, who was an old man, said:

"Ah, but we've got a chair here that belonged to Louis Cross-Eye."

"Oh," said the doctor, "who was he?"

"Don't you know, sir? Why, he was one of the kings of France."

"King of France? Louis Cross-Eye? There must be some mistake. Show me the chair."

The old man promptly complied, and pointed with conscious pride to a ticket inscribed:

"Once the property of Louis XI."

### MOVABLE.



Miss Passe—I wonder what he meant when he said my teeth were like stars. Lady Friend—Probably that they come out at night.

### Our Aggregation.

They're leaders our ball tossers are. That is to say. They would be leaders were the league headed the other way.

### Impossible.

"I see that fellow pass by every evening with a clarinet."

"Perhaps so, but he isn't a musician."

"How do you know he isn't a musician?"

"Because he plays in the Salvation Army band."

### More Appropriate.

"Lord Broken has arrived," remarked the tall clubman, "and he has 'M. P.' behind his name."

"Yes," chuckled one of his lordships creditors, "but it should be 'N. P.'"

"N. P.?"

"Yes; 'never pay.'"

### Something Wrong.

"She's not a very pretty girl."

"I think she is."

"I used to, but nobody seems anxious to teach her to swim."

### For Precaution's Sake.

"An optimist says, 'Let the world slide.'"

"Good enough, but it wouldn't be a bad idea to stand from under."

### A GENIAL CROWD.

Recently at a dinner party the conversation turned upon the subject of clubs. The special features of the Athenaeum were referred to with great respect, and then J. M. Barrie, who was the only member of that august club who happened to be present, intervened.

"After having been elected by the Athenaeum club," he said, "I went there for the first time and looked about for the smoking room. An old man with long, white hair was wandering in a lonely way about the hall. I asked him if he would be so kind as to tell me the way to the smoking room. He agreed with alacrity. When we returned to the hall I thanked him heartily, when he begged me to do him the honor of dining with him. 'But, my dear sir,' I said, 'you have been far too kind to me already. I cannot think of imposing myself upon you in this fashion.'"

"Imposing yourself!" exclaimed the old man in an eager voice. "On the contrary, you will be doing me the greatest favor in the world; the fact is, I have belonged to this club for thirty years and you are the first member who has ever spoken to me!"—Bellman.

### HIS FIELD IS UNLIMITED.



The same Cupid that officiates in the parlor does business in the kitchen.

### The Uplift.

Most all the farmers that one meets Of this opinion seem to be: "If you'll uplift the cash receipts, You need not be concerned for me."

### New Artistic Viewpoint.

This story is told of Riccardo Martin, whose voice has conquered New York:

It appears that his tailor was very anxious to hear him sing, so the other day Martin sent him a couple of tickets for "Carmen."

A few days later, when he saw the tailor, he naturally asked him: "How did you like it?" To which the tailor replied:

"It was simply awful! Your trousers didn't fit you at all!"—Musical America.

### Suspicion.

Stubb—I notice your wife doesn't wear her 500-button gown to church any more?

Penn—No; it was too embarrassing. Every time a button turned up on the collection plate the parson glanced at her.

### Disinfecting.

"The sanitary department is scattering quicklime everywhere. I wonder what's the matter?"

"Why, didn't you know 'The Blue Mouse' was in town this week?"

### A CLOSE RELATION.



"Is he a relation of yours by marriage?"

"Yes, he married my girl."

### His Experience.

Person, who had loved and won, Opened for this sentence full: "It's better to have loved and lost than never to have lost at all."

# Poultry Secrets Disclosed!

THERE are secrets in the poultry business, as in any other; the best methods and newest discoveries seldom reach the amateur poultry raiser and the general public for years after they are originated. A new method of absolutely insuring the fertility of setting eggs, for example, has

### Enormous Cash Value

and its discoverer is not to be blamed for keeping it to himself. Now, for the first time, the secrets of many of the most successful poultrymen are made public. No confidence has been violated; every secret has been

### Obtained in an Honorable Way

(1) by outright purchase; (2) by free permission given the author, Michael K. Boyer; (3) by collecting old, valuable, but little known methods; (4) by Mr. Boyer's own experience covering 30 busy years. Since this book was first distributed four or five months ago, it has been necessary to print eight editions, and many new and valuable secrets have been added to the original book.



Is this cock properly held? "Poultry Secrets" tells you how to carry fowls, and scores of secrets far more important and hitherto unrecorded.

### A Few of the More Important Secrets

Boyer's new system for insuring fertility of setting eggs.

Wood's ingenious method for saving the weak incubator chicks.

I. K. Felch's System of In-breeding without the loss of vitality.

Selecting the laying hens—the central thought of the so-called Hogan, Potter and Palmer Systems.

The Philo System, a brief outline telling what it is and for what it is valuable.

Several new food formulas, many of them the same as expensive "patented" foods.

The "15-cents-a-bushel" method of producing green feed.

Greiner's Corn Feeding System and other new rules for feeding corn and grain.

Truslow's Secret of obtaining high market prices for poultry stock.

The Angell method, admirably adapted to the small flock in village or suburb.

Grundy's method of obtaining bulky food at a cost of 8 cents a bushel.

Professor Rice's Fat Hen Secret explaining why lean hens don't lay.

Dr. Wood's Secret of Laying Food for producing eggs.

F. L. VAN DYKE'S method of raising any breed of fowls.

### AND MANY OTHERS, NOT ENUMERATED HERE

It would be absurd to expect every bit of this information to be unknown to everyone. We make no such claim. But to the great majority of poultrymen it will be absolutely new, and of great value.

**ABOUT FARM JOURNAL**—Farm Journal has for thirty years made a specialty of poultry. Its department is edited and more valuable than many specialized poultry papers. This is only one section, however, of a remarkable magazine—a monthly with 100,000 subscribers. NOT a dry, technical farm paper, badly printed on cheap paper, full of needless and costly advertisements, but a magazine for the home—downy, clean or country; well printed and illustrated, clear, pleasing, and always cheerful; intensely practical; equally at home on a thousand acre farm or on a suburban back garden; and in a dainty way UNDER ANY OTHER PAPER.

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"THE RIGHT ROAD TO TRAVEL"

At low rates and enjoy perfect train service en route. Get full information, booklets, etc. Address



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

## MARY AND HER LAMB

The world has very many lambs whose owners' names are hid  
And yet they may have done as much as Mary ever did.  
Of course the fame of Mary's name is not at all surprising,  
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Established in 1909.

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Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.  
LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor.  
JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr.

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1879.

## CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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

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

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



Florence, Neb., August 13, 1909.

Speaking of names W. A. Turnipseed  
and L. F. Stubblefield are farmers.

Primaries of all parties at city hall  
Tuesday.

Did you ever walk on a mud side-  
walk? It's delightful just after a rain.

No, dear reader, the Gimlet is not a  
monthly, it is weakly.

Florence will have some new cement  
sidewalks some day. The only question  
is when.

If you don't vote at the primaries,  
don't kick on the candidates nominat-  
ed. Kill off the undesirables Tuesday.

If some of the men in this town  
who will dress in white don't look a  
fright in the Eagles' parade in Omaha  
we miss our guess.

If you don't like the looks of the  
public toilet cesspool on the corner of  
State and Bluff streets, why look the  
other way.

We have had quite a little experi-  
ence in municipal affairs, but last  
week was the first time we ever  
heard of or saw a mud sidewalk.

Florence succeeds in keeping on the  
first page of the newspapers in Omaha  
these days through divorce suits, in-  
junctions and murders.

At any rate when the city lays a  
mud sidewalk it don't have to go out  
of town for a contractor and the ma-  
terials.

Ever notice how a drunken man  
hic's when he talks? It is because  
he is disgusted with himself and is  
merely naming the editor of the Gim-  
let.

If there is no date following your  
name on address tag on the paper you  
owe for the paper. See that the date  
is correct and if it is not, notify us  
at once as things have got to be right  
with us.

We don't care whether you like  
what's in this paper or not. We are  
doing the best we can to make a first-  
class paper and give all the news, and  
that's what you can read for the small  
sum of 2 cents a week.

Why is an alleged cure-all medicine  
show allowed to come in and give a  
medicine vaudeville show to coax dol-  
lars out of the pockets of our people.  
The drug stores are permanently lo-  
cated here and if the medicine is all  
that is claimed for it they would sell  
it. At any rate it is safer to buy of  
our merchants than of itinerant ven-  
dors.

No wonder this paper is such a suc-  
cess. The editor is a tall, lean, lank,  
hungry looking, baldheaded cuss, while  
the business manager is a round, fat-  
faced, well fed gentleman. The editor  
goes after the business and is so hun-  
gry looking they give it to him to keep  
him from starving while the business  
manager collects the coin, because he  
looks so happy they can't refuse him.

## THE LITTLE FLY.

Boston Herald.  
It seems a very simple thing  
To kill the little flies.  
You are so big, and they are so small,  
And you are so very wise.  
You chase one with a spatter round  
The room most everywhere;  
You bring it forward with a "slap."  
Alas! He isn't there.  
The little fly is very uy.  
He dodges well your blow;  
He leads you on a merry chase.  
And thinks you pretty slow;  
And fame and fortune are the same.  
Just like the flies, I swear;  
You make a swoop to scorp 'em in—  
Alas! They are not there.

Borace—Everyone ought to measure  
himself by his own proper font and  
standard.

## FROM OUR EXCHANGES

(Herman Record.)

We overheard two traveling men  
talking one day and the gist of their  
talk was something like this: Here we  
are rumpaging around all over the state,  
selling a few goods to country mer-  
chants and sleeping in all kinds of ho-  
tels, and eating each day in a different  
place, and getting from \$75 to \$100  
per month for our work, and at the  
end of the year we haven't saved one  
red cent, while the farmer is at home  
every night with his family, and  
chucks his feet under his own table,  
working hard about four or five months  
in the year, and the balance of the  
time he works about one-third of the  
time. One of them complained that  
the farmers were buying automobiles  
and taking pleasure trips, and wanted  
to know who ever heard of a traveling  
man owning an auto or ever taking a  
vacation. There is certainly much  
truth in this; the farmers of this day  
and age of the world have come into  
their own. There are some farmers'  
sons who are anxious now to leave  
the farm, but there are a good many  
men in other walks of life anxious to  
get back on the farm. Farmers this  
year will make more than any other  
class of men in the world.

(Exchange.)

A Kansas paper has offered "some-  
thing to figure on." A banker going  
home to dinner saw a ten-dollar bill  
on the curbstone. He picked it up,  
noted the number and went home to  
dinner. While at home his wife re-  
marked that the butcher had sent a  
bill amounting to \$10. The only  
money he had was the bill he had  
found, which he gave her, and she  
paid the butcher. The butcher paid  
it to a farmer for a calf, the farmer  
to a merchant, who in turn paid it to  
a washerwoman, and she owing the  
banker a note of \$10, went to the bank  
and paid the note. The banker recog-  
nized the bill as the one he had  
found, and which to that time had  
paid \$50 worth of debts. On careful  
examination he discovered that the  
bill was counterfeit. Now, what was  
lost in the transaction, and by whom?

## FORT CALHOUN NEWS

Miss Catherine Pettingill is with her  
aunt at Fontanelle.

About a mile from Desota station is  
the Desota big spring that never  
closes, winter or summer. In 1857 or  
'58 the late pioneer, Mrs. Bovier, sent  
to France and got watercress seed,  
which she sowed around the spring,  
where it still flourishes.

Fred Bugeon of Desota, who has  
been in this county over fifty years,  
has sold his farm and expects to move  
to Scotland, S. D. He gave W. H.  
Woods a singular cow bell which his  
father brought from his dairy in Chi-  
cago fifty-two years ago. The bell is  
round, seven inches across the mouth,  
of fine copper bronze, weighs five  
pounds, and has on one side the Brit-  
ish crown, the British lion and the  
head of a saint, with a nimbus to keep  
the witches and other evils from the  
poor cow. It is something over a cen-  
tury old.

The Lazure brothers in Desota town-  
ship have caught five wolves lately  
with their famous hounds.

Claus Schmidt in Blair township has  
a large wooden chest with beautiful  
fretted iron work and large, orna-  
mental iron handles. The iron date  
plate is marked 1714. His wife has a  
sugar bowl imported from England in  
1775.

Mrs. Fritz Delpel and two children  
were over from Millard at the former's  
sister's, Mrs. Martin Brandt.

William Frahm, of half a mile north  
of the postoffice, has 1,000 bushels of  
apples in his orchard.

Miss Thompson of Omaha was visit-  
ing her uncle, Mads Mortensen, at  
Garry Owen.

Hans Schwager has gone to Califor-  
nia to help his wife enjoy her vacation.

Clark Pettingill has gone to Chicago  
to try for an electric job.

Miss Caroline Trisler has gone to  
Lincoln to visit her sister.

Mrs. John Landis has returned from  
her western vacation.

Miss Elsie Rix, cashier at the bank,  
had her nose operated on and was laid  
up a couple of weeks.

Master Harry Woods of Emerson  
was visiting his grandfather here.

John Steyer bought a new farm  
team in South Omaha for \$315.

W. H. Woods received a batch of  
papers and six large, closely written  
pages of letter from the pioneer, Wil-  
liam Wulf at Holtville in the Califor-  
nia desert, where men have to be ac-  
climated for two years before they  
can work in the sun. Steam threshers  
pay \$7.60 a day and board for men to  
pitch grain.

Hazel Miller, daughter of an old  
resident, was here from Florence, call-  
ing on relatives.

Master Carl Rosöcker, 7 years old,  
was buried here Saturday, lacking only  
a few days of seven years since the  
last death occurred among the school  
children of this city.

Mrs. Allen Craig, who was a girl  
in Omaha's very first log cabin, and  
stepdaughter of Thomas Allen, first  
sheriff of Washington county, was  
visited by numerous friends on her  
birthday anniversary, August 4.

Otto Deiderksen was over from Ben-  
nington to see old neighbors.

Mrs. Baker, a former pioneer, back  
from Denver, at Mrs. Thomas Gilbert's  
returned west again last week.

Among others in town the past week  
from Omaha were Mrs. Bagerow, wife  
of a Rock Island railroad mail clerk at  
Sierts; Mrs. Sarah Spencer at W. H.  
Woods; Attorney Fluery, looking over  
his farm crops; Mrs. Claus Feldhusen  
at Charles Rathjens; Mrs. Dole and  
four children, who have returned from  
a Minnesota trip, at Mrs. Dale's par-  
ents, Henry Ghirke's and the Harman  
sisters at Schwager's.

Clarence English, "Kid" Marrow and  
three others, Gardner, Cole and Buck-  
les, are camped on the Horseshoe,  
and give a boxing match at City hall  
August 14.

William Arndt, Colonel Detemple,  
Claus Bolln and others visited here  
from Blair.

Janitor Parish of the county court  
house was also here at his nephew's,  
Dan Carter's.

Fort Calhoun Sunday school picnic  
will be held at Beale's pasture Aug. 12.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian  
Church.

Sunday Services.  
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.  
Preaching—11:00 a. m.  
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.  
Mid-Week Service.  
Wednesday—8:00 p. m.

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

Church Services Swedish Lutheran  
Ebenezer Church.

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

## LODGE DIRECTORY.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal  
Order of Eagles.

Past Worthy President, R. H. Olmsted  
Worth President.....Hugh Suttle  
Worthy Vice President James Stribling  
Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson  
Worthy Treasurer.....F. H. Reynolds  
Worthy Chaplain.....Paul Haskell  
Inside Guard.....Nels Bondesson  
Outside Guard.....Wm. Storms, Jr.  
Physician.....Dr. W. A. Akers  
Trustees: M. B. Parks, Dan Kelly,  
John Lubold.  
Meets every Wednesday in Wall's  
hall.

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 3rd Monday at 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.

## LEGAL NOTICES

RESOLUTION.  
Introduced by Councilman D. F. Kelly,  
July 19, 1909.

RESOLVED by the Mayor and Council  
of the City of Florence that the following  
estimate of expenses be and the same  
herby is adopted as the estimate of the  
expense of the City of Florence for the fiscal  
year ending on the first Tuesday in May,  
1909, amounting to \$8,003.27.

Estimate of Expenses.  
For street and alley fund.....\$2,700.00  
probable amount of money necessary to be  
expended for all purposes in the City of  
Florence, Nebraska, during the fiscal year  
beginning the first Tuesday in May, 1909,  
and ending on the first Tuesday in May,  
1910, and for which an appropriation ordi-  
nance will be passed, which said estimate  
of expenses is based upon the entire rev-  
ue for water fund.....1,800.00  
For lighting purposes.....1,250.00  
For officers' salaries.....1,350.00  
For park fund.....200.00  
For miscellaneous purposes.....700.00  
Total.....\$8,000.00  
Adopted July 19, 1909, by the following  
vote of the Council of the City of Flo-  
rence, Nebraska:  
Councilman Price, yes.  
Councilman Craig, yes.  
Councilman Kelly, yes.  
Councilman Allen, yes.  
Approved July 19, 1909.  
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.  
CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted

## McCOY & OLMSTED

Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law  
652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16

VOTE FOR  
**M. F. BLACK**  
REPUBLICAN  
CANDIDATE  
FOR.....  
County Surveyor  
Subject to  
action of  
Primaries,  
AUGUST 17, 1909

VOTE FOR  
**Max Becht**  
Republican  
Candidate  
For.....  
CORONER  
Primaries  
TUESDAY, AUG. 17

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.

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor  
**Benson Well Boring Co.**  
ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY  
Phone Benson 287 BENSON, NEB.



Never before has China Ware like this  
been sold in Florence for double our price this  
week. It's genuine Japanese Ware, imported  
direct and the sale begins Saturday morning.

Choice 12 1-2 Cents Each

**McCLURE'S**

Watch Our Windows

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

\$5.00 Down and  
\$5 a Month on the  
cheaper lots and \$10  
Down and \$10 a  
Month on the higher  
priced lots. Be sure  
to see us before you  
buy. We write  
**FIRE INSURANCE**  
Hastings & Heyden  
1614 Harney St.

**KIERLE ICE CO.**  
Reservoir Ice  
TEL. FLORENCE 208 and 347

The New Drug Store  
**BELL DRUG CO.**  
Prescriptions carefully com-  
pounded. Toilet Goods, Per-  
fumes, Patent Medicines. Try  
our Soda. It's good.  
MAIN STREET. TEL 378.

**Rockmount Poultry Farm**  
BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS  
Tel. Florence 315 FLORENCE, NEB.

The Florence Tailor  
Is now open for business, and all  
kinds of cleaning and repairing will  
receive prompt attention.  
The latest styles in men's and  
ladies' clothing at prices you can  
afford to pay.  
1518 MAIN STREET.  
FLORENCE.

When you build don't forget  
**J. H. PRICE**  
FOR HARDWARE.  
Special Prices to Contractors and  
Builders.  
Tel. 3221.

**WILLIAM TUCKER**  
Main St., north of Bank of Florence  
**Storz Beer**  
Fine Wines, Liquors and Cigars.

**James Nicholson**  
**BLUE RIBBON GARDEN**  
At the end of the car line.  
Storz Celebrated Artesian Well  
Water Beer.

Ask For  
**METZ**  
Famous Bottled Beer  
at Henry Anderson's, Florence

**Postal Cards**  
Two for 25c. Finished while you wait.  
Four large photos for \$1, at  
**EMORY**  
FOTOGRAFER  
Pacific, Between Main and Fifth.

**John Lubold**  
Real Estate  
Fire and Tornado Insurance,  
Loans  
The Largest List of Florence and  
Suburban Property on the Best  
Terms.  
Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 165.



**Storz**  
**TRIUMPH BOTTLED BEER**  
SPARKLING-PURE-PERFECT  
It scintillates pleasure  
and health  
MADE IN OMAHA  
BY THE  
**STORZ**  
BRO.  
CO.  
Sold by  
WILLIAM TUCKER  
J. NICHOLSON.

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

**Farmers' State Bank**  
CAPITAL, \$25,000.00  
Does a General-Banking Business on a Conservative Basis. 4 per cent on Time Deposits.  
Phone Florence 303.  
1513 Main St.

**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.

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HANS PETERSON  
Krug's Famous Beer, Wines, Liquors and Cigars  
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ORRIS S. HULSE Res. D. 2876  
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Telephones:  
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**HULSE & RIEPEN**  
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS  
Successor to  
HARRY B. DAVIS  
709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

**The Parkside**  
MRS. KEATON, Prop.  
1310 Main Street. Tel. Florence 311  
Everything modern. Everything new. Everything in the market to eat. Everybody welcome. All who come once come again.

Subscriptions for Any Magazine or Paper Taken.  
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Magazines, Papers, Stationery, Candy and Cigars.  
1515 MAIN STREET.  
POSTOFFICE BLDG.

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Then try one of our BANK-MONEY ORDERS. They are cheaper than either express or post office orders, are easier to obtain, are good anywhere, and quickly made good if lost or destroyed.

**FARMERS STATE BANK**  
1513 Main Street. Tel F-303.

**Florence Drug Store**  
GEORGE SIERT, Prop.  
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.  
Our Ice Cream Soda is Fine.  
Telephone Florence 1121.

**Henry Anderson**  
THE SCHLITZ PLACE  
Finest Wines and Liquors and Cigars. Sole agent for celebrated Metz Bros. Bottled Beer for Florence and vicinity.  
Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

**∴ IDLE CHATTER ∴**

Mrs. George Siert and Mrs. J. A. Scott are in Seattle to see the Alaska expedition.

Miss Martha Tucker has left for Seattle to visit the exposition before returning to Sheridan to take up her school work.

Miss Mary Burton, who has been visiting friends and relatives at Beaver Crossing, Neb., is expected home next week.

Prof. McLean and family, who are visiting relatives at Ceresco, Neb., are expected home next week.

Miss Helma Swanson is visiting in Seattle.

Miss Ella Sorenson, who has been visiting Mr. and Mrs. William Huston, returned to her home in Des Moines this week.

Miss Anna J. Moore is enjoying a vacation at Hot Springs, Thermopolis, Wyo. Before returning to Florence she intends to take a trip through Yellowstone Park.

Mrs. Charles M. Cottrell left last Thursday to spend the month of August in Colorado. At present she is sojourning at Alma.

Mrs. Robert H. Olmsted was the guest of Mrs. H. J. Penfold at the Field club Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Coe were guests of Mr. and Mrs. S. Arion Lewis in Dundee Saturday evening.

F. M. King, democrat; W. R. Wall and J. K. Lowry, republicans, will be judges and A. C. Close, democrat, and John Bondesson clerks at the primaries Tuesday and later at the election.

The pioneers of this vicinity are making plans for a big day on the last day of the Douglas County Veterans' reunion.

Will Ryan left Monday for Greely, Neb., for a week's outing.

The Court of Honor gave a social and dance at Pascale's hall Tuesday evening.

Charles M. Plein has purchased lot 8, block 96, for \$300.

About twenty-five sisters of the Catholic church enjoyed an outing north of Florence Monday.

The Saturday dinners at the Parkside are becoming very popular with the farmers who come in to do their trading.

John Lawson, who has been visiting Hugh Suttie, left the latter part of the week for his home in Streator, Ill.

Theodore McClure left Tuesday on a business trip to Des Moines.

The Fruit Growers' association loaded a car of fruit Monday evening.

Harry Dodds, the rural carrier of Route 1, went to the hospital Wednesday to have an operation on his hand for blood poison. His hand is in bad shape.

Mr. and Mrs. Tucker and Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Thompson have moved back to the Tucker house.

J. J. Cole left this week for his ranch in the western part of the state.

The firemen held their monthly meeting at the city hall Monday evening and besides ordering the photographer to finish up the pictures taken Decoration day appointed George Gamble, Clarence Wall, Robert Golding, W. B. Parks and Wilbur Nichols as a committee to see about giving a dance in Cole's new building about the middle of September. The hose cart and hook and ladder truck have recently been painted and now present a fine appearance.

The Eagles are negotiating with Dr. Adams for the use of Pascale's hall by the year.

M. B. Thompson spent Wednesday in Lincoln.

The Independent Telephone company is pushing work on its new building on Main and Madison streets.

An itinerant medicine company is giving a vaudeville show on Main street this week.

For Sale  
At a bargain,  
One 2-seated carriage,  
One 2-seated trap,  
One top buggy,  
One runabout,  
Buggy wheels,  
Buggy shafts,  
Buggy poles,  
At your own price.  
Florence Livery & Feed Co.,  
Tel. F-131, Main street.

The Woodmen drill team will erect a platform and give a dance every evening during the Veteran's encampment August 25 to 28. Elmer Taylor has secured Pascale's hall on same dates for the same purpose.

Lost, on Main street, pocketbook containing \$4.35. Reward if left at Postoffice, Florence.

Mrs. George Pierronett and children left this week for a visit in California.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church will give an ice cream social at the city hall next Friday evening, August 20.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church met at the residence of Mrs. Andrew Anderson on Wednesday.

Thomas Price has gone to Mitchell, S. D. for a short stay.

Charles Huntington of Omaha spent Wednesday with Florence friends.

Miss Margaret Suttie leaves Saturday for Brady Island, Neb., to visit relatives.

Mr. Corbett of South Omaha was a Florence visitor Wednesday.

The city engineer is setting the stakes for the new sidewalks.

The ladies of St. Philip Neri church will give an ice cream social at the city park August 17.

The Eagles are organizing a marching club of 100, to march in the parade in Omaha in September. They will all be dressed in white.

Owing to the time of going to press last week we were unable to give the pallbearers at the funeral of Marshall C. Hamilton. They were Joe Redmond, Charles Huntington, Lewis Plant, David Andrews, M. R. Kindred and Thomas Smith for the honorary, while John McGregor, Robert Craig, James Kindred, L. N. Warlier, George Foster and John Simpson were the active pallbearers.

We will occupy our new office in the rear of the Bank of Florence the first part of next week.

Mrs. Johnson of Bangor, Me., died at the home of her brother, Lewis Plant, Wednesday evening.

Mrs. T. P. Herskins and children have gone to South Dakota to visit friends and relatives.

The Coopers have moved out of the Tucker hotel and will occupy the rooms vacated by Henry Anderson over his store.

John Williams is pushing the grading work on the Loup road.

The Court of Honor has leased Pascale's hall from Dr. Adams for two nights a month for a year. They will meet on the second and fourth Tuesdays.

When you go to the polls Tuesday don't forget to give Charles M. Cottrell a boost for assessor.

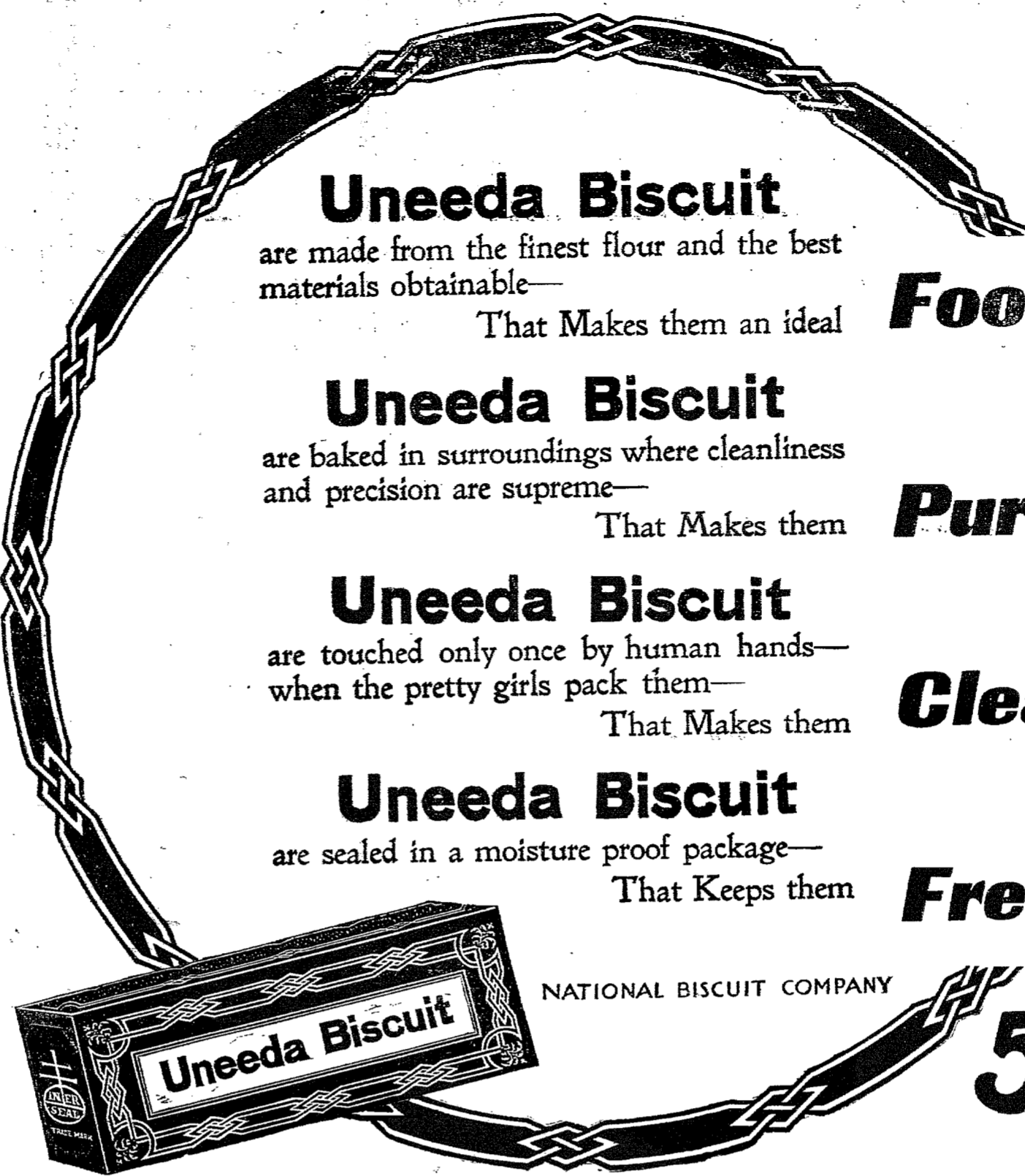
Wm. Bena says this has been one of the best years he has known for fruit, and that prices have more than been satisfactory.

The state has offered \$200 for the capture of James Phillips, who murdered Marsh Hamilton. It is thought he is near Florence.

Mrs. J. L. Houston, who has been visiting in the east, is expected home Saturday.

The ladies on the hill are getting up a petition to the council protesting against the laying of mud sidewalks.

Mrs. Helen Bloom of Sheridan, Wyoming, was the guest of Miss Martha Tucker Sunday.



**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**

**DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS**  
WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED!

**THE KNABE PIANO**  
ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR

# Mysteries of Nature

By G. Frederick Wright, A. M. LL. D.

## ICE DRIVEN PLANTS AND ANIMALS.

Before the glacial period the plants which now flourish in the latitude of Virginia and North Carolina were growing in a happy family in Spitzbergen, northern Greenland, and on the Arctic shores of North America. Arctic expeditions have repeatedly brought back from the middle tertiary deposits north of Disco island the embedded leaves and fruit of magnolias, sassafras, hickories, maples, poplars, birches, lindens, southern cypress and several species of sequoias, including the gigantic forms now found only in California, and three kinds of ginkgo trees now peculiar to Japan. The evidence of these fossil plants is conclusive that just before the glacial period there was a warm climate all around the north pole.

Until the theory of the origin of species by natural selection was accepted, and the facts about the glacial period brought to light this distribution of trees and plants was a profound mystery. For the solution of the problem we are largely indebted to the late Prof. Asa Gray, who in 1859 read a paper before the American Academy of Arts and Sciences on the flora of Japan, which attracted the attention of the scientific world and opened the way to the full exposition of his theory, which was set forth in an address before the American Association for the Advancement of Science at Dubuque, Ia., in 1872. The way had been prepared for this work by the fact that the large collection of Japanese plants gathered by Commodore Perry's expedition in 1857, which opened Japan to the world, was placed in his hands for examination. The result was that it appeared that there was a striking similarity between the plants of Japan and those of the Altai mountains, of the Himalayas and the eastern portion of North America, and a striking dissimilarity between the plants of these regions and those of the Pacific slope of North America, while the most remarkable resemblance was between the plants of Japan and those of eastern United States.

The Pacific coast of the United States is rich in coniferous trees like cedars, sequoias and redwoods, but is conspicuously lacking in most of the trees familiar on the Atlantic slope. For example, there are not half as many maples, or ashes, or poplars, or walnuts, or birches, or oaks on the Pacific slope, and they are of such inferior quality that it is said "a passable wagon wheel can not be made of California wood, nor a really good one in Oregon." The Atlantic slope has four times as many species of non-coniferous trees as the Pacific slope, but only a little more than half as many coniferous species.

The first step in the solution of this problem is found in the relation of the land continents in the northern hemisphere to each other. Whereas the southern ends of the continents project far out into deep seas so that they are widely separated from each other at the north they approached each other and are separated by shallow seas. The water in Behring strait is only 150 feet deep, and that in the sea only a few hundred feet deep, so that a slight elevation of the bottom of the ocean there would join Asia to America, and permit the migration of plants and animals from one continent to another. That these continents have been recently joined by such a change in land level is proved by the fact that bones of the mammoth have been found on both sides of Behring strait, and even on the Pribilof islands, far out in Behring sea. A similar belt of shoal water extends from Greenland by way of Iceland to Norway. It is therefore easy to suppose a continuous land connection clear around the north pole enabling plants and animals to migrate freely. On the other hand, the general resemblance of species both of plants and animals in the lands surrounding the north pole is proof that there has been such opportunity for migration. Whereas, there is this great similarity in species in the northern hemisphere, there is a total dissimilarity between the species occupying the southern extremities of the continents in the southern hemisphere.

But with the coming on of the glacial period this happy family of species around the north pole was rudely disturbed by the new conditions. The lowering of temperature and the slow accumulation of glacial ice made it impossible for trees of a temperate climate to maintain their existence on those inhospitable shores. If they were to exist any longer they must emigrate to milder climes. But how shall a tree which is fixed in the soil remove to better its fortune? Of course, a single tree is helpless in such a situation. But, as Prof. Gray wittily says, when a tree is driven to an extremity it can "take to the woods," and the forest can begin a majestic movement toward better climes.

As the conditions favoring the forest became severe along its northern belt they would become favorable over a corresponding belt stretching to the south. Over this belt the seeds would be gradually scattered by various agencies. Some seeds would be blown by the wind, some carried by streams of water, some by birds and squirrels and other animals. Whereas formerly such stray seeds had

failed to find favorable conditions in these new fields, now they would be the favored ones, and thus the species which they represented, would slowly spread southward until the glacial period had exhausted itself and the extreme limit of favorable conditions had been reached.

Thus it would result that the same species would be driven down to corresponding latitudes on both sides of the Pacific and Atlantic oceans, and we should have what now appears—namely, the same species of plants in Japan, the middle United States and Europe and northern Asia.

But it still would seem to be a puzzle why the plants were not the same in corresponding latitudes on both sides of the American continent. Why should the species of plants in California be so different from those in Pennsylvania and Virginia? This is answered by considering the different conditions which prevail on the east and west sides of a continent. Because the world turns from west to east the prevailing winds in the northern hemisphere are from the southwest. The breezes of the Pacific coast are therefore sea breezes, laden with moisture, while those in the eastern Atlantic states are land breezes, which have been largely bereft of their moisture and are subject to greater alternations of temperature. The constant action of these diverse conditions would have a direct effect to favor some species on the Atlantic coast that would not be favored on the Pacific, and vice versa. Thus we have everything accounted for in a most natural way.

The reason why these plants have not returned to Greenland and Spitzbergen is that the glacial period is not yet over. It still prevails in those northern regions. But they have started on their northern journey and have partially recovered the ground lost. Some have already attained their original homes, leaving, however, many stragglers on the way. The main body of arctic vegetation is the same with that which covered the country of the middle Atlantic states during the climax of the glacial period. Of the straggling remnants still left in favoring situations one of the most interesting is Scotch heather, which is found not only in Labrador, but in a few places in Massachusetts, like Andover and Cape Cod. In all the rock gorges opening into Lake Erie remnants of the glacial vegetation are preserved in the sequestered and cool shady nooks. Some such are also preserved in similar narrow, cool gorges opening into the Ohio river below Cincinnati.

But the mountains formed the best retreats for the arctic plants, which were following up the receding ice sheet. Alpine plants are found on the high elevations of the White mountains, and on the high peaks of the Rocky and Sierra Nevada mountains as far south as New Mexico, but are absent over all the intervening areas.

In some respects the effect of the glacial period upon animal life and distribution was even more peculiar than that on plants. During that period a large number of arctic species were crowded down into central Europe and into the middle and northern states of the Atlantic coast and Mississippi valley. In company with man's remains there are found those of the grizzly bear, the Irish elk, the reindeer, the musk ox and the arctic fox, while the ibex and the chamois, which now occupy the high mountain crags, descended to the valleys. Several of these northern species now extinct were also present in these temperate regions.

The indirect effect of this incursion of arctic animals into the temperate zone was to cause the destruction of many animal forms which already occupied the region. Just before the glacial period there were living in America two extinct species of the cat family as large as lions, four species of the dog family as large as wolves, while the walrus was found in Virginia, the sea cow in South Carolina. There were also living six species of horses, the South American tapir and llama, a camel, two species of elephant and two of mastodons, a species of megatherium, three of megalonyx and one of mylodon—huge terrestrial sloths as large as the rhinoceros or even as the elephant.

Insects also, as well as plants and the larger animals, were compelled to reckon with the glacial period. Among the most interesting illustrations of this occurs in the White mountains, where various Alpine species of butterflies are found near the summit. In ascending Mount Washington one suddenly encounters near the top whole swarms of butterflies (Oeniss Semidea); so that, as Prof. Samuel Scudder has said, so far as insect species are concerned, "in ascending Mount Washington we pass, as it were, from New Hampshire to northern Labrador and the southern extremity of Greenland." Similar species occur also on the summit of the Rocky mountains. The story is the same. Dispersed far and wide during the glacial period, these insects have at last been compelled to take refuge on the summits of the high mountains, where alone glacial conditions perpetually prevail.

# BETZVILLE TALES

## Miss Petunia Scraggins and the Clothespins

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

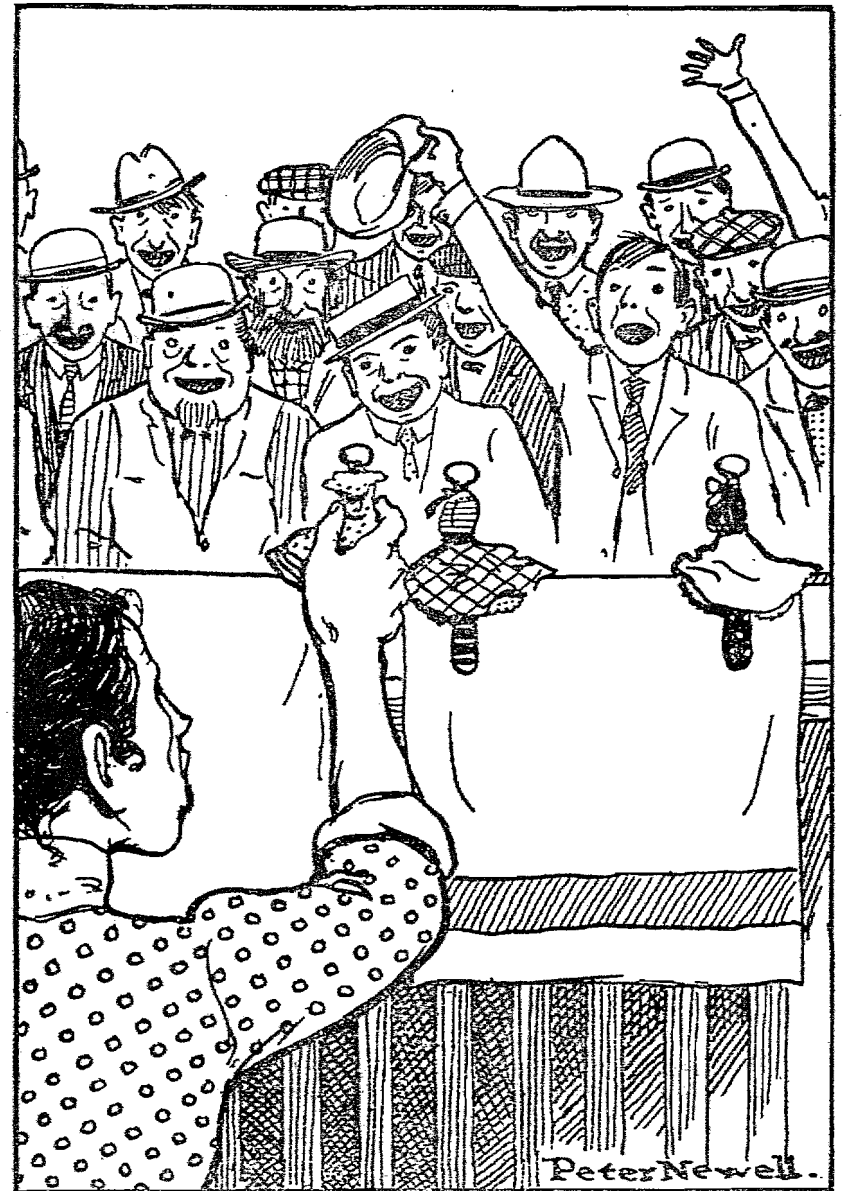
For a great many years Miss Petunia Scraggins of Betzville sent her washing away from home to be done, but it was not in order to appear stylish, as some of our invidious citizens have hinted. It was because she was so modest that she couldn't bear to look upon a naked clothespin. The mere sight of six dozen pale, nude clothespins in a basket always overcame Petunia so that she became weak and trembled and had to go and lie down on the red-plush sofa and sniff at the uncorked camphor bottle.

But when adversity overtook her and she couldn't afford to have her washing sent out, she saw there was nothing to do about it, and that she must do her own washing. For three weeks she hunted high and low for some kind of lady-like clothespins that she could put skirts on and that would ride side-saddle on the clothesline, but she didn't find any of that sort, and she didn't know what in the world to do. Then she tried putting skirts on the two-legged clothespins any way, but although they looked all right in the basket, the way they behaved on the clothesline was perfectly scandalous. Skirts were never in the world meant to ride a-straddle. And a

week's wash and declared it injurious to the morals of the community and ordered her to discontinue it. They said she still had the right to use nude, unadorned clothespins if she wished, but she couldn't bring herself to do that, and it looked for awhile as if she would have to discontinue wash-day, and so she would if she hadn't happened to hear that the best society elsewhere was wearing divided skirts for horseback riding.

For awhile Miss Petunia was doubtful about divided skirts. She was a little old-fashioned and she feared they might not be modest, but when she spoke to the city censoring committee they said the divided skirts were perfectly proper and suitable for the most well-bred clothespins to wear. So she set to work and made a complete outfit of divided skirts for her clothespins. Sim Wiggins sold a few reserved seats for the first appearance of the divided-skirts, there being some curiosity about them among those who had never seen them, but the next Monday the grandstand was as empty as a church on Fourth of July.

It is wonderful how a little thing like clothes changes things. Formerly



It irked Miss Petunia almost to death to go out and hang up a towel and hear the loud cheers as she stuck the clothes-pin on the line.

clothespin was never intended to do anything else. Miss Petunia couldn't so much as hang out a handkerchief on the line without being shocked and blushing like a mile a minute.

It didn't make the least difference that Miss Petunia was not sparing of clothes. A well-informed stranger who visited our town stated in the hearing of some of our best citizens that he had never seen, anywhere in the world, as well gowned and outfitted clothespins as Miss Petunia's. They were fully robed in skirts and underskirts and general trousseau stuff, including stockings, and yet when they were stuck on the clothesline they looked like reckless creatures whose acquaintance one would not care to make.

The thing that worried Miss Petunia most was that Sim Wiggins, who owns the lot next to her humble home, built a grandstand on it, facing Miss Petunia's yard, and sold seats every wash day at ten cents a seat. The grandstand was always crowded on wash days by spectators come to see Miss Petunia's clothespin ballet, and it was not at all a nice crowd. The best society all stayed away after they heard what kind of a show it was. It irked Miss Petunia almost to death to go out and hang up a towel and hear the loud cheers as she stuck the clothespins on the line. The audience got so it knew each individual clothespin, and gave them all names, and when their favorites appeared and began to dance in the breeze they just went wild. And Sim Wiggins used to sell peanuts and lemonade, and parade up and down before the grandstand as proud as if he had thought of the show himself. It riled Miss Petunia dreadfully.

At last the crowd got to be so noisy that the city council met and considered the bad effect the clothesline ballet was having on the public. They appointed a committee of censors, and the next Monday the committee went around and censored Miss Petunia's

Miss Petunia was afraid to look a clothespin in the face, and now she is as fond of them as can be. She says that putting clothes on them makes them really clothespins, and that that is all some people are. She says that for upwards of 40 years she was lonely and sad and always working her fingers to the bone to get a husband, but now she has learned how much human companionship there is in a well-dressed clothespin, and she has given up all intention of getting married. In the long winter evenings she just goes out to the clothespin basket and gets a clothespin and sets it astraddle on the edge of her workbasket, and the evening passes as quickly as could be desired. And she says she has raised such an affection for the dear good things that she can't abide thinking of them all alone in the cold cellarway in a draughty willow basket, and every night she puts them all snugly to bed in the spare bed in the east bedroom. Miss Petunia says that they look so sweet and innocent, lying there 72 in a row, with just their little wooden heads sticking out beyond the covers, that every night she gives each one of them a kiss and a little pat on the cheek before she turns out the light. Bless their little hearts!

(Copyright, 1920, by W. G. Chapman.)

The Walrus' Defenses.  
A full-grown walrus will weigh as much as 2,000 pounds—a mountainous mass of muscle and blubber. He is armed with tusks of ivory, sometimes two feet in length, and when from his upreared bulk these formidable weapons are plunged downward upon an enemy, they are as resistless as the drop of a guillotine. Such a thick layer of blubber lies under the skin that he is practically clad in armor impervious to teeth and claws alike. So, unless the enemy is greatly favored by luck, he has little chance to overthrow his antagonist.—St. Nicholas.

# Romances of Progress

By Albert Payson Terhune

## PROGRESS MAKERS—Who Played with Lightning.

Queen Elizabeth and her courtiers were duly amazed by certain miraculous tricks performed by the court physician, Dr. William Gilbert, though many of the graver or more superstitious nobles declared his feats worthier of a conjurer or sorcerer than a dignified medical man. Gilbert balanced a light steel needle on a pivot. Then he rubbed amber against some rough surface and placed it near the needle. The bit of steel promptly swung toward the amber, impelled by a force no one could understand. Other substances—diamonds, sapphires, opals and amethysts, for instance—attracted the needle when rubbed even as did the amber, while emeralds, coral and jasper did not.

Gilbert had studied the phenomenon and had discovered that some unknown force, which he called magnetism, was generated in certain substances by friction. He did not know what this force was, but he carried on his experiments until he proved the whole earth is one vast magnet, with north and south "poles," and that this fact accounts for the dipping and shifting of the compass needle. Going on this theory, he invented an instrument for showing sailors their latitude without help from sun or stars.

Gilbert may justly be termed the father of electricity. He it was who first called science's attention to this subtle power, and strove to solve its mysteries. In reward he was regarded as a quack and magician.

Robert Boyle, an Englishman, who lived a few years later, added to Gilbert's information the discovery that amber would attract a hanging needle even after the effects of the friction had worn off. Also, that both heat and friction added to the power of magnetic attraction. Otto von Guericke, a German, who lived during the same period of the seventeenth century, went a step further and found that by mounting a ball of sulphur on a revolving axis and rubbing it briskly both light and sound of a sort could be produced. This was the first rude forecast of the present "electric light." To it an Englishman named Hawksbee in 1705 contributed the discovery that light could be produced by placing mercury in an exhausted receiver and forcing common air through it. Light rays were given off by the globules of mercury this displaced.

But it was Stephen Gray who, in 1729, made experiments in electricity which paved the way for the telegraph. He found that certain bodies had the power to convey electricity from one object to another, and that others had not. In other words, that some substances were "conductors" and some were non-conductors.

Experiments were balked by the difficulty in storing enough electricity for any such purpose. To get around this Prof. Muschenbroeck, in 1745, devised at Leyden, Holland, an invention which revolutionized electrical study. Knowing how quickly electricity becomes dissipated in open air, he hit on a means of "storage" by surrounding it with a non-conductor. Placing water in a glass phial, he charged this water with electricity and bottled it. As his assistant was withdrawing the wire with which he had electrified the water he received a shock that knocked him down. The storage efficacy of the "Leyden jar," as it was called, was proven. Enough could now be now stored to go through a 12,000-foot wire.

Benjamin Franklin, improving on experiments of a Dr. Watson, established the existence of positive and negative electric poles, and demonstrated that all the phenomena and effects produced by electricity is duplicated in thunder and lightning.

He was the first to prove this and to draw electricity down from the clouds. He performed this latter feat by sending up during a thunderstorm, in June, 1752, a silk kite with an iron point on its summit. This he attached to a long cord at whose other end a silk ribbon was tied. At the juncture of ribbon and string hung a key. By rapping this key with his knuckles he produced a series of sparks—proving his theory true. Incidentally, he risked his life, for there was every chance that a shock powerful enough to cause death might have been transmitted.

All these men merely played with electricity, each adding something to his predecessor's knowledge of the subject. To them it was but a scientific toy. Yet none had devised a means for harnessing this wonderful force and to make it do the world's work. That crowning feat was reserved for a later generation of men. (Copyrighted.)

## MARTIN LUTHER --- The Peasant Who Conquered an Emperor

Two men were riding through a German forest. One of them was John Tetzel, a monk, who had been sent by Pope Leo X. to peddle "Indulgences" through Germany. The other was a stranger Tetzel had met on the road a few hours before. The monk was explaining to him how to pay for rebuilding St. Peter's cathedral in Rome the pope was selling at graded rates tickets or parchments which absolved the purchaser from guilt for his various sins. These parchments were known as "Indulgences."

"I wish to commit a robbery," observed the stranger. "Will you sell me an indulgence, and for what price?"

The sale was quickly made. At its conclusion the stranger proceeded to overpower Tetzel and rob him of every valuable he possessed. Then he rode away safe and happy in the knowledge that his sin was forgiven in advance.

This incident raised a laugh all over Germany. But two men did not laugh. One was Tetzel and the other was a young peasant who had been educated for a lawyer and who, to the disgust of his family, had become a priest. This peasant-priest was Martin Luther, father of freedom of thought and founder of the Reformation.

Religion had during the fifteenth century become far degraded from the pure principles of the Catholic church of to-day and from the original holy precepts of that church. The evils chronicled in this article have no reference to true Catholicism, but to its abuses by unscrupulous men in the Dark Ages.

Luther, shortly before this affair of Tetzel's, had gone on a pious pilgrimage to Rome. What he saw there had horrified him and set him to thinking. Then came the public sale of indulgences. This was the last straw. When Tetzel came to Wittenberg Luther shocked and amazed the whole world by nailing on the door of the church where the monk was to preach a paper which declared the following truths:

That such indulgences as Tetzel sold were worse than useless: that God alone can forgive sin and no mortal has the power to peddle divine pardon; that true repentance alone can wash away guilt; that indulgences were money-making schemes, and that no one can buy his way into the kingdom of heaven.

Europe was aghast at such new, strange theories. The pign people read them and began to think for themselves. When once a People begin to think, Tyranny's course is run. The nobles, too, espoused the peasant's teachings and were eager to

hear more of them. But the clergy were furious. Luther was charged with heresy and ordered to report at once in person to the pope. He refused and continued to preach his beliefs. He declared the Bible should be free to all men to read and interpret as they chose, and that its precepts should not be doled out to them.

The controversy waxed hotly. Luther ever gaining new adherents. At last, in 1520, the pope excommunicated him and ordered his books publicly burned. Luther retorted by burning the writ of excommunication. Meantime all Germany was rent asunder over the quarrel, and the emperor, Charles V., thought best to interfere. He summoned Luther to appear before him at the city of Worms in the presence of the diet (council) to answer charges of heresy. Knowing how many adherents Luther had, the emperor promised him a safe conduct. Yet the accused man's friends, knowing how uncertain was the promise of a sovereign, urged him not to put his head in the lion's mouth by obeying the command. Luther replied: "Even if there were as many devils in Worms as there are chimneys on the houses I would go!"

And he went. Fearlessly he confronted the terrible emperor, hurling defiance at him, expounding his doctrines and refusing to retract. His

Enters the Lion's friends hurried him away just in time to escape the imperial wrath and forced him to stay in hiding for a year. He spent his retirement in beginning a translation of the Bible into German, so that even the poorest might read it. His is the Bible in use in Germany to-day. The emperor proclaimed him an outlaw threatening dire penalties to all who should befriend him. Nevertheless, Luther went fearlessly abroad and preached throughout Germany denouncing corruption and begging men to lead better lives. So deeply had the common people and many of the nobles become attached to the reformer that even the emperor dared not molest him.

But his later years were embittered by religious quarrels among his own followers and by perils and discouragements of every kind. In 1546, at the age of 63, he died, soon after writing to a friend the ensuing letter which showed how thoroughly he had paid the price of misery which is the lot of all progress-makers:

"I am old, worn out, weary. My spirit is broken. I am blind of one eye. I long for a little rest and quiet. Yet as much work remains to be done as ever. I am so weary of the world and the world is so weary of me that the parting will be as easy as that of a guest leaving an inn."

(Copyrighted.)

# GENERAL MILES

AND THE

# SIOUX

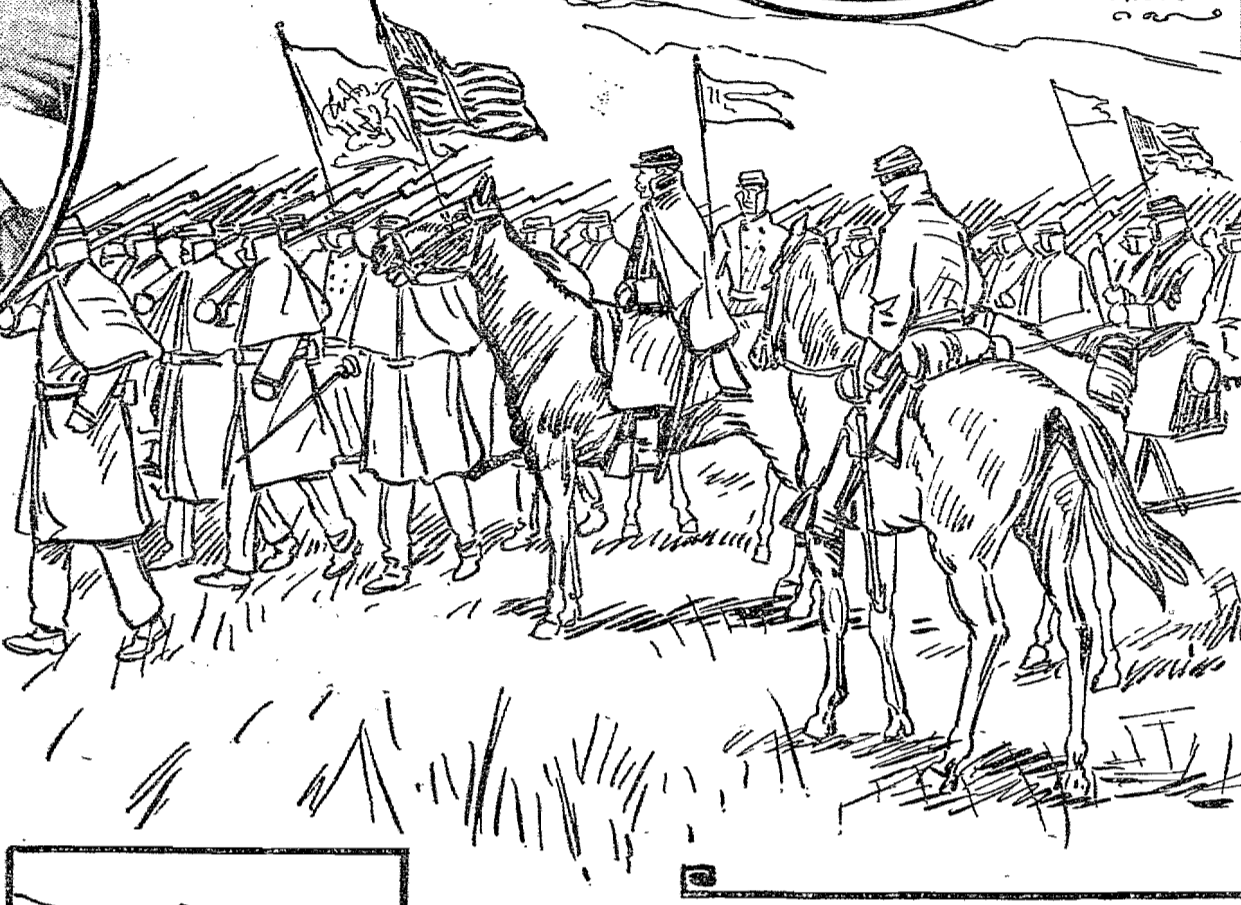
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GENERAL NELSON A. MILES



TWO STRIKE



**W**ASHINGTON.—A lithograph that has survived the attacks of time shows Gen. Nelson A. Miles and Col. W. F. Cody mounted on spirited horses and overlooking from a bluff the last great camp of the Sioux Indians when coming in from the warpath. The Sioux surrendered to Gen. Miles in January, 1891, but they came very near, a few days after the surrender, to the point of breaking away once more. The story of it is this:

Gray dawn was breaking at the Pine Ridge agency when an Indian runner broke headlong into the village of the surrendered Sioux. He stopped at the tepees of the principal warriors long enough to shout a message, and then leaving the camp where its end rested against an abrupt hill, he made his way with a plainsman's stealth to the group of agency buildings, circling which and extending beyond, crowning ridge after ridge, were the white Sibley tents of the soldiers.

Breakfast was forgotten in the troubled camp of the Sioux. The chiefs and the greater braves rushed to quick council and the lesser warriors, the squaws and the children stood waiting with dogged patience in the village streets.

The council was over. An old chief shouted a word of command that was caught up and passed quickly to the farthest outlying tepee. An army might have learned a lesson from that which followed the short, sharp order. Mounted men shot out from the village and as fast as fleet-footed ponies, pressed to their utmost, could accomplish the distances every outlying ridge was topped with the figure of rider and horse, silhouetted against the morning sky.

Every sentinel warrior had his eyes on the camps of the white soldiery. Suddenly from the east of the agency, where lay the Sixth cavalry, there came a trumpet call that swelled and swelled and ended in one ringing note that sang in and out of the valleys and then, subdued to softness, floated on to be lost in the prairie wilderness beyond.

The motionless figure of one of the hilltop sentinels was moved to instant life. A signal ran from ridge to ridge, finally to be passed downward into the camp of the waiting Sioux, who sprang into action at its coming. The pony herds of the Sioux were grazing on the hills to the west, unrestrained of their freedom by lariat or herdsman. In number they nearly equaled the people of the village, a few ponies for emergency use only having been kept within the camp. Upon the ponies in the village jumped waiting warriors, who broke out of the shelter of the tepees for the hills where the herds were foraging on the snow-covered bunch grass. It seemed but a passing moment before every pony in that great grazing herd was headed for the village. The animals were as obedient to the word of command as is a brave to the word of his chief.

During the gathering of the ponies the women of the camp had slung their papooses to their backs, had collected the camp utensils and were standing ready to strike the tepees, while the braves, blanketed and with rifles in their hands, had thrown themselves between the village and the camps of the soldiers of Gen. Miles.

The Sioux, who had surrendered less than a week before, were preparing to stampede from the agency and to make necessary the repeating of a campaign that had lasted for months. The Indian runner had brought word that Great Chief Miles had ordered his soldiers to arms early in the morning and that the surrendered Sioux were to be massacred to the last man, woman and child.

The medicine men had told the Indians that this was to be their fate and the runner's word found ready belief. Miles sent a courier with a reassuring message to the chiefs, but they would not believe.

The braves prepared to kill before they were killed and everything was in readiness for the flight of the squaws and papooses, while the warriors, following, should fight the soldiers lusty for the Sioux blood.

Gen. Miles had planned a review of the forces in the field as a last act of the campaign, and it was the order for the gathering and the marching that had been taken as an order of massacre by the suspicious Sioux



The soldiers passed on and the review began, but out on the hills the Indian sentinels still stood, and between the marching whites and the village were the long lines of braves still suspicious and still ready to give their lives for the women and children in the heart of the valley.

What a review was that on the snow-covered South Dakota plains that January morning 15 years ago! Gen. Miles on his great black horse watched the 5,000 soldiers pass, soldiers that had stood the burden of battle and the hardships of a winter's campaign and had checked one of the greatest Indian uprisings of history.

The First infantry, led by Col. Shafter, who afterward was in command in front of Santiago, was there that day. Guy V. Henry, now lying in peaceful Arlington cemetery, rode at the head of his black troopers, the "buffalo soldiers" of the Sioux. Capt. Allen W. Capron was there with the battery that afterward opened the battle at Santiago. The Seventh cavalry was there, two of its troops, B and K, having barely enough men left in the ranks to form a platoon.

These two troops had borne the brunt of the fighting at Wounded Knee a month before when 90 men of the Seventh fell killed or wounded before the bullets of the Sioux. When the two troops with their attenuated ranks rode by, the reviewing general removed his cap, an honor otherwise paid only to the colors of his country.

The column filed past, broke into regiments, then into troops and companies, and the word of dismissal was given. The Indian sentinels on the ridges, signaled the camp in the valley. In another minute there was a stampede, but it was only that of the thousands of Sioux ponies turned loose and eager to get back to their breakfast of bunch grass on the prairies.

Two Strike, the Sioux, watched the review that day. Old Two Strike was one of the warriors who went out with a following of braves on the warpath the month previous. Two Strike wore no ghost shirt. He was above such superstition, even though he took no pains to urge his comrades to follow his shirtless example.

Two Strike was glad of the craze that had brought war, for he hated the whites harder than he hated anything on earth except the Pawnees, the hereditary enemy of his people. Two Strike knew in his soul that the buffalo were not coming back as the medicine men had declared, and that no Messiah was to be raised to lead his people against the pale faces to wipe them from off the face of the continent. What he did know was that he was to have one more chance to strike at the encroachers on the lands of his people be-

fore the enfeeblments of old age took the strength from his arm.

Two Strike was a great warrior. He had fought on many a field and he had won his name from the overcoming of two warrior foes who had attacked him when he was alone on the prairie. Single handed he had fought and killed them and "Two Strike" he had been from that day. He was the leader in the last battle which took place between hostile bands of savages on the plains of America. For years without number the two nations, the Sioux and the Pawnees, had hated each other.

In one of Cooper's novels *Hard Heart*, a Pawnee, taunts a Sioux thus: "Since waters ran and trees grew, the Sioux has found the Pawnee on his warpath." The fight in which Two Strike was the leader of the Sioux was fought against the Pawnees on the banks of a little stream known as "The Frenchman," in Nebraska in the year 1874.

In the valley of the Platte river the buffalo were plenty, but the Pawnees had said that the Sioux should not hunt there and they defied them to come. "The Pawnee dogs called the Sioux women," said the story-teller and old Two Strike sneered.

It was when the grass was at its best that the Sioux started for the country of the Pawnee. The teller of the tale made no secret of the intention of the Sioux to exterminate the Pawnees, sparing neither women nor children if the chance for their killing presented itself.

Two Strike and his Sioux reached the edge of the buffalo country and there they waited opportunity. They did not have to wait long. Runners told them that the Pawnees in full strength had started on a great hunting expedition led by Sky Chief, a noted warrior. When the name of Sky Chief fell from the lips of the interpreter old Two Strike smiled and closed his fist. The Sioux left their encampment and struck into the heart of the hunting country. There a scout told them that the enemy was encamped in a prairie gulch and that their women and children were with them to care for the hides and for the drying of the meat of the buffalo.

Two Strike led his men by "a way around," as the interpreter put it, coming finally to a point less than half a sun's distance from the camp in the valley. The Sioux struck a small herd of buffalo and they goaded the animals before them right up to the mouth of the gulch. When the buffalo were headed straight into the valley the Sioux pricked the hindmost with arrows and the herd went headlong toward the encampment of the Pawnees, who "were foolish men" and did not watch for an enemy.

When the Pawnees saw the buffalo they mounted their ponies and followed them out through the far end of the valley to the level plain, leaving the women and children behind.

Then the Sioux went in to the slaughter, sparing neither infancy nor age, and they had almost ended the killing when the Pawnee braves returned.

Then followed the last great battle which has been fought on the plains between tribes of red men. The story-teller in the tepee at Pine Ridge did not say so, but it is known from the account of a white man, Adabel Ellis, who knew the circumstances, that the Pawnees fought that day as they had always fought, bravely and to the death.

Sky Chief, the Pawnee, rode out in front of his men, shook his hand and called out that Two Strike, the Dakota, was a coward. Then Two Strike called back that the Pawnee was a dog's whelp and he rode out, armed with his knife, which was the only weapon Sky Chief held.

The two leaders met and fought. They dismounted, turned their ponies loose and grappled. The story-teller lingered not on the details of the fight. He said simply, "The Pawnees heard Sky Chief's death cry."

The tale ended. Two Strike rose, bared his right arm, drove his hand downward and then upward, and smiled.

quite favorable for them. But fall pigs must be pushed as rapidly as possible, so as to be large enough to withstand winter weather successfully. It will not do to let them drag along on pasture with little grain. Well fed September pigs will weigh 50 pounds when winter sets in, and be fat and well covered with hair, so they do not suffer from the cold. Such pigs will thrive all winter if provided with plenty of feed and a dry, sheltered sleeping place. They must be fed some meat meal, tankage, or oil meal to the extent of ten per cent. of their ration, or some shorts to the extent of 25 per cent. of ration, along with corn. These feeds, while expensive, do not need to be fed in large amounts in order to increase the growth of the pigs as much as 50 per cent. At the same time, pigs so fed will keep far more healthy than those fed on a straight corn diet.

## TWO GOOD LITTERS OF PIGS A YEAR

Where This Is Accomplished the First Cost Is Comparatively Small—Some Good Points About Hogs—By E. T. Robbins.

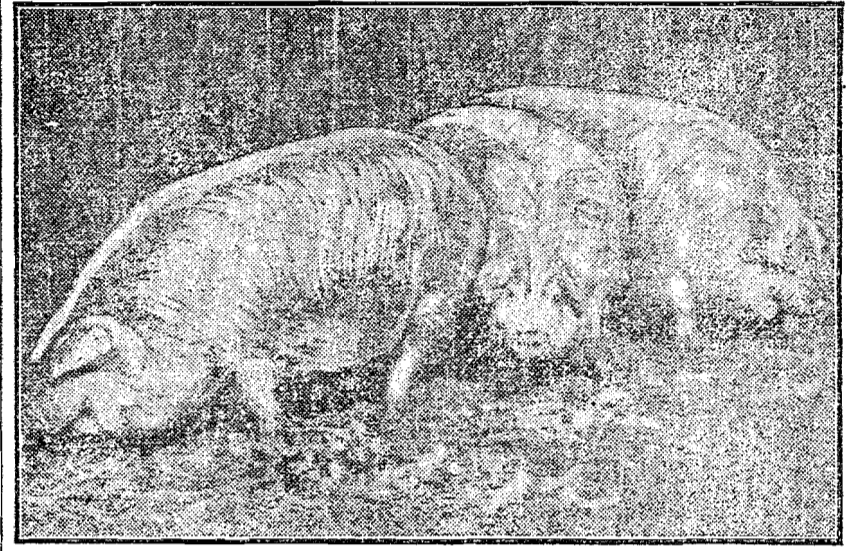
A mature sow can raise two litters as successfully as one, and with no extra feed save that required for nourishing the second litter. Where only one litter of pigs is raised yearly from mature sows, it is difficult to keep them contented during the summer and fall unless they are fed so heavily as to become too fat.

An old sow which has raised a litter of March pigs and is bred again for September, will keep in good, thrifty condition during the summer on clover pasture alone, says Orange Judd Farmer. If she is sucked down thin in the spring, because she was insufficiently fed at that time, she needs but little grain during the summer on good pasture to put her in fine condition again. One litter is enough for a sow in her first year. In her second year and thereafter she is not

the American Poland-China Record, shows the average number of pigs per litter from yearling sows to be 6.05; two-year-olds, 7.56; three-year-olds, 7.88; four-year-olds, 8.28, and five-year-olds, 8.40.

The fall litter of pigs should be farrowed as early as September, so that the pigs get as much growth as possible before winter. This makes it necessary to have the spring pigs come in March. Of course pigs need good shelter and careful attention at that time, but one can better afford time to care for them in March before field work is well under way, than to take half as much time to devote to the young things in April, when plowing and other spring work are pressing.

The fall pigs will need less care at farrowing time, for the weather is



A Profitable Kind of Pigs.

doing full work if she farrows only once.

There is a wide-spread feeling that young sows that raise just one litter, and are then put in the fattening pen, are growing into money faster than if retained longer for breeders. This is because the possibilities of the second litter each year from mature sows are not fully realized. Again, mature sows experience less difficulty at farrowing, and raise more and stronger pigs than young sows.

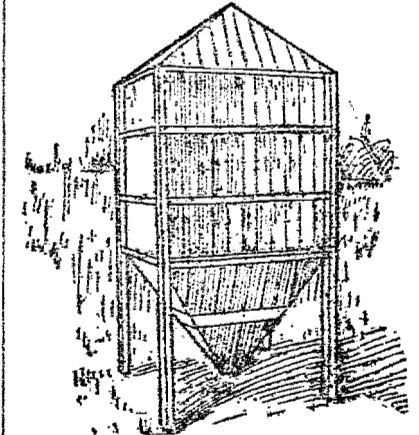
As to numbers of pigs, the following is rather an extreme example. My father in a recent year, from 15 mature sows, raised 104 pigs in the spring, all farrowed inside of two weeks, so they were uniform in size, with not one runt. A neighbor, from 100 gilts, raised less than 100 pigs, varying as much as two months in ages. A tabulation of the litters from 6,145 sows, recorded in one volume of

quite favorable for them. But fall pigs must be pushed as rapidly as possible, so as to be large enough to withstand winter weather successfully. It will not do to let them drag along on pasture with little grain. Well fed September pigs will weigh 50 pounds when winter sets in, and be fat and well covered with hair, so they do not suffer from the cold. Such pigs will thrive all winter if provided with plenty of feed and a dry, sheltered sleeping place. They must be fed some meat meal, tankage, or oil meal to the extent of ten per cent. of their ration, or some shorts to the extent of 25 per cent. of ration, along with corn. These feeds, while expensive, do not need to be fed in large amounts in order to increase the growth of the pigs as much as 50 per cent. At the same time, pigs so fed will keep far more healthy than those fed on a straight corn diet.

## MOUSE AND RAT PROOF CRIB

No. 1 Way of Getting Rid of Pests—Must Move When Lorn Does.

The accompanying illustration gives an idea for a small corn crib that will be proof against rats and mice. Re-



Rat and Mice Proof Crib.

move all corn from the bottom. When any corn is taken out all of the corn in the crib moves, which will cause all rats and mice to leave.

## SPRAYING POTATOES AGAINST BLIGHT

Directions Given by the Wisconsin Experiment Station for Making Mixture.

We take the following directions from the bulletin issued by the Wisconsin experiment station on spraying potatoes against blight:

"One hundred and fifty pounds of blue vitrol, 200 pounds of fresh lime, five cents' worth of potassium ferrocyanide crystals. The 200 pounds of fresh lime will be sufficient for the season, and should be bought in small lots at the time of spraying. The first application will require 40 pounds of blue vitrol and 50 pounds of fresh lime. Suspend the blue vitrol in one-half barrel water (25 gallons) the evening before spraying.

"Hang the blue vitrol well up from the bottom of the barrel, and use, when possible, only wooden or copper vessels for handling the solution. Iron

and tin will be eaten through by the free acid in the blue vitrol solution. It is well to rinse all metal vessels containing blue vitrol solution with lime water after using.

"Slake 50 pounds of fresh lime in a barrel, using all the precautions against burning and drowning necessary to slake lime for mortar making. The lime should be slaked also the evening before spraying. Then in the morning the stock solution of both lime and blue vitrol will be ready for mixing. Either stock solution, which is left over after spraying, may be kept until the next application.

Making the Mixture.—Place one-fifth of the blue vitrol stock solution prepared as above, in one empty barrel and fill with water. Place one-fifth of the lime in another empty barrel and fill with water. Stir thoroughly. Then, with two men dipping, strain the contents of the two barrels through a gunny sack into a third and fourth barrel, making altogether two barrels of Bordeaux mixture, or enough to fill a 100-gallon tank.

"Caution.—The lime is added to the blue vitrol water principally to prevent the blue vitrol from injuring the foliage. If the mixture is made according to the above directions, no damage to the foliage will result, but in case of doubt use the following test: To the barrel of Bordeaux mixture add a few drops of potassium ferrocyanide solution. If a deep brown discoloration or precipitate is produced, the mixture needs more lime. The potassium ferrocyanide crystals can be purchased from any drug store."

## The Live Stock Man.

The more I see of the men who raise live stock of this country, says J. Ogden Armour in the *Breeders Gazette*, the stronger is the impression which the stockman makes upon me. He seems to me the big, strong representative figure developed by our agriculture. As a rule he is the leader in his community. He is progressive. When he saw that the packers needed choice beef and were willing to pay for it, he fell into line and began an up-to-date campaign to improve the quality of his stock. And when he saw that the packers and the stock yards people were willing to spend thousands of dollars in exhibitions and exhibition buildings at all the great live stock centers in order to encourage the breeding of the best meat animals obtainable, he responded with enthusiasm and spent his own money for imported breeding stock to bring his own herds and his flocks up to high standard.

# The Very Best at the Lowest Price

## ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH

### General Merchandise

A New Line of Calicos, Percalés, Men's Work and Dress Shirts and Summer Underwear.

We make a specialty of extra good COUNTRY BUTTER and strictly FRESH EGGS, and always sell at lower prices than can be bought elsewhere. We desire to call especial attention to our fine line of LADIES' OXFORDS in all the latest cuts and vamps, in black, green, tan and all staple shades. We sell these Oxfords cheaper than you can get same grade in Omaha. Come and let us show you them. We have also just received our new spring line of MEN'S HATS in all blocks and shapes, in all the fashionable colors, at a price range of from \$2.00 to \$5.00. We also have some cheaper. Come in and let us show you our goods, get our prices, and then look around. You will come back—they all do.

## ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH

Main Street Florence. Tel Florence 320

**SARATOGA FROZEN CREAM.**  
Special attention given party orders. Any flavor.  
**SARATOGA DRUG CO., 24th & Ames.**  
Where You Change Cars.

## If You Want the BEST, Use

# A. B. C. CAN COFFEE

Packed in 1, 2 and 3 lb. Cans.

For Sale by Anderson & Hollingsworth

### NEW POPULAR SONGS

#### HAYDEN BROS., Omaha

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

23c each or 5 for \$1.00. 1c extra per copy by mail

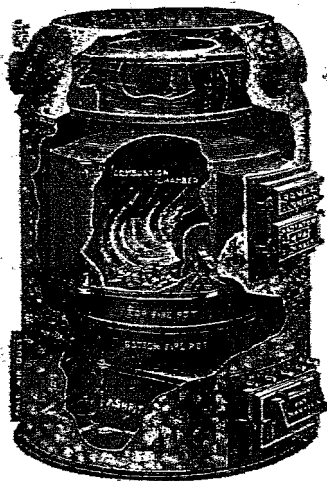
## BUY BOVEE'S FURNACE AT FACTORY PRICES

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

**SIXTY DOLLARS**

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

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



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

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

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

**BOVEE FURNACE WORKS**  
476 8th Street WATERLOO, IOWA

### ORDINANCE NO. 252.

Introduced August 2, 1909, by Councilman J. H. Price.

An Ordinance declaring it a nuisance for any person to disrobe in any public place in the City of Florence, or to bathe or swim in the Missouri river near the eastern limits of the City of Florence within a distance of 600 yards north and south of the city limits, minus or Bridge street in said city, and providing penalties for violation of said Ordinance.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

Section 1. It is hereby declared a nuisance for any person to disrobe in any public place in the City of Florence, or to bathe or swim in the Missouri river near the eastern limits of the City of Florence within a distance of 600 yards north and south of the city limits, minus or Bridge street in said city, and providing penalties for violation of said Ordinance.

Section 2. Any person who shall violate this Ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction thereof shall be fined in a sum of not less than one nor more than ten dollars for each offense and shall pay the costs of prosecution.

Section 3. All ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance be, and the same are hereby repealed.

Enacted and approved this 2nd day of August, 1909.

Attest: F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.

CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

a-6-13

### ORDINANCE NO. 254.

Introduced August 2, 1909, by Councilman Robert Craig.

An Ordinance creating Street Improvement District No. 1 in the City of Florence, Nebraska, for the improvement of that part of Main street from the intersection of the street with Jackson street south to the south line of Briggs street in said city, by paving, curbing and guttering and sub-draining the same and defining the boundaries of said Improvement District and ordering the improvement of said part of said street in said district in accordance with the City Clerk to advertise for bids on vitrified brick paving, vitrified brick block paving, artificial stone or concrete paving, tarvated macadam paving, creosote wooden block paving and combined artificial stone curb and gutter for such improvement of said part of said street.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

Section 1. That Street Improvement District No. 1 be, and the same is hereby created in the City of Florence for the improvement as hereinafter stated, of that part of Main street in said city from the intersection of the street with Jackson street south to the south line of Briggs street in said city, by paving, curbing and guttering and sub-draining the same.

Section 2. That said Street Improvement District No. 1 shall comprise all the lots, lands and real estate lying and being within the limits of the district as hereinafter platted and lithographed, according to the generally recognized plats and plan of said city.

Section 3. That Main street in said Improvement District from the railroad tracks near the south side of Jackson street, south of the south side of Briggs street in said city, be, and the same hereby is, ordered improved by paving, curbing and guttering and sub-draining the same in accordance with the working plan prepared by the City Engineer for the improvement of said part of said street, and the specifications for paving, curbing and guttering on the file in the office of the City Clerk.

Section 4. That the cost and expense of making said improvement of said part of said Main street, including the cost and expense of so improving all street intersections and catch basins, and the cost of platting and lithographing the same, shall be paid by the City of Florence, except such portion thereof as must be paid by the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway Company, as shown by the plans drawn on the fund to be created after said improvements are completed.

Section 5. That the City Clerk of the City of Florence be, and he is hereby, directed to advertise in two issues of the Florence Tribune for one week in the Omaha Evening Bee, for bids upon vitrified brick paving, vitrified brick block paving, artificial stone or concrete paving, tarvated macadam paving, creosote wooden block paving, and combined artificial stone curb and gutter, and standard catch basins and drain tiling, in accordance with specifications therefor on file in his office, and in accordance with the working plan aforesaid prepared by the City Engineer, for the improvement of said part of said Main street in said Improvement District No. 1. Each bid to be accompanied by certified check for \$1,000.00, payable to the City Treasurer of Florence as an evidence of good faith, and that contract be given for the maintenance of said improvements for the period of five years in the event he is awarded the contract for said improvements or any part thereof.

Section 6. That the City Engineer be, and he is hereby, directed to prepare and file with the City Clerk a statement of the cost of said improvements specified in this ordinance, and that said statement be, and the same is hereby, required to be filed in the office of the City Clerk in said notice for bids for said work.

Section 7. All such bids will be received up to 5 o'clock on Monday, August 16, 1909, by the City Clerk and opened in the presence of the Mayor and Council at its regular meeting to be held on August 16, 1909.

Section 8. That all ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance be, and the same are hereby, repealed.

Section 9. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Enacted and approved this 2nd day of August, 1909.

Attest: F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.

CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

(Seal) a-6-13

### NOTICE.

NOTICE is hereby given that there will be a special meeting of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska, at the City hall in Florence, on Monday, August 23, 1909, at eight o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of equalizing sidewalk taxes and assessments and levying special assessments to pay for the cost of constructing artificial stone sidewalks constructed during the year 1908, by D. J. Creech.

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

Lot.	Block.	Amount.
1.	41.	\$ 48.50
2.	41.	48.50
3.	41.	48.50
4.	41.	48.50
5.	41.	48.50
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94.	41.	48.50
95.	41.	48.50
96.	41.	48.50
97.	41.	48.50
98.	41.	48.50
99.	41.	48.50
100.	41.	48.50

Given by order of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska, this 16th day of August, 1909.

CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

J23-20 11-6-13

### NOTICE.

The State of Nebraska, Douglas County vs. The State of Douglas County, Nebraska. District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska. Tract No. 12229. The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, vs. the several parcels of land hereinafter described and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to or any interest, right or claim in or to such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, defendants.

To John T. Clarke, Harvey Spaulding and John P. Lahr, owners, and to unknown owners and to the occupants of the real estate described below.

Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the district court of said county, rendered in the State tax suit for the year 1904, the following described real estate, situate in the County of Douglas and State of Nebraska, to-wit: The north one-half of sub lot two (2) of lot eight (8) and the south one-half of sub lot two (2) of lot eight (8) in Griffen & Smith's addition to the City of Omaha, known as tract Nos. 1228; and 1229; was, on the 13th day of November, 1907, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 13th day of November, 1909. You are further notified that the owner of a certificate of tax sale issued by the treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court on or before the 13th day of November, 1909. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.

D. C. PATTERSON, Trustee, Owner of said certificate.

### NOTICE.

The State of Nebraska, Douglas County vs. The State of Douglas County, Nebraska. District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska. Tract No. 12229.

The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, vs. the several parcels of land hereinafter described and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to or any interest, right or claim in or to such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, defendants.

To John Peabody, sole heir at law of James H. Peabody, deceased, and the unknown heirs of Arthur W. Finn, deceased, owners, and to unknown owners and to the occupants of the real estate described below.

Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the district court of said county, rendered in the State tax suit for the year 1904, the following described real estate, situate in the County of Douglas and State of Nebraska, to-wit: Lot sixteen (16) in block four (4), in Hawthorne, an addition to the City of Omaha, known as tract No. 1225; was, on the 16th day of November, 1907, sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 16th day of November, 1909. You are further notified that the owner of a certificate of tax sale issued by the treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court on or before the 16th day of November, 1909. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.

D. C. PATTERSON, Trustee, Owner of said Certificate.

### NOTICE TO CONTRACTORS.

Sealed proposals are invited and will be received by the undersigned, City Clerk of Florence, Nebraska, until 10 o'clock P. M. on Monday, August 16, 1909, to be immediately opened thereafter at the regular meeting of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, for the paving, curbing and guttering of Main street and catch basins for sub-drainage, and otherwise improving that part of Main street in the City of Florence, Nebraska, from the railroad tracks near the south side of Jackson street south to the south side of Briggs street in said city within Street Improvement District No. 1, with vitrified brick paving, vitrified brick block paving, artificial stone curb and gutter, tarvated macadam paving, creosote block paving, and artificial stone combined curb and gutter, together with catch basins and sub-drainage, all to the established grade of said part of said Main street and according to the specifications and improvement plan therefor on file in my office and pursuant to the provisions of Ordinance No. 254, passed and approved August 2, 1909.

The City Engineer has submitted to the Mayor and Council a statement of the extent and cost of said improvements, showing that there will be 31,841 yards of pavement to be constructed in said district and that in the event of such improvements the cost of which will be taxed to the real estate within said district, and 8,360 yards of paving, the cost of which must be paid by the said railway company; and that there will be 8,723 lineal feet of artificial stone combined curb and gutter and 2,400 feet of 12-inch drain tile, and 900 feet of 8-inch drain tile, and 15 standard catch basins. Said estimate so submitted and on file, further shows that the cost of said pavement will be as follows:

For vitrified brick, Class A, not to exceed \$2.10 per square yard; for vitrified brick block paving, Class A, not to exceed \$2.50 per square yard; for vitrified brick pavement, Class B, not to exceed \$2.20 per square yard; for tarvated macadam pavement, Class A, not to exceed \$1.75 per square yard; for tarvated macadam pavement, Class B, not to exceed \$1.50 per square yard; for artificial stone or concrete pavement, Class A, not to exceed \$1.90 per square yard; for creosote block paving, Class A, not to exceed \$2.10 per square yard; for extra grading, as per specifications, cost will not exceed \$2.10 per square yard; for cement grouting for brick pavement, cost will not exceed 10 cents per square yard; for pitch grouting for brick pavement, cost will not exceed 15 cents per square yard.

That said estimate further shows that the cost of artificial stone combined curb and gutter will not exceed 70 cents per lineal foot. That the cost of curb, gutter or catch basins, set, will not exceed \$18.00 each. The cost of 12-inch drain tile, laid, will not exceed 35 cents per lineal foot. The cost of 8-inch drain tile, laid, will not exceed 22 cents per lineal foot, and that the total cost of all said improvements or said part of said street so ordered improved, will not exceed the sum of \$75,000.00.

Copies of said working plan and specifications may be received from me at my office in the Postoffice Building in Florence, Nebraska, by depositing \$2.00 as a guaranty that same will be returned with bid in which event said deposit will be returned.

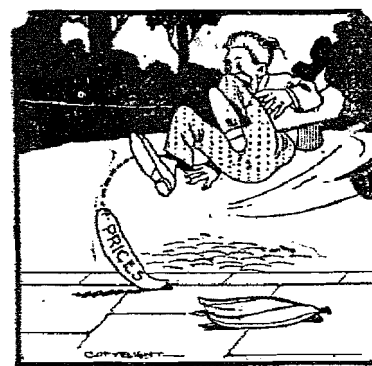
Each bid on brick to specify kind and quality of brick to be used; each bid on tarvated macadam pavement to specify kind or brand of tar composition to be used.

As an evidence of good faith and that contract will be entered into and approved and sufficient bond furnished to be approved by the Mayor and Council, for faithful performance, should award be made, each proposal must be accompanied by a certified check payable to the City Treasurer of Florence in the sum of \$1,000.00, to be treated as liquidated damages and forfeited in the event the contract be awarded to another bidder and he fail to enter into required contract and bond within ten days after award is made. The Mayor and Council reserve the right to reject any or all proposals and to alter contracts separately for said improvements or any part thereof.

Given by order of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska, this 16th day of August, 1909.

CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.

## PRICES ARE SLIPPERY THINGS



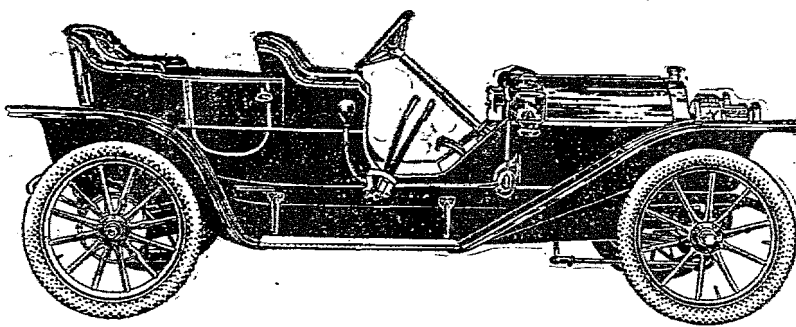
but you can't slip if you buy your lumber or coal of the

**MINNE-LUSA Lumber Co.**

Phone Flor. 102 J. A. SCOTT, Mgr.

## AN AUTO THAT SELLS THAT GIVES SATISFACTION

DO YOU WANT THE AGENCY?



THE MARION FLYER best Gasoline Car made for the money. No better at any price. Three models, one price, \$1,850. Four-cylinder, 35-H.P. Speed 4 to 50 miles. On High Gear. If you want to handle the best and the best is always an easy seller, write quickly.

## HARTMAN MOTOR CARCO

Distributors for Nebraska & Western Iowa. Main Office 655 Brandeis Building. Phone Douglas 16. Sales Room 1612 Harney St. OMAHA, NEB.

## WE ARE NOW READY

To show you all the Latest Styles, Colors and Patterns for this season. You can get better satisfaction by selecting your PAPERS NOW, as we will be pretty busy in another month, and will not be able to give you the time and attention we can now. We also carry a full line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes and Mouldings. In fact everything that pertains to the Papering and Painting trades. Our prices are the same as the downtown stores. We would be pleased to have you call and get our prices.

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## FLORENCE LUMBER &

## COAL CO.

Florence, Nebraska

Robert Golding, Mgr. Phone 102

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## The New Incandescent Lamp Called

# SAVES MORE THAN ONE HALF THE COST

## TUNGSTEN

(SIZE) 40 WATT 32 C. P.

Is offered to every user of electric light at our cost price. Return the old style lamp to us and we will sell you this wonderful lamp at

65 CENTS

It will pay you to make the investment, because this lamp gives more than double the light and burns less electricity, compared to the old style 16 candle power lamp. We advise all our customers to make the change at once in the interest of better light and economy.

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## PURE STRAIGHT WHISKEY

THE WORLD'S BEST SEVEN YEARS OLD

FOUR FULL QUARTS FOR \$4.00

SHIPPED BY PREPAID FREIGHT in plain packages to any point in Nebraska and Iowa

Courtney's Lotus Brand Pure Straight Whiskey is the finest product of the distiller's art. Perfectly aged in the wood, smooth and mellow. Guaranteed absolutely pure, straight whiskey, seven years old. FOR THOSE WHO KNOW and want THE BEST. Lotus Brand Whiskey is particularly fine whiskey for particular people. Especially recommended for medicinal and family use. We guarantee satisfaction. Send for Catalog of Fancy Groceries and Imported Delicacies.

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