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VOL. II.

PUBLISHED BY E. L. PLATZ

FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1910

Subscription, \$1.00 a Year.

No. 15

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL

Meeting Monday Evening Proves Almost as Big a Drawing Card as Any Attraction on the Midway on Main Street and Outclassed Them All for Burlesque.—Ex-Councilman Kelly Has the Floor Most of the Evening.

Talk about your wild west shows, street carnivals, vaudeville shows, comic operas and other means of entertaining the populace, they were none of them in it for a moment with the meeting of the council on Monday evening and the chief honors as the low comedian fell on the broad and massive shoulders of that stalwart exponent of South ward democracy, the honorable D. F. Kelly.

Mr. Kelly was very solicitous of the interests of the common peepul and demanded to be shown what was done with every communication, motion, and act that came before that august body sitting on a hot August night.

Councilman Feldhusen felt the heat to such an extent that he spilled the pail of pale ice water all over the floor under his desk and thereby was enabled to keep cool when Kelly made things hot.

The clerk submitted a report of the city's finances as he had them and they showed there was a balance of \$595.40 in the general fund, \$880 in the water fund, \$1,007.20 in the lighting, \$1,210.50 in the salaries, \$700 in the park and \$150 in the miscellaneous or a total of \$4,543.36 in all. Whereupon Kelly arose to remark, "Is that all, doing pretty well, but is it correct?" and sat down. Not getting a rise to his remark Mr. Kelly demanded to know of the mayor what he was going to do with the report and upon being informed that it was to be placed on file said, "That's right hide it where the peepul cawn't see it."

G. Mancinni and S. C. Pederson put in communications saying they had claims against M. Ford and demanded that the city hold back money from him until they were paid. Kelly interjected a remark that there was more claims than that, but it didn't make any difference anyway as it would be a long time before M. Ford, Jackson or anyone else got any money on that paying deal.

Mrs. J. P. Anderson requested that a light be placed at 4th and Calhoun streets as it was very dark there and the lamp was needed. The matter was referred to the street and alley committee after Mr. Kelly said that the light was really needed at that place.

J. B. Brisbin and F. T. Parker objected to the laying of a walk on the west side of Bluff street at the present time but Kelly said soak it to them like you did the others.

Ordinance 277, which is getting to be a nightmare with the councilmen again bobbed up but was laid over for another week. This is the ordinance for more cement sidewalks in various parts of the city and has laid over so many times no one really knows how long ago it was really introduced. "Cowards," said Kelly.

The following bills were allowed:
F. D. Leach \$ 29.75
Minne-Lusa Lumber Co. 53.90
Electric Light Co. 54.43
R. A. Holtzman 2.25
Phillip Craig 5.20
D. Tomasso 189.80
Lubold & Pascale 429.84

The bill of Dan Tomasso was for \$192.30 but the council cut it to \$189.30. As each bill was read Kelly demanded to know who had O. K'd it.

J. V. Shipley wanted the electric light and telephone poles moved from the sidewalk space on Davenport street and the matter was referred to the street and alley committee.

The irrepressible Kelly then told the council of a hole 60 feet deep on the west side of State street between Bluff and Washington streets, but as it didn't seem to interest the council they adjourned to meet again Tuesday night.

Notice to Taxpayers.

All special taxes for sidewalk funds Nos. 6, 7 and 8 and Grading fund No. 3, are due and payable at the office of the city treasurer of the city of Florence until November 1, and are now drawing interest at the rate of 7 per cent. All taxes not paid within 50 days after levy will draw interest at the rate of 1 per cent until paid.

John Bondesson,
City Clerk.

In buying a cough medicine, don't be afraid to get Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. There is no danger from it, and relief is sure to follow. Especially recommended for coughs, colds and whooping cough. Sold by George Stiert.

EQUALIZATION BOARD MEETS

Most of Kicks Received are That Florence Heights Property is too Low, While Theirs is Too High.

On Tuesday evening when the board of equalization was to start their sessions it was found that the primaries were on down stairs and that the city clerk was tied up as one of the election officials, so the board met upstairs with E. L. Platz as deputy city clerk. The board organized by electing F. S. Tucker, chairman, and the discussing of rules of procedure. M. B. Thompson was employed at a salary not stated to assist the clerk during the sitting of the board.

A petition containing 93 names was read. This petition, as did all others presented, claimed that Florence Heights was assessed too low. The petition said that the assessment as published in the Tribune only totaled up \$52,237.50 or \$3,155.07 less than the amount of the cost of the pavement, \$55,392.57. It also said the old Mormon grant owned by Ottoo Wolff is not assessed at all, that the water works property is assessed as land and not as lots and blocks as it is on the general assessment roll, that Florence Heights is too low, that Perry Reserve is too low. That the total of all claims against the city should be called for in a notice in the Tribune before the assessment is made and all claims put in after the avoided. That M. Ford's charge of \$6,550 for work between the street car tracks should be included in the total, that property on both sides of Main street abutting pavement from Jackson street to Madison street should be assessed at not more than \$250 a lot and not less than \$200 a lot; that from Madison to Briggs should be assessed not more than \$150 and not less than \$100 and that \$22,800 should thus be placed on Main street.

J. V. Shipley made complaint that Block 275, owned by Allen, contained 30 lots and was assessed at only \$8 a lot and should be \$15. Block 228, owned by Hadlock, was down for \$200, while block 226 which was twice the size, and owned by Brisbin, both being on Main street, was only slated for \$75. He also said that block 243, also owned by Brisbin, twice as large as 228 had only \$35 against it. He wound up by saying all his property in blocks 131, 132, 133 and 134 was too high and should be lowered.

W. R. Wall drew attention to three lots which were assessed too high in comparison with adjoining lots. No action was taken on any of these and a recess to Wednesday evening was taken.

Wednesday evening the board made a little more headway in its labors by citing several property owners to appear and show cause why their assessment should not be raised, among these being the officials of the Omaha Water company. As on Tuesday evening almost every request for lowering of tax was accompanied by the statement that the property in Florence Heights was assessed too low. George Sorenson asked the council to adopt a plan of paying the tax out of the general fund the amount to be raised by a mill levy, according to valuation. This would mean an assessment of 138 mills on the assessed valuation this year. Mr. Farris made a plea for the adoption of the plan and used arguments almost opposite those used by him at the beginning of the controversy over the paving. Mr. Paris was easily the best speaker before the board and is a master of sarcasm.

Among others who objected to their assessment were Mrs. Gillen, F. M. King, J. P. Brown, F. D. Leach and Adam Stephen.

The board met last night, but it was too late for the Tribune to get it in this week. There will be a meeting every night this week and until the matter is settled, provided something don't drop in the meantime.

And the plot thickens and it is the Tribune's guess that the entire assessment will be radically changed before the board is through with its labors.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

About twenty-five young friends of Helen Nichols surprised her at her home Monday evening.

Dr. and Mrs. Adams and family leave next week for a fishing trip.

Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Gordon announce the engagement of their daughter Christine to Mr. A. H. Chisholm. The wedding to occur the first part of September.

Mr. Charles Frost of Omaha, who has been spending a couple of weeks over in Iowa, was the guest of his sister, Mrs. Viola Pettit, a couple of days this week before returning home.

FLORENCE PRIMARIES

217 Votes are Cast of Which Cady Gets 101, Aldrich 11, Dahlgren 38 and Shallenberger 33. Many Votes are Thrown Out Because Voters Voted in More Than One Column. Judges and Clerks have a Long Tedious session Counting Until Late in the Morning.

The primaries passed off very quietly in Florence this year, there not being any great interest in the different candidates. The following shows the vote in detail:

For proposed amendment to the Constitution relating to the rights of suffrage..... 33
Against proposed amendment to the Constitution relating to the rights of suffrage..... 26

UNITED STATES SENATORS.
C. E. ADAMS, R..... 14
THOS. M. C. BIRMINGHAM, R..... 2
ELMER J. BURKETT, R..... 68
ALFRED SORENSON, R..... 21
CHARLES O. WHEEDON, R..... 13
GILBERT M. HITCHCOCK, D..... 56
RICHARD L. MITCALFE, D..... 6
WILLIS E. REED, D..... 2

GOVERNOR.
CHESTER H. ALDRICH, R..... 12
ADDISON E. CADY, R..... 105
WILLIAM ELMER LOW, R..... 4
JAMES C. DAHLMAN, D..... 36
ASHTON C. SHALLENBERGER, Dem..... 30
ASHTON C. SHALLENBERGER, P. I..... 1
CLYDE J. WRIGHT, S..... 7
GEORGE I. WRIGHT, P..... 3

LIEUTENANT GOVERNOR.
M. R. HOPEWELL, R..... 90
WALTER JOHNSON, R..... 23
RALPH A. CLARK, D..... 20
WILLIAM H. GREEN, D..... 33
RALPH A. CLARK, P. I..... 1
GEORGE L. SLUTTER, S..... 7

SECRETARY OF STATE.
JOHN J. RYDER, R..... 74
ADDISON WAIT, R..... 39
DR. A. T. GATEWOOD, D..... 20
CHARLES W. POOL, D..... 33
DR. A. T. GATEWOOD, P. I..... 1
JOHN A. CUSHING, S..... 7

AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS.
SILAS R. BARTON, R..... 104
O. E. BERNECKER, D..... 25
P. J. HEWITT, D..... 22

STATE TREASURER.
WALTER A. GEORGE, R..... 83
F. J. SADILEK, R..... 25
GEORGE E. HALL, D..... 34
JAMES H. MCGINLEY, D..... 12
PHELPS D. STURDEVANT, D..... 0
SUPT. OF PUBLIC INSTRUCTION.
JAMES W. CRABTREE, R..... 67
FRANK S. PERDUE, R..... 41
CHARLES ARNOT, D..... 19
WILLIAM R. JACKSON, D..... 30

ATTORNEY GENERAL.
C. P. ANDERBERY, R..... 50
GRANT G. MARTIN, R..... 55
MENZO W. TERRY, D..... 15
C. H. WHITNEY, D..... 35
COMMISSIONER OF PUBLIC LANDS AND BUILDINGS.
EDWARD B. COWLES, R..... 79
JOHN LYON, R..... 24
C. F. BEUSHAUSEN, D..... 15
WILLIAM B. EASTHAM, D..... 18
ROBERT W. FLEMING, Jr., D..... 13

STATE RAILWAY COMMISSIONER.
HENRY T. CLARKE, JR., R..... 85
E. EWEL, R..... 16
A. J. VANALLSTIN, R..... 11
WILLIAM C. BROOKS, D..... 10
BEN H. HAYDEN, D..... 12
W. F. PORTER, D..... 9
VICTOR E. WILSON, D..... 18
CONGRESSMAN 2nd CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT.
DAVID H. CHRISTIE, R..... 15
HARRY B. FLEHARTY, D..... 10
S. ARION LEWIS, D..... 2
C. O. LOBECK, D..... 24
PETER MEHRENS, S..... 7
LAURIE J. QUINBY, D..... 14
CHARLES L. SAUNDERS, R..... 42
W. F. STOECKER, D..... 11
ABRAHAM L. SUTTON, R..... 52
STATE SENATOR 6th SENATORIAL.
A. L. BERGQUIST, R..... 10
JESSE T. BRILLHART, D..... 22
TONY COSTANZO, R..... 11
JOHN T. DILLON, R..... 31
L. C. GIBSON, R..... 20
RICHARD S. HORTON, D..... 27
JEREMIAH HOWARD, D..... 18
ED. JOHNSTON, D..... 24
J. L. KALEY, R..... 33
M. O. McLAUGHLIN, R..... 14
C. S. MONTGOMERY, D..... 23
ARTHUR C. PANCOAST, R..... 41
JOHN E. REAGAN, D..... 17
JOHN C. ROBINSON, R..... 49
FRANKLIN A. SHOTWELL, R..... 52
GEORGE STEPHENS, R..... 17
JOHN M. TAXNER, D..... 26
FRED D. WEAD, R..... 60

STATE REPRESENTATIVE 10th REPRESENTATIVE DISTRICT.
NELS J. ANDERSON, R..... 50
C. M. BACHMANN, R..... 35
K. W. BARTOS, R..... 29
F. C. BEST, R..... 52
HERMAN G. BOESCHE, R..... 41
PETER G. H. BOLAND, D..... 20
J. H. BULLA, D..... 29
WILLIAM BUTT, D..... 22
C. E. BYARS, R..... 32
W. M. CHRISTIE, R..... 35

GOOD FIGHT AT EAGLES' HALL

Saturday Evening Hall was Filled to Capacity With Fight Fans Who Got Money's Worth.

Eagle's hall was crowded to capacity on Saturday evening when the second of a series of fights to be pulled off in Florence under the management of J. J. Cole took place and it was a lallapalooza, and don't you forget it.

Mayor Tucker opened the proceedings with a neat speech in which he said that as long as the crowd behaved itself and stayed within the law he was glad to see such sports.

Frank Pascale and Tony Thornton, two clever young boy boxers of Florence opened up the ball and got the crowd in good humor for the first matches to follow. Young Frosnic got the decision over Kid Mazzie in the fourth round, but it was four good, swift rounds with very little mixing it but Mazzie being something like 20 pounds lighter confined his work mostly to the defensive and showed that he had a great deal of science. The battle royal between four big smokes was won by Spady who did the same thing the last trip. While there was not much science display there was a great deal of slugging and horseplay that kept the spectators in good humor. Bennie and Johnnie Swateina put up four rounds of as good boxing as has been seen in Florence in many a day. It was give and take the whole four rounds and woke up the crowd to the big match of the evening which was scheduled to go six rounds between Joedy Pospisill and Boob Rissi. And right here let it be understood it was some boxing for the time it lasted. In the fifth round the second of Rissi jumped into the ring and threw up the sponge but the referee didn't see him and for a time it looked as though there would be something doing by the crowd but it was finally smoothed over by the referee giving the fight to Pospisill.

There was a record breaking attendance and every one went home well pleased. There will be another card of fast ones put on a week from Saturday evening.

GEORGE S. COLLINS, D..... 12
W. F. COWGER, R..... 11
M. O. CUNNINGHAM, R..... 42
JOHN A. DEMPSTER, R..... 25
CHARLES E. FIELDS, R..... 30
PATRICK F. FORD, D..... 14
HARRY A. FOSTER, R..... 32
F. J. FREITAG, D..... 18
HENRY H. GENAU, R..... 7
JOHN H. GROSSMANN, D..... 26
H. R. HARTNETT, D..... 3
BYRON R. HASTINGS, R..... 36
ROBT. H. HOLMES, D..... 20
W. R. HOMAN, R..... 23
ROBERT HOUGHTON, R..... 40
CHARLES S. HUNTINGTON, R..... 35
M. R. HUNTINGTON, D..... 17
V. T. KARBOWSKI, R..... 5
EDWARD LEEBER, R..... 37
ALFRED E. LINDELL, D..... 34
C. B. LIVER, D..... 39
JOHN LYNN, R..... 16
E. J. McARDLE, D..... 41
JOHN F. MORIARTY, D..... 24
ANDREW PAPROCKI, R..... 3
JAMES P. REDMAN, R..... 56
BEN REINSCHEIBER, R..... 14
FRANK J. RIHA, D..... 30
J. W. SCHOPP, R..... 21
W. S. SHOEMAKER, D..... 33
EDWARD A. SMITH, R..... 32
WALTER P. THOMAS, D..... 31
F. S. TUCKER, R..... 95
RALPH G. VAN NESS, R..... 38
A. H. WILLIS, R..... 34
COUNTY ATTORNEY.
CHAS. P. DEUTZMANN, S..... 5
JAMES P. ENGLISH, D..... 5
JAMES E. RAIT, R..... 5
EDWARD W. SIMERAL, R..... 5
JUSTICE OF THE PEACE, FLORENCE PRECINCT.
(To Fill Unexpired Term.)
JOSEPH STEIN, R..... Florence

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

The Ladies' Aid society meets with Mrs. W. H. Thompson Wednesday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hamblett will occupy Mr. King's new house next week.

Miss Wilson and Miss Bind of Gothenberg were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Nichols Sunday.

Miss Corinne Armstrong was the guest of Miss Allie Houston Sunday.

Walter Oakes returned Monday from Columbus and Grand Island where he had spent the past week.

If your liver is sluggish and out of tone, and you feel dull, bilious, constipated, take a dose of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets tonight before retiring and you will feel all right in the morning. Sold by Geo. Stiert.

WELCOME VETERANS

Sixteenth Annual Encampment Is Held Despite the Rain and Damp Weather, and Program Is Carried Out as Planned but With a Reduced Attendance. Encampment Is Called Camp Tucker. Thursday Was Ladies' Day and Attendance Larger Than on Previous Days.

The 16th annual encampment of the Douglas County Veteran's association opened at Camp Tucker Tuesday when Mayor Tucker in a few well chosen words welcomed the association and turned over to them the keys of the city. A crowd was present owing to the day being primary day. Charles Allen, vice-president of the association presided in the absence of President Garlick, who was detained because of the illness of his daughter and responded to Mayor Tucker's address by saying that actions speak louder than words and the veteran's action in coming again to Florence this year said more of what they thought of the city and its treatment than any words he might say would convey.

Lafayette Shipley was appointed as officer of the day and the rest of the time was devoted to reminiscences, the speaker of the afternoon being unable to be present.

Despite the rain there was a fair sized crowd present on Wednesday and the program in full was carried out. S. E. Crocker was the officer of the day and Col. John A. Ehrhardt was the principal speaker and devoted a great deal of his time to laws and their enforcement. He said that there was more need of removing some of the non-enforceable laws than there was of enacting new ones. He took the stand that it bred contempt for the law to have laws on the statute books that public sentiment was against enforcing and the sooner these kind of laws were repealed the better it would be for public good. He cited the anti-treat law as an example of a law that public sentiment was against and better off the book than on.

The evening was devoted to the camp fire and reminiscences of battles fought long ago as well as recent events.

Thursday was Ladies' day and the program was carried out as planned as a little thing like wet or damp weather could not deter the ladies and those present greatly enjoyed hearing both Mrs. Rosella B. Condon of Pawnee City and Mrs. Davis of Lincoln speak. Mrs. Condon never fails to arouse her hearers to a high pitch of enthusiasm and the veterans never tire of hearing her talk and she still is the belle of all the encampments. While all women are natural born talkers there are very few that can talk before a large crowd with anything like success and to have a voice that is clear, resonant and well modulated is even rarer but Mrs. Condon's voice is certainly the mastery of voice culture and exceedingly pleasing to hear. Of course the event of the whole week happened on Thursday, one that there is hardly a veteran that will miss if he can help it, the annual chicken dinner, and the ladies did themselves proud on this occasion as they always do when they want to.

When a woman desires anything there is a good meal to be had and their desire is gratified by man, even though he before hand had firmly resolved not to do so. Maybe that is the reason of the annual dinner, the women wanted a day of the encampment for their own, so they got up the dinner scheme and what could the poor veterans do but give them a day to themselves, for are they not after all poor, mortal men?

The following is the program for today:

10:00 a. m.—Drum corps.
10:30 Installation of New Officers
Detailing O. D.
12:00 m.—Dinner call
1:00 p. m.—Drum corps
1:30 p. m.—Bugle call
2:00 p. m.—Speaking—Col. Cole and Comrades
6:00 p. m.—Supper call
7:00 p. m.—Drum corps.
8:00 p. m.—Bugle call
Camp fire
10:00 p. m.—Bugle call—lights out
—Taps—

SATURDAY, AUGUST 20, 1910.

Douglas County Pioneers Picnic. Many expressions of regret that S. S. Peters could not have lived to attend again this year was heard and during the campfires several times loving words were said of him. The Drum corps of Grand Island seemed to get more enjoyment out of the re-union than anyone else and the rain only seemed to serve as a stimulus to their playing and they would draw the crowd to the big tent every time it seemed probable

LADIES GIVE ANNUAL DINNER

And the Editor Got Enough to Eat for One Day But Wishes It Was for Every Day.

Did you ever see the editor of the Tribune?

He is a tall, long, lean, lank, hungry sort of an individual with a ministerial countenance, angelic smile and a bucolic appetite. In fact it has been said by some that Kipling evidently had him in mind when he wrote descriptive of a certain individual, "a bone, a hank of hair and a rag", the only difference being he hasn't got the hair.

With this in the reader's eye as his picture you can readily understand the sympathy he aroused among the good ladies who served the veterans and the committee with a chicken dinner on Thursday. One look was all they required to determine the fact that he was a hungry looking individual and sadly in need of their careful administration of delectable edibles.

Very carefully they led him to a seat at a table and brought forth the dainty and substantial viands they had prepared and proceeded to try and fill him up. As every lady on the committee thought it was her special duty to see that he got enough to eat for once each proceeded to bring forth the full bill of fare and, as there was no less than 50 ladies on the committee the editor was at once the center of attraction.

However he was equal to the task, his family having been away all the week before and he ate with the gusto of a Methodist minister until he heard one lady say, "My, that seems so natural; it puts me in mind of the times the preacher used to call on us about meal time."

With humble apologies, he arose and thanked the ladies with the hope that he had almost enough to eat to carry him until they came out next year.

So here's to the ladies. May their shadows never grow less and here's wishing the editor could be fed by them every day.

the crowd was getting restless.

The carnival which had shows on both sides of Main street had good patronage on the nights that it was possible to be open. There are about a dozen different shows and all are said to be good. The moving pictures shown by Fred Hartman drew a full house most of the time, being inside out of the wet.

TRAINING SCHOOL FOR STENOGRAPHERS.

The Van Sant School of Omaha is one of few business schools in the country and the only school in Nebraska which makes a specialty of Shorthand and Typewriting. These are the major subjects but Spelling, English and a course in the Office Practice Department are considered part of the work.

The school was founded nineteen years ago by Mr. A. C. Van Sant, author of the Van Sant System of Touch Typewriting, used in high class business schools in all parts of the country and even abroad. Mr. Van Sant was a reporter for years before establishing the school. During the past few years Mr. Van Sant has been assisted in his work by his daughter, Miss Elizabeth Van Sant, whose ten years' experience as a law reporter, together with her unusual educational foundation, qualify her for her work as few business school principals are qualified.

Lately Mr. Van Sant, because of his growing publishing business, found it necessary to relieve himself of any responsibility in connection with the school and it was purchased by Miss Ione C. Duffy, a former graduate of the school and a woman of several years' business experience. Miss Van Sant remains as Principal, which insures future students the same scientific training as has given the school a national reputation in the past. This is the only business school in the state owned and taught entirely by women.

Dysentery is a dangerous disease but can be cured. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy has been successfully used in nine epidemics of dysentery. It has never been known to fail. It is equally valuable for children and adults, and when reduced with water and sweetened, it is pleasant to take. Sold by Geo. Stiert.

Miss Grace Thompson and Mr. Will Thompson entertained Wednesday evening in honor of their cousin Miss Blanche Whitacker of Robinson, Ill., who is visiting them. Those present were: Misses: Florence Whitacker, Alma Lyon of West Va., Edith Lyon of Omaha, Minnie Anderson of Omaha, Grace Thomson, Messrs: Ritton of New York, Paul Bradley of Omaha, Myron Buch of Omaha, Laurence Wilbur of Omaha, Randall Clark and Will Thompson.

The COAST of CHANCE

BY ESTHER
& LUCIA
CHAMBERLAIN
ILLUSTRATIONS BY M. G. KETNER
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BOBBY MERRILL CO.

SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Gisey, and her chaperon, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora discovers an unfamiliar mood in Harry, especially when the ring is discussed. She attends "ladies' night" at the club and meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman. It comes out that the missing ring has been known as the Crew idol. Its disappearance recalls the exploits of Farrell Wand, an English thief. Flora has a fancy that Harry and Kerr are concerned in the mystery. Kerr tells Flora that he has met Harry somewhere, but cannot place him. A reward of \$20,000 is offered for the return of the ring. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. They make an appointment to select an engagement ring.

CHAPTER VI.—Continued.

In the middle of the block, sunk a little back from the fronts of the others, the goldsmith's shop showed a single, filmed window; and the pale glow through it proclaimed that the worker in metals preferred another light to the sun's. The threshold was worn to a hollow that surprised the foot; and the interior into which it led them gloomed so suddenly around them after the broad sunlight, that it was a moment before they made out the little man behind the counter, sitting hunched up on a high stool.

"Hullo, Joe," said Harry, in the same voice that hailed his friends on the street corners; but the goldsmith only nodded like a nodding mandarin, as if, without looking up, he took them in and sensed their errand. He wore a round, blue Chinese cap drawn over his crown; a pair of strange goggles like a mask over his eyes, and his little body seemed to poise as lightly on his high stool as a wisp, as if there were no more flesh in it than in his long, dry fingers that so marvelously manipulated the metal. Save for that glitter of gold on his glass plate, and the grin of a lighted brazier, all was dark, discolored and cluttered.

Over everything was spread a dimness of age like dust. It enveloped the little man behind the counter, not with the frailness that belongs to human age, but with that weathered, polished hardness which time brings to antiques of wood and metal. Indeed, he appeared so like a carved idol in a curio shop that Flora was a little startled to find that he was looking at her.

"Harry," she murmured to Cressy, who was stirring the contents of a box with a disdainful forefinger, "this little man gives me the shivers."

"Old Joe?" Harry smiled indulgently. "He's a queer customer. Been quite a figurehead in Chinatown for 20 years. Say, Joe, hear bad?" and with the back of his hand he flicked the tray away from him.

The little man undoubted his knees and descended the stool. He stood breast-high behind the counter. He dropped a lack-luster eye to the box. "Velly nice," he murmured with vague, falling inflection.

"Oh, rotten!" Harry laughed at him. "You no like?"

"No. No like. You got something else—something nice?"

"No." It was like a door closed in the face of their hope—that falling inflection, that blank of vacancy that settled over his face, and his whole drooping figure. He seemed to be only mutely awaiting their departure to climb back again on his high stool. But Harry still leaned on the counter and grinned ingratiatingly. "Oh, Joe, you good feller. You got something pretty—maybe?"

The curtain of vacancy parted just a crack—let through a gleam of intense intelligence. "Maybe." The goldsmith chuckled deeply, as if Harry had unwittingly perpetrated some joke—some particularly clever conjurer's trick. He sidled out behind the counter, past the grinning brazier, and shuffled into the back of the shop where he opened a door.

Flora had expected a cupboard, but the vista it gave upon was a long, black, incredibly narrow passage, that stretched away into gloom with all the suggestion of distance of a road going over a horizon. Down this the goldsmith went, with his straw slippers clapping on his heels, until his small figure merged in the gloom and presently disappeared altogether, and only the faint flapper-flap of his slippers came back growing more and more distant to them, and finally dying into silence. In the stillness that followed while they waited they could hear each other breathe.

Then came the flapper-flap of the goldsmith's slippers returning. The sound snapped their tension, and Harry laughed.

"Lord knows how far he went to get it!"

"Across the street?" Flora wondered.

"Or under it. And it won't be worth two bits when it gets here." He peered at the little man coming toward them down the passage, flapping and shuffling, and carrying, held before him in both hands, a square, deep little box.

It was a worn, nondescript box that he set down before them, but the jealous way he had carried it had suggested treasure, and Flora leaned eag-

erly forward as he raised the cover, half expecting the blaze of a jewel-case. She saw at first only gull shanks of metal tumbled one upon the other. But, after a moment's peering, between them she caught gleams of veritable light. Her fingers went in to retrieve a hoop of heavy silver, in the midst of which was sunk a flawed topaz. She admired a moment the play of light over the imperfection.

"But this isn't Chinese," she objected, turning her surprise on Harry.

"Lots of 'em aren't. These men glean everywhere." She heard him dreamily. She was wishing, as she turned over the tumble of damaged jewels, that things so pretty might have been perfect. To find a perfect thing in this place would be too extraordinary to hope for. Yet, taking up the next, and the next, she found herself wishing it might be this one—this cracked intaglio. No? Then this blue one—say. The setting spoke nothing for it. It was a plain, thin, round hoop of palpable brass, and the battered thing seemed almost too feeble to hold the solitary stone. But the stone! She looked it full in the eye, the big, blazing, blue eye of it. She held it to the light.

She felt Harry move behind her. She knew he couldn't but be looking at it. For how, by all that was marvelous, had she for a moment doubted it? Down to its very heart, which was near to black, it was clear fire, and outward towards the facets struck flaming hyacinth hues with zigzag white cross-lights that dazzled and mesmerized.

"Harry," she breathed, without taking her gaze from the thing in her hand, "do look at this!"

She felt him lean closer. Then with an abrupt "Let's see it," he took it from her—held it to the light, laid it on his palm, looked sharply across the counter at the shopkeeper, then back at the ring with a long scrutiny. His face, too, had a flush of excitement.

"Is it—good?" Flora faltered.

"A sapphire," he said, and taking her third finger by the tip, he slid on the thin circle of metal.

She breathed high, looking down at the stone with eyes absorbed in the blue fire. It was too beautiful. The feeling it brought her was too sharp for pure pleasure. It was dimly like fear. Yet instinctively she shut her hand about the ring. She murmured out her wonder.

"How in the world did such a thing come here?"

"Oh, not so strange," Harry answered. "Sailors now and then pick up a thing of whose value they have no idea—get hard up, and pawn it—still without any idea. These chaps"—and his bold hand indicated the shopkeeper—"take in anything—that is, anything worth their while; and wait, and wait, and wait until they see just the moment—and turn it to account."

It might be because Harry's eyes were so taken with the jewel that his tongue ran recklessly. He had spoken low, but Flora sent an anxious glance to be sure the shopkeeper hadn't overheard. She had meant only to glance, but she found herself staring into eyes that stared back from the other side of the counter. That wide, unwinking scrutiny filled her whole vision. For an instant she saw nothing but the dance of scintillant pupils. Then, with a little gasp she clutched at her companion's arm.

"Oh, Harry!"

His glance came quickly round to her. "Why, what's the matter?"

She murmured, "That Chinaman has blue eyes."

He looked at her with good-natured wonder.

"Why, Flora, haven't you blue on the brain? I believe he has, though," he added, as he peered across the counter at the shopkeeper, whose gaze now fluttered under narrowed lids: "but why in the world should blue eyes scare you?" His look returned indulgently to Flora's face.

She could not explain her reason of fear to him. She only whispered back, "But he is awful!"

"Oh, I guess not," Harry grinned, and turned his back to the counter, "only part white. Makes him a little sharper at a bargain."

But, in spite of his off-handedness, Flora saw he was alert, touched with excitement.

"Do you like it, Flora?" he said. "Do you want it?"

"It is the most beautiful thing I ever saw, but—" She could not put it to him why she shrank from it. That feeling which had touched her at the first had a little expanded, the sense of the sapphire's sinister charm. She faltered out as much as she could explain. "It's too much for me."

"Oh, I guess not," he said again, and with that he seemed to make an end of her hesitation. She let him draw the ring off her hand with a mingled feeling of reluctance and relief. She saw him turn briskly to the shopkeeper.

"Now, Joe, how much you want?" That much she heard as she turned away with a fear lest it might, and a hope that it would be, too much for him.

She lingered away to the door, through whose upper glazed half she saw the street swarming and sunny, picked out with streamers of red and squares of green. The murmur of traffic outside was faint to her ears. The murmur of the two voices talking on inside the shop momentarily grew fainter. She looked behind her—and



It Was Hers! She Did Not Believe It.

saw them now in the back of the shop, close by the grinning brazier.

The light of it showed what would have been otherwise dark. It showed her Harry, straddling, hands in pockets, hat thrust back, a silhouette as hard as if cast in cold metal. The aspect of him, thus, was strange, not quite unlike himself, but giving her the feeling that she had never known how much Harry smoothed over.

Whatever they were arguing about, she found it hard to go on standing thus with her back to it, and for so long, while her expectancy tightened, and her unreasonable idea that she did not want the ring, more and more took hold of her. If he did not want to sell it, why not let it go—the beautiful thing!

She thought she would call Harry and suggest it—but no. She hesitated. She would give them a chance to finish it themselves. She would count ten pigtales past the window first.

She turned, and there they were yet. They had not moved. The shadow of the gesticulating little Chinaman danced like a bird on the wall, and before him Harry glowed, immovable, but ruddy, as if the hard metal whereof he was cast was slowly heating through. The thought came to her then. Harry was iron! The hard shade of his profile on the wall, the stiff movement of his lips, the forward thrust of his head on his shoulders gave her another thought. Was Harry also brutal?

What she expected of Harry, a violent act or a quick relaxation of his iron mood, she had not time to consider, for the shopkeeper had moved. He was jerking his head, his thumb, and finally his arm in the direction of the long, dim passage—such a pointed direction, such a singular gesture, as to startle her with its incongruity. What had that to do with the price of the ring? And if it had nothing to do with the price of the ring, what had they been talking about? Her small scruple against knowing what was going on behind her was forgotten. Indeed, now she was oblivious of everything else. She was taking it in with all her eyes, when Harry turned and looked at her. And, oddly enough she thought he looked as if he wondered how she came there. She saw him return to it slowly. Then, in a flash, he met her brilliantly. He came toward her out of the gloom, holding the ring before him, as if with the light of that, and the flash of his smile, he was anxious immediately to cover his deficit.

"I had the very devil of a time getting it," he said. "The little beggar didn't want to let me have it." But there was a subsiding excitement in his face, and a something in his manner, both triumphant and troubled, which his explanation did not reasonably account for.

"Harry"—she hesitated—"are you quite sure it's all right?"

"All right?" The sudden edge in his voice made her look at him. "Why, it's genuine, if that's what you mean."

It hadn't been, quite; but her meaning was too vague to put into words—a mere sensation of uneasiness. She watched Harry turn the ring over, as if he were reluctant to let it go out of his hands. And then, looking at her, she thought his glance was a little uncertain. She thought he hesitated, and when he finally slid the ring over her finger, "I wouldn't wear

it until it is reset," he said. "That setting isn't gold. It's hardly decent."

"Yes," she assented; "Clara will laugh at us."

"She won't if we don't show it to her until it's fit to appear. In fact, I would rather you wouldn't. As it is now the thing doesn't represent my gift to you."

She felt this was Harry's conventional streak asserting itself. But even she had to admit that an engagement ring which was palpably not gold was rather out of the way.

"You'd better keep it a day or two and look it over and make up your mind how you want it set, and then we'll spring it on them," he advised.

But now it was finally on her finger, she did not want to think it would ever have to be taken off again.

CHAPTER VII.

A Spell Is Cast.

It was hers! She did not believe it. It had been done too quickly. It seemed to her she had hardly felt Harry slip it on her finger before they had left the shop; that she had hardly shaken off the musty inclosed atmosphere, before Harry had left her on the corner of California and Powell streets—left her alone with the ring!

She went over whole dramas—imaginary histories of chance and circumstance—woven about the ring, as she walked up and down the long windy hills, westward and homeward, the blue bay on the one hand beaten green under the rising "trade," and the fog coming in before her. With the experience of the morning, and the exercise and the lively air, her spirits were riding high. From time to time she had the greatest longing to peep again at the sapphire, but not until the house door had closed after her did she dare draw off her glove and look. It was still glorious. What a pity she must take it off!

But even in the refuge of her own rooms the ring incircled Flora with unease. The light of it on her finger made her restless. It wasn't that she was apprehensive of it, but she could not forget it. She could hear the maid Marrika moving about in the room beyond. She slipped it off her finger on to the dressing table, and it lay among her laces like a purple prism, cast by some unearthly sun in a magic glass. She had jewels, rubies even—the most precious—but nothing that gave her this sense of individual beauty, of beauty so keen as to be disturbing. She emptied her jewel casket in a glittering heap around it. It shone out unquenched.

Marrika was coming in, and quickly Flora swept the jewels and the sapphire back into the casket, turned the key upon them and thrust it back in the far corner of the drawer. She would give every one a great surprise when the ring was properly set. She glanced nervously over her shoulder to see if Marrika had noticed her action. The Russian had been moving to and fro between the wardrobe and the dressing table with a droning thread of song.

All the while Flora was being combed and laced and hooked her eyes were alertly on the dressing table drawer that remained a little open; and presently she caught herself vaguely speculating on how, after she had been fastened up and into her

clothes so securely, she could dispose upon herself the sapphire. How had she arrived at this consideration? No course of reasoning led up to it. She was annoyed with herself. If she wasn't going to wear the ring on her finger, and show it, why did she want to take it with her at all? For fear it might be lost? Lost, in her jewel box, in the back of the drawer? She blushed for herself.

Through the long afternoon it was more apparent to her than the faces of the people around her. She was restless to get back to it, but people talked interminably. At the luncheon they talked of Kerr. Flora knew these girls felt a little resentment that she had so easily captured Harry Cressy; for Harry had been more than an eligible man in the little city. He had been an eligible personage. Not that he had money; not that his family tree was plainly planted in their midst; but that without these two things he had achieved what, with these, the people he knew were all striving for. He stood before them as the embodiment of what they most believed in—perfect bodily splendor, and perfect knowledge of how to get on in the world; and the fact that he wouldn't quite be one of them, but after five years still stood a little off—made him shine with greater brilliance, especially in the eyes of these girls. It was hard, they seemed to feel, that such an apparently remote and difficult person should have succumbed so easily; and now that a new luminary of equal luster was apparent in their sky, Flora felt their remarks a little triumphantly aimed at her.

But between the thread of interest the table group wove together, kept flashing up her furtive desire to be away, to be at home, to see what had happened to the sapphire. Of course, she knew that nothing could have happened; but she wanted to look at it, to open the casket and see the flash of it before her eyes.

They were dining early that night on account of the Bulls' box party, but it was nearly eight o'clock before Flora reached the house. And it was, of course, for that reason that she ran upstairs—ran wildly, regardlessly, before the eyes of Shima—and along the hall, her high heels clacking on the hard floors, and through her bedroom to the dressing room, snatched open the table drawer, unlocked the casket with a twitch of the key—and, ah, it was there! It was really real! Why, what had she expected? She was laughing at herself.

She was gay in her relief at getting back to the sapphire, but at the same time she was already wondering what she should do about it that night—take it with her or leave it alone? Dared she wear it on her finger under her glove? Clara might notice the unfamiliar form of the jewel through the thin kid. Flora watched her curiously across the table that evening, wondering what was that quality of her by which she acquired. Hitherto Flora had accepted it as a fact without question, but now she had a desire to place it. It was not beauty, for Clara was pretty, like a polished Greuze, she was colorless and flavorless, lacking the vivid heat of magnetism. More probably it consisted in a certain sort of sweetness Clara could produce on occasions, a way she had of looking and speaking which Flora could only describe as smooth.

She made up her mind to leave the sapphire at home; but in her last moment in her room the resolution failed. Harry, of course, would be angry if he knew, but Harry wouldn't see the thing under her glove.

She came down to where Clara was waiting for her, with the guilty feeling of a child who has concealed a contraband cake; but the way Clara looked her over made her conscious that she had not concealed her excitement.

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CHAPTER VIII.

A Spark of Horror.

They found Harry waiting for them in the theater lobby. He had come up too late from Burlingame to do more than meet the party there. The Bulls were already in the box, he said, and the second act of "I Pagliacci" just beginning.

As they came to the door of the box the lights were down, the curtain up on a dim stage, and the chorus still floating into the roof, while the three occupants of the box were indistinguishable figures, risen up and shuffling chairs to the front for Flora and Clara. It was too dark to distinguish faces.

But dark as it was, Flora knew who was sitting behind her. She heard him speaking. Under the notes of the recitative he was speaking to Clara. The pleasure of finding him here was sharpened by the surprise.

Then, as the tenor took up the theme, all talking ceased—Ella's husky whisper, Clara's smoother syllables, and the flat, slow, variable voice of Kerr—the whole house seemed to sink into stiller repose; the high chords floated above the heads of the black pit like colored bubbles, and Flora forget the sapphire in the triple spell of the singing, the darkness, and the face she was yet to see.

The stage was a narrow shelf of wood swung in that void, from which the voice sang, and a bare finger of light followed it about from place to place. The sweet, searching tenor notes, the semblance of passion and reality the gesticulating Frenchman



threw over all the stage, and the crescendo of the tragedy carried her into a mood that barred out Ella, barred out Clara, barred out Harry more than any; but, unaccountably, Kerr was still with her. He was there by no will of hers, but by some essence of his own, some quality that linked him, as it linked her, to the passionate subtleties of life. He seemed to her the eager spirit that was prompting and putting forward this comedy and tragedy playing on before her. She heard him reasserted, vigorous, lawless, wandering in the voice of the mimic strolling player, addressing his mimic audience. The appeal of the tenor to the voiceless galleries, "Underneath this little play we show, there is another play," seemed indeed the very voice of Kerr repeating itself.

The lights went up with a spring. A wave of motion flickered over the house, the talking voices burst forth all at once, and she saw him, really saw him for the first time that evening, as in her fancy, part of the audience; as in her fancy, neither applauding nor dissenting, yet with what a difference! He leaned back in his chair, and leaned his head a little back, as if, for weariness, he wished there were a rest behind it; and how indifferently, how critically, how lethally he surveyed the fluttered house, and the figures in the box beside him! How foreign he appeared to the ardent spirit who had dominated the dark; how emptied of the heat of imagination, how worn, how dry; and even in his sallience, how singularly pathetic!

She felt a lump in her throat, an ache of the cruellest disappointment, as though some masker, masking as the fire of life, had suddenly removed the coverings of his face and showed her the burnt-out bones beneath. She found herself looking at him through a mist of tears—there in the heart of publicity, in the middle of the circle of velvet curtains!

He turned and saw her. She watched a smile of the frankest pleasure rising, as it were, to the surface of his weary preoccupation. Something had delighted him. Why, it was herself—just her being there! And she could only helplessly blink at him. Was ever anything so stupid as to be caught in tears over nothing? He straightened and leaned forward.

"Really," he said, "you must remember that little man has only gone out for a glass of beer."

So he thought it was the tenor who had brought her to the point of tears. "Ah, why do you say that?" she protested.

He continued to smile indulgently upon her. "Would you really rather believe it true?"

"I don't know. But I wish you hadn't thought of the beer."

He brought the glaze of his monocle to bear full upon her. "Why not? It is all we make sure of."

"Oh, if to be sure is all you want," she burst out; "but you don't mean it! Wouldn't you rather have something beautiful you weren't sure of, than something certain that didn't matter?"

He nodded to this quite casually, as if it were an old acquaintance.

"Oh, yes; but the time comes round when you want to be sure of something. The sun never sets twice alike over Mont Pelée; but you can always get the same brand of lager to-day that you had the week before." He looked at her with a faint amusement.

"No, no! I won't believe you," she stoutly denied him. "There is more in life than you can touch. You're not like yourself to say there is not."

He laughed, but rather shortly. "My dear child, forgive me; I'm sulky to-night. I feel, as I felt at 18, that the world has treated me badly. I've lost my luck."

"I'm sorry." Her tone was sweetly vague. What could be the matter with him? Then, half timidly, she rallied him. "If you go on like this, I shall have to show you my talisman."

"Oh, have you indeed a talisman?" he humored her. And it was as if he said: "Oh, have you a doll?" He did not even turn his head to look at her.

She was chilled. She felt the disappointment, that his quick smile had lightened, return upon her. She hardly noticed the rise of the curtain on the second little play, and the singing voices did not reach her with any poignancy. She was vaguely aware of movements in the back-of-Harry's coming in, of Clara's little rustle making room for him, of the shift of Ella's chair away from the business of listening, toward him, and her husky whisper going on with some prolonged tale of dull escapade; but to Flora they all made only a banal background for the brooding silence of her companion.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Oasis of Love.

The mind's eye shows us love as the oasis in the Sahara of life; so, together, two set out to seek the haven of rest in the great journey. But, as the travelers approach, their paradise recedes; in just such measure as the pilgrims hasten, their Mecca retreats. Love is a witching chimera—life's most beautiful optical delusion.

THE REAL JAPAN

FROM THE STUDIES & OBSERVATIONS OF THE WORLD'S FOREMOST STUDENT OF MANKIND WHILE LIVING IN JAPAN AS A JAPANESE

By PROF. FREDERICK STARR

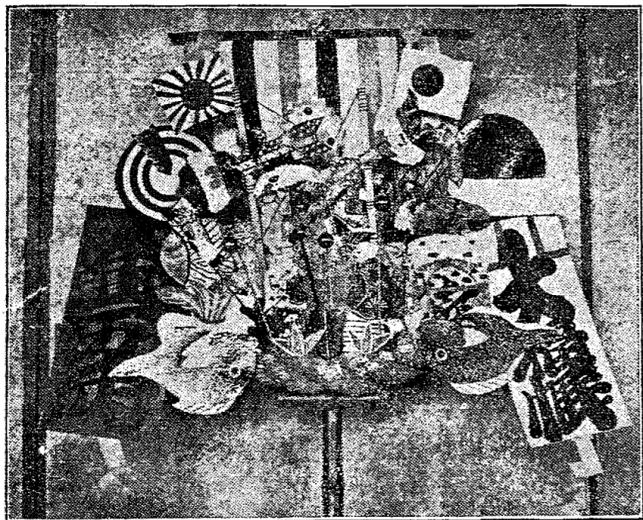
Tori-no-Machi and Shinto Miracles

We nearly lost Tori-no-machi. We had made a note regarding it, but it had been laid aside and forgotten. Calling November 8, upon a hinder to order some covers for Japanese books, he stated that it would be necessary for him to see the books. Upon our suggestion that he should come to the house on the morrow, he apologized, saying that we could hardly expect him to come then, as he must go, being a tradesman, to Tori-no-machi. Upon our professing ignorance regarding that place and function, he reminded us that it was then and there that he would get his kumade for the coming year. To further elucidate he went at once and brought us the kumade which had given him prosperity during the year then ending. One glance at it was enough. We decided that not only he, but we would go to Tori-no-machi on the morrow.

The word tori means bird. The festival of Tori-no-machi is celebrated at bird shrines on the days of the bird in November—this year, the 9th and 21st. The festival begins at midnight, and ends 24 hours later. We were warned that, if we wished to make photographs, it would be well to be upon the spot early, as the later hours of the day would be too crowded for anything to be done. Long before we reached the immediate neighborhood of the shrine we met people with joyous faces, carrying their kumade for the year. The kumade is a symbolical object brought from the temple precincts, which gives good luck in business enterprises through the succeeding year. A few steps more, and we found ourselves actually in the midst of the kumade trade—a perfect network of narrow alleys and ways closely crowded on both sides with booths filled from top to bottom with the most brilliant and tawdry constructions of card and wood and twisted straw. Here were kumade of all sizes and

easily forget it. Here, for instance, is a booth which seems to display nothing but fans; but behind the fans is the framework of the simple rake. These fans always have as their central decoration the mask or face of the curious goddess Otafuku, or Uzume—the "abundant-happiness-woman." She is always represented with a narrow forehead, with two spots of black, and with a broad face and puffed out cheeks. The story runs that on one occasion the sun goddess was so offended that she took refuge in a dark and dismal cave, the mouth of which was closed, by a great rock which no one could move. The other gods—were—in despair. They devised various schemes for appeasing the angered goddess. Finally, as part of the arranged plan, Uzume danced. It is stated that her dancing was far from modest, but it pleased the spectators, who roared with laughter. This piqued goddess, hearing sounds of joy, and anxious to see what was going on, slightly moved the closed rock and looked out. Instantly a strong-armed god seized the rock thus started, and held it from closing; the sun goddess, yielding to the prayers of her companions, issued again from her retreat, and the world's happiness was secured. Uzume is thus ever a symbol of happiness, but on her fans there is other symbolism; there are the two great gods, Daikoku and Ebisu—the gods of wealth and productivity; there are the three happy plants—the plum, the pine, and the bamboo; there is the stork flying high in heaven, and there is the mushroom "best of foods," and intimately associated with Uzume in the popular mind. With such a kumade, who could fail to have a prosperous year? But if one's taste is otherwise, he has varied possibilities of choice.

In fact, it would be difficult to find



The Favorite Kumade; A Mass of Symbols.

prices, and different enough to meet the demands of every taste. Trade was in good blast, and the scene was not only lively, but noisy. Turning a corner, we found ourselves facing the Temple of the Bird, and hurried toward it in order to see the devotion of the people before we gave further attention to the talismans on sale. It was a Shinto temple, but of those which show the influence of Buddhism in its details and arrangements. Just before we reached it, we passed the dancing platform—found in connection with all Shinto temples—for Kagura. A Kagura dancer was then performing. People as they approached the altar, clasped their hands and bent their uncovered heads in prayer. They then pressed forward to throw money into the contribution trough, and to hand to the attendant priest offerings for the temple. Passing into the shrine itself, we found the altar loaded with gifts—rice cakes, vegetable products of different kinds, and things of value that could be used to the advantage of the gods. On both sides of the altar were great piles of mamori or charms, all of which no doubt were sold long before the festival ended. Priests and other vendors of these charms were seated just outside the temple. The favorite mamori were purses made of yellow cloth, bearing a stamped picture of the bird to which the temple was consecrated—the eagle; inside these yellow purses are either folded strips of paper with good luck words printed on them, or imitations of ancient gold pieces stamped in thin brass.

Having seen the temple and offerings and supplied ourselves with mamori, we were ready to look more closely at the kumade in the booths. Who can describe them? The word kumade in its simplest meaning signifies a rake. The symbolism is, of course, that with it one may rake in fortune and wealth during the year. But in most kumade the fact that it is a rake which one has purchased is quite forgotten; while the rake is there, it is generally so covered with other symbolic objects that one may

more striking examples of the symbolism in which Japan so much delights than in these kumade. Some of the more gaudy ones are a mass of strange figures which the novice would need to have explained in detail for his comprehension. When we had finished it was necessary to take a jinrickisha in order to transport the stuff which we had bought. Passersby cried out in surprise at the fortune which we might well expect, and cook and the old lady were overwhelmed with satisfaction as they thought of the good times coming. And yet, when we looked over the great stock, we felt that something was still lacking; therefore, quite late in the afternoon, we again hurried to Tori-no-machi. The place had been transformed. So great was the present crowd that policemen were stationed at every little turning. Ropes had been stretched to divide the narrow alleys into two, and movement was permitted only in one direction in these separated sections; crowded as the booths had seemed during the morning, new ones had been erected, and all were blazing with lights from candles, lamps, torches and gas-jets.

Talking of night celebrations and illuminations, there was an interesting festival two nights ago at the Kudan, where prayers were said for souls of those fallen in battle. We were told that the illumination would be well worth seeing. To the Kudan, then, we went. A great open space on the level summit of a hill had been taken possession of by booths and shacks and pavilions. It may be that all those in the merry throng had said their prayers for the souls of those lost in battle, but if they had, there was no sign of sadness on their part. The whole place was a blaze of light. At scores of little booths, toys and foods, fruits and books and cheap things of every kind were sold. But of course the thing for which the crowd had gathered was the shows, the line of which would do fair credit to the Midway Plaisance, or the Pike. Just now the cinematograph is all the rage, and

we were told that 30 moving picture theaters were in progress at one time; besides these, however, were circuses and theaters, dancing performances and acrobats.

There was one show which made but little outside clamor. But the moment that we saw its placarding we hurried to pay the entrance fee and entered. It was an enclosure open to the air of heaven; the brilliant lights to which we had been accustomed were lacking here; a few gas-jets emphasized the darkness. There was lurid light from two bonfires blazing on the ground, over one of which a great caldron of water was boiling. A fair crowd had gathered, perhaps 150 persons, really filling all the available space for spectators. Beside a few coolies who were assisting in the preparation, the performers before us were four white-robed priests of the old religion. We were about to witness the famous "miracles"—once purely religious possibly, now frequently a show in which there still lingers a considerable amount of religious fervor and devotion. Percival Lowell, of course, has described them adequately, and many a less able writer has described them since. There may be an element of craft and deception in the whole performance, but it is always interesting, and we were glad of our first opportunity to witness it.

First, is the sword ladder, the least interesting of the four; the priest who was to perform the miracle and an assistant, after tedious preparation, advanced to the front of the ladder, which consisted of wooden sides, in which were set six or seven sharp swords. The audience had already had demonstration of the sharpness of their edges; one sword had been passed from hand to hand, that all might see and feel. With the assistant, the performer engaged in earnest prayer, accompanied by the strange finger-twisting so characteristic of many oriental ceremonies. At the close of all these preparations the priest mounted the ladder firmly, step by step, on the sharp edges of the swords. Arrived at the summit he called for a shell trumpet, on which he blew a blast and then descended. This act caused no great enthusiasm, and indeed seemed rather commonplace.

The next was more striking. The priest was a gentle-faced, bearded long-haired enthusiast. Stating to the audience his purpose, he stood before them on a platform and made strange passes with his open hands from his shoulders down the sides of his trunk to his thighs; curious tremors passed through his body and his fingers went through the strange twistings. He then seized a large needle and with the utmost deliberation thrust it through the fleshy portion of his upper right arm. The act would have been startling enough if it had been done hurriedly; as it was, the flesh of the spectators crept with the deliberateness of the performance. A second was thrust through the same arm with the same deliberation; a third was thrust through the thick muscle of the left arm, and a fourth; a fifth was thrust through the lobe of the right ear. This was done with not the least appearance of pain.

Meantime the assistants had been piling wood under the caldron of boiling water. The performer this time was a strong and healthy man, with none of the air of dreamy abstraction which had marked his predecessor. Standing on the same platform before the audience, he proceeded to make some rotary movements with his open hands. He too, played, with the finger-twistings. Meantime the water had been thoroughly stirred—probably to demonstrate to the audience that it was hot throughout—the priest then seized two great boughs, heavy with leaves, and advanced to the caldron, from which the cover had been removed; he was stripped to the waist; dipping the boughs into the thoroughly boiling liquid, he brought out great quantities of it upon them and splashed it thoroughly over his head and shoulders, and upon his chest and back. This he kept up actively until two-thirds of the water, certainly, had thus been used.

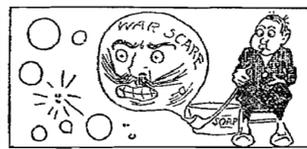
Public interest, however, was now centered in the preparation for the next and final act, the fire-walk. The assistants brought forward chips and light kindling; this was carefully laid over a space upon the ground some four or five feet wide by perhaps 12 feet in length.

After the whole space had been covered with this lighter stuff, heavier kindling and small logs of firewood were carefully placed. All was then lighted and hot coals from the neighboring fires thrown into every crack. The needle-sticker, with fans in both hands, ran along the sides of the wood bed thus laid, and blew the coals into a blaze. Soon the whole space was a roaring fire. When it was at its height, two priests walked along it, throwing salt into the flames. We had expected that this would deaden the fire to a degree that only a bed of coals, and that smoldering, would be left. On the contrary, while it to some degree reduced the flames, the fire was still blazing when preparations were made for the culminating act. Two priests girt up their garments, made their prayers, and stood ready for the moment. Popular interest and excitement were at their height. Suddenly, with a cry of exultation the forward priest stepped firmly into the fire and with rapid step walked on the hot coals and through the flames, the full length of the fiery bed. When he was midway of his walk, the second gave the same cry and followed him. Three times the two made the walk across the bed of fire, and when the act was finished the coals were still glowing and the flames still mounting to a foot or more in height.

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NATIONAL CAPITAL AFFAIRS

Bungling Diplomats Cause Trouble



WASHINGTON.—Ignorance on the part of amateur diplomats concerning the proper form of diplomatic correspondence nearly precipitated a war scare in two nations not long since. It was announced that the emperor of Germany had deliberately affronted the United States government by employing affectionate terms in addressing President Madriz of Nicaragua, whom our government had refused to recognize.

"Great and Good Friend," is the way the kaiser's letter to Madriz was commenced. This had sinister significance to the amateurs. Immediately the newspapers were filled with stories that Germany had espoused the cause of Madriz; that the Monroe doctrine had been thrown down and repudiated by the warlike kaiser; also the emperor had been acting queerly of late and undoubtedly was bent on making all the trouble he could for the United States. After a little inquiry the war scare faded away.

"In all probability," said a state department official, "the emperor never

knew that the note in question was sent. It was a regular routine matter in the German foreign office and followed the stereotyped form.

Nations are excessively polite to one another in their interchange of communications. Every letter that goes out from the state department to a foreign government has this ceremonial finish:

"Accept, excellency, the renewed assurance of my highest consideration."

The ceremonial letters of all countries begin in about the same way. For instance, all of England's communications begin:

"George V., by the Grace of God, of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, king, defender of the faith, emperor of India, etc."

"Nicholas, by the Grace of God, emperor autocrat of all the Russias, czar of Casan, czar of Astracan, etc., lord of Plescott and grand duke of Smolenski, etc."

Germany's letters are very much like those of Russia, in that they begin by announcing all the titles of the ruling potentate. "William II., by God's grace, emperor of Germany and king of Prussia," etc., is the way the present emperor addresses his ceremonial letters. The emperor writes with a quill pen, and if one may judge by his signature on file in the state department, does not take much time about it.

Bad Land Title Tangle Is Revealed



A REPORT made to congress by a commission appointed to examine land titles in the District of Columbia discloses that many lots of land occupied by modern business houses and residences in the national capital are still owned by the government, notwithstanding the present tenants believe they have a clear title to the property.

This question of land titles in the national capital is not a new one. Two years ago congress created a commission to study it. The commission consisted of the attorney general, the secretary of war, Senator Scott of West Virginia, Representative Bartholdt of Missouri, and one of the district commissioners. The report reveals a horrible land tangle, which the courts will probably never be able to straighten out. The tangle is the outcome of the wild speculation in real estate that took place for a good many years after the capital was laid out.

Private lands were acquired in

Washington, in the early days, by a very simple process. The territory "not exceeding" ten miles square was ceded to the United States government by Maryland and Virginia and placed under the authority of three commissioners, appointed by the president. They or any two of them were required, under the direction of the president, to survey and by proper metes and bounds define and limit a district of territory, and the territory so defined was established as a permanent seat of the government of the United States. Power was given the commissioners to purchase or accept land on the eastern side of the Potomac, for the use of the United States, and the commissioners were further required to provide suitable buildings for the accommodation of congress, the president and public officers of the government of the United States. It was to raise money to erect the public buildings that the government planned to sell its land to private parties.

No sooner had the capital city been laid out than land speculators appeared on the scene, and as a result of their operations, it is asserted, much land which belonged to the government illegally passed to individual owners.

Now Planning a Substitute for Beef



DEER and elk preserves may play an important part in reducing the high cost of beef. According to government experts who have made an investigation of the cost and methods of raising venison, declare that the game laws of the various states are preventing deer and elk farming and denying the country one of its chief sources of cheap and good meat. Deer and elk can be raised readily in nearly every state in the Union. They are easily controlled and cheaply fed. The increase of elk under domestication is fully equal to that of cattle.

The state and the government, through its Yellowstone park officials, have co-operated with individual ranchmen in caring for the vast herds of elk in the Jackson's Hole region in Wyoming. It is estimated that there are 30,000 elk in the Yellowstone park region, constituting the only great herd left. For two or three winters these elk have been fed, and have now

come to look upon the feeding as a matter of course, and State Game Warden Nowlin of Wyoming, who has led the feeding experiments, says that the last of the great elk herds is becoming rapidly domesticated. Several ranchmen in the Rocky mountain country have conducted private elk preserves for years. Outside of the private elk preserves there are few herds left in the west.

Barret Littlefield, who lives near Slater, has several hundred elk on his great ranch. Every season he ships many carcasses of elk to the Denver market, besides supplying zoological gardens throughout the country. He has found it profitable to raise elk for the market—so profitable that he abandoned the cattle business years ago and has devoted himself entirely to the raising of venison. There are two other elk preserves in northwestern Colorado. J. B. Dawson, a Routt county pioneer, has several hundred head of elk on his ranch near Hayden.

In nearly every state in the Union the killing of deer is forbidden excepting in the fall and during a limited period. If deer and elk are to be raised for the market the venison farmer must be allowed to kill for the market, whenever the demand is there.

Government's Census of Indian Wards



IN the present census the government has made a great effort to obtain, through special agents, full and authentic data concerning the tribal relations of the Indians, as a decade when the fourteenth census will be taken, it probably will be found that those Indians who are now dependent wards of the nation have become full-fledged citizens.

The Indian population of the United States decreased in the decade from 1890 to 1900, from 273,697 to 256,760. In 1880 the care of the Indians cost the national government \$5,206,109; in 1909 the cost had risen to \$15,724,162, more than three times as much. The total attendance of Indian children in schools conducted by

the government or by missionary enterprise is 25,777. In these schools no effort is spared to teach the child some industry by which he may support himself when he comes of age, and the Indians are gradually learning to live by the sweat of the brow upon the product of their own self-respecting handiwork, rather than upon the bounty of the government.

The Apache Indians employed on the Roosevelt reclamation project under the act of June 17, 1902, earned \$34,000 in 1909, and rendered eminently satisfactory service in regions where, on account of the heat, a white man could not have labored. Sheep herding has given profitable employment to many hundreds of Navajos and Pueblos in the past year, and Pima and Papago Indians, employed as navvies on the Southern Pacific railway, earned many thousands of dollars. The Sioux farmers have done well, though they are deficient in the quality of persistent patience that makes the most successful sort of agricultural laborer.

Constipation Vanishes Forever

Prompt Relief—Permanent Cure
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS never fail. Purely vegetable—act surely but gently on the liver. Stop after dinner—distress—cure indicated—improve the complexion—brighten the eyes. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price.

Genuine must bear Signature
Bread Food

STOCKERS & FEEDERS

Choice quality; reds and roans, white faces or Angus bought on orders. Tens of Thousands to select from. Satisfaction Guaranteed. Correspondence invited. Come and see for yourself.

National Live Stock Com. Co.
At either
Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Mo., S. Omaha, Neb.

Better a nagless wife than a horseless carriage.

Levis' Single Binder gives a man what he wants, a rich, mellow-tasting cigar.

A woman tells her troubles to a doctor; a man tells his to a lawyer.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 49 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

The minute a man begins to try to save money his friends call him a tightwad.

A woman may or may not try to avoid muddy crossings; it all depends upon her understandings.

Good intentions are always hot stuff; that is why they are used for paving material in a certain locality.

Didn't Want His Chewed.
Bill—Don't you like to see a dog chewing a bone?
Jill—Yes, if it's not one of my own.

Game.
The Creditor—Will you pay this bill now, or never?
The Debtor—Mighty nice of you to give me my choice, old scout. I choose never.

Opinions Aired.
"Were the commencement exercises interesting?"
"Very. The time was divided between advice from public men on the selection of a career and suggestions from graduates on how to run the government."

A Bernhardt Trick.
Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, who is supposed to be something of an artist as well as an actress, was recently called upon in one of her marvelous creations to enact the role of a sculptor. And to model a certain bust in view of the audience. This fairly electrified the critics, but when going into rhapsodies over the technical skill in handling the clay which Mme. Bernhardt exhibited they showed that they knew little of the artistic tricks of actors and actresses; as a matter of fact, she does nothing of the kind. The bust is modeled and baked, and over it is placed damp clay of the same color. This the talented actress merely pulls off, exposing the beautifully modeled head underneath.

In the Desert.
Here is a glimpse of the horrors of a western desert, taken from the Goldfield (Nev.) News: "Another desert victim is reported, and Archie Campbell, manager of the Last Chance mining property near Death valley, came to Goldfield yesterday to endeavor to establish the identity of the unfortunate.
"Mr. Campbell encountered the unknown man on the desert in a frightful condition. He was in the last stages of desert exhaustion, devoid of clothing, sunburned, blistered and crazed, with his tongue swollen enormously, a pitiable object, and unable to speak.
"He was tenderly conveyed to camp and everything possible done for him, but kind aid came too late, for an hour after he had absorbed the first cup of water he expired."

In printing the new passenger tickets to be used on airship lines care should be taken to have it specified that stop-over privileges may be had when necessary without the signature of the conductor.

Counterfeit buttermilk is being sold in some of the drug stores in the east, and the health authorities say it is very dangerous. Will it never be possible to get a good thing that the counterfeiters can't counterfeit?

Farmers after experiment report that the cows yield their milk better when the phonograph is kept going in the barn at milking time. This seems to offer a grand scheme of relief in the form of moving all the phonographs to all the cow barns.

The oil-burning torpedo boat destroyer Roe reached a speed of 31 knots an hour in a test off the Delaware breakwater, although the contract requirement was only 28 knots, and is now acknowledged to be the fastest exclusively oil-burning torpedo boat destroyer in the United States navy. The American shipbuilder has the reputation of cultivating a margin of safety, and turning out boats which exceed the maximum requirements of contracts.

When the automobile collides with the locomotive it is seldom that the latter has to go to the repair shop.

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at
BANK OF FLORENCE
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor and Publisher.
Telephone 315.

Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.

**OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.**

Entered as second-class matter June 4,
1899 at the postoffice at Florence, Ne-
braska, under Act of March 3, 1879.

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor F. S. Tucker
City Clerk John Bondesson
City Treasurer George Siert
City Attorney R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer J. W. Green
City Marshal Aaron Marr
Councilmen.
Robert Craig
J. H. Price.
Charles Allen.
Carl Feldhusen
Police Judge J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.
**HOSE COMPANY NO. 1. FIRE DE-
PARTMENT.** Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.
Ludwig Imm, President; C. B. Kelly,
Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A.
Golding, Chief.

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



Florence, Nebr., Friday Aug. 19, 1910.

BRAIN STORMS

It certainly has been a live town
this week.

Every little bit helps said the far-
mer of the sprinkle last Saturday.

To the Veterans: Come again and
we will treat you as good or better.

By the way, lest you forget we say
it yet. Have you paid up your sub-
scription?

Now that the primaries are over it
is hoped the next legislature will
abolish the open primary with its ac-
companying obnoxious bed-sheet of a
ballot.

The Tribune is glad to see so many
of the farmers here about going in
for thoroughbreds, both of grain and
live stock for we know that it pays
and pays big.

The city officials all sang that good
old song, "Has anybody here seen
Kelly?" Monday evening. Before
the meeting was over they were
aware he was present.

With the Veterans re-union street
carnival, primaries and Board of
Equalization the people of Florence
have been as busy as a man with a
Waterbury watch and the seven-year
itch.

According to the Blair Pilot Blair
is afflicted with the worst sort of a
mayor and it also claims the mayor
of Omaha is in the same category.
Will the Pilot please tell an anxious
public which mayor is the better?

The Tribune has a free scholarship in
the Meridian Male college of Meri-
dian, Miss., to give to the first boy
whose parents subscribe for the Tri-
bune applying. This scholarship is ab-
solutely free, but the boy receiving
same will have to pay for his board
and room, washing, etc., as the schol-
arship applies only to the college
work. If any boy desires this schol-
arship all he has to do is to apply to
the editor and if his parents are paid-
up subscribers it is his. There is
only one scholarship so the first
one applying gets it.

THE STATE FAIR.

We sometimes wonder if the peo-
ple of Nebraska really appreciate the
fact that the Nebraska State Fair is
considered the best exhibition of its
kind given by any state in the Union.
It is not one of the largest, but it is
considered one of the best. The Iowa
Homestead, one of the foremost agri-
cultural papers in the country and
which has a representative present
at every state fair held in the
United States, says: "While the Ne-
braska State Fair is not one of the
largest, I have always considered it
one of the best of the state fairs from
an educational point of view for the
farmers and stockraisers." This in-
dicates that the people of this state
have right at their door the best fair
in the United States and those who
have never attended a session of the
state fair should go this year and see
for themselves what is considered by
outsiders the best in the country.

The State Fair this year is offering
premiums in cash to the amount of
\$2,850.00 for county exhibits in agri-
cultural farm products. The state
has been divided into three sections,
western, central, and eastern for
county collection exhibits and the
amount of premiums offered is an in-
crement for any county to make a
display of their agricultural products.
Additional premiums are offered for
individual exhibits.

The entries for races of the State
Fair, Sept. 5th to 8th, closed Monday,
August 15th, and are as follows: Trot-
ting 2:25, 2:30, 2:35 and 2:40, and

acing 2:20, 2:17, 2:12, 2:09 and 2:04.
Each being for a purse of \$600 with a
five per cent entry. At the same time
closes the Nebraska derby of 1 1-16
miles which will be run on Tuesday
of the fair, and ten ten-mile relay
race, two miles each day changing
mounts at the end of each half-mile.
These together with the six early
closing races, four of which are for
\$1,000 each, and nine running races,
constitute the best list of races ever
offered on a Nebraska course, and
taken with Wright Bros. Aeroplanes
to make flights each day of the fair,
together with other usual features,
should furnish a very attractive pro-
gram for Fair visitors.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Mrs. J. L. Houston and Mrs. F. B.
Nichols were guests of Mrs. Nalle
and friends in Omaha from Friday
until Sunday.

The Misses Sorenson of Des Moines
are the guests of r. and Mrs. Lafay-
ette Shipley.

J. J. Cole will have another big bill
of sports at the Eagles' hall Satur-
day evening and the card as an-
nounced consists of a six-round go
between Fighting Red Adams and Bill
Swigart, four rounds between Kid
Spady and the Black Cyclone, who-
ever it is that bears that title, four
rounds between Johnnie Williams and
Jack Rodgers, three rounds between
the midget fighters and winding up
with a battle royal. It is safe to
say that even standing room will be
at a premium.

Miss Blanche Taylor and Miss Amy
Taylor are spending a few days in
Denver and other Colorado cities.

A. P. Brady will have a general
farm sale at his farm three miles
southeast of Calhoun on September 1.

When the digestion is all right,
the action of the bowels regular,
there is a natural craving and relish
for food. When this is lacking you
may know that you need a dose of
Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver
Tablets. They strengthen the diges-
tive organs, improve the appetite and
regulate the bowels. Sold by George
Siert.

Miss Bergelt has been the guest of
Omaha friends for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. James Stribling will
leave Saturday evening for a two-
weeks' stay at St. Louis. Mr. Strib-
ling will represent the local Eagles
in the convention there.

Miss Krissel of Lincoln has been
elected to the position of high school
teacher by the school board.

Barney Hogan of Cork, Ireland, was
the guest of John Lubold, Wednesday
evening, and entertained the Eagles in
a social session after lodge with his
piano playing and singing.

H. P. Kuhl was a visitor at the
Tribune office Monday and in con-
versation with him we learn that he
purchased of Mr. Lonergan Big Tom
531731 to head his herd of Poland-
China hogs. Mr. Kuhl will have some
of his swine at the state fair this
year.

J. F. Marr of Tekamah was the
guest of his brother, A. Marr Mon-
day and Tuesday.

Walter Weber of Wayne, Neb., who
has been visiting his parents re-
turned home Saturday.

George Hadlock was visiting with
Florence friends Monday.

The Swedish Lutheran Ebenezer
church will hold a social at the
church Wednesday evening. The
program will consist of music, solos
and an address by the pastor on his
trip to Sweden last summer. Ice
cream will be served and everybody
is welcome.

F. A. Shotwell of Omaha was a
Florence visitor Tuesday and took in
the encampment of the veterans.

William Weber of Wayne, Neb., ar-
rived Monday for a visit with his
parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Weber.

Mrs. E. L. Platz and sons, John and
Ellis returned Sunday evening from
a visit at Lincoln, Neb.

Be sure and take a bottle of Cham-
berlain's Colic, Cholera and Diar-
rhoea Remedy with you when start-
ing on your trip this summer. It can-
not be obtained on board the trains
or steamers. Changes of water and
climate often cause sudden attacks of
diarrhoea, and it is best to be pre-
pared. Sold by Geo. Siert.

C. W. Ogle of Omega and L. R.
Griffith spent Wednesday at Lake
Horseshoe in search of fish.

Fred Hartman has leased the mov-
ing picture theatre of J. J. Cole for
the coming winter and will make ex-
tensive alterations in the building be-
fore opening it for the regular season.
He intends putting on a vaudeville act
or two every week and run only the
highest class pictures.

Swedish Lutheran Ebenezer Church.
Services every Sunday, afternoon
at 4 o'clock. Sunday school at 3
o'clock. All are most heartily wel-
come. F. J. ELLMAN, Pastor.

.. ROCKPORT ..

Miss M. Kienzer entertained a few
friends Thursday afternoon. The
guests present were Mesdames:
Morin, Jespersen, Jensen, M. Kreuzer,
N. Kreuzer, E. Kreuzer of North
Bend, Nebr. Misses M. Russell, C.
Russell and M. Kreuzer.

Miss Dora Holst spent a few days
with Omaha friends last week.

Mr. and Mrs. Martin Jorgensen en-
tertained a number of friends from
Omaha Sunday.

Mrs. E. Kreuzer and children of
North Bend spent a few days at Mrs.
M. Kreuzer's last week.

Mrs. Mrs. Morin visited friends in Om-
aha Monday.

Miss Dorothy Sorensen spent a few
days in Omaha last week visiting her
sister.

PONCA NEWS

Why do all the farmers wear that
Quaker Oat smile?

Mrs. Fred Klee of Omaha and Mrs.
John Stall of Gretna were calling on
Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Wood Monday
afternoon.

Mr. Harry Gibbons of Walt Hill is
staying with Joe Hipps.

Mr. James Bena and friend were
in Omaha Sunday.

Messrs. Joe Hipp, Harry Gibbons
and John Chase spent Sunday at
Lake Manawa.

Church Notice.

The Christian Endeavor society of
the Ponca church will give a social
on the Johnsons lawn Saturday eve-
ning, Aug. 20. The events in this hos-
pitable home are noted for their suc-
cess, and the occasion should draw
a large crowd. Everyone interested
in church work welcome. Come and
bring your friends, August 20.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**Church Services First Presbyterian
Church.**
Sunday Services.
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.
C. E. Meetings—7:00 p. m.
Preaching—8:00 p. m.
Mid-Week Service.
Thursday—8:00 p. m.
The public is cordially invited to
attend these services.
George S. Sloan, Pastor.

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

LODGE DIRECTORY.

**Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal
Order of Eagles.**
Past Worthy President.....
.....James Stribling
Worthy President.....E. L. Platz
Worthy Vice-President.....B. F. Taylor
Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson
Worthy Treasurer.....Henry Anderson
Worthy Chaplain.....Daniel Kelly
Inside Guard.....R. H. Olmsted
Outside Guard.....Hugh Suttie
Physician.....Dr. W. H. Horton
Conductor.....Joseph Thornton
Trustees: W. B. Parks, Robert Gold-
ing, W. P. Thomas.
Meets every Wednesday in Cole's
hall.

JONATHAN NO. 225 I. O. O. F.
Charles G. Carlson.....Noble Grand
Lloyd Saums.....Vice-Grand
W. E. Rogers.....Secretary
J. C. Kindred.....Treasurer
Meet every Friday at Pascale's hall.
Visitors welcome.

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of America.

EscortWill Pepperkorn
WatchmanHarry Swanson
SentryC. O. Larson
Managers, John Paul, William Tuttle,
Ed. Davis.
Robinhood Camp No. 30, W. O. W.,
meets city hall.

Court of Honor.

Past Chancellor.....
.....Mrs. Elizabeth Hollett
Chancellor.....John Langenback
Vice Chancellor.....Mrs. Ennis
Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson
Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor
Juide.....Clyde Miller
huard.....Clarence Leach
Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant
Physician.....Dr. Adams
Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Pe-
terson, Mrs. E. Hollett.
Meets Tuesdays in Pascale's Hall.

Robin Hood Camp No. 30 W. O. W.
Council Commander.....M. B. Potter
A. L.
Banker.....F. A. Ayers
Clerk.....F. M. King
Past Oracle.....Mrs. Emma Powell
Oracle.....Mrs. J. Taylor
Vice Oracle.....Mrs. George Foster
Chancellor.....Mrs. J. J. Cole
Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson
Receiver.....Mrs. Newell Burton
Recorder.....Susan Nichols
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James
Johnson.
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at
Pascale's Hall.

McCoy & Olmsted, Attorneys.

Notice of Administration.
In the County Court of Douglas Coun-
ty, Nebraska, in the matter of the estate of John M.
Elroy deceased.
All persons interested in said estate are
hereby notified that a petition has been filed in
said Court alleging that said deceased died
leaving no last will and praying for adminis-
tration upon his estate, and that a hearing will
be had on said petition before said court on the
27th day of August, 1910, and that if they fail
to appear at said Court on the said 27th day of
August, 1910, at 9 o'clock A. M. to contest the
said petition, the Court may grant the same
and grant administration of said estate to
Elizabeth W. Elroy some other suitable per-
son and proceed to a settlement thereof.
CHARLES LESLIE,
County Judge.

CHAS. E. FOSTER, ATTY.-AT-LAW.
934 New York Life Bldg., Omaha.
NOTICE OF ADMINISTRATION.

In the County Court of Douglas County, Ne-
braska, in the matter of the estate of Anna
Sanier, deceased.
All persons interested in said estate are
hereby notified that a petition has been filed in
said Court alleging that said deceased died
leaving no last will and praying for adminis-
tration upon his estate, and that a hearing will
be had on said petition before said court on the
27th day of August, 1910, and that if they fail
to appear at said Court on the said 27th day of
August, 1910, at 9 o'clock A. M. to contest the
said petition, the Court may grant the same
and grant administration of said estate to
Joseph Sanier or some other suitable per-
son and proceed to a settlement thereof.
CHARLES LESLIE,
County Judge.

McCoy & Olmsted, Attorneys.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.
Notice is hereby given that the under-
signed have formed a corporation under
the laws of Nebraska.
The name of said corporation is Auto
Tire Repair Co. The principal place of
transacting its business is in the City
of Omaha, Nebraska. The general
nature of the business to be transacted
shall be the equipment, maintenance and
operation of a general automobile
tire and tube repair plant, and in con-
nection therewith to buy all necessary
machinery, supplies, materials and
parts for the operation of the same. Also
to buy, sell, exchange or supply for its-
self or for others automobile tires, tubes
and appliances; to execute leases and
contracts and to borrow money and
execute notes and securities in con-
nection with the business, and generally to
do and perform any and all acts in-
cidental to the powers herein enumerated.
The authorized capital stock of the
corporation is \$5,000, divided into 200
shares of \$25 each, one-half of which
capital stock shall be subscribed and
fully paid up when the corporation be-
gins business, and all stock shall
be non-assessable when fully paid up.
The corporation may take at its fair
value in payment of such stock any
property or rights it is herein authorized
to own or hold. All stock shall be trans-
ferable by assignment of any certifi-
cate of stock issued. The corporation
commenced on the 22nd day of July,
1910, and shall continue for the term of
25 years unless sooner dissolved, accord-
ing to law.
The highest amount of indebtedness to
which this corporation may at any time
subject itself shall not exceed 75% of its
capital stock.
The affairs of the corporation are to
be conducted by a board of three di-
rectors and by a president, vice-presi-
dent, secretary and treasurer.
W. H. HORN,
E. S. BEEBE,
C. W. OKEY.

J. 29AS-12-19.
Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted
McCoy & Olmsted
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law
652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16.

Farmers' State Bank

CAPITAL \$10,000
4 PER CENT ON TIME DEPOSITS
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NELLIE STEWART'S TEST

By CHARLES A. HARTLEY

An appalling crash of thunder caused Wallace Gordon to pull up his restless team sharply and take stock of the situation. He had been conscious, in a way, for the previous hour that a heavy downpour of rain was beating on the top and sides of his snugly closed vehicle, but up to that moment he had not realized the serious side of it.

"By George!" he exclaimed. "This looks bad—deuced bad. A little more of it and there will be all sorts of trouble!"

He pulled back the team to a semblance of order and went on under the whip, lurching through broad pools and muddy rivulets which were breaking across the highway in many places. He had been on a 40-mile drive that day and was returning with a mind ill at rest. The evening before he had called on the winsome, but old-fashioned Nellie Stewart for a final answer to his petition of love. Miss Nellie was not old-fashioned in appearance by any means, but she had aggravatingly old-fashioned ideas about the continuation of love when once pledged, as her impetuous young lover had put it a hundred times in his solitary drive.

"Wallace, dear," she had said on parting, "give me just 24 hours more. I must be absolutely sure on every point. If we do marry it must not be for a month, a year or half a lifetime, but for all time. Now, away down in your heart, dear," looking steadily into his eyes, "do you think that you could continue to love me when I am old, faded, withered—love me as you do now—as I know you do?"

"I do."

"I know it is extremely selfish of me to be so exacting when I can do no more myself than give you my sacred word that I shall be loving and faithful to the end as I require of you; somehow I think I know myself—but—" she broke off with a quaver.

In a moment she had recovered and



There Was a Renewal of the Storm's Fury.

was smiling up at him. "Come back this time tomorrow evening," she said, "and then I will be able to give you my answer one way or the other."

Gordon was on his way back when the crashing storm had interrupted his train of thought. He was within two miles of home now and the girl of his affections lived a mile off, at right angles on a beautiful country lane.

"Heaven help me!" he muttered, seeing at the lines in an attempt to keep the horses' heads pointed in a homeward direction. "This is a cloud-burst and the bridge will not stand another five minutes."

He attempted to send the horses ahead with lash and harsh commands, but the poor beasts knew the danger ahead better than did their distracted master and they dashed from the road toward higher ground, in an open field. As the team came around, facing the raging waters, Gordon caught a glimpse of a figure at the extreme entrance to the bridge. The horses were still plunging, but in a moment he had them nearer the bridge and could make out that the person was a woman. She was standing on the guard rail clinging to an upright post while the angry waters leaped and bounded hungrily at her feet. She was calling for help, but the roar of the waters drowned her words to a mere jumble.

Gordon's first impulse was to spring from the buggy, breast the water, already shoulder high, and running like a sea across the space at the approach to the bridge, and lend whatever aid he could to the woman; but before he could get his feet clear of the robes and trappings and spring out, there was a crash, followed by a scream, and the old bridge toppled from its foundations and floated away, at first hesitatingly and then swinging to mid-stream gained momentum and in a moment was racing with the raging torrent. An immense pile of driftwood had struck it near the middle and it was gone before Gordon could realize what had happened. For a second he remained stricken into inaction. When the structure had fallen from its supports and buoyantly come to the surface after the first plunge, he saw the woman still clinging to the post. She seemed to have

remained on the top side of the destroyed structure and as yet had not suffered greatly.

The team was sent flying down a side road parallel with the stream. In five minutes Gordon was abreast of the swiftly floating bridge. He leaned out and called at the top of his voice: "Hold fast; I'll get you off somehow." The woman feebly waved a hand to signify that she had heard him. The team went on at the speed of the wind. Half a mile down stream he jerked his horses to a sudden stop and sprang out on the spongy sod. A hundred yards above the bridge had become entangled in a tree top and was swinging out of the main current toward shore. It paused dizzily in an eddying circle. Gordon could see the woman in the same position that she had at first occupied. He looked about for material for an improvised raft. Nothing was in sight and he was about to pull off his coat and swim to the rescue when the bridge again swung out and went on.

Gordon sprang back to his vehicle and followed in pursuit, calling as he went: "Keep up your courage; there is still hope!"

A half mile farther on, the bridge grounded against an island of bushes on a slight elevation. In a moment it swung shoreward and came to a dead stop. Gordon could see the woman lying face downward across the rough timbers. He plunged into the seething waters a hundred yards above with the determination to reach the wreckage. He had given himself that distance as a leeway against being beaten down by the current. Wading obliquely with the current he was soon waist deep, then shoulder deep in the tumbling, drift-laden waters. He kept his feet with difficulty and was in the act of taking a long breath for the final plunge when a section of board fence floated against him. He grasped it with both hands and braced himself to stop it. It swung in below him and bobbed lightly in the less agitated water. Clinging to the raft with one hand and holding onto some bushes with the other he looked about. He had his raft but he lacked means of propelling it. Looking up and down, he saw a long fence-stake floating nearer shore. Pulling the raft to where the water was less than knee deep, he secured the stake, stepped on the raft and pushed out, poling with all his might. The raft carried him safely enough but was being swept down by the current so rapidly that he feared he would miss the bridge. Setting the end of the pole in the softened earth, he braced himself and sent the frail craft forward at good speed. He was within a few yards of the end of the bridge and was floating by at an alarming rate of speed. Once more he thrust the pole down. His heart almost stopped for he could not reach bottom. At that instant there was a scraping sound at his feet and he saw the top branches of a sapling raking by. Dropping the pole he clutched one of the branches and lying flat on the raft he held on with set teeth. The shock of the sudden stop almost tore the flesh from his hands. Gradually the strain slackened and the raft swung against the bridge. He shifted his position quickly and grasped one of the bridge timbers. The next moment he was standing on the bridge. The raft was pulled up sufficiently to prevent it from washing away.

Gordon then sprang toward the woman. "Poor old soul," he exclaimed, stooping over her. She wore a sunbonnet, which had become wet and hung over her face, hiding her features. A faded shoulder shawl had slipped up about her neck, while a cheap calico dress clung about her trenched form. All this Gordon saw at a glance as he stooped to raise the limp body.

"She's probably some poor old grandmother," Gordon said half aloud as he staggered along with the body in his arms toward the raft. Placing her on one of the planks with her head lying on one of the posts which served as a cross-section to the raft, he pushed off, grasping the tops of bushes here and there to start him shoreward. Then grasping his pole he worked frantically until the raft was safe, in shallow water. Jumping into the water waist-deep, he picked up the woman and waded ashore. Reaching a grassy plot he gently lowered her to the ground, and pulling back the wet folds of the bonnet, which had concealed her face up to that time, he looked at the still face. Staggering back with blanched face, he cried: "My God, it is Nellie!"

At first he fell to chafing her hands and calling her name imploringly, then springing to his feet he ran to the buggy for the lap robes. Wrapping her in them he hurried with her to the buggy and lifted her in the best he could. He grasped the lines with one hand and steadied her with the other. The heads of the horses were turned toward the Stewart home.

They had not gone a hundred yards before the girl shuddered and otherwise manifested symptoms of returning consciousness in response to the lover's agonizing appeals to her to speak.

"Oh, Wallace, can you ever forgive me?" she whispered when she could speak. "Oh, what a foolish, foolish thing I did!"

He pressed her closer.

"I was going to test your respect for old age."

"I come out in these poor clothes to meet you and I expected somehow to find a way in the guise of a poor, old woman to test you without being found out. Then the storm came and I was caught in the bridge."

For a moment there was silence. Then, Gordon asked: "Nellie, do you still doubt me?"

"No," was the faint whisper near his ear. "Now, I doubt only myself."

KATE'S WHITE ELEPHANT

By OSWALD EASTWOOD

As a remarkable variant from the type to which he actually belonged, David Minturn stood in refreshing prominence. The founder of the family had secured millions by methods which subjected him to more or less criticism in his generation, but which would be regarded as highly conservative at the present time. The intermediate Minturns had revised the methods to suit the times and had added to the millions. To fulfill the tradition, David should have been a spendthrift.

He was not. On the contrary, he was about as satisfactory a specimen of the congenially rich young man as could be found anywhere, and even those who were not friendly to the class had to admit it. So far as he knew, he hadn't an enemy in the world, which, considering the breadth of his acquaintance, was rather a noteworthy condition. Despite the fact that he had never done a day's work in his life, and never expected to, his patrimony had not diminished ten years after it had come into his possession. He was still the richest bachelor in his native city. Why he was a bachelor at all had been discussed from every point of view save his own. It had not even occurred to him to have a point of view on the subject.

But that very morning he had begun to wonder how it was that he had never asked Katherine Sewell to marry him. By a curious mental twist, which he did not attempt to analyze, his failure to have done so took the form of a sin of omission. He even convinced himself that he had been guilty of the most gigantic plunder of his life. The new-born consciousness that for at least half a dozen years he had kept silent in the almost daily presence of the most charming woman in the world almost overwhelmed him. The idea was so antagonistic to his notion of the fit-



"This Is About My Bravest Deed."

ness of things that he seized his hat and stick and covered the two blocks between his house and that of the Sewells in an incredibly short time. Half an hour later he had done his best to repair his sin of omission, and had found himself involved in a sea of unexpected difficulties.

"It is such a perfectly undreamed-of surprise," she said, and her manner seemed to confirm the statement.

"We have been acquainted so many years that it is very hard for me to believe that—that it is possible."

It would have been an easy way, perhaps a lover's way, to plead lack of courage as an excuse for his silence, but he was too honest for that.

"I must have loved you all the time," he said, "but I was too stupid to discover it. How could I have helped it?" he asked, with an earnestness that brought a flush to her face.

"I suppose the possibility of—my inability to do as you wish—never occurred to you, did it?" she stammered.

"No, it didn't," he confessed, bluntly. "I don't see how you could have been so sure," she said, with a little laugh that was akin to a sob. Then she made a brave effort to control herself and went on slowly: "What will you say when I tell you that I made up my mind long ago never to marry a man who had not done something very difficult of achievement? Have you ever done anything noteworthy?"

"This is about my bravest deed," he admitted, gravely. "There isn't a great deal left for me to do. The north pole is discovered and the south pole will be before I could get there."

"Please don't make fun of me. I know it is only a left-over whom of my, sentimental days, but I really mean it," she said.

"Do you mean it now?" he demanded brusquely, looking her full in the eyes.

"Oh, I suppose I do," she returned, rather confusedly.

"The nail you have to do is to tell me what it shall be," he declared, rising with a display of energy that was new to him. "Out with it! Don't spare me. I deserve it all, and more, too."

She knew that she had not succeeded in her effort to convince him that she was really uncertain of her own feeling for him, and the knowledge was so disquieting that she was led to further extravagances by her con-

fusion. Any absurdity were better than that he should think her willing to fall into his arms without even decent investigation.

"Oh, well—" she said, with the last heroic effort to keep her voice steady. "If you insist, I will tell you! Get me a white elephant!"

He was equally determined to accept her conditions and to purge himself of his sin of omission. The fact that Katherine Sewell had taken refuge in absurdity was an actual relief. He felt that he was getting off remarkably well under the circumstances.

"A mere trifle," he said, moving off with cheerful alacrity. "How much time do you give me to go out to Asia or Africa or wherever it is to get one?"

"Oh—about a—a—week," she replied, wishing for nothing so much as to have him leave her to her own emotions.

"Gee! A week from today at 10 a. m.," he said, as if it were the final word in the most commonplace business agreement.

Not until he reached home did the full extravagance of the proceeding unfold itself to his understanding. What miracle had he elected to perform? He knew perfectly well that, elephant or no elephant, Kate Sewell was his but how should he manage this one opportunity she had given him to show himself a man? He realized it was not a chance to become a hero, but it was something. The more he thought of it the less trivial it seemed. White elephant, indeed! He could not remember that he had ever seen such a thing. Wasn't it after all a fabulous beast? The possibility was so distracting that he resolved to take it to the counsel of Stacy, who knew everything.

Half an hour later he was sitting in the private office of the junior member of the firm of Stacy & Co., universal providers. Tom Stacy had been his class mate at college and they belonged to the same fraternity. Tom was as genial as he was shrewd, and David had always liked him immensely.

"I want to consult you on a matter of business," Minturn said, after the customary greetings.

"Command me," said Stacy, with his best business manners.

"I believe you supply any demand," David observed, as an entering wedge.

"Universal providers," Tom admitted, with a large smile.

"Suppose one should ask for something very unusual—something I might say not to be found on the market?"

There was everything in Tom's manner to indicate that he regarded such a condition of things as extremely improbable. "If we were asked to furnish any article whatever," he said, with great dignity, "we should feel obliged to make good. Our claim to be universal providers would demand it."

"Do you happen to have such a thing as a white elephant?"

Stacy saw in an instant that his friend was not guying him, the discovery brought with it a temporary embarrassment which was a decided novelty in the young merchant's experience.

"I don't believe we have the article—in stock," he said, hesitatingly.

"But of course you can obtain it?" said the other, with a grim smile.

"Oh, yes—with sufficient notice," declared the universal provider.

"How long would you require?"

"Well—" replied Stacy, cocking his eye meditatively, "I should say about two years would be about the proper wrinkle."

"I must have a white elephant one week from today—at ten o'clock in the morning," said David, with great distinctness of utterance. And then he told Stacy all about it.

Before he had finished Tom's face had grown radiant and he seemed to have been made the happy lodging place of a joyous inspiration. "Cheer up, old fellow!" he cried, slapping Minturn on the back with an energy that was unmistakable. "It's the dearest, easiest cinch I've struck in an age. All you have to do is to go into hiding. Let it be known that you have gone for a week's outing, and Stacy & Co. will do the rest. That white elephant will make his appearance in front of the Sewell house at the hour prescribed. Go away in perfect peace."

It seemed incredible, but Minturn knew his man, and went his way with this assurance that he should not be compelled to go back to Katherine with a record of humiliating failure to fulfill her condition, ridiculous though it was.

As the clock was striking ten on that absurdly specified day Katherine Sewell looked out of her window and saw, in front of her father's big old-fashioned house, a strange sight. The central figure of the exhibition was a little, dingy, ivory-colored elephant, almost concealed beneath his crimson and gold trappings. On either side of the grotesque little pachyderm, several figures in the garb of Siamese priests, were bending low in adoration, and two or three others were beating vigorously on native drums.

The street was fast becoming packed with a crowd of delighted onlookers. "This is your white elephant, Kate," said Minturn, coming up behind her and taking her hands.

"If you love me take it out of the street," she said, without looking at him.

"Easiest ever," declared Stacy, afterwards. "I remembered that the animal was expected daily by a firm of amusement purveyors—customers of our—and I met it at the steamer. It took a thousand dollars, but Stacy & Co. worked it."

"And I've had it proved to me that I was born under a lucky star," added Minturn as he wrote a check.

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TUBERCULOSIS IN THE PRISON

Per Cent. of Sufferers Is Enormous and There Seems but One Remedy.

From several investigations that have been made by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, it is estimated that on an average about fifteen per cent. of the prison population of the country is afflicted with tuberculosis. On this basis, out of the 30,000 prisoners housed in the penal institutions of the United States at any given time, not less than 12,000 are infected with this disease. If the Philippine islands and other insular possessions were taken into consideration the number would be much larger. Some of the prisons of Pennsylvania, Kansas and Ohio show such shocking conditions with reference to tuberculosis that many wardens admit that these places of detention are death traps. Similar conditions could be found in almost every state, and in the majority of cases the only sure remedy is the destruction of the old buildings and the erection of new ones.

Quaint Table Manners.

Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth millionaire, talked at a dinner about the delights of a backwoods vacation.

"I go to a quaint backwoods village every summer," he said, "and numberless are the quaint people I meet there.

"Old Boucher, for instance, the janitor of the village church, is most amusing with his quaint ways. I had old Boucher to lunch one day, and the cold lobster was served with a mayonnaise sauce. When my servant offered this sauce to Boucher, the old man stuck his knife in it, took up a little on the blade, tasted it, then shook his head and said:

"Don't choose none."

A Treasure.

"Your new maid looks very discreet."

"Indeed, she is. She even knocks at all the drawers before opening them."—Felix Mele.

The work of a contributing editor is sometimes made difficult by the friends who insist on coming around during office hours to talk politics and tell hunting stories.

Having all the news about the hot spell that was fit to print, and some that was not news, it seems that we might have a little cool weather for variety in the news columns.

After planning your Christmas shopping better figure on how sanely you are going to spend the next fourth.

The prize cow at the Missouri agricultural college produces 110 pounds of milk a day. But with our cook on the job, there wouldn't be a half ounce of cream in it.

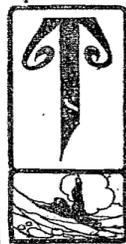
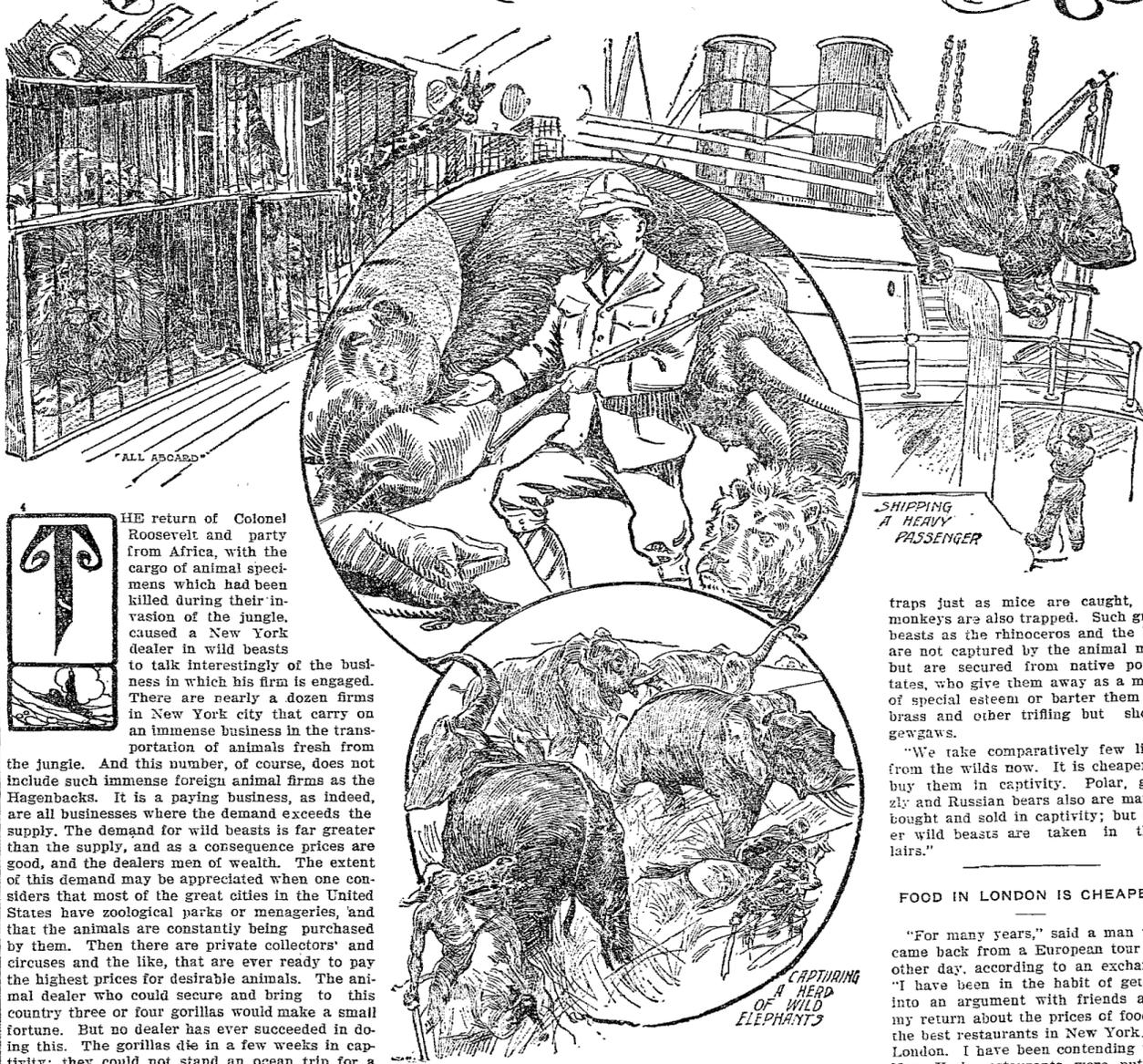
If the analysis of hoky-poky is correct we are unable to understand how the flies that gather upon the cones manage to stay so long without seeming to be overcome.

At 10 a. m. every day the entire Great Western railway system of England receives the exact Greenwich time.

A London doctor says appendicitis is contagious. He probably means that the operations for it are contagious.

While they are disputing over who invented cocktails, some one might dig into the records and find out who invented the soft drink, that honor may be given where honor is due.

Importation of Wild Animals



THE return of Colonel Roosevelt and party from Africa, with the cargo of animal specimens which had been killed during their invasion of the jungle, caused a New York dealer in wild beasts to talk interestingly of the business in which his firm is engaged. There are nearly a dozen firms in New York city that carry on an immense business in the transportation of animals fresh from the jungle. And this number, of course, does not include such immense foreign animal firms as the Hagenbacks. It is a paying business, as indeed, are all businesses where the demand exceeds the supply. The demand for wild beasts is far greater than the supply, and as a consequence prices are good, and the dealers men of wealth. The extent of this demand may be appreciated when one considers that most of the great cities in the United States have zoological parks or menageries, and that the animals are constantly being purchased by them. Then there are private collectors and circuses and the like, that are ever ready to pay the highest prices for desirable animals. The animal dealer who could secure and bring to this country three or four gorillas would make a small fortune. But no dealer has ever succeeded in doing this. The gorillas die in a few weeks in captivity; they could not stand an ocean trip for a day.

A rusty old German liner lumbers noisily into Quarantine, and then lies motionless on the tide. An officer, with broad, red, bewhiskered face, stands at the head of the companion ladder, and he smiles a peculiar smile, as a husky screaming ululation rises from below. "The animals are getting hungry," he explains; "you know we have several hundred of them on the 'tween decks. Want to see them? All right." In another minute probably the most competent animal man in the world is at our side. He is not a trainer, or even a tamer; he is more. He is a sort of animal cook, and his special business is the personal management of wild animal tours. He receives them—lions, tigers, leopards, elephants, everything else—at Hamburg, where they have been brought fresh from their native wilds, and not only superintends their shipment aboard a vessel bound for New York, but he sails with them to make sure that they arrive safely and in good health. And he is sure that if the tiger gets off on his diet and needs a nice fresh live rabbit to tone up his system, this man will be aware of the fact almost before the tiger is—and, ergo, a nice big jumping bunny is sacrificed in accordance with the precepts of wild beast materia medica. Then, too, one can never tell just when the big boa is going to rouse from his last gorge; when he does he wants a toothsome young goat, and he wants it quick. It is a part of the animal man's duties to anticipate the boa's appetite with all possible expedition.

He is a quiet, unassuming man, with stoop shoulders and bushy whiskers, and he leads the way to the 'tween decks without a word. Perhaps the uninitiated may believe that a tour through the animal section of a freight-carrying vessel is an unimpressive experience. Well, let them try it and see! This can be said at the outset—it is somewhat different from a menagerie. It means something to come into close proximity to a hundred and odd wild animals that have been ruthlessly snatched from their lairs in Africa or Asia, or elsewhere, and clapped into little barred boxes, not as large as dry goods cases; slammed in and out of dark holes in the vessels of several seas on the way to Hamburg; then finally placed in the stygian 'tween decks of a German hooker.

The swinging cross seas of the North Atlantic have not improved their tempers, or their nervous systems, and the visitor at Quarantine is quickly impressed with that fact. The howls and whines and the barks cease abruptly as the strangers enter. For they bring the smell of land, and the great beasts sniff inquiringly, and hungrily, too.

The cages lined both sides of the gloomy space, with a little passageway between the boxes. Perhaps this passageway was three feet wide, not more. The cages were piled two and sometimes three deep. In the bottom cage, for instance, would be a tiger; in the next above a smaller animal, say, a leopard or a lynx, and above that a parrot, or a bunch of neerkats. Think of it! A three-foot passageway, with ferocious animals, stretching along for 100 feet on all sides. Talk about nightmares! The reporter's hair stiffened out like so many pieces of wire, and he wished most fervently that he had not come. It was more agreeable, he felt, to see these animals in a menagerie where the cages are ample and the bars an inch thick.

"Better keep in the middle of the aisle," says one of the animal men; "these fellows sometimes reach out for you."

Words such as these, of course, hardly tended to reassure.

It really was too dark to see much. One caught a view of the cages stretching away in gloomy perspective until lost in the darkness, of

rows of glowing green eyes and great teeth with the flash of red tongue writhing between. A zebra switched the reporter with his tail and he turned, only to jump almost out of his skin as an elephant touched him on the other shoulder with his trunk. He was hardly over his scare when, zip! a leopard reached out after his coat tail.

In one way this lower deck section was a good place to visit; the joy and relief in being able to leave it furnished the biggest and most absorbing sensations that this monotonous world has held for the reporter in the last few months at least.

Bartels & Co., are the largest dealers in wild beasts in this country.

"A large wild animal dealer," said our informant, "imports considerably more than a hundred large wild animals each year. For instance, our record for one year which I happen to have at hand, shows that we imported in that period 20 elephants, 35 camels, 20 tigers, 5 lions, 45 leopards, 20 pumas, 18 panthers and hundreds of birds and monkeys and small things. Cubs—lion and tiger and bear cubs—are in special demand by wealthy families. They are reared and petted like kittens, but in the end they outgrow their playfulness and the families who bought them from us are only too willing to pay us to come and take them away when they attain any sort of growth. We have received many orders for hippopotami, but the beasts are hard to capture and ninety-nine times out of a hundred they do not live through the voyage. In fact, menageries throughout the country have to depend of late years upon the progeny of the hippopotami in Central Park, New York, for specimens.

"Like all animal dealers, we maintain expert animal catchers in all parts of the world, and it is these men who fill the ships which arrive here. The Hagenbecks have two collecting stations, one in Calcutta and the other in Aden, Arabia. From this point the animal catchers go forth and spend months in the wilds, returning to the stations with their catch. We ourselves send catchers direct from this country—at present we have men in South America, on the hot sands of Africa, in the Himalayas, and elsewhere, filling our orders. One of them was recently in Arabia on a camel hunt, two are now in the East Indies trapping tigers, and so they are spread about in places where wild beasts abide.

"Sometimes we receive an order for a large number of elephants. We telegraph this order to our catchers in the elephant country, who, after organizing the natives into a hunting band, proceed to collect the desired number. A huge inclosure is built in one of the main elephant paths, and at night when the big animals come to feed they are driven into the inclosure or keddah by means of fires and shouts and the firing of guns. Beaters on tame elephants then ride into the inclosure and rope the beasts, and in a short time they become accustomed to being led about. Elephants are naturally mild, and were this not the case they never could be captured, because of their great, bulking strength.

"The natives also captured elephants in pits, a barbarously cruel method in which more than 50 per cent. are killed by the fall. The animal catchers take tigers and lions in pits also. They dig a hole, cover it with matting and place on this matting a dead goat. At night the lion or tiger steals from his lair, sees the goat and springs upon it. The matting, of course, gives way and down into the pit goes the roaring beast. Then the catchers run up and throw nets into the pit and the struggling animal soon becomes hopelessly entangled. Nooses are then lowered into the pit and the beast is dragged out to the cage. Six out of every ten are killed in this process. Leopards and jaguars and the smaller animals are caught in

traps just as mice are caught, and monkeys are also trapped. Such great beasts as the rhinoceros and the like are not captured by the animal men, but are secured from native potentates, who give them away as a mark of special esteem or barter them for brass and other trifling but showy gewgaws.

"We take comparatively few lions from the wilds now. It is cheaper to buy them in captivity. Polar, grizzly and Russian bears also are mainly bought and sold in captivity; but other wild beasts are taken in their lairs."

FOOD IN LONDON IS CHEAPER.

"For many years," said a man who came back from a European tour the other day, according to an exchange, "I have been in the habit of getting into an argument with friends after my return about the prices of food in the best restaurants in New York and London. I have been contending that New York restaurants were putting their prices all the time and some of my friends have tried to convince me that you could get a meal cheaper at the higher priced restaurants in New York than in London.

"I determined this time to collect some real data for comparison and as a result I have kept the bills of many meals I had in London. It is my intention to juxtapose the meals I had over there at some of the restaurants here, item for item. I did this with one of them the other day and demonstrated that for such a meal London is a lot cheaper than New York.

"Here is the bill for a luncheon I had at one of the most expensive hotels in London:

Hors d'oeuvres varies	0	9
Pilaffe of sweetbreads	2	0
Asparagus	2	0
Cheese (Neufchatel)	0	6
Coffee	0	6
Beer	1	0
Totals	6	9

"Now, six shillings ninepence at \$4.85 to the pound is \$1.65. As for the dishes themselves they could not have been surpassed anywhere. For the hors d'oeuvres I had a dozen different dishes to select from.

"Did you ever find hors d'oeuvres varies on the bill of fare of a New York restaurant? Try it. Of course you may get them at a table d'hote, but I mean on the carte du jour of a restaurant where you pay separately for each thing you eat.

"In Paris there is a restaurant in the Avenue de l'Opera, where you can have about twenty different varieties of little fish and cold salads and appetizers for about 15 or 16 cents. It took me a long time to find this in a first-class house here, and then when I did so it was in a restaurant which is not usually considered among the most expensive in the city. Here hors d'oeuvres varies masqueraded under the title of 'buffet russe.' They charged me 59 cents for it, as against the 18 charged in the London restaurant.

"My pilaffe of sweetbreads tasted exactly like that I had in London and cost exactly the same, 50 cents. I ordered some asparagus. On the bill of fare they had asparagus with Hollandaise sauce for 40 cents, but I wanted it cold, with French dressing. They did not tell me it would be any more, but for it they charged me 70 cents. For the Neufchatel cheese they charged 20 cents and for the coffee 15. The robbery came on the beer.

"In London if you want a little pitcher of beer they serve you an excellent brew of Pilsener or Wurzburger in a little sealed vessel holding a pint for a shilling. I asked the waiter to bring me a small pitcher of beer on draught, knowing they did not serve the beer as in London. He brought me a pitcher and charged me 70 cents for it.

"Now my bill came to \$2.65, or exactly \$1 more than the same food and drink had cost me in London. I gave the New York waiter a quarter and he scarcely nodded. I gave the London waiter sixpence and he thanked me so that I could hear him."

CONDITION PRECEDENT.

"The religion of some people is too lenient," said Bishop Heslin in a recent address in Nantucket.

"Some people suggest to me, in their view of religion, a little girl whose teacher said to her: 'Mary, what must we do first before we can expect forgiveness for our sins?'"

"We must sin first," the little girl answered.—Nashville Banner.

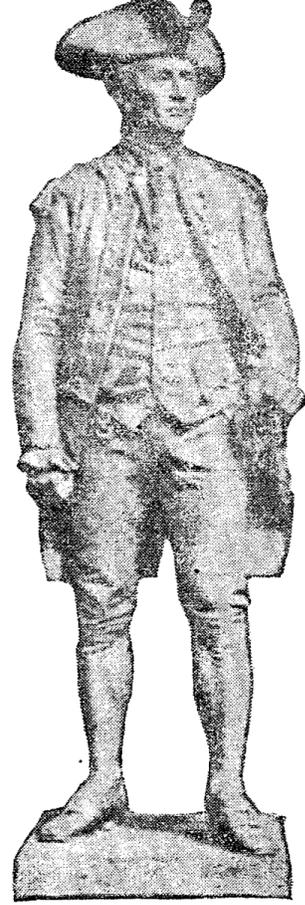
UNFASHIONABLE EVENT.

Among other events, we shall have a sack race for ladies. Professionals barred.

JONES MODEL IS COMPLETED.

Sculptor Finishes His Work on the Heroic Statue of the Great Naval Commander.

New York. — Charles H. Niehaus, the New York sculptor, has finished his working model for his heroic bronze statue of John Paul Jones, for which Congress appropriated \$50,000, and which will be unveiled next spring at the entrance to Potomac



Statue of Paul Jones.

Park, in front of Seventeenth street, northwest, Washington, D. C.

Niehaus has been working on the statue about two years. In depicting the features of the Revolutionary hero the sculptor has used the terra-cotta bust by Houdon, now in the possession of the National Academy of Design, as a model. The commander of the Bonhomme Richard is represented as watching a naval engagement, his right hand clenched and his left hand holding his sword.

Commenting on his work, Mr. Niehaus said he had tried to depict a man who is capable of doing almost anything and not simply a man who can do only one thing.

"If you look at the celebrated Greek statue of the Farnese Hercules in the Museo Nazionale in Naples," he said, "you will see a very simple figure leaning on a club, but you will be impressed with the idea that this Hercules could do anything. I have tried to suggest this in my statue of John Paul Jones.

"It is interesting now to recall that for years efforts were made to confirm the historical statements that the remains of John Paul Jones were interred in a certain piece of ground in Paris. These efforts resulted in documentary proof that he was buried on the evening of July 20, 1792, in the now abandoned cemetery of St. Louis in the northeastern section of Paris. The body was found encased in a leaden coffin and was transported from Paris to the United States Naval Academy and deposited in the now historic brick vault there."

TRUCK FARMS IN ALASKA.

Some Far North Riches for Patient Cultivators—Prices of Produce Very High.

Washington.—"How would you like to be a truck farmer in Alaska?"

This is a hypothetical question asked by the United States Department of Agriculture. In an official report from the department the question and the answer are included. The report says:

"Would you care to run a truck farm with strawberries selling at \$1.25 to \$2 a quart, cucumbers \$2 to \$5 a dozen, celery 50 cents each, tomatoes 50 cents to \$1 a pound and other products at proportionate prices? Or would you prefer general farming, with a few pigs and chickens as a side line, with hay selling at \$60 to \$100 a ton, hogs 30 cents a pound, young pigs 75 cents a pound and eggs \$2 a dozen?"

These prices are received in Alaska under favorable market conditions, but the prospective settler should consider the difficulties and expense of farming as well as the high prices of his products.

Alaska is not generally given much consideration from an agricultural standpoint, and yet, despite the rigorous climate, a large variety of grains, small fruits and vegetables are being successfully grown. Experiments are being made with tree fruits, but the results thus far have not been very encouraging. The work conducted by the government with grains at the Fairbanks experiment station has been of unqualified success. Varieties of nearly all grains have been found that

Want Ad Department

The department for the people. The place to tell your wants to our army of readers and advertise anything and everything you have on your place that you do not want to keep, and your neighbor might want.

TERMS—One (1) cent per word. Nothing run for less than 25 cents without cash in advance. Count your words and send in your ad. with the cash.—A 10 word ad run three weeks costs only 30 cents.

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

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

Old soles made new. Pascale, the shoe repair man.

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

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

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

ASK your grocer for German Bakery Bread. (1)

Metz and Schlitz beer by the case. Henry Anderson. (9)

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

WANTED—Bright boys and girls to solicit subscriptions for The Tribune. Liberal inducements will be offered. This is a good chance to make some spending money during your vacation. See Mr. Platz or telephone him at 315. (6)

All kinds of Hay and Feed. Baughman & Leach. Telephone 213.

FOR SALE—Iron bedstead complete. Cheap. Hans Petersen.

NINE ROOM MODERN
Two story house in Florence south edge of city, one block from car line, for sale by owner.

NO COMMISSIONS.
\$8,500, one acre ground, electric lights, water, shade trees and fruit. Address V 54, Tribune. (6)

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

Make your plans to attend the state fair Sept 5 to 9. (6)

RYE FOR SALE—Phone O. E. Bergelt, Florence 3504. (13)

One thousand people wanted to pay a year's subscription to Florence Tribune any time they can. (7)

FOR SALE—West 1/2 of lot 6 and all of lots 7 and 8, block 113, top of the hill. Finest view in Douglas county. Snap at \$1,000. Enquire of E. L. Platz. (5)

When you want pure grape wine, telephone to Harry L. Snyder. (9)

ALL kinds of insurance written at Bank of Florence (4)

FOR SALE—Good Fresh Cow. Aug. Burschat, Florence, Neb. (12)

REASON NO. 4

Education is necessary to success in Stenography. The VAN SANT SCHOOL has an educational requirement for entrance and a high school average of education among its students. This is ONE MORE REASON why VAN SANT graduates SUCCEED.

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KID SPADEY vs. THE BLACK CYCLONE, 4 Rounds
JOHNNY WILLIAMS vs. JACK RODGERS, 3 Rounds
THE FIGHTING MIDGETS, 3 Rounds
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Fresh vegetables and all the table delicacies of the season. You can trust our selection.

Phone us your order.

Sleepy Eye Chick Food,
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Mashed Bone, etc.

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FLORENCE, NEB.

PHONE 257

LOVE AMONG THE BONNETS

By CORINNE JACKSON

"Frances," said the soft voice, "bring me another pair of those wings, please."

The young girl waiting beyond the drawn curtains of the alcove, obeyed, and Louise Ward, designer and head milliner for Marshall Mills, laid the wings beside a corresponding pair which flared across the broad moire hat she was showing to the fastidious woman who sat before the mirror. The effect was immediate, and the woman's bored countenance warmed to interest.

"Why, that is magical!" she exclaimed.

Louise deftly set the hat upon the elaborately dressed head and stood aside that the woman might study her reflection.

"Yes," she said at last, "you have carried out my idea exactly. I will take the hat."

Louise smiled. They always said that, and yet it was her idea that they adopted and considered as their own—her idea so cleverly suggested, presented, insisted upon, so artfully concealed that they did not suspect the origin. Her wonderful tact, added to her artistic ability, had kept her in her place for 14 years, and earned for her a salary that would have pleased most men. She held the curtains aside, and as this customer passed out another stood waiting to enter. It was the regular routine of the day. And the day was drawing to a close. Since nine o'clock that morning with the exception of a bare half-hour for lunch, she had been upon her feet, designing, fitting, directing, always outwardly calm, smiling, soft-voiced. The two young girls who stood at her bidding had never seen her frown in anger.

Yet, though no one guessed it, she was in reality, very tired—so tired that she had to steel herself to endure from one moment to the next. Her feet ached, her head throbbled, her eyes burned and her face felt stiff with smiling. Her plentiful hair, ash blonde and slightly gray, had become loosened with the trying on many hats for when one is very beautiful in a



Louise Added Another Purchase to Her List.

certain shape, one's customer naturally expects to look the same, and is urged to make a purchase. White hats and black, big, medium, little hats; tall, wide, droopy hats, all looked fetching above Louise's attractive face. Even the plainest woman who sat before her mirror went away believing that they somewhat resembled her in the hats.

Above the head of her last customer she saw her own face with fine lines of weariness showing about the eyes and purplish depression at each nostril. She patted a lock of her hair into place and went on talking.

"Black is too somber for you. You need color and height," she set the green turban in place. "Is not this your idea?"

"It is indeed!" said the woman. And Louise added another purchaser to her list.

It was closing time now. She pinned on her own simple black hat, restful looking after the extravagant shapes and pronounced colors she had handled all day, donned her black coat and gloves, and walked out of the store alone. Though she was always so charmingly cordial of manner, it was always manner and did not necessarily admit any one of her intimacy. Of the 25 milliners who worked under her, there was not one to whom she would have committed or from whom she would have received a confidence. And there was not a man in Marshall Mills' whole establishment who would have dared offer her the familiarity of accompanying her home.

It had been raining all the afternoon, but now the rain had ceased, leaving the streets unpleasantly wet. Louise usually walked home rather than hang to a strap in a crowded car. But tonight she decided that she preferred the car. As usual it was packed with homegoers. She appropriated a strap and hung upon it wearily. As the car jolted around a curve she lost her balance somewhat and her shoulder came in sudden sharp contact with a larger one—the ulster-clad shoulder of a man who was

clinging to a strap opposite her own. He turned at her low "pardon!" and they looked into each other's faces closely. His was thin and dark—a face not noticeable in any way save for its strength and a certain three-cornered scar above the left eyebrow. Only one man in the world, Louise knew, had such a scar as that and she had given it to him. Into her mind flashed the memory of a scene—a boy and girl quarrelling. The girl had been ironing some doll clothes and she had a tiny flatiron in her hand. Angriily she flung the iron at the mocking face opposite, and struck it; the boy fell with a trickle of blood across his white cheek from an ugly wound which had resulted in an ugly scar—this scar. Of course she knew him.

"I'm sure I can't be mistaken. It is Duncan, isn't it?"

"It certainly is, Louise. How do you do?" their free hands met. "This is as pleasant as it is unexpected. How glad I am to see you again."

She smiled. Fourteen years spent in serving an exacting public had taught her self-control and she was thankful for it now. She spoke with the necessary amount of frank delight:

"And I am just as glad to see you. But how do you come here? I thought you were in Oregon."

"I came east about two weeks ago, urged by a hunger to see the old places and the old faces. Business brought me into town today."

They fell into the conversation of renewed acquaintance, ever mindful of the strangers who might be listening. By the time they had reached the house where Louise boarded she had received and accepted from him an invitation to dine and to attend the theater afterward.

He waited in the parlor while she went upstairs to dress. The instant her door closed upon her Louise forgot that she had been overtired and nervous; she felt buoyant, elated. Color came to her cheeks and light to her eyes. And, oh, what should she wear? It was so long since she had been out to dinner. And with a man—Duncan!—ah, there was that catch at her heart again! Duncan of the scar! As her trembling hands turned and coiled the lengths of her hair she looked at her excited face in the glass and wondered if he still thought it as fair as it had been 14 years ago, when he had last seen it. She had just come from her apprenticeship in New York, so highly recommended, however, that Marshall Mills had felt it safe in intrusting to her the bonneting of his feminine customers. She had been so happy, so eager. From a poor girl, with no talent save the hitherto doubtful one of tying bows and sticking flowers together, she saw herself in a way to earn a good living. Money was so much needed in her family. As for her beauty, it had not yet developed sufficiently to be of interest to herself or any one else. When Duncan More, with who she had played and fought as a little girl and been on friendly terms with ever since he had asked her to marry him, she had been shocked. That Duncan should wish to marry her! It was absurd, and she told him so.

"I won't marry anyone, I want to work!" she said hotly.

"Well," Duncan had replied, tossing his hat in the air and catching it absent, "then it's the west for mine. Goodby Lou, maybe you'll never see me again."

For 14 years she had heard almost nothing concerning him. She conceived the notion that he was not doing so well as he might. He had never been able to keep the money he earned. Louise had always felt inclined to scoff at him as lacking essentially some qualities, but tonight she forgot that. She was so genuinely glad to see him. She had never dreamed she could be so glad.

She went down to him such a vision as might have dazzled eyes more used to the conventionalities of life than Duncan's. He stammered out a compliment. Then he handed her out to the taxicab that stood waiting to take them first to a restaurant, then to the best play of the season.

"I don't know why it is," Louise mused, going home, "but we seem tonight to be better friends than ever before in our lives."

"It's because we are older," he answered, "and experience has taught us the value of some extremely vital things. Of friendship and perhaps also of love. You must know Louise, that I came back to see you, to learn what my long absence had meant to you. You see, I always felt that there would come a time when you would be glad to see me, when life would mean something more to you than French millinery." He laid his hand over her two clasped ones. "Has the time come?" he asked breathlessly.

"Yes," Louise said, and her voice vibrated in a way new to him. "I guess I have had too many hats and too little companionship—friendship—sympathy, love. Since mother died and my sister married and went away I have been alone. It is an awful thing to be alone. I've had chances to marry, of course, but there has never been any man save one that I was willing to—marry."

Suddenly she threw her arms about him and sank against his shoulder sobbing a little wildly:

"Oh, Duncan, I never want to tie another bow in all my life! I want to cook and sweep and bake in a house of my own, for somebody—I—love and who loves me. It has taken me fourteen years to find it out, but tonight I know—I know—"

As he held her close, hushing her dear confession with glad kisses, the taxicab stopped and the chauffeur sat wondering what had happened to his fares.

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One new 5-room house, modern.
One new 5-room house, modern except furnace.
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ACREAGE

Four acres, three in fruit, new -room house, eight blocks from street car.

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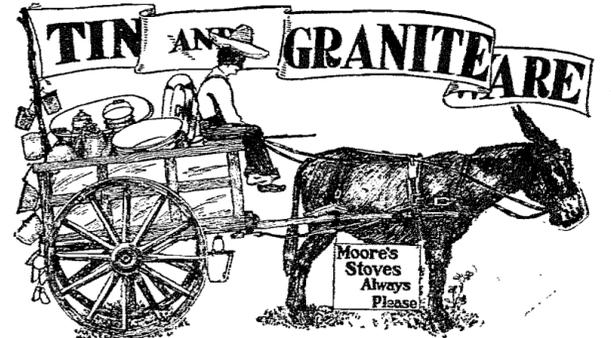
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TELEPHONE: FLORENCE 165

FLORENCE, NEBR.

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Extra Heavy Pails
10X retinned, double-seamed, copper-d wire-bail, riveted ears, enameled wood handle, an ideal dairy pail. 10 quart 29c
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Copper Bottom Tea Kettle
Heavy XXX tin highly polished. Chicago spout, enameled knob, heavy wire bail and wood handle. Regular 50c value, while they last 29c

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Extra heavy zinc, angle crimp, dove-tailed frame expansion back, wide curved protector, an extra good 35 center, sale price 49c

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Large size metallic bottom, heavy reinforced sides, stationary wood handles. The best value on the market today for \$1.00

Handy Monkey Wrench
Wrought Iron screw and bolt, deep cut thread.

7 inch, only	20c
8 inch, only	25c
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High grade hatchet, solid steel, ground to sharp edge, full sizes, polished hardwood wedged handle. The regular 50c kind, now	29c
Heavy Brass Shackles Padlocks, six lever, bright polished case, two steel keys, a high grade lock at a low price	25c
French Rat Trap, a 15 inch heavy coppered spring wire, self setting trap, always a 45c value, during this sale	29c
Stove Brush, or scrub brush, 10 inch hardwood red top, 3 rows black fibre—an extra good value for	10c

Phone, Bell 440

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