

The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER & LUCIA CHAMBERLAIN
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SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring, known as the Crew Idol, mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Gilsey, and her chamberlain, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman, at the club. In discussing the disappearance of the ring, the exploits of an English thief, Farrell Wand, are recalled. Flora has a fancy that Harry and Kerr know something about the mystery. Kerr tells Flora that he has met Harry somewhere, but cannot place him. \$20,000 reward is offered for the return of the ring. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. Harry takes Clara to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of brass is selected. Harry urges her not to wear it until it is reset. The possession of the ring seems to cast a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy and apprehensive. Flora meets Kerr at a box party.

CHAPTER VIII.—Continued.

She felt of the stone. She drew off her glove and tried to look at it in the dim light, but couldn't get a gleam out of it. She was as impatient for the lights to go up that she might secretly be cheered by its wonder, as she had been that afternoon to get back from the luncheon and make sure it was still in the drawer. She must see it in spite of Clara at her right hand, whose little chiseled profile might turn upon her at any moment a full face of inquiry.

She held her left hand low in the shadow of her chair; and if, as the lights went up again, there was any change in the sapphire, it was merely a sharper brilliance, as if, like an eye, it had moods, and this was one of its moments of excitement. In its extraordinary luster it seemed to possess a beauty that could not be valued; and she wanted to hold it up to Kerr, to see if she couldn't startle him out of his mood—to see if he wouldn't respond to it, "Yes, there is more in it than you can touch."

She turned to him with the daring flash of timid spirits. It was so sharp a motion that he started instantly from his reverie to meet it, but his alacrity was mechanical. She felt the smile he summoned was slow, as if he returned, from a long distance, a little painfully to his present surroundings.

The intermezzo was playing, and to speak under the music he leaned so close his shoulder touched her chair. Through that narrow space between them, almost beneath his eyes, she moved her hand—a gesture so slightly emphasized as to seem accident. He had started to speak, but her motion seemed to stop his tongue. He looked hard at her hand, and something violent in his intentness made her clutch the side of the chair. Instantly she met his look, so fiercely, cruelly challenging, that it took her like a blow. For a moment they looked at each other, her eyes wide with fright, his narrowed to a glare under the terrible intentness of his brows. What had she done?

She was as shaken as if he had seized hold of her. If he had snatched the ring off her finger she wouldn't

have been more shocked. The whole box must be transfixed by him, and the whole house be looking at nothing but their little circle of horror! She was ready for it. She was braced for anything but the fact which actually confronted her—that no one had noticed them at all. It was monstrous that such a thing could have been without their knowing! But there was no face in all the orchestra, the crowded galleries, or the tiers of boxes to affirm that anything had happened; no face in their own box had even stirred, but Clara's, and that had merely turned from profile to the full, faintly inquiring, mild, and pale pink in the warm reflections of the red velvet curtains.

And what could Clara have seen, if she had seen at all, but Flora a little paler than usual with a hand that trembled; and what worse could Clara conjecture than that she was being silly about Kerr? She turned slowly toward him, and looked at him with a courage that was part of her fear. But wasn't she, in a way, being silly about Kerr? What had become of his expression that had threatened her? There was nothing left of it but her own violent impression.

And yet the thing had actually happened. Its evidence was before her. He had been silent. Now he was talking. He had been absent. Now she thought she had never seen him more vividly concerned with the moment. Yet for all his cool looks and diffuse talk around the box, she felt uneasily that his concern was pointed at her, and that he would never let her go. He only waited for the cover of the last act to come back to her single-handed.

She would have deflected his attack, but it was too quick, too unexpected for her to do more than sit helpless, and let him lift up her left hand, delicately between thumb and finger, as if in itself it was some rare, fine curio, and, bending close, contemplate the sapphire unwinkingly. She had an instant when she thought she must cry out, but how impossible in the awful publicity of her place—a pinnacle in the face of thousands! And after the first fluttered impulse came a certain reassurance in such a frank and trivial action. For all its intensity, how could it be construed otherwise than a lively if unconventional interest? It must have been her fancy which had discerned anything more than that in his first look. And yet, when he had laid her hand lightly back, and readjusted his monocle, and looked out, away from her, across the black house, she didn't know whether she was more reassured or troubled because he had not spoken a word. Yet the next moment he looked around at her.

"We shan't meet every evening in such a way as this," he said, and left the statement dangling unanswerable between them. It sounded portentous—final. She couldn't answer. She could only look at him with a reflection of her trouble in her face.

"Are you surprised that I thought of that?" he inquired. "It's not so odd as you seem to think that I should want to see you again. I don't want to leave it to chance; do you?" He shot the question at her so suddenly, with such a casual eye, and such dry gravity of mouth, that he had her admission out of her before she realized the extent of its meaning.

"Then when are you at home?" he

asked her; and by his tone, he conveyed the impression that he was only making courteous response to some invitation she had offered him; though, when she thought, she had not offered it, he had got it out of her.

She answered somewhat stiffly: "Fridays, second and fourth."

He looked at her with a humorous twist of mouth. "What? So seldom?" She was impotent if he wouldn't be snubbed; but at the worst she wouldn't be cornered. "Oh, dear, no—but people who come at other times take a chance."

"Does that mean that I may take mine to-morrow?"

He was pressing her too hard. Why was he so anxious to see her, as he had not been the first night or yesterday, or even ten minutes ago? She, who, ten minutes ago, would have been glad, now was doing her best to put him off. She was silent a moment, considering the conventions, and then, like him, she abandoned them. Without a word she turned away from him. Her only desire now was to evade him, lest he should force her out of her non-committal attitude. She wanted to shield herself from further pursuit.

She drew her glove over the ring. The lights were imminent. It would be hard to hide the great flash of the jewel. And besides, she didn't trust it. She couldn't tell in what direction it might not strike out a spark of horror next.

The rustle of final departure was all over the house. The people in the box were stirring and beginning to stand up; and Flora saw Kerr turn and look at her. She wanted some one to stand between herself and Kerr, and it was to Harry that she turned; not alone that he was so large and adequate, but because she thought she saw in him an inclination to step into that very place where she wanted him. She saw he was a little sullen, and though she didn't suspect him quite of jealousy, she wondered if he had not a right to blame her for the appearance of flirtation that she and Kerr must have presented. Then how much more might he blame her for what she had actually done—for deliberately showing the sapphire to Kerr! The very thought of it frightened her. She talked the harder, she even took hold of Harry's arm to be sure of keeping him there between her and what she was afraid of, as they came out on the sidewalk and stood waiting in the windy night for the approach of their carriage lights.

Row upon row of street lamps flared in the traveling gusts. The midnight noises of the city were at their loudest; and half their volume seemed to be a scattered chorus of hoarse voices yelling all together like a pack of wolves. What was this fresh quarry of the press, Flora wondered, that made it give tongue so hideously?

She had stooped her head to the carriage door, when Harry stopped and took one of the damp papers from a crier in the pack. She saw the headline. It covered half the sheet—the great figure that was offered for the return of the Chatworth ring.

CHAPTER IX.

Illumination.

Just when the two ideas had coalesced in her mind Flora couldn't be sure. It had been some time in the first dark hour that she had spent wide awake in her bed. There had been two ideas distinctly. Two impressions of the evening remained with her; and the last one, the great figures that had stared at her from the paper, the fact that had been Harry's secret, made common now in round numbers, had for the moment swallowed up the first.

For all the way home that sum was kept before her by Clara's talk. She remembered nothing of that talk except that it hadn't been able for a moment to leave the Chatworth ring alone. It had been aimed at Harry, but it had fallen to Flora herself to answer Clara's quick speculations, for Harry had been obstinately silent, though not indifferent, as if in his own mind he was as unable to leave it alone as Clara. One with silence, one with her talk, they had written the figures of the reward so blazingly in Flora's mind that for the moment she could see nothing else. Yet now she was alone her first adventure recurred to her. As soon as she was quiet in the dark there came back with reminiscent terror the look that Kerr had given her in the box. She was afraid of the meaning of his look which she didn't understand. It only established in her mind a great significance for the sapphire, if it could produce such an expression on a human face. It had given him more than a mere expression. It had given him an impulse for pursuit, as if, like a magnet, it was fairly dragging him. He had covered his impulse by his very frankness, but she knew he had pursued her—that for the matter of seeing her again he had hunted her down. And what had followed? Why she was back again to the great figures in the paper.

At first it seemed as though she had taken a clean leap from one subject to another. She had in no way connected them. But all at once they were connected. She couldn't separate them. She didn't know whether she had been stupid not to have seen them so before, or whether she was stupid to see them so now. For the thought that had sprung up in her

mind was monstrous. It startled her so broad awake that she sat up in bed to meet it the more alertly.

The room was dark except for now and again the yellow square of light, from some passing cable car, traveling along the ceiling. The four walls around her, their dark bulks of furniture and light ripple of moving curtains, shut her up with this monster of her mind. It had sprung upon her from the solid actualities of the night. And, yes, of the day before—and the night before that. Oh, she had known well enough that there had been something wrong at the goldsmith's shop. She had felt it even before she had seen the sapphire; and afterward how it had held them, both herself and Harry! To have moved Harry it must be something indeed! Had he suspected it then, or had he only wondered?

If he had suspected why hadn't he spoken of it? Well, her appalling fancy prompted, hadn't he spoken of it?—though not to her. There flashed back to her the memory of him there in the back of the shop with the blue-eyed Chinaman. How furiously he had assailed the little man! She could be almost sure that the monstrous idea which had just overtaken her had, however fleetingly, flashed before Harry's mind in the goldsmith's shop. But surely he couldn't have entertained it for a moment. That was impossible, or he would never have let her take the sapphire—Harry, who had seen the ring, the very Crew Idol itself, within the 24 hours.

"A little heathen god curled round himself with a big blue stone on the top of his head." Harry hadn't said what sort of stone it was; but Kerr had said it was a sapphire. There was a sapphire on her, and now. She touched it with her finger tips cautiously, as if to touch something hot. So near to her! In the same room with her! On her own hand! It was too much to be alone with in the dark! She reached out softly, as if she feared to disturb some threatening presence lurking around her, and lit the small night lamp on the low table by her bed. The shade was yellow, and that contended with the blue of the sapphire, but couldn't break its light. With the first flash of its splendor in her face she felt certainty threatening her. She shook the ring quickly off her finger and it fell with a light clatter on the table's marble top—fell with the sapphire face down, and all its light hidden. She took it up again a little fearfully, as if it might have got some harm; and again while she looked at it it seemed to her that nothing that happened about this jewel could be too extraordinary. If only it had been less wonderful, less beautiful, she would not have felt so terribly afraid! She put it back on the table and for a moment held her hand over it, as if she imprisoned a living thing.

Then, without looking again, she got out of bed and went to the window. It overlooked the dark steep of the garden, the moving trees and the lighter plane of the water. She leaned out, far out. Black housetops marched against the bay, and between them, light by light, her eyes followed the street lamps down to the shore.

Oh, to escape out of this window into the innocent, sleeping city, away from the horror at her back! To look in from the outside and be even sure there was a horror! And if there was, to run away into the wide soft dark!

But there was another way to be rid of it. The real idea occurred to her. How easy it would be to take it—that beautiful thing—and throw it; throw it as hard as she could, and let the night take care of it. The window was open, as if it stood ready, and there was the ring on the table. She went to it, looked at it a moment without touching it, holding her hands away.

Then with a little shiver she backed away from it and sat down on the foot of the bed. She looked pale and little, as if the eye of the ring, blazing under the feeble lamp, like the evil eye, had sapped her fire and youth. She hugged her arms around her updrawn knees, and resting her chin upon them eyed the sapphire bravely.

"I suppose you know I can't throw you away," she murmured, "and yet I can't keep you!" She pondered, chin in hand. To take it to Harry! That seemed the natural thing to do—the simplest way to be rid of it. She hesitated.

"If I only knew! If I only were sure!" She locked her fingers closer, staring hard. If it had been the whole Crew Idol, the undismembered god himself, then there would have been less terror, and one plain thing to do. She looked hard at the sapphire setting, as if she hoped to discover upon its brilliance some tell-tale trace of old soft gold; but there was only one great, glassy, polished eye, and out of what head it had come, whether from the forehead of the Crew Idol, or from that of some unheralded deity, who was there who could tell her?

She tried to summon a coherent thought, but again it was only a flash out of the darkness.

"Kerr! Why he knows more than I." She looked at this stupidly for a moment as if it were too large to take in at once. Of course he must have known! Why hadn't she thought of that before?

What series of circumstances might have led up to Kerr's knowledge she could not dream. He was one of whom

nothing was incredible. From the first moment his face had shot into the light, from the moment she had heard his voice, like color in the level voices around him, she had been bewildered by his variety.

And where, she asked herself in a summing up, might such a man not be found? But there were few places, indeed, in even the broadest plain of possibility, which could hold knowledge of so particular and piercing a quality as his look had implied. There had been so much more than curiosity or surprise in it. She could hardly face the memory of it, so cruelly it had struck her. There was no doubt in her mind that Kerr had seen the ring. Somewhere in the pageant of his experience he had met it, known it—but what he wanted of it—

She broke off that thought, and looked long at the little flame of the lamp. It was strange, but there was no doubt in her mind but that he wanted it. That had been the strongest thing in his look. She felt herself picking her way along a very narrow path, one step over either edge of which would plunge her chasms deep. Now she snatched at a frail sapling to save herself. The fact that Kerr knew her stone didn't prove it belonged to the Crew Idol. And if it didn't—if it wasn't the crown of the heathen god, then her whole dreadful supposition fell to pieces. But she hadn't proved it and the simplest way was just to ask Kerr. Her chance for that was the chance he had fought so hard for, the chance of their meeting the next day.

It seemed it should be simple, it should be easy to face Kerr with her question; but she was possessed by the apprehension that it would be neither. Would the question she had to ask be a safe thing to give him? And if she dared undertake it and should be overpowered after all—then everything would be lost.

CHAPTER X.

A Lady Unveiled.

She wakened in the morning to some one knocking. She thought the sound had been going on for a long time, but now she was finally roused, it had stopped. This was odd, for no one came to her in the morning except Marrika, and it was tiresome to be thus imperatively beset before she was half awake. Now the knocking came again with a level, unimpetuous repetition, and she called, "Come in!" at which Clara, in a pale morning gown, promptly entered—an apparition as cool and smooth and burnished as if she had spent the night, like a French doll, in tissue paper.

Clara's coming in in the morning was an unheard-of thing. Flora was taken aback.

"Why, Clara!" She was blank with astonishment. She sat up, flushed and tumbled, and still blinking. "I hope I didn't keep you knocking long."

"Oh, no, indeed; only three taps." Clara looked straight through Flora's astonishment, as if there had been no such thing in evidence. She drew up a chair and sat down beside the bed. It was a rocking chair, but it did not sway with her calm poise.

"It isn't so very late," she said, "but I have ordered your breakfast. I thought you would want it if you had that ten-o'clock appointment; and there is something I want to ask you



before you go out. Had you any idea the Herricks were in straits?"

"The young Herricks?"

"Oh, no! The old Herricks, the Herricks, Mrs. Herrick whom you so much admire! Of course, one isn't told; but they must be, to be willing to let the old place."

"Not the San Mateo place?" said Flora, with a stir of interest.

Clara complacently nodded.

"Why, I should love that!" Flora frankly confessed.

"Well," Clara conceded, "at any rate we know it's genuine, and that's a consolation. The number of imitations going about and the way people pick them up is appalling! While I was getting that rug for you at Vigo's yesterday, Ella Buller came in and bought three imitation Bokharas, with the greatest enthusiasm. She buys quantities, and she's always taken in. It is enough to make one nervous about the people one sits next to at dinner there. One cannot help suspecting them of being some of Ella's bargains. I wonder, now, where she picked up that Kerr."

This finale failed to take Flora off her guard. "At any rate, he is odd enough to be genuine," she said with a gleam of malice.

"Oh, no doubt of that," Clara mildly assented, "but genuine what?"

"Why, gentleman at large," said Flora, and quickly wanted to recall it, for Clara's glance seemed to give it a double significance. "I mean," she added, "just one of those chronic travelers who have nothing else to do, and whose way must be paved with letters of introduction."—she floundered. "At least, that was the idea he gave of himself." She broke off, doubly angry that she had tried to explain Kerr, and tried to explain herself, when the circumstances required nothing of the sort. She was sure Clara had not missed her nervousness, though Clara made no sign. Her eyes only traveled a second time to Flora's hands, as if among the flare of red and white jewels she was expecting to see another color. To Flora's palpitating consciousness this look made a perfect connection with Clara's next remark.

"At least his manners are odd enough! There was a minute last night when he was really quite startling."

Flora felt a small, warm spot of color increasing in the middle of each cheek. She drew a long breath, as if to draw in courage. Then Clara had really seen! That smooth, bluish look of hers, last night, had seen everything!

"I am afraid he annoyed you, Flora."

The girl looked into the kindly solicitude of Clara's face with a hard, almost passionate incredulity.

"These continentals," she went on, now lightly swaying to and fro in her chair, "have singular notions of American women. They take us for savages, my dear."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



Instantly She Met His Look, So Fiercely, Cruelly Challenging.



"I Wonder, Now, Where She Picked Up That Kerr?"



"I just had a fall on your sidewalk."
"I am very sorry, my dear sir."
"Well, I wish you would sell your sugar straight and put your sand on the sidewalk."

KEEP BABY'S SKIN CLEAR

Few parents realize how many estimable lives have been embittered and social and business success prevented by serious skin affections which so often result from the neglect of minor eruptions in infancy and childhood. With but a little care and the use of the proper emollients, baby's skin and hair may be preserved, purified and beautified, minor eruptions prevented from becoming chronic and torturing, disfiguring rashes, itchings, irritations and chafings dispelled.

To this end, nothing is so pure, so sweet, so speedily effective as the constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted, when necessary, by Cuticura Ointment. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, for their free 32-page Cuticura Book, telling all about the care and treatment of the skin.

Deduction in a Street Car.
The Heavyweight—Pardon-me, did I step on your foot, sir?
Coogan—If yez didn't, begorry, then the roof must hav fell on it.—Puck.

Thinking of Curtain Lectures.
Mrs. Peck—I see the Maine Agricultural college proposes to establish lectures especially for country pastors.
Mr. Peck—What's the matter, ain't none of the parsons up there married?

Bores Barred.
A reporter asked Mr. Roosevelt at the Outlook office how he got through so much work, and at the same time saw so many people. "I shun bores," was the reply. "I don't waste a minute of my time on bores. Do you perceive that I have only just one chair in this room? You see, my hunting experiences have shown me that great bores are always of small caliber."

Real Modesty.
"An actor should be modest, and most actors are," said James K. Hackst at a luncheon in Pittsburg. "But I know a young actor who, at the beginning of his career, carried modesty almost too far."
"This young man inserted in all the dramatic papers a want advertisement that said:
"Engagement wanted—small part such as dead body or outside shouts preferred."

Sign of Recovery.
"If when the devil is sick a monk he will be," said Rose Stahl sagely, "then the devil gets well in double quick time. Witness that young 'devil with the ladies,' my kid cousin. Last winter he was ill, so ill he didn't have any sense of humor left nor any sense either. I was staying at the same hotel, and when I went in to look after him he virtuously remarked that his room was no place for a 'Chorus Lady' and promptly shooed me out. (A few years ago I spanked that kid.) Then he got scared and sent for a doctor and the doctor sent for a trained nurse. For several days I got bulletins of his progress from the chambermaid. The fourth morning she set my mind completely at rest.
"Sare, ma'am," said Maggie, 'an' I think he do be gettin' along very well. The nurse was sittin' on his lap this mornin'!"

Some of New York's most wealthy and fashionable women are importing French aeroplanes and preparing to learn to aviate. Philadelphia women have taken the lead at Newport, and there seems to be nothing for the New York ladies to do but fly high around home.

The man who rescued his mother-in-law from his burning home and left his fishing tackle to the mercy of the flames may have been absent minded. Charitable benefactors will do well to give him the benefits of the doubt until he is found guilty.

A returned missionary from Hankow district says that the Chinese are manifesting less hostility to foreigners. Sure. They're a square business race, but, missionary or not, you've got to produce the check before you get the washing.

Mayor Fitzgerald of Boston has excited comment because he has declared banana peels, peanut shells, scraps of paper and other litter to be offenses to the public eye and taste and should not be tolerated. But the mayor is right, and if receptacles are placed near at hand, those who indulge in eating while they are pedestrianizing or sight-seeing can have no excuse for throwing the refuse either into the streets or near the sidewalks. Some people drop banana skins on the sidewalks as if walks were the proper place for the disposal of garbage.

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

The Flowers of Japan.

The three occasions of the fall time for the Japanese are the mushroom parties, the maple leaves and the chrysanthemums. The mushroom is commonly called "the king of foods," and minute distinctions are made between those of different flowers. Parties for gathering mushrooms occur in every part of the empire, but there are certain districts famous for their plants; thus the neighborhood of Kio-yo yields a mushroom known everywhere, and Japanese travelers at this season do not fail, in visiting Kio-yo, to carry home a basketful of the much-prized delicacy. Of all mushrooms, those which have grown under pine trees and are said to have the delicate flavor of the pine are most prized. The mushroom occurs constantly in popular art. It is commonly associated with Uzume, "the much happiness woman."

The viewing of the maple leaves is a favorite excuse for autumn picnics among these people. The Japanese maple trees are usually of small size with very little leaves, deeply and narrowly cut. The change in color is gradual, from the natural green through brownish purple into reds, crimsons and brilliant orange. While there are of course maple trees everywhere certain places are preeminent for the gorgeousness of the autumn coloring. Thus Nikko is famous for its bright display. At this season brilliant maple leaves (artificial) are much in vogue as a decoration for store windows.

Neither mushrooms nor maple

are greater favorites than Kiku—chrysanthemum. The flower is used, of course, in decoration everywhere. Every one knows, too, that it is the imperial flower, and appears not only on the national flag, but on the stamps and coins as well. It is true that the decorative is a highly conventionalized chrysanthemum—as, indeed, the representations of flowers used in decoration generally are. But do not for a moment think that the chrysanthemum used in decoration is Imperial. The use of the Imperial chrysanthemum is prohibited by law. It may be used on objects made for the Imperial family or on objects presented by them as tokens of appreciation. The Imperial chrysanthemum has 16 petals. If you will notice the next decorative chrysanthemum you see, you will find that it has any number of petals except 16; that number it must not have.

Apart from the displays of fine plants in notable bloom, remarkable for their character or quality, there is a curious kind of chrysanthemum show which is very popular. Perhaps the best known of these is Dangazaka. At Dangazaka there are four chrysanthemum shows in competition. They occupy both sides of a street which runs steeply downhill—two on one side, two on the other. In front of them are curious box platforms scarcely more than a yard square, and mounted on posts which raise them to a height of three feet or more above the ground. In each one of these—and every show has several—



Flower Figure Group, Domangozaka.

leaves, however, are to attract our attention on this occasion. The third of the autumn delights is the chrysanthemum. Just now one sees chrysanthemum everywhere. Plants are offered for sale on every street, and particularly in the morning one meets great push carts filled with growing and blossoming plants. On the whole, the highest taste finds satisfaction in pure whites and bright yellows; there are, however, of course, any quantity of other tints, most of which have their admirers. The names given to the different varieties are poetical and often indicate quick perception and interesting association of ideas. Flowers in which the outer coloring differs from the inner color of the petals usually call up damasks to the Japanese mind. Personally, those which best please us are the dark maroon-purple—sometimes verging almost to black—and the damask-suggesting flowers with outer tint of golden yellow and inner of maroon. It is not only the larger plants with enormous blooms that please, but very many times the little flowered forms covered with blossoms not an inch across are charming. In our garden Cooksan set out two little plants which we have watched with wonder. One of them is a mass of small flowers, not an inch across, of sunny yellow. The other plant, scarcely a foot in height, has borne many scores of rich maroon blossoms scarcely three-quarters of an inch across.

Yesterday we saw the chrysanthemums at Narita. The place is famous for its displays, and the show was brilliant. The favorites appeared to be flowers of snowy whiteness 2 1/2 inches across, with narrow tattered petals. The massing of the plants at such displays is striking. Thousands of plants are crowded closely together so as to give a very sheet of bloom.

The pervading fondness for chrysanthemums is indicated in many popular fashions. Thus few names for women

is a speller whose noisy cries would do credit to Coney Island or a Pike show. The din made by these fellows is prodigious, as each one seems to make a special appeal to each and every passer to patronize his show. They hold out to the possible patron a great handbill on which are represented in crude wood-cut pictures some of the attractions to be expected within. When lunch time comes, the spellers do not quit their box platforms, but unconcernedly eat rice and drink tea in the presence of all, stopping between sips and mouthfuls to cry out their shows. Three forms of attractions are usually presented: First and most characteristic are the flower figures; second, the trained plant figures; third, the blooms. At these shows the blooms really are the last of the three points of interest.

The flower figures are usually of the size of life. They consist of a light framework made of an open basketwork of withes. These are supplied with heads, hands and feet of modeled composition. The framework is closely filled and covered with moss, leaves, lichens and chrysanthemum blooms. The flowers generally used are small and chiefly of three colors—purple, white and yellow. The foundation of the clothing is usually green or gray mosses or lichens; the embroidery and patterns on them are in the colored flowers. These figures are usually grouped in tableaux, which have a suitable background. The figures themselves are so posed and placed as to have considerable realism and lifelike appearance. In most cases, nine out of ten at least, they represent some scene from national history, tradition or mythology. The noted heroes of the past, beautiful and famous ladies, the gods themselves are those who here are shown. The grouping and posturing recall and picture some striking scene in the famous stories of the race. To every Japanese child, each of these groups is an object lesson and instantly re-

calls a story with which he is familiar. Thus the doings of Yoshitsune, the deeds of the 17 Ronin, and the acts of the 800,000 gods are favorite subjects. Besides these groups of flower figures at Dangozaka there are astonishing productions in the way of training single plants to curious and absurd forms. This training is done by tying individual shoots or branches to slender splints. A favorite form for such training is a fan; but rings, bicycles, tram cars, sailing vessels (with extended sails) are not beyond the range of possibility.

The least significant of the three forms of exhibit at Dangozaka is the display of blossoms. There are, however, some things of interest. Thus, at present, there is a great plant covered with a sheet of bloom which is composed, they say, of more than a thousand individual flowers.

There are many such chrysanthemum shows just now in progress. One which makes a bid for a higher class of patronage is to be seen in the great wrestling hall. This building, a new one, is claimed to be the largest audience hall in the whole Orient. Just now it is given up to chrysanthemums. There is a great show of blooming plants for sale as one approaches. Within there are the usual groups of figures. Most startling and striking of all of these is a very effective piece representing the famous passage in the old mythology of Uzum dancing to please the gods. The gods look sadly like Ainu gentry; they have long and heavy beards quite unlike what might be expected of true Japanese. They are represented as sitting in a semicircle on the ground. The background is a magnificent massing of green and blooming flowers, broken at the middle by the opening of the cave in which the sun goddess has hidden herself. Several of the gods, supplied with characteristic Japanese instruments, seem to be playing the accompaniment to the "woman-of-abounding-happiness" as she dances. The god-of-the-strong-arms has seized the great stone at the entrance to the cave of the sun goddess and is dragging it aside, revealing the goddess herself against a brilliant rising sun. After passing a series of finely executed groups, mostly traditional, although one comic piece is distinctly modern, we come to a final performance which is curious and characteristically Japanese. It represents scenes in Yoshitsune's life. In it there is a great vessel supposed to represent a Chinese pirate junk composed of flowers. The hero is seen in a canoe. The vessel revolves in the apparent water to the great joy of the crowd of spectators. When it has completed its revolution it suddenly falls to pieces, while new actors brilliantly illuminated with numberless small electric lights of different colors come into the scene. At the same time the ceiling of the space above the spectators disappears and one seems to be standing beneath a trellis covered with pendant clusters of wistaria. This whole ceiling lowers over the head of the crowd in a curious and striking way, simple but effective. At the wrestling hall a very notable competition is taking place in chrysanthemums. The prize flowers have been carefully collared with white paper collars to separate them from their surroundings and to give an opportunity for critical judgment upon the elements which have made them the winners of the prizes offered.

Another chrysanthemum display is on near Shiba park. Here the chrysanthemums in bloom are the attraction. There is also a great display of the little dwarfed trees for which Japan is famous. Here one may see ancient pine trees a little more than a foot or two in height, some of them gnarled and twisted in the most fantastic fashions, imitating the wildest freaks of nature; little maples, the delicate foliage of which is turning; little plum trees, whose leafless trunks and branches tell that winter comes. Here, too, are stone gardens—but stone gardens are another story. (Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman.)

CHARACTER SEEN IN PIPES
The Activity of a Race is Proportional to Length of Stems of Their Pipes.
M. de Watteville of Paris is a collector of pipes, and his study of the question has enabled him to judge people by their pipes.
The pipe, he tells us, is characteristic of the race, while the cigar and cigarettes are cosmopolitan. The activity of a race is proportional to the length of the stem of their pipes.
The shorter the pipes the more laborious the people, and, inversely, the longer the pipe the more slothful the people. The more economic the people the shorter the pipe stem, and, inversely, the more prodigal the race—the more gluttonous it is—the bigger is the bowl of the pipe. His last deduction regarding the smoking of pipes is perhaps the most unassailable. It is:
"The main point in regard to pipes is not to break them."—Tit-Bits.

Longest Railway Journey.
Planning to take the longest continuous railway journey possible on the earth, Secretary of War Dickinson has decided, in returning from the Philippines, to use the Trans-Siberian railway. He will then be in a position, on his return, to understand how much of a factor that great railway will be in determining the part Russia will play in the far east, and to what extent it will be possible for the road to figure as a military factor in shaping the affairs of the future in that part of Asia.

IMPROVED AND ADEQUATE VENTILATION FOR STABLE

Illustration Shows How Air Is Pumped From Building at All Times, Regardless of Direction in Which Wind Is Blowing

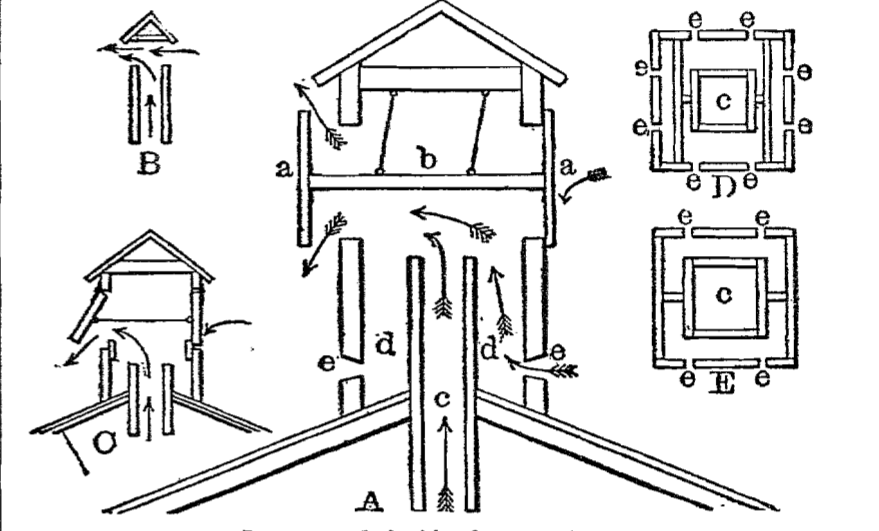
The usual method of stable ventilation is to place flues with outlets terminating in a shaft through the roof and surmounted by a plain cupola or cover with a cap a foot or so above the opening. The idea in the latter case is that the wind will blow between the cap and the top of the shaft as shown at B in the illustration herewith, says American Agriculturist. This method tends to increase the flow of vitiated air from the stable and thus aid the ventilation, pure air coming in from inlet flues placed at somewhat remote points from the outlets.

Whether this method is fully satisfactory is not certain, for at times when the wind is gusty the vitiated air is forced back into the stable instead of being drawn out, and often snow and sleet are drawn down the shaft. To overcome the uncertain working of this kind of shaft, as well as other disadvantages of the plain cupola, the style of cupola shown at C with sides opening in the direction

of the prevailing winds and covered with doors hinged at the top but swinging freely, has been used with success. When there is no wind the doors hang so that the cupola is partly open on each side, but as shown in the illustration, when the wind blows from the right, the door on that side is closed by the force of the wind. The other side, however, is open and there is always a chance for the stable air to pass out and no chance for rain or snow to blow down the shaft. If desired, doors can be placed on all four sides of the cupola. Though this arrangement is satisfactory so far as removing outdoor influences from the interior system of

ventilation is concerned, the principal point is the retention of wind force to assist in ventilation when only the animal heat in the stable is available to produce ventilation. The assistance of the wind is of great service and should be taken advantage of as much as possible. A method of securing this advantage is shown in the large picture herewith. As the ventilator shaft terminates in a square, rather high cupola twice the size of the shaft. Openings of reasonable size are made opposite each other in the walls of this cupola and in line with the prevailing winds, as shown at a. Doors are made to fit these openings, connected as shown at b and hung from a crosspiece below the roof of the cupola. Near the bottom of the cupola are two or three holes about 2 inches in diameter depending on the size of the cupola. The ventilator shaft as shown at c extends above these openings but terminates slightly below the larger ventilator openings.

In operation, the door closes as shown at a on the right, and opens or



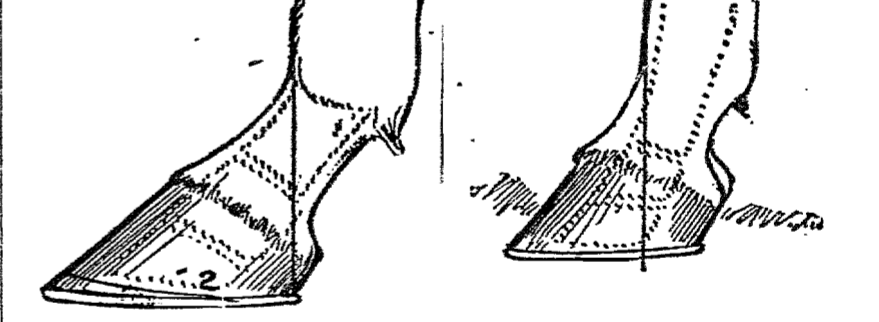
Features of Stable Construction.

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Though this arrangement is satisfactory so far as removing outdoor influences from the interior system of

air passes in on the right at e and shown by the arrows passes out left, at the same time drawing rent of air through the ventilator shaft at c. The same object is secured if the wind blew from the opposite direction. It is important the cupola be divided into two as shown at d so that the wind not pass directly across from the e to the opposite side. If desired compartments may be made at e so that the wind may be on two sides of the cupola there would be suction to no matter from what direction wind might come.

PERFECTING HOOF OF HORSE



A foot with too much growth on fore part of hoof, which is apt to cause elbow hitting, is shown in the illustration. The remedy is to pare off as indicated by line and fit a leather pad under rear part of hoof.

A foot of correct proportions is shown in the second illustration. A line drawn from front part of leg strikes a little distance behind the center. The bones are at the proper angle affording strength and free action in traveling.

CHANGE SHEEP PASTURE OFTEN

Breeders Must Practice Method of Dividing into Small Lots if Ewes and Lambs Kept Healthy.

(By W. M. KELLEY.)
The more I study the sheep business and the more carefully I note the results of my own experience and observation, the more I am coming to appreciate the frequent change of pastures for the ewes and lambs. It costs money to change our system of pasturing sheep and divide our pastures up into small lots, but we must practise this method if we succeed in keeping our sheep and lambs free from stomach worms.

We know that these worms come from the sheep to the lambs through the grass that is eaten. We know that it takes a certain time for the germs when dropped on the grass to develop enough to get to the lambs. That time is estimated to be from eight to 12 days. We know that the lambs are born free from parasites. We know that it is possible to keep the mothers quite free from parasites before the lambs are dropped. By putting what facts we know together we can readily see that if we change pastures frequently, say every eight to 12 days, we will lessen the danger of the lambs becoming infected with these germs through the grass that they consume. Some of

the highest authorities advise all the lambs to run ahead of ewes and moving the ewes one pasture ahead each week, thus the ewes and lambs are changed every week.

Pasteurizing Milk.

To pasteurize milk or cream is simply to heat the same to about 160 degrees, then rapidly cool the liquid. By this process the lactic germs or germs which cause milk to sour are destroyed, but the germs which cause milk to become putrid are not destroyed. Experts claim the danger is that dirty milk may be pasteurized, hence the operation may be dangerous or, at least, disappointing from the reason that one cannot tell just when putrefaction may take place. The latter cannot be detected until it reaches an advanced age, as pasteurized milk or cream may never grow sour, yet may contain germs fraught with danger. Many physicians also claim that pasteurization reduces the digestibility of the milk or cream.

Currants and Gooseberries.

A. Hittinger is an extensive grower of currants and gooseberries. He lives five miles from Boston. Every plant is propagated on the farm. He has a beautiful nursery of currants, plants being very thrifty and hardy. Both of these fruits root on hardwood cuttings. They are cut in the fall, stored in a cellar or buried and planted in the ground can be prepared for spring.

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,
1909 at the postoffice at Florence, Ne-
braska, under Act of March 3, 1879.

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....John Bondeson
City Treasurer.....George Siert
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....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. E. 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. 26, 1910.

BRAIN STORMS

Well, everybody had a good time.

It was certainly a lively week in
Florence.

The question now is wet or dry for
Nebraska.

Isn't it about time that Main street
was cleaned?

Anyway the city attorney will have
to earn his salary.

When you sweat and are prone to
kick on the hot weather, just remem-
ber it's good for the corn.

If it takes four injunctions for a
movement, with more to come, how
any will it take for a sewer.

How that double tracks have been
all through to Omaha better
at car service ought to be agitat-
ed. Get busy.

Government by injunction is still
pg sought by some Florence people
ute repeated rebuffs, the latest of
h was Tuesday.

sewer system in Florence is a
ity and the payment by bonds
maha will eventually have to
the only way to put it in.

Which is the Trust? is the title
neaty little book just issued by
Nebraska Telephone company
should be read by everyone.

From the looks of the pavement
Monday morning everybody in Flo-
rence must have turned out to the
carnival and reunion the past week.

Have you noticed the happy looks
on the faces of the children lately.
Wonder if the proximity of the
opening of school has anything to do with
it?

The question now arises as far as
governor is concerned of county op-
tion or not county option. With the
legislative ticket it is different. All
are against county option.

The sooner the better applies to
the proposed sewer. The legislature
meets this winter and this may be our
last chance to get improvements that
Omaha will have to pay for.

Florence's representative on the
legislative ticket was high man in
Florence and Benson and second high
of his party in all precincts. He cer-
tainly did go some but then F. S.
Tucker always did go some in an
election.

If you have a Bell telephone you
can connect with 112,267 telephones
but with an Independent you can only
connect with 48,650 telephones in the
state of Nebraska. The Bell people
distribute about \$6,000 a year in
wages in Florence while the Independ-
ent distributes only about \$1000.

The editor wishes to bestow a word
of praise for the way the school
grounds have been kept this summer
by Elmer Guy. Nowhere can be
found better kept grounds and it is
worth hundreds of dollars to the city
to have such magnificently kept beau-
tiful grounds for the admiration of
our visitors.

Spokane, Wash.—Forest Supervisor
W. R. Weigel gave out a statement
that the loss of men employed by the
Coeur D'Alene national forest was
ninety-four. There are 185 men miss-
ing in the Halm and Fern parties.
It is expected some loss of life in
parties as well as in that of
who is safe but has not re-
officially.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES

On Sunday the usual morning and
evening services will be resumed.
Wm. Barnes Lower, D. D., of Wyo-
cote, Penn., a former pastor of the
First church of Florence, will preach
in the evening on the subject, "Mak-
ing the most of what we have." Mr.
Lower has a very good reputation as
a lecturer and able preacher. Come
out and hear him.

The Sunday school is growing. Do
you know of any one who ought to be
a member and is not? Tell them we
would be glad to have them with us.

The morning services have been
very well attended during the hot
weather. The pastor appreciates the
faithfulness of the congregation.

Sabbath morning the pastor will
take the subject, "Use or Lose." We
are planning to work this winter as
never before. If you want to help
along we are looking for you. Can
you teach a class? We have one for
you.

What we want—A better town to
live in. Florence is a beautiful place
and a delightful place to live in but
it can be improved.

All the good people are not in the
church. If they were you would be
there. We need you.

Communion services will be held
the second Sabbath of September.
Come and gather around the Lord's
table with us and let us enjoy each
other's fellowship at this sacred sup-
per. A number will unite with us at
that time. We would be glad to talk
to any one wishing to join the church.
We need you and will be glad to wel-
come you.

The Ladies Aid met at the home of
Mrs. Sorenson on Wednesday after-
noon. The ladies spent a very pleas-
ant afternoon working and visiting.
Next meeting at Mrs. H. Goettsche.

Mr. James Rayburn, a former pas-
tor, is with us for a few days. We are
glad to learn of his success in the
work. He is now pastor at Marshall-
town, Ia.

Prayer meeting September first.
The hour will be spent in bible study
and in prayer and song. You will be
welcome.

Mrs. T. J. Adams was in Omaha on
business Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Holst and family
were the guests of Mrs. Mary Kren-
zer one evening this week.

Miss Marion Russell was a caller at
Mrs. W. W. McDonalds one day this
week.

Miss Ella Kelly spent an afternoon
with Mildred Krenzer.

Cecil Crabtree and friend left Oma-
ha Tuesday for the northwestern part
of the state.

Mr. Oliver Fairbrass and sister, Ma-
bel were callers at Mrs. B. Krenzer's
Sunday evening.

Miss Marion Russell spent a pleas-
ant evening at the home of Mrs. M.
R. Huntington one evening this week.

Miss M. M. Krenzer was in Omaha
on business Tuesday.

Mr. Fred Holst spent Tuesday even-
ing at the Sorensen home.

Mr. W. Micheels and Mr. E. Mich-
eels were hauling corn to Florence
this week.

Mr. Micheal Kelly realized several
dollars from his load of water-melons
at the "Old Soldiers' Re-union last
week.

Mr. Bud Krenzer left last week for
a few weeks stay in North Bend.

ROCKPORT

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IDLE CHATTER

W. H. Thompson journeyed to Lin-
coln Tuesday for the purpose of get-
ting the supreme court to issue an in-
junction against the levying of the
tax and the delivering of the warrants
but the court told him to go back
home and play in his own yard.

At a meeting held Tuesday night
the following were elected officers of
the Egeneroff club for this year. James
Suttie, president; Martin Herskinds,
secretary-treasurer and Wm. Long,
floor manager. The club has plans
for some good dances this winter.

Mr. J. B. Brisbin who has been on a
business trip to California is expected
home today.

The pavement being put in by the
county from Briggs street south to the
Omaha city limits will be completed
this week, as will the double track-
ing of the street car line.

J. J. Cole gave another successful
fight at his hall last Saturday even-

ing before a hall full of people, all of
whom enjoyed the bouts to the limit.

Miss Olive Tracy, who is now at
Portland writes that she caught sev-
eral fresh salmon, blue and rock cod
while the guest of friend on Keats Is-
land, out from Victoria, B. C. that
would make the string of fish brought
in by the editor off route 2 look in-
significant. Miss Tracy left Portland
for Los Angeles the latter part of
this week and expects to get home
about the middle of September. In
substantiation of her fish story she
sent a picture of a fish weighing 928
pounds which the editor has framed to
show Will Bena the next time he
talks fish.

Dr. and Mrs. Alexander and daugh-
ters of Omaha were the guests of Mr.
and Mrs. Bergelt Sunday.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols and Mrs. George
W. Naile of Omaha were guests of
Mrs. Charles Partridge of Florence
Heights Wednesday night.

Mr. Earnest Seaton was the guest
of Miss Helen Nichols Wednesday
evening.

Miss Mildred Bacon and Miss Gar-
net Underwood of South Omaha were
guests of Miss Allie Houston last
Thursday night and Friday.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

**Church Services First Presbyterian
Church.**
Sunday Services.
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.
C. B. Meeting—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—4:00 p. m.
Sunday school—3:00 p. m.
Our services are conducted in the
Swedish language. All are most cor-
dially welcome. F. J. ELLMAN.

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.

Court of Honor.
Past Chancellor.....
.....Mrs. Elizabeth Hollett
Chancellor.....John Langenback
Vice Chancellor.....Mrs. Ennis
Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson
Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor
Judge.....Clyde Miller
Guard.....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.

ROSE REBEKAH LODGE NO. 139.
Meets the 2nd and 4th Monday
nights of each month.
N. G.....Isabelle Shipley
V. G.....Cynthia Brewer
Secretary.....Clara Pilaut
Treasurer.....Hulda Peterson

Robin Hood Camp No. 30 W. O. W.
Council Commander.....M. B. Potter

Banker.....F. A. Ayers
Clerk.....F. M. King
Escort.....Will Pepperkorn
Watchman.....Harry Swanson
Sentry.....C. O. Larson
Managers, John Paul, William Tuttle,
Ed. Davis.
Robinhood Camp No. 30, W. O. W.,
meets city hall.

**Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of
America.**
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 County, Ne-
braska. 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, the Court may grant the same
and grant administration of said estate to
Elizabeth W. Elroy, or 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
Sauer 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 Sauer, or some other suitable person
and proceed to a settlement thereof.
CHARLES LESLIE,
County Judge.

MCCOY & OLMSTED, ATTORNEYS,
Brandeis Building.
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 auto 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 it-
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-
cident to the powers herein enumerated.
The authorized capital stock of the
corporation is \$25,000, 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
transferable 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 25% 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.

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

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
Careful attention to all accounts.
We sell Bank Money Orders good
anywhere, cheaper than any other
form of sending money by mail.
PHONE FLORENCE 303

Florence Express & Drayage Co.

CARL LARSON, Prop.
Light and Heavy Hauling Between Omaha and
Florence.
Household Moving a Specialty.
TEL. FLORENCE 330

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

DR. SORENSON

Dentist
Just South of Bank of Florence
Good Work—Reasonable Prices
Telephone Florence 178
ORRIS S. HULSE Res. D. 2876
C. H. RIEPEN Res. Red 4497
Telephones:
Douglas—Bell 1226. Ind. A-2256.
HULSE & RIEPEN
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
Successor to
HARRY B. DAVIS
709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

Young Women

coming to Omaha as strangers
are invited to visit the Young
Women's Christian Associa-
tion building at St. Mary's Av.
and Seventeenth St., where
they will be directed to suit-
able boarding places or other-
wise assisted. Look for our
Traveler's Aid at the Union
Station.

WE Believe in the goods we are selling, and in our ability to get results.
We believe that honest goods can be sold to honest men by honest
methods. We believe in working, not waiting; in laughing, not crying;
in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of doing business. We
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believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in friendship and honest competition.
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The Florence Tribune

Florence, Nebraska

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DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED

THE KNABE PIANO

ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR

HER HASTY JUDGMENT

By ANTOINETTE PATTERSON

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Isabel Stevens had been out of boarding school somewhat less than a year when she married Fred Carrington, a man some years older than herself, but whose youth had been crowded so full of care and anxiety that his courtship of Isabel had been, as she was never tired of having him tell her, the very first romance of his life. Fred, with all his appreciation of Isabel's intensity of nature, would have been greatly surprised had he fully known how much this meant to the girl. She felt perfectly sure of the future; such was her trust in her husband's loyalty and devotion, but that even the past held for her no rival, or no tender memory for Fred to look back upon, had for her a meaning that words could not adequately express.

And now what was it that had happened to make Isabel's pretty, fair face look years and years older, and had marked it with the lines etched only by a breaking heart.

It was summer, and they had been having a lovely month in the new house—Fred's poverty was now a thing of the past. They had built this house on the New England coast. Suddenly, affairs of urgent importance, connected with an estate of which he was executor, called Fred to Philadelphia for a few days. The city was just then in the grip of a hot wave, so in spite of her pleading, Fred simply would not hear of his young wife's accompanying him; and, as it was the first separation they had ever known in their married life of two years, it was regarded by Isabel as something only a little short of a tragedy.

After Fred had gone she locked herself in her room, and, silly, childish thing that she was, cried for a whole hour. Afterward, but only because she had promised Fred, she went to the next house and spent the rest of the day with the charming friends who were her neighbors, also.

The next morning Isabel, more lonely than ever, realized the best thing



Cried for a Whole Hour.

she could do would be to find some active employment. There was an old desk which had come down to Fred by inheritance from the colonial days and which had been shipped with all its contents straight from his bachelor quarters to this new house, since it was too big for their apartment in the city. Nothing would be more absorbing, Isabel concluded, since it was so intimately associated with Fred, than to give this desk a thorough cleaning out. Fred—he was different from most men in this respect, as in every other—would be so pleased when he should return to find everything in apple-pie order. She knew where the keys were, and the morning had passed very happily. The old desk had assumed a rejuvenated appearance—all but one drawer—when something happened that took the sunshine out of everything for Isabel.

In this last drawer, stuffed away back, she had come across a photograph of a ballet dancer! And, more agitating still, there was written across it, Fred's name and a silly sentimental message. Also there was a date, which Isabel realized with horror, coincided to within a few months of their wedding.

And so this was the truth, and it had been but a fool's paradise in which she had been living these two years. She picked up the hateful picture and forced herself to look at it. There was no denying that the face with its wealth of fluffy blond hair was pretty. But she took positive comfort in the fact that the feet were decidedly big in spite of the tight, pointed slippers. And then the costume—what there was of it! How could any woman appear in such a dress, much less be photographed in it? And how dared she send it to Fred?

subject of suicide; she pictured Fred coming home and finding her lying cold and still across the threshold of their room, the fatal picture clasped in her stiffening fingers, and the little heart-shaped pin he had given her on her last birthday lying broken in two halves by her side!

But, on second thought, that would not do at all; for it would only make it possible for him to marry the dancer. And a divorce would have identical the same advantage. No; she must live out her life somehow, bearing to the silent grave this terrible knowledge. Scraps of doleful poetry, from Byron, of course, now began to float through Isabel's mind—lines she had not recalled since her morbid school girl days. How true, how absolutely true, were the words: My days are in the yellow leaf. The flowers and fruits of love are gone. The worm, the canker and the grief Are mine alone. And the tears were now flowing copiously:

Fare thee well!—thus disunited, Torn from every nearer tie, Seared in heart, and love, and blighted. More than this I scarce can die.

At this moment, and while she was assuring herself that "thus the heart will break, yet brokenly live on," there was a knock. But nobody must see her until she had time to compose herself, so she asked what was wanted without opening the door. The maid said a letter had just come, and this Isabel told her to slip under the door. It was one with a special delivery stamp, from the faithless Fred.

In spite of her lacerated feelings, she tore open the envelope with a most unseemly haste and read: "My Darling Belle: I will write you a long letter tonight, but this is just a line to ask you to look through that old desk of mine and see if you cannot find a photograph of my old friend Bob Johnson. He was a member of the Mask and Wig club, and had that picture taken long ago. Bob has just become engaged and wants the photograph to play a joke with—jokes were always so dear to his heart. But I am forgetting to say the picture is of him in the character of a fairy dancer and has some crazy words written across it. You can't possibly miss it!"

Isabel got no further for a full five minutes. And then one of the maids was heard to say to another down stairs: "Mrs. Carrington ain't missin' the boss so much as we thought after all. Just listen to her—she's a-singin' away like a burrd!"

OLD-TIME AUCTION SALE

One Still on Which Has Lasted for Nearly a Quarter of a Century.

An auction sale, which has already lasted nearly a quarter of a century, is still far from finished at Sotheby's in London.

It is the sale of the most extensive collection of ancient manuscripts in the world—the Bibliotheca Phillips, the collector of which, who died 40 years ago, devoted a long life and a fortune of \$500,000.

The disposal of the vast library, which packed his country mansion, Thriestaine house, Cheltenham, from basement to attic, began in 1886, and the sales will continue at least another generation. Already 13 separate sales, totaling nearly 16,000 lots, have realized \$225,000, and there have been several sales by private treaty as well.

The French and German governments have bought in many national manuscripts, which Sir Thomas Phillips acquired while ransacking Europe for his unmatched collection.

Anything written on vellum, whatever its nature, was purchased by this eccentric collector, who described himself as "a vello maniac," and gave any price that was asked for old manuscript. The account books of kings and queens, the early records of ancient monasteries, long-forgotten treaties between nations, and the autograph poems of fourteenth century bards were all eagerly bought by him.

The Pacific Codfishers.

The codfish is a sacred bird in this section of the world, and anything that has to do with his ultimate fish-ball destination is of interest at the Sunday breakfast table. We of New England are prone to forget that the fog hung banks off our Atlantic coast are not the only playground of Gloucester's claim to world fame, and even if the great African bank is too far away to count commercially, there are other habitats of the progeny of the State house symbol which must be taken into consideration. There is a codfishing fleet in the Pacific, and Boston men have recognized the fact by interesting San Francisco capital in forming a fishing trust to control the catch of the Bering sea grounds. The little fleets out of Frisco and Seattle have worked under a "gentleman's agreement" as to prices for some years, but bad weather and two poor seasons made out rate prices popular, and war came to the drying sheds. The proposed combination of the five leading Pacific interests is the result.—Springfield Republican.

Cordial Greeting.

"One of my acquaintances is much interested in the Chagrin Falls Hunt club, and is an onlooker at most of the functions of that organization," said Ward Jackson to the Cleveland Leader. "The other night he said to me, with some show of enthusiasm, that gradually he was getting acquainted with the club members. 'Why, Dan Hanna came right up and spoke to me today,' he said, exultantly. 'Is that so?' I replied. 'What did he say to you?' He said 'Don't get too near that horse there or he'll kick your darned head off.'"

KATRINA'S FORTUNE

By LAWRENCE ALFRED CLAY

(Copyright, 1919, by Associated Literary Press.)

Katrina was a young girl, and she was one of the 50 employees in a necktie factory. She was the only girl in the place whose wages did have to go toward the support of the family. She was, therefore not only better dressed than the others, but she had a superior education. There were some girls who called her Miss Highfly and said she was setting her cap for big game, but would get left, and there were others that said if she would only have her fortune told she would be sure of a happy future.

All the other girls in the factory had had their fortunes told—some of them four times over—and all except one was to marry a hero. The one exception was a girl named Ida. She had doubted the old woman's ability to read the future, and in return had been told that she would marry a legless man who would turn on the gas some night and both would be found dead in the morning. It was that one particular thing that vexed the rest of the girls—Katrina would not go to the old woman who told fortunes for 15 cents. If a girl had only ten she could pay the balance on the installment plan, but she must pay or expect bad luck.

"No one can tell your future," protested Katrina. "It is all silly nonsense. What is to come will come."

"But maybe you are going to marry a hero."

"I shall never marry at all. Look at my mother. She has to bring the ice and coal up five flights of stairs, and there are times when father comes home and beats her."

The old woman heard that Katrina was an unbeliever, and it worried her. She wanted that 15 cents, and she wanted to keep the confidence of the other girls. So, after waiting in vain for the girl, she went to the boss of the shop and said:

"You must prepare for disaster. You have a girl who does not believe in



"It is So Written in Your Palm."

fortune telling. If you keep her here something bad must happen."

"But maybe I do not believe in it myself," he replied.

"Then it is so bad that you will be ruined. Any night you may expect a fire."

"Is Katrina the girl?"

"She is the one."

"I do not want any trouble with you, and so I shall speak to her."

The next day he called the girl to him after she had eaten her lunch and said to her:

"You are never late and never sick, and you do your work to please me, but you do not believe in fortune telling. Because of that the old woman is going to see that my shop burns up. Do you wish me ill?"

"Oh, no, no, but how can I believe in such nonsense?"

"You must go to her or I shall have to let you go. I cannot have my business destroyed."

"Then I will go, but I will believe in nothing she says."

That afternoon it became known all through the shop that Katrina was to have her fortune told, and at night a score of girls accompanied her to the old woman's. The cards were shuffled, the lines of her palm examined, and then she was told:

"In a few days you will meet a young man. He will fall in love with you. He will prove to be a hero, and in time you will marry him. It is so written in your palm, and the stars will have it so. It is better to marry a hero than a rich man. A hero can not lose his money and bring his wife to poverty. That is all. Destiny has spoken."

Katrina went home believing not a word of it, though she took care not to say so to the girls. Her mother, too, said it was all nonsense, and her father gave her a cuff on the ear.

"Katrina," the boss said to her, the next day. "I thank you, and increase your wages 50 cents a week. You have saved me from ruin, and as long as there is work you shall have some to do. Even after you marry your hero you can work here."

for you, and she knew that he could not be the hero the old woman meant. She told her mother, and her mother said he was probably some "tough guy and hadn't lost no dog." As far as she knew, heroes didn't go around looking for lost dogs. They went around with scaling ladders on their backs to rescue women and children from fourth-story windows.

The next evening, at the same spot, the young man accosted Katrina again. He wanted to know if "youse" had seen a white bulldog wandering around, and when the girl refused to answer him he walked by her side and said:

"It's a case of love at first sight with me. It's the first time I ever knowed what palpitation of the heart was."

"You go on or I'll call a cop," threatened the girl.

"If one comes I'll bust his head for him. It took four of 'em the last time to make me lay down."

Katrina stopped to look at him. If he had fought four policemen then he was a hero—the hero the old woman had told her about. Even her own father, in fighting one cop, had got the worst of it. He looked tough, but didn't all heroes look that way? She had never seen one and couldn't say.

"And I sassed one of the Toombs judges," said the young man as they continued on their way.

Think of the daring of it! Her father had simply cried when arraigned.

"And I had a pull that kept me out o' Sing Sing."

Katrina told her mother about it, and her mother looked doubtful and replied:

"Maybe the old woman was right. If you have to marry a hero and go away I don't know what I shall do."

On the third evening the young man introduced himself as Billy. On the fourth he invited Katrina to go to a moving picture show. On the fifth she went. On the sixth it was to a dance. In walking home from the dance at 2 o'clock in the morning Billy said:

"I've got 50 plunks laid away to furnish a flat."

"When?" asked Katrina.

"When youse will marry me. We've been courtin' a whole week now. Let's cut it out."

"But I had my fortune told, and the old woman said I was to marry a hero."

"And it's a hero that's askin' for your hand."

"Mother says you may be a guy."

"Didn't I fight four cops at once?"

"I didn't see it."

"Didn't I hear you?"

"I didn't see you."

"Now, youse see here," said Billy, as he halted. "I'm a hero and I'm goin' to prove it right now. There stands a cop on the corner. If I do him up I'm a hero, ain't I?"

"For sure."

And he advanced in a careless way, shot out a fist at the officer's chin, and as the guardian went down his club was twisted from his hand, his helmet captured, and Billy and the girl seized hands and ran. Two days later the boss of the shop said to Katrina:

"All married and settled, eh? You are a good girl. You saved my shop. Keep here at work as long as your hero-husband will let you. Your wages are now \$1 a week more."

ALL WANT THE CHIMES RUNG

New York Newspaper Writer Says the General Public Always Likes to Hear the Bells.

"Every event of local importance gives the general public a chance to let the chime ringers know what they think he and his bells are here for, anyhow," said one expert ringer to a New York newspaper writer. "He is bombarded with invitations, requests, courtesies, entreaties to promote the general gaiety by playing his chimes. 'I have no doubt that every chime ringer in New York was petitioned by a goodly number of his fellow-citizens to turn himself loose the day Colonel Roosevelt came home. I know I was, and a large percentage of the petitioners got hopping mad because I didn't comply. I was unpatriotic. I was partisan. I was narrow-minded. 'Their objections were exceedingly bitter because I did play the day the colonel went away. I can't remember how I happened to play then, but I did. 'Every Decoration day, every Fourth of July, every celebration that calls for any kind of a parade or speech making or fireworks is supposed by the populace to be a fitting occasion for the chime ringer to get on the job. If the occasion is big enough he responds. The chimes of Trinity are particularly active in celebrating big events and anniversaries, but the most accommodating bell ringer has to draw the line somewhere."

I. W. BROWN

Dealer in FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS Prompt Delivery Phone Florence 1731

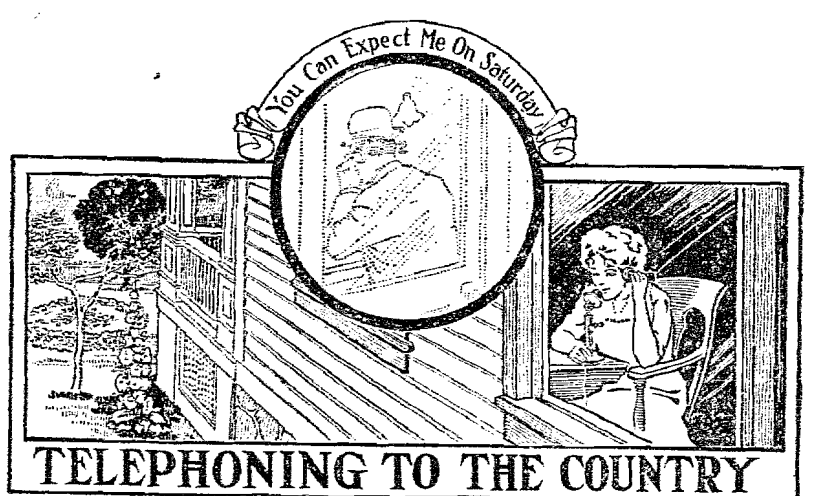
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You can pay your electric light bill to us—save sending to Omaha. Phone 310

Candlepower of Sun and Stars.

Mr. Nordmann, who has recently estimated the light and heat of the sun and the stars by a new method has presented to the Paris Academy of Sciences some interesting figures concerning the intrinsic luminosity of those bodies. He shows that the light of the sun is equal, for each square centimeter of its surface there are about two and a half centimeters in an inch), to the combined light of 319,000 standard candles. But there are other suns intrinsically much brighter than ours. Vega and Sirius possess for each square centimeter of their surfaces the luminosity of not less than 6,000,000 candles. On the other hand, the luminosity of the great reddish star Aldebaran is equivalent to only 22,000 candles a square centimeter, and that of the small star Rho Persei to no more than 4,000 candles. —Youth's Companion



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I want any person who suffers with biliousness, constipation, indigestion or any liver or blood ailment, to try my Paw-Paw Liver Pills. I guarantee they will purify the blood and put the liver and stomach into a healthful condition and will positively cure biliousness and constipation, or I will refund your money. —Munyon's Homeopathic Home Remedy Co., 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Phila., Pa.

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INFECTED IN THE PRISON

Peculiarly Favorable Field There for the Spread of the Scourge of Tuberculosis.

Only twenty-one prisons in fifteen states and territories have provided special places for the treatment of their tuberculous prisoners. These institutions can accommodate, however, only 800 patients. In three-fourths of the major prisons and in practically all the jails of the country the tuberculous prisoner is allowed freely to infect his fellow prisoners, very few restrictions being placed upon his habits. When the congested mode of prison life is considered, the danger of infection becomes greater than in the general population. New York and Massachusetts are the only states where any systematic attempt has been made to transfer all tuberculous prisoners to one central institution. The largest prison tuberculosis hospital is in Manila, where accommodations for 200 prisoners are provided. The next largest is Clinton prison hospital in New York, which provides for 150.

Faults in American Character.

In an address on botanical education in America, Prof. W. F. Ganong remarks that "disregard of particulars and a tendency to easy generalities are fundamental faults in American character," and he insists upon the necessity of laboratory and experimental work in all scientific study. Books "ease the wits," but independent observation is the source of sound knowledge in science.

Mrs. Wiggins' Idea of London.

During the recent visit of Mrs. Wiggins, the American author, in London, an interviewer called on her. With pencil poised, the interviewer asked: "And what do you think of London, Mrs. Wiggins?"

"You remind me," answered the author cheerfully, "of the young lady who sat beside Dr. Gibbon at dinner. She turned to him after the soup."

"Do, dear Dr. Gibbon," she said, "tell me about the decline and fall of the Roman empire."

Why Not?

I see some genius has set Mendelssohn's 'Spring Song' to ragtime. "Well?"

"I wonder how 'Il Trovatore' would go as a musical comedy?"

Isn't it shocking when you hear a nice man complain of anything?

The government is turning out 3,000,000 postal cards a day, due to the summer resort season being in full blast; we presume.

United States certificates of merit to enlisted men are going largely to the cooks and musicians. Has no one a word for a soldier?

Rudyard Kipling urges that airmen wear pneumatic armor for protection in case of accident. That is simpler than covering the earth with feather beds.

Considering the size of the heads of some of the hats that the girls are wearing, they certainly do not come under the law forbidding the carrying of concealed weapons.

The word-comer has an easy task. All he needs to do in expressing his views on a public policy is to select the name of a man he dislikes and attach the syllable "ism."

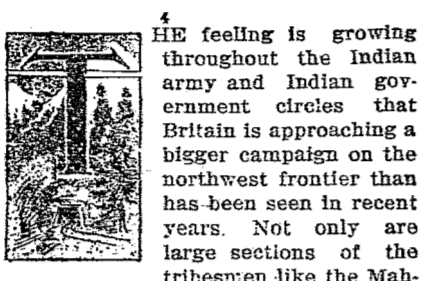
London and New York may soon be connected with telephone communication. None of the fictitious of fairy tales can surpass this modern miracle of a chat over the ocean.

The Kaiser has been writing poetry to a party of German maidens who called upon him and took him chocolate. Incidentally, it is to be hoped the chocolate was better than the poetry.

One of the latest aeroplane accidents shows that it is bad to be in a flying machine hit by lightning, in the air. But where is being struck by lightning either comfortable or salubrious?

Gun-Runners of the Persian Gulf

A GROWING MENACE TO THE PEACE OF INDIA
BY T. H. MANNERS HOWE

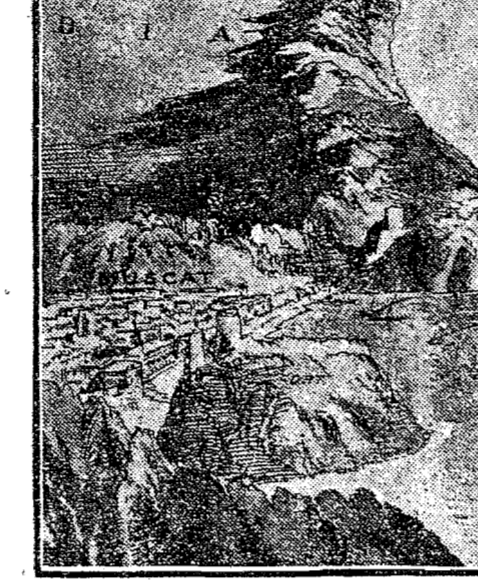


THE feeling is growing throughout the Indian army and Indian government circles that Britain is approaching a bigger campaign on the northwest frontier than has been seen in recent years. Not only are large sections of the tribesmen like the Mahsud Waziris and others exhibiting signs of increasing turbulence, but the frontier territories from one end to the other are already full of modern arms and ammunition, while more is pouring into them every day by every secluded track leading through Baluchistan and the Afghan hills.

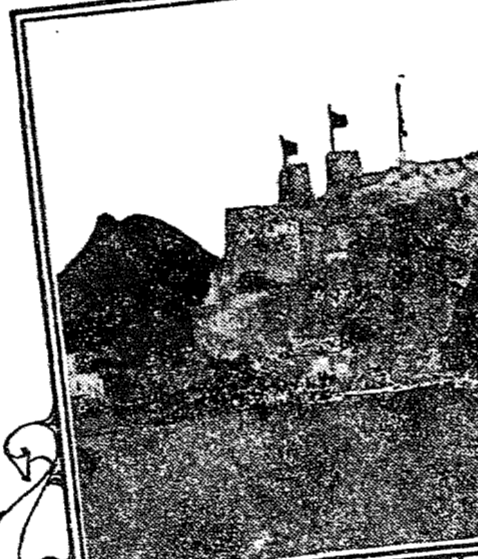
In addition to this, the present Ameer, abandoning his father's policy, has allowed thousands of modern rifles manufactured in the arsenal at Kabul to reach the hands of his own tribesmen, and the probable co-operation of the latter in a frontier war against the Indian Raj may easily involve the British government with Afghanistan as well.

All this, as every Indian officer knows, is involved in the continuance of the persistent gun-running which is marking the growing war fever on the Indian northwest frontier through the Persian gulf. It is not too much to say that the peace and safety of India depend upon the suppression of this trade, and yet, owing chiefly to the paucity of British naval resources there, she can do little or nothing.

Muscat, at the entrance of the gulf, is the chief center of this nefarious traffic, which is carried on by Euro-



OLD PORTUGUESE PORT AT MUSCAT



A TYPICAL DHOW IN THE PERSIAN GULF

soon, and quite capable of holding its own in the hard weather often to be met with in the Indian ocean. Notwithstanding local differences of detail these vessels vary very little as a class; they are generally grab-built, having a long overhung forward. There is great beam and rise of floor and a very raking transom stern. There is generally a high poop and fo'c'sle deck, the rest of the vessel being practically open. The rig consists generally of main and mizzen lateens. The mainmast is a big spar stepped amidships, with a great rake forward.

A correspondent from India writes that the British gunboats in the Persian gulf have been very active in suppressing the traffic in rifles and ammunition. The arms were being landed on the Makran coast and thence were carried by caravans for sale to the tribesmen on the northwest frontier of India, to be used against the British troops when the next trouble comes. The navy men are reported to have been very successful, and made several good hauls of rifles and ammunition. To reduce still further the gun-runners' chances of profit, four companies of the Fourteenth Sikhs were sent from Quetta to intercept caravans in the neighborhood of Robat. One of our illustrations depicts the entraining of some of the transport camels at Jacobabad in Sind, en route to Nushki, whence the column marched to Robat.

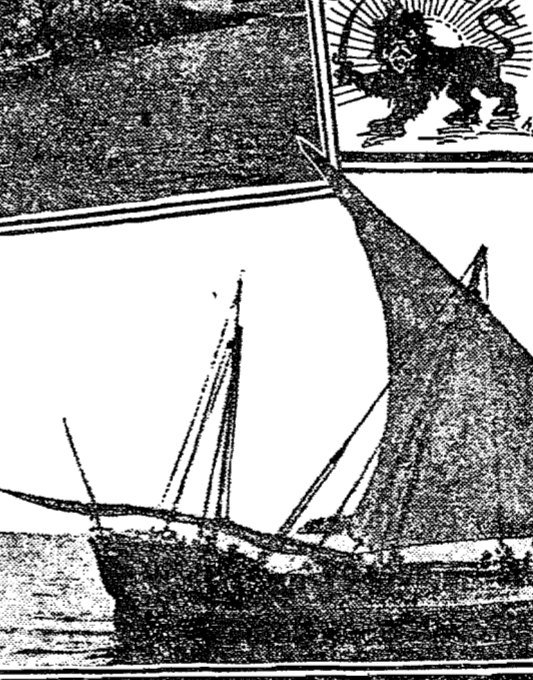
As a rule, when camels are entrained they are loaded on open trucks, but on this occasion it was thought advisable to make use of closed cars. The "outs" strongly objected to being loaded, but with a rope behind the hocks and a steady, persuasive strain on the nose rope they were eventually hauled or pushed in. Once in the car the camels were made to kneel down in the sand which had been spread on the floor, their knees were then tied so that it was impossible for them to straighten out their forelegs.

The cars were each loaded with six camels, three in each end, facing inward. The space in the middle was utilized for saddles and fodder for the journey. Two camelmen also traveled in each car. It may be remarked that Brahmins differ from most people in that they do not notice that the camel has a particularly offensive odor. The camels babbled and protested while being loaded, but they soon settled down and began to eat the fodder provided for them. It took five hours to load the first train of 120 camels. Only one camel that had an unusually large hump could not be pushed through the door, and he was trussed like a chicken and carried bodily in by about 15 men.

The bird's-eye view shows the territory through which the contraband guns are run. In the foreground are the bare rocky hills surrounding Muscat, the capital of Oman, while to the right is the equally bare coast of Makran, from which gun-running routes lead inland to Afghanistan. Oman is an independent sultanate occupying the southeastern end of the peninsula of Arabia. It reaches along the Persian gulf, the gulf of Oman and the Arabian sea from El Hasa to the Hadramaut region. The area is about 80,000 square miles. The region along the coast is very mountainous, rising in its highest peaks probably to about 10,000 feet. Behind the mountain chains the country gradually passes into the great desert of Arabia. The most favorable part of the country is in the central valleys, which are characterized by a temperate climate and rich vegetation. The chief products are dates, which constitute the main article of export, and other fruits. Pearls



THE SULTAN OF OMAN



A TYPICAL DHOW IN THE PERSIAN GULF

and mother-of-pearl and fish are also of some commercial importance. The chief port is Muscat. It is situated between two hills and looks out to sea, as shown in the view of the Persian gulf accompanying this article.

The population of Oman is estimated at 1,500,000, and consists of several tribes of Arab origin, partly nomadic. The negro element is very numerous.

Muscat was taken by the Portuguese in 1508 and remained in their hands until the middle of the seventeenth century, when the Arabs of the interior secured possession of it. The imams or sultans of Muscat afterwards made extensive conquests in eastern Africa, including Zanzibar, Mombasa and Quiloa. Oman was at the climax of its power and commercial prosperity in the first half of the nineteenth century, when the authority of the imams or sultans extended over the Persian territories of Laristan and Mogistan, the islands of Bender Abbas, part of the coast of Baluchistan, and the long strip of African coastland including Zanzibar, Mombasa and Quiloa, together with the island of Socotra. The present ruling family originated in Yemen and was first established in the Imamate in the person of Ahmed ibn Said in 1741. The rise of the Wahabi power in Nedjed resulted in considerable loss of territory. In 1858, on the death of Sultan Said, his possessions were divided between his two sons, one receiving the African territories and the other Muscat, with the Persian possessions. These last were lost in 1875. Sultan Thuwani, who succeeded in Muscat, was assassinated in 1866 by his son Selim, who reigned but a short time, and was driven out by his uncle, Seyyid Faisal ibn Turki. The power of the imam is exercised very little beyond the capital, Muscat, the name of which is therefore probably better known in popular usage than that of the whole state.

Would Cause Much Writing.

Bacon—I see it is said that all the Russian railway stations keep complaint books, where passengers may enter various protests.

Egbert—if that plan were adopted in this country, I fear writer's cramp would be far more common than it is now.—Yonkers Statesman.

NATURE'S SIGNALS.

The first indication of kidney disorder is often backache. Then comes pain in the hips and sides, lameness, soreness and urinary troubles. These are the warnings—nature's signals for help. Doan's Kidney Pills should be used at the first sign.

Mrs. W. R. Cody, 402 15th St., Lewiston, Idaho, says: "I had a bad case of dropsy and bloated 40 lbs. in weight. My ankles swelled and had to wear shoes two sizes larger than usual. I was nervous, restless and much run down. After using Doan's Kidney Pills I came down to natural weight and my kidneys became normal."

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

Better Than a Drug.

"The late Senator Platt," said an Albany legislator, "had a cynical wit. Talking about a politician who had changed his party, he once said to me: 'Circumstances alter everything—political views, religion, even health. 'Why, I've got a friend who is afflicted with insomnia in its worst form, and yet every morning that man sleeps as sweet and sound as a new-born babe when his wife crawls over him to start the fire.'"

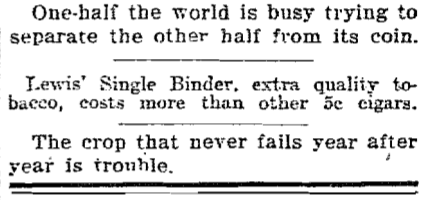
Important to Mothers. Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *W. D. Hoagland*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Answering for Him. Physician—And would you like to be a doctor, Jack? Mother (while Jack is still hesitating)—No, no! The dear boy couldn't kill a fly.—Punch.

One-half the world is busy trying to separate the other half from its coin.

Lewis' Single Binder, extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 3c cigars.

The crop that never fails year after year is trouble.



Hot Sun—Dusty Roads

By the time you reach town and light your feet, you are hot and tired and your throat dry with dust and dirt. Hunt up a soda fountain and treat yourself to a glass of a bottle of *Coca-Cola*.



DYSPEPSIA

"Having taken your wonderful 'Cascarets' for three months and being entirely cured of stomach catarrh and dyspepsia, I think a word of praise is due to 'Cascarets' for their wonderful composition. I have taken numerous other so-called remedies but without avail, and I find that Cascarets relieve more in a day than all the others I have taken would in a year."

James McNamee, 108 Mercer St., Jersey City, N. J.

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

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. EYE BOOK AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

PATENTS

Watson R. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. High-class references. Best results.

Custard Jelly.

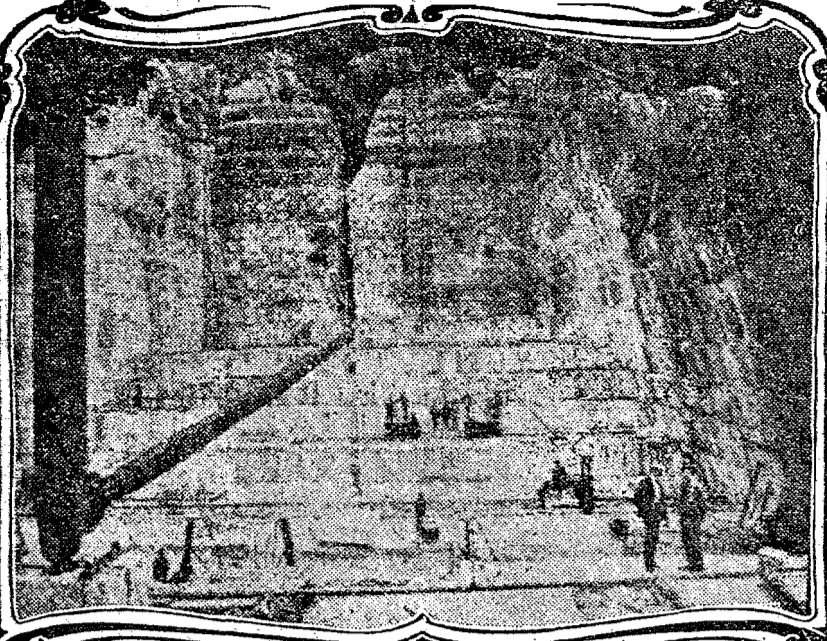
For another dessert simple yet good make a quart of soft custard and stiffen it while yet warm with a half box of gelatin dissolved in a little cold water. Smooth and cool it at the same time by slow stirring. Now beat stiff the whites of the eggs used, fold them in, flavor according to preference and set them in a mold. Serve with cream or with preserves around it in the form of a ring.

Delicious Cranberry Pudding.

One cup sugar, one cup sweet milk, two cups flour, three tablespoons melted butter, one large cup cranberries raw, two teaspoons cream of tartar, one of soda. Mix and bake like loaf cake. Serve cold, cut in slices with cream sauce.

Cream sauce: Mix one cup cream, 1½ cups sugar with the beaten white of one egg. Beat till light.

Excavating Marble and Granite



WORKING FLOOR OF A MARBLE QUARRY

IN THE minds of most people marble and granite, two stones of widely different characteristics, are inherently symbolical of beauty, strength and permanence. They preserve the tradition of something stable and enduring. Man's use of marble and granite has, of course, dated from the days of antiquity; indeed, of all components of the earth's crust, no two, perhaps, have been more universally pressed into the service of construction and decoration.

The world's yield of the finer classes of marble proceeds from many countries, Italy, France, Belgium, Norway, Sweden and America being especially prolific in deposits.

Apart from the British Isles, where, in particular, the gray Aberdeen and red Peterhead varieties are justly famed, granite occurs in Sweden, the Tyrol, Italy, Sardinia, North America and other districts.

Qualities of Marble and Granite.
In chemical composition marble is essentially calcium-carbonate, or carbonate of lime. As a consequence, the stone is very sensitive to the action of chemical agents present in the atmosphere. On the other hand, while marble is in this way more rapidly attacked than many other stones, its power to resist the mechanical agents of weathering, which are generally the most destructive, makes it a comparatively durable substance. The great variety of colors shown by marble is due mainly to the presence of companion minerals. Iron, when present in the ferrous state, produces color varying from light to dark green; manganese and cobalt involve pinkish hues. Accessory minerals, in short, give rise to an almost endless association and blending of colors, shades, veins and patterns.

Granite is a crystalline-granular aggregate of quartz, felspar and mica, and comprises all varieties of texture. Generally it is the constituent felspar which gives the ruddy or the gray appearance differentiating the rock. Unlike marble, granite cannot be split up with saws, and hence the expense and labor of quarrying and preparing the latter material for building and other purposes is relatively much greater.

According to the state geologist of Georgia, probably no building stone in the United States has in recent years met with such universal favor and given greater satisfaction than Georgia marble. It is, however, curious to learn that, notwithstanding the enormous quantity of native marble capable of being quarried, and the large number of undeveloped deposits which the United States as a whole possesses, considerable supplies of the material are imported (mostly from Italy) for statuary purposes and interior decoration. The growth of the use of Georgia marble for public buildings in America is, however, proceeding on satisfactory lines, and its merits are becoming generally known. The imposing Minnesota state capitol was built of white marble from the Amicalola quarries, Pickens county; the Rhode Island state capitol, the Carnegie public library, Atlanta, and the Corcoran art gallery, Washington, of stone from the quarries of a southern marble company.

Greek Marbles.

In recent years the extensive quarry of Mount Pentellicus, a range situated eight miles northeast of Athens, has been re-explored, and are being worked by a British company. From this classical center came the material used in the erection of some of the world's most famous buildings, among them the Parthenon and the Propylaea. Pentellicon marble is almost pure carbonate of lime. Owing, however, to the presence of minute grains of pyrites, the marble, which is a clear white on being worked, assumes a soft ivory tint after exposure, a feature which materially adds to its value for decorative purposes. Blocks of immense size, up to 1,000 tons, in fact, are frequently dislodged from the quarry bed, and, with suitable machinery, may be cut to any required dimensions. The private railway of

the company extends over a distance of 15 miles, and meets at one end the inclined plane of Mount Pentellicus. The quarries in the island of Paros, which yielded the beautiful Parian marble—translated into the highest form of artistic presentation by the genius of the ancient sculptors—are under the same control. Other varieties which the company excavate comprise the many-hued Cipollino, Skyros, Tinos and Rosso Antico.

In spite of our smoke-laden atmosphere, not a few distinguished architects have waxed enthusiastic over the claims of marble for the exteriors of great city buildings. Mr. G. F. Bodley, R. A., declared that London should be rebuilt with white marble. "Time would," he said, "tone the material and touch it with mellowing tints; moreover, a marble building could be cleaned down in a few hours with a water-jet." But the caustic comment was made in connection that it was not a matter of prettiness and poetry, but of the solvent action of acids upon calcium-carbonate. Undoubtedly, however, high-class marbles, particularly the Greek varieties, are finding distinct and increasing use in the buildings of London's newer and imposing business edifices.

Marble and Granite Quarrying.
The principal methods of marble extraction that modern experience and practise have evolved are those of sawing and channeling. The former system is used largely in France, Italy and Belgium, and almost exclusively on the Marmor properties in Greece. The saw itself is an endless steel rope of three strands, loosely twisted together. This cutter is passed round a driving-wheel and carried on guiding pulleys from a power house at a high speed. The wire saw enables stone not only to be cut from the rock bed, but sawn on the spot into blocks of a handy size for export.

What is known as the channeler, or channeling machine, is in operation at all important quarries in the United States. A locomotive machine, feeding on a railed track and driven either by steam or electric propulsion, it consists of a row of long vertical chisels set in a strong traveling frame. The gang of chisels vibrate up and down, rapidly cutting a channel in any direction in the face of the solid marble ledge or floor.

In Aberdeenshire, granite areas reach their maximum. The Rubislaw and Kennay quarries are the largest granite quarries in the United Kingdom, and have each a depth of 390 feet. The rock is removed by boring and blasting, and as the material is blasted out the blocks are lifted from the working face by cranes and cableways, masses beyond the power of the lifting appliances being further broken up as they lie. Rock drilling is carried out by power drills, either by steam or compressed air. At the Rubislaw quarry a complete new air-compressing plant, driven by a 100-horse power electric motor, is installed for working rock drills, the pressure being 100 pounds per square inch.

Census of the Heathen.
The millions still unreached by the gospel are these: Asia, 42,000,000; Africa, 70,000,000; Arabia, 3,000,000; Syria, 550,000; the sinaitic peninsula, 50,000; eastern Sumatra and adjacent islands, 3,250,000; Madura, Bali and Lombok islands, 2,000,000; Malay peninsula, 1,000,000. Total, 113,000,000. In all, 788 Protestant missionary societies are at work in foreign fields. The annual combined contributions are \$25,350,000. There are 5,522 ordained missionaries, 982 physicians, 2,503 men lay missionaries, 5,406 married women, 4,388 unmarried women, or a total of 19,280 foreign missionaries. There are 5,045 ordained natives and 92,918 unordained teachers, preachers, Bible women, etc. The total living baptized Christians are 3,006,373; adherents, 5,281,871. The native gifts aggregate \$2,800,000.—Christian Herald.

And He Knew Her.
"You say your wife is going to spend the balance of the summer in Europe?"
"So she says."
"Do you know that it will cost you at least a thousand dollars?"
"I figured it at about that."
"But, good gracious! Is it worth that much just to have her travel for a couple of months?"
"I think so."

Good Jokes

HOW HE WON OUT.

"Oh, George," she cried, in perplexed tones, "I'm afraid we must part."
"Part? Why must we part, dear?" he echoed.
"On account of father," she replied; "he fears we would be mismated. We are so very different, he says."
"In what way are we so different?" he asked, with a show of dignity.
"Well, father says I am of such a ready and willing disposition, while you seem so—so backward, so reluctant and hesitating; so—so loath to come to the—the point, don't you know?"
"He does, does he?" blustered George, bracing up, and the very next afternoon she was showing her girl friends how stunning it looked on the finger of her left hand.

Wise Johnnie.
"Johnnie!"
"Yes'm?"
"Why are you sitting on that boy's face?"
"Why, I—"
"Did I not tell you to always count a hundred before you gave way to passion and struck another boy?"
"Yes'm, and I'm doin' it; I'm just settin' on his face so he'll be here when I'm done countin' the hundred."

Raffles' Blunder.
Raffles, Jr., had been caught with the plunder in his rooms. "What a clump I was," he sighed bitterly, "not to have told the officers I had made a pleasure tour of the country and had collected these articles from the different summer hotels as souvenirs."
And just then Sherlock Holmes loomed up in the distance.

Discouraged.
"Parker has given up all hope of getting a divorce from his wife."
"Why so?"
"He tried the old device of opening the Bible to see what text he would hit and his eye met: 'In their death they were not divided.'—The Widow.

Not a Fraction.
Bleeker—How's your better half this morning, old man?
Meeker—Better half! What do you mean by that?
Bleeker—Why, your wife, of course.
Meeker—Huh! She's not my better half—she's the whole thing.

GENTLEMANLY QUALIFICATIONS.



First Twentieth Century Girl.—I never had any opinion of Adam. A man who could excuse himself by saying "the woman tempted me" had none of the instincts of a gentleman.
Second Girl.—What could you expect of the first man? You know it takes three generations to make a gentleman.

Looking Forward.
In the great future there will come a day when we a path of confidence may tread
And learn exactly what our great men say
Instead of what somebody says they said.

Opinions Alred.
"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."

In the Front Row.
A Denver society girl was out on a ranch recently. Upon her return to her home her mother asked her if she had seen any little chickens out there.
"No," replied the girl, "the woman told me none had been hatched yet, but that she had four hens seated."

A Reasonable Fellow.
"What sort of a clerk does he make?"
"He's open to argument. And when I can convince him that a piece of work comes within his province and that he was hired to do it, he is efficient."

Perhaps Both.
"Russia has ordered Oscar Hammerstein not to come there."
"Is that because she has it in for Hammerstein or for the United States?"

Neck and Neck.
"The price of cigarettes has gone up."
"Gee! The cost of dying is trying to keep up with the cost of living!"

RAIN AND ROSES.

Life ain't all sun an' roses,
As people ought to know;
If wasn't any showers
The roses wouldn't grow.
Life ain't all easy sailin',
They's brakers more or less;
If wasn't any failures
We wouldn't know success.
The roses need the sunshine,
Also a little rain;
Life needs a lot o' pleasure,
Also a little pain.
Too much of one or t'other
Is harmful, goodness knows;
Then let us keep on hopin'
To blossom like the rose!

In the Old Farmhouse.
"Well, I'll declare!" exclaimed the city boarder who reads every item in the papers before breakfast. "If here isn't an account of a sacred cow discovered in Egypt and said to be 4,000 years old."
"That accounts for it," chuckled the ex-crown boarder as he stirred his oatmeal.
"Accounts for what?"
"Why, I bet this butter was made from the cream that cow gave at her last milking."

HIS FIRST TIME ON A TRAIN.



Conductor.—Got a ticket?
Countryman.—You kin bet your crop of oats I hev.
Conductor.—Let's see it.
Countryman.—Young fellow, you don't seem ter put much confidence in their passengers on this here road.

An Egotist.
There was a man in our town
Who was so vain and proud
That 'twas simply impossible
To lose him in a crowd.

His Point of View.
"John, dear," queried the young wife, glancing up from the physical culture magazine she was perusing, "what is your idea of a perfect figure?"
"Well," replied her husband, "\$100,000 may not be perfection, but it's near enough to satisfy a man of my simple tastes."

Explained.
"Yep, our new town is growing remarkably fast. We're mighty proud of it."
"How many churches have you got?"
"There ain't any churches yet, but we've got 97 automobiles!"

Her Observation.
"Did you know," said the scientific boarder, "that a clock ticks faster in winter than in summer?"
"No, I wasn't aware that a clock did," answered the landlady, "but I know a gas meter does."

A SOCIETY MAN.



Mrs. Parvenue (engaging cook).—My husband is very particular and entertains a great deal. He's a prominent society man, and—
Bridget Malone.—Sure, thin, he ought to know my cousin, Dan Malone. He belongs to most ivery society Oi ever heard of.

Sociability Threatened.
If the reformers great could fix
All troubles for the nation
What would we do for politics
To help our conversation?

Citing Him to Proof.
"Do you believe that love is blind?"
"Sure."
"Well, I don't."
"I don't see how you can doubt it when you look at the man your wife married"

Short Stay.
"Did you hear about Twiller?"
"No; what about Twiller?"
"He dropped in to see a friend, sat in a window to cool off and dropped out."

Even His Creditors.
Sanderson—Does your new automobile go by electricity?
Swift—It goes by everything.

RECKONING DAY AND HOUR

Workman's Thoughts Not Altogether Fixed on What Might Be Called Higher Things.
Mayor William S. Jordan, at a Democratic banquet in Jacksonville, said of optimism:

"Let us cultivate optimism and hopefulness. There is nothing like it. The optimistic man can see a bright side to everything—everything."
"A missionary in a slum once laid his hand on a man's shoulder and said:
"Friend, do you hear the solemn ticking of that clock? Tick-tack; tick-tack. And oh, my friend, do you know what day it inexorably and relentlessly brings nearer?"
"Yes, pay day," the other, an honest, optimistic workman, replied."

Where Millions Are Entombed.
The catacombs at Rome were the burial places of the early Christians. They are about 530 miles in extent and are said to have contained 6,000,000 bodies. During the persecutions of the Christians under Nero and other Roman emperors the catacombs were used for hiding places. Under Diocletian the catacombs were crowded with those for whom there was no safety in the face of the day. The art of the catacombs is unique and most interesting. Simple designs are etched in the slabs which seal the tombs. Now and then are small chapels whose paintings are to be found. All are Bible illustrations, so that the catacombs may be said to be a pictorial Bible in effect.—The Christian Herald.

Rocketeer's Hard Shot.
John D. Rockefeller tried a game of golf on the links near Augusta. On a rather difficult shot Mr. Rockefeller struck too low with his iron, and as the dust flew up he asked his caddy: "What have I hit?"
"The boy laughed and answered: "Jaw-haw, boss."

When Rubbers Become Necessary.
And your shoes pinch, shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Ease, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Cures tired, aching feet and takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Always use it for Breaking in New shoes and for dancing parties. Sold everywhere. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

A perfect love, even when lost, is still an eternal possession, a pain so sacred that its deep peace often grows into an absolute content.—Hitchcock.

Lots of us never put off till tomorrow what we can have done for us today.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.
For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.
It is easier to raise a disturbance than a mortgage.
Lewis' Single Binder, straight 5c—many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars.

And some people never appreciate a rose until they encounter the thorn.

WELCOME WORDS TO WOMEN

Women who suffer with disorders peculiar to their sex should write to Dr. Pierce and receive free the advice of a physician of over 40 years' experience—a skilled and successful specialist in the diseases of women. Every letter of this sort has the most careful consideration and is regarded as sacredly confidential. Many sensitively modest women write fully to Dr. Pierce what they would shrink from telling to their local physician. The local physician is pretty sure to say that he cannot do anything without "an examination." Dr. Pierce holds that these distasteful examinations are generally needless, and that no woman, except in rare cases, should submit to them.
Dr. Pierce's treatment will cure you right in the privacy of your own home. His "Favorite Prescription" has cured hundreds of thousands, some of them the worst of cases.

It is the only medicine of its kind that is the product of a regularly graduated physician. The only one good enough that its makers dare to print its every ingredient on its outside wrapper. There's no secrecy. It will bear examination. No alcohol and no habit-forming drugs are found in it. Some unscrupulous medicine dealers may offer you a substitute. Don't take it. Don't trifle with your health. Write to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, President, Buffalo, N. Y.,—take the advice received and be well.

WESTERN CANADA'S 1910 CROPS

Wheat Yield in Many Districts Will Be From 25 to 35 Bushels Per Acre

Land sales and homestead entries increasing. No cessation in numbers going from United States. Wonderful opportunities remain for those who intend making Canada their home. New districts being opened up for settlement. Many farmers will net, this year, \$10 to \$15 per acre from their wheat crop. All the advantages of old settled countries are there. Good schools, churches, splendid markets, excellent railway facilities. See the grain exhibit at the different State and some of the County fairs.
Letters similar to the following are received every day, testifying to satisfactory conditions; other districts are as favorably spoken of:
THEY SENT FOR THEIR SON.
Maldston, Sask., Canada, Aug. 24, 1910.
"My parents came here from Cedar Falls, Iowa, four years ago, and were so well pleased with this country they sent to Cedar d'Aene for me. I have taken up a homestead near them, and am perfectly satisfied to stop here."
Leonard Douglas.
WANTS SETTLE THE RATE FOR HIS STOCK.
Stettler, Alberta, July 21st, 1910.
"I got up here from Forest City, Iowa, last Spring in good shape with the stock and everything. Now, I have got two boys back in Iowa, and I am going back there soon to get them, and another car up here this fall. What I would like to know is, if there is any chance to get a cheap rate back again, and when we return to Canada I will call at your office for our certificates."
H. A. WIL.
Yours truly,
WILL MAKE HIS HOME IN CANADA.
Brainerd, Minn., Aug. 1st, 1910.
"I am going to Canada to work on a farm, and I intend to make my home there. My husband has been there three weeks and is well pleased with the country; so he wants me to come as soon as possible. He filed on a claim near Landis, Sask., and by his description of it it must be a pretty place."
Send for literature and ask the local Canadian Government Agents for Excursion Rates, best districts in which to locate, and when to go.
W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Building, Omaha, Nebraska

Might Do It.
"Do you know anything that will kill potato bugs?" asked the young man with the yellow fingers.
"Yes," said the old lady with the gingham apron, crustily, "get 'em to smoke cigarettes!"—Yonkers Statesman.

The Philosopher of Folly.
"Kind words never die," says the Philosopher of Folly, "and that is why they are so seldom carried out."

For Perfect Health

In order to maintain strength and keep the body in a healthy condition these things are absolutely necessary—keep the digestion normal—the bowels free from constipation—the liver and kidneys active. For this particular work there is nothing quite as good as **Hostetter's Stomach Bitters**. Try a bottle for Cramps, Diarrhoea, Indigestion and Malaria.



AUTOPOWER CARBON REMOVER

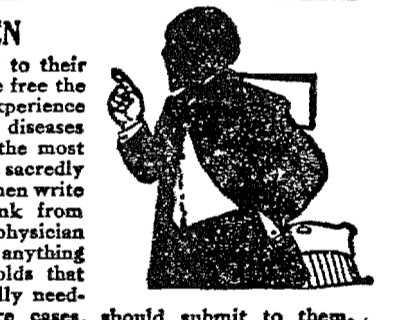
Saves 20% on Gasoline—Saves 50% on Repair Bills
"Autopower" positively removes all the carbon from the cylinders, valves, pistons and piston rings without the slightest bad effect. It reduces operating expenses to the minimum—keeps the motor in perfect working condition and increases its efficiency. A sure cure for carbonator troubles. All cylinders can be treated at the same time—only 5 minutes night and morning.
"Autopower" is guaranteed to remove the carbon, give better compression, greater power and more speed.

Order a Can—Test It
It will save you money. Does the work in any kind of a car, and gives a "quiet running" motor. Remember what it costs to have a motor taken down.
If your dealer or supply man does not carry it, write to us for a can of "AUTOPOWER." Do not accept a substitute.

The Lakewood Chemical Co.
Cleveland, Ohio
For Sale by Western Automobile Supply Co., 1920 Farnham St., Omaha, Neb.

STOCKS & FEEDERS

Choice quality; rails 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.
W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 35-1910.



MICA AXLE GREASE

Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.
STANDARD OIL CO.
(Incorporated)

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)

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

FOR SALE—Corner of Fourth and Monroe, small house, well, outbuildings, fruit trees. G. T. Jackson, Fourth and Harrison. (16)

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.

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)

LOST—Thursday, chain purse with some money. Finder leave at P. O. and receive reward. (16)

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)

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

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)

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

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

JUST A WORD!

We want your grocery business and, what's more, we want to merit it. We try hard to please, and know that only the best of everything will please permanently.

Fresh vegetables and all the table delicacies of the season. You can trust our selection.

Phone us your order.

Sleepy Eye Chick Food,
Cracked Shells,
Mica Grit,
Mashed Bone, etc.

ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH

FLORENCE, NEB.

PHONE 257

PONCA NEWS

Mr. Bob Smith has been operated on for blood poisoning and is getting along nicely.

Born to Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Beyer, a 12-pound boy; everybody happy and well.

Ingor and Ellen Kelle are spending a few days with Mr. and Mrs. P. N. Peterson.

Mr. Finley has lost a valuable horse.

Mr. N. J. Larsen has cut out every other row of corn stalks in order to give the ears a chance to grow.

Mr. Louis Nelson is staying with Mr. Henry Specht.

Mr. Harry Gibbons has left for Walthill.

IDLE CHATTER.

Mrs. John Kinball and daughter Dorothy of Omaha were the guests of Mrs. F. B. Nichols Wednesday.

Mrs. J. L. Houston was the guest of Mrs. Barker in Dundee Friday night.

While enjoying the rights of the Florence Carnival Saturday night, Miss Lulu Finney had the misfortune to lose her watch. She had walked back and forth through the crowd several times and had taken a car for her home when she missed her watch, and it is now a mystery whether it was stolen or lost as the pin also was gone. The watch is an 8-size, Huntling case with an Elgin movement. On the case and near the bottom is engraved the name, Lulu, in very small letters and there is also a bird on the case. Any one finding and returning the watch to Miss Finney at McClures store, or calling Florence 440 will be rewarded.

Powder Mill Explosion.

Acton, Mass.—By the explosion of three wheel mills of the American powder mills here two employees were probably fatally hurt. They were blown some distance and are not expected to recover. The loss is estimated at \$20,000.

Discipline of Children.

For the good of the child, if for no other reason, discipline should begin as soon as a child is old enough to manifest its own will. That is earlier than many people suppose. Discipline should be conformed altogether to the good of the child and not to the comfort and convenience of the parent, although these also are to be considered.

Make a few simple rules for the government of the child, and enforce them. They can be added to as the child grows in strength and knowledge. And enforcement of these rules will be better through the means of commendation or reward for obedience than of punishment for disobedience. Lead the child onward rather than try to force it forward.

The Conservative Chinese.

Everyone knows how intensely conservative the Chinaman is. Nothing short of a charge of dynamite will get a new idea into his head, and though his rulers may be cautiously tinkering with innovations, John Chinaman himself still jogs contentedly along the old-fashioned paths. It is typical of the Chinese rural life that the farmer should use the primitive, inefficient wooden plow that has been in use in the country for thousands of years—probably without any aeration of pattern. Such plows as these one may always see on the banks of the Yang-tse-kiang river.

Prehistoric Remains Discovered.

Some interesting prehistoric remains have been discovered in a quarry near Dunfermline, Scotland. The skull was that of a man who had been remarkably well developed. The body had been placed in a recumbent position and built in with rough pieces of loose whin rock. It is believed that the remains are those of an ancient chieftain. Many centuries must have elapsed since their interment, as the rock and earth have accumulated to a depth of six feet.

Music Hath Charms.

The Prodigal—Wherever I wandered, father, there was one song I used to hear that always made me think of you. It was "Home, Sweet Home."

Father—I used to hear a song while you were away that used to make me think of you, my boy. It was, "If You Ain't Got No Money, You Needn't Come Around."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

ALL ARE CONCERNED

IMPROVEMENT OF NATION'S WATERWAYS OF INTEREST TO EVERY CITIZEN.

VITAL FACTS ARE PRESENTED

Cost of Getting Grain to Market Materially Reduced Through Shipment by Water—Benefits Distributed All Over the Country.

You may not know it—you probably don't—but it is a matter of importance to you whether the waterways of the United States are improved or not—and this is true no matter who you are, what your business is, or what part of the country you live in. It may be that you are a farmer and you tell me that it is nonsense to say that it can make any difference to you whether the waterways of the country are improved or not, because you live away out west, miles away from any river which is navigable now or ever will be.

Well, I admit that it is not as easy to see as the grain elevator down at your railway station, but the benefit is there just the same—a real, sure-enough, dollars-and-cents benefit. Waterways have already been of tremendous advantage to the farmers of the country and their further improvement will put more money into your pockets and those of your neighbors. Take grain for an illustration. A large part of the grain raised in the country is shipped away from the place where it is grown, some for use in the eastern states and some for export to Europe. Under these conditions the price of grain is not fixed at the nearest railway station. Your wheat, for instance, is worth just what it will bring in Liverpool—less the cost of getting it there. You can see at once that it makes a whole lot of difference to you how much it costs to send your grain to New York or Liverpool—and there's where the waterway comes in.

Where Economy Comes In.

In 1908 the average cost of carrying wheat from Chicago to Buffalo by lake was one cent a bushel, while the cost by rail to New York was 11.7 cents—almost twelve times as much, although the distance is the same. But grain which is to go all the way by water must be transferred to canal boats at Buffalo. Little canal boats drawn by mules cannot carry stuff as cheaply as big ships driven by steam, so the through rate by water was six cents a bushel, a little over half as much as by rail. For the twenty years ending with 1908 the water rate, on the average, was lower than the rail rate by 6.2 cents a bushel. On the shipments from Lake Superior the difference was greater still, since Duluth is less than 100 miles farther from New York than Chicago is by water and nearly 500 miles farther by rail, but no comparative rates are published.

The beneficial effects of the waterway, through lowered cost of transportation, are not confined to the grain shipped from cities on the lakes, but extend to practically all the grain produced. The total production of the five principal cereals—wheat, corn, oats, barley and rye—during the past 40 years, was over 120,000,000,000 bushels. If the average addition to the value of this vast volume of grain was five cents a bushel, and that seems a moderate figure in view of the facts stated above, the total is more than \$6,000,000,000—nearly all of which has gone into the pockets of the farmers.

But while the beneficial effect of the waterways extends to a surprising distance, a waterway close by exerts a very much more direct and powerful influence than one a long way off. If the Great Lakes and the Erie canal have increased the value of grain all over the west, what do you suppose would happen if the Mississippi, Missouri, Arkansas and Red rivers were so improved that boats could run every day in the year unless hindered by ice?

Money Needed for Work.

The National Rivers and Harbors congress is working for the improvement of the rivers, harbors and waterways in all parts of the United States. Chairman Alexander of the rivers and harbors committee, says that \$339,000,000 will complete every project which has been begun or has been recommended by the army engineers. Five hundred million dollars would probably finish up all of these and all the new projects which will be surveyed and adopted within the next few years.

The average annual production of the five principal cereals, which during the last ten years has been 4,151,000,000 bushels, has been steadily increasing and will probably continue to increase for some time to come.

The complete improvement of all our waterways would increase the value of every bushel of grain produced by at least five cents—my own opinion is that it would be more than that.

But let us be on the safe side. Suppose we spend a billion dollars on waterways instead of a half-billion; suppose that the production of grain remains as it is instead of increasing; and suppose that the price of grain is increased only 2 1/2 cents a bushel instead of five.

Even so, with production stationary, the expense doubled and the benefit cut in half, the whole \$1,000,000,000 would be returned in less than ten years in the increased price of grain alone.

PARSON'S SAVING CLAUSE

Instance of the Funny Little Breaks Preachers Occasionally Make in the Pulpit.

A party of genial spirits were gathered in a hotel the other afternoon talking about preachers and the funny little breaks they occasionally make in the pulpit, when Francis E. Lee, lawyer and historian, of Trenton, told how a good dominie friend of his once threw an unintentional jolt into a well-known and popular secret organization.

"The secret organization," said Mr. Lee, "was about to have a public service, and the committee in charge asked his preacher friend to deliver one of the prayers. The dominie readily consented, and, knowing that, among other worthy things the lodge prided itself on its charity, he decided to make that a feature of the prayer."

"Needless to say, he did the thing beautifully. He painted a realistic word picture of the widow and orphan and showed the helping hand extended in generous relief. In almost every phrase and sentence he referred to the charity of the organization. In fact, the whole prayer breathed an atmosphere of charity. He—"

"Well, if he did all that," interrupted one of Mr. Lee's hearers, "where in the deuce did the jolt come in?"

"In the windup," smilingly answered Mr. Lee. "There is where he jumped the track and before he could get back on it again he had said: 'And you all know, my brothers, that charity covers a multitude of sins.'"—Philadelphia Telegraph.

CLEANLINESS OF THE TURKS

Wonderfully Fastidious Habits Practised by Some of the Women of Constantinople.

The habits of the Turkish women of Constantinople are wonderfully fastidious. For instance, when they wash their hands at a tap from which water runs into a marble basin the fair ones will let the water run until a servant shuts it off, inasmuch as to do this themselves would render them "unclean." They cannot open or shut a door, as the handle would be unclean. One of these fastidious women was not long ago talking to a small niece who had just received a present of a doll from Paris. By and by the child laid the doll in the lady's lap. She was horrified and ordered the child to take it away. As the little girl would not move it and no servant was near and the lady would be defiled by touching a doll that had been brought from abroad, the only resource left her was to jump up and let the doll fall. It broke in pieces.

Another Turkish woman would not open a letter coming by post, but required a servant to break the seal and hold the missive near her that it might be read. Also, should her handkerchief fall to the ground it was immediately destroyed or given away, so that she might not again use it.

For Stained Fingers.

The days of preserving bring stained fingers. A weak solution of oxalic acid used after preparing berries or discoloring vegetables is a quick stain remover.

As the acid is a poison, label the bottle plainly and keep it away from children. Where stains are under finger-nails wrap a bit of absorbent cotton on end of orange wood stick and dip in solution.

For minor stains lemon juice is helpful. Run ends of fingers into half a cut lemon.

Tomatoes will also remove stains, especially those of paring potatoes or other slight discolorations. It is a whitener and softens the hands.

The fumes from a lighted match or two held under the fingers dampened in water without soap, will remove strawberry and other fruit stains.

When all else fails to remove fruit stains, try rubbing with liquid ammonia, then with pumice stone.

Ancient Rome.

For the last year systematic excavations have been made at Ostia, the ancient harbor of Rome at the mouth of the Tiber. The ruins of a large city, built probably by Hadrian over the old republican town, have been uncovered. Archaeologists consider the discoveries as important as those of Pompeii. Heretofore it has been believed that Ostia was founded by Ancus Marcius, the fourth king of Rome, that it was destroyed by Marius during the civil wars, rebuilt during the republic, sank into insignificance, and was buried in the sand and deposited in the Tiber when Trajan built the new port and city of Portus. Instead of this it is now certain that Ostia not only continued to flourish under Hadrian, but that the old level was raised six feet, and that the republican town served as a foundation for a model city, with rectangular wide streets, temples, fora and squares.

All Signs Favored It.

It was the first anniversary of their matrimonial career.

"Henry," said Mrs. Peckem, "did you really expect me to accept you the night you proposed?"

"I had every reason to believe you would, my dear," replied Henry. "On my way to your house I walked under a ladder, saw the new moon over my left shoulder, a black cat crossed my path, and I heard a dog howl three times."—Chicago News.

Crushing.

Softleigh (timidly)—Do you believe in the mind cure, Miss Sophy?

Miss Sophy (meaningly)—Yes, when the cure has something to work on.

Make Your Fortune in the Pacific Northwest

where soil and climate combine for man's prosperity.

Low One-Way Fares in Effect Daily from Sept. 15th to Oct. 15th, 1910

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Through trains—comfortable tourist sleepers—excellent dining car meals and service.

For tickets and general information, call on or address your local agent.



THE LARGEST AND BEST List of Florence Property

What is the use of wasting energy and time looking for what you want and not finding it when I can show you what you are looking for.

HERE ARE A FEW

One new 8-room house and 2 lots.
One new 5-room house, modern.
One new 5-room house, modern except furnace.
One new 8-room house

ACREAGE

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

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Choice of over 40 vacant lots a prices from \$175.00 up.

JOHN LUBOLD

TELEPHONE: FLORENCE 165

FLORENCE, NEBR.

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