

The Florence Tribune

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ANOTHER INJUNCTION

Honorable William S. Thompson as Attorney for George H. Hadlock Again Enjoins the Letting of the Contract for the Paving and the Case is Fought Before Judge Troup Who Will Render a Decision Saturday.

A second request for an injunction restraining the city officials of Florence from signing a contract for paving has been made in district court, this time by George H. Hadlock. The causes given in his petition are largely the same as those cited in the former petition on which a restraining order was issued by the court.

In his petition Hadlock alleges that the entire city is included in the paving district, that no petition for the paving was signed and no vote taken, that the city owns considerable property abutting on the street proposed for paving and that it has no funds to pay for its portion of the work, that the school board also owns considerable property and can not pay its portion as it has reached its tax limit; that the publication of the ordinance was illegal as well as its passage, that rule 6 was not suspended and many other allegations.

The case went to trial Tuesday before Judge Troup with Frank McCoy and John Paul Green representing the city. The arguments were continued Wednesday and the decision will be rendered Saturday.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Misses Edith Derry, Margaret Wright, Millie D. Sider, Emma M. David, Susan De Graff, Anna Dietrich, Josephine Carr and Prof. J. F. McLane were the Florence teachers present at the Douglas County Institute in Omaha this week.

Mrs. E. W. Reynolds has returned from a two weeks' trip.

Joe Kolensky has leased the Crescent theater from J. J. Cole.

J. J. Cole is going around on a cane this week as a result of a bad fall.

Mrs. Purcupite and son, Benjamin, and Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Barker and daughter, Herberta, spent Sunday as the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Crossing, who were married at Beaver Crossing last week, will start housekeeping in Florence this week.

Miss Hazel Weber of Wayne, Neb., is the guest of her grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. J. Weber, Sr.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Olmsted, Miss Florence Olmsted and Master Robert Olmsted left Monday evening for a stay at Lake Minnetonka, Minn.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols was the guest of Mrs. Newton at the meeting of the Royal Neighbors of America, Camp Golden Rod, in Omaha Tuesday evening.

Mrs. Maude Bowers, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Newell Benton and Miss Whitake of Hitchcock, county are guests of Mr. and Mrs. Newell Burton.

2 Burr Incubators; 3 Burr Brooders; 1 No. 7 Bone Cutter; 1 Corn Shelter; 1 Corn Grinder; 1 12-inch Plow; 1 5-Shovel Cultivator.—C. H. Peterson, Tel. Florence 201.

Daniel Fitzgerald, a farmer living five miles from Florence, had evidence of the fact early Sunday morning that lightning strikes twice in the same place. The first time that it struck, it set fire to five fine large wheat stacks. A few minutes later, after being aroused by the fire, a second bolt of lightning was observed to strike the same stacks, which burned down completely. Not a drop of rain fell.

The Florence Young Ladies Glee club has been meeting at the residence of Miss Carrie Parks every evening this week.

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

LARGE REWARD FOR PHILLIPS

Board of County Commissioners Put Up \$100 for His Capture, Which, Now Makes \$300.

The county commissioners have offered a reward of \$100 for the capture of James Phillips, accused of killing Marshall C. Hamilton near Florence on the morning of August 1. Governor Shallenberger, on behalf of the state, some time ago offered a reward of \$200, making a total of \$300 for the capture of the alleged murderer.

Sheriff Bradley confesses that his department is no nearer finding the alleged murderer now than three weeks ago. A number of false tips have been run down and supposed relatives and friends without number questioned, but without avail. It is the opinion of the sheriff that Phillips left the city and state long ago.

Deputy Sheriff Thompson is now putting in much of his time in scratching his lower limbs. He is afflicted with chigres, got while lying in the weeds night after night near some abandoned farm house waiting for Phillips to turn up. The only relief he can secure is to bathe his limbs in whiskey and, as Thompson says, "a drunk chigre will not bite as much as a sober bug."

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Who wants a stallion? Come and see me.—H. Thomas.

Please remember that news for this column must be in the editor's hands by 8 a. m. Thursday.

William R. Wallace of Aurora, Neb., attended the veterans' reunion and visited Florence friends this week.

D. H. Christie of Omaha visited Florence friends Wednesday.

Chris. Bauer was a Florence visitor Wednesday.

James Suttie returned from Chicago Sunday.

Mrs. Jeffcoat who is attending the veterans' encampment, lived in Florence 50 years ago, and her father made the brick in the Bank of Florence.

Willis Barber was the guest of Harold Reynolds Wednesday.

M. L. Endres was visiting Florence friends Wednesday.

At the special meeting of the school board last Friday evening it was decided to open school on the third Monday in September. Miss Bliss who has been teaching in Kalamazoo, Mich., was elected teacher of the Kindergarten. There were four bids submitted for the plumbing and the contract was awarded to Grunewald & Co. for \$1,340. Other bidders were Gold Plumbing Co., \$2,200; South Side Plumbing and Heating Co., \$2,475; Chris Bauer, \$2,478.

Miss Maude Grebe and Miss Julia Feldhusen gave a picnic at Riverview Park Thursday in honor of Miss Hazel Weber of Wayne, Neb.

Mrs. Otto Barsch returned Wednesday from a two weeks visit at Denver.

Messrs. Burton, Kelly, Suttie, Lubold, Williams, Osborn, Storms, Griffith, Platz, Reynolds, Golding, Cottrell and Bauer were guests of M. L. Endres after the Eagles meeting Wednesday.

The Storz team played the Riversides at the ball park Sunday.

The Misses Alice and Nellie Shipley of Lyons, Neb., are the guests of Mrs. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Michael Daniels are rejoicing over the arrival of a girl.

Mr. and Mrs. George Foster were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Platz Sunday.

Rev. W. H. Amos, pastor of the Presbyterian church has removed to 713 Fillmore street, the house formerly occupied by Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Johnson.

For Sale—A fine, thoroughbred Poland-China boar. Phone Florence 462.

A large trolley party of the members of the church of St. Philip the Deacon visited Florence Tuesday night.

Prof. J. F. McLane and family returned Friday from Ceresco, Neb., where they had been visiting friends for two weeks.

The Florence camp of the Modern Woodmen of America held their picnic at Courtland Beach Wednesday.

VETERANS ARE HERE

Douglas County Veterans Association Holds its Annual Encampment Here and Everything Points to Big Crowds and a Good Time for Everybody, thus Proving that Florence is Capable of Holding its Own in Caring for Big Events.

The city of Florence has been besieged.

It was captured early Wednesday morning by a detachment from the Douglas County Veterans' association, under command of August Lochner, president. The siege will not be lifted until Saturday night, when the troops will evacuate the city and march on back to their various quarters.

The veterans are bivouacked in the beautiful little City park and are holding their annual encampment. Their camp takes the name of Major Thomas A. Creigh, after the late veteran who had so much to do with the affairs of this association. The first day was devoted to business.

Mayor Tucker formally gave the park and city over to the visitors and President Lochner assumed command.

Tents have been erected on the grounds for the veterans and their families, and every convenience is provided. All the accoutrements of camp life are there. The main tent will seat 1,000 persons, and here the formal exercises will be held. Old Glory waves from the lofty top of a flag pole erected specially for this occasion in the middle of the park. Fifes and drums pipe and beat their plaintive tunes to recall the days spent on other tenting grounds and in a warfare more real.

The following was the program for Wednesday, August 25:

9:30 a. m., Address of Welcome, Mayor F. S. Tucker.

10 to 12 a. m., Business Meeting of Douglas County Veterans' Association.

1 p. m., Popular Songs by Colored Quartette.

2 p. m., Patriotic Songs by Florence Ladies Glee Club.

3 p. m., Address by Hon. John O. Yeiser of Omaha.

3:30 p. m., Recitation by Miss Elouise Thomas.

4 p. m., Games for Ladies and Gentlemen.

5 p. m., Campfire Douglas County Veterans' Association.

Mayor Tucker in his address was particularly good, likening this government to a machine that was so well built that it runs smoother each day.

The recitation of Miss Elouise Thomas was well liked and she was recalled.

Thursday was Ladies Day and a big chicken pie dinner was served. In the afternoon at the big tent Miss Rosella B. Condon of Pawnee City addressed the veterans and wives. Other features were popular songs by the quartet, and patriotic songs by Florence Young Ladies Glee club. In the evening Mrs. Charles J. Hughes of Fremont was the principal speaker and elicited much applause.

The big event of Friday will be at 4:00 p. m. at the park. Through the courtesy of Colonel Gardner Company L of the 16th Infantry, Captain Warfield will give an exhibition of Butts rifle drill, bayonet exercise and calisthenics. Immediately afterward at the ball park they will enact a real frontal attack by regular infantry as done in active work, comprising good trail scouting, rescuing the wounded under heavy fire, first aid to the injured, advancing by rushes and individually under fire from intrenchments. As this is a picked company it will be an event worth going miles to see.

Saturday noon there will be a reunion of the members of Co. A, 2nd Nebraska cavalry. N. N. Yost and Wm. Bell, members of the company, are working earnestly to have as many present as possible.

Saturday will also be known as Old Settlers' Day and the old settlers of Douglas county will gather to exchange reminiscences.

Mr. Emil Schroth left Monday for his home in Colorado.

Mr. Kornick mowed his third crop of alfalfa Wednesday.

Mr. Chris Pederson called on the Stulls Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Alzina Stull was a caller on the Metzinger family last Tuesday.

Mr. Myron Metzinger and daughters were Omaha visitors Sunday.

NATIONAL GAME IN FLORENCE

Results of the Games at the Ball Park Last Sunday and Who Will Play Next Sunday.

The Berg Clothing Company nine defeated the Alamitos at Florence Sunday, 9 to 3. The game was close up to the eighth inning, when Drummy weakened and was replaced by Woodruff.

Huntsiker, for the Berg's, twirled an excellent game, fanning ten men and allowing but one pass, while Drummy was hit throughout.

Reinschreiber, McCreary and Williams shone with the willow, while Kaiman accepted ten chances at second without a wobble. Score:

Bergs ... 1 0 0 2 0 1 0 5 *—9 10 3
Alamitos . . . 0 1 1 0 0 0 0 0 1—3 6 4

Batteries: Bergs, A. Huntsiker and C. Huntsiker; Alamitos, Drummy, Woodruff and Hachten. Two-base hits: Reinschreiber, Hachten, Williams, McCreary. Three-base hit: McCreary. Struck out: By Huntsiker, 10; by Drummy, 3; by Woodruff, 1. Bases on balls: Off Huntsiker, 1; off Drummy, 2. Double plays: Kaiman to Canavan to Williams (2). Umpire: Brennan.

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OFFICE BOY WRITES LETTER

A Bright, Interesting Letter From Our Office Boy, Who Is Away on His Vacation and Who Finds Out That Taking Vacations Cost Money—Also His Views on the News in This Paper and Doings of the City.

While other papers have been publishing letters from father to son and son to father and other similar epistles we are going to give our readers the letters of our office boy who is away on his vacation.

Here is his first letter and we do not take the responsibility for it. It's all his and if you don't like his letter speak to the business manager and have him send him some money, for that is the only way to stop them.

Here is the first:

Dear Boss:

Am having a bully time. Can't you give me another week's salary? I need it bad; honest, I do. I haven't been able to cop out a cent since I went on my vacation. It's all on the spend, but what's money for if it is not to spend. I got the paper this week and it looks as if I was needed at home. You didn't have a word in it about those people going up the river to a sandbar and swimming every night.

Then, too, I notice you didn't emit any very large howl against those medicine fellers, and you had such hot stuff, too. Remember what you and Shack were talking about the Kick show and how the fakir told us of all his tricks. I would have run the story just as Shack told it. Gee, but wouldn't it make good readin', and I know the folks in Florence would have enjoyed it.

Then you never said a word about the mayor and councilmen goin' off on a junket at the expense of the paving guys. You only said they was a going. I guess you have got cold feet with my being away and didn't let them know of the danger of investigating the creosote blocks when all the citizens that want paving want brick. If those officials had stuck to their knitting on the brick paving the paving would be done, even though there was an injunction, for they could heat the injunction, but if they monkey with creosote pavement there will be so many injunctions and so many angry citizens after them they will wish they had never heard of creosote.

There is one thing, though; creosote is a good disinfectant.

Again, you didn't say a word about the young lady of Florence who went away on a visit and was married.

Neither did you say a word about those two Florence men who have been going to Omaha every night during the week and telling their friends they were going to see a friend in the hospital who was overcome by the heat.

And how about The Gimlet? I see they are still using your stuff. They put in that one I wrote from here and as it never happened they could not have secured it otherwise. Bill writes they have a man out trying to get up a special edition, but he is getting his bumps most everywhere. Sometimes it takes a hard knock before one can realize where he is at.

Say, don't forget my wages for the week I have been here. I need the dough, honestly. Tell John I could use a little more if he wants to raise me.

Aw, say, boss, how would you like to hear about that trip up to Minneapolis and about the one whose wife found a hairpin in his grip when he got home, and about the mayor losing his grip, and how Allen hot-footed it up town after it, and how Craig almost missed the train, and how, oh, well, all the rest of it.

If you will send that money at once I will tip off the whole business to you.

Thanks for the money. Will write again soon. Did you hear about the farewell party given by the Des Moines by Messrs. Tucker, Price, Craig, Allen and Reynolds? It was a hummer.

Craig almost missed the special train, consisting of a flat car with a board at Sandstone, Minn. The train was in charge of Conductor Tucker.

Say, boss, just tip it off to the boys nice and easy about Tucker and his new shirt. He took along a new clean soft shirt. In the morning he started to put it on, but, horrors, he could not find it anywhere. Finally Allen who had a berth near by, gave up the shirt, saying he wore it for a night shirt, and Tucker said—

Aint got time for more now, but will write you later. BOB.

Wanted.

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

PIONEERS HERE ON SATURDAY

Old Time Settlers Will Join War Veterans On the Last Day of Their Encampment.

As a finale to the annual reunion of the Douglas County Veterans' association at Florence park the pioneers will hold a picnic Saturday.

These committees have been named to take charge of the affair: A. N. Yost, chairman; August Lockner, Frank Malone, Thomas Swift and John McArdle of Omaha, Fred Knight and S. G. Brewster of Irvington, M. J. Feenan of Omaha, Lewis Grebe, J. P. Brown and Lefe Shipley of Florence; Mesdames R. H. Walker, Brown, Sorenson, Edwin Haney, Lilie Stewart and Helen Jeffcoat of Omaha, Josephine Carroll of South Omaha, J. D. McBride and John S. Briggs of Omaha, Ida Knight and S. T. Brewster of Irvington, John McArdle and Anna K. Bowman of Omaha; Misses Feenan, Swift and Blanche Sorenson of Omaha; Mesdames J. B. Brislin, Ella Brackin, Allen Redman, E. H. Walker, Mary Griffin, Charles Coulk, V. E. Deyo, Rose Simpson, F. W. King, Emma Lonergan, E. L. Platz, W. H. Thomas and Charles Kierle of Florence.

The Calhoun ball team lost a fast and interesting game Sunday to the Independent Lumber Company team by a score of 5 to 3. The feature of the game was the fielding of the Independents.

Mrs. T. M. Carter of Plattsmouth has an oldtime canvas bag or recticle made by her great grandmother on the Island of Jamaica 133 years ago. She also is the owner of a newspaper of the time of the death of Washington.

Rev. Mr. Hilkeman has gone to St. Louis on a two weeks' vacation.

"Grand-dad Woods is 'grand-dad' again. Perry Talbot, and wife of Emerson, a boy, August 16.

Mrs. Lee Brenner and children and Miss Brenner of Randolph are at Edward Brenner's.

C. S. Nethaway of Desota has gone to Colorado to see some land he bought twenty-three years ago and has never seen.

George Buffington of Herman, a veteran of the civil war, now 87 years old, started for Kansas, but stopped in Omaha a week to get cool and then returned home.

Joachim Beal, who some years ago had a curious suspension bridge on his farm near here, is now in South Omaha and sending his friends diagrams of this city.

Louis Vaughan of Blair was in town last week, as also was William Koopman.

Elder Resen came home for a few hours the other day. He has disposed of his 3,200-acre ranch in Dawes county and bought a half section near Fremont. He may come back to his cottage in March.

Over 300 farmers stayed at home primary election day and refused to vote. The votes in this township cost the county about 50 cents each.

O. J. Stevenson, a veteran of the civil war, is back from Arkansas on a visit.

Dr. Rix of Omaha and his little girl visited "Grandpa" Nicholas Rix.

Bookkeeper Eugene Kouny of the Omaha car line, an old-time assistant postmaster and express agent here, went to Blair with his eldest son, a civil engineer with the Union Pacific, and stopped off here an hour to visit W. H. Woods. Kouny helped to plant the trees in the city park, the big trees in front of the Gable block and the evergreens and orchard on the Seirk block, and had not seen them for twenty-three years.

W. R. Cail, who for nineteen years seven days in the week has never been absent from the postoffice over twenty-four hours at a time, has taken his family west on a vacation. Former postmaster, Henry Taylor, now of Blair, is holding the job.

McCormick & Koopman of Blair are loading a car of apples in the Sifers orchard. This makes seven cars in the last sixty days of Washington county apples besides several cars of other vegetables and 3,500 crates of blackberries. Arlington has promised them three cars of apples next week.

The parents of Johnny Rathjen gave him a nice birthday party Saturday.

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.. BRIGGS NEWS ..

Mr. Emil Schroth left Monday for his home in Colorado.

Mr. Kornick mowed his third crop of alfalfa Wednesday.

Mr. Chris Pederson called on the Stulls Wednesday afternoon.

Miss Alzina Stull was a caller on the Metzinger family last Tuesday.

Mr. Myron Metzinger and daughters were Omaha visitors Sunday.

WHISPERING SMITH

by FRANK H. SPEARMAN
ILLUSTRATIONS
BY ANDRE BOWLES
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SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecking train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage buried. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck. She gave him a message for Sinclair. Whispering Smith, Gordon Smith, President Bucks of the railroad, of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crazed miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his high office. McCloud arranged to board at the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair, the ex-foreman's deserted wife. Dickie Dunning was the daughter of the late Richard Dunning, who had died of a broken heart shortly after his wife's demise, which occurred after one year of married life. Sinclair visited Marion Sinclair's shop and a fight between him and McCloud was narrowly averted. Smoky Creek bridge was mysteriously burned. McCloud prepared to face the situation. President Bucks notified Smith that he had work ahead. McCloud worked for days and finally got the division running in fairly good order. He overheard Dickie arising his methods to Marion Sinclair. A stock train was wrecked by an open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the express car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. McCloud was notified that Whispering Smith was to hunt the desperadoes. Bill Dancings, a road inspector, proposed to Sinclair and his gang be sent to hunt the bandits. A stranger, apparently with authority, told him to go ahead. Dancings was told the stranger was "Whispering Smith." Smith approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed. He warned McCloud that his life was in danger. McCloud was carried forcibly into Lance Dunning's presence. Dunning refused the railroad a right-of-way, he had already signed for. Dickie interfered to prevent a shooting affray. Dickie met McCloud on a lonely trail to warn him his life was in danger. On his way home a shot passed through his hat. Whispering Smith reported that Du Sang, one of Sinclair's gang, had been assigned to kill McCloud. Bill and Smith saw Du Sang. Whispering Smith taunted Du Sang and told him to get out of Medicine Bend or suffer. Du Sang seemed to succumb to the bait. McCloud's big construction job was taken from him because of an injunction issued to Lance Dunning by the United States court. A section rise in the railroad was created, created consternation. Dickie and Marion appealed to McCloud for help. Whispering Smith joined the group. He and Dickie spent the night in conversation. Smith gave him an outline of his life. In the morning McCloud took his men to fight the river. Lance Dunning welcomed them cordially. McCloud succeeded in being accepted. He accepted Dunning's hospitality. Dickie and Marion visited Sinclair at his ranch. He tried to persuade his deserted wife to return to him. She refused. He accused Whispering Smith of having stolen her love from him. A train was held up and robbed, the bandits escaping. Smith and McCloud started the hunt. At Canyon Creek Du Sang killed old Baggs. Whispering Smith befriended his ten-year-old son. They came to Williams Cache. Smith was certain the bandits were there.

CHAPTER XXVI.—Cont'ued.

Sitting once in the Three Horses at Medicine Bend, Rebstock had talked with Whispering Smith. "I used to have a good time," he growled. "When I was rustling a little bunch of steers, just a small bunch all by myself, and hadn't a cent in the world, no place to sleep and nothing to eat, I had a good time. Now I have to keep my money in the bank; that ain't pleasant—you know that. Every man that brings a bunch of cattle across Deep creek has stole 'em, and expects me to buy 'em or lend him money. I'm busy with inspectors all the time, deviling with brands, standing off the Stock association and all kinds of trouble. I've got too many cows, too much money. I'm afraid somebody will shoot me if I go to sleep, or poison me if I take a drink. Whispering Smith, I'd like to give you a half-interest in my business. That's on the square. You're a young man, and handy; it wouldn't cost you a cent, and you can have half of the whole shooting-match if you'll cross Deep creek and help me run the gang." Such was Rebstock free from anxiety and in a confidential moment. Under pressure he was, like all men, different.

Whispering Smith had acquaintance even in the Cache, and after a little careful reconnoitering he found a crippled-up thief, driving a milch cow down the Cache, who was willing to take a message to the boss.

Whispering Smith gave his instructions explicitly, facing the messenger, as the two sat in their saddles, with an importunate eye. "Say to Rebstock exactly these words," he insisted. "This is from Whispering Smith: I want Du Sang. He killed a friend of mine last night at Mission Springs. I happened to be near there and know he rode in last night. He can't get out; the Canadian is plugged. I won't stand for the killing, and it is Du Sang or a clean-up in the Cache all around, and then I'll get Du Sang anyway. Regards."

Riding circumspectly in and about the entrance to the Cache, the party waited an hour for an answer. When the answer came, it was unsatisfactory. Rebstock declined to appear upon so trivial a matter, and Whispering Smith refused to specify a further grievance. More parley and stronger messages were necessary to stir the Deep creek monarch, but at last he sent word asking Whispering Smith to come to his cabin accompanied only by Kennedy.

The two railroad men rode up the canyon together. "And now I will show you a lean and hungry thief grown monstrous and miserly, Farrell," said Whispering Smith. "At the head of a short pocket between two sheer granite walls they saw Rebstock's weather-beaten cabin, and

he stood in front of it smoking. He looked moodily at his visitors out of eyes buried between rolls of fat. Whispering Smith was a little harsh as the two shook hands, but he dismounted and followed Rebstock into the house. "What are you so high and mighty about?" he demanded, throwing his hat on the table near which Rebstock had seated himself. "Why don't you come out when I send a man to you, or send word what you will do? What have you got to kick about? Haven't you been treated right?" Being in no position to complain, but shrewdly aware that much unpleasantness was in the wind, Rebstock beat about the bush. He had had rheumatism; he couldn't ride; he had been in bed three weeks and hadn't seen Du Sang for three months. "You ain't chasing up here after Du Sang because he killed a man at Mission Springs. I know better than that. That ain't the first man he's killed, and it ain't a' goin' to be the last."

Whispering Smith lifted his finger and for the first time smiled. "Now there you err, Rebstock—it is 'a goin' to be' the last. So you think I'm after you, do you? Well, if I were, what are you going to do about it? Rebstock, do you think, if I wanted you, I would send a message for you to come out and meet me? Not on your life! When I want you I'll come to your shack and drag you out by the hair of the head. Sit down!" roared Whispering Smith. Rebstock, who weighed at least 275 pounds, had lifted himself up to glare and swear freely. Now he dropped angrily back into his chair. "Well, who do you want?" he bellowed in kind. A smile softened the asperity of the railroad man's face. "That's a fair question and I give you a straight answer. I'm not bluffing: I want Du Sang."

Rebstock squirmed. He swore with shortened breath that he knew nothing about Du Sang; that Du Sang had stolen his cattle; that hanging was too good for him; that he would join any posse in searching for him; and that he had not seen him for three months. "Likely enough," assented Whispering Smith, "but this is wasting time. He rode in here last night after killing old Dan Baggs. Your estimable nephew Barney is with him, and Karg is with him, and I want them, but, in especial and particular, I want Du Sang."

Rebstock denied, protested, wheezed and stormed, but Whispering Smith was immovable. He would not stir from the Cache upon any promises. Rebstock offered to surrender any one else in the Cache—hated strongly at two different men for whom handsome rewards were out; but every compromise suggested was met with the same good-natured words: "I want Du Sang."

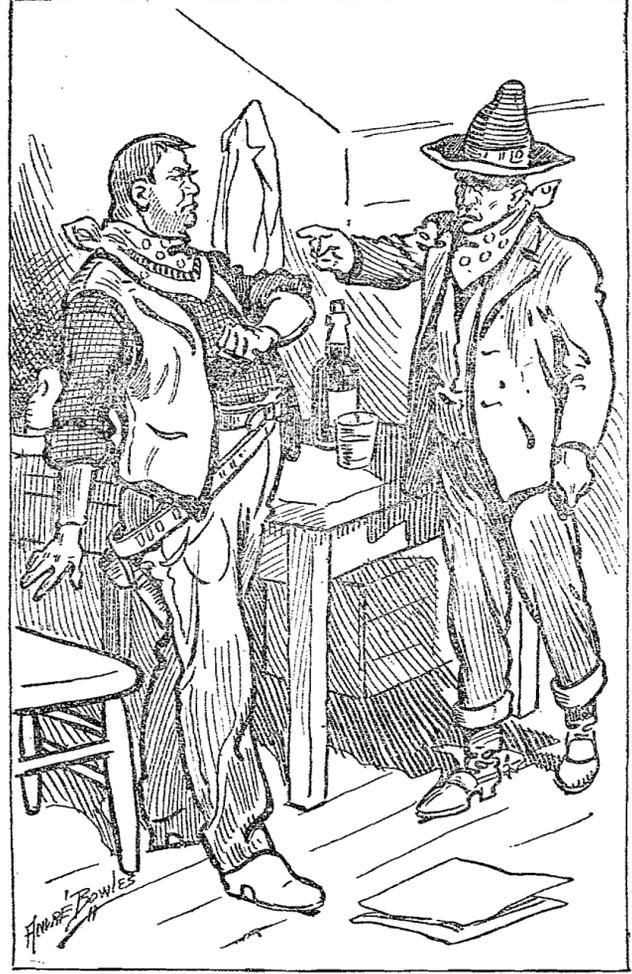
At last the smile changed on Whispering Smith's face. It lighted his eyes still, but with a different expression. "See here, Rebstock, you add I have always got along, haven't we? I've no desire to crowd any man to the wall that is a man. Now I am going to tell you the simple truth. Du Sang has got you scared to death. That man is a faker, Rebstock. Because he kills men right and left without any provocation, you think he is dangerous. He isn't; there are a dozen men in the Cache just as good with a gun as Du Sang is. Don't shake your head. I know what I'm talking about. He is a jay with a gun, and you may tell him I said so; do you hear? Tell him to come out if he wants me to demonstrate it. He has got everybody, including you, scared to death. Now, I say, don't be silly. I want Du Sang."

Rebstock rose to his feet solemnly and pointed his finger at Whispering Smith. "Whispering Smith, you know me—"

"I know you for a fat rascal." "That's all right. You know me, and just as you say, we always get along because we both got sense." "You're hiding yours to-day, Rebstock."

"No matter; I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll give you all the horseflesh you can kill and all the men you can hire to go after him, and I'll bury your dead myself. You think he can't shoot? I give you a tip on the square." Whispering Smith snorted. "He'll shoot the four buttons off your coat in four shots." Smith kicked Rebstock's dog contemptuously. "And do it while you are falling down. I've seen him do it," persisted Rebstock, moist with perspiration. "I'm not looking for a chance to go against a sure thing; I wash my hands of the job."

Whispering Smith rose. "It was no trick to see he had you scared to death. You are losing your wits, old man. The albino is a faker, and I tell you I am going to run him out of the country." Whispering Smith reached for his hat. "Our treaty ends right here. You promised to harbor no man in your sick that ever went against our road. You know as well as I do that this man, with four others, held up our train night before last at Tower W, shot our engineman to death for mere delight, killed a messenger, took



"I Know You for a Fat Rascal!"

\$65,000 out of the through safe and made his good get-away. Now, don't lie; you know every word of it, and you thought you could pull it out of me by a bluff. I track him to your door. He is inside the Cache this minute. You know every curve and canyon and jail-bird in it, and they pay you blood-money and hush-money every month; and when I ask you not to give up a dozen men the company is entitled to, but merely to send this pink-eyed lobster out with his guns to talk with me, you wash your hands of the job, do you? Now listen. If you don't send Du Sang into the open before noon to-morrow, I'll run every living steer and every living man out of Williams Cache before I cross the Crawling Stone again, so help me God! And I'll send for cowboys with in 30 minutes to begin the job. I'll scrape your Deep Creek canyons till the rattlesnakes squeal. I'll make Williams Cache so wild that a timberwolf can't follow his own trail through it. You'll break with me, will you, Rebstock? Then wind up your bank account; before I finish with you I'll put you in stripes and feed buzzards off your table."

Rebstock's face was apoplectic. He choked with a torrent of oaths. Whispering Smith, paying no attention, walked out to where Kennedy was waiting. He swung into the saddle, ignoring Rebstock's abjurations, and with Kennedy rode away.

"It is hard to do anything with a man that is scared to death," said Smith to his companion. "Then, too, Rebstock's nephew is probably in this. In any case, when Du Sang has got Rebstock scared, he is a dangerous man to be abroad. We have got to smoke him out, Farrell. Lance Dunning insisted the other day he wanted to do me a favor. I'll see if he'll lend me Stormy Gorman and some of his cowpunchers for a round-up. We've got to smoke Du Sang out. A round-up is the thing. But, by heaven, if that round-up is actually pulled off it will be a classic when you and I are gone."

Thirty minutes afterward, messengers had taken the Frenchman trail for Lance Dunning's cowboys.

CHAPTER XXVII.

The Fight in the Cache.

A clear night and a good moon made a long ride possible, and the Crawling Stone contingent, headed by Stormy Gorman, began coming into the railroad camp by three o'clock the next morning. With them rode the two Youngs, who had lost the trail they followed across Goose river and joined the cowboys on the road to the north. The party divided under Kennedy and Smith, who rode through the Door into the Cache just before daybreak.

"I don't know what I am steering you against this morning, Farrell," said Whispering Smith. "Certainly I should hate to run you into Du Sang, but we can't tell where he shall strike him. If we have laid out the work right I ought to see him as soon as anybody does. Accidents do happen, but remember he will never be any more dangerous than he is at the first moment. Get him to talk. He gets nervous if he can't shoot right away. When you pull, get a bullet into his stomach at the start, if you possibly can, to spoil his aim. We mustn't make the mistake of underestimating him. Rebstock is right: he is a fight with a revolver, and Sinclair and Seagrue are the only men in the moun-

tains that can handle a rifle with him. Now we spit here; and good luck!"

"Don't you want to take Brill Young with you?"

"You take both the Youngs, Farrell. We shall be among rocks, and if he tries to rush us there is cover."

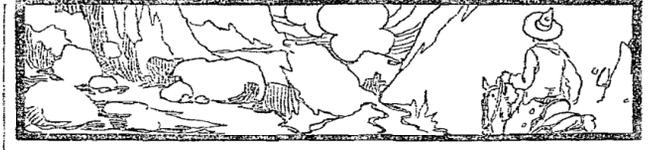
Stormy Gorman with four Crawling Stone cowboys followed Whispering Smith. Every rider on the range had a grievance against Williams Cache, and any of them would have been glad to undertake reprisals against the rustlers under the wing of Whispering Smith.

Just how in the mountains—without telegraph, newspapers, and all ordinary means of publicity—news travels so fast may not certainly be said. The scattered lines of telephone wires help, but news outstrips the wires. Moreover, there are no telephones in the Mission mountains. But on the morning that the round-up party rode into the Cache it was known in the streets of Medicine Bend that the Tower W men had been tracked into the north country; that some, if not all, of them were in Williams Cache; that an ultimatum had been given, and that Whispering Smith and Kennedy had already ridden in with their men to make it good.

Whispering Smith, with the cowboys, took the rough country to the left, and Kennedy and his party took the south prong of the Cache creek. The instructions were to make a clean sweep as the line advanced. Behind the center rode three men to take stock driven in from the wings. Word that was brief but reasonable had been sent everywhere ahead. Every man it was promised, that could prove property should have a chance to do so at the Door that day and the next; but any brands that showed stolen cattle, or that had been skinned or tampered with in any way, were to be turned over to the Stock association for the benefit of owners.

The very first pocket raided started a row and uncovered 89 head of five-year-old steers bearing a mutilated Duck Bar brand. It was like poking at rattlesnakes to undertake to clean out the grassy retreats of the Cache, but the work was pushed on in spite of protests, threats, and resistance. Every man that rode out openly to make a protest was referred calmly to Rebstock, and before very long Rebstock's cabin had more men around it than had been seen together in the Cache for years. The impression that the whole jig was up, and that the refugees had been sold out by their own boss, was one that no railroad man undertook to discourage. The cowboys insisted on the cattle, with the assurance that Rebstock could explain everything. By noon the Cache was in an uproar. The cowboys were riding carefully, and their guards, rifles in hand, were watching the corners. Ahead of the slowly moving line with the growing bunch of cattle behind it, flourished as it were rather conspicuously, fugitive riders dashed back and forth with curses and yells across the narrow valley. If it had been Whispering Smith's intention to raise a large-sized row it was apparent that he had been successful. Rebstock, driven to desperation, held council after council to determine what to do. Sorties were discussed, ambushes considered, and a pitched battle was planned. But, while ideas were plentiful, no one aspired to lead an attack on Whispering Smith.

Moreover, Williams Cache, it was



conceded, would in the end be worsted if the company and the cowmen together seriously undertook with men and unlimited money to clean it out. Whispering Smith's party had no explanation to offer for the round-up, but when Rebstock made it known that the fight was over sending out Du Sang, the rage of the rustlers turned on Du Sang. Again, however, no man wanted to take up personally with Du Sang the question of the reasonableness of Whispering Smith's demand. Instead of doing so, they fell on Rebstock and demanded that if he were boss he make good and send Du Sang out.

Of all this commotion the railroad men saw only the outward indications. As the excitement grew on both sides there was perhaps a little more of display in the way the cattle were run in, especially when some long-lost bunch was brought to light and welcomed with yells from the center. A steer was killed at noon, everybody fed, and the line moved forward. The wind, which had slept in the sunshine of the morning, rose in the afternoon, and the dust whirled in little clouds where men or animals moved. From the center two men had gone back with the cattle gathered up to that time, and Bill Dancings, with Smith, Stormy Gorman, and two of the cowboys, were heading a draw to cross to the north side of the Cache, when three men rode out into the road 500 yards ahead and halted.

Whispering Smith spoke: "There come our men; stop here. This ground in front of us looks good to me; they may have chosen something over there that suits them better. Feel your guns and we'll start forward slowly; don't take your eyes off the bunch, whatever you do. Bill, you go back and help the men with the cattle; there will be four of us against three then."

"Not for mine!" said Bill Dancings bluntly. "You may need help from an old fool yet. I'll see you through this and look after the cattle afterward."

"Then, Stormy, one or two of you go back," urged Whispering Smith, speaking to the cowboy foreman without turning his eyes. "There's no need of five of us in this."

But Stormy swore violently. "You go back yourself!" exclaimed Stormy, when he could control his feelings. "We'll bring them fellows in for you in ten minutes with their hands in the air."

"I know you would; I know it. But I'm paid for this sort of thing and you are not, and I advise no man to take unnecessary chances. If you all want to stay, why stay; but don't ride ahead of the line, and let me do all the talking. See that your guns are loose—you'll never have but one chance to pull, and don't pull till you're ready. The albino is riding in the middle now, isn't he? And a little back, playing for a quick drop. Watch him. Who is that on the right? Can it be George Seagrue? Well, this is a bunch. And I guess Karg is with them."

Holding their horses to a slow walk, the two parties gingerly approached each other. When the Cache riders halted the railroad riders halted; and when the three rode the fire rode; but the three rode with absolute alignment and acted as one, while Whispering Smith had trouble in holding his men back until the two lines were 50 feet apart.

By this time the youngest of the cowboys had steadied and was thinking hard. Whispering Smith halted, in perfect order and sitting their horses as if they were riding parade, the Cache riders advanced in the sunshine like one man. When Du Sang and his companions reined up, less than 12 feet separated the two lines.

In his tan shirt, Du Sang, with his yellow hair, his white eyelashes, and his narrow face, was the least impressive of the three men. Seagrue rode on the right, his florid blood showing under the tan on his neck and arms. He spoke to the cowboys from the ranch, and on the left the young fellow Karg, with the broken nose, black-eyed and alert, looked the men over in front of him and nodded to Dancings. Du Sang and his companions wore short-armed shirts; rifles were slung at their pommels, and revolvers stuck in their hip-scabbards. Whispering Smith, in his dusty suit of khaki, was the only man in either line who showed no revolver, but a hammerless or muley Savage rifle hung beside his pommel.

Du Sang, blinking, spoke first: "Which of you fellows is heading this round-up?"

"I am heading the round-up," said Whispering Smith. "Why? Have we got some of your cattle?"

The two men spoke as quietly as school-teachers. Whispering Smith's expression in no way changed, except that as he spoke he lifted his eyebrows a little more than usual.

Du Sang looked at him closely as he went on: "What kind of a way is this to treat anybody? To ride into a valley like this and drive a man's cows away from his door without notice or papers? Is your name Smith?"

"My name is Smith; yours is Du Sang. Yes, I'll tell you, you're Du Sang. I carry an inspector's card from the

Mountain Stock Association—do you want to see it? When we get these cattle to the Door, any man in the Cache may come forward and prove his property. I shall leave instructions to that effect when we go, for I want you to go to Medicine Bend with me. Du Sang, as soon as convenient, and the men that are with me will finish the round-up."

"What do you want me for? There's no papers out against me, is there?" "No, but I'm an officer, Du Sang. I'll see to the papers; I want you for murder."

"So they tell me. Well, you're after the wrong man. But I'll go with you; I don't care about that."

"Neither do I, Du Sang; and as you have some friends along, I won't break up the party. They may come, too."

"What for?" "For stopping a train at Tower W Saturday night."

The three men looked at one another and laughed. Du Sang with an oath spoke again: "The men you want are in Canada by this time. I can't speak for my friends; I don't know whether they want to go or not. As far as I am concerned, I haven't killed anybody that I know of. I suppose you'll pay my expenses back?"

"Why, yes, Du Sang, if you were coming back I would pay your expenses; but you are not coming back. You are riding down Williams Cache for the last time; you've ridden down it too many times already. This round-up is especially for you. Don't deceive yourself; when you ride with me out of the Cache, you won't come back."

Du Sang laughed, but his blinking eyes were as steady as a cat's. It did not escape Whispering Smith's notice that the mettlesome horses ridden by the outlaws were continually working around to the right of his party. He spoke amiably to Karg: "If you can't manage that horse, Karg, I can. Play fair. It looks to me as if you and Du Sang were getting ready to run for it, and leave George Seagrue to shoot his way through alone."

Du Sang, with some annoyance, intervened: "That's all right; I'll go with you. I'd rather see your papers, but if you're Whispering Smith it's all right. I'm due to shoot out a little game some time with you at Medicine Bend, anyway."

"Any time, Du Sang; only don't let your hand wobble next time. It's too close to your gun now to pull right."

"Well, I told you I was going to come, didn't I? And I'm coming—now!"

With the last word he whipped out his gun. There was a crash of bullets. Questioned once by McCloud and approached for taking chances, Whispering Smith answered simply: "I have to take chances," he said. "All I ask is an even break."

But Kennedy had said there was no such thing as an even break with Whispering Smith. A few men in a generation amuse, baffle, and mystify other men with an art based on the principle that the action of the hand is quicker than the action of the eye. With Whispering Smith the drawing of a revolver and the art of throwing his shots instantly from wherever his hand rested was pure sleight-of-hand. To a dexterity so fatal he added a judgment that had not failed when confronted with deceit. From the moment that Du Sang first spoke, Smith, convinced that he meant to shoot his way through the line, waited only for the moment to come. When Du Sang's hand moved like a flash of light, Whispering Smith, who was holding his coat lapels in his hands, struck his pistol from the scabbard over his heart and threw a bullet at him before he could fire, as a conjurer throws a vanishing coin into the air. Spurring his horse fearfully as he did so, he dashed at Du Sang and Karg, leaped his horse through their line and, wheeling at arm's length, shot again. Bill Dancings jumped in his saddle, swayed, and toppled to the ground. Stormy Gorman gave a single whoop at the spectacle and, with his two cowboys at his heels, fled for life.

More serious than all, Smith found himself among three fast revolvers, working from an unmanageable horse. The beast tried to follow the fleeing cowboys, and when faced sharply about showed temper. The trained horses of the outlaws stood like statues, but Smith had to fight with his horse bucking at every shot. He threw his bullets as best he could first over one shoulder and then the other, and used the last cartridge in his revolver with Du Sang, Seagrue, and Karg shooting at him every time they could fire without hitting one another. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

The Old Man and Death.

An old man that had traveled a long way with a great bundle of fagots found himself so weary that he flung it down, and called upon death to deliver him from his most miserable existence. Death came straightway at his call and asked him what he wanted. "Pray, good sir," said the old man, "just do me the favor to help me up with my bundle of fagots."—Aesop.

IN THE PUBLIC EYE

JOHN ARBUCKLE'S NEW FAME



The new way of raising ships—by compressed air—which had its latest successful demonstration recently, has brought the name of the old multi-millionaire coffee merchant, John Arbuckle, into additional prominence. The naval collier Nero, struck on a reef while going out of Narragansett bay. Professional wreckers of long experience tried to haul the big boat off, but in vain. They could not patch her hull and pump the water out, which used to be the only way before Arbuckle entered the field of raising submerged ships. Finally the government sought his aid and agreed to pay his price. The hull was sealed and made air tight, except where a great gash had been torn in her side by the jagged rocks of the reef. Big compressors pumped in the air and forced the water out. By careful calculation a sufficient pressure of air was maintained to keep the water from entering again. She floated, was towed to Newport and soon will be repaired, and be as seaworthy as ever.

This is the third or fourth job of this sort that the Arbuckle engineers have done after a wreck has been abandoned as hopelessly lost, the most striking instance of which was the partial salvage of the United States ship Yankee, which was wrecked in the same waters as nearly engulfed the Nero. After the Yankee went ashore the customary naval board of survey met, looked her over with due solemnity and then declared it was useless to attempt to raise the ship. When this opinion was made known publicly the persistent and indefatigable Arbuckle made an offer to the government to do the work. Grudgingly he was allowed to try his hand at it, and within a comparatively short time the "wreck" was once more afloat and bound in tow for Newport. But she was destined for Davy Jones' locker, it would seem. For in the course of this last voyage a gale of unusual violence sprang up and the work of Arbuckle's engineering crew went for nothing. The Yankee had sailed for the Port of Missing Ships.

Curiously enough, John Arbuckle does not claim to know anything much about raising ships from the bottom of the sea. He leaves that to his engineers. He is a business man and makes the contracts. They do the technical, practical part of the work. But when this new scheme for rescuing ships was brought to him for financial backing some time ago he was keen enough to see immediately that it was practicable and to put it to a thorough test without having any misgivings as to the result.

John Arbuckle is about 75 years old now. He is one of the greatest coffee merchants in the world; also he is a power in the sugar trade. His name is familiar to as many millions of people almost as Rockefeller's. Yet the public knows less about his personality than it does about that of some \$10,000-a-year man who diligently seeks to get his name into print.

MAY MARRY A GREEK PRINCE



The gossips in London are absolutely determined to marry off Miss Margaretta Drexel to a prince of Greece.

Soon after Mrs. Anthony Drexel gave her "small dance," which eventually became a ball attended by more than 600 guests, it was reported that pretty Miss Margaretta was engaged to Prince Christopher of Greece, the younger son of the Greek king, and a nephew of Queen Alexandra. This rumor arose from the fact that Mrs. Drexel had planned a "young people's table" at supper.

At this table Miss Anita Stewart, Miss Drexel's cousin, sat next to her fiance, Prince Miguel of Braganza, who kept everybody laughing with his somewhat antediluvian jokes in broken English, and Miss Drexel herself sat next to Prince Christopher of Greece, to whom she made herself very agreeable, as usual, but whom she found a little difficult to entertain.

It was the prince's first visit to England, and, being very shy, he was rather dazed at the splendor of the Drexel entertainment. He is a very "good looking" youth, who will be 21 soon, but his coming of age will not be celebrated formally at Athens until late in the fall, when the Greek royal family come together after many months of travel.

Mrs. Anthony Drexel, although once described as a very ambitious woman, has no idea of forcing her daughter into any alliance, however great, which the girl does not approve of, and Miss Drexel herself is a young woman of strength of character. In the last three years she has refused more brilliant offers than any girl in London, and she is not likely to be carried away by the engagement of her cousin to a prince of Braganza.

The Drexels, after a stay at Marienbad, will come over to New York in October for a short stay.

"FATHER" TIRED OF HIS JOB



That some Americans have a right to vote for an English member of parliament is not generally known, yet it is a fact. All graduates of the older universities in England have this privilege, and those from over the water who happen to be in England at the time soon will have the chance to exercise their right, for J. G. Talbot, M. P., who has represented Oxford university for 31 years, will seek re-election at the general election, now believed to be not very far off.

On the death of the late prime minister, Sir Henry Campbell Bannerman, Mr. Talbot succeeded to the title of "father" of the house of commons. He has sat continuously in that assembly for a longer period than any of his colleagues, being returned for West Kent in December, 1868, the same month in which the previous holder of the title died.

During his 41 years in the house, Mr. Talbot has held no prominent public position. As befits the constituency which he represents, he has concerned himself mainly with questions relating to religious and educational matters. He is an ecclesiastical commissioner and a privy councillor.

DIVORCES A POLO PLAYER



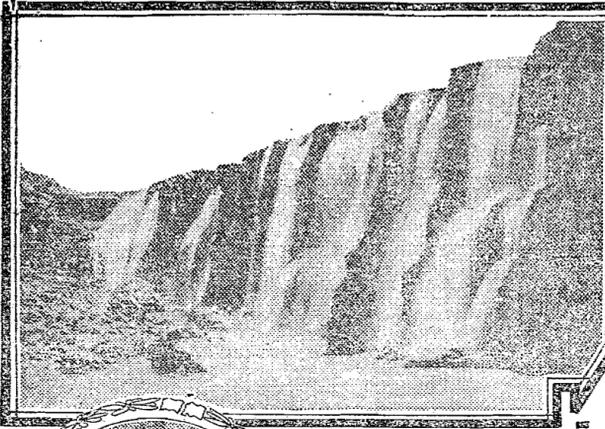
Mrs. Mary Lawrence Keene, wife of Foxhall R. Keene, millionaire turfman, polo player and society leader of New York city, has been granted a divorce.

The decree was made by Judge Watts Parker on July 2, in Lexington, Ky., but the court and the lawyers on both sides kept the matter a profound secret. All of the evidence in the case was taken by deposition by Attorneys Allan and Duncan of that city, representing Foxhall Keene, and by George Shanklin, acting for the wife.

Mrs. Keene was not present in person at any stage of the proceedings. Friends of the Keenes in New York were surprised by the divorce as it was believed that the action had been dropped.

The domestic affairs of the Keenes have been discussed in society for more than seven years. They separated in October, 1904. At that time it was reported their differences arose from the financial reverses suffered by Mr. Keene in the failure of the stock brokerage firm of Talbot J. Taylor & Company, in which he was a partner with Mr. Taylor, his brother-in-law. Persons close to the couple declared that had nothing to do with it and that the cause of their separation was due to a natural difference of temperament resulting in incompatibility. Mrs. Keene left the fine home of her husband at Wheatley Hills, L. I., and went to live with her father, Frederic Lawrence, at Bayside, L. I. Mrs. Keene has spent much of her time since the separation in Europe, while Mr. Keene has divided his attention between New York and Kentucky, where he has a stud farm.

A TRIP ACROSS MEXICO



FALLS OF JUANACATLAN



IN CHAPULTEPEC PARK, CITY OF MEXICO

Standing on the steps of the state capitol at Denver, Gov. Shafer of Colorado smiled and waved his hand to a scout car that was quickly speeding away from the capital bearing the flags of Old Mexico and the United States and followed by a dozen well filled cars.

This was the final farewell to the car and its crew of four men who were going to make a trip from Denver to Mexico City, a distance of almost 2,400 miles, the greater part of which was unexplored.

The trip was being taken to map a route between Denver and the Mexican capital over which an endurance contest will be run next October. George A. Wahlgreen, a leading citizen of Denver, last fall offered a handsome trophy to the car that would cover this distance with the best endurance record.

Four men undertook this trip in a 30-horsepower car, which had already quite a full experience. For the past 30 days this car has been driving through Old Mexico and the men have been having strange experiences in a country where automobiles have never before and the American never before set his foot. This path was laid over miles and miles of sandy desert wastes and rock strewn plains and parched sands. They traveled for days without the sight of a bird, water, a human face or even a human abode. At nights they slept by the side of their car, with revolvers in hand, and were sung to sleep by the wail of the coyotes, which broke the awful stillness of a semi-tropical desert. The party consisted of Billy Knipper, an experienced driver of racing cars; F. Ed. Spooner, newspaper man; W. E. McCarton of Denver and James H. Howard, a guide.

This party left Denver May 1 and arrived in Mexico City June 3 at midday. The trip from Denver to El Paso, the last stop this side of the Mexican border, was full of pleasant driving, soon to be forgotten when the car got into the unexplored country. The trip was made literally along mountain tops. The car started at an altitude of 5,173 feet above sea level and ended in Mexico City, which is 8,000 feet above sea level. At no time was the route below 3,500 feet.

In every town they stopped at they met a lively reception. The party arrived in El Paso May 12. The pathfinders took on a great coat of tan during the eight days of traveling over the mountains and deserts.

The party spent one day of rest in El Paso and this time was spent in generally overhauling the car and getting additional supplies for a dash into a country in which they did not know when they would meet man again. The crew found here that the trip of the American car into Mexico was being accepted as of much greater moment than they had anticipated. They were informed that down in Mexico, all along the line, preparations were being made to receive the tourists and extend every courtesy. They left El Paso with light hearts, not knowing that it was theirs to return again.

It was here, though, that they had some tried difficulties in getting through the customs on May 13, but finally the car was passed and the members received their passports carrying the additional rights of explorers.

They passed the Mexican burros drawing wood and water and the Mexican drivers were found to be very apathetic. Inquiries of these Mexicans by Interpreter James Howard led to plenty of replies. One said it was "dos cigarros" to Guadalupe, meaning that two cigarettes would be smoked during the distance. Others used leagues as measurements, others used kilometers.

It was proven that the guide which they had taken on at El Paso knew little more about the roads, or pretended to know less, than they them-

selves. In following his directions, they took the right fork of a dangerous looking road and went hub deep in adobe mud. Block and tackle, which was part of their equipment, came into play, and the car came out backward. They started around this and the car was bucking the sand nobly, although the men often had to get out to cut sage brush from the way and dig sand from under the wheels before they could make headway. Finally the car went down over the hubs in what proved to be quicksand, and refused to budge.

The block and tackle proved of no avail. They saw that it was a case of camp and wait for relief. This was their first taste of the bitter of pathfinding. They later found that they were stranded in a desert 46 miles from a railroad, without food and water. They finally decided that Billy Knipper, the driver, and F. Ed. Spooner would stay with the car and McCarton and Howard, the guide, would walk until they found a ranch house or some other place where they could get aid. The place where they were stuck is known as Tierra Blanca, or White Earth, so called from the sand composing it. Here the sand drifted like snow and they seemed to be in the midst of great oceans of sand. The wind heaped the sand through the wheels of the car like a cyclone, and as fast as they would dig the sand from under the wheels more would blow in.

The hardships of the two men left with the car were even greater than those of the relief party. The sun was broiling hot and they made a cover, throwing blankets over two poles lying against the car. Their water bags were empty and they squeezed all the water from the radiator of the car. This water they mixed with some powdered peas and made a mixture which they called cold pea soup and which they said tasted like cough medicine. They were there for three days subsisting on this fare with no solid food.

At the close of the third afternoon they saw Howard coming over the sands holding a water bottle toward them. They rushed from their improvised tent with a shout of joy and staggered as drunk for the precious liquid.

The first relief party that was sent out from El Paso were unable to lift the car from its bed of sand, and they had to return for further assistance. Six men went out in another car and by means of 350 feet of rope used as a block and tackle placed around the relief car they were finally able to lift the car from the sand. After taking on supplies they again plunged into the unknown country.

One time during the last lap the car slid on the edge of a cliff and hung there on such a fine point that a baby could have dumped it over. It was only by two of the members of the party springing from the car and holding it that the car and two of its occupants were saved. It was finally swung to safety by block and tackle and proceeded on its way.

The dangers that these men met in going through this practically unknown country would fill a book. The car was met at Tula, 25 miles out of Mexico City, its final destination, and escorted into the city with great pomp and ceremony. President Diaz welcomed the pathfinders. Now the car, followed by a large number of others filled with local motorists, paraded the streets of the city, which was bantering with welcoming words. They were given a dinner that night at the Hotel Geneva and a ball on the same evening. On Sunday the party was entertained by a bull fight of real Mexican style and the pathfinding crew was given the honor of carrying Harper Lee, the greatest American bull fighter, into and around the ring several times to be reviewed by President Diaz by his arrangement. He was present in full uniform.

The car was the object of great curiosity, and many of the native Mexicans, who had been following its progress through the republic southward, knowing the condition of the Mexican roads, declared that such a trip was impossible. This was also said in the western states through which the car passed.

Motorists say that this is one of the greatest feats brought to the notice of automobilists in years and will pave the way for a great automobile industry in the southern republic. The friendly invasion of the cars that cover this course next October will add to the amiability of the two great American republics.



GATHERED SMILES

NOT SO BAD.

Gwendolyn de Courtenay, the handsome society favorite, was nervously agitated. Even a blind-baggage car could see that. She passed up and down in front of the large cheval glass in her room. Evidently she was greatly aggrieved over something. Finally her high-strung nerves got churned up to such a pitch that she lost control over herself and began to clutch and tear wildly at her hair, pulling it out in large handfuls.

Your sympathetic nature is aroused and you cry: "The poor woman is temporarily insane. Why doesn't some one stop her before she does herself bodily injury? She must be in terrible mental agony to stand the pain of pulling her hair out by the roots."

But hush! Be not too lavish with your sympathy, friend. Up to now Gwendolyn has only pulled off 14 pounds of puffs, three miles of interlocking switches, and a few detachable curls. She has some distance to go yet before she touches the real, cross-your-heart hair. Gwendolyn is merely distracted because her maid cannot get her floating, bursute equipment on in becoming array. She is simply getting ready for a fresh start! —Puck.

Putting Him Wise.

"Have you a play for next season?" asked the low comedian.

"No," answered the manager. "Well," continued the l. c., "I can put you next to something that will draw well."

"What is it?" queried the manager. "A mustard plaster," answered the other, as he made a hurried getaway.

Gettin' Em Out of the Way.

Penman—A certain society has made me an offer to buy all of my poems.

Wright—It must be the Humane society.—Yonkers Statesman.

AT THE SEASIDE.



Miss Oldgirl—Don't you think it's a great impropriety to be engaged to three men at once?

Miss De Flippe—Not if they don't know it.

No Use.

Newspapers try to post the world. And keep it posted—do their best—And yet some city youth each year Essays to pick a hornet nest.

Opposing Results.

"There is one paradoxical experience," remarked the Home Philosopher, "which nearly every person has."

"What is that?" asked the Humble Companion. "That it strikes no one's sense of humor to bit his funny-bone."

Precaution.

"If there is anything a trust hates to do," said Mr. Dustin Stax, "it is to break a law."

"I understand," answered Senator Sorghum, "that is why you have so often tried to have the law made to suit you in the first place."

Temptation.

When you come right down to it, a woman can't stand temptation, if it comes in the form of a new hat in a store window marked down to \$13.49. A man succumbs to the tempter when somebody whispers: "The bass are biting."

The Rebound.

"Every time we were alone before we were married you used to take advantage of the fact to tell me what you thought of me."

"And now every time we are not alone you tell me what you think of me."

Help for Smokers.

Bill—I see a purchase in a German tobacco shop entitles you to one telephone call.

Jill—I hope that doesn't mean that the telephone calls are all for ambulances?—Yonkers Statesman.

Deadly.

Winnie Wink—It is no use of talking, our hats take the masculine eye this summer.

Billie Bink—Er—yes; take both eyes if a chap doesn't dodge quickly.

Where the Break Came.

"I thought you and Mrs. Brown were the best of friends."

"We were, until we rented a summer cottage together."

Hard to Connect.

"Money's everything, isn't it?" "Pretty near. For instance, it is no use for a man to have broad views with narrow means."

THE SUBURBAN BREAKFAST

Coffee cup and roll in hand And fifty seconds late, Father breakfasts on one run To catch the 7:35.

Nibbling at a soft boiled egg And hooding night and main, Mother breakfasts as she speeds To catch the shoppers' train.

Carrying his bowl of mush And double quickening far, Tommy breakfasts as he hikes To catch the high school car.

Thus for suburbs it would seem, Though revenues are lax, No breakfast tables will be found On which to lay a tax. —McLanburgh Wilson, in New York Sun.

THE BRUTE.



Mrs. Fixem—I don't see what you men find in your club.

Mr. Fixem—It's what we don't find.

Clever Willie.

On his baby sister's head While broke a piece of tin, Mamma only smiled and said: "That will hold her for a while."

Soothing.

"I think my wife has mesmeric powers. Whenever I am unable to sleep I get her to run her fingers through my hair, and she never fails to make me feel drowsy in a little while."

"My wife can put me to sleep in an easier way than that. I just permit her to go on talking and she soon gets so deeply interested in her subject that she doesn't expect me to answer."

The Latest.

Sandy Pikes—Yes, mum, I used to be de star wire walker in de days of Barnum. Couldn't you loan me a quarter to join de show in de next town?

Housewife (suspiciously)—Where is your wire?

Sandy Pikes—Don't carry it any more, mum. I'm a wireless walker now.

By Inference.

Bridge Teacher—Now, if your partner is dealer and has a dreadful hand, what will she make it?

Mrs. Baker—No trumps. Bridge Teacher—Why, you don't know anything about bridge!

Mrs. Baker—Possibly not; but I know all about my partner.—Harper's Bazar.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND.



"Love your neighbor as yourself," said the minister with great earnestness.

"Thomas," whispered the laezy who lives next door to a pretty young widow, "come away. This is no place for you."

Going Some.

Orville took a fancy flight Defying gravitation's laws, But when it comes to swiftness his flight was nothing like the shair's.

Adapting Proverbs.

He (dogmatically)—Straws show which way the wind blows.

She (significantly)—Well, sometimes, in a treating party, they show somebody is raising the wind.

The Language of Love.

"Has he proposed yet?" "Not in so many words."

"That's no answer. Proposals never come in words—they consist of sighs, heens, haws and gurgles."

Masculine Viewpoint.

The Bachelor—I saw something framed up this morning that was calculated to make women false.

The Widow—Indeed! What was it? The Bachelor—A mirror.

Seminiscently Warm.

Subscriber—That new writer in your paper is giving us hot stuff.

Editor—Yes; he used to be in the weather bureau.

The Florence Tribune

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.

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

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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

Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

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

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



Florence, Neb., August 27, 1909.

Hurrah!

Welcome, veterans; thrice wel-
come.

This is the week for war stories
and reminiscences.

The pioneers are welcomed as
much as the veterans.

Don't it seem nice to see that flag
flying in the city park?

The city park certainly presents a
busy appearance this week.

If it wasn't for the sprinkling of
Main street life would be unbearable
for the dust.

That flag pole is a dandy and the
council and mayor are entitled to a
vote of thanks for erecting it.

If you want all the news of Flo-
rence you will have to read the Tri-
bune. It prints all the news that is
fit to print.

To the veterans: Help yourself to
anything you want in Florence, and
if you want anything not here just
tell us and we will get it for you.

If you want to see a sight worth
going miles to see attend the council
meetings and see the bald-headed edi-
tor and the editor with lots of hair.

The editor has been reading so
many catalogues on gasoline engines
that all he can think of nowadays is
sparks, igniters, feeds, pistons, ex-
plosions, etc.

While the veterans are rapidly
passing, their descendants are com-
ing forward, prepared and equipped
to take up weapons in defense of the
country if need be, thanks to the
example set by them.

You can mark it down that the
Tribune does have a knock, and a
big one, on all the doings and things
that are not for the best interests of
the taxpayers and citizens. It also
has a boost, and a big one, for all
things that are for the good of the
city.

A WORD.

Last year the editor of the Tribune
was county central committeeman
from this precinct. At the conven-
tion in July he was named on a com-
mittee to select the new county com-
mittee.

In making this selection he urged
the appointment of Mayor F. S.
Tucker, who was named. He urged
Mr. Tucker for the place, believing
the interests of the party could be in
no better hands.

Not being on the committee, the
editor feels free to criticize the can-
didates and their records and in the
near future will do so.

There are several on the ticket who
should never have been put there,
being totally unfit for the office to
which they aspire, but of this more
later.

THE VETERANS.

Long years have elapsed since the
war of the rebellion and the majority
of those alive today know nothing of
the war but what we have been told
or read.

In that mighty conflict many gave
up their lives, many more were
wounded and some came through un-
scathed, but sickened in mind and
body at the awful gruesome sights
they had witnessed.

Each year since then has seen the
list of those engaged in that war
grow smaller and smaller, until today
there is but a mere handful in pro-
portion to those engaged in the con-
flict.

Forty-four years have elapsed since
the war closed and these years have
softened the animosities then engen-
dered, and rightly it should, for we
are now one under one flag and coun-
try.

Of those who are alive and with
us today we don't believe there is
one that is in favor of war, with all
its cruelties, carnage and hardships,
but rather that they favor arbitration
of all difficulties.

To those who are with us today we

should show our appreciation of their
courage and devotion to country,
their saving to us this grand and
glorious country of ours.
Hurrah for the veterans!
May their shadow never grow less
and may the years deal kindly with
them is our wish.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian
Church.

Sunday Services.
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.
Mid-Week Service.
Wednesday—8:00 p. m.
The public is cordially invited to
attend these services.
William Harvey Amos, Pastor.

Church Services Swedish Lutheran
Ebenezer Church.

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

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Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal
Order of Eagles.

Past Worthy President, R. H. Olmsted
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Worthy Chaplain.....Paul Haskell
Inside Guard.....Nels Bondesson
Outside Guard.....Wm. Storms, Jr.
Physician.....Dr. W. A. Akers
Trustees: M. B. Parks, Dan Kelly,
John Lubold.
Meets every Wednesday in Wall's
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Oracle.....Blanche Thompson
Vice Oracle.....Harriet Taylor
Chancellor.....Mary Nelson
Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson
Outside Sentinel.....Elizabeth Hollett
Recorder.....Mrs. Newell Burton
Physician.....Susan Nichols
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, Elmer
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Meets 1st and 3rd Monday at Wall's
Hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.
Venerable Consul.....J. A. Fox
W. A.....C. J. Larsen
Banker.....F. D. Leach
Clerk.....W. R. Wall
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday
of each month in Wall's Hall.

AD. THAT BROUGHT RETURNS.

Girls in Profusion Ready to Accept
Inducement Offered by Absent-
Minded Man.

One male stenographer is not very
happy just now, says a writer in the
New York Times. His wife asked him
to put in an advertisement for a maid.
He consented, but absently, and only
remembered his errand at the mo-
ment before setting out for his home.
He wrote and mailed the ad., mak-
ing only one slight mistake. He of-
fered \$15 per week, instead of per
month!

The next morning at 6 of the clock
the front door bell rang.

"See who that is," said the wife,
dreamily. He saw! Two Swedish
maidens, one rosy German girl, a bon-
nie Scottish lass, a demure English
woman, past her first youth; a num-
ber of females, age, appearance, man-
ners, accent, all offering a rich variety
clamored for the privilege of serving
in his \$45 flat!

"You'd better get up—I didn't know
times were as hard as this, poor
things," he remarked to his wife.

She rose and interviewed the var-
ious nationalities in a kimono. Her
husband dressed hastily, with visions
of an extra good breakfast floating in
the air before him.

"Which did you take?" he asked,
eagerly, as his wife returned.

These pages must not record the
language before which a stricken man
fed, dropping in at a restaurant for
rolls and coffee. He entered his of-
fice and worded another ad., a sadder
man, at any rate.

Was Not in Her Hair.

"Now, Margaret, dear, I'm going to
put some vaseline on your hair to take
the dandruff out," said mamma to her
small hopeful of five. "Then you may
run out and play."

"What's in your hair, Margie?"
asked her playmate a little later. "It
looks all shiny."

"Oh, my mamma put some gasoline
in it to take the dandelions out," re-
plied little Margaret, wisely.

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ending Saturday, August 28, pro-
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our store and leave them; and buy a
new pair and wear them away.

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FROM OUR EXCHANGES

The Bingville Bugle.

As far back as the oldest inhabitant of Bingville can recollect, and probably further back than that probably, there has never been such a scourge of grasshoppers in our midst as at the present writing, and if things go on as they have for the past week the goshrammed grasshoppers in Bingville and vicinity will eat us outen house and home and this naberhood won't be nothink but a desert waste, devoid of vegetashion and most everything else.

Where all these grasshoppers come from is a mystery, but everybody hopes that they will soon go wherever they come from and remain there forever. Grasshoppers has been so plenty in our midst that as far as most folks is concerned they don't care whether they ever see a grasshopper again as long as they live. Now, if grasshoppers was any good for anything that anybody could think of it would be different, but what good is a grasshopper in this world except to use to bait a fish-hook with, perhaps? No good, we answer. What was grasshoppers created for? Nobody knows. It is said that all critters was created for some good use, but if sombody will kindly rise up and state what good a musketer is or a bedbug, or the brown-tail moth, or the typhoid fever, we would be very much obliged, indeed.

These grasshoppers struck Bingville about two weeks ago, and sinst that time they have multiplied theirselves many fold until things has come to sich a pass that a person can't scairsely step outen their back door without stepping on grasshoppers.

Last Sunday Rev. Samuel Moore, our beloved pastor of the Bingville church, preached a sermon on the "Grasshopper Scourge." Hank Dewberry, who don't never go to church except on speshial occasions, and who wasn't there last Sabbath, when he heard what Rev. Moore had preached about, said he kalkilated the parson must be purty hard up for a subject when he would preach about grasshoppers.

Rev. Moore he said that the grasshoppers, which have been in our midst is a divine visitashion because of our sins. He said that it ort to be a warning to us that we must live nobuller and better lives or else Bingville is liable to be wiped out like Sodom & Gommarrah. Rev. Moore preached that in Bible times locusts and frogs and various other pests was sent to the people to make them behave theirselves and live more according to the dictates of their consiences, and he kalkitates that's what we have so many grasshoppers in our midst at the present time for.

While the sermon was being preched there was more grasshoppers present to hear it than there were members of the congregation. They were crawling over the seats and hopping about the floor and during the most sober part of the sermon one got down the back of Deacon Butterworth's neck, who had fell asleep over in the amen corner, and then likely the grasshopper sunk its fangs into the deacon, becuiz he woke up with a jump and begin to clam hisself under his left arm and hollered right out before the thort, "It's one of them dam grasshoppers agin!" Some of the folks as heard the deacon say it insists that he didn't use the word "dam" at all, but another word something like it, but more expressive. As for the deacon he got right up, clapped on his hat and left the church and went home, where he had to strip before he could get the grasshopper offen himself, which was all snarled-up in his clothes.

During the discourse a grasshopper clum up on the pulpit, and as Rev. Moore had just reached his "eightly" the grasshopper humped itself and hopped right into his left eye, which scart the parson so that he like to of fell over bacwards and his specs flew offen his nose and broke out one glass from them.

(Blair Pilot.)

A city girl writes: "It's a fond dream of mine to become a farmer's wife, and meander with him down his flowery pathway." Ah, yes, that is a nice thing to dream about, but when you have lived on the farm and followed this meandering business for a month or so, you will discover a wide chasm between the dream and the reality. You will think of this about the time your husband meanders off and leaves you without wood, and you have to meander up and down the lane pulling splinters off the fence with which to cook dinner. And when you meander around in the wet clover in search of the cows, you will have a dim perception that fond dreams do not always pan out a hundred cents on the dollar, and that there are several meanderings in farm life that are not listed in the dreaming category. The meandering business on the farm is not what it is cracked up to be.

Requisites.

"People who claim to be epicures often eat strange and undercooked food."

"Yes; in order to be a real epicure you've got to have not only good taste but a strong stomach."

An Old Saying.

"A penny for your thoughts," said the postman.

"What do you mean?" inquired the poet.
"There's a cent due on this returned manuscript."

poet.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

F. B. Oliver of Omaha was a Florence visitor Monday.

There will be a special meeting of the Royal Neighbors of America at their hall Monday evening.

Mrs. V. B. Woodrough of Omaha was the guest of Mrs. F. B. Nichols Tuesday.

Mrs. J. L. Houston, Miss Allie Houston and Mr. Hatch were guests of W. Armstrong in Omaha Tuesday.

James Houston of Omaha spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston.

Mrs. John Bondesson was the guest of her son, G. B. Bondesson, in Omaha Tuesday and Wednesday.

Miss Lillian Bondesson returned Sunday from Seattle, where she spent the summer.

School will open the third Monday in September.

J. H. Faris, George H. Hadlock, F. S. Tucker, C. M. Cottrell, M. B. Thompson, John Lubold and E. L. Elatz were spectators at the trial of the injunction suit Tuesday and Wednesday.

How Evans Got to Annapolis. Admiral Evans tells the story of how he happened to be appointed as a cadet to the naval academy at Annapolis from Utah when his native state was Virginia.

"William H. Hooper, the first territorial delegate to congress from Utah, was a great friend of my family," he said. "One day he asked me if I did not want to be an officer in the navy. I told him: 'You bet I do.' He then explained that there was an appointment to be made from Utah and said that if I was only a resident of Utah I could get the appointment. As soon as I could get my hat and catch a train I was on my way to Salt Lake City, and I got the appointment. I was the first cadet to be appointed from that territory."

Husband's Unique Tribute.

A raid was made in the "Baptist Bottoms" last night by a party of officers which succeeded in the seizure of a blind tiger. A negro by the name of John Owens was the violator of the law, who was caught with some 20 bottles of the goods of his profession. John is the husband of Carrie Owens, who is familiarly known in police quarters as one of the famous tigresses of these bottoms. The whisky found in this place bore the label "Old Carrie Owens," which goes to show that the woman is not young in the business.—Mobile Register.

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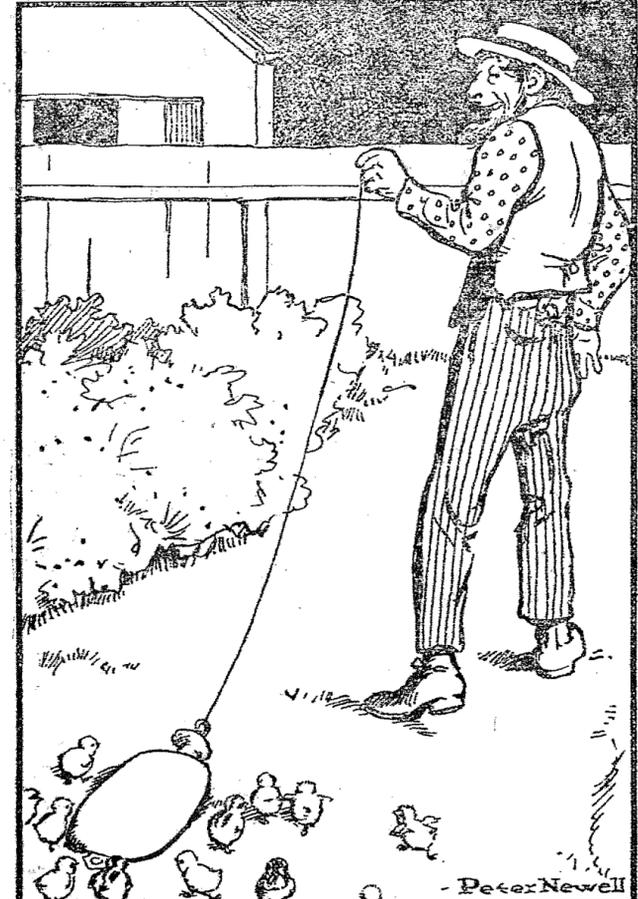
BETZVILLE TALES

Philo Gubb and the Auto Hen

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

Philo Gubb is one of the tenderest hearted men in Betzville. He hasn't the style necessary to mingle in our best society, but he has a good heart, and when his speckled hen died after settling on a nest of eggs for a week Philo's heart bled with pity for the poor motherless eggs. The very minute he saw the dead hen he hurried over to Aunt Rhinocolura Betz' and asked if he could borrow one of her hens, but they were all engaged in family business of their own just then, and Philo sat down on the edge of the porch and wept. After he had wept about a quart of tears he perked up all of a sudden, and asked Aunt Rhinocolura if she was using her hot-water bottle. When she said no, that her neuralgia wasn't giving her much trouble that summer, Philo just jumped up and down for joy.

As soon as Aunt Rhinocolura gave him the hot-water bottle he hurried home, hippity hopping with joy, and filled the hot-water bottle up to the neck, and screwed the stopper in, and laid it with gentle hand on top of the eggs. During the day the eggs did not worry him much after that, for the sun kept the water in the hot-water bottle warm enough, but it was a touching sight to see Philo at night. He spent all his time at the edge of



He Got Thoroughly in the Notion That the Hot Water Bottle was Really a Hen.

the nest, with an oil stove at his side and a tea-kettle of water boiling away on the oil stove. He was like a mother to those eggs, and it was most affecting to hear him while he had the bottle in his hands, filling it and saying: "Now, now, dearies, don't be impatient, daddy will have mudder full of hot water in a minute, and then mudder will cuddle dearies up again." The eggs seemed to understand the love Philo Gubb was showering on them, too. Of course an egg can't show its affection very well. Next to a china door knob an egg is about the dumbest unfeeling thing there is, but those eggs used to lie there and smile—no, not smile—they used to lie there and look up at—no, they didn't look up—anyway, they used to lie there. They used to lie there as quiet as 13 brick-bats. They were just placidly happy, as you might say. Care free, knowing Philo would take good care of them and protect them.

he was a bachelor and lived alone. He had less to distract his thoughts. The hot-water bottle grew so realistically hen-like to Philo that when the chicks got old enough to care for themselves, and Philo had a cousin from the city stay to dinner, he went into his back yard and looked over the chicks. He saw that they were not old enough to broil yet, so he got his ax and pounced down on the auto-hen, and chopped the stopper clean off. It wasn't until Philo grabbed what was left of the hot-water bottle and started to pick the feathers off that he realized it was not a real hen.

Romances of Progress

By Albert Payson Terhune

HENRY BESSEMER—The Man Whose Failure Won Success.

A young inventor—Henry Bessemer by name—awoke one morning in the first half of the nineteenth century to find himself the laughing-stock of England. His name was on all lips, and the story of his latest folly was told and retold amid the derision of a nation. He was pointed out as a fore-ordained failure in life. Here in brief is the tale of his odd ill-luck.

The stamping system in the British government offices was carried on in an expensive and old-fashioned way. Bessemer, though little more than a boy, invented an improved stamping device, which was so excellent that, in spite of the increased money-outlay involved, the government decided to adopt it. In payment Bessemer was to receive a life position as superintendent of stamps at a salary of \$4,000 a year. It was unheard-of good luck for so young a man. Bessemer in his delight became overzealous and forthwith spoiled his prospects by inventing still another system whereby the old-time arrangements for stamping could be continued profitably at no extra expense or special alteration. In other words, he "improved" away the necessity of his own promised position. There was no longer any need of his services. The government adopted his second system, thereby saving much money. Bessemer received not one penny for the invention, and was, moreover, out of a \$4,000 a year job. All England laughed; for there is scant sympathy for a fool, and "fool" was the mildest of the many terms applied to the youngster.

He stood ridicule bravely, and by means of several lesser inventions (gold paint, velvet making, and improvements in type-casting) he managed to support himself. Soon the Crimean war broke out. England was ill prepared. Bessemer devised a long projectile for use in smooth-bore cannon. His government would not adopt the invention. So he carried it to France, where a test was made. It was proven that such cast-iron cannon as were then in use were not strong enough to fire the new oblong shot. It was declared useless; and once more people laughed at Bessemer.

But, inadvertently, these two failures formed the foundation of his future fame and fortune. Had he received the easy government job promised him years before he would probably have rested content and done little for progress. Had his projectile been adopted, he might have remained a mere cannon-ball inventor. When, however, the French emperor rejected his new shot, on the ground that no cannon was sufficiently strong to fire it, Bessemer simply set to work to find some stronger material for cannon. He knew little of metals, but began a careful study of them. At that time, iron, not steel, was used for railroads, big guns and nearly every structure requiring metal. Steel was hard to make and was far too expensive for common use. Few men were employed in working on it, and these used a tedious, laborious process in its production.

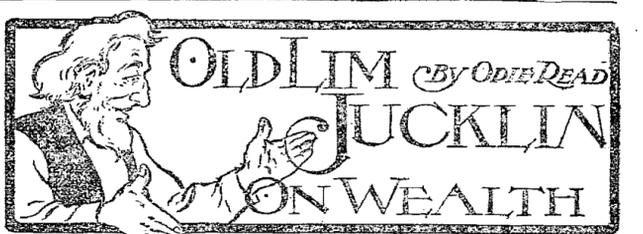
DAGUERRE—The Man Who Made Sunlight Work for Him.

A little French boy lay sick in his darkened bedroom one summer day in 1775. Outside was a glare of sunlight, but heavy shutters rendered the sick-room gloomy and dark. The white-washed ceiling alone reflected patches of light from holes and cracks in the wooden blinds.

He had merely been side the first camera in existence. A chink in the blinds had served as lens and the ceiling had been the plate or "finder," reflecting objects passing in the road outside. The boy did not forget. As he grew up his memory often returned to the strange phenomenon, and he began to figure out in his own mind the cause of it. At last, in the course of time, he hit upon a very fair solution of the mystery.

This decided, he set to work trying to reproduce the process in real life and to obtain some permanent image of objects thus photographed. After many failures he was finally successful in 1827, that by coating the surface of a metal plate with a mixture of lavender oil and asphalt, putting the plate in a primitive camera and exposing it a long time, a very faint image of the object or landscape in front of it would be cast upon the metal. He developed such plates by washing them with a combination of petroleum and lavender oil.

Great as was Niepce's discovery it remained for another man to put it to practical use. This collaborator was Jacques Daguerre, who had begun life as a soldier and had later won fame in Paris as a scene painter and maker of the first Diorama. A theater fire made Daguerre poor and out of employment. He met Niepce and went into partnership with him. Soon afterward Niepce died, and Daguerre carried on the work to completion. The ideas were, practically, all Niepce's. But it was Daguerre who got the credit for them and who had the honor of making the first successful photograph. He, too, it was after whom such early photographs were named, for the term "heliographic picture" was shortened to "Daguerreotype."



OLD LIM BY OPIC DEAD JUCKLIN ON WEALTH

At the schoolhouse there had been a lecture in sweeping denunciation of all wealth. Shaking his black mane and seeming to pop his forefinger, the lecturer, in a sort of frenzy, had declared the dollar to be the enemy of the human race. There was no hotel in the neighborhood, so the lecturer went home with old Linael Jucklin. Several of the neighbors dropped in when he appears to believe what he has to say," remarked old Lim. "The fact that the fiddler is in earnest adds a good deal to the quality of the fiddling. But a man may be sincere and at the same time fiddle out a tune that there ain't much music in. So, professor, you say that the dollar is the curse of the human race?"

is not the principle of the poor. Riches have oppressed, have been heartless, but that is not the spirit of money. Money is every man's servant. If he permits it to become his master he suffers for it. Money discovered America, and you must admit that this country has been a blessing to the human race. Columbus was looking for a road over which he could transport wealth. Men seeking for fortunes have made about all the discoveries on the face of the earth. The rudder of the ship is the universal tongue of the gospel. Science may sell and discover and come back and report; but commerce halts and builds up the country."



"But Do You Think It Is Right to Marry for Money?"

work has been the salvation of man. Enjoyments and all sorts of sports and pleasures wear out, but labor endures.

traction, and money has the faculty of makin' both men and women powerful handsome. I recollect an old maid that used to live not far from here. She was so ugly that hosses would get scared at her. And her homeliness wasn't goodness, either. She had a disposition like a porcupine. No matter from what direction you might approach her, there was a quill. Folks didn't like to pass her house, for she'd come out on the veranda and shout vitriol at them. The hip bones of poverty stuck up through her farm. She just about made a livin'. But one day her old uncle died, report said, and left her a hundred thousand dollars. Then the folks began to travel by her house. Some of them stopped to pay their respects. Among them was 'Squire Goodall. He pretended that he hadn't heard of her good fortune. He asked her how her uncle was gettin' along, and remarked that if she needed a side of bacon or two he would willingly fetch it over to her. She beamed on him and he dodged, but stood it. He told her he'd like to make her a present of his horse, and



He Proposed and She Accepted Him.

ain't the use of it. We commend a man for savin' his dollars, but if every man were to save to the very closest life would hardly be worth livin'. That's where an abundance of money comes in as a virtue whereas a little money might be an evil. When we have a great deal we are inclined to spend, and this makes others prosperous."

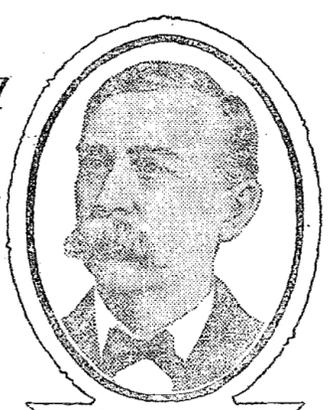
she thanked him and took it, and he walked home. He dreamed about her that night and it was a nightmare, but he decided that he was in love with her. Two days later he went back and made her a present of a cow. She smacked her mouth and took the cow, and "lowed he was the sweetest man. He thought so, too, but didn't say so. Well, shortly afterward he proposed and she accepted. They were married and the folks came in to drink cider and eat ginger cake. Just after the ceremony up comes a feller an' says to her: "Biz Goodall, I was in the Sycamore country the other day and met your old uncle, and he told me to tell you that he was mighty in need of help and that he wished you would send him a dollar or so if you could spare it."

The New Divorce Centre



JUDGE ORR, WHO DECIDES HALF OF THE DIVORCE SUITS

Reno, Nevada, A Million a Year Estimated Inherits the Sioux Falls Industry By HERBERT E. JACKSON



JUDGE PIKE, WHO DECIDES HALF OF THE DIVORCE SUITS

advantages of the town over any other in the state. Nevada is primarily a mining state, and nature usually hides her precious metals in difficult places. Reno is not a mining camp, and is not only centrally situated from a railroad point of view, but has scenic attractions rarely to be found in any American community.

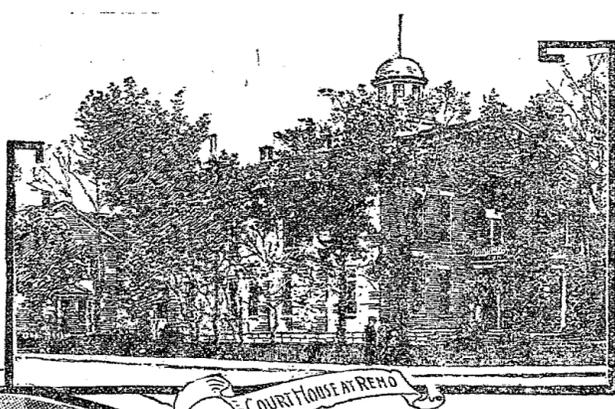
It is located in the heart of a rich agricultural region, and through the center of the town runs a beautiful mountain stream, the Truckee river. Surrounding the town, at a brief distance, are snow-capped mountains, and the winds coming from over their summits keep the air cool on summer nights. It is never very warm in Reno. On the other hand, the winters are comparatively mild.

An altitude of 4,500 feet makes the atmosphere somewhat trying on nerves that are not robust to begin with, but nervous affections are the only complaints to which the climate is unfavorable.

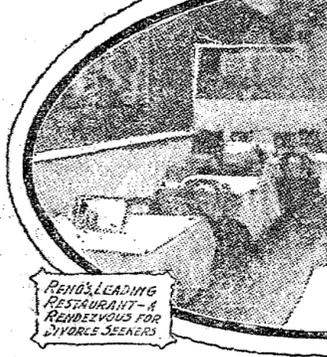
For the cure of other ailments hot mineral water springs abound in the vicinity of Reno. Twelve miles away are the famous Steamboat Springs which Comstock millionaires were wont to patronize 40 years ago. Three miles from Reno is Moana Springs. Five miles from Reno, to the west, is another famous medicinal resort, Laughton's Springs, the road to which runs along the Truckee river, making a beautiful driving boulevard. Half way to Laughton's on this road is a magnificent edifice

RENO, Nev.—The population and social life of Reno, Nev., are undergoing a great change. Where a year or so ago the optimistic mining promoter, in his corduroy or khaki and his high russet shoes, was wont to disport himself, to-day may be seen men of the east flashing by in high-powered automobiles. Where Washoe squaws would a year ago sit and play cards at the corners of the public squares may be seen to-day handsome women in Paris gowns sauntering in the afternoon sun. On the veranda of the leading hotel where a year ago were the silence and desolation that the panic of 1907 produced, idly sit and fight with ennui groups of men and women, who look forward, in mental vision, to the time when they will be able to forsake this frontier post of civilization and whirl an eager flight back to their homes in the east.

But they are looking for divorces at present, and so they must stay here for at least six months from date of arrival to satisfy the requirements of the Nevada divorce laws with regard



COURT HOUSE AT RENO



RENO'S LEADING RESTAURANT—A RENDEZVOUS FOR DIVORCE SEEKERS

to residence. For Reno has succeeded to the eminence formerly occupied by Sioux Falls as the divorce center of America. Some farsighted lawyer got into the Nevada legislature several years ago, and when he got out again there was a divorce law among the statutes of Nevada that for length, breadth, height, elasticity, and all other qualities that commend themselves to the seeker after easy matrimonial freedom, could not be surpassed anywhere in the union. It was equaled by the South Dakota law, though, and so Nevada and the Nevada lawyer secured no results from it for the time being.

But everything comes to him that waits, and when the people of South Dakota arose in their wrath last November and, by a referendum vote, declared that any one who desired to get a divorce in South Dakota would have to live there a year instead of six months, as had been the requirement previously, the seeker of relief from present matrimonial ties began to take the long journey westward to Nevada, where it takes but a six months' residence to be in a position to go before the courts of the state as plaintiff in a divorce suit.

W. H. Schnitzer, a Reno divorce specialist, has written a treatise on divorce practice and procedure, in which he throws an illuminating ray on the wherefore of the popularity of Reno as a divorce center. He says:

"While the laws of the eastern and middle western states generally contain some provision for the dissolution of the marriage tie, it is obvious to the reader that in cases where extreme cruelty, desertion, and failure to provide for the basis of the grievances, the law in such states offers no substantial relief to the aggrieved party, because the requirements of proof, duration of offense, corroboration of plaintiff and procedure under court rules are so exacting and irksome that the desired relief sought by the applicant is rendered impossible of attainment. Summing up the situation as it exists in the eastern states respecting the domestic relation law, the client when consulting local counsel is almost invariably advised that upon the facts submitted he or she is without remedy. Here in Nevada the applicant, without deception or fraud, upon almost any charge from which lack of harmonious relations may be reasonably inferred, may apply to our courts and secure prompt results by decree of absolute divorce, valid and binding in law."

While there are about 54 cases now on the docket of the district court, there are in Reno to-day over 350 individuals establishing a residence for divorce purposes, a majority of whom are women.

The charms of Nevada as a divorce center have only just begun to percolate into the consciousness of the outside world.

Reno has no objection to the present status of affairs. It is estimated that the revenue of the town from the divorce colony at present is close to \$1,000,000 a year, and that it will rapidly increase from this on. To a community of but 18,000 population this is no small consideration.

Why Reno is preferred to any other community in the state as a place of residence by those seeking divorces is because of the manifold ad-

come back for several days. It might be mentioned in this connection that the divorce colony has brought to Reno over 100 motor cars.

The leading hotels are always crowded, and the rents for cottages have appreciated, on the average, to the extent of 50 per cent. in the last six months. In some instances the increase has been much greater. One cottage that rented for \$60 a month in January last, now returns its owner a rental of \$100 a month.

Perhaps the one thing that endears Reno to the visiting divorcee more than anything else is its proximity to San Francisco. One may board a train in Reno and be in the Pacific coast metropolis in ten hours. Despite its manifold attractions, life in Reno is likely to wear irksome upon those who have been used to existence in larger centers, and the visitors, to a great extent, sooner or later during their stay, take a trip—half a dozen trips, over the Sierras to the Golden Gate.

Such visits, while affording relief from the monotony of life in Reno, do not impair the residence qualifications necessary to the obtaining of a divorce. To again quote the Nevada divorce authority already mentioned:

"Under the provisions of Section 22 of the Marriage and Divorce act, the plaintiff must reside in the state for a period of at least six months. This is not construed to mean that in order to fully comply with the statute the party must remain here continuously for said period. So, if a party comes to Nevada, and, in good faith, takes up a residence, the party may leave the state at any time after establishing residence, may go and travel when and wherever the party chooses, and may return to the state whenever inclination prompts, and yet such temporary absence would not in any wise affect the legality of the residence established, but the party would be entitled under the law to bring suit any time after the lapse of six months from the date residence was originally established, notwithstanding the party's absence from the state during said period."

Biased somewhat by the financial seductions of the situation, and yet to learn the lesson that such a state of affairs can only result in the moral degradation of the youth of the community—a lesson which caused South Dakota to reform her divorce laws—Reno appears to be perfectly contented with things as they are.

But Reno is busily engaged in cleaning house, and it is felt by the most reflective observers that the divorce laws of Nevada as now written will be a thing of the past in the near future. Not in

known as "Rick's," which is the local "Monte Carlo." Rick's has all the conveniences for those who desire to make a stay, and frequently parties who go there to spend a few hours forget to

may enjoy. The royal lady of a European court no longer sits in regal splendor in her palace, surrounded by ladies in waiting ready to minister to her most languid wish, but you may meet her motoring in the country or riding horseback in the park. It is an excellent example they are setting for their countrywomen in this respect.

Queen Alexandra is a devotee of outdoor life. Indeed, she attributes keeping young and enjoying good health to this fact. When a young girl she was fond of swimming, rowing and driving, and even now she never permits a day to go by without taking some exercise. If the weather is too bad for walking she passes several hours at billiards. She is wonderfully skilled with the cue and is proud of her game. But in nice weather her favorite exercise is walking.

At Sandringham she visits all parts of her farm at least once a day. This is more of a pleasure than a task, because she usually amuses herself on the way by taking snapshots with her camera or playing with one or more dogs. Fond though the queen is of outdoor life, she avoids hard exercise. Yachting and driving she enjoys, but she never has played golf or put a ball over a tennis net.

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Wherever the queen goes—be it a cruise in the royal yacht, to her home in Denmark, or a ride across country in the Highlands—she is never without her camera. That she uses it well is evident when it is stated that during one of her Mediterranean cruises she secured 1,400 photographs in six weeks. Then it is very seldom, too, that the queen throws out a picture or destroys a negative because the subject is not up to the mark.

In her way of going to work she is most methodical. Her photographs fill many albums and under each photograph her majesty has written a description of the picture and the date when taken. They include a great variety of subjects, from the king's stud horses taken in the old days at the annual sale at Wolferton to portraits of her grandchildren on the lawn at Sandringham and the ruins of the Parthenon. The photographs of her grandchildren fill three albums alone and now amount to several thousand. They depict them at their games, romping with each other, and one, that made the king roar with laughter when he saw it, has caught two of the younger sons of the Princess of Wales, each endeavoring to exert his right to a certain toy by the free use of his fists.

What she regards as one of her best photographs of the king is that which depicts him talking to Lord Suffield in the grounds of Marlborough house.

That queens are very human beings after all is evidenced by their delight in the outdoor pleasures which even their humblest subjects under these conditions: I delivered the cow and told his man how to feed her and at the end of a week I was to come back and either take the cow away or get my pay for her, as the buyer should decide as to her value. Well, at the end of the week I went back and the man paid me for the cow. But after he paid me for her he told me that if I had come back in the middle of the week he should have told me to take the cow away. The first day she gave a good flow of rich milk, but the next she began to go off, both in quantity and quality, and she gave only a very small mess of very poor milk. Then she began to get back to a normal condition, so that by the end of the week she had won her way back into the good graces of the family. So

by which we may determine the possession of the high nervous temperament necessary in the best dairy cow. If I were going out after good dairy cows I should have in mind one with a long, deep barrel with well-sprung ribs. The shoulders would be thin, but she would be deep and wide through the chest. Her hips should be long and very wide, but her thighs should be thin and devoid of much flesh. She should have a good, shapely neck and a nice, intelligent head, devoid of much flesh. If she were fresh I should expect a good, big udder with large teats placed far apart, and her milk veins should be large and elastic and should extend well up toward her front legs and terminate in large "milk wells." With this conformation I should want to find the cow with a bright, healthy-looking eye and a general alert appearance, then if her coat looked thrifty and her skin had a soft, nice feeling, I should think I had found a good "milking machine," in excellent working order.

principal grain depended upon to finish cattle for market.

For roughage nothing excels alfalfa and some feeders believe that alfalfa alone will fatten cattle as fast as corn and timothy hay. Clover is admirable for roughage. Cattle should be marketed when they are in prime condition and not finished for show animals. Extreme finish is expensive and often reduces the profits of feeding operations and should not be attempted in commercial fattening for the general market.

GROWING COW PEAS FOR MORE PROTEIN

That Recommendation Is Made to Improve the Food in the Silo—Mix Them with Corn.

For the purpose of getting more protein food in the silo with corn, Hoard's Dairyman recommends growing cow peas in the corn, and says the Whippoorwill peas are considered about the best to plant with the corn. It is not as leafy as some of the other varieties, but on account of its climbing habit, clings to the corn better than the others and makes it easy for the corn binder to reap the crop. Some plant about one gallon of corn and two gallons of peas per acre, or sow the peas after the corn is about six inches high; while others in planting corn, drop a grain of corn every 12 to 14 inches and two or three peas every eight to ten inches. Silage made from cow peas and corn mixed together is better than from cow peas alone. Another system of getting more protein into the silage is to grow the cow peas and corn separately and mix them as they are being put into the silo.

LIVE STOCK NOTES.

It is not always wise to feed the same amount of grain to both horses in one team. One may need more than the other to keep it in good health and working condition. It may be stated as general rule that when a sheep gets sick and you don't know how to doctor it, it is a good plan to allow nature to take its course. Proper care, light feeding and protection against exposure will work wonders.

PRIZE WINNER FOR "BEST DAIRY COW"

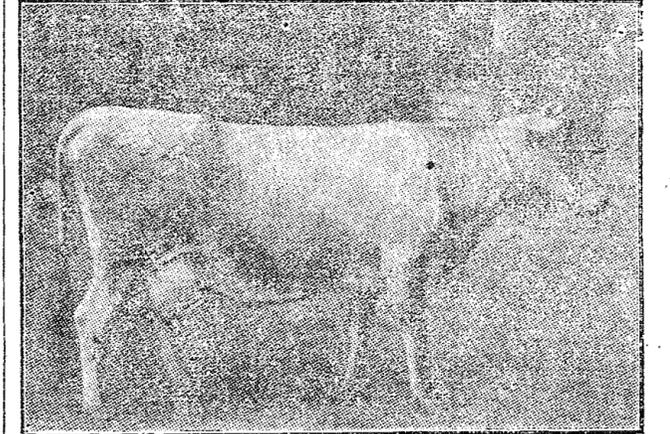
Good Qualities That Go Far Toward Making the Most Profitable Milk Producer—Importance of Shape.—By J. Grant Morse.

I think that the managers of the New York state fair are "up against" a rather hard proposition if they wish to give premiums to the best grade cows. In the first place, if rules for entering in this class are not of the strictest kind the premiums are very apt to go to pure bred cattle masquerading as grades, writes J. Grant Morse in Rural New Yorker. It is a great deal easier to show a pure-bred as a grade than it is to show a grade as a pure-bred, and if there is anything in breeding the grades would stand a poor chance by the side of pure-breds especially fitted by a professional showman. At first one would say that it will be very easy to pick out the best cows by simply milking them and weighing and testing the milk, but in my opinion this would not be a fair way at all, for the best dairy cows are of a very high nervous temperament and for this

you see that this cow would have made a very poor showing in a public milk test.

I think that the only practical way to judge these cows is by looking at them and the man who does the judging should be one of wide experience with dairy cattle. He should not only understand cows as milkers, but he ought to be acquainted with the different kinds of pure-breds from which they are graded.

These cows should be judged by a score of points, but not the score card of any one breed. For instance, the Jersey score card calls for a cow with "dished face, wide between the eyes and narrow between the horns," while these characteristics are lacking in some other breeds. The shape of a cow's head doesn't have anything to do with her milking capacity in some people's opinion, but I think that the head is the most characteristic part



Prize Winner for "Best Dairy Cow."

Frolics of a Real Queen

That queens are very human beings after all is evidenced by their delight in the outdoor pleasures which even their humblest subjects

may enjoy. The royal lady of a European court no longer sits in regal splendor in her palace, surrounded by ladies in waiting ready to minister to her most languid wish, but you may meet her motoring in the country or riding horseback in the park. It is an excellent example they are setting for their countrywomen in this respect.

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Wherever the queen goes—be it a cruise in the royal yacht, to her home in Denmark, or a ride across country in the Highlands—she is never without her camera. That she uses it well is evident when it is stated that during one of her Mediterranean cruises she secured 1,400 photographs in six weeks. Then it is very seldom, too, that the queen throws out a picture or destroys a negative because the subject is not up to the mark.

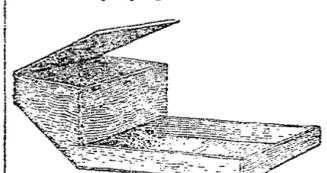
In her way of going to work she is most methodical. Her photographs fill many albums and under each photograph her majesty has written a description of the picture and the date when taken. They include a great variety of subjects, from the king's stud horses taken in the old days at the annual sale at Wolferton to portraits of her grandchildren on the lawn at Sandringham and the ruins of the Parthenon. The photographs of her grandchildren fill three albums alone and now amount to several thousand. They depict them at their games, romping with each other, and one, that made the king roar with laughter when he saw it, has caught two of the younger sons of the Princess of Wales, each endeavoring to exert his right to a certain toy by the free use of his fists.

What she regards as one of her best photographs of the king is that which depicts him talking to Lord Suffield in the grounds of Marlborough house.

SELF-FEED BOX FOR THE HORSE

Sketch Showing Arrangement That Will Prevent Animal from Eating too Rapidly.

Some horses have a habit of eating their feed too fast if it is placed loosely in a box. This can be easily remedied by making a self-feeder on the feed box, says Popular Mechanics. The accompanying sketch shows how



Feed Box for Fast Eating Horse.

a feeder can be made similar to a poultry feed hopper. The box can be made of one-inch boards large enough to hold one feed. The horse can get the grain only in small quantities, so he cannot eat more rapidly than he should. The bottom must be made with enough slant to insure all of the feed coming out in the trough.

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The Immortal Part.

The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger and defies its point,
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wreck of matter, and the crash of worlds.
—Joseph Addison.

A Transformation Act

By Margaret Walters

(Copyright, by W. G. Chapman.)

The alert individual looked from the two men just ahead of him to the small plain woman walking down the village street.

"Yes, that's her, Agnes Alderson," the village squire was saying. "All right," said the city lawyer. "I'll be back in about a month. There are some little details to be looked up. It will be time enough to tell her then."

Then they separated, and the alert individual mentally shook hands with himself. "I've lit on my feet this time," he said. "That forlorn little person is an heiress, and she is not to know it for a month. That means that I have a month to work in. If I can't make good in that time I don't deserve it. Let me see. I reckon church would be the best place to begin an acquaintance in this case. To-morrow's Sunday. Good!"

At the Sunday morning service, Agnes Alderson looked up to see a good looking stranger entering the pew where she sat alone. For the neighborly sharing of her hymn book he thanked her with a look that set her heart beating faster. He walked out of the church with her, and well, you can't refuse to answer when a stranger in your house of worship asks questions. So he walked down the street with Agnes, and when he said good-by with hat in hand at her gate she turned to enter the cottage with pink cheeks and bright eyes. She wasn't such a very old maid. They wouldn't have called her so at all in the city. But in the old village, life had passed her by. Her set was married and settled down, and she was one of the leftovers. It was years since a man had looked at her as if she could by any possibility be

ed her face to kiss her, and with almost a shock of surprise he noticed how beautiful her eyes were. He left her as soon as he could. But down the quiet street he was pursued by a specter that he had never expected to see again.

"She thinks she's not good enough for me. For me!" And he laughed grimly. "And I'm after her \$40,000. And I'm planning to get as much of the money, and see a little of her as I can." Then he took up the defense. "See here! I'm going to give her a square deal. She can tack a Mrs. honestly to her name, and if that ain't a comfort in a village full of gossiping old cats I'd like to know. And I'll be good to her, and sometimes I'll take her along to see the world. She's a lot prettier than I thought at first. And it won't be half bad to be tied up to a nice little woman like that, and know she's always here waiting for me when I want to come back. I'll make her a lot happier than she is, and I'll be a better husband than most of the specimens I know." So he argued it with his awakened conscience that had come to trouble him at such an inopportune time. But an awakened conscience is something to be reckoned with.

A week before the wedding day Hale turned his face from the little village. The wedding was a profound secret so he was not leaving Agnes in an embarrassing predicament. He had written the letter he meant to send her. It was a confession and a promise. When he had "made good" he would come back and claim her like a man.

Midway between Westport and the next town to which he was driving, his young horse took fright, and wrecked the buggy against a tree. Then it turned about and dashed for home, leaving Hale too badly injured to rise from the roadside. When he awoke to consciousness again he was in a small white bedroom, and Agnes' face, pitiful and anxious, was leaning over him.

"Mr. Dalton found you, and very properly brought you here," she said, in answer to his questions. "Now you must be quiet and rest."

Later in the day, when he was free from pain and able to talk she came to him with luminous eyes. "I've sent for the minister, Fred, and he'll be here soon to marry us."

"Oh! no," cried the man. "A shamed flush covered her face. "I wanted to keep you here and take care of you, and you know how people will talk. I thought you would not mind just a few days sooner."

"It's not that, sweetheart. It's just that I know I'm not fit for you. We ought to wait until I can do better in a business way. I want you bad enough, but you're giving everything, and I worse than nothing. There are some things I ought to tell you—"

She interrupted him decisively. "No, I don't believe I want to know about things before I knew you. Of course our ways are different. But I know you'll be good to me, and that's enough."

"Then," he said, "tell that blessed parson to hurry up. If you'll take me and trust me I'll make good. I swear it, my girl."

So they were married, and after the minister had left them she whispered the secret that she had known for two weeks, that of the legacy left her by her uncle. "Now we'll be happy together," she said.

"Yes," he said, and it was a vow. "We will."

Daysey Mayme's Social Plan.

Daysey Mayme Appleton will entertain out-of-town company for the next two weeks, and has issued the following cards and sent them to her friends: "I will have two girl guests from out of town for the next two weeks. What are you willing to do for them? I gave a — (blank filled out by dinner, dance, party, tea, luncheon, etc.) when you had company." "Unless they come up to the scratch," said Daysey Mayme, as she licked the stamps, "I shall have to announce to my guests that I am in mourning, and can't do anything for them beyond taking them for walks and to prayer meeting."—Atchison Globe.

Suspicious.

"How did you lose your position in the bank—playing the races?" "None." "Strong drink?" "Never drank a drop in my life." "Poker, maybe?" "Don't know one card from another." "Well, come, out with it." "The president caught me eating a plate of Florida strawberries with my lunch the other day and called in the bank examiner."



His Horse Took Fright.

interesting. After her solitary dinner she did her hair more carefully, loosening it about her face, and then she tried the effect of a bit of white lace on the collar of her dark dress. But she would not have owned to the daring hope that she might see him again. But he came that afternoon, in the face of all wondering Westport. He sat in Agnes' little parlor, and Othello-like, told her of strange lands and adventures.

"You've been everywhere," she said, breathlessly. "How wonderful it must be to have really lived like that."

"It's lonesome fun traveling alone," he said, looking straight at her. "I'll never start out again without company."

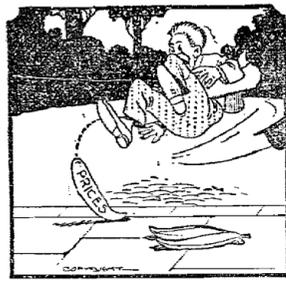
She was angry at the hot flush that came over her face. She assured herself that she was not so silly as to think a man like that could mean her. When he arose to go it was so late in the afternoon that with half started hospitality she begged him to stay for tea. He agreed promptly, and with the facile ease of a man at home anywhere he came into the kitchen to help her. "A fellow can sort of cheat himself into thinking he's got a home sometimes," he told her.

Yes it was absurdly easy, as Hale told himself. There was nothing to do but plan out the campaign, and take the successive steps. The proposal came the second week, and the marriage was set for the week after that. She had protested feebly at such unheard-of haste, but he swept all resistance away when he said: "I've been waiting for you all my life, and now that I've found you I don't mean to wait any longer."

She took a day to think it over, and then, as he had foreseen, she told him yes. "I thought we ought to have waited," she said, folding her hands nervously, "because you ought to have a chance to think it over. I'm not like the kind of people you must know—"

"You're the kind I want," he interrupted, and for the first time his courtship speech rang true. He lift-

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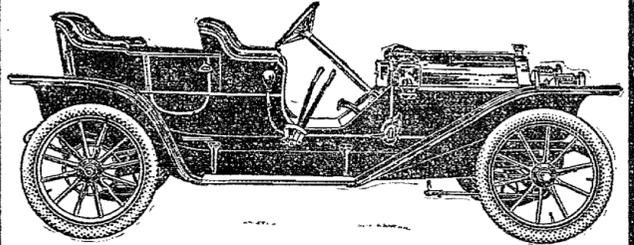


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