

CHRISTMAS
Is a day of cheer and good will and is always a day of big meals.
Why not let us do your baking for you and leave you time to devote to the other details?
CADIES, CIGARS, BAKERY SUNDRIES
Look for this label on your bread

JANSSEN'S
Hand Made Bread
GERMAN BAKERY
EAST SIDE OF MAIN STREET

When You Buy BUY AT HOME
The Home Merchants merit your support, they are the mainstays of the community. And when you buy of Home Merchants, buy of those who advertise.

FRANK PASCALE
Shoe Repairing
Tel. Flor. 445. 1502 Main St.

The EXTRA Chicks You Get
Soon Pay for the Mandy Lee machines—because you get so many more chicks from the same number of eggs. We successfully overcome the "dead-in-the-shell" loss so common with all other incubators.
CERTAINTY OF RESULTS VS. GUESSWORK explains the difference between the

Mandy Lee
and other makes. In our machines you know what your hatch will be after the first test-out. Here, Ventilation and Moisture are ideal at the eggs during each of the 21 days of incubation. That is why we can guarantee more, stronger and better chicks from the Mandy Lee than any other make can. Our brooders both fireless and lamp heat, raise practically every chick. Send for catalog and booklet "Incubator Hygiene" today—both free.

GEO. H. LEE CO.,
Harney St.,
Omaha, Nebraska

SEE LEE FIRST

Frank McCoy R. H. Oimsted
McCOY & OLMSTED
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law
109-11 Brandeis Theatre Bldg.
Tel. D 16.

ORRIE S. HULSE C. H. RIEPEN
Tyler 1102
Telephones:
Douglas—Bell 1226. Ind.—A-2266.

HULSE & RIEPEN
UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
Successor to HARRY B. DAVIS
709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

A FLYER AT ADVERTISING
IN THIS PAPER IS NOT AN AEROPLANE EXPERIMENT
Our rates are right—they let people know your goods and prices are right. Run a series of ads. in this paper. If results show, other conditions being equal, speak to us about a year's contract.

THAT PLAN NEVER LOST A MERCHANT ONE PENNY

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

STEVENS
WHEN YOU SHOOT
You want to HIT what you are aiming at—be it bird, beast or target. Make your shots count by shooting the STEVENS. For 47 years STEVENS ARMS have carried off PREMIER HONORS for ACCURACY. Our line:
Rifles, Shotguns, Pistols

Ask your Dealer—inquire on the STEVENS. If you cannot obtain, we ship direct, care being taken to insure prompt and successful shipment.

Beautiful three-color Aluminum Hanger will be forwarded for 10 cents in stamps.

J. Stevens Arms & Tool Co.,
P. O. Box 4096
CHICOPPEE FALLS, MASS., U. S. A.

Do You Like Candy

Of course you do. Why don't you get a pound box of chocolates to eat in the evening after the evening's work is done? You can get the box and not a cent will you have to pay for it if you don't want to.

Any Boy Or Girl

can have a pound box of chocolates free by securing a subscription for the Tribune for one year. It don't make any difference whether it is a new subscription or the paying for one that is already being taken. All you have to do is to get someone to give you \$1.00 for the Tribune for one year and give that money to Mr. Fuller at the postoffice news stand and tell him who the \$1.00 is from, and he will give you a one pound box of chocolates for your trouble, and a receipt for the money. You will only have until the first of the year to get this

Pound Box Of Chocolates Free

IN A LOVE CHASE
By Martha McCulloch-Williams
(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

"Joe Desha!" the colonel roared, his face semi-apoplectic. "Why, I'd send you to a nunnery, before you should marry him!"

"In-deed!" Betty, his granddaughter and sole heiress, said, sticking out her chin at the thought, and smiling an irritating smile, as she sniffed at a rose. The chin was softly rounded, yet had somehow a suggestion of firmness to match the colonel's own. A willful race the Harkways, said everybody that knew them—good friends, fair enemies, but set!—Oh, beyond anything.

At rising seventy the colonel was most set upon two things—matching Betty with her cousin Duval, so the estate should be kept in the name; and beating, with a horse of his own breeding, the pride of the Desha stables, whatever that might happen to be.

Duval, Virginia-bred, and at most a fifth cousin, ought to have suited Miss Betty as well as he did her elders. But she had in full the family inclination for her own way—moreover, it had been a case of love at sight between her and Joe Desha. They had met half a dozen times, yet were betrothed. It was Betty's own doing—speaking out to the colonel. She had not said a word to Joe—in the strength of loyal love, she meant to spare him humiliation, since she knew he was coming soon to speak for himself.

"Seems like you'd have more pride than ever to speak to one of that scurvy lot," the colonel went on, wrathfully.

Betty sniffed harder. "I don't know any one of a scurvy lot," she said, sweetly. "You can't mean the Deshas—"

"Why can't I?" the colonel roared. "Because they are about the best-bred people in the county—as high-bred as their horses," Betty flung back, and though she still smiled, there were points of dangerous light in the middle of her eyes.

The colonel ought to have heeded them, but he was anger-blind. He gripped her arm, saying hoarsely as he pushed her toward the doorway: "You'll go to your room and stay there under lock and key—until you learn sense—and manners. Understand, you shan't set foot outside this house until you agree to marry Duval."

"Shan't I?" Betty flung back at him, wrenching herself free.

She was tall and slim, but lithe as an ash sapling. Once free the colonel was no match for her. But he felt he had the advantage—she was in her pink satin party dress, her feet in silk stockings and tiny, high-heeled pink satin slippers. She had made her revelation while they were waiting for the carriage, which was to take them, Duval included, to the Eastons' Christmas eve dance.

Betty had not put on cloak or hood—her hair fell in tumbled curls over her bare shoulders. Outside it was spitting snow, and there was a thin white skin on the ground. But that did not in the least daunt her—darting into the hall she snatched down a long horseman's cloak, then ran through the front door, down the snowy steps and on toward the stables. At first her sole impulse had been flight. As she ran a purpose shaped itself, a mad one to be sure, but suiting her present mood. It was to mount Bonnybell, her grandfather's darling, ride back, fling a challenge at the old man—and beat him in a fair race in spite of carrying weight.

She knew Joe would be down at the crossroads waiting for a message from her. He should ride with her—together they would distance the angry colonel, even though his mount were Sir Archy, next to Bonnybell, his pride. She knew he would dare do it; the Hawksworth blood did not know how to be afraid. But Duval and grandmamma might interfere—at any rate, they should have the chance.

While this was beating it out in Betty's brain by help of Betty's heart, she was in the stall, had scrambled to Bonnybell's back, never thinking of saddle, hardly even stopping to put bridle in place of halter. She had heard her grandfather shouting angrily after her. At first he had waited on the steps—now he was stumping down the walk to the stables—just as she was clear of the outer door she saw him, lantern in hand, a fine, almost a pathetic figure, ruddy, white-haired, erect, with yet a little tremulousness of movement.

In spite of it she flung at him her challenge—the last words over her shoulder as she sent Bonnybell stretching away.

"We will wait for you at the crossroads," were the last words, followed by a reckless rush.

Youth is cruel often for want of thought, as age is cruel in its hard insistence. The colonel loved Betty beyond everything but his own way. Betty loved her grandfather better than anything but Joe. Nature takes her course in spite of wisdom, of anything.

Joe, in cold blood, would never have eloped with anybody's granddaughter, least of all the colonel's. But how shall a man under thirty, red-blooded, madly in love, say nay to a creature of snow and fire, who slings herself upon his breast, crying breathlessly: "We have to ride for it, honey! It's now or never!"

Ride they did, Joe in front, Betty wrapped in the horseman's cloak, clinging behind him. While they waited, Joe had put his saddle upon the mare, a thoroughbred, coming four years old, in whom the colonel felt he had a world-beater. And especially a conqueror of Ladylove, the Desha filly, who had beat Bonnybell by an eyelash only in the local derby the season before. The mares were half sisters, by a famous foreign sire, out of dams tracing to Lexington. Sir Archy, the pursuer, was as well bred, but in different lines. He had a year's advantage in age, and had been pampered and petted as rarely ever horse was, notwithstanding he had been kept in training.

And he had a rider. In his day the colonel had been in a class by himself. He knew still all the art and mystery—he had still the courage, the sympathy, the soul that wins on courage. Deadly angry though he was, he had a thrill of joy in this rebellious slip of his own blood.

"The breed's not running out, thank God—no matter how this turns out," he said to himself as he pounded down the road, the skim of snow muffling the sound of hoofbeats.

In spite of the muffling Joe heard them and smiled. "Even anger can't make the colonel lose his head," he said. "He's not going too fast at first. Sweetheart, we must do our best. Whatever happens—we'll face it together—even if it is a couple of bullets."

"Yes. Together—for life or death," Betty murmured, her face lightly pressed against his shoulder.

Then she sat clear of him. They were off—she would not hamper him. It was enough that he carried her weight in the race for love and life. She did not know if the colonel were armed—he was angry enough for anything—that she was certain. But he had, in a sort, accepted her challenge. If they won the race he was too square a sport not to forgive them.

It seemed a hopeless chance. The colonel was a welterweight, but Sir Archy was up to it. Then he was older than Bonnybell, likewise in harder condition. She had been eased a bit—allowed to run at grass, whites, and fed sugar and apples—Betty's heart misgave her as she recalled how often she had thus pampered her pet. Now she stopped the least bit to pat the mare's flank and say clearly: "Bonny—win for us this time, and nobody shall ever ride you again."

Bonnybell answered only with a slightly lengthened stride. She had found her feet and was going free over the soft dirt road.—Sir Archy had gained—they could hear the colonel shouting, but the rushing air tore and tattered the words past distinguishing.

"Don't let him catch us, Bonny!" Betty entreated.

And then truly Bonnybell made as though she understood—they had reached a long moonlit level of road—she lay down to it as though on the course, and literally devoured space.

The colonel saw it with a leaping heart. His pride in the mare, in the girl who had taken her in spite of him, began to melt his wrath. After all, it was Betty who would have to live with her husband—a long, long life he hoped it would be. After all, further, she had chosen a man—and Joe Desha had a governor or so among his forbears. Moreover, Duval Harkway, in spite of his name, showed little of the breed. The colonel rose in his stirrups, leaned far over Sir Archy's withers, and sent home the spurs, shouting the while:

"Stop! You rascals will ruin the finest mare in Kentucky! Stop, I say. Unless you do—I'll quit and go home."

Sir Archy had answered the spur with a burst of speed that brought him well within hail of Bonnybell.

Joe heard the calling, and turned to Betty—her arm was around him, her hand reaching for the rein.

"Of course, we'll stop," she said. "I always mind granddad when he's reasonable. Maybe we can go to the dance after all."

They did go—a trifle late, to be sure, but in time to announce their engagement. Bonnybell truly never ran another race, but the colonel lived to see her first foal win the derby from Ladylove's son.

Bank of Florence
Telephone 310

I. W. BROWN
Dealer in FRESH, SALT AND SMOKED MEATS
Prompt Delivery Strictly Cash
Phone Florence 1731

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor
Benson Well Boring Co.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY
Phone Benson 245 BENSON, NEB.

CANDIES PERFUMES CIGARS
Everything In the Drug Line
Florence Drug Store
GEO. SIERT, Prop.
Telephone, Florence 1121.
On the East Side of the Street.

ASK FOR **METZ**
FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER
At Henry Anderson's Florence

DR. SORENSON
Dentist
Just South of Bank of Florence
Good Work—Reasonable Prices
Telephone Florence 178

Storz Blue Ribbon Beer
Ludwig F. Imm
Just North of Bank of Florence

Dresher Bros' Clothes Restoring System

Make New Clothes Out of Your Old Ones!

Send us your fine gowns, skirts, waists, furs, plumes or gloves to be cleaned and pressed like NEW.
Send us your overcoats, suits, vests or trousers to be put into a condition as good as when originally purchased.
Send for our handy and instructive "cleaning guide" which describes hundreds of articles that may be successfully cleaned, together with prices on the work. This guide is free and every home should have one.
This is a \$50,000 plant; equipped with the most modern devices; employing the world's most expert cleaners and dyers.
Any bank or business house in Omaha will tell you we are strictly RESPONSIBLE.

We Pay Express!
Your town has not the plant to do the kind of work WE do; but WHY stay without such advantages? Make a bundle of your work NOW; send it in by express and we will pay charges one way if the work amounts to \$3 or over. If you wish to use the phone, call up (Bell) Tyler 1300, or (Ind) Auto. A-2225.

DRESHER BROS.
Dresher Building
2211-2213 Farnam Street
OMAHA : : NEBRASKA

Better Coal
Don't Be Satisfied With Others
== Try Ours ==
It Is High Grade

Minne-Lusa Lumber Co.
Frank Gleason, Mgr.
Tels. Flor. 335, Ind. B-1145

Start the New Year With An Account In the . . .
Farmers' State Bank
Your checks are always good receipts for money paid. The small and large accounts are alike welcome. Money around the house is liable to be stolen or burned.
PHONE, BELL 303; IND. H-1118

G. F. Bross
Auctioneer
Farm and Stock Sales a Specialty. You Can Get Dates With Me at the Bank of Florence, or Phone Cedar 1291.
Blair, Nebraska

THE HOME OF **LUXUS**
HANS PETERSON
Krug's Famous Beer, Wines, Liquors and Cigars
Opposite Postoffice Tel. 245

The Buyers' Guide
The firms whose names are represented in our advertising columns are worthy of the confidence of every person in the community who has money to spend. The fact that they advertise stamps them as enterprising, progressive men of business, a credit to our town, and deserving of support. Our advertising columns comprise a Buyers' Guide to fair dealing, good goods, honest prices.

Florence Real Estate, Rental and Collection Agency
George Gamble, Manager
Rentals and Collections of All Kinds
1411 Main St. Phone 215

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

THE NEW POOL HALL
Geo. Gamble, Prop.
BEST LINE OF CIGARS IN TOWN
Tel. Florence 215
SHORT ORDER LUNCHES.

Young Women
coming to Omaha as strangers are invited to visit the Young Women's Christian Association building at St. Mary's Av. and Seventeenth St., where they will be directed to suitable boarding places or otherwise assisted. Look for our Traveler's Aid at the Union Station.

