

THE DIVA'S RUBY

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"You Will Never Understand," She Said.

SYNOPSIS.

Baraka, a Tartar girl, became enamored of a golden bearded stranger, who was prospecting and studying herbs in the vicinity of her home in central Asia, and revealed to him the location of a mine of rubies hoping that the stranger would love her in return for her disclosure. They were followed to the cave by the girl's relatives, who blocked up the entrance, and drew off the water supply, leaving the couple to die. Baraka's cousin Saad, her betrothed, attempted to climb down a cliff overlooking the mine; but the traveler shot him. The stranger was revived from a water gourd Saad carried, dug his way out of the tunnel, and departed, deserting the girl and carrying a bag of rubies. Baraka gathered all the gems she could carry, and started in pursuit. Margaret, Donna Margarita (da Cordova), a famous prima donna, became engaged in London to Konstantin Logotheti, a wealthy Greek financier. Her intimate friend was Countess Lovan, known as Lady Maud, whose husband had been killed by a bomb in St. Petersburg, and Lady Maud's most intimate friend was Rufus, an American, who had become one of the richest men in the world. Van Torp was in love with Margaret, and rushed to London as soon as he heard of her betrothal. He offered Lady Maud \$50,000 for her pet charity if she would aid him in winning the singer from Logotheti. Baraka approached Logotheti at Versailles with rubies to sell. He presented a ruby to Margaret. Van Torp bought a yacht and sent it to Venice. He was visited by Baraka in male attire. She gave him a ruby after the American had told her of having seen in the United States a man answering the description of the one she loved. The American followed Margaret to the Bayreuth "Parsifal" festival. Margaret took a liking to Van Torp, who presented her with the ruby. Baraka had given him. Count Kralinsky, a Russian, arrived at Bayreuth. Van Torp believed him to be the one Baraka was pursuing. Baraka was arrested in London on the charge of stealing from Pinney, a jeweler, the ruby she had sold to Logotheti. Two strangers were the thieves. Lady Maud believed that Logotheti's associations with Baraka were open to suspicion, and so informed Margaret. Van Torp believed that Kralinsky was the cowboy he had known in his young manhood. Logotheti secured Baraka's release, and then, with her as his guest, went to sea on his yacht *Erinna*.

CHAPTER X.—Continued.

He had been on deck a long time that day, but Baraka had only been established in her chair a few minutes. As yet he had hardly talked with her of anything but the necessary preparations for the journey, and she had trusted him entirely, being so worn out with fatigue and bodily discomfort that she was already half asleep when he had at last brought her aboard, late on the previous night. Before the yacht had sailed he had received Van Torp's telegram informing him that Kralinsky was at Bayreuth; for his secretary had sat up till two in the morning to telegraph him the latest news and forward any message that came, and Van Torp's had been amongst the number.

"I have something of importance to tell you," Logotheti said.

Baraka prepared herself against betraying surprise by letting her lids droop a little, but that was all.

"Speak," she answered. "I desire knowledge more than gold."

"You are wise," said the Greek gravely. "No doubt you remember the rich man Van Torp, for whom I gave you a letter, and whom you had seen on the day you were arrested."

"Van Torp," Baraka pronounced the name distinctly, and nodded. "Yes, I remember him well. He knows where the man is whom I seek, and

he wrote the address for me. I have it. You will take me there in your ship, and I shall find him."

"If you find him, what shall you say to him?" Logotheti asked.

"Few words. These perhaps: 'You left me to die, but I am not dead, I am here. Through me you are a rich, great man. The rubies are my marriage portion, which you have taken. Now you must be my husband.' That is all. Few words."

"It is your right," Logotheti answered. "But he will not marry you."

"Then he shall die," replied Baraka, as quietly as if she were saying that he should go for a walk.

"If you kill him, the laws of that country may take your life," objected the Greek.

"That will be my portion," the girl answered, with profound indifference.

"You only have one life," Logotheti observed. "It is yours to throw away. But the man you seek is not in that country. Van Torp has telegraphed me that he is much nearer. Nevertheless, if you mean to kill him, I will not take you to him, as I intended to do."

Baraka's face had changed, though she had been determined not to betray surprise at anything he said; she turned to him, and fixed her eyes on his, and he saw her lashes quiver.

"You will tell me where he is," she said anxiously. "If you will not take me I will go alone with Spiro. I have been in many countries with no other help. I can go there also, where he is. You will tell me."

"Not if you mean to murder him," said Logotheti, and she saw that he was in earnest.

"But if he will not be my husband, what can I do, if I do not kill him?" She asked the question in evident good faith.

"If I were you, I should make him share the rubies and the money with you, and then I would leave him to himself."

"But you do not understand," Baraka protested. "He is young, he is beautiful, he is rich. He will take some other woman for his wife, if I leave him. You see, he must die, there is no other way. If he will not marry me, it is his portion. Why do you talk? Have I not come across the world from the Altai, by Samarkand and Tiflis, as far as England, to find him and marry him? Is it nothing that I have done, a Tartar girl alone, with no friend but a bag of precious stones that any strong thief might have taken from me? Is the danger nothing? The travel nothing? Is it nothing that I have gone about like a shameless one, with my face uncovered, dressed in a man's clothes? That I have cut my hair, my beautiful black hair, is that as nothing, too? That I have been in an English prison? That I have been called a thief? I have suffered all these things to find him, and if I come to him at last, and he will not be my husband, shall he live and take another woman? You are a great man, it is true. But you do not understand. You are only a Frank, after all! That little maid you

have brought for me would understand me better, though she has been taught for six years by Christians. She is a good girl. She says that in all that time she has never once forgotten to say the Fatihah three times a day, and to say 'el hamdu ilah' to herself after she has eaten! She would understand. I know she would. But you, never!"

The exquisite little aquiline features wore a look of unutterable contempt.

"If I were you," said Logotheti, smiling, "I would not tell her what you are going to do."

"You see!" cried Baraka, almost angrily. "You do not understand. A servant! Shall I tell my heart to my handmaid, and my secret thoughts to a hired man? I tell you, because you are a friend, though you have no understanding of us. My father feeds many flocks, and has many bondmen and bondwomen, whom he beats when it pleases him, and can put to death if he likes. He also knows the mine of rubies, as his father did before him, and when he desires gold he takes one to Tashkent, or even to Samarkand, a long journey, and sells it to the Russians. He is a great man. If he would bring a camel bag full of precious stones to Europe he could be one of the greatest men in the world. And you think that my father's daughter would open her heart to one of her servants? I said well that you do not understand!"

Logotheti looked quietly at the sifm young thing in a ready-made blue serge frock, who said such things as a Lady Clara Vere de Vere would scarcely dare to say above her breath in these democratic days; and he watched the noble little features, and the small white hands, that had come down to her through generations of chieftains, since the days when the primeval shepherds of the world counted the stars in the plains of Kaf.

He himself, with his long Greek descent, was an aristocrat to the marrow, and smiled at the claims of men who traced their families back to the Crusaders. With the help of a legend or two and half a myth, he could almost make himself a far descendant of the Tyndaridae. But what was that compared with the pedigree of the little thing in a blue serge frock? Her race went back to a time before Hesiod, before Homer, to a date that might be found in the annals of Egypt, but nowhere else in all the dim traditions of human history.

"No," he said, after a long pause. "I begin to understand. You had not told me that your father was a great man, and that his sires before him had joined hand to hand, from the hand of Adam himself."

This polite speech, delivered in his best Tartar, though with sundry Turkish terminations and accents, somewhat mollified Baraka, and she pushed her little head backwards and upwards against the top of the deck chair, as if she was drawing herself up with pride. Also, not being used to European skirts, she stuck out one tiny foot a little further across the other, as she stretched herself, and she indiscreetly showed a pale-yellow silk ankle, round which she could have easily made her thumb meet her second finger. Logotheti glanced at it.

"You will never understand," she said, but her tone had relaxed, and she made a concession. "If you will take me to him, and if he will not be my husband, I will let Spiro kill him."

"That might be better," Logotheti answered with extreme gravity, for he was quite sure that Spiro would never kill anybody. "If you will take an oath which I shall dictate, and swear to let Spiro do it, I will take you to the man you seek."

"What must be, must be," Baraka said in a tone of resignation. "When he is dead, Spiro can also kill me and take the rubies and the money."

"That would be a pity," observed the Greek, thoughtfully.

"Why a pity? It will be my portion. I will not kill myself because then I should go to hell-fire, but Spiro can do it very well. Why should I still live, then?"

"Because you are young and beautiful and rich enough to be very happy. Do you never look at your face in the mirror? The eyes of Baraka are like the pools of paradise, when the moon rose upon them the first time, her waist is as slender as a young willow sapling that bends to the breath of a spring breeze, her mouth is a dark rose from Gullistan—"

But Baraka interrupted him with a faint smile.

"You speak emptiness," she said quietly. "What is the oath, that I may swear it? Shall I take Allah, and the prophet, and the Angel Israfil to witness that I will keep my word? Shall I prick my hand and let the drops fall into your two hands that you may drink them? What shall I do and say? I am ready."

"You must swear an oath that my fathers swore before there were Christians or Mussulmen to the world when the old gods were still great."

"Speak. I will repeat any words you like. Is it a very solemn oath?"

"It is the most solemn that ever was sworn, for it is the oath of the gods themselves. I shall give it to you slowly, and you must try to pronounce it right, word by word, holding out your hands, like this, with the palms downwards."

"I am ready," said Baraka, doing as he bade her.

He quoted in Greek the oath that

Hypnos dictates to Hera in the "Iliad," and Baraka repeated each word, pronouncing as well as she could.

"I swear by the inviolable water of the Styx, and I lay one hand upon the all-nourishing earth, the other on the sparkling sea, that all the gods below may be our witnesses, even they that stand round about Kronos. Thus I swear!"

As he had anticipated, Baraka was much more impressed by the importance of the words she did not understand than if she had bound herself by any oath familiar to her.

"I am sorry," she said, "but what is done is done, and you would have it so."

She pressed her hand gently to her left side and felt the long steel bodkin, and sighed regretfully.

"You have sworn an oath that no man would dare to break," said Logotheti solemnly. "A man would rather kill pigs on the graves of his father and his mother than break it."

"I shall keep my word. Only take me quickly where I would be."

Logotheti produced a whistle from his pocket and blew on it, and a quartermaster answered the call, and was sent for the captain, who came in a few moments.

"Head her about for Jersey and Carterets, captain," said the owner. "The sea is as flat as a board, and we will land there. You can go on to the Mediterranean without coaling, can you not?"

The captain said he could coal at Gibraltar, if necessary.

"Then take her to Naples, please, and wait for instructions."

Baraka understood nothing, but within two minutes she saw that the yacht was changing her course, for the afternoon sun was all at once pouring in on the deck, just beyond the end of her chair. She was satisfied, and nodded her approval.

"When shall we reach that place?" she asked lazily, and she turned her face to Logotheti.

"Allah knows," he answered gravely.

She had been so well used to hearing that answer to all sorts of questions since she had been a child that she thought nothing of it, and waited awhile before speaking again. Her eyes studied the man's face almost unconsciously. He now wore a fez instead of a yachting cap, and it changed his expression. He no longer looked in the least like a European. The handsome red felt glowed like blood in the evening light, and the long black silk tassel hung backwards with a dashing air. There was something about him that reminded Baraka of Saad, and Saad had been a handsome man, even in her eyes, until the traveler had come to her father's house with his blue eyes and golden beard. But Saad had only seen her unveiled face once, and that was the last thing he saw when the ball from the Mauser went through his forehead.

"I mean," she asked after some time, "shall we be there to-morrow, or the next day? I see no land on this side; is there any on the other?"

"No," Logotheti answered, "there is no land near. Perhaps, far off, we might see a small island."

"Is that the place?" Baraka began to be interested at last.

"The place is far away. You must have patience. All hurry comes from Satan."

"I am not impatient," the girl answered mildly. "I am glad to rest in your ship, for I was very tired, more tired than I ever was when I was a child, and used to climb up the foothills to see Altai better. It is good to be in your ship for a while, and after that, what shall be, will be. It is Allah that knows."

"That is the truth," responded the Greek. "Allah knows. I said so just now. But I will tell you what I have decided, if you will listen."

"I listen."

"It is better that you should rest several days after all your weariness, and the man you seek will not run away, for he does not know that you are so near."

"But he may take another woman," Baraka objected, growing earnest at once. "Perhaps he has already! Then there will be two instead of one."

"Spiro," said Logotheti, with perfect truth, "would as soon kill two as one, I am sure, for he is a good servant. It will be the same to him. You call me a great man and a king; I am not a king, for I have no kingdom, though some kingdoms would like to have as much ready money as I. But here, on the ship, I am the master, not only because it is mine, and because I choose to command, but because the men are bound by English law to obey me; and if they should refuse and overpower me, and take my ship where I did not wish to go, the laws of all nations would give me the right to put them all into prison at once, for a long time. Therefore when I say, 'Go to a certain place,' they take the ship there, according to their knowledge, for they are trained to that business and can guide the vessel towards any place in the world, though they cannot see land till they reach it. Do you understand all these things?"

"I understand," Baraka answered, smiling. "But I am not bound to obey you, and at least I can beg you to do what I ask, and I think you will do it."

Her voice grew suddenly soft, and almost tender, for though she was only a Tartar girl, and very young and slim, she was a woman. Eve had



"You Are Wise as Well as Great," Baraka Said.

not had long experience of talking when she explained to Adam the properties of apples.

Logotheti answered her smile and her tone.

"I shall do what you ask me, but I shall do it slowly rather than quickly, because that will be better for you in the end. If we had gone on as we were going, we should have got to land to-night, but to a wretched little town from which we should have had to take a night train, hot and dirty and dusty, all the way to Paris. That would not help you to rest, would it?"

"Oh, no! I wish to sleep again in your ship, once, twice, till I cannot sleep any more. Then you will take me to the place."

"That is what you shall do. To that end I gave orders this afternoon."

"You are wise, as well as great," Baraka said.

They left the rail and walked slowly forward, side by side, without speaking; and Logotheti told himself how utterly happy he should be if Baraka could turn into Margaret and be walking with him there; yet something answered him that since she was not by his side he was not to be pitted for the company of a lovely Tartar girl whose language he could understand and even speak tolerably; and when the first voice observed rather drily that Margaret would surely think that he ought to feel very miserable, the second voice told him to take the goods the gods sent him and be grateful; and this little antiphone of Ormuzd and Ahriman went on for some time, till it occurred to him to stop the duo by explaining to Baraka how a European girl would probably slip her arm, or at least her hand, through the arm of the man with whom she was walking on the deck of a yacht, because there was generally a little motion at sea, and she would like to steady herself, and when there was none, there ought to be, and she would do the same thing by force of habit. But Baraka looked at such behavior quite differently.

"That would be a sort of dance," she said. "I am not a dancing girl! I have seen men and women dancing together, both Russians in Samarkand and other people in France. It is disgusting. I would rather go unveiled among my own people!"

"Which may Allah forbid!" answered Logotheti devoutly. "But where there are Englishmen, Allah does nothing; the women go without veils, and the boys and girls dance together."

"I have done worse," said Baraka. "For I have dressed as a man, and if a woman did that among my people she would be stoned to death and not buried. My people will never know what I have done since I got away from them alive. But he thought he was leaving me there to die!"

"Surely, I cannot see why you wish to marry a man who robbed you and tried to compass your death! I can understand that you should dream of killing him, and he deserves to be burnt alive, but why you should wish

to marry him is known to the wisdom of the blessed ones!"

"You never saw him," Baraka answered with perfect simplicity. "He is a beautiful man; his beard is like the rays of the morning sun on a ripe cornfield. His eyes are bright as an eagle's, but blue as sapphires. He is much taller and bigger and stronger than you are. Do you not see why I want him for a husband? Why did he not desire me for his wife? Am I crooked, am I blinded by the small-pox, or have I six fingers on both hands and a lump on my shoulder like the Witch of Altai? Was my portion a cotton shirt, one brass bangle and a horn comb for my hair? I gave him the fishes of the world to take me, and he would not! I do not understand. Am I an evil sight in a man's eyes? Tell me the truth, for you are a friend!"

"You are good to see," Logotheti answered, stopping and pretending to examine her face critically as she stood and faced him.

"I do not desire you to speak for yourself," returned Baraka. "I wish you to speak for any man, since I go about unveiled and any man may see me. What would they say in the street if they saw me now, as a woman? That is what I must know, for he is a Frank, and he will judge me as the Franks judge when he sees me! What will he say?"

"Shall I speak as a Frank? Or as they speak in Constantinople?"

"Speak as he would speak, I pray. But speak the truth."

"I take Allah to witness that I speak the truth," Logotheti answered. "If I had never seen you, and if I were walking in the Great Garden in London and I met you by the bank of the river, I should say that you were the prettiest dark girl in England, but that I should like to see you in a beautiful Feringhi hat and the best frock that could be made in Paris."

Baraka's face was troubled, and she looked into his eyes anxiously.

"I understand," she said. "Before I meet him I must have more clothes, many beautiful new dresses. It was shameless, but it was easy to dress as a man, after I had learned, for it was always the same—the difference was three buttons—or four buttons, or a high hat or a little hat; not much. Also the Feringhi men button their garments as the Mussulmans do, see the left over the right, but I often see their women's coats buttoned like a Hindu's. Why is this? Have the women another religion than the men? It is very strange!"

Logotheti laughed, for he had really never noticed the rather singular fact which had struck the born Asiatic at once.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

When Doomed.

"With us the crime is not in detection. It's in admission. All sorts of things may be thought of you, and said of you, and even known of you, and you can bluff them out; but when you have acknowledged them—you're doomed."—The Inner Shrine.

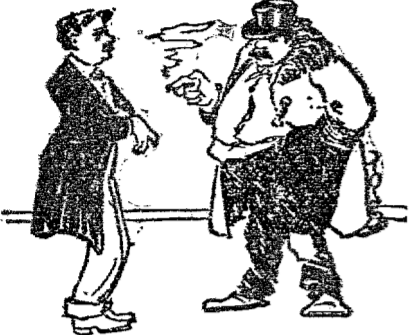
Why does Great Britain buy its oatmeal of us?

Certainly it seems like carrying coals to Newcastle to speak of exporting oatmeal to Scotland and yet, every year the Quaker Oats Company sends hundreds of thousands of cases of Quaker Oats to Great Britain and Europe.

The reason is simple; while the English and Scotch have for centuries eaten oatmeal in quantities and with a regularity that has made them the most rugged physically, and active mentally of all people, the American has been eating oatmeal and trying all the time to improve the methods of manufacture so that he might get that desirable foreign trade.

How well he has succeeded would be seen at a glance at the export reports of Quaker Oats. This brand is recognized as without a rival in cleanliness and delicious flavor.

TOO LATE.



Thief—What's the time, please?
Victim—Much too late for you. Your pal just got my watch.

EPIDEMIC OF ITCH IN WELSH VILLAGE

"In Dowlais, South Wales, about fifteen years ago, families were stricken en masse by a disease known as the Itch. Believe me, it is the most terrible disease of its kind that I know of, as it itches all through your body and makes your life an inferno. Sleep is out of the question and you feel as if a million mosquitoes were attacking you at the same time. I knew a dozen families that were so affected.

"The doctors did their best, but their remedies were of no avail whatever. Then the families tried a druggist who was noted far and wide for his remarkable cures. People came to him from all parts of the country for treatment, but his medicine made matters still worse, as a last resort they were advised by a friend to use the Cuticura Remedies. I am glad to tell you that after a few days' treatment with Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Resolvent, the effect was wonderful and the result was a perfect cure in all cases.

"I may add that my three brothers, three sisters, myself and all our families have been users of the Cuticura Remedies for fifteen years. Thomas Hugh, 1650 West Huron St., Chicago, Ill., June 29, 1909."

He Asked Too Much.

They had been engaged for exactly 47 seconds by the cuckoo clock. "Clara, dear," queried the happy youth, who had a streak of romance running up and down his person, "will you promise to love me forever?" "I'd like to, George," replied the practical maid, "but I really don't expect to live so long."

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials to Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Limited Belief.

"Do you believe in a future punishment of everlasting fire and brimstone?" asked the man with the question habit. "Only for my neighbors," replied the party of the egotistical part.

Important to Mothers.

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

The Usual Way.

Smith—Did the lawyer get anything out of your uncle's estate?
Jones—Get anything? He got it all.

Free to Our Readers.

Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for 48-page illustrated Eye Book Free. Write all about Your Eye Trouble and they will advise as to the Proper Application of the Murine Eye Remedies in Your Special Case. Your Druggist will tell you that Murine Relieves Sore Eyes, Strengthens Weak Eyes, Doesn't Smart, Soothes Eye Pain, and sells for 5c. Try It in Your Eyes and in Baby's Eyes for Sore Eyelids and Granulation.

The world delights in sunny people. The old are hungering for love more than for bread.—Drummond.

DAVIS PAINKILLER should be taken with food when sore chest and tickling throat warn you that an annoying cold threatens. At all druggists in 25c, 50c and \$1.00 bottles.

One fisherman ought to believe the stories of another, but he seldom does.

TO CURE A COLD IN ONE DAY Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. K. W. GROVE'S signature is on each box. 25c.

Occasionally the human race is run over the course of true love.

Lewis' Single Binder made of extra quality tobacco, costs more than other 5c cigars. Tell the dealer you want them.

Cheap notoriety often turns out to be an expensive luxury.

WOMAN IS GOING TO POLE

Lady Shackleton Intends to Accompany Lieutenant on Next Trip to Antarctic.

London.—Lady Shackleton, beautiful wife of Lieut. Shackleton, antarctic explorer, is preparing to accompany him on his next trip in search of the south pole. The feat of Commander Robert E. Peary's wife in accompanying her husband part way on his trip to the north pole has fired the intrepid British woman to a similar undertaking. When Lieut. Shackleton returned from his last trip his wife refused to be presented at recep-



Miss Jessie Kennedy, Suffragette, Seeks to Gain Admission to Albert Hall Meeting.

tions because she did not wish to detract from the interest in him. Lately Lady Shackleton has been sharing the honors accorded her husband in Paris as well as London. She was present at the dinner given to him by the chamber of commerce of Paris and at a luncheon given by Prince Roland Bonaparte.

IN MESSENGER BOY'S GARB

Miss Jessie Kennedy, Suffragette, Seeks to Gain Admission to Albert Hall Meeting.

London.—Novel measures are being resorted to by militant suffragettes in their effort to bring their cause before the high government officials of the country. Undaunted after repeated failure to gain recognition in their plea for votes for their sex, they continue in their attempts to enter public meetings.

The most recent attempt of this nature was the plan of Miss Jessie Kennedy, who disguised herself in the uniform of a telegraph messenger boy and tried to gain entrance at a meeting held by Premier Asquith at Albert hall, London. Her ruse was almost successful.

The Albert hall meeting, at which Mr. Asquith announced the fighting policy of the Liberals, was not interrupted by the suffragettes. This was not the fault of the militant ladies themselves, who did all that in them lay to secure admission, and to retain positions they had taken up beforehand in more or less ingenious hiding places. A thorough search of the great building caused a number of enthusiastic advocates of "Votes for Women" to be dragged into the light of day, but not with them were the chief honors. These fell to Miss Ken-



Miss Kennedy as Messenger.

nedly, who, disguised as a telegraph boy, presented herself at the door opening on to the orchestra, and endeavored to enter. She was "discovered" by a policeman on duty, who viewed her shapely hands, her face and the angle of her cap with suspicion. So she was compelled to retreat to the sanctuary offered by a cab.

A NEW TOWN EVERY WEEK

AND A NEW SCHOOL EVERY SCHOOL DAY.

The above caption about represents the growth of Central Canada. The statement was made not long since by a railroad man who claimed to have made the remarkable discovery that such was the case. There is not a district of a fair amount of settlement in any of the three Provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta, but has its school, and the railways have stations every seven or eight miles apart, around which group the towns, some large and some small, but each important to its own district. Schools are largely maintained by public funds and the expense of tuition is but a nominal sum.

The final returns of the grain production for Central Canada for 1909 is now in, and the figures show that the value of the crops to the farmers of that country is about 195 million dollars, as compared with 129 million last year. American farmers or those who have gone from the United States, will participate largely in these splendid returns, and these comprise those who have gone from nearly every State in the Union.

One of the many proofs that might be put forward showing the immense wealth that comes to the farmers of Central Canada is seen in the sum that has been spent during the past two or three months by the farmers who have for the time being ceased worrying over the reaper and the thrasher, and are taking to enjoying themselves for two or three months. It is said that fifty thousand people of these Western Provinces spent the holiday season visiting their old homes. Most of these passengers paid forty and some forty-five dollars for the round trip. Some went to Great Britain, some to the Continent, others to their old homes in Eastern Canada, and many thousands went to visit their friends in the States. The amount paid alone in transportation would be upward of two million dollars. Some make the trip every year. It need not be asked, "Can they afford it?" With crops yielding them a profit of \$20 to \$25 per acre, and some having as much as twelve hundred or more acres, the question is answered. The Canadian Government Agents at different points in the States report that they have interviewed a great many of those who are now visiting friends in the different states, and they all express themselves as well satisfied, and promise to take some of their friends back with them. There is still a lot of free homestead land in splendid districts, and other lands can be purchased at a reasonable price from railway and land companies.

VEGETABLES IN A RAGOUT

Tasty Dish That May Be Evolved from Anything That the Market Can Afford.

For this simple but most tasty dish cook separately until tender equal portions of diced white turnips, carrots and potatoes; also shelled green peas or beans. For one quart of the mixed vegetables melt two tablespoonfuls of butter in a saucepan and in it cook slowly three tablespoonfuls of chopped onion until pale brown; stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour and when well colored add gradually one pint of either weak stock or boiling water, stirring until smoothly thickened; add salt, pepper to season well, a tiny pinch of mace, one teaspoonful of tomato catsup; then stir in the drained vegetables, and simmer well altogether for 20 minutes. In serving dish, sprinkle with finely-chopped parsley. This can be made with the cold vegetables and is a very nice way to use the left-over vegetables or canned ones, not cooking so long; a few parsnips can be added if handy.

Hot Cross Buns.

Put three cupfuls of sifted flour into a bowl and rub into it two tablespoonfuls of butter, one-half cupful of granulated sugar and a quarter of a teaspoonful of salt, then add a cupful of lukewarm milk in which has been dissolved a cake of compressed yeast. Set aside to rise and when twice its original bulk, place on a well-floured board, roll out and shape into round biscuits with the hands. Place in pans so that they do not touch and let rise again in a warm place. When light and just before placing in the oven, with a sharp knife, cut a cross on the top of each bun. Brush the top with melted butter and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon mixed together. Bake in a hot oven from fifteen to twenty minutes. This should make about two dozen.

Kitchen Bouquet.

Put half a cupful of granulated sugar in a saucepan and place on stove, stirring occasionally as it melts. It is not done until it smokes and is a dark brown color. When it reaches this stage pour on a half cup of boiling water—hot coffee may also be used with good results—and set back where it will simmer until dissolved and about the consistency of thin sirup. Place in bottle or jelly glass, cover, and set away for use. It makes a splendid flavoring for cakes, caramel ice cream, custards, and may be used to color gravies or sauces, as it imparts a beautiful golden brown tint. The same thing exactly is sold at the grocery as kitchen bouquet and at a fancy price.

ALL WORTH NOTICE

DAINTIES FOR THE LUNCHEON OR SUPPER.

Collection of Recipes Compiled From the Best Authorities—Some New Ideas in the Group That Is Offered Here.

Mother's Ginger Bread.—Five table-spoonfuls of water in a coffee cup; one teaspoonful of soda in the water; fill the cup with molasses, two table-spoonfuls of melted butter, one teaspoonful of ginger, flour to make a thin paste; bake in hot oven.

Apple Sauce.—One dozen good sized apples. Pare and cut into eights. Put in saucepan with water enough to half cover. Stew until soft. Put through wire sieve. Add one-half cup of sugar, a little nutmeg, and butter the size of a walnut.

Baked Apples.—Wash and dig out the core. Place in a granite baking dish. Fill apples with sugar and a pinch of nutmeg. Fill pan half full of water and bake apples until soft. Serve with milk or cream.

Feather Cake.—A very good cake is made from the following recipe: Two cups flour, one cup milk, one egg, one cup sugar, one-third cup butter, one rounding teaspoon cream tartar, one level teaspoon soda, desired flavor. Put together and bake in usual way.

English Plum Pudding.—This is very good and does not cost much. It is to be steamed four hours. One pint of milk, four eggs, one cup sugar or one cup molasses, one-half pound suet, chopped fine, a 5-cent loaf of bread grated, one pound raisins and currants mixed, nutmeg and cinnamon to taste, one rounding teaspoon soda and a little salt.

Eggless Cake.—One-fourth cup melted butter, one cup of sugar, one cup of milk, two cups of self-raising flour, and flavoring to taste.

Sponge Cake.—Sponge cake is always a much desired cake, but in many instances not affordable on account of the eggs. Here is a recipe using only three eggs: One cup sugar, three eggs, one-half cup cold water, two cups flour, one heaping teaspoon baking powder. Here is another recipe which uses more eggs and is very good. It is called hot water sponge cake. Six eggs, two cups sugar, two cups pastry flour, one-half cup boiling water, grated rind of one-half lemon and one teaspoonful of the juice. Beat the yolks and sugar to a froth; also beat the whites to a stiff froth. Add the lemon to the yolks and sugar, then add the flour. Bake in a moderate oven one-half hour.

Chicken Shortcake.

Here is a good way to convert the remnants of a chicken stew or fricassee into a tempting and savory dish: Free the chicken from skin and bones and cut into small slivers. Put the meat on to heat in enough gravy to make it quite moist. Sift two teaspoonfuls of baking powder and one-half teaspoonful of salt with one pint of flour. Rub one teaspoonful of lard and butter into the flour, then stir in three-quarters of a cup of milk. Stir the dough into a small ball and roll into a cake about an inch thick. Bake in a quick oven about fifteen minutes. When done open the edge with a knife and tear the cake in two. After spreading the hot chicken on the lower half replace the upper half. Over the whole pour a generous amount of hot chicken gravy and serve at once.

Pickled Rump Roast.

Take four pounds young rump, lard it with salt pork, rub both sides with salt and pepper, then put in a stone crock and cover with best vinegar. Let stand in the pickle for three days, take out, wipe on a clean cloth, dredge lightly with flour, roast brown in butter, then add one tablespoonful sugar, three cloves, one bay leaf, and lastly add the vinegar in which it was pickled; also a onion sliced finely. Let it simmer until tender. After removing the meat, thicken the gravy with flour as usual. This is excellent and a decided improvement on the ordinary way of serving a rump roast.

Kaiser Suppe.

Cut four slices of bacon into little squares, cut up into small bits one sweetbread and one calf's liver that has been skinned, also four hard-boiled eggs; rub this through a sieve and pour it into three quarts of bouillon; cook slowly for 30 minutes. Meanwhile cook a few Brussels sprouts and slices of carrots in salt water; add these to the bouillon and serve the soup with eight or ten small mushrooms that have been broiled in butter.

Onions on Toast.

Scald two cups of milk and add six medium sized onions chopped coarsely. Simmer until tender, then add two slightly rounding tablespoonfuls of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt, a pinch of pepper and cook for a few minutes; have ready half a dozen slices of buttered toast and turn the seasoned onions over them. Served hot, this makes a satisfying dish, especially with eggs.

Roasts.

One and a half cups of brown sugar, three-fourths of a cupful of butter; cream butter and sugar; add three eggs, two cupfuls of flour, one cupful of chopped walnuts, one and a half cupfuls of seeded raisins, one level teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a little hot water. Mix well, adding the flour last. Drop from a teaspoon into buttered tins and bake slowly.

Slightly Altered.
"All the world's a stage."
"And most of the men and women merely supers."—Cleveland Leader.

We are not to blame because you suffer from Rheumatism or Neuralgia, but you are if you do not try Hamlin's Wizard Oil. It quickly soothes and allays all pain, soreness and inflammation.

Many a man's morality doesn't begin to work until he discovers that he is being shadowed by a detective.

FOR DEEP-SEATED COLDS and coughs, Allen's Lung Balm cures when all other remedies fail. This old reliable medicine has been sold for over 40 years. 25c, 50c, \$1.00 bottles. All dealers.

Men who have advice to give are never stingy with it.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

Low shoes and high heels may be fashionable extremes.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c.—Many smokers prefer them to 10c cigars.

Extremes meet when the hairdresser is introduced to the chiropodist.

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PAY WHEN CURED
ANAL DISEASES cured without a surgical operation, and GUARANTEED to last a LIFETIME. No Chloroform. Ether or other general anesthetic used. EXAMINATION FREE.
WRITE FOR FREE BOOK
DR. E. R. TARRY, 225 Bee Bldg., Omaha, Neb.

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DEFIANCE STARCH

15 ounces per package—other starch only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.
PATENT Book and Advice FREE. Hesse, Freese & Lawrence, Washington, D.C. Est. 49 yrs. Best references.
W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 5-1910.

Strong Healthy Women

If a woman is strong and healthy in a womanly way, motherhood means to her but little suffering. The trouble lies in the fact that the many women suffer from weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism and are unfitted for motherhood. This can be remedied.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Cures the weaknesses and disorders of women. It acts directly on the delicate and important organs concerned in motherhood, making them healthy, strong, vigorous, virile and elastic.

"Favorite Prescription" banishes the indispositions of the period of expectancy and makes baby's advent easy and almost painless. It quickens and vitalizes the feminine organs, and insures a healthy and robust baby. Thousands of women have testified to its marvelous merits.

It Makes Weak Women Strong. It Makes Sick Women Well. Honest druggists do not offer substitutes, and urge them upon you as "just as good." Accept no secret nostrum in place of this non-secret remedy. It contains not a drop of alcohol and not a grain of habit-forming or injurious drugs. Is a pure glyceric extract of healing, native American roots.

25c per lb. Try Today Paxton's Gas Coffee

IN CANS—to keep it fresh, with all the strength and aroma that it had when first Roasted. SEALED—so you will know the coffee is not only what you ask for but is always the same as well as fresh.
Ask Your Grocer for It

"California Now or Never!"

If ever you wished for a home in California send for free information about the greatest irrigation, colonizing and home-making enterprise ever undertaken. In addition to their great success in irrigating 400,000 acres in the Twin Falls Country, Idaho, the Kuhns are irrigating 250,000 acres in the Sacramento Valley. Send names of friends. Easy terms to settlers. We want you. Send for 48-page book in colors. H. L. Hollister, Dept. K, 205 LaSalle St., Chicago, Ill.

CURES CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS, RHEUMATISM, STOMACH AND LIVER COMPLAINT

GET A 25c BOX ALL DRUGGISTS Nature's Remedy EASY-SURE TO ACT
BETTER THAN PILLS FOR LIVER ILLS
A. H. LEWIS MEDICINE CO., ST. LOUIS, MO.

Stops Neuralgia Pains

The shooting, tearing pains of neuralgia are caused by excitement of the nerves. Sciatica is also a nerve pain.

Sloan's Liniment, a soothing external application, stops neuralgia pains at once, quiets the nerves, relieves that feeling of numbness which is often a warning of paralysis, and by its tonic effect on the nervous and muscular tissues, gives permanent as well as immediate relief.

One Application Relieved the Pain.
Mr. J. C. LEE, of 1100 Ninth St., S. E., Washington, D. C., writes:—"I advised a lady who was a great sufferer from neuralgia to try Sloan's Liniment. After one application the pain left her and she has not been troubled with it since."

Sloan's Liniment

is the best remedy for Rheumatism, Stiff Joints and Sprains and All Pains.
At All Druggists. Price 25c, 50c and \$1.00.
Sloan's Treatise on the Horse sent Free. Address
DR. EARL S. SLOAN, BOSTON, MASS.

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

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

LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor, Tel. 315
JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr., Tel. 165

Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.

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

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
Mayor.....P. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....Charles Cottrell
City Treasurer.....R. H. Thomas
City Engineer.....Harold Reynolds
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr
Councillmen.
Robert Craig,
J. H. Price,
Charles Allen,
Dan F. Kelly,
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DE-
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.
Louis Imm, President; W. R. Wall, Sec-
retary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; George
Gamble, Chief.

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

TRADE AND LABOR COUNCIL
FLORENCE, NEB.

Florence, Neb., Friday, Jan. 28, 1910

BRAIN STORMS

Cheer up. Spring will soon be here.

Every one should turn out and vote for those school bonds.

Never mind, the spring elections are close at hand and they will be lively enough.

Have you seen the new comet? Almost every evening it was observed by Florence parties.

Now, if we only had a building and loan association in Florence things in the building one would surely boom.

It is said on good authority that the street railway company will have their switch down by the Fourth of July. However, don't place a bet on it.

The dirty old Missouri river can cause more worry by its wandering than any other river in the world. It refuses to run in the same channel for any length of time.

Now that our urban friends have, by their agitation, succeeded in lowedibles, will they please keep it up until they reduce the prices of the rest of edibles as well as the wearables? When that is accomplished they may start in on the rest of high prices.

'Twas market day, and people came From miles and miles around To gather at the corners or Upon various errands bound. To sell their truck, to buy new duds, To talk of this and that— And each browned face its pleasure smiled Beneath a broad-brimmed hat.

And at the business office of The Weekly Tribune stood A long, long line of faithful ones, To make their standing good; And as each in his turn advanced And his subscription filed, The editor, beside his desk, Just smiled, and smiled, and smiled.

For it was good to hear the clink Of money, and 'twas fine To know the Tribune was the guide Of all that eager line; 'Twas cheering to reflect that he Had been their monitor, And so he smiled, and smiled, and smiled, And let his fancies soar.

Came maid, came swain, came old, came young, Their tribute then to pay— And oh! the sun was shining fair Upon that happy day, Until from out the line there stepped A hoary-headed one, Who straightway gloomed the cheer-ful sky And blotted out the sun.

"Look here!" he said, "I tuk this sheet Fer nigh on forty year And I ain't satisfied at all Th' way you're doin' here! By gum, your policies is rank, And I come here t' say As how I don't want this named sheet Another single day!"

Then out he stalked, as having done His duty, as he knew it— "By gum," he said, "I hated tew, But I jest had t' dew it!" And to his clerk the editor Turned in his deep distress: "The deacon's stopped his paper, John— Go down and stop the press!"

A CLUBBING OFFER.
While we don't ordinarily believe in clubbing offers, we feel that "The Fruit Grower," published at St. Joseph, Mo., is such a remarkable paper that we desire to give our readers a chance to become familiar with its

pages. Therefore we make the offer to send both the Fruit Grower and the Tribune to anyone for \$1.25 a year. If you are not acquainted with the Fruit Grower let us know and we will send you a sample copy. If you desire to read the best paper published for fruit growers and the best paper published in Florence just send us \$1.25 and get both papers for one year. You can leave the subscription at the Bank of Florence if you desire.

THOSE SCHOOL BONDS.
The people of Florence will be called on to vote for or against an issue of bonds for the completion of the school building on Saturday, Feb. 12, at the school house.

We believe these bonds should be voted and think it a wise move on the part of the school board. It was also a wise move that they decided to hold the election at the school house so all the voters can see just what shape the building is in and what it will be when completed. The original intention of the board was to complete these rooms as they were needed out of the appropriation each year, thus making the board economize that much each year. In fact, such a method would be a detriment to the school as it would take away money that could be better used in increasing the efficiency of the school.

The issue of bonds that was voted to build the present structure is made payable so much each year and already the indebtedness has been reduced by the taking up of two of the bonds.

By issuing these bonds at this time the board can finish up all the rooms, put in a larger heating plant and have all the work over and done with at one time and then can devote more time to raising the standard of the school, which already is high.

Women as well as men can vote at this election and we would like to see them turn out and examine the school and see for themselves the improvements made and contemplated.

PONCA NEWS

The Ladies' Aid of the Ponca church held the most successful social ever given here at the home of Mrs. Price January 21, when a chicken pie supper was served to about 75 people. The feature of the evening was the awarding of a handsome worsted quilt to the woman who secured the greatest number of votes for it at 1 cent each. Miss Hildur Erickson was the successful contestant, having secured 2,440 votes, with Miss Edna Deyo second with 2,095. Votes to the amount of \$80.43 were turned in and together with the proceeds of the supper, yielded the sum of \$93.85 to the church treasury. A short musical program was given, Mr. and Mrs. J. Price, Mr. Primrose and Mr. McClellan, with Miss Eva Johansen as accompanist, contributing most enjoyable vocal numbers. We extend to each our cordial appreciation of their kindness. We congratulate those who took part in the contest for the results and assure each one that the smallest amount was as heartily appreciated as the largest and sincerely thank each one for the splendid help given us and the cause for which we stand.

Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Wuerth were surprised by a number of their friends Tuesday evening. All had an excellent time. Cards, games, dancing and music were the features of the evening.

We are sorry to hear that Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Hail are going to leave, as they are some of Ponca's pioneers.

Mr. Johansen has purchased a large touring car.

Miss Belle Deyo is back again at the telephone station.

Mr. and Mrs. Dibelka have sold out and moved to Oklahoma.

Raccoon hunting is a rare and exciting sport, as Mr. Adams of Rockport, an old trapper, will testify. Last Tuesday at dusk he started out with his dogs. It was not long before they got on a "coon" track. After following it for a mile and a half they came to a large cottonwood tree. The dog stopped and commenced barking and jumping around the tree. When Mr. Adams came he looked up and evidently saw the "coon" in the fork of the tree. Taking careful aim he fired both barrels into him. The "coon" dropped and upon examining him Mr. Adams found that it was their old grey tomcat that had left home a few days before.

The five wolf cubs that Mr. Snoderly captured sometime ago have grown so large that he has traded them to Santa Claus, as his reindeer are getting pretty old from so much travel. Santa is to furnish Mr. and Mrs. Snoderly and all the future generations of Snoderlys with Christmas presents.

Some thieves got into Mr. Henry Specht's crib Monday night and stole over 700 pounds of his fish which he had smoked and hung up in the crib. This is no fish story, either.

Mr. and Mrs. Alvin Beyers and son, Emil, Mr. and Mrs. Alback and Mr. Kollie were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Bena.

Mr. John Ritter has been hauling apples all week.

FINAL NOTICE.

In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska.
TRACT NO. 15565.
The State of Nebraska, plaintiff, vs. the several parcels of land hereinafter described and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to or any interest, right or claim in or to such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, defendants.

To Clifford S. Kempton and Clara A. Kempton, his wife, owners, and to unknown owners and to the occupants of the real estate described in the following recited estate, situate in the county of Douglas and State of Nebraska, to-wit: Strip on east of Kempton Heights Addition two (2) feet by six-hundred and twenty-seven (627) the same being the east two (2) feet of lot eight (8) in Tuttle's sub-division, an addition to the city of Omaha, known as Tract No. 15565, was, on the 9th day of June, 1908, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 9th day of June, 1910. You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court on or before the 9th day of June, 1910. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.

BYRON R. HASTINGS,
Owner of said Certificate.

IMPORTANT NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given to all owners of property in the City of Florence who carry any fire insurance policy on their property, that Ordinance No. 124 requires any such holder of a policy to report to the City Clerk the name of the company in which their property is insured, and the name of the agent who solicited the policy and the date of the policy issued. And any person who shall fail to make such report within thirty days to the City Clerk shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and upon conviction shall be fined the sum of \$3.00.

The council have determined to enforce said ordinance, and owners of fire insurance policies must so report to me without delay.
Given by order of the Mayor and Council.
CHAS. M. COTTRILL,
City Clerk.

WILLIAM J. COAD, Lawyer,
First National Bank Bldg.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska.
Creighton University, Plaintiff, vs. George W. Perkins, James M. McIntosh, Joseph Jirker and the unknown heirs or devisees of Thomas H. Moffat, deceased, Defendants.

To the unknown heirs or devisees of Thomas H. Moffat, deceased, and to George W. Perkins, James M. McIntosh and Joseph Jirker:

The unknown heirs or devisees of Thomas H. Moffat, deceased, George W. Perkins, James M. McIntosh and Joseph Jirker are hereby notified that on the 19th day of January, 1910 the Creighton University filed in the district court for Douglas County, Nebraska, its petition against them and each of them setting forth that it is the owner and in its actual possession and that it and its grantors have been the owners in the several continuous, open, notorious, adverse and peaceable possession of lots two (2), fourteen (14), fifteen (15), sixteen (16), seventeen (17), eighteen (18), nineteen (19), twenty (20), twenty-one (21), twenty-two (22), twenty-three (23), twenty-four (24) and twenty-five (25), block one (1), Street Five, an addition to the city of Omaha, county of Douglas and state of Nebraska; that you, and each of you, claim some right, title or interest in and to the above described lots; but that said right, title or interest claimed by you and each of you is wholly unfounded, and that no one of you have any right, title or interest in and to the above described property, and the court is asked to quiet title in the plaintiff and foreclose any claims that you and each of you may hereafter set forth in and to said property.

You are hereby required to answer said petition on or before the 21st day of February, 1910.
THE CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY.
J-14-21-25-F-4

NOTICE OF SPECIAL ELECTION IN SCHOOL DISTRICT NO. 5 IN DOUGLAS COUNTY, NEB.

Notice is hereby given to the qualified voters of School District No. 5, in Douglas County, Nebraska, that upon the written request of the school board of the qualified voters of said school district, a special election has been called by said school district as required by law, and will be held at the school house in the City of Florence in said school district on Saturday, the 12th day of February, A. D. 1910, between the hours of 1:00 o'clock and 7:00 p. m., for the purpose of voting upon the following question, to-wit:

SCHOOL DISTRICT BOND PROPOSITION.
Shall the District Board of School District No. 5 in the county of Douglas, in the State of Nebraska, be authorized to issue bonds of said school district in the sum of \$5,000, for the purpose of completing the erecting and furnishing of the present school building in said school district?

The said bonds to be dated March 1, 1910, and payable \$2,000.00 on January 1, 1920; \$2,000.00 on January 1, 1921; and \$1,000.00 on January 1, 1922, with interest thereon from date at the rate of 4 1/2 per cent per annum, payable January 1, 1911, and semi-annually thereafter on the 1st day of July and 1st day of January of each year. Both principal and interest payable in coin of the United States at the Nebraska Fiscal Agency in the City of New York.

And shall the district officers of said school district cause to be levied annually a tax sufficient for the payment of the interest and principal on the said bonds as it becomes due?

Yes.....
No.....
To vote for the above proposition place an "X" opposite the word "yes".
To vote against the above proposition place an "X" opposite the word "no".
Said bonds to be issued for the pur-

pose of completing the erecting and furnishing of the present school building on Bluff street in the City of Florence in said school district.

Given by order of the District Board of said school district this 19th day of January, A. D. 1910.
W. E. ROGERS,
Moderator.
Attest:
HUGH SUTTIE,
Director.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal Order of Eagles.
Past worthy President.....
.....James Stribling
Worthy President.....E. L. Platz
Worthy Vice-President.....W. A. Taylor
Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson
Worthy Treasurer.....Henry Anderson
Worthy Chaplain.....Daniel Kelly
Inside Guard.....Wm. A. Scott
Outside Guard.....W. A. Dunn
Physician.....Dr. W. A. Akers
Conductor.....P. H. Peterson
Trustees: W. B. Parks, Robert Golding, W. P. Thomas.
Meets every Wednesday in Cole's hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.
Worthy Adviser.....Samuel Jensen
Venerable Consul.....C. J. Larson
Banker.....F. D. Leach
Clerk.....Gus Nelson
Escort.....James Johnson
Sentry.....M. M. Crum
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: W. R. Wall, Charles Johnson and A. P. Johnson.
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month in Pascale's Hall.

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of America.
Past Orator.....Mrs. J. Taylor
Orator.....Mrs. George Foster
Vice Orator.....Mrs. J. J. Cole
Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson
Outside Sentinel.....Mary Leach
Receiver.....Mrs. Newell Burton
Recorder.....Susan Nichols
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James Johnson.
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at Pascale's Hall.

Court of Honor.
Past Chancellor.....
.....Mrs. Elizabeth Hollett
Chancellor.....John Langenback
Vice Chancellor.....Mrs. Emie's
Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson
Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor
Guide.....Clyde Miller
Guard.....Clarence Leach
Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant
Physician.....Dr. Adams
Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Peterson, Mrs. E. Hollett.
Meets Tuesdays in Pascale's Hall.

H. A. WOOD

Contractor and Carpenter
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished
Phone Florence 397 Florence, Neb.

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"Best in the World"

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Union Pacific

"THE SAFE ROAD TO TRAVEL"

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BANK OF FLORENCE

PHONE FLO. 310.

COAL



An Avalanche of Coal

will not heat, if it is poor coal. That is why we are only handling GOOD COAL.

We do not wear out our nerves listening to our customers complaints.

OUR BUSINESS POLICY

is to please, again and again till the customers never think of going elsewhere. All sizes of coal delivered promptly.

Minne-Lusa Lbr. Co.

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Rockmount Poultry Farm

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Small Sister's Reflections

Sister Fan was awfully trying yesterday morning. All her old spunkiness seemed to have come back, and she was almost like she used to be before she engaged herself to poor Mr. John and got to acting reformed. I actually saw her with a broom in her china hands, sweeping off the front porch.

"Tip, darling," said I to my precious pet dog, "we smell a rat, don't we?"

Tip pricked up his lovely ears and sniffed. Then he barked three times. Yes, Tip smelled a rat, just as I did.

We went around to the front porch, and I began to pull off dead leaves from the honey-suckle vine—just helpful, you know. But what did Fan do but make a pounce at my legs with her broom and shout at me:

"Here, child," she said, "what are you making that mess for? Go away and take that beast with you!"

Then she hit precious Tip with the broom. That was enough for me. Tip and I are very patient, but when once we are aroused Fan should beware of our fangs!

I went into the kitchen then to mix sweet Tip a salad. I do so love white grape salad. But the maid got me to go away by telling me that she was going to make a four-layer angel cake with pink mint filling and that I might have a piece before any of the family. So Tip and I went out to the swing to think.

Fan sweeping and angel mint cake all on the same day! I looked at the sky a long time, but it did not seem to be falling.

After hours and hours we had a scramble lunch on the kitchen table and then mother took me and sweet Tip up to the bath tub for our daily purifier. Because neither Tip nor I whimpered once when she got soap in our eyes she told me that poor Mr. John's mother and three sisters, just home from Europe, were coming to call on her and Fan. She said I was to act like a little lady and show the visitors how nice I could be.

"I will, mother," I promised, but I crossed two of my fingers while I was saying it, and that means "not" under your breath.

I had a miserable afternoon, sitting prim and uncomfortable on the window seat up in mother's room. That tyrant Fan wouldn't let me go out for fear I'd get messy. But I had an idea.

About three o'clock a big auto machine flew up to our house on wings of dust. It wasn't poor Mr. John's, though, because that just has room for two, Fan always says when I beg for a ride. Anyhow, a woman in black silk who was almost as fat as our laundry stove stepped out. After her came three skinny girls with more puffs on their heads than even Fan wears. The three were as like as sardines in a box, and toilet water—whe!

Then for a frightfully long time I heard's Fan's company voice talking a lot and sweet mother's voice once in a while sounding sort of scared and timid and poor Mr. John's mother's voice, which sounded like that of our ice man, and now and then a frozen chirp from one of the sardines. Well, at last when my patience was worn to a frazzle I heard the clinking of glasses and the rattle of plates.

Our maid had had to put on the little white cap and black dress and it was mother's best gold and white dishes and bohemian glass sherbets. Precious Tip was crazy to go down, but I was putting the finishing touches to him and wanted to do the job right. For of course I'd not been sitting there with my hands folded.

I had ferreted out an indecible pencil—a purple one, a love! I had prided up his teeth. They were simply gorgeous the way I fixed them, but Tip didn't seem to like the taste of that. Next I colored all his white spots. His ears were simply stunning. When he was trimmed I did my fingernails and my teeth and touched me up under my eyes, as I've seen Fan do. I was quite struck with myself. I think I looked like these pictures of Circassian beauties.

Just as I had finished I heard Fan's company voice calling like sweet perfume: "Dear, don't you and Tip want a little cake?"

Did we? Tip was down at one bound. In my sudden fright, I put my hand to my face and happening to glance in Fan's mirror it seemed to me that I looked a little weird. But I never say die!

Down I went, swirling my skirts the way Fan does, and up I marched to poor Mr. John's mother, my hand outstretched. She grasped it.

"Oh!" she gasped, dropping my hand and holding up a glass eye on a stick to hypnotize me, I suppose. "What a very objectionable looking little girl!"

Mother and Fan hurried Tip and me out of the room. Fan was awfully rude and sweet mother was frowning and angry.

Fan cried all the rest of the day. She told poor Mr. John on the phone that she was so ashamed she never wanted to see him again, which means that he came earlier than usual and stayed later than ever.

From Lucile's Diary

I have always liked Malcolm Cox very much, and I never supposed he could be as unreasonable and domineering as he has proved himself recently.

Monday evening of last week when we were coming home from the theater he said he was tired of dilly-dallying.

"Dilly-dallying," I repeated. "What do you mean?"

"I mean," he answered in a voice sterner than I had ever dreamed he could speak to me, "that you must either say yes or no—that I am through with this uncertainty, I want to know. Lucile, if you care for me enough to promise to marry me."

"Do you call that pretty lovemaking?" I asked, laughing a little nervously.

"You know what I want, Lucile. I want you, and you have known it a long time. I have tried pretty lovemaking, and, no matter what I have said or done, you have always put me off with a laugh or some other means of keeping me on tenterhooks. Lucile," his voice fairly thrilled with emotion, "I'm not going to wait any longer for a definite answer. Is it to be yes?"

"I don't see why we have to be engaged," I said, poutingly.

"We don't have to be," he replied in a sort of doomsday voice that frightened me into slipping my hand into his and murmuring. "But we shall be, Malcolm."

Of course, after that he was much happier and began at once to talk about a ring.

Although I had never been very keen for being engaged, since an unengaged girl always has more fun, I thought at first it was not going to be so bad after all, especially the next morning, when mother woke me about nine o'clock, bringing into my room a box of lovely roses which Malcolm had sent me on his way downtown.

But my hopes of peace and harmony were dashed that very night when Malcolm came to the house right after dinner, frightfully out of humor.

"You know," he said, "I asked you last evening if you had any engagement for this afternoon, and you said you hadn't. So when I found I could get away from the office I phoned to ask you to come down for afternoon tea with me and I was told you were out. That was disappointment enough without my seeing you, as I did, in Knight's automobile."

"I think you are very foolish and quick tempered, Malcolm, to be vexed at such a little thing," I said. "When Arthur came for me I could hardly say, 'No, thank you; there's a possibility of some one else asking me out this afternoon,' could I?"

"You could have told him of our engagement and then he would not have expected you to go in his car."

"Why, Malcolm! I don't want to tell anyone now. Let's keep it a secret for a long time yet."

"I should much prefer to tell everybody to-day."

"Oh, no; let's have it a secret for a little while at least. That's the dear boy."

"Well, just as you say, Lucile," he acquiesced with quite good grace. "But now, what shall we do this evening?"

"I can't do anything this evening Malcolm," I explained. "That is, with you. I've already accepted an invitation to go to the theater with Ned Bartlett."

Malcolm scowled, so that I hastened to add: "He invited me a week ago, so you mustn't mind."

"But I do mind," he grumbled. "Well, how about to-morrow evening?"

"I have to stay at home to-morrow evening, because that delightful Mr. Raymond I knew in Europe is coming. He wrote me that he was to be in town just one evening on his way west and he wanted to pass it with me talking over the good times we had abroad. Of course you can come, too, Malcolm, though it might be a little dull for you."

"I shall not want to intrude upon your diet of reminiscences," Malcolm said, in the glumest way. "If by any chance, Lucile, you find yourself disengaged any evening this week we might arrange to pass it together."

"Certainly," I answered, generously overlooking his sarcastic manner. "How will Saturday do? This is Tuesday and to-morrow Mr. Raymond will be here. Thursday I promised to go to the country club dance with Arthur Knight, and there's a possibility of Canby Fuller's coming Friday evening. But Saturday I'll be free to go out with you."

"You're very kind," he said, laughing ungraciously.

He was positively rude. The very moment I mentioned Mr. Raymond he became annoyed and spoke in the most unreasonable manner. Then he cut the conversation off in the middle of my explanation. In a very short time a boy from his office brought me a letter, in which he said that since I found so little time for his society he inferred our engagement must be irksome to me, and if I desired to break it he would release me. I simply sent back the two words, "Very well."

I am glad that the tiresome affair is over. I hope, though, that Malcolm soon will feel like being friends again, for in some ways he is the most generous and thoughtful man I know.

Of course I can't help regretting the ring a little, for I have always wanted a sapphire and diamond ring, and that is what we had decided upon.

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Hidden Bits of American History

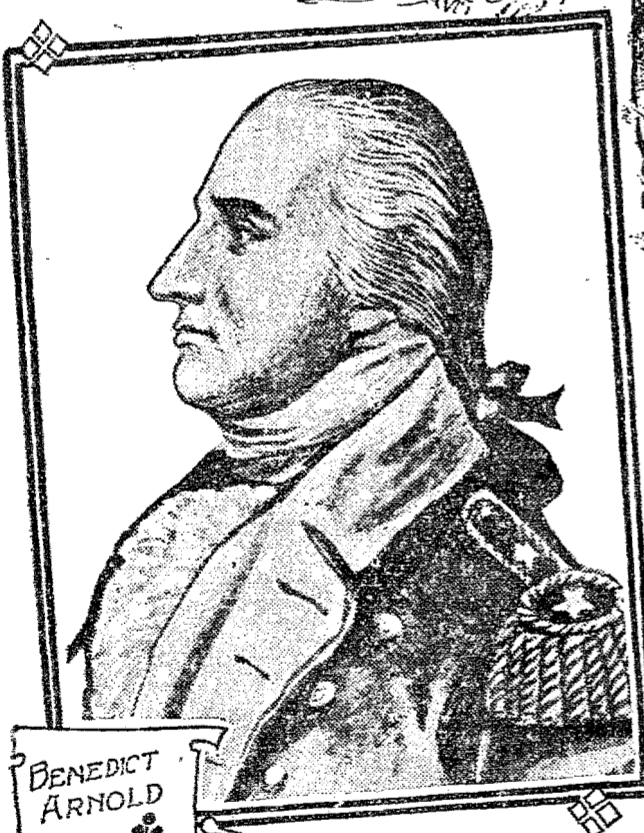
By Edward B. Clark

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THE headquarters of the Daughters of the American Revolution are situated in Washington. These women, who are engaged in the work of keeping alive patriotic memories, have in a nearly completed form, one of the most beautiful buildings in the capital city.

If the forming of the many societies in which membership is based on the having of an ancestor who fought or did something else for his country a century or so ago serves no other purpose, it at least is the means of bringing to light some more than half hidden bits of American history too interesting to be lost either to sight or memory. For the last few years the genealogy departments of the Congressional Library and of the reference libraries all over the country have been more popular with the masses than any other rooms in the buildings. There are gathered daily throngs composed of the five-sixths part of women studying away for dear life in the endeavor to find trace of some ancestor who saw the whites of the British eyes at Bunker hill or at the Cowpens in the Carolinas.

The discoveries made by these delv-



ers into family histories, if put into a volume, would form a valuable addition to the graver records of a government. Some matters touching Benedict Arnold, which were perhaps well enough known a century ago, but which have lapsed into forgetfulness, were found not long ago by a "revolutionary daughter" who for certain reasons was trying to find something to lighten Benedict's black history.

When it is once said with truth that a man is a traitor to his country the damnation is deep enough to keep his contemporaries and a following generation or two from any attempt to find anything that might redeem the traitor's soul from utter blackness. Benedict Arnold's name is blotted out of the revolutionary roll of honor on the walls of the chapel at West Point. On some monuments and on many a page of history Arnold's name appears, but nowhere may it be seen separated from the title "traitor."

The English, who were to have profited by Arnold's treason, hated the traitor after he had joined their ranks. British officers would hold no fellowship with him and his memory is execrated in England today. The British loyalists who left the colonies at the outbreak of the revolutionary war and went their way into New Brunswick showed Arnold when he afterward went to dwell among them that they held him in nothing short of loathing. Arnold has been likened unto Nero and Nero has gained by the comparison. Nero merely fiddled as Rome went up in flames, while Arnold is pictured as smiling exultantly at the burning under his orders of his birthplace and at the subsequent putting of many of the surrendered Americans to the sword.

It is told that when New London and Groton were attacked and burned Arnold, commanding the attacking forces, had no word of reproof for the officer who, upon receiving the sword of Col. William Ledyard, the American commander, in token of surrender, murdered the colonial soldier with the weapon which he had presented hilt on

to his conqueror. This is the midnight scroll and that upon it may appear a small tracing in letters of light is a matter of interest, though it may do nothing toward the redeeming of a name.

It was a Daughter of the Revolution, Mrs. Gilbert W. Warren of Ilion, N. Y., who brought attention to a well-nigh forgotten fragment of Arnold's history. Mrs. Warren, who died recently, was a descendant of Col. William Ledyard, who was killed with his own sword after he had surrendered it to an officer serving under Arnold. Naturally Mrs. Warren would not be moved by any hereditary love for Arnold to start her digging up nice things about him. It happens, however, that Mrs. Warren's husband, who survives her, is collaterally descended from Gen. Joseph Warren, who fell at Bunker hill. This fact led to the discovery of something which was used as a sort of offset to Arnold's treatment of the unlucky Americans who met his forces along the banks of the Connecticut Thames.

Gen. Arnold had met Gen. Warren in the early spring of 1775 and had formed a strong personal liking for him. When Warren was killed it was found that he had left no means for the support and education of his four children. Arnold became deeply interested in the matter and brought the children's condition to the attention of the continental congress, which promised to do something for the little ones, but dilly-dallied over the matter. Arnold had an idea that the congress might not act quickly and so he wrote a letter of tender solicitude to Mercy Schollay, who was caring for the Warren children, their mother having died some time before. In this letter Arnold, nearly impoverished himself, sent an order for \$500 with instructions that he should be drawn upon for more as soon as it was needed. This contribution of the traitor saved Elizabeth, Joseph, Mary and Richard Warren from destitution. Arnold was not satisfied with this, but he wrote spurring letters to Sam Adams and John Hancock, of the committee which had the proposed congressional appropriation in hand. Then he sent home some money and said: "Send Richard, who is now old enough to the best school that can be found, clothe him handsomely, give him all that he needs and call upon me for any future expense."

How much food for thought may be found in one of the letters of Benedict Arnold, traitor, written to Miss Schollay just before his treason. He had sent more money and had congratulated the children on the prospect that the money from congress would be speedily forthcoming. "A country," said Arnold, "should be ever grateful to the patriot who lays down his life in its defense. Greater love hath no man than this."

What surging thought must have whirled this man's brain as he wrote these words. That letter was received just at the time that Arnold

began negotiations with Clinton. School histories say that after the revolution Arnold passed all his time in England. He lived, however, for a long period in St. John, New Brunswick. There he engaged in commercial pursuits, sending out trading vessels to the West Indies. His neighbors, though, as has been said, were largely refugees; had stood by king and crown. They gave Arnold to understand that they did not like his company. They hanged him in effigy once or twice, taking care that the effigy bore the word "Traitor" in large letters. One night Arnold's place of business burned. It was heavily insured. The companies refused to pay, openly charging that either Arnold or his son had acted the incendiary. The case went into the courts and the insurance companies finally paid. Arnold pocketed the money and left the town, the occasion of his leaving being made one of tremendous rejoicing by the inhabitants throughout all the land.

It will be interesting to note whether in the new chapel which is being erected at West Point the name of Gen. William Hull will appear on the wall with the names of other officers who served in the land forces of the United States during the second war with Great Britain. Gen. Hull surrendered Detroit to the English and afterward was court-martialed for doing it.

The Society of the War of 1812, it is understood, will have charge of the work of placing the tablets in West Point's new chapel. The officers' names, like the names of those officers who served in the revolutionary war and which have a place on the walls of the old chapel, probably will appear in letters of gold upon a black basis.

School histories as a rule, in giving an account of the Detroit surrender, state simply that Gen. Hull's action was considered cowardly. The fact that he was tried and sentenced to be shot for cowardice is generally omitted. Hull was ordered to go to his Massachusetts home and there await the execution of his sentence. Old age "executed" him many years afterwards. It is probable that the commemorating society will content itself with simply omitting Hull's name from its list, by which Hull's conduct, characterized as cowardly by a competent court, could be made to stand as a warning to all the generations of young soldiers.

Occupying a considerable part of the wall space of the beautiful old West Point place of worship there are already many black marble memorials bearing the names of all the general officers of the revolutionary war from Artemus Ward of Connecticut to George Washington of Virginia. Upon one of these tablets the cadets as they file in on Sunday see something which tells better than the words of trumpet-tongued eloquence of the black ignominy which attaches to the name of a traitor. On one of the slabs occupying a place between two honored names there appears a black blot. Above and below it show the tips of gold letters. Enough of the lettering is visible to let the observer know after a moment's study that which it is intended in the main to conceal. A black blot of marble set in transversely across the golden capitals blots out forever from the roll of honor the name of Benedict Arnold, traitor.

Touching on the treason of Benedict Arnold, there is a little-known story which had for the scene of its action the four years of the war of secession. In response to the first call of Abraham Lincoln for troops a young man appeared at a Detroit recruiting office and enlisted. He went to the front and in the course of six months was made a commissioned officer. He was of a retiring disposition, always courteous to his fellow officers and just to his men, but he sought no close friendships. He was noted throughout the command as a man whose devotion to duty amounted to a passion. He once sought and secured a change in command in order to have a more frequent hand in the heavy fighting.

This soldier rose to the rank of a major. He was offered at one time a colonelcy. He declined. He fought in every battle of the later Richmond campaign and was in at the end at Appomattox. The major headed his battalion in the great parade of the returning victors up Pennsylvania avenue. Then there came the final mustering out of the troops. Less than a month afterward the colonel of a fighting regiment received a letter bearing a Toronto postmark: "I served all through the war under an assumed name. I trust that I did my full duty. I wish you to know that I did what I did in order that I might in some way make atonement for the deed of one of my family. Sir, I am a Canadian by birth and my name is John Benedict Arnold."

FRIEND OF LINCOLN

Hermann Kreissmann, Now in Germany, Loyal to America.

Octogenarian Relates Some Interesting Anecdotes About the Martyred President Whose Memory He Cherishes.

Berlin.—One of Lincoln's friends, one of the half-dozen young politicians of Illinois, who followed Lincoln's political fortunes when he first became known in Berlin, is closing in Berlin a most successful career of activity in both America and Germany. Hermann Kreissmann, 80 years old and quite feeble, finds his greatest pleasure in recalling incidents of his acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln.

Kreissmann, "Long John" Wentworth and "Charlie" Farwell—who afterward became senator from Illinois—were the three lieutenants of Judd, the chairman of the Republican state committee. Kreissmann, the treasurer of cook county, was presumed to carry the German vote in his pocket and was the foremost German in politics in Illinois 50 years ago. He had gone to Boston when he was 16, upon leaving the Gymnasium in Germany after the death of his father, a minor government official. Kreissmann taught languages in Boston.

Then he went west, working at various occupations in Cincinnati and in Chicago. Through his qualities of character and a gift of leadership he went into politics and was early an office holder.

Judd and he made the trip east with President Lincoln on his way to Washington. The train that was to take the presidential party was waiting at the station at Springfield when Judd told Kreissmann to go as quickly as possible to Mr. Lincoln's house and tell him that if he did not hurry the train could not leave in time.

Mr. Kreissmann found Mrs. Lincoln

had thrown herself upon the floor and was crying and saying: "I will not go, I will not go—I will not go." Mr. Lincoln was endeavoring to soothe her, and in a moment after Mr. Kreissmann's arrival, Lincoln did so by agreeing to what had apparently been a subject of controversy.

Mrs. Lincoln then stopped crying, got up cheerfully, shook out her skirts, gave a push or two to her hair and went to the station with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Kreissmann afterward learned, Mrs. Lincoln desired a relative of hers appointed naval officer at the port of New York. Lincoln had refused to promise until the crisis at the last moment before he left for Washington.

Judd had expected to be in Mr. Lincoln's cabinet. The place he desired was that of secretary of interior. No definite promise had been made, but Judd felt confident that his services would entitle him to a place.

He and Kreissmann stopped at the old Willard hotel in Washington. The inauguration was over, three or four members of the cabinet had been announced and Mr. Judd had heard nothing from the White House. Nor had he gone near the White House.

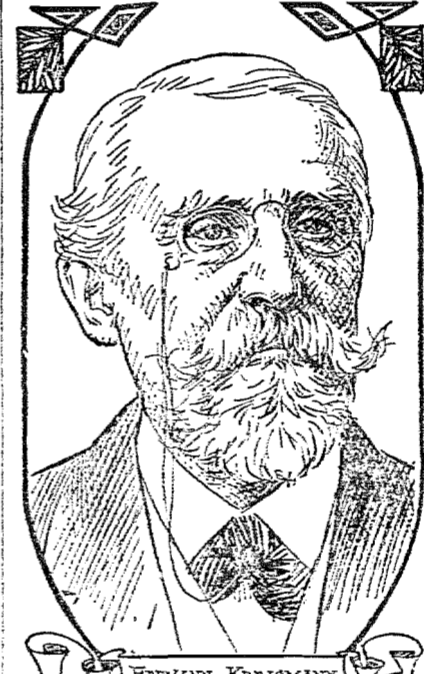
He and Kreissmann were together in Judd's room one afternoon. Some one knocked and Judd said: "Come in!" Mr. Lincoln came into the room. After he had shaken hands, Kreissmann started to leave. "Don't go, Kreissmann, for I want you to hear what I have to say."

Mr. Lincoln turned to Judd. "I could sleep better nights," said he, "if you were not in the cabinet. I wish I could take care of you outside the cabinet. You know what I mean." And Mr. Lincoln glanced significantly toward Judd. He was referring, as Judd knew, to a dislike that Mrs. Lincoln had for him.

"Yes, I know, Mr. President," said Mr. Judd, "and I have been thinking the matter over and talking it over with my wife. Mrs. Judd would like to go to a European court if there is a good post for me as minister."

"Just the thing, Judd," responded Mr. Lincoln. "I'll send you to Berlin and Kreissmann can go along with you as secretary of legation. Would that suit you, Kreissmann?"

Kreissmann said that it would, and that was how Judd and he came to Berlin. Mr. Kreissmann was afterward appointed consul general and held the office for six or eight years.



Another Grateful Woman.
St. Louis, Mo.—"I was bothered terribly with a female weakness and had backache, bearing down pains and pains in lower parts. I began taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound regularly and used the Sanative Wash and now I have no more troubles that way."—Mrs. AL. HERZOG, 5722 Prescott Ave., St. Louis, Mo.

Because your case is a difficult one, doctors having done you no good, do not continue to suffer without giving Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. It surely has cured many cases of female ills, such as inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, indigestion, dizziness, and nervous prostration. It costs but a trifle to try it, and the result is worth millions to many suffering women.

WHY PEOPLE SUFFER.

Too often the kidneys are the cause and the sufferer is not aware of it. Sick kidneys bring backache and side pains, lameness and stiffness, dizziness, headaches, tired feeling, urinary troubles. Doan's Kidney Pills cure the cause. Mrs. N. E. Graves, Villisca, Iowa, says: "I suffered from kidney trouble for years. The secretions were disordered, there were pains in my back and swellings of the ankles. Often I had smothering spells. I had to be helped about Doan's Kidney Pills cured me five years ago and I have been well since. They saved my life."

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

In the Ark.
Noah—I know what I'm going to do.
Mrs. Noah—What is it?
Noah—Hold the elephant's trunk for board.

MORE PINKHAM CURES

Added to the Long List due to This Famous Remedy.

Oronogo, Mo.—"I was simply a nervous wreck. I could not walk across the floor without my heart fluttering and I could not even receive a letter. Every month I had such a bearing-down sensation, as if the lower parts would fall out. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has done my nerves a great deal of good and has also relieved the bearing down. I recommended it to some friends and two of them have been greatly benefited by it."—Mrs. MAE MCKNIGHT, Oronogo, Mo.

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Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.
CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS will put you right in a few days.

They do their duty.
Cure Constipation, Biliousness, Indigestion, and Sick Headache.

SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE
GENUINE must bear signature: *Beautifood*

WESTERN CANADA

Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, says: "The stream of emigrants from the United States to Canada will continue."

Senator Dolliver recently paid a visit to Western Canada, and said: "There is a land hunger in the hearts of English speaking people here which will result in the removal of as many as 100,000 acres to be settled. Our people are pleased with its Government and the excellent administration of law, and they are coming to you in tens of thousands, and they are still coming."

can farmers who are invited by the 70,000 American field crop returns alone during the year 1909 of the country upwards of \$170,000,000.00

Grain growing, mixed farming, cattle raising and dairying are all profitable. Free Homesteads of 160 acres to be had in the very best districts, 160 acre pre-emption of \$3.00 per acre within certain areas. Schools and churches in every settlement, climate unexcelled, soil the richest, wood, water and building material plentiful.

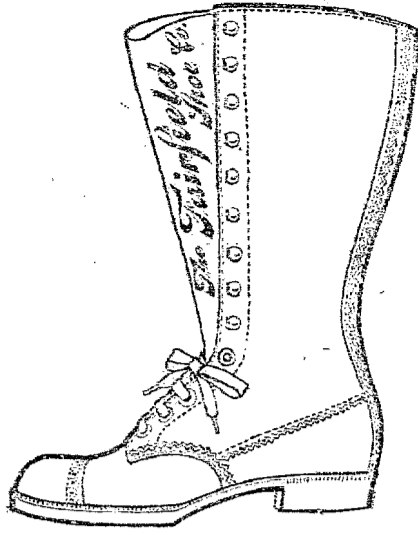
For particulars as to land, low settlers' railway rates and descriptive literature, apply to the Canadian West, or write to the Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT
Room 4 Box 116, Omaha, Neb.
(Case address nearest you.) (3)

Bad Breath

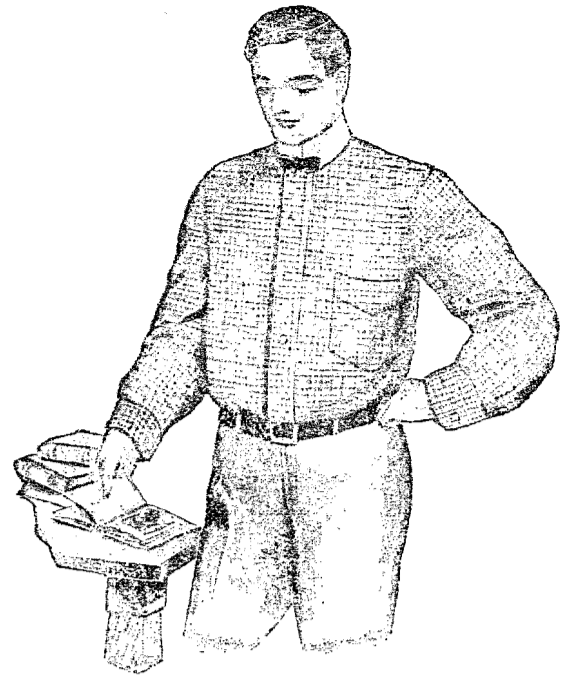
"For months I had great trouble with my stomach and used all kinds of medicines. My tongue has been actually as green as grass, my breath having a bad odor. Two weeks ago a friend recommended Cascarets and after using them I can willingly and cheerfully say that they have entirely cured me. I therefore let you know that I shall recommend them to any one suffering from such troubles."—Chas. H. Halpern, 114 E. 7th St., New York, N. Y.

CUT THIS OUT, mail it with your address to Sterling Remedy Company, Chicago, Illinois, and receive a handsome souvenir gold Bon Bon FREE. 922



Money Saved

is money made, winter slush is here; you are going to need good solid shoes and rubbers to keep your feet dry and comfortable. Put a pair of our Ziz Zaz shoes on that boy or girl. Made from plump, selected calf stock, oak leather soles, shoes that are especially constructed for the hard usage of school wear, built with medium heel and toe on a foot form last, prices..... \$1.25 to \$1.75



Special Shirt Sale!! A saving of 55 cents on each shirt. We will place on sale about 125 shirts, fine percales and madras shirtings, pleated bosoms and soft fronts, in coat cut. These shirts are a well known brand, made of first class materials and come in desirable patterns. **AN EXCEPTIONAL VALUE.**

\$5 CASH BUYS A MOORE'S STEEL RANGE AND THEN \$2.00 PER WEEK.

Let us deliver one to you and if the stove does not do all we claim we will cheerfully remove it and refund you your money.



Moore's Glass Door

One of the most practical and useful conveniences ever put on a range. Food in plain sight. Removes all uncertainty in baking. No burned baking, no fallen cakes, no wasted heat. Moore's Range with Glass Oven Door used in Dept. of Economics of State Universities. See the name "Moore" in the glass.

A Few of the Reasons Why

YOU SAVE MONEY BY TRADING AT McCLURE'S

- FIRST. You save street car fare.
- SECOND. You save the time and trouble of a trip down town.
- THIRD. Our rent and expenses are less than half that of the big stores.
- FOURTH. We give rebate checks on all cash purchases.

A FEW SPECIALS THIS WEEK ON FRIDAY AND SATURDAY.

FREE! With every dollar cash purchase or over
Friday and Saturday Only
we will give one package of the celebrated **ADVO JELL.**
It makes delicious jelly.

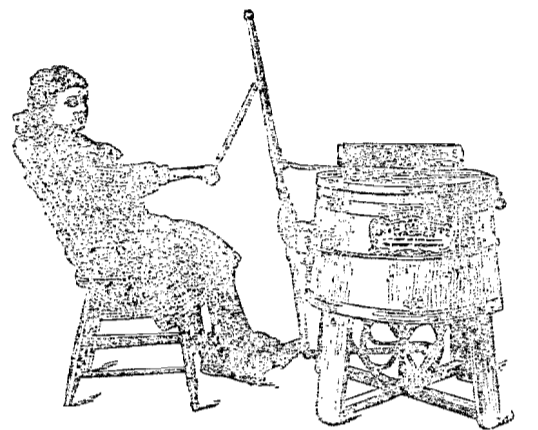
8 cans best Oil Sardines...25c
5 lbs. best Japan Rice...25c
1 box Shinola or 2 in 1...5c
1 box Indian Corn Flakes, 6c
1-lb. pail McClure's Leader Smoking...46c

THE ONLY WASHER ON THE MARKET

That runs with the same ease with clothes in machine as out. No open cogwheels to catch child's fingers, no heavy gearing to lift when you get the clothes washed. A machine built in such a way that a child can run it the same as a woman. We will send you one on trial.

Price---

\$9.98



McCLURES

FLORENCE, NEBRASKA

We Sell Everything

Idle Chatter

John Jacob Weber is the latest arrival at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. Weber, Jr. having arrived Sunday morning. He weighed ten pounds. While he has not given the Tribune an interview as yet he is making preparations to become a miller.

The Pleasant Hour club will give a dance a Cole's new hall Friday evening of next week.

5 bars "Diamond C" or "Beat 'Em All" Soap for 25c.
Thos. Dugher, The New Store.

F. E. Campbell, the farm hand who took cattle to South Omaha for Charles Heise and then skipped with the proceeds, has been arrested in Oklahoma and brought back for trial.

Jacob V. Shipley has purchased of Mr. and Mrs. Sadler lots 1, 2, 19 and 20 in block 132 and the same in block 133 for a consideration of \$750.

Mrs. F. H. Reynolds left Monday for Billings, Mont., to join Mr. Reynolds and make their home there in the future.

6 boxes matches, 20c.
3 cans tomatoes, 25c.
Thos. Dugher, The New Store.

Miss Helen Reynolds arrived Friday to make her home with her mother, Mrs. B. F. Reynolds. She has been living in Brooklyn for some time.

Giuseppe Sumseri has purchased of Mary Heibrock lot 16, block 112, for \$375 and has let the contract to the Florence Building and Real Estate company for the erection of a home.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hartman entertained at luncheon Sunday in honor of Mrs. P. H. Reynolds.

High patent flour, \$1.50.
Every sack warranted.
Thos. Dugher, The New Store.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Suttie and Mr. and Mrs. Disbrow of Omaha were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Newell Burton Sunday evening.

There was a large crowd of both men and women present at the meeting of the Gideons at the Presbyterian church Sunday evening.

Mrs. J. H. Platz of Lincoln and Dr. Ada Platz of Beatrice, mother and sister of the editor, visited with him and his family Saturday and Sunday.

Look on page four for our great clubbing offer.

Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Thomas and Miss Frances Eaton spent Sunday at the home of W. H. Thomas.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Suttie very pleasantly entertained at their home Monday evening for Miss Grace Swan of Glasgow, Scotland, and Mr. Dave Johnson of Brady Island. Those present were Miss Swan, Mr. Dave Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. Gault, Mr. and Mrs. Tom Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas, Mr. Charles Thomson and Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Suttie. Games, music and dancing were the order of the evening, after which refreshments were served by the hostess.

Look on page four for our great clubbing offer.

For Sale—Cow, fresh in two weeks. One wagon and harness and pole wood—N. H. Anderson, 2 1/2 miles north of Florence.

The Imogen Study club met at the residence of Mrs. A. B. Hunt Thursday afternoon.

Best coal oil, 10c per gallon.
Sugar, 18 pounds for \$1.00.
Large can milk, 3 cans for 25c.
Thos. Dugher, The New Store.

Miss Nellie McKissick of Omaha was the guest of Miss Carrie Parks Monday.

Mrs. R. H. Olmsted and Miss Florence Olmsted are visiting in Chicago.

FORT CALHOUN NEWS

"Grandfather" Chris Staben has moved to his recent purchase on the old mill site and John Hindricksen comes back from South Omaha to his own house vacated by Staben.

The Amblers write from Halfway, Ore.: "Two feet of snow and good sleighing."

H. P. Jensen is now an Omaha motorman and Carl Kay is to take his place on the fruit farm.

Miss Opal Dixon sends her monthly message to her former schoolmates from her home at David City, and says she hopes that each man gets a valentine.

A. H. Toothaker of Sioux City, superintendent of the Iowa interstate fruit display this fall, requests fruit men to prepare to exhibit for the next meeting.

The Women's club met last week at the home of Mrs. Curtis.

"Grandma" John Seirk fell on the ice and broke a bone in her arm.

Sam Thomas has sold his farm on the bottoms to an Omaha man.

James Woods of Emerson reports a boy born January 15, weighing four and one-half pounds.

A. Z. Hunt, who used to be a silk buyer in Omaha and then a teacher in this county and was manager of a store at Coon Rapids, Ia., is going to find a location and start business for himself.

Heroes.

What a hero one can be without moving a finger! The world is not a field worthy of us, nor can we be satisfied with the plains of Troy. A glorious strife seems waging within us, yet so noiselessly that we but just catch the sound of the clarion ringing of victory, borne to us on the breeze. There are in each the seeds of an heroic ardor, which need only to be stirred in with the soil where they lie, by an inspired voice or pen, to bear fruit of a divine flavor.—Thoreau.

Didn't Care for Him.

Little Eleanor's mother was an American, while her father was a German. One day, after Eleanor had been subjected to rather severe disciplinary measures at the hands of her father, she called her mother into another room, closed the door significantly, and said: "Mother, I don't want to meddle in your business, but I wish you'd send that husband of yours back to Germany."—Ladies' Home Journal.

Called on "Mr. Anthem."

At an English school, once upon a time, when a concert was being held, the choir was on the program to sing an anthem, and their place was designated by the single word "Anthem." The gentleman who was master of ceremonies, a high-toned, pompous individual of the old school, when he came to that part of the program, announced, in a dignified way: "Mr. Anthem will now favor us."

Delaware Farmer's Mouser.

N. H. King owns a remarkable English mocking bird, which has established a reputation as a mouse catcher and takes the place of several cats. While King was the field with the bird it caught ten mice in less than an hour, killing them all. King puts the bird in his barn at night, and says it is keeping it freed from rats and mice.

Heat Adds to Absorption. Researches in Germany show that a given quantity of red-hot coke will absorb four times the amount of water that will be absorbed by the same coke if cold.

One of the Worst.

One of the worst bores in the world is the man who goes around complaining because he had a chance to get an education and didn't.

Has to Be Careful.

"I never dare to look down when I'm standing on a high place," said Mrs. Lapsling. "It always give me an attack of verdigris."

Life's Injustice.

"What do you think? Mrs. Zizel, who never goes to church, has won the first prize in the church lottery!"

Uncle Ezra Says:

"Don't give up too easy, unless you are facin' a cocked revolver."—Boston Herald.

Londoners Flock to Work.

Between eight and nine every morning 164,000 persons enter the city of London.

Minute Screws.

The smallest screws are those made in watch factories. An ordinary tin-bottle would hold 100,000 of them.

License, but No Muzzle.

"He's got no license to talk the way he does." "Oh, he's got a license all right. What he lacks is a muzzle!"

Never Thinks of Himself.

"A man will complain of his enemies, an' slape wut th' worst wan, ivery night."—Cleveland News.

New York's Waterfront.

Any one who would take in the entire waterfront of New York would travel a journey of 341 miles.

Parents, Study Up!

Those who cannot answer their children's "Whys?" have no right to have children.—Dr. Campbell Morgan.

Hard to Eradicate.

The original savage in us is responsible for war.

Enormous Industry.

A single salt works in Brazil covers an area of almost 24 square miles.

Woman's Superiority.

Women have infinitely more tact than men.—Exchange.

True Source of Wealth. The improvement of the ground is the most natural obtaining of riches, for it is our great mother's blessing, the earth's; but is slow, and yet where men of great wealth do stoop to husbandry it multiplies riches exceedingly.—Bacon.

All the Same to Him.

Rev. Dr. Munhall, a Philadelphia evangelist, has been telling an audience in Pittsburg that it was a shark and not a whale that swallowed Jonah. It is rather difficult for a layman to see what difference this would make to Jonah.

Theater Box for Minister.

One theatrical manager in New York reserves a box in his house for clergymen and their families one night every week. The rates are shaded, but just how much is known only to the manager and his treasurer and to the clergyman.

Busy City Railroads.

Steam railways of the United States carry a large number of passengers each year, but the railways of New York city carry 66 per cent. more than all of them combined. During the last year these lines carried 1,500,000 passengers.

A Trifle Miffed.

"I've been owing you a call for the past three years," began the lady of the first part. "Never mind about paying it," responded the lady of the second part. "The debt is outlawed now."

New York's Thieves.

It is estimated that there are about 11,000 professional thieves in New York city. Those who steal only when the opportunity is offered have not been estimated.

Modern View of Crime.

Fifty or 60 years ago crime was ruthlessly dealt with in this country. Modern aims are directed to the uplifting and improvement of the community.

Spoke from Experience.

"I saw in the papers that the oldest wanderer has been cast away," says the philosopher of Polly. "but it's a carard. I saw father yesterday."

Vast Original Forests.

The five great original forests of the United States covered 850,000,000 acres and contained 32,000,000,000 feet of lumber.

Hard to Conceive.

The thickness of a razor edge has been reckoned at about one-millionth of an inch.

A Clever Writer. Patrice—"You say she is a clever writer?" "Patience—Very. Why, I've known her to use a fountain pen without getting ink all over her fingers!"

Obvious Reason.

"Why do women wear vel?" quires a contemporary. "Tha It's because they can always l at bargain sales."

Ever See This?

Ever notice that the fell sings the songs of home and loudest is usually the roughest. the crowd who gets the fullest?

New York's Wealth.

New York city's assessed real estate value is more than that of the entire states of Ohio, Indiana and Illinois.

Japanese Wife in Luck.

Sewing on buttons is not a wifely duty in Japan—there are no buttons.

Missionaries to China Worry.

It is a matter of grave concern to the missionaries and other permanent residents of China to observe from year to year the increasing cost of living, which, of course, includes every item of household expense. Double and treble the prices are asked that were paid 10 years ago.

Nature's Peculiarities.

Breweries and tanneries and printing ink factories confer exemption from tuberculosis and other permanent residents of China to observe from year to year the increasing cost of living, which, of course, includes every item of household expense. Double and treble the prices are asked that were paid 10 years ago.

India's Public Journals.

India has 744 newspapers and 973 periodicals.

Merely Guessed At.

A woman who is perfectly stunning isn't always stunningly perfect.

Bulb Cultivation in Holland. Holland has over 10,000 acres devoted to the cultivation of bulbs.

Medical Perils.

In Belocchistan, when a physician gives a dose, he is expected to partake of a similar one himself as a guarantee of his good faith. Should the patient die under his hands, the relatives though they rarely exercise it, have the right of putting him to death, unless a special agreement has been made freeing him from all responsibility as to consequences; while, if they should decide upon immolating him, he is fully expected to yield to his fate like a man.