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VOL. II, PUBLISHED BY E. L. PLATZ FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, JULY 15, 1910 Subscription, \$1.00 a Year. No. 10

## PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL

Meet Monday Evening and Kill Time for Two Hours and Three-Quarters Accomplishing Nothing More Than Paying \$3,081.75 in Bills Besides Holding Over a Batch Until Next Week.—Plan for the Assessing of Tax for Paving Main Street Is Taken Up.

The ball was started Monday evening by the clerk reading the minutes of the last several meetings which has heretofore been impossible because the books have been in the hands of the court pending a decision on the paving case. The minutes were all approved and then the council was ready to proceed to business which they did by hearing another petition read in regard to the finances of the city.

The communication went on to say that in the resolution of expense adopted on May 16 it was stated that the revenue of the city for 1909-1910 amounted to the sum of \$9,527.75, whereas the books of the treasurer only showed collections of \$7,400 and of this \$4,000 was school money. It then detailed the appropriations made for the fiscal years and said the total in the general fund, \$5,850 must be raised by the 10-mill levy, the limit allowed by law, and as the assessed valuation was only \$341,501.00, the 10 mills would only raise \$3,415.91 or \$2,400 short of the amount appropriated. It also claimed that of the \$3,400 only 85 per cent. or was available and that the council had already drawn in excess of that amount. The communication closed by saying that the signers "insist" that the council keep within the appropriation and was signed by 39 names. The matter was referred to the city attorney and the finance committee to report back next Monday.

J. P. Crick submitted his figures on the work done on the State street sidewalk which was placed on file. The report of the city treasurer was read and placed on file.

City Attorney Olmsted said that at the last meeting of the council a communication was referred to him in regard to the finances of the city and that while he was not ready to submit his written report then he would do so at the next meeting but he would forecast what his report would be. He said that he did not question the good faith of the signers of the communication, for if the figures given in it were correct he would sign it also, but, as a matter of fact, the figures were not correct as expressing the truth of the matter. He said that the law fixed the limit at 10 mills for the general fund and that the figures given as the amounts appropriated were in the main correct. However he said that the council did not guess at the revenue of the city for last year but that it was \$9,500 and the books of the treasurer would show the same. After a lengthy and detailed explanation he wound up by saying that there was still \$3,000 in the funds unexpended and defied anyone to disprove the truth of the statement. He will submit a written report Monday evening.

The bills were then taken up and these bills were allowed:

|                    |          |
|--------------------|----------|
| Kinzie & Hoye      | 127.90   |
| J. P. Crick        | 186.00   |
| Electric Light Co. | 128.25   |
| Corey & McKenzie   | 3.25     |
| Harrison Barnes    | 14.50    |
| F. Marks           | 3.90     |
| J. A. Miller       | 80.00    |
| F. E. Luddington   | 45.00    |
| Charles Cirtrell   | 10.00    |
| M. E. Nields       | 2.59     |
| A. Marr            | 73.58    |
| H. Covert          | 5.25     |
| N. M. Crume        | 1.25     |
| F. D. Leach        | 2.50     |
| J. H. Price        | 13.00    |
| Dan Tomasso        | 1,144.54 |
| G. Mancinni        | 1,265.92 |

Total \$3,081.75  
The bill of Dan Tomasso was for crosswalks, 15 in the north ward and 17 in the south ward. Price voted no on this bill and the bill of J. P. Crick. The bill of G. Mancinni was for walks in district No. 6. The bills of G. R. Gamble, \$12.50; L. Fay \$503.25; Charles Cottrell, \$18.20; D. Tomasso, \$70; L. Fay, \$65; Charles Cottrell, \$17.50; Florence Coal and Lumber Co., \$30; and Charles Cottrell, \$14.00, were held over until the next meeting.

The engineer's plan of assessment for the paving of Main street was adopted and the board will sit as a board of equalization August 11. The assessment will appear in the Tribune for four weeks commencing next week, providing the court does not declare the tax illegal.

Dave Richmond of Streator, Ill., dropped in on Hugh Suttie Wednesday to find out how he was treating his wife, who is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Suttie. From the smile on his face Wednesday evening all is lovely on the banks of the Missouri.

## NEWS FROM FORT CALHOUN

Bits of Social Gossip From the Thriving Suburb of Interest to Florence Residents.

The Union Pacific shopmen's picnic is expected here Saturday, July 16, from Omaha.

B. R. Wilds of Blair, now in a soldiers' home, is visiting his nephew, Dr. Pettengill.

John Lorenzen went to Omaha to see a niece married.

Miss Sampson of Sheridan, Wyo., was at Pettengill's.

"Grandma" Brooks was visiting her children in Council Bluffs.

Mr. Stoddard of Omaha expects to sow 40 acres of alfalfa on his De Soto farm.

Misses May and Ada Warner are visiting the Schumacher sisters.

John D. Creighton of Omaha, while here at his daughter's farm, comes to town in his seventy-horse power auto.

Supervisor Maher and Contractor Beaty were here from Blair to inspect the grading at Horseshoe lake.

Hans Staben came back from his Wayne county farm to see home folks.

Willie, Margaret and Irene Hoye of Omaha were at Bolen's.

President Wall and Cashier Parker of the Farmers bank at Florence autoed up to call on W. H. Woods.

Mrs. Newstrom of Omaha was at Fred Nichols'.

Victor Coffman is home from the Wyoming sheep ranges.

Jake Seirk reports the finest crop of wheat he has ever had.

Pioneer William Allen, who has farmed near here fifty-four years, says he has just had his first real damage from hail. Mrs. Allen says hailstones freeze fine ice cream.

Omaha Bandmaster Green wants all his Omaha friends when here to see his prize potato patch.

Mrs. W. B. Parks is visiting relatives at Kansas City.

Miss Viola Van Syckle is the guest of her sister, Mrs. Fred Hartman.

George Gamble left Wednesday morning for Chadron, Neb., where he will spend the remainder of the week, returning Sunday.

Toilet and Medicated Soaps, Hemphing Drug Co.

The Bachelors club is the latest and those comprising the membership are men whose wives are away on summer vacation. Those meeting with the club each day are J. H. Price, C. E. Wall, T. W. McClure, F. E. Price and R. A. Golding. Rumor has it that several more will join shortly.

Soreness of the muscles, whether induced by violent exercise or injury, is quickly relieved by the free application of Chamberlain's Liniment. This liniment is equally valuable for muscular rheumatism, and always affords quick relief. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Sturday afternoon at her home, Oak Ridge, Mrs. J. R. Ringwait delightfully entertained a garden party in honor of Miss Johnson of St. Joseph, Mo. The large porch, which is screened, was profusely decorated with maiden hair ferns from the woods nearby. Shasta daisies made a bright decoration for the tea table. An informal afternoon was spent with about thirty guests present.

Mayor F. S. Tucker filed for the nomination of state representative on the republican ticket this week saying he had been put in excellent trim for a fight by his term as mayor.

Mr. and Mrs. John Redgwick and family and Mr. Arthur Bond of Omaha were guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Henry Anderson and family spent Tuesday out in the country, driving out early in the morning and returning late at night.

## SOCIAL NOTES OF FLORENCE

The Doings of the People of This Thriving Suburb Told Briefly But Interestingly for the Delectation of Those Who Care to Know What is Going on and Take This Interesting Paper to Find Out.

Miss Alice Platz was the guest of Miss Hanna Christenson of South Omaha Saturday.

Don't fail to read the want ads.

Mr. Wilbur Nichols, of Gothenburg, Neb., who has been visiting his parents for the past two weeks and been the honor guest of a number of affairs, will leave for his home Sunday evening.

The Ladies Aid society of the Presbyterian church met at the home of Mrs. Charles Plien Wednesday afternoon.

Nox-Odor for tired and aching feet, Hemphing Drug Co.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols and Mr. Wilbur Nichols were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. William Gordon Saturday evening.

Prof. J. F. McLane and family are guests of relatives at Ceresco, Neb. They will visit with relatives in Lincoln before returning.

Miss Vera Keaton is visiting relatives and friends at Creston, Iowa, for a few weeks.

Mrs. Keaton was called to Sidney, Iowa, Friday by the death of her brother who has been ill for some time. She returned the fore part of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Reimer, who have been visiting relatives out in the state the past two weeks, returned Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. G. Mancinni are rejoicing over the arrival of a girl at their home Monday morning.

Edward Monaghan of Omaha was visiting Florence friends Monday.

The world's most successful medicine for bowel complaints is Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. It has relieved more pain and suffering, and saved more lives than any other medicine in use. Invaluable for children and adults. Sold by Geo. Siert.

This week has been a red letter week in the history of the Tribune in the number of subscribers coming in and paying their subscriptions. However, any number that may care to come in may be accommodated.

Miss Florence Olmsted entertained Saturday in honor of Miss Sarah Eadie, of Kansas City, who is the guest of Miss Allison.

Mr. Paeger of Benson was a Florence visitor Monday.

M. L. Learned is equipping his place with the Kewanee system of water works that will be operated by electricity.

The Missionary society of the Westminster church of Omaha entertained at Lake Manawa, Miss Sarah Eadie, guest of Miss Allison, being the guest of honor.

Miss Allie Houston returned from a short visit with friends in Kansas City and St. Joseph Monday.

Mrs. Thomas Eadie of Kansas City who was the guest of Mrs. Irving Allison last week, returned to her home Sunday.

Miss Julia Newcomb of Omaha was the guest of Mrs. Irving Allison one day this week.

Mrs. Fred Ryner of Omaha entertained Wednesday in honor of Sarah Eadie of Kansas City, guest of Miss Allison.

Miss Evans of Omaha entertained at luncheon Tuesday at the Happy Hollow club Miss Eadie of Kansas City who is the guest of Miss Allison.

Mr. Irving Allison is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Woods of Spencer, Neb. He expects to be gone about four weeks.

Mrs. E. L. Platz and Miss Marene Platz of Lincoln, Neb., were the guests of the Misses Dean in Omaha Wednesday.

Miss Marene Platz of Lincoln, Neb., who has been teaching school near Lodge Pole, Neb., is the guest of her brother, E. L. Platz.

## MEETING OF THE SCHOOL BOARD

Members of Board of Education Reorganize for the Coming Year and Appoint Committees.

Monday evening at the school house the school board met and reorganized for the coming year. W. E. Rogers succeed himself and W. H. Thomas took the place vacated by Henry Hollingsworth.

At the reorganization the following officers were elected:

Moderator, R. A. Golding; Secretary, W. H. Thomas; Treasurer, W. B. Parks.

The following committees were then appointed:

School house and grounds, R. A. Golding, W. B. Parks and W. E. Rogers.

Supplies, W. H. Thomas, Hugh Suttie and John Simpson.

The election of a high school teacher was put over until the next meeting.

The board decided to build a retaining wall along Jefferson street on the north side of the school and to advertise in the Tribune for bids for same.

George Bahnn, John Lubold and Dr. Akers were Blair visitors Wednesday when they were the guests of Mayor Williams.

If you see a smile on the face of our popular and successful sidewalk and cement contractor "Jerry" Mancinni, just remember that it's a girl.

Mrs. M. F. Powell was the guest of Florence friends Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. J. C. Kimball and daughter Dorothy of Omaha spent Wednesday with her sister, Mrs. F. B. Nichols.

Mrs. J. L. Houston was the guest of Mrs. Emma Wagner of Omaha at a luncheon Tuesday.

Mrs. Victor, Miss Victor, Mrs. Lyman Walker, and Miss Bondesson spent several days in Omaha, the guests of Mrs. Fred Hamblet and Mrs. Seiroe.

Miss Helen Reynolds is visiting friends at Columbus, Neb.

Mr. Wilbur Nichols was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. A. O. Nichols in Omaha Wednesday evening.

Miss Marguerite Suttie entertained a number of young ladies at her home Wednesday evening in honor of her guests, Misses Lawson and Richmond.

Mr. Fred Dixon of Blair was the guest of Miss Mable Cole last Thursday.

The Misses Francis and Grace Thompson entertained a house party Thursday in honor of their cousin, Miss Florence Whittiker, of Robinson, Illinois.

Mr. and Mrs. Alex. Suttie of Stretton, Ill., are the guests of Mr. Suttie's brother, Hugh Suttie and family.

Miss Helen Nichols was the guest of Miss Carrie Parks Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Thompson left Wednesday for Chadron and Hot Springs, S. D., where they will spend a few days and will then visit relatives near Winnetoon, Neb., before returning.

Miss Gladys Birkhauser of Milwaukee is the guest of Miss Florence Olmsted for a few days.

J. J. Cole is planning an evening of boxing in the Eagles hall a week from Saturday evening when John Williams and Joe Pospisil will don the gloves for four or five rounds. Ed Tolman of South Omaha and Joe Mies of Florence will be the main card. The evening will wind up with a battle royal.

The Ecernoff club gave a very enjoyable picnic at Manawa Sunday.

NOTICE FOR BIDS.  
Bids will be received by School District No. 5 until July 26, 1910, and then opened for the erection of a brick or concrete retaining wall extending from the northwest corner of the school grounds east to a point north of north school house entrance. Said board reserves the right to reject any or all bids. For further information apply to

W. H. THOMAS, Secretary.  
R. A. GOLDING, Moderator.  
7-15-22.

## NOT FULL OF EVIDENCE

Attorney Olmsted Tells of a Queer Case He Had While Out on a Hunting Trip and How the Client Was Cleared Because He Was Not Full of Incriminating Evidence at the Time of His Talk to the Jury, Although Charged With Stealing Whiskey.

"Strangest case I ever had," said Attorney R. H. Olmsted, who was in a talkative mood, "was up in the northern part of the state last summer.

"I was back in the woods some miles from what you would call civilization, on a combined fishing and hunting trip.

"While I was there an old man, who had been acting as my guide, and very valuable in spite of his bibulous habits, was arrested for stealing a keg of whiskey.

"The case looked pretty black for him and the old man knew it.

"As the old man was almost indisputable to me I volunteered to defend him.

"When the case came to trial I used all my wiles to get him clear; but I soon saw that it was up-hill work, and that the jury had a deep-seated conviction that the old man was guilty. The old man realized it, too, and squirmed uneasily about upon his chair.

"The case was about to go to the jury when the old man arose and insisted on addressing them before they retired. The court granted permission and the old man turned to the jury and said:

"I jes' want ter ask ye one question. Ye all know me, and what I want to ask ye is this: Do you think that if I stole that thar whiskey that I would be sober now?"

"This was putting the case in a new light, and it seemed to have great effect with the jury, for they declared him not guilty before leaving the box.

"When it was over and the old man was receiving the congratulations of his friends, one of them said:

"Sam, how on earth did you manage it?"

"Wul," answered the old man, as he solemnly winked one eye, "when I toted that thar whiskey home the old woman saw at once that the first thing that I would go and do would be to go and git full of incriminating evidence, so she took the keg and locked it up in the cellar till the clouds would roll by. But it's mighty lucky that the trial kim off jes' ez she did, fer I couldn't hev held out fer another day ter save my life."

The Tribune is in receipt of the Shenandoah, Ia., Sentinel-Post containing a long story about the first mayor of that town, J. H. Shugart, who is well known in Florence.

Mrs. and Mrs. Boltz of Omaha were guests at the Mandy Lee Poultry farm Sunday.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets gently stimulate the liver and bowels to expel poisonous matter, cleanse the system, cure constipation and sick headache. Sold by Geo. Siert.

T. E. Price has had the trees cut off his lot next to the Farmer's bank and is now engaged in hauling brick there. He is still undecided as to building there this year.

Always fresh line of box candies, Hemphing Drug Co.

Cole's Moving Picture theatre has reduced the price to 5 cents during the summer and will continue to show only the highest class films made. There is no question but what they show better pictures, steadier and of more interesting subjects than can be seen elsewhere in Florence. Electric fans make the theatre cool.

Miss Prudence Tracy is in attendance at the convention the Nebraska postmasters at Lincoln.

Miss Pauline Sorenson returned Wednesday from a trip over in Iowa.

Bert Simpson was arrested by the Omaha police and fined \$100 and costs for exceeding the speed limit in an automobile.

Mrs. W. B. Backus of Bonesteel, S. D., was the guest of Mrs. J. Weber, Jr., Thursday evening.

A party of twenty young people spent Sunday afternoon at Manawa in honor of Wilbur Nichols.

## UPDIKES BEATEN BY RANGERS

Second Time the Victors Have Trimmed Losers by Same Score of 7 to 4.

The Rangers beat the Updikes for the second time this year, both games being won by the score of 7 to 4. Baker and Lewis indulged in a pitcher's battle, Baker having the better of it as to strike outs, securing sixteen to ten by Lewis, but the latter was the steadier, passing but one, to Baker's six. Lewis also featured in fielding, having nine assists and two put-outs. Langer and Jenkins were the batting stars for the Rangers and Johnson for the Updikes. The score: Rangers ... 0 1 0 2 2 0 1 0 1—7 5 5  
Updikes ... 0 0 0 1 3 0 0 0 0—4 5 4  
Batteries: Rangers, Lewis and Lant; Updikes, Baker and Becroft.

HUSE GETS HONOR.  
W. N. Huse, publisher of the Norfolk News, appears on the program of the sixth annual convention, Associated Advertising Clubs of America, which meets in Omaha, July 18-20, and Mr. Huse will speak on "The Country Newspaper as an Advertising Medium."

This is not only the first time a Nebraska speaker has been placed on the national program but also the first time a speaker has been selected to advocate the country newspaper, as an advertising medium. The Omaha committee made the arrangement, not only insisting that a Nebraskan be placed on the program but a country paper publisher who could bring these papers before the big buyers of space.

MISS IDLE CHATTER : :  
Mrs. C. E. Wall is spending the week with friends at Missouri Valley, Ia., and C. E. Wall and Thomas Price are taking their meals at Mrs. Cooper's bachelor's home.

Nox-Odor 25c bottle Hemphing Drug Co.

M. B. Thompson, A. J. Sinclair and George Gamble are the delegates of the local aerie of Eagles to the state convention at Chadron, held Thursday, Friday and Saturday of this week.

Dr. A. B. Adams is making a big improvement in his buildings on Main street by painting them.

Mrs. R. A. Golding is visiting relatives and friends at Blockton, Iowa, for a few days.

When the stomach fails to perform its functions, the bowels become deranged, the liver and the kidneys congested, causing numerous diseases. The stomach and liver must be restored to a healthy condition and Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets can be depended upon to do it. Easy to take and most effective. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mr. Frank Brown has been holding down the job of postmaster this week during the absence of Miss Prudence Tracy.

This is Talcum Powder weather. 15c box, Hemphing Drug Co.

J. S. Paul is fixing up his house on Main street by repairing and reshingling it.

Frank A. Furay and Charles Furay were Florence visitors Monday.

Telephone your news to 315 before Wednesday evening and it will appear in the Tribune.

Mrs. E. C. Heyden of Omaha was the guest of Mrs. John Lubold Wednesday.

The Independent Telephone people have solicitors out for the new phones, promising to be in operation very shortly.

Teething children have more or less diarrhoea, which can be controlled by giving Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. All that is necessary is to give the prescribed dose after each operation of the bowels more than natural and then castor oil to cleanse the system. It is safe and sure. Sold by Geo. Siert.

The Wright Brother's Aeroplanes will give exhibition flights each day of the State Fair, Sept. 5th to 9th. Their contract calls for two flights between 10 and 1 each morning and two flights between 4 and 6 in the afternoon. A couple of weeks ago at Indianapolis this machine broke the world's record for the highest flight ever made and the people of Nebraska may confidently expect to witness some record breaking flights at the State Fair.

# WHEN BIG BOSSES MIX

BY JOHN BRAND  
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SO FAR as things political go, Pat O'Brien owns the town. So far as the railroad goes, and that is to the jumping-off place in the Pacific ocean, Joe Dale owns the railroad. Dale's railroad moves and has a large part of its being in O'Brien's town. Soon or late these two men were sure to war for supremacy in the town, and this is the story of how it happened. The people of the town and the stockholders of the railroad don't come into the story at all. They only furnished the sinews of war, which fact is abundant proof that the story is true.

Pat O'Brien's town calls him the cardinal. In a moment of angry defeat, a silk-stockinged enemy, too polite to liken Pat to the devil, sourly dubbed him a second Cardinal Richelieu. The name tickled the town's fancy, and it stuck.

The cardinal didn't mind. He was too busy to cavil at mere names. His business as a stockbroker grew with the town, he had for customers men like John, the son and henchman of Joe Dale, and when John bought and sold stocks it was to be supposed that the cardinal profited through inside knowledge. Other business friends were powerful and their friendship financially was worth while. Colonel Legarde, who controls the Superior railroad, is also president of the Interstate Electric railway, an electric road, with terminals and local lines in the town. The electric road needed many political favors and the cardinal obtained them for it, or for his friend Colonel Legarde. Really there was no other way to get anything. Unless and until Pat nodded his head there was nothing doing, for the town council fed out of his hand and state legislators followed out his orders.

Pat O'Brien waxed rich. But one generation away from the "ould sod" his clothes spelled American business man, but his neckties faded the solar spectrum to a neutral tint, and marked the politician who bought and sold franchises and dealt out jobs at will. Knowing the times to talk and to keep silence, a loyal friend and a deadly enemy, he made money for his stock-dabbling customers, serenely grafting his political way as the surest means to a desired end, and was worth a million and a half, at least. He owned the town.

As John Dale's business of owning the railroad grew greater and more complex, he was more and more away from Lacedaemon—for that is better Greek than the real name of the town, anyhow—it became necessary for him to ask favors of the cardinal, and the favors were given with open hand. Dale found it necessary, too, to have a daily local organ and a voice wherewith to fool the people. He bought the Daily Planet Publishing company, and made Pat O'Brien president. Dale regarded the presidency a reward for favors received and a final binding of the town boss to his chariot tail. The cardinal knew that Pollock, the editor, received all his orders from Dale, and regarded the presidency as something of a joke. Grown to full stature among the other railroad kings, ruling had become a habit with Joe Dale. He made and unmade towns and the people in them at will, and expected no other interest than Joe Dale's to be thought of, or moved in, or lived for by any one connected with him. Sometimes he mistook his man, as when one day he went into the office of one of his eminent and well-paid legal aids and found the lawyer dead to the outside world and Joe Dale's business in a volume of Balzac.

The railroad king blew up. "I don't pay you to read Dum French novels," he roared. The lawyer looked at him a long moment.

"Mr. Dale," he finally said, "You pay me for what I know, not what I do. I'll read Dum French novels—crescendo—" or do any other dum thing"—forto—"any dum time or any dum place"—fortissimo—"I dum please!" ending with a Wagnerian bang on the table.

Whereupon Joe Dale changed the subject. Dale thought he owned the president of the Daily Planet company, but the cardinal had other thoughts about the matter. Colonel Legarde wanted a new franchise for an extension of the Interstate to a summer resort, some 30 miles away. The proposed extension would pass through another town or two on its way to the lake and would parallel Joe Dale's steam road. Now Joe Dale and the colonel were bitterly at outs over various grabbings and snatchings each had made at the other's magnateship. The cardinal could not see that this concerned him at all. The extension would be a benefit and a convenience to the town. There was money in it for him. The deal was on.

Then Joe Dale came from New York and sent for the cardinal. The two men faced each other with the eyes of poker players in a game, keen, deep, unfathomable. For the rest, it might have been a whiskered farmer in his Sunday suit meeting a city man, otherwise correctly clad, wearing a red, red ascot tie.

"I hear," said Dale, "That the Interstate people want a franchise for that foolish summer resort extension of theirs."

"I hear so too," the cardinal replied. "Well, let's cut it short. They can't get it." "The extension would be a good thing for the town, Mr. Dale."

"I don't want it. It parallels my road. Your city council must refuse the franchise." Here was no slushy talk or thought of the rights of people or of stockholders. It was "my road," and "your council." The cardinal was undisturbed. "The people want it, Mr. Dale," he said, "It will be a great convenience for travel between the towns and the lake."

Dale measured his man again. There were the cool, unfathomable eyes, the correct clothes, the red tie. The red necktie settled it. O'Brien was only a cheap politician after all. He must be shown.

"You know, O'Brien, the Planet will oppose this thing to the bitter end, and you are the president of the Daily Planet Publishing company. It will place you in a nasty light." This was no news to the cardinal, and his eyes were accustomed to nasty lights. But he said, in the tone of a man who half surrenders: "I hadn't thought of that."



"YOU BLOCK THAT FRANCHISE OR YOU WON'T BE PRESIDENT OF THE PLANET COMPANY LONG"



"PAT, I HAVE A PRIVATE TIP THAT A BIG KILLING IS COMING OFF IN NIPPER STOCK"

"Pollock will roast you," the magnate went on, "Of course he can't do it by name, but he will do you up. You must block this franchise. I insist on it, as your friend."

"Well, Mr. Dale, Colonel Legarde is my friend too," continued the cardinal.

"The extension will parallel my road. You must stop it," snapped Dale, irritated by the mention of his enemy's name. He cared nothing about the extension itself, but that Colonel Legarde wanted it was enough to make him fight the franchise. O'Brien knew this as the real reason and went on deliberately.

"It will be a hard thing to do. Colonel Legarde is popular."

This second mention of Legarde was too much for the temper of the railroad king. He blew up. "Dum Legarde!" he shouted. "You block that franchise or you won't be president of the Planet company long."

"Hold on, Mr. Dale. Don't get hostile. I'd no idea you were so dead set against this thing."

"Well, I am. And I don't want to have to tell you about it again."

"You won't have to," the cardinal assured him, and departed, well satisfied with the fact that he had made Dale too mad to see that no promise had been given to block the obnoxious franchise.

Joe Dale went back to New York convinced that he had shown the man with the red necktie that he was not safe for Joe Dale's men to fool with the Dale buzz saw. Apparently he had, for when the franchise came before the council it was chewed over, chewed up, delayed, tabled, taken up again, juggled with, side tracked and everything but killed outright. Public interest in it lagged. Pollock of the Planet, his fears soothed by the parliamentary acrobatics which he thought were only O'Brien's method of "saving face," took himself and his loaded editorial pen to New York on business.

This was the cardinal's time, and he acted quickly. At the next meeting of the city council the franchise was rushed through. But this was not all. In the absence of Pollock the president of the Planet company assumed authority, and the morning after, out came the Planet with news descriptions of the Interstate extension, scare-head, first page, and double-headed indorsement of the council's action, the need of Lacedaemon for the proposed road and the many benefits it would bring to the city, on the editorial page. The people read and marveled. Some laughed and others of the knowing ones looked scared. Dale's

guns were spiked. He had no other local means of attacking the franchise or the cardinal, and any way the deed was done. All wondered what he would do.

They didn't wonder long. As fast as a railroad king can get over the rails, Joe Dale came to Lacedaemon. He almost literally threw the Daily Planet out of its office windows, murdered it and jumped on its corpse. He fired Pat O'Brien from the presidency with force and arms. It would have been tragic, if everybody had not been grinning at Dale's futile wrath. As it was, the only satisfaction the irate railroad king got out of it was to tell a few party leaders who besought him to continue the paper or sell, that he would let the Western Associated press franchise expire rather than see another fool paper like that in Lacedaemon. Even this small satisfaction was lessened when Pollock insisted on his salary being continued to the end of an iron-clad four-year contract. Mr. Dale went back to New York with new ideas about city bosses and their ways.

The episode, for it was only an episode in the life of busy Lacedaemon, was soon almost forgotten. The cardinal had shown Joe Dale that he was boss of the town. Joe Dale had chopped off the cardinal's presidential head in retaliation. John Dale continued his business friend and customer, and the whole affair was dismissed from the cardinal's busy mind as closed, with honors even.

But Joe Dale was not through with Pat O'Brien. It is a railroad king's prerogative to punish, as well as to reward, and for the punishment of O'Brien, Dale laid a trap the effectiveness of which lay entirely in its simplicity.

Came John Dale one day to the cardinal and said: "Pat, I have a private tip that a big killing is coming off in Nipper stock. Buy me ten thousand at the market and hold on until I tell you to let go."

"All right," said the cardinal, and bought another ten thousand as well for his own account. Nipper advanced a point. He called in a few chosen friends who formed a pool and invested heavily. Nipper advanced two points, five points. Pat bought more; he would pull out when John Dale did and retire from active business with his profits.

John Dale himself had gone to New York on the day he gave his order to O'Brien. Within a day Nipper began to sag. Then it dropped below the buying point. The pool put up more margins. The stock still dropped, swiftly now, and the other members of the pool became alarmed. Pat reassured them. They're shaking out the small blocks of stock," he said, "Then you'll see her sky-rocket."

Nipper continued to toboggan. Pat's friends were seriously concerned. They talked of selling and pocketing their losses, but he showed them his hand. "Look here," he said, "John Dale is in this thing up to his neck and we know where he gets his private tips. Here's what he has on my books alone. As long as he holds on and keeps up his margins, I'm satisfied." His friends knew the cardinal; they knew he, too, was "up to his neck;" they held on.

Suddenly Nipper went down like mercury in blizzard weather. The friends were wildly alarmed. They insisted that John Dale was giving Dick the "double cross." Though he did not believe it, he wired to New York for special and private investigation of John Dale's movements there. And after a little delay tidings came that made the pool-sharers very sick men. John Dale had gone to New York, had a short talk with his father, then gone straightway to his broker and sold short ten thousand Nipper at the market. The profits on the sale as the stock went down would pay his losses on the Lacedaemon purchase. Meanwhile Joe Dale would see to it that Nipper did go down until Pat O'Brien was utterly swamped.

Of course the pool made haste to sell out. John Dale's private tip had been a prophecy. A killing had been made and O'Brien and his friends were the slaughtered ones. When the debris was finally swept up the cardinal, who had plunged fiercely on his own private account, found himself poorer by some \$750,000. It had cost him that much to disobey the mandate of a railroad king. But he still owns Lacedaemon.

Foxy Hiram.  
"Well, now, if that ain't surprising!" ejaculated Mrs. Ryetop, as she shaded her eyes with her hand. "There goes old Hiram Skinfint, and rather than step on a poor black ant he picked it up, and I bet he is going to drop it somewhere out of the reach of danger."

Her husband laughed knowingly. "Not Hiram Skinfint, Mandy. He'll go down to Jed Weatherby's general store and order a pound of granulated sugar. Then while Jed is looking another way he'll drop the ant among the grains and tell Jed as long as his sugar has ants in it he ought to sell it at half price. Like as not he'll try to get Jed to throw in two or three raisins and a yeast cake. You don't know Hiram Skinfint."

It is a Mistake.  
Many have the idea that anything will sell if advertised strong enough. This is a great mistake. True, a few sales might be made by advertising an absolutely worthless article but it is only the article that is bought again and again that pays. An example of the big success of a worthy article is the enormous sale that has grown up for Cascarets Candy Cathartic. This wonderful record is the result of great merit successfully made known through persistent advertising and the mouth-to-mouth recommendation given Cascarets by its friends and users. Like all great successes, trade pirates prey on the unsuspecting public, by marketing fake tablets similar in appearance to Cascarets. Care should always be exercised in purchasing well advertised goods, especially an article that has a national sale like Cascarets. Do not allow a substitute to be palmed off on you.

Well, Wasn't He Right?  
The minister was addressing the Sunday school. "Children, I want to talk to you for a few moments about one of the most wonderful, one of the most important organs in the whole world," he said. "What is that that throbs away, beats away, never stopping, never ceasing, whether you wake or sleep, night or day, week in and week out, month in and month out, year in and year out, without any volition on your part, hidden away in the depths, as it were, unseen by you, throbbing, throbbing rhythmically all your life long?" During this pause for oratorical effect a small voice was heard: "I know. It's the gas meter."

A Protection Against the Heat.  
When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

The Miser of Sag Harbor.  
"Economy," said Daniel W. Field, the millionaire shoe manufacturer of Boston, who at the age of forty-five has entered Harvard, "economy is essential to wealth, but by economy I don't mean niggardliness. "Too many men fail to attain to wealth because they practise a cheeseparing and mean economy that gets everybody down on them. "They practise, in fact, an economy like that of old William Brewster of Sag Harbor. William, you know, would never buy oysters because he couldn't eat shells and all."

Caring for the Baby.  
Old Lady—What a nice boy, to watch your little brother so carefully!  
Nice Boy—Yes, 'um. He just swallowed a dime and I'm afraid of kidnapers.

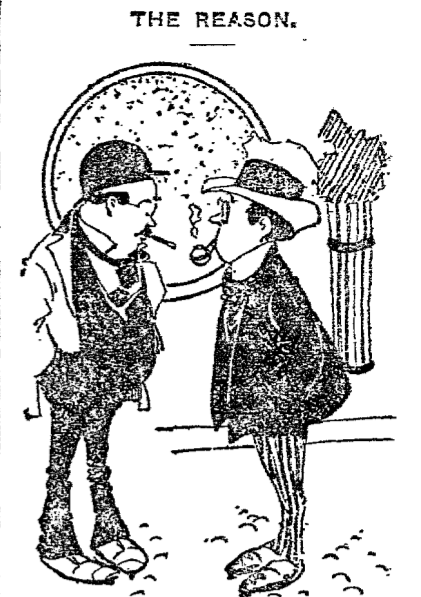
Important to Mothers  
Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of *Wm. D. Galt* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

It is a wise man who wants only what he can get, and a lucky one who gets only what he wants.

A widow may have words of praise for her late husband. But a sleepy wife, never!

Tell the dealer you want a Lewis' Single binder straight 5c cigar.

Many people are busy mortgaging the future in order to acquire a past.



Spick—The doctor has given him up. What's the matter with him?  
Span—Impecuniosity I guess.

An Exception.  
Caller—Is Mrs. Brown at home?  
Artless Parlor Maid (smiling confidentially)—No, ma'am—she really is out this afternoon.

## Makes the Weak Strong

There is no need to continue in a weak, run-down debilitated condition when Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has conclusively proven its ability to build you up and make you strong again. It acts directly on the digestive system, regulates the appetite, prevents Indigestion, Cramps, Diarrhoea, or other after-eating distress. Try a bottle today. Insist on having.



## STOCKERS & FEEDERS

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

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

## THE WONDERS OF OLD OCEAN

Fine colors, odd forms, 25 shells, each a different variety, for 5c. Stamps taken. Large showy shells and curios for fairs, church bazaars, on commission. Write me. J. F. POWELL, Waukegan, Illinois.

PATENT YOUR IDEAS. They may bring you wealth. 64-page Book Free. Est. 1880. Fitzgerald & Co., Pat. Attys., Box 8, Washington, D.C.

## Safe to Hold Radium.

What is described by its makers as the most ingenious safe ever constructed has just been completed by the Chubb company of London for the British Radium corporation. The problem presented to the manufacturers was not only to construct a safe that would bid defiance to burglars, but which would at the same time prevent the escape of the radium.

It is well known to science that radium emanations will pass through the thickest and hardest steel. For this reason the inner cover of this safe was made of lead three inches thick, inclosed within a burglar-proof steel shell. There are many other special features, including a means of collecting the radium emanations before the cover is opened.

This compartment of the safe is designed to hold 100 pounds of radium, valued at \$5,000,000,000. The total weight of the safe is one and a half tons.

## Practical.

An English friend, who contends that we Americans have no true sense of historic value or artistic verity, cites the following to prove her point: She was at Holyrood last spring, and the custodian was showing her, together with several American tourists, the old rooms of the famous castle. Darnley's dressing-room especially charmed her—the rare mellow panels, marvelously rich with intricate carving, and the exquisite narrow windows of quaint design.

One of the Americans, evidently a middle-aged man of business, poked his nose into the room and out again. "Whose did you say? Darnley's? Dressing-room? Humph! Very poor light for shaving."—Harper's.

## Silence!

The instinct of modesty natural to every woman is often a great hindrance to the cure of womanly diseases. Women shrink from the personal questions of the local physician which seem indelicate. The thought of examination is abhorrent to them, and so they endure in silence a condition of disease which surely progresses from bad to worse.

It has been Dr. Pierce's privilege to cure a great many women who have found a refuge for modesty in his offer of FREE consultation by letter. All correspondence is held as sacredly confidential. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription restores and regulates the womanly functions, abolishes pain and builds up and puts the finishing touch of health on every weak woman who gives it a fair trial.

It Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.

You can't afford to accept a secret nostrum as a substitute for this non-alcoholic medicine of KNOWN COMPOSITION.



**A BAD THING TO NEGLECT.**

Don't neglect the kidneys when you notice lack of control over the secretions. Passages become too frequent or scanty; urine is discolored and sediment appears. No medicine for such troubles like Doan's Kidney Pills. They quickly remove kidney disorders.

Mrs. A. E. Fulton, 311 Skidmore St., Portland, Ore., says: My limbs swelled terribly and I was bloated over the stomach and had puffy spots beneath the eyes. My kidneys were very unhealthy and the secretions much disordered. The dropsical swellings began to abate after I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and soon I was cured.

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

**Controlled Newspapers.**  
The Atchison Globe says that no advertiser has ever tried to control its editorial policy, the remark being occasioned by the charge often made nowadays, that the big advertisers direct the editorial policy of newspapers.

The experience of the Globe is the experience of most newspapers. The merchant who does a great deal of advertising is more interested in the circulation department of a newspaper than in the editorial department. If a daily paper goes to the homes of the people, and is read by them, he is satisfied, and it may chase after any theory or fad, for all he cares. He has troubles of his own, and he isn't trying to shoulder those of the editorial brethren.

There are newspapers controlled by people outside of the editorial rooms, and a good many of them, more's the pity; but the people exercising that control are not the business men who pay their money for advertising space. The newspapers which are established for political purposes are often controlled by chronic office-seekers, whose first concern is their own interests. There are newspapers controlled by great corporations, and the voice of such newspapers is always raised in protest against any genuine reform.

The average western newspaper usually is controlled by its owner, and he is supposed to be in duty bound to make all sorts of sacrifices at all sorts of times; there are people who consider it his duty to insult his advertisers, just to show that he is free and independent. If he shows a decent respect for his patrons, who pay him their money, and make it possible for him to carry on the business, he is "subsidized" or "controlled." The newspaper owner is a business man, like the dry goods man or the grocer. The merchants are expected to have consideration for their customers, and they are not supposed to be subsidized by the man who spends five dollars with them, but the publisher is expected to demonstrate his courage by showing that he is ungrateful for the patronage of his friends. It is a funny combination when you think it over.—*Emporia Gazette.*

**He Rose to It.**  
"Do you know," said a little boy of five to a companion the other day, "my father and I know everything. What I don't know my father knows, and what my father don't know I know."  
"Ah right! Let's see, then," replied the older child, skeptically. "Where's Asta?"  
It was a stiff one, but the youngster never faltered.  
"Well, that," he answered coolly, "is one of the things my father knows."—*Harper's Bazaar.*

Whether the church shall stay in the world depends not on whether the world will support it but on whether it will serve the world and save it.

Every mind has its choice between truth and repose. Take which you please—you can never have both.—*Emerson.*

**Gas Waste in Cooking.**  
The majority of women waste gas in cooking. The wasteful ones keep the burner on at full height all the time food is cooking, and oven burner turned on full until the food is taken out.

When the boiling has started the gas may be lowered so that it merely maintains the boiling, and often the summer burner is sufficient. In many instances the oven burner may be turned off before the food is done, and the heat retained in the oven will be sufficient for the proper cooking of the food.

**Deviled Eggs.**  
Boil four eggs hard. Lay them in fresh water until they are cold. Cut them in halves. Cut off the ends of the whites enough to make them stand upright. Remove the eggs and yolks and mix them with the anchovy paste, cayenne pepper and salt. Replace the mixture in the spaces left by removing the yolks. Place the eggs in a round, shallow dish, with either mustard or cress, or small leaves of lettuce.

**To Keep Spices.**  
I have found this way of keeping spices most satisfactory. After buying them in the quarter pound pasteboard packages, I put them into the small glass jars in which pickles are sold, and cutting the names of the various spices from the original packages, paste them on the glass jars.  
Besides keeping the flavor unimpaired it is also very convenient to be able to tell at a glance, how the stock of spices stands.—*Exchange.*



**A FALSE START.**

The referee held up his hand. "Them last two rounds don't count," he hoarsely announced. "Th' fight will have to start all over again."  
A low growl ran through the vast audience.  
"What's th' trouble, Reddy?" shrieked a fiery faced man in the tenth row.  
"Th' trouble is," he explained, "that th' moving-picture man has struck a bad spot in his film an' th' pictures is no good. Are you ready up there, perfessor? All right. Shake hands, boys."  
And the battle made a fresh start.

**Too Much for Him.**  
The moon came out from behind a cloud and the old horse sleigh joggled along unguided.  
"Darling," whispered the modern Romeo in the big bearskin, "love me and the world is mine."  
But she was a practical girl.  
"No, Horace," she said, firmly. "I would be doing you harm. If the world was yours how would you ever raise the money to pay the taxes on it."  
Appalled at the thought, Horace decided to remain a bachelor the rest of his days.

**And the Cat Came Back.**  
Mr. Penn—They say the streets in Boston are frightfully crooked?  
Mr. Hubb—They are. Why, do you know, when I first went there I could hardly find my way around.  
"That must be embarrassing!"  
"It is. The first week I was there I wanted to get rid of an old cat we had, and my wife got me to take it to the river, a mile away."  
"And you lost the cat all right?"  
"Lost nothing! I never would have found my way home if I hadn't followed the cat!"—*Everybody's.*

**Time to Beat It.**  
The callow youth hugged the inviting radiator.  
"Yes," he drawled, after a long silence, "the boys call me a sport and in this kind of weather I liked to be classed among the 'indoor' sports."  
"Better be careful, Archibald," cautioned the pretty girl, with a yawn; "if pa comes in suddenly you are likely to be classed among the 'out-of-door' sports."  
For even then an ominous step was heard on the stairway.

**AN EXCEPTION.**



Mrs. Grouty—Whenever a man gets himself into trouble he invariably drags a woman in after him.  
Mr. Grouty—Oh, I don't know. How about Jonah and the whale?

**The Family.**  
A poodle and a rubber plant  
The Newlyweds prefer;  
That's why rare suicide alarms  
Are making such a stir.

**Consistent Theory.**  
"Don't you believe the husband is the head of the house, and should have the final say?"  
"Certainly I do."  
"Then why don't you come out in the open and say so?"  
"Because my wife won't let me."

**Justly Incensed.**  
"Why did she get angry at that man who was spending his vacation in their neighborhood?"  
"She asked him if he had met her daughter, and he said yes, that he had seen all the sights of the neighborhood."

**Practical Gift.**  
Papkins—I'll take this toy cornet.  
Dealer—But it is out of order, sir. It won't blow at all. I'll have it repaired.  
Papkins—No, I want it just as it is. It's a birthday present for my five-year-old son and heir.  
**Great Feat.**  
Joker—Hear how they captured that western train robber?  
Poker—I thought he escaped.  
Joker—No, he stole a pair of shoes and they pinched him.—*Amherst Four-Leaf Clover.*

**The One Big Trouble.**  
"Dar's one big trouble wid you lazy sinners," said Brother Dickey.  
"An' what is it?"  
"You'll never find de nigger in de woodpile of you have ter cut de wood ter git ter him!"

**The Ideal.**  
Madge—How is it you don't like traveling?  
Marjorie—Those horrid trains won't wait a minute for you, even if your hat isn't on straight.—*Judge.*

**CONSISTENT.**

I well remember when the chill Of bleak and cold November Came on the world, and I shook through That month and through December; I pined for summer heat and pined For days when I could sweeter Out in the sun and not catch cold Each time I left my shelter.

And now that such days have arrived! And the asphalt has melted, On all the streets and all the world For full a month has swelled, 'Twould be like human nature for Me to rise up and hike it For some cool place and eases the heat, But not for me: I like it.

**A HOT TIME.**



Mike—Sure, an' yez ought to bit over to the house last noight. We had a blowout.

Pat—Pwat was it? Yer weddin' an niversity?

Mike—No; the gasoline stove. Can't Learn Too Often.

Another is teaching her how to swim. Holding her closely to calm her fear; Why am I kicking and looking glum? She is the maiden I taught last year.

**A Slight Jolt.**  
Sapleigh—As I was going down the—aw—avenue this mawning, a woman came running atah me, don cher know, and—  
Miss Cutting (interrupting)—Par don me, but what lunatic asylum had she escaped from?  
Sapleigh—Why, how did you—aw—know she was a lunatic?  
Miss Cutting—You said she was running after you, and I'm sure no woman in her right mind would do such a thing.

**A Thoughtful Maid.**  
"Good-by forever!" said the young man, coldly, as he prepared to depart. "I leave you now, never to return."  
"Good-by," said the fair maid in the parlor scene, "but before you go let me remind you that you can telephone me in the morning ever so much cheaper than you can send a messenger—and you can buy me a box of chocolates with the difference."

**Most Important of All.**  
The man who is always taking up new fads and cults accosted the long-haired stranger on the street.  
"My friend," he began, persuasively, "I am a follower of Doctor Fletcher. Let me tell you how to chew your beefsteak."  
"First tell me where to get the beefsteak," sighed the long-haired man as his face lengthened. "I am a poet."

**Often the Way.**  
Defendant—Well, I'm sure I was on the right side of the road when the accident happened.  
Lawyer—Who was in the automobile with you?  
Defendant—My best girl.  
Lawyer—I'm afraid the jury will decide against you. They will think you had no idea which side of the road you were on.—*Judge.*

**THE RESEMBLANCE.**



Miss Jackson—Youah singing brings tears to my eyes, Mr. Johnson. It reminds me of my poor dead father.  
Mr. Johnson—Wuz he a singer?  
Miss Jackson—No; he wuz a fisl peddler.

**No Chance.**  
The owl's a very wise old bird! So far his wisdom's carried He never talks at all, but then, Perhaps the owl is married.

**A Lengthy Experience.**  
Joynes—I tell you, Singleton, you don't know the joys and felicities of a contented married life, the happy flight of years, the long, restful calm of—  
Singleton—How long have you been married?  
Joynes—Just a month.

**Long Engagements.**  
"Do you manage to keep a new cook long?"  
"Oh, yes; we have kept one hours at a time."

**BEAUTY RESTORED BY BABY**

Queen of Holland Looks Like Old Self Since Little Princess Was Born.

Amsterdam. — Photographs just taken of Queen Wilhelmina of Holland and her baby tell a wonderful tale of maternal happiness and satisfied yearnings.

The baby has changed the queen into a pretty woman again. A few years ago the world was



Princess Juliana of Holland.

shocked to see that the once lovely and charming young queen had turned into a haggard and prematurely aged woman.

The Dutch people saw the change with sorrow and sometimes with indignation, for they were disposed to attribute it partly to the misconduct of the prince consort.

The loss of the queen's good looks was without doubt almost entirely due to the repeated disappointment of her hopes of motherhood. The disappointment was, in the first place, natural, such as any normal woman might have felt. This natural feeling was intensified by patriotic sentiments.

The queen realized that it was her duty to provide an heir to the throne in order to preserve the succession in her own family and to prevent complications which the whole Dutch nation dreaded. The queen at her accession was the last member of the ancient royal house of Orange-Nassau who is really Dutch. There are other descendants of the family through the female line, but they are all Germans or foreigners. The Dutch have always been suspicious of German designs on their country, and apparently with good reason.

Now, the nearest heirs to the throne after Queen Wilhelmina are not only German princes, but officers in the German army. It appears to the Dutch that one of these gentlemen, if placed on the throne of Holland, would be very serviceable in adding the country to Germany.

A rather astonishing but very pretty scene occurred the other day. Two high dignitaries of the court, the Baron Snouckaert de Schaenburg and the Dowager Baroness de Hardenbroek de Heerartsberg and Bergambacht (born countess of Limburg-Stirum) entered to announce to the queen the arrival of a great political officer, the Baron Schimmelpenninck Van der Oye, president of the states general, who came for an audience with her majesty by appointment.

These great personages were surprised to see her majesty the queen of the Netherlands crawling about on her hands and knees on the floor with the little Princess Juliana, heiress to the throne, on her back. The queen was playing gee-gee with her baby.

It is this sort of thing that pleases the Dutch.

The happy feeling among the people has had much to do with restoring her good looks and good spirits to Queen Wilhelmina. She is made happy not only by mother love but by the thought that she has done her duty to her country, the ancient home of liberty in Europe.

**Appendicitis is Contagious.**  
London.—Dr. Donald Hood, writing to the Lancet, propounds the theory that appendicitis is contagious. He says:

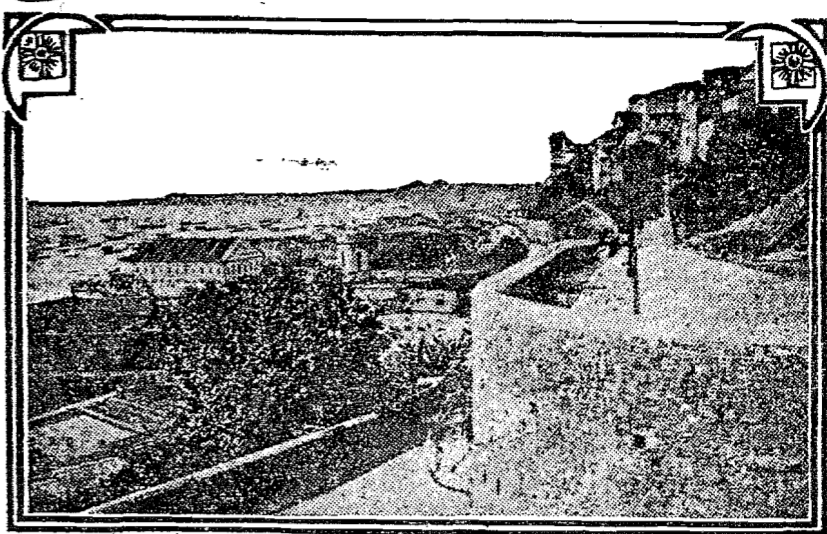
"If the disease is due, as I believe, to the effect of microbe influence, the micro-organism may under certain conditions be conveyed from individual to individual.

**Women Need Work.**  
London.—The first labor exchange for women in England was opened. Hordes of women and girls of all ages applied immediately for work, giving painful evidence of the shocking number of women unemployed. Among the applicants were stenographers, dressmakers, milliners, teachers and domestic servants.

**He Made Two Pollywogs.**  
Paris.—Eugene Batillon, professor of biology at the University of Dijon, announced before the Academy of Sciences that he had succeeded in developing two tadpoles by producing traumatism in a frog's eggs with a platinum wire. The experiment constitutes a most important advance in the phenomenon of parthenogenesis.

**A Year Later.**  
"I have often wondered," snapped the bride of a year, "why I ever married you with all my money."  
"I suppose," sneered the husband, "it was because you couldn't have married me without it."

**DIAMONDS OF BRAZIL**



GENERAL VIEW OF BAHIA

**B**RAZIL has practically a monopoly of the world's supply of the black diamond, while the United States is its largest market. It is found in La Chapada and Lavras districts of the province of Bahia, Brazil, where it is mined from river beds and other alluvium. The miners sell their find to agents of exporting firms in the city of Bahia. It is calculated that this port ships annually about \$4,000,000 to \$4,600,000 worth of black diamonds, and, with the adoption of modern methods and machinery in place of the extremely primitive ones formerly employed, the industry will be tremendously stimulated. About twenty-five years ago a stone of 1,100 carats was found, followed by one of 1,700 carats, and in 1895 a gigantic stone of 3,078 carats, or 615 grams, which was purchased by a New York house for \$32,000 and broken up into pieces of suitable size for diamond drills. At present prices this stone would be worth about \$262,000. During the past ten years stones of 400 to 800 carats have been discovered, while they are frequently found weighing from 100 to 200 carats.

Previous to 1870 carbonado was practically valueless. From 1870 to 1872 it was employed as an abrasive for cutting and polishing the white gems, and thousands of carats were sold at 50 cents per carat, to be crushed to powder for this purpose. A few years later, when carbonado was employed in diamond drilling, it sold at from \$2 to \$4 a carat. Between 1895 and the present the market value has fluctuated between \$25 and \$85 a carat, this high price being caused by the decline in the supply of carbonado in the past ten years, while the demand has increased. In connection with the subject of black diamond consumption in drilling, it is interesting to remark that in digging the drill hole at Rybnik (Paruschowitz), Upper Silesia, which attained a depth of nearly 7,000 feet, upward of \$25,000 worth of carbonado was used.

The conditions are entirely different from those of Africa. The gravel, sand, and other material containing diamonds lie in or near the beds of streams and rivers, and have been washed down by erosion from high "chapadas" or plateaus, which are probably the original matrix in which Brazilian diamonds were formed. As is natural, gold and a variety of other substances, such as itacolumite, olivine, limestone, hematite, granite, gneiss, and clay are associated with the diamonds. The diamond-bearing material of Brazil consists of a conglomerate, sometimes interbedded with hard yellow sandstone, which is washed down through erosion by rivers, or, in some cases, may be badly decomposed and rotten rock. Fossils are generally lacking. The deposits often consist of schists and schistose clay, diamond-bearing clays, reddish earth, granitic and gneissic formations, and pebbles of various sorts.

The states of the republic which have yielded diamonds are Minas Geraes, Parana, Bahia, Goyaz, and Matto Grosso. It is in the first named that Diamantina, celebrated for the rich diamond mines in its vicinity, is situated. The city is well built and lies at the headwaters of the Jequitinhonha, or Diamond, river, a stream 350 miles long, which empties into the Atlantic at Belmonte. To the east of Diamantina is the peak of Mount Itambe, 5,960 feet, in the Serra Espinaco Range. The mines are situated north of Rio de Janeiro, 800 kilometers, or 497 miles, north of Ouro Preto, the capital of Minas Geraes. The territory in which they are situated forms a vast ellipse, 80 kilometers, or 50 miles, by 40 kilometers, or 25 miles, in a plateau 1,000 to 1,200 meters (3,280 to 3,937 feet), containing a number of valleys cut by the Jequitinhonha and its left tributaries, Ribeirao do Inferno, Rio Caethe, etc., and also by the Sao Francisco's affluents which flow to the northwest, in a very different basin.

Although diamond mining has been more extensively and systematically pursued in the states of Minas Geraes and Bahia than elsewhere in Brazil, Matto Grosso, Goyaz, and Parana have yielded sufficient results to justify the belief that their future as centers of diamond production will be prosperous.

The primitive methods of mining employed in Brazil until recent years have, nevertheless, abundantly revealed the natural productiveness of the Brazilian diamantiferous deposits. Two native methods are still very largely in use, according to the local-

ity to be worked. The first of these, which is found suitable for the diamond-bearing streams of the Diamantina district, somewhat resembles placer gold washing. The process consists primarily in digging out sand and gravel, which are put into small wooden bowls, each capable of holding 8 or 10 pounds. The native miners then proceed in Indian file with their loads to some convenient part of a river or stream, where they laboriously wash out their material, gradually getting rid of all lighter particles and debris until the hidden diamonds, whose specific gravity is 3½, reveal themselves through their weight and peculiar luster. Iron pans with small perforated holes are sometimes used to hasten the process of extraction. A modification of this plan, where a considerable pit has been excavated, consists in finding a curve in the river some distance above, with a natural fall of 20 or 30 feet, and diverting thither a part of the stream through an artificial channel.

A different method of mining has to be employed in the localities called "chapadas," or plateaus, where diamonds are imbedded in compact, somewhat resistant, conglomerates. A small reservoir, or if necessary, two or three reservoirs, are built, rude dams are placed at various points across the nearest available river, and with the increased water power thus obtained the conglomerates are washed down a ravine to the desired lower level, where the process of further diamond extraction may be continued.

Primitive as are the processes described, they have yielded in the past one hundred and eighty years surprisingly rich returns. According to the best authorities, the total Brazilian diamond production, including the extensive contraband trade practised during the Portuguese colonial regime, is estimated at 12,000,000 carats, or 2½ metric tons. The total export value of diamonds of every sort from Brazil in 1906 is conservatively calculated at about \$5,000,000.

One of the first enterprises to install dredging and hydraulic machinery for the extraction of diamonds such as the alluvial diamantiferous deposits of the Republic require was the Boa Vista company, in 1899, formed in Paris, with a capital of 2,000,000 francs, or \$400,000. Their mining concessions were situated at Boa Vista, on the north bank of the Sao Francisco river, above the Falls of Paulo Afonso, an' about 300 miles from the Atlantic.

The Brazilian diamond-bearing deposits so far discovered are all alluvial and surface, and they possess many natural advantages over the diamantiferous fields of South Africa, which, as has already been explained, are "dry diggings," requiring the most expensive processes and machinery and every device that human ingenuity can invent for the successful extraction of diamonds. In Brazil, on the other hand, the diamonds concealed can be easily extracted by means of hydraulic and dredging apparatus. A network of rivers and streams affords an unending and copious water supply and power. There is no deep mining to be done, as is the case in South Africa. Only a very small portion of the probable total Brazilian alluvium has been explored, and the river gravels, except in the reaches of only moderate depth, are untouched. Moreover, these gravels in many cases carry enough gold to pay for dredging, and even platinum may be found.

**The Diplomat and the Cat.**  
In the biography of Oscar Browning it is related that Lord Odo Russell, British papal ambassador in 1848, told him of the most delicate affair he had ever adjusted. The exiled queen of Naples, an excellent pistol shot, lived near Cardinal Antonelli's mother, the houses standing back to back. On the top of the boundary wall between the gardens used to parade a magnificent Persian cat, the property of the cardinal's mother.

"The queen, who rose very early, saw the cat one morning, and the temptation was too strong for her. She fired, and it fell. The excitement was tremendous, the chanceries of the Holy City were overwhelmed with correspondence, but the affair was at last composed by the efforts of Odo Russell, the universal peacemaker. He told me that up to that time the two most difficult affairs which had fallen to his lot to arrange were the embroilment of General Fox (who had been challenged by the French commandant) and the murder of Cardinal Antonelli's mother's cat."

# The Florence Tribune

Established in 1903.

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

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

Published every Friday afternoon at  
Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF  
FLORENCE.

Entered as second-class matter June 4,  
1903 at the postoffice at Florence, Ne-  
braska, under Act of March 3, 1879.

## CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor.....F. S. Tucker  
City Clerk.....John Bondesson  
City Treasurer.....George Stier  
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted  
City Engineer.....J. W. Green  
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr

**Councilmen.**  
Robert Craig.....J. H. Price  
Charles Allen.....Carl Feldhusen  
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

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

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



Florence, Nebr., Friday, July 15, 1910.

## BRAIN STORMS

Cheer up!

Wake up!

Want-ads fill wants.

Just tell it to the editor.

Just jot it down for the Tribune.

It's optional as to county option.

Boost for a better and bigger Flo-  
rence.

If you want your chickens to lay  
regularly feed them eggplant.

It's not too late yet to cut weeds on  
vacant lots and improve the looks of  
the city.

Tuesday was circus day in Omaha,  
but Monday evening the circus took  
place in Florence.

There are some men in Florence  
who smoke now with the expectation  
of breaking the habit at death.

Next month offers two events for  
the people of Florence—Primary day  
and the Veterans' encampment.

These nights may not be warm  
enough to make the corn grow, but  
they are great as far as sleeping is  
concerned.

It don't relieve the pain of a bee  
sting any to know that the bee can't  
sting again. Which same may have  
a local bearing.

It's a cinch some one is off on the  
figures of the city's finances as the  
figures presented by each side are so  
radically different.

Some Florence men who were out  
late Tuesday night, told their wives  
they were to the circus. At any rate  
they saw the elephant.

People of Florence really interested  
in the welfare of the city not only buy  
their goods in Florence, but do their  
banking business here.

It is said a supply of couches will  
be ordered by the council for use on  
and after August 10, 1910, the date set  
to equalize the paving tax.

Even though Lincoln is dry there  
seems to be a lot of politicians in this  
county who want to live there for 60  
days. What's the answer?

It isn't necessary for Florence to  
have an automobile show for there is  
one on Main street every night, as  
this is one of the favorite drives of  
Omaha's autoists.

It's tough to be an editor. He is on  
the go so much that if he comes home  
in daylight the dogs won't let him in  
the yard and even his wife and chil-  
dren know him not except after lamp-  
light.

Bryan forced the Lancaster county  
democrats to adopt county option, but  
it remains to be seen whether he  
will be more successful with this issue  
than he has been with his other para-  
mounts.

Why does the marshal kill dogs  
cheaper than Barnes, or why does  
Barnes charge more for killing dogs  
than does the marshal is the question  
the council wanted answered Monday  
evening.

Florence is being robbed right  
along by the county in the collection  
of taxes. It would be cheaper and  
better to have the city treasurer do  
this work, but the state law says  
otherwise.

The Commercial club almost awoke  
last week and some thought it would  
secure the delivery of mail here by  
the street car. It could be secured if  
the club would only cease playing Rip  
Van Winkle.

The editor of the Tribune has been  
elected an honorary member of the  
Omaha Commercial club and while he  
appreciates the honor would rather  
have an active membership in an  
active Florence Commercial club.

Our attention has been called to the  
fact that the school tax is 27 1/2 mills  
instead of 25 mills, being 25 mills for  
general purposes, 2 mills for bonds  
and 1/2 mill for free high school. This  
makes a total levy of 68 1/2 mills, in-  
cluding city 25, county 11, and state 5.

The plan of assessment for the pav-  
ing of Main street as submitted to the  
council Monday evening was replete  
with surprises at the low tax to be  
levied on most pieces of property.  
The assessment is from \$1 a lot to  
\$250 and will appear in full in the Tri-  
bune next week if the court does not  
say it is invalid in the meantime.

Notice to all candidates for office:  
The Tribune is willing to receive cash  
from each or any of you for present-  
ing your face in print to our readers.  
Rates are 25 cents an inch and the  
telephone number is 315. Should  
there be too many calls we'll put in  
a private exchange. It's the only pa-  
per that reaches the voters of Flo-  
rence and Union precincts.

Alfred Sorenson, editor of the Omaha  
Examiner, has filed for United States  
senator on the republican ticket. They  
might go further and do worse, but  
what under the sun Al wants to be  
senator for and have to live in Wash-  
ington, when he can live in Omaha  
and visit Florence occasionally is be-  
yond comprehension. Come out to  
Florence when you open your barrel;  
there are four refreshment parlors  
here.

**Definitions Mixed.**  
Magistrate—Officer, what is this  
man charged with?  
Constable—He's a camera fiend of  
the worst kind, yer worship.  
"But this man shouldn't have been  
arrested simply because he has a  
mania for taking pictures."  
"It isn't that, yer worship; he takes  
the cameras."—Stray Stories.

**Treatment for Leprosy.**  
United States Vice-Consul John H.  
Monson, writing from Rangoon, British  
Burma, describes a treatment of le-  
prosy which in three cases of from 8 to  
16 years' standing, has so far succeed-  
ed that ultimate recovery is expected.  
All the repulsive symptoms have been  
greatly modified, sensation of skin and  
flesh have returned, and strength re-  
newed to some degree.

## 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.  
Preaching—8:00 p. m.

**Mid-Week Service.**  
Thursday—8:00 p. m.  
The public is cordially invited to  
attend these services.  
George S. Sloan, Pastor.

Church Services Swedish Lutheran  
Ebenezer Church.

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

## LODGE DIRECTORY.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal  
Order of Eagles.

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

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

**Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.**  
Worthy Adviser.....Samuel Jensen  
Venerable Consul.....C. J. Larson  
Banker.....F. D. Leaci  
Clerk.....Gus Nelso  
Escort.....James Johnson  
Sentry.....M. M. Crum  
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adam  
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.**

ast Oracle.....Mrs. Emma Powell  
Oracle.....Mrs. J. Taylor

Vice Oracle.....Mrs. George Foster  
Chancellor.....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. Ennis  
Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson  
Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor  
Judge.....Clyde Miller  
Jurat.....Clarence Leach  
Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant  
Physician.....Dr. Adams  
Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Pe-  
tersson, Mrs. E. Hollett.  
Meets Tuesdays in Pascale's Hall.

**Robin Hood Camp No. 30 W. O. W.**  
Council Commander.....M. B. Potter  
A. L. ....F. A. Ayers  
Clerk.....F. M. King  
Escort.....Will Pepperkorn  
Watchman.....Harry Swanson  
Sentry.....C. O. Larson  
Managers, John Paul, William Tuttle,  
Ed. Davis.  
Robin Hood Camp No. 30, W. O. W.,  
meets city hall.

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there  
will be a special meeting of the mayor  
and council of the city of Florence,  
Nebraska, at the City Hall in Flo-  
rence, on Monday, August 1, 1910, at  
8:30 o'clock in the evening, for the  
purpose of equalizing the cost of grad-  
ing between the curb line and the  
property line in front of the following  
described real estate and levying  
special taxes or assessments to pay  
for the cost of said grading accord-  
ing to the contract therefor with L.  
Fay.

The following is a description of the  
lots to be assessed and the amount  
proposed to be taxed against each lot  
respectively:

| Lot                       | Block | Proposed Tax |
|---------------------------|-------|--------------|
| 1                         | 222   | \$57.12      |
| 2                         | 222   | 57.12        |
| East Side of Main Street. |       |              |
| 2                         | \$2   | 14.12        |
| 3                         | \$2   | 14.12        |
| 6                         | \$2   | 34.13        |
| 7                         | \$2   | 34.13        |
| 2                         | \$8   | 69.50        |
| 3                         | \$8   | 69.50        |
| 6                         | \$8   | 74.50        |
| 7                         | \$8   | 74.50        |

Given by order of the mayor and  
council of the city of Florence, Ne-  
braska, this 6th day of July, 1910.  
JOHN BONDESSON,  
City Clerk.

J-S-15-22-29.

## NOTICE.

Notice is hereby given that there  
will be a special meeting of the mayor  
and council of the city of Florence,  
Nebraska, at the City Hall in Flo-  
rence, Monday, August 1, 1910, at eight  
o'clock in the evening, for the purpose  
of equalizing sidewalk taxes and as-  
sessments and levying special assess-

ments to pay for the cost of construct-  
ing artificial stone sidewalks by Lu-  
bold & Pascale in front of the follow-  
ing described real estate.

Following is a description of the  
lots to be assessed and the amount  
proposed to be taxed against each lot  
and parcel of ground respectively:

| Lot | Block | Proposed Tax |
|-----|-------|--------------|
| 12  | 108   | \$77.90      |
| 13  | 108   | 37.19        |
| 14  | 108   | 37.19        |
| 15  | 108   | 37.19        |
| 16  | 108   | 37.19        |
| 17  | 108   | 37.19        |
| 18  | 108   | 43.71        |
| 20  | 108   | 33.87        |

(Including driveway)  
Given by order of the mayor and  
council of the city of Florence, Ne-  
braska, this 6th day of July, 1910.  
JOHN BONDESSON,  
City Clerk.

J-S-15-22-29.

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted

**McCoy & Olmsted**  
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law  
852 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16



**One Foot of  
Good Lumber**  
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Think of that fact when you  
require any material

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Don't stop at anything either.  
Put your thought into prac-  
tical use by getting you lum-  
ber at the place where only  
the good kind is handled.  
That place is right here.  
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won't have to be told again.  
Your experience with our  
lumber will never be for-  
gotten.

**Minne-Lusa Lumber Co.**  
FRANK GLEASON, Mgr.  
Phone Florence 335

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FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER  
At Henry Anderson's Florence



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Bank Established in 1856  
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Substantiability,  
Reliability,  
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GEO. SIERT, Prop.  
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On the East Side of the Street.

**What You  
Don't Want  
---Sell**  
Everybody has something  
around the house they do not  
want. Or perhaps they have  
articles that while they really  
have no use for them, at the  
same time they dislike to  
throw them away.  
Just let them find people who  
would take these articles off  
their hands and pay for them  
and they would be happy.  
Yet that is just what can be  
accomplished by way of the  
want ad column in The Tribune.  
If you have anything you  
wish to dispose of, write a  
small Want Ad and  
**Put It In  
The Tribune**

**Farmers'  
State Bank**  
CAPITAL \$10,000  
4 PER CENT ON TIME DEPOSITS  
Careful attention to all accounts.  
We sell Bank Money Orders good  
anywhere, cheaper than any other  
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**Young Women**  
coming to Omaha as strangers  
are invited to visit the Young  
Women's Christian Associa-  
tion building at St. Mary's Av.  
and Seventeenth St., where  
they will be directed to suit-  
able boarding places or other-  
wise assisted. Look for our  
Traveler's Aid at the Union  
Station.

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

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**TRIUMPH BEER**  
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**We Are Now Closing Out Our 1910 Spring Patterns  
of Wall Paper at 25 per cent. Discount**  
Now is the time to pick up a bargain. We still have some of the best patterns  
left. Come in; we are always glad to show what we have; don't forget we also  
carry the best line of PAINT, VARNISHES, LIQUID and PASTE FILLERS.  
Come in and talk over the painting of your new house, we probably can help you  
in doing the work yourself.  
**M. L. ENDRES, 2410 Ames Ave.**  
Phones: Bell, Web. 2138. Ind. B-2138

**NEW POPULAR SONGS**  
HAYDEN BROS., Omaha  
"Wait for the Summertime," Summer waltz song; "No One  
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"Sairs of the East," Sacred song; "I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid!"  
"Sunbonnet Sue," "If You Won't Be Good to Me," child song; "To the  
End of the World With You," "Love Me and the World Is Mine,"  
"Cheer Up! Cherries Will Soon Be Ripe," "Whistle if You Want Me  
Dear," "Rainbow," "I Wish I Had a Girl."  
25c each or 5 for \$1.00. 1c extra per copy by mail.

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**THE KNABE PIANO**  
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**The Florence Tailor**  
Has removed to the Rose Building on North Main Street and will make a specialty of  
Suits to Order \$25.00  
Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing

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Just South of Bank of Florence  
Good Work—Reasonable Prices  
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**Prince Frederick's Wooing**

By EDITH GRAY

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The prince paced thoughtfully along the sandy beach of Rentreux, his cigarette poised carefully between his slender fingers, his eyes examining reflectively the many-colored pebbles, fresh washed by the inflowing tide of the Atlantic, glittering, foam flecked, in the early morning sunlight at his feet. But it was not the pebbles, the foam, the great waves crashing beyond him that held the prince's thoughts or that was responsible for the clear line that puckered his well-marked brows. No; it was a royal mandate, received some days before, signed and sealed by the kingly parent, stating clearly and definitely, leaving no loophole for escape nor palpable reason for excuse, that it was high time for Prince Frederick, eldest son of the reigning house, to put aside the gay mask of youth and to begin to accustom his shoulders to the burden of coming duties; in a word, to take to himself a wife, a princess of parts, worthy some day to be queen and consort of the realm.

It was all very well, Frederick frowned, for gray-haired scribes to sit apart and dictate to a prince his duties and obligations. To order a man to marry, entirely against his own inclination, was bad enough, but to give him no freedom whatever as to the choice of his wife—that was the unspeakable outrage!

For the injunction had stated definitely: "It is expected of Frederick, crown prince and future king, to present himself to Roberta, princess of Newborough, in view to future matrimonial alliance."

Roberta of Newborough! Why she, of all people? The prince recalled vague rumors, afloat among court gossips, of how the above mentioned Roberta had turned away two crowned heads of Europe, not to mention countless dukes and earls innumerable. It was with despair and doubt that he now looked forward to his future meeting with the Princess Roberta.

The time set was only two weeks away, so, after having received the orders, Frederick, accompanied by his



"I Come Up Here Every Day to Think."

trustworthy valet, stating official business as his excuse, left the capital and journeyed, incognito, to the little sea coast resort to reconcile himself to the future, and to gain confidence for the coming ordeal.

It was an off season, and the few patrons of the great hotels being for the most part Americans and Germans, there was little likelihood that the prince's modest disguise of touring gentleman would be recognized or made public. He was, therefore, undisturbed in his morning strolls.

For several days the prince had noticed footprints, preceding him, along the shelving beach. He was at first but half interested, being so morbidly engrossed in his own affairs. However, as time progressed, he gained more of his accustomed interest in things external, and, after a week, so keenly had the pungent tonic of sea air acted upon his overwrought nerves, that he was quite his own joyous self again, and eager for adventure.

There was no dim suggestion of thrill or mystery in anything about him except possibly those ever-renewed footprints, preceding his, morning after morning, freshly molded in the sand. They held material for conjecture at any rate.

He laughed, whole heartedly, as he bent over the marks in the soft, damp sand. He would do some detective work on his own account and find out just who this officious scoundrel was who dared precede a prince, unasking and unasked, in his morning walks along the shore. The scamp, judging from the flat-soled, low-heeled imprint of the shoe, was evidently a boy. But, no—the prince smiled in glee over his clever surmise—a boy's foot could never be as slender and shapely as that! The wanderer must be a woman, a young woman, for the old are not abroad so early in the morning. And a bright, breezy, athletic young woman, for the lacy, ruffled kind do not deign to tread upon the sands except by moonlight and to the twang of guitars.

Sure enough, the tracks came to an abrupt terminus before a great

boulder some half mile beyond, and Prince Frederick, peering curiously around it, discovered a young, rosy-cheeked individual, gazing pensively out across the sea.

The prince pondered. He was pleased at the good result of his detective work, but now, having had a glimpse of her he did not want things to end abruptly just when they were becoming most interesting. Now, if the young lady should drop a handkerchief for the wind to blow casually at his feet, or if she had a lapdog to snarl and snap at his ankles, thereby extracting profuse apologies from its remorseful owner, all might be well. But there was no handkerchief apparent, and the young person looked as if she had never fondled a lapdog in her life.

However there was no need of an intermediary agent, for, as the prince leaned unconsciously forward, in his eager endeavor to see more clearly the girl almost hidden by the gray boulder, she looked up, her face expressing neither surprise nor dismay at the sight of the tall stranger above her, and asked with the unabashed simplicity of a child:

"I've been wondering why does the time of the tide change every day—and what kind are those ships out there on the ocean?"

The prince seated himself before his scientifically inclined interrogator, without further preliminary, his dark eyes meeting the inquiring gaze of the blue ones with an answering frankness. He said:

"I put away my knowledge of tides with my school books at—ah—Eton," and added: "Do you really want to know about them and the ships, or do you, as is my predicament, just want some one to talk to?"

She smiled across at him. "I just want some one to talk to," she said. Then her eyes went strangely serious. "I come up here every day to think, but the thinking, after a time gets wearisome, and I'm lonely!"

He asked: "Have you no one with you?"

"Of course, my chaperon. But I dislike—I mean I do not want her with me in my morning walks." Then she looked up, suddenly ill at ease. "You see, I'm an—American, and in my country girls almost always go about unattended."

He thought that she seemed flustered and confused in her bare statement of cold facts, but he waited, interestedly, for her to continue.

"You see," she suddenly blurted out, "they want me to marry a man that I don't want to. They say that I've turned from too many good offers, and that I must marry now. I came here to get away from them for awhile, and that's the reason that I like to be alone."

The prince's eyes were filled with the light of more than mere impersonal interest as he gazed down at the little lady in a sudden understanding of tender sympathy. "My dear child," he said, "it is my case exactly. I am an—ahem—Englishman. My land borders on that of a young lady, the heiress of an immense fortune. My family, my friends, in fact, every one insists that I offer my hand and so join the two great tracts of meadow and woodland into one priceless estate. I, too, came to Rentreux to think things over."

There were many condoling chats after that. The prince found the young person, though independent at times, and of a manner somewhat overbearing and inclined to domineer, more widely read and deeply cultured than he had at first dreamed, while she discovered in him a great comfort and solace to her woes.

The week sped all too quickly. The day for parting arrived with remorseless rapidity. It was with strange reluctance and deeper dejection than ever as to his future that the prince bade the young American good-by on the sandy, foam-strewn shore.

He said: "I wish the very brightest fate for you. I have known few women to equal you, and I know that you deserve the best." Then there were a few broken sentences of a distinctly personal nature, and she replied: "Ah, if the prince—I mean the millionaire, the man I'm to marry, you know—were only like you!"

When Prince Frederick married Roberta of Newborough both nations rejoiced. And no one but themselves knew of the little incident on the sands by the sea.

**Not Sure of the Facts.**

Down in a little town in southern New Jersey there is a certain editor who is very blunt of speech. And this bluntness he carries with him when he takes his pen in hand to record the news of the week in his paper. Inasmuch as he is the owner as well as editor of the weekly that he has made famous, he can say just about what he pleases without fear of a "call down" from the "front." And sometimes he is pleased to write a great deal.

Recently there was a social event of more or less importance in the town, and when the invitations were sent around "the colonel" was overlooked.

Thereupon he thought much, and at length a note appeared under "Happenings in Our Town" which read as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. So and So entertained a number of their friends at their home last night. We understand that a very enjoyable time was had by all and that the house was decorated for the occasion. However, as the editor of this paper did not receive any invitation, we cannot vouch for the truth of the matter. For the same reason it is impossible for us to give any details in regard to the affair."—Philadelphia Times.

**CYNTHIA UNAWARES**

By MARGARET W. VANDERCOOK

Cynthia came down the back steps into the garden. She had on a pale green dress, and a hat with a wreath of apple blossoms round it. Out under the grape-arbor she sat down, and began to turn over the pages of a new magazine. She had the most conscientious, unconscious look in the world. If she was waiting for some one, no one could, or would suspect anything. This was the idlest of all afternoons, with a book and her own thoughts for company.

Cynthia began to read a love story aloud from her magazine. Her tone veiled disgust. "Isn't it stupid?" she said. "Same old thing, I should think a writer might make a love story a little unusual, but they never do. Man proposes, lady accepts, then they go off and get married somewhere. I wish somebody would write love stories the way Scott did, all about ladies, throwing themselves from battlements, and lovers running away with their mistresses, and making them marry them, and soldiers and war, and interesting things. I simply won't read this stupid story." Cynthia threw down the magazine in disgust.

"Hello Cynthia." The voice came from the back of the garden where the yard sloped down to the river. Aman came up the path in a hurry.

"Let me look at you. It has been two—four—six—twelve months since I have seen you. Did you know I was back in town?"

"I wasn't quite sure," said Cynthia. "I heard you were expected last night. It is good of you to come and see me so soon." Cynthia spoke in her prettiest, society manner.

"Good of me?" the man laughed back at her. "Yes, wasn't it? I came these miles and rowed up this river, hoping to find you just as you are, just where you are, all because I am so good. Still playing we are only friends, Cynthia?"

The girl flushed. "Please don't," she said. "I will come out in the boat with you, if you won't tease, and won't spoil my dress."

Cynthia picked up the magazine and carried it with her. "Stupid old



thing," she said, smiling quite openly. "nothing but love stories, not a bit of excitement, or adventure, or opposition—just everybody pleased!"

"Well, that is the right kind of love story. Do girls still want young Lochinvars? I thought they had gotten over that kind of thing, and wanted to vote. But goodness only knows what girls do want, I have never pretended to know."

Each day for two weeks, the man and the girl met in the garden in the usual way. It was an ideal place, an ideal garden, and the young people were of the ideal kind.

Cynthia knew it all the time. She rather enjoyed it. "It is all so exactly as it ought to be! What dull copy we would make! But then it shan't end in the usual way. A girl doesn't have but one romance. I would like mine to be a little more thrilling. David is a splendid fellow, but then I have known him all my life. What kind of a story would we make? Man proposes, girl accepts, everybody pleased."

David went back to work when his vacation was over. "I shall not come back again," he said. "It's no use. At least I shall not come for a long time. You don't care a bit, do you Cynthia?"

"Yes, I do—a little," she said.

"But not enough?"

"No, not enough," the girl said, and held out her hand, and was sorry when he said goodby and was gone.

This was August. In September the letters did not come so often. Two weeks passed without a letter, and Cynthia said never a word. She was going up to town in six weeks on a visit. She would know what had happened then. But Cynthia did not have to wait so long.

"David had had a promotion," the sister told her as they went in town to market together. "Mr. Cox has been great friends with him, and has him at his house a great deal. He is the manager of the electrical works, you know, and David writes that it is a good deal better than the old job."

Cynthia was very glad, she said, and thought perhaps the extra work had affected the letters.

In November she went up to town to stay with a friend. David was there often and was as kind as ever, but this time Cynthia felt sure that there was a difference. She had been in town ten days and he had not proposed one, single, solitary time.

And there were nights when he did not come to see her, but took Edith Cox to the theater, or had dinner with her.

"It is all over between you and David, isn't it?" her best girl friend, Mary Grey, asked Cynthia. Cynthia did not so much mind the catch in her breath, when she answered, "All over? Why no, there has never been anything between us—just friends."

"Don't be a goose," Mary was outspoken. "David Barret has never pretended a minute in his life, to be a friend to you. If you weren't a romantic silly, waiting for the mysterious stranger, you would have married him long ago."

"Mary, if I ask you a question will you promise with all your heart and body never to tell a soul, or never even to speak of it to me again? Is David engaged to Edith Cox?"

"How should I know?" asked Mary, but when she went out of the room she smiled and nodded. "I shall tell David, he is such a dear."

Twenty miles out on the Bardstown road a dance was to be given in honor of Mary and Cynthia. The girls were to come out at half-past-six dinner and the other guests were not to arrive until nine.

At half-past-five Mary's dress had not come. "You will have to go without me, Cynthia dear; it is bad manners for neither of us to be in time for dinner. You can drive down to the First Street station and a carriage will meet you at the other end."

"It was not so dull going alone, for Cynthia was a town girl and rather enjoyed the experience of arriving on her own responsibility. She took the right train and the trip took only three-quarters of an hour.

It was lonely and dark when she arrived at the shingled house that served as a station. She was glad enough to jump into the carriage waiting for her, without giving much of a look at the coachman, who apologized, saying that the young ladies were so busy getting ready for the ball that they had not come down with him.

They drove on for some time without arriving anywhere. Cynthia felt sure it was long past six; she looked at her watch. It was nearly seven.

"Are we nearly there?" she said to the driver. Cynthia had never been there before and the way was strange to her.

"I beg your pardon, Miss, but I am a new coachman and may have lost my way a bit."

Up the road there was no sign of the house and they drove back again. It was quite dark and there was no one about, only waving trees and shadows along the road.

"Take me back to the station, please. I shall go back to town or wait there until the others come. Yes I am very sorry, but it can't be helped." Cynthia was frightened, but she kept her courage in her voice.

Some time after they drove up to a station, but not the same station—a strange one—with the ticket master at home at supper.

The coachman waited. "If you won't go back miss, I shall see you on board," he said.

After some time a train came along, and to Cynthia a train was a refuge. She said something to the conductor, as she got on board, and then went in and sat down, too frightened, and angry, and disappointed to talk.

The conductor came by and Cynthia asked him the fare back to town.

"But you are going the other way. What can you do? Get off at the next station, and go back."

"Put me off there, please," said Cynthia, in a voice that shook.

The door from the front platform opened and a voice said: "Why, Cynthia Graham, where are you going, and what are you doing here alone?"

It was David, and for once in her life Cynthia was glad it was the usual thing, the right person in the right place.

At the next stop Cynthia and David got off together.

They had to wait an hour before they could get back, so David made a clean breast of it.

"I have to tell you the truth, Cynthia, though you will never forgive me. It is all my fault, your being lost and frightened. Mary and I fixed it up between us, and she is to make things right at the other end. You wanted a romance, and I could not think of anything but to bear you off like this, rescue you, and make you say you care—for you do—without letting you know how it happened. But it is not fair, I must tell. I have been trying to play Lochinvar. Can you forgive me, and let me take you home? Nobody will know."

Cynthia did not speak during the confession. Then she laughed, and put her cold hand in his.

"How absurd you are—we are," she said.

The Only Way. The lampooners and muck rakers were becoming uneasy.

"This literary star is becoming too popular," said one; "we must do something to make him appear ridiculous in the eyes of the world."

"But what can we do?" asked the second.

"Oh, that's easy," confided the third; "we'll publish his love letters."

**INDICTMENT OF THE POTATO**

Use of Vegetable Is Declared by Writer to Have a Tendency to Shorten Life.

The potato is, according to the best medical opinion, the cause of many of the ills from which we suffer, and a foe to long life and good temper as well.

"People, especially those leading sedentary lives, who wish to be healthy in body and sunny and alert in mind, should never eat potatoes," said a well-known physician, who is prevented by medical etiquette from giving his name, to a Daily Mirror representative.

"Potatoes cause what is known as 'starch indigestion.' They contain about ninety-five per cent. of water, and when they have been assimilated the result is very little nutriment, after a big tax on the alimentary system, by reason of the difficulty the digestive fluids encounter in breaking down the tough cellulose walls in which the starch grains are enveloped. The effect of continually eating potatoes is chronic dyspepsia, resulting in wear and tear on the system, and lack of nutriment. Nervous worry and depression follow, and life is shortened.

"My advice is to cut potatoes right out of the diet. They are far more valuable for making motor spirit than for food, so why put them to such an unsuitable use as eating them? When a man is unwell generally, the first thing that doctors stop in his dietary is the use of potatoes, and rightly so, for they use up so much of his energy in the process of digestion.

"The Irish peasants live almost wholly on potatoes, and the effect is to make them lazy and choleric. But when they leave Ireland and can afford to feed more rationally, they develop into bright-minded, energetic people.

"To repair the ravages made in the human body by potatoes carrots should be eaten, for they stimulate the digestive processes."

**TOAST IS OF ANCIENT ORIGIN**

Some Form of Drinking Salutation Common as Far Back as History Records.

The origin of health-drinking is lost in the dimness of ancient years, but it was a general habit with the Romans, the Greeks and the Assyrians of earliest history, says a writer in the Illustrated Sunday Magazine. At Athens a very strict code of health-drinking etiquette was drawn up, and was known as "Philothesis." The form of the Greek toast was simply, "I salute you, be happy!" and post-prandial oratory was regarded as decidedly out of place. The Romans thought the exclamation "Propino!"—"I drink your health"—quite sufficient.

The word "toast" dates back to medieval times, when the loving cup was regarded as an indispensable feature of every feast. The cup would be filled to the brim with wine or mead, and a small piece of toasted bread floated on the liquid. The host would then touch the cup with his lips and pass it to his guest of honor, seated on his right, who would drink and pass the cup to his neighbor, and so on until the cup had completed the circuit of the table, when the host would drink what remained of the wine and swallow the piece of toast.

Bargains in Wedding Rice. In a grocery of many signs the most conspicuous sign of all reads: "Wedding rice three cents per pound." When questioned as to the particular quality of the wedding rice the grocer replied: "It's speckly." Then he uncovered a box half filled with rice that showed a multitude of little black specks mixed with the white grains.

"It would be too big a job to clean that for cooking," he said, "but it's all right for weddings, and it goes cheap. This is a parish of marriages. That church across the street is the scene of more weddings than any other two churches in town, and two-thirds of the bridal rice is bought here."

Leaves Pennies in Church. A Boston clergyman, commenting on the large number of cents in the average church collection, said that when on a recent Monday he had offered a newsman outside the subway station a 5-cent piece in payment for a newspaper she threw up her hand, remarking:

"Why is it that men never have pennies on Monday morning? It is the only day in the week I have trouble making change." "My good woman," replied the clergyman, the reason is that on Sunday they leave their pennies in church."

The Modern Idea. "In the old days being wise meant the ability to answer all kinds of questions."

"And in these days?"

"It means the ability to get something for nothing."

Meant So. "My sister received shocking treatment at the hospital which was so highly recommended to us."

"Indeed! How did that happen?"

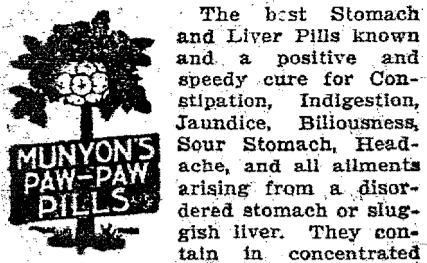
"She had to have application of an electric battery."

The Feminine Instinct. "What on earth made your mother bring home that bundle of feathers?"

"I'm sure I don't know, dad, unless it was because she saw it marked down."

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**Cost of Spontaneity.**  
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"We can fix that, too," said his campaign manager; "only you know it's a good deal more expensive to be the people's choice than it is to go in as the compromise candidate."

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## WHY, OF COURSE.



**Knicker**—How do you figure out that the St. Louis exposition was better than the Paris exposition?  
**Bocker**—It didn't cost so much to get there.  
**Statistics Go Lame.**  
"Pears t' me thar's somethin' wrong with statisticks," remarked the oldest inhabitant as he dropped into his usual place on the loafers' bench.  
"What's wrong with 'em?" queried the village grocer.  
"Wall, ercordin' tew 'em," continued the o. i., "we orter hev had a death in teawn evry six weeks fer th' past tew years."  
"Is that so?" said the grocer.  
"Yaas," answered the other, "an' by ginger, we ain't had 'em!"  
**Heard Many a One.**  
**The Judge**—Madam, do you understand the nature of an oath?  
**The Witness**—You seem to forget, your honor, that I've been married for over 20 years.

**Notes and Comments.**  
**Church**—Does your neighbor play that cornet without notes?  
**Gotham**—Yes; but not without comments.—Yonkers Statesman.

It is a waste of time to worry about the future. Things will be all right a hundred years from now—as far as you are concerned.

Rich relatives have a mania for living to a ripe old age.

**Asparagus Loaf.**  
Make a cream sauce with two tablespoonfuls each butter and flour cooked together until bubbly, half teaspoonful salt, a dash of pepper and a cupful of rich milk or thin cream. When smooth and boiling add a scant half cupful finely minced lamb, chicken or veal, one cupful cooked asparagus tips and four eggs beaten. Turn into a well buttered mold, holding about a pint and lined with asparagus stalks. Set this mold in a dish of hot water and bake in a moderate oven until the center of the mold is firm.

Let stand a few moments, invert over a heated serving dish and unmold. Serve with cream sauce, to which asparagus tips and a few minced mushrooms have been added.

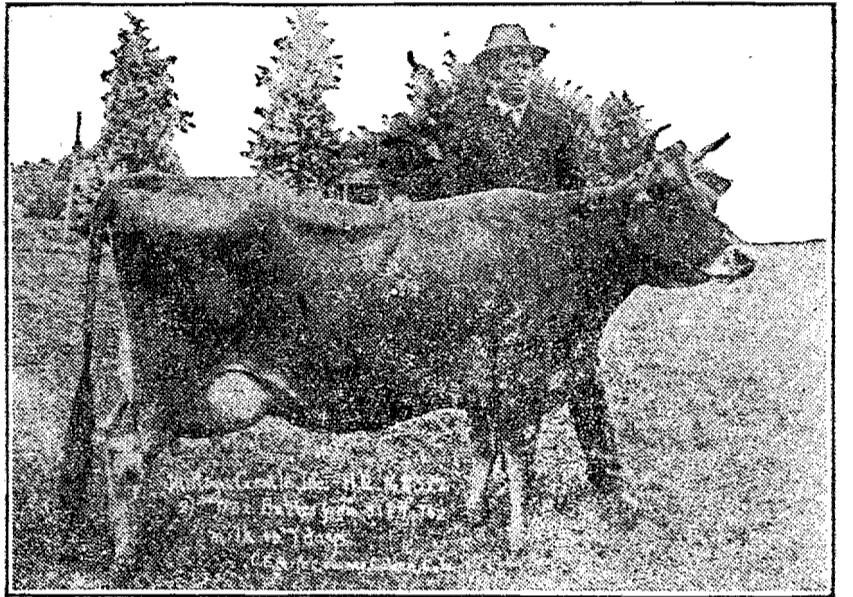
**Pineapple Marshmallow.**  
Cut with scissors half a pound of marshmallows, drain juice off a can of grated pineapple and use pulp only. Sweeten with one cup of sugar. Beat half a pint of heavy cream very stiff. Add marshmallows to cream and half a cup of powdered sugar. About half an hour before serving add the sweetened pineapple. Serve in sherbet glasses with maraschino cherries on top.

# PROFITABLE DAIRYING

By HUGH G. VAN PELT  
Dairy Expert Iowa State Dairy Association

## What the Dairy Cow Has Been Doing

Perhaps there is no better explanation of why one breed of cows is better for milk production than the other, than to look into the history of them as breeds. In doing this we find how they were produced and why. We find, for instance, that the beef animal has been bred in her native country by breeders who were past masters in the art of breeding. For hundreds of years they have devoted their efforts along the line of producing an animal which would convert the very greatest possible amount of food consumed, into beef and fat to deposit over the back and loin and rump, over the ribs and down deep in the twist. They have striven to breed such an animal because there has been a demand for just such an animal, and this demand has sprung from the consumer of meat up through the retail clerk in the meat market, through the jobber and on to the packer, and from him through his buyers to the commission men and on down through the feeders of steers to the breeders of beef cattle. In the meat market the demand from the



Cow Bred for Economical Milk and Butter Production.

trade has been for cuts of beef that are taken from over the back and the loin and the other parts mentioned, because the beef found in these regions is more suitable to the taste, richer in its flavor, more tender, better grained, and, in fact, more to be desired than is the meat which is found in the neck, brisket, plates and in those portions considered the cheaper part of the animal. Because of the demand, the better parts of the animal have demanded a higher price and, consequently, the animal which is most greatly developed in these high-priced cuts is the more valuable animal, and because of the fact that like begets like or a likeness thereof, it has been necessary to breed animals the likeness of which would be well developed in these qualities. This is the demand that has caused the breeder of beef cattle to produce an animal that would convert every possible portion of its feed into beef and fat and lay it over the top of the back, the ribs, etc. During this process of breeding up, he has paid very little attention to milk production, probably due to the fact that it is a most difficult thing to produce an animal which has the power



A Cow Bred for Economical Beef Production.

of converting a given amount of feed into two things at the same time. The aim of the breeder of beef cattle has been to produce beef and he has done so at the expense of the milk-giving functions of the animal in his charge. The Beef Breeders' Accomplishments. The wonderful results that have been accomplished by these breeders of beef cattle are not to be belittled, because they have produced a wonderful work. They have produced an animal that is capable of making two pounds of valuable beef where one pound or less was to be found in the animals of the past. They have made wonderful improvement in beef production and today we find in the beef breeds, steers that, although they are not capable of making any more gain out of a bushel of corn than is a Jersey or a Holstein steer, still they have the ability of converting their food into high-priced beef

rather than into cheap tallow, as is the case with the majority of the dairy-bred steers. But it would be the height of folly to say to the feeder of beef cattle that he should use upon his farms dairy cows because, besides supplying a calf that would be worth one-half as much as the beef calf, he could produce twice as much milk and butter-fat as though he kept a beef cow. He would be very sadly surprised when the time came to market his steers if he found that he had made no profit from them, and this surprise would probably be just as great and just as keen a disappointment as the disappointment which the dairyman finds after he has produced and put beef cattle into the dairy with the guarantee that the calves which he produces will be worth more two years hence when he goes to sell them, even though his cows do not produce half as much milk and butter-fat.

### The Dual Purpose Cow.

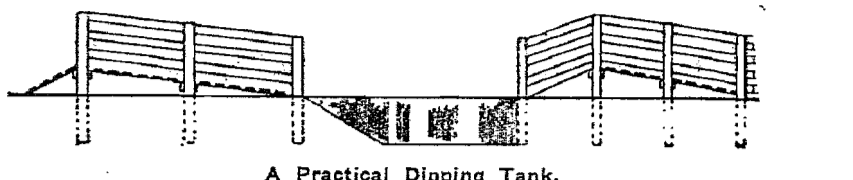
However, as indicated in the beginning, there is probably a place for the dual purpose cow, by which term we mean that cow that is capable of producing some milk and butter-fat and some kind of a calf every year. There are many who are to be found in every business who cannot accomplish to the same degree the results of others, and likewise there are many breeders and feeders who, were they to have the very best beef cattle that could be raised, would not appreciate them to the extent that they would take the very best care of them, and consequently they would degenerate and deteriorate from year to year, so that in the end the results would be far from flattering, and it is without doubt equally profitable for these men to have an animal much inferior to the very best. And the likelihood is that they can make almost as much profit out of a common animal as they can out of an animal developed to the very highest degree possible, and the same is true relative to the cow that has to be milked upon the farm. There are many who would milk cows, that have not studied the fundamental principles of handling, caring for and feeding the dairy cow and it would be a terrible hardship to the cow were she compelled to withstand the care, feed and management that she would receive at the hands of these feeders, because, as has been stated before, she is more or less of an artificial being, and in order to do her best work she must be subjected to the very best methods of management, and for this purpose likely the so-called dual purpose cow is to be recommended. She has been of wonderful service in that she has been used as a stepping stone from beef production to the production of milk and butter-fat. If we look to the history of every country, we will find that the different stages of development are, first, grain farming, next stock farming, and finally stock farming and dairying. The man who has educated himself as a feeder of beef cattle always finds that to feed for the production of milk is a much different business. He must have different kinds of animals, keep them under different kinds of shelter and feed them foods of different kinds and in different proportions, and on the whole care for them entirely differently; and were this man to step immediately from the feeding of beef cattle into the feeding and caring for the very highest character of dairy cattle, he would not be pleased with the results as a feeder of this second class of animals. Consequently, when he finds that there are greater profits that are more certain to be found in milk production, the first step which he takes is to begin milking the cows that have heretofore done nothing but produce the calves that he has later sent to market; and as he feeds for a period of time these cows that produce for him regularly hardly enough milk and butter-fat to pay for their keep, he begins to wonder if there are not other methods of feeding these same cows that will better their production, and in consequence, he learns from time to time and from year to year of the better methods or the ways of producing from these same cows more milk and butter-fat and doing it more economically and profitably.

During this period that the change has been coming about, he has learned to properly care for the cow and now the time is ripe for him to go into the dairy business and to use the real dairy cow. It is somewhat like the custom of the small boy who must ride the wooden hobby horse first, later the Shetland pony and finally he is capable of riding and managing successfully a real saddle horse. There is no doubt but that of all the horses the saddle horse is the best, but it would be the height of folly to give him to the boy at the period when he should be riding a wooden hobby horse, or even at the time when he should be riding a Shetland pony. When the proper time comes he will be very successful in riding a blooded saddle horse, and it would be the utmost folly for him to be trying to get some place on a wooden hobby horse at this time.

But, in its place, the hobby horse has been extremely valuable in that it has taught the first fundamental principles of riding, and so it is with the different degrees of efficient milk producing cows. Inasmuch as it is to a great extent folly for a man who is trying to produce milk and butter-fat with the greatest degree of profit to be using common, unprofitable cows, it would be almost as great a folly for the man who has never given the matter any consideration and has practically no ideas regarding the management of dairy cows to be using high-class, expensive, pure bred dairy animals because in all likelihood they have been so intensely developed that many of them would become ruined and practically worthless in the course of a very short time under poor management and would degenerate from year to year, and instead of the herd becoming better as time passed on, it would in reality become poorer and his results would be far from gratifying.

# EVERY BREEDER SHOULD POSSESS DIPPING TANK

Even Carefully Kept Herds and Flocks Are Liable to Become Infested With Vermin—Inexpensive Plant Illustrated.



A Practical Dipping Tank.

The time to rid flocks of sheep and herds of swine of ticks and lice is during the warm months and then there will be none to bother with in the winter time and to annoy animals so that only half or no profits can be had from them. Of course while the flocks and herds are cleaned up, the buildings must also be properly renovated and cleaned up, or there may be a general reinfesting from them, says Wisconsin Agriculturist. Every hog and sheep farm should have a dipping plant as a part of its regular equipment, for even carefully kept herds and flocks are liable to become infested with vermin such as lice and ticks.

A convenient, inexpensive and durable dipping plant may be constructed on the plan of the one represented in the accompanying illustration. The sheep or hogs are driven in at a receiving chute, plunged into a tank containing a disinfectant solution, made to swim to the other end, where they can climb out over another chute and return to the pens or into paddocks. The general construction of the chutes does not need much explanation. That is quite clear from the plan of the illustration. Good cedar posts set firmly into the ground three feet apart, with the exception of those at the ends of the tank, which should be no farther apart than the top width of the tank, answer the purpose of supports. Pieces of 2x4-inch studding are nailed to each pair at proper height to give the incline to the floors. Planks are used for the flooring and inch boards for the sides. The incline of the receiving chute to the right of the illustration has cleats nailed across its floor to aid the animals in making the climb; the decline has no cleats and is covered with a sheet of galvanized zinc to prevent the animals resisting being plunged into the tank. The cleats of the former are nailed straight across. A gate is attached at the entrance to the chute so that a number of animals may be inclosed at a time while the dippers are working at the tank. The distance between the posts of the receiving chute on the sides is four feet, and the height of the incline is one foot and a half. The incline of the chute through which the animals leave the tank is the same as that of the receiving

chute, but it is longer, the distance between the posts being five instead of four feet. The floor here should be covered with galvanized and the cleats nailed so as to prevent the dripping from the wet animal run back into the tank. Unless done the supply of solution in the tank will soon all be lost, and the made unnecessarily much more expensive. The cleats, instead of being directly across, are slanted at angles, so that the ends are lower than the out and do not meet so as to let pings run down the center. Sheep are dipped it may be necessary to retain them in the chute for a time, as those long wool will carry even a gallon of the dip in their fleeces, which takes time to drain out.

The dipping tank should be at least four feet deep at the end into which the animals are plunged to admit their being entirely submerged, should be about fifteen feet long, that sufficient time is required by animal to pass through for them receive a thorough wetting from solution, otherwise it will be necessary to hold them back for a time until this is accomplished. The deep of the tank need not be longer than five feet, the rest of the tank being gradually shallower up to the dipping chute and the bottom has cleats or grooves across to assist animals in wading along. At the bottom of the tank should be a width only sufficient for the animal's feet is necessary. This will properly be about one foot.

The material of which the dipping tank is made may be either wood, galvanized sheeting or concrete. Concrete will prove the most lasting, and can easily enough be molded by owner.

**Topdressing Pastures.**  
Pastures may be topdressed should not be grazed too early spring nor too heavily. Where topdressing can be plowed it is advisable and reseed occasionally.  
The raising of clover, corn and age crops furnishes a larger amount of protein for cattle and less feed need to be purchased.

## POOR METHOD OF FARMING

Agricultural Implements Exposed to Inclemency of Weather and Used by Poultry for Roosting Places.

(By S. M. MILLER.)

In March I drove ten miles to a big sale in another part of the county and on the way I counted five mowers, one new reaper, and six plows standing in the fields or alongside barns without shelter. In one barnyard which contained about twenty Holstein cows a good reaper stood at one side of the barn. Part of it was under the eaves from which had dripped rain and snow and formed an ice ridge six inches thick. A big Plymouth Rock reaper stood proudly on one of the blades of the machine and there was evidence that this was the favorite roosting place of the flock.

In one field a breaking plow had been left standing at the end of a furrow in a corner of the field and the snow covered the beam. One handle was broken off. At the sale a fine reaper and mower were sold. The reaper was in a leaky shed but the mower stood in a corner of an alfalfa field. The reaper brought \$14 and the mower nine dollars. Both were new two years ago. I bought a likely looking Jersey heifer but when I got her home discovered that she was lousy. The owner of this farm told me he was going to move to Canada where he could get some cheap land for his boys. "There's nothin' in farmin' in the states any more," he said. "Land's too high. I figger I can buy 360 acres

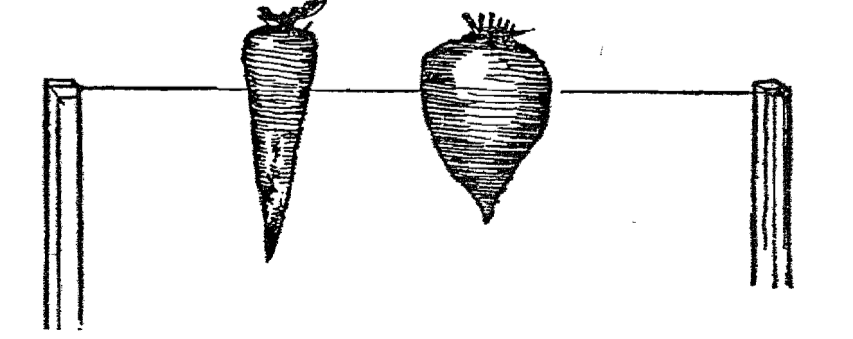
up in Canada for what my 12 bring here."

Perhaps he was right, but it seems to me that if he had farmed his 12 acres right up to the handle in every way he would have been better off than after selling out, paying the expense of moving and equipping his new big farm in the northwest. The farm showed every evidence of neglect of small things. It was untidy, unthrifty in appearance and showed the lack of system. With such a farmer the bigger the farm the greater the waste. That ten-mile trip a great object lesson to me and my boys, who went along, as well.

**Watering Plants.**  
Watering in the evening, besides ailing in the spread of fungous disease also causes "damping off." Watering should never be practised during heavy, cloudy weather. Shade, heat and light should be considered. Plants growing in the bright sunlight always need more water than those in the shade, for evaporation and transpiration are always greater under such circumstances. Mid-day waterings, when the sun shines directly on the foliage, will burn the foliage of many of our common house plants. Shading during excessive heat will strengthen the plants and assist in retaining moisture.

**Big Potato Crop.**  
On Lord Rosebery's estate at Dalmeny, Scotland, an acre has been made to produce more than 2,000 measured bushels of potatoes. This yield is so remarkable that the department of agriculture at Washington has sent an expert to Scotland to find out how it was made, and secure hints that will aid the American grower to increase his potato yield.

## METHOD OF FEEDING POULTRY

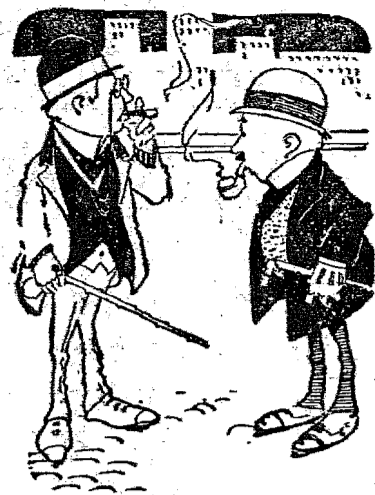


The device shown in the illustration gives a novel way to feed mangels, cabbage and so on to poultry. When the lower portion is all eaten off the tops fall down sufficiently to allow the chicks a share as well as the fowls. The rod is made to rest in a groove on posts set in the ground. The roots do not get soiled, and this

proves an economical plan. The poultry will eat all, clear to the last bit.

**Surface Culture.**  
Frequent surface cultivation makes the natural food of the plant more available, prevents escape of moisture and holds water in store for summer use.

HE'D HAD SOME HARD KNOCKS.



"Fortune knocks once at every man's door." "Fortune is a knocker, all right."

A BURNING ERUPTION FROM HEAD TO FEET

"Four years ago I suffered severely with a terrible eczema, being a mass of sores from head to feet and for six weeks confined to my bed. During that time I suffered continual torture from itching and burning. After being given up by my doctor I was advised to try Cuticura Remedies. After the first bath with Cuticura Soap and application of Cuticura Ointment I enjoyed the first good sleep during my entire illness. I also used Cuticura Resolvent and the treatment was continued for about three weeks. At the end of that time I was able to be about the house, entirely cured, and have felt no ill effects since. I would advise any person suffering from any form of skin trouble to try the Cuticura Remedies, as I know what they did for me. Mrs. Edward Neening, 1112 Salina St., Watertown, N. Y., Apr. 11, 1909."

Trying to Satisfy Him.

Squeamish Guest (as waiter places water before him)—Waiter, are you sure this is boiled distilled water? Waiter—I am positive, sir. Squeamish Guest (putting it to his lips)—But it seems to taste pretty hard for distilled water. Waiter—That's because it's hard-boiled distilled water, sir.

Coming Down to Earth.

"Happiness," declaimed the philosopher, "is in the pursuit of something, not in the catching of it." "Have you ever," interrupted the plain citizen, "chased the last car on a rainy night?"

Real Reform.

Knicker—What is your idea of municipal government? Bocker—First provide an auto and then create an office to fill it.

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Crusts, Styes, Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes That Need Care Try Murine Eye Salve. Aseptic Tubes—Trial Size—25c. Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

Kind words are often wasted where a swift kick would have been more effective.

Constipation causes many serious diseases. It is thoroughly cured by Doctor Pierce's Pleasant Laxative. One a laxative, three for cathartic.

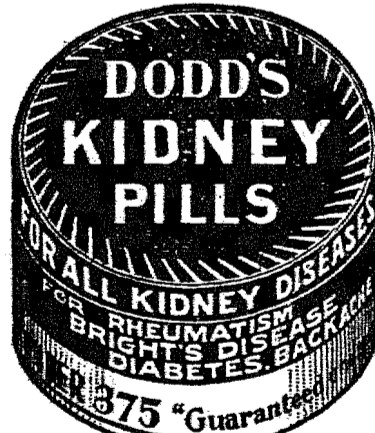
The morning after is responsible for many good resolutions.

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

To greet misfortune with a smile is decidedly a one-sided flirtation.

Smokers like Lewis' Single Binder cigar for its rich, mellow quality.

Many a man enjoys a pipe because his wife hates it.



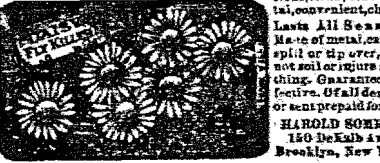
Your Liver is Clogged up

That's Why You're Tired—Out of Sorts—Have No Appetite.



SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. GENUINE must bear signature: Beutwood

DAISY FLY KILLER



PATENTS Watson F. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Book free. Elgin, Ill. telephone. Best results.

UNCLE AARON'S WILL

By G. A. RUSSELL

When my uncle died, the people of Frankfort were almost distracted between the conflicting emotions of grief and curiosity.

They knew, or thought they knew, my uncle as the richest man by far in the city. Silent, cold and reserved, no one had ever presumed to be his confidential friend.

He died without kith or kin of any kind in the world, except myself, whom he heartily detested. We had not spoken to each other for years, and both were glad of it. I regarded him as an avaricious, coldly calculating machine, without heart, conscience or human sympathy. He thought of me as an idle, shiftless dreamer, with the heart of a poet and the head of a fool.

Whatever the people thought of him, it is but fair to his memory to say that they agreed with his judgment of myself.

Therefore, when I returned to Frankfort—for I never long remained in the uncongenial hole—the inhabitants of that town were properly curious as to whether he would leave his money to his unworthy nephew, or to some worthy charity.

After the funeral I was called into a private room where two men were seated. One of them I recognized as my uncle's lawyer, the other as his banker.

They greeted me in a curiously quiet and constrained way that struck me as ominous for my future welfare.

Mr. Boles, the lawyer, got up and lighted the gas, pulled down the shades, and locked all the doors. The banker remained seated, offering no comment, while I gazed with fascinated interest from one to the other. Mr. Boles having at last secured the proper privacy seated himself and began:

"Mr. Gordon, I have a strange communication to make to you. The strangest that you ever heard. It is concerning your uncle's will. We three are the only persons on earth that are to know the contents of this strange bequest, and if you refuse to abide by the provisions enumerated therein, you are forbidden ever to speak about it. Do you accept this preliminary requirement?"

"I do," I said without hesitation. "The first of all, you must know that your uncle was far richer than any one imagined. He died possessed of almost unlimited wealth. Not one, but many, many millions. If you accept the terms of his will, your letter of credit with Mr. Brenton will be unlimited. No check however small or great, will be unhonored; your wealth will exceed the dreams of Monte Cristo. If you refuse the terms of the will all his wealth goes to charity."

"Go on," I said nervously. "The provisions of this strange document are in brief these: That all of this great fortune is to be yours, to spend in any manner you choose, provided you remain within the corporate limits of Frankfort always; and further, that you tell no one of the contents of this bequest."

The two men looked at me curiously; I was strangely embarrassed. Never in my wildest imagination had I dreamed of anything like this.

"Once more tell me the restrictions that will be placed on me if I accept?" "That you are never to leave the corporate limits of Frankfort willingly or unwillingly, and that you tell no one of the conditions of the will. The minute you break any one of these requirements the money passes out of your hands."

I thought rapidly. That I should be compelled to remain in such a place was a terrible idea to me. That I should lose a fortune rich beyond imagination was not to be thought of by an idle beggar like me.

"I accept the terms," I said briefly, and hurried out lest I change my decision.

My uncle, I reflected, could have inflicted no greater punishment than that of compelling me to live inside of the city limits of Frankfort, and yet who in the world would not jump at the chance of being absolute monarch and dictator of one of the hustling young American cities, for such I would be?

Though I possessed the contempt of most of the inhabitants that knew me, I did not have an enemy there; and I knew that as soon as unlimited money was mine, these people would be fawning sycophants at my feet.

The best hotel that the town possessed was the Elks, a three-story building that stood on a prominent corner. It was old in design, rather behind the times and had been enlarged once or twice. Every one with proper civic pride was sensitive as to the Elks, yet recognized the fact that no one could successfully compete with the landlord, George Graham, in starting a new hostelry, for the reason that competitive building space was too valuable, and the price of labor and building material too high to make the investment profitable.

As I entered the lobby and ad-

vanced to the office I saw Graham himself behind the desk.

"Hello, Gordon, want a square meal before you hit the road again?"

Many a time he had spoken in a similar manner, yet today without telling so, I resented it.

"On the contrary I am going to stay with you for a time, and shall require a room with a bath, or better yet, a suite."

"Do you want Florida water in your bath?" said he, scarcely hiding a sneer.

"I want civil treatment," was my retort.

"Our terms are cash in advance," he replied, flushing almost purple.

When he named a price he thought beyond my means, I pulled out a check-book and wrote in the amount, signed my name and gave it to him.

He rang the call bell and as the first boy approached said:

"Here, take this to the bank and see if it is any good."

I walked away and several in the crowd that had been drawn together by the sound of our voices tittered. He had drawn first blood.

Perhaps Frankfort would keep me interested after all. I liked the prospect better. One thing was certain, George Graham and I would be better acquainted before long.

When I lay down that night it was not to sleep, but to think out plans for the future.

The next morning I started out on my plan of campaign. I selected the corner from the Elks that I conceived to be most desirable and got options from as many of the owners as I thought would be necessary to build a hotel the size I wanted.

Next I went to the tenants and got from them options on their leases.

I accomplished all this within one week, and so little was I known and respected that I succeeded in getting both the land and the leases at very reasonable rates.

Those who knew me concluded I had a little money that I wanted to spend in making a show, and figured the option money would be a little easy, extra change.

The following day when I took up the options and insisted upon deeds and terms of facation being complied with, there were mingled feelings of joy, consternation and wonderment on all sides. I was at once the sensation of the town.

No one knew what use I was going to make of the buildings or ground, though I had an idea that George Graham had a secret fear of what was going to happen. He was respectful enough now, to my face, but from all I could hear he was as venomous as a snake behind my back.

The second day after my purchases the principal architect from a nearby city arrived, and we spent the rest of the week on the plans. My directions were very simple; build a hotel three times the size of the Elks, and without any restrictions whatever, make it the finest that money can buy.

The man thought I was simple, but he charitably named the venture Civic Pride, and we let it go at that.

I demanded the erection of this hotel in an incredibly short time, and as money can accomplish much in Frankfort as well as elsewhere, I had the old buildings razed and work begun on the new almost before the citizens realized what we were doing.

As the new building went up, almost as if by magic, I realized what fame meant. With my rise came the fall of George Graham. That he felt it keenly I could see. I could further see that there was yet one good fight left in him, and he would make it.

When my hotel was finished and a good landlord installed, his was practically a deserted inn.

On the occasion of the opening of the "Frankfort" I gave a reception and ball. Among the guests was a young lady by the name of Della Cole. I knew the minute that I saw her that I simply must have her for my wife. She was at once the most beautiful and attractive woman that I had ever seen. She moved like a queen among the guests, and like a queen she accepted my homage.

I was both surprised and annoyed to hear, the following day, that George Graham was paying court to her.

It was but one more reason why it should be a war to the death between us; nevertheless, I was determined that her name should not be dragged into our affairs before we had finally settled accounts with each other.

It must not be expected from this that Graham was without friends. Far from it; he had a number, many of them intensely partisan, who would not hesitate at anything to accomplish their purpose.

Among these was a young fellow by the name of Reynolds who owned a jewelry store next door to the Elks. This cur had already circulated a number of most malicious lies about me, when I determined to put him out of business. I might have a sort of respect for Graham, but none for his creatures.

I bought the store next to Reynolds and fixed it up with the finest of furnishings. Then I sent for one of my out-of-town friends, put everything in his name, and placed twice as large and handsome a stock as Reynolds' in the store. I instructed my man to sell for one-half the price his competitor charged for an article.

Reynolds commenced cutting prices, and his end was so quick that he didn't even furnish me amusement or excitement.

In a similar manner and for like reasons I established and controlled a newspaper, a bakery, a harness shop and a theater.

The town was rapidly becoming mine, and I was king.

If any one disliked me or my ways

they acquired the ability of keeping that knowledge to themselves; for, somehow, they found that my enemies, for some cause they could not fully understand, were rapidly taking advantage of the bankruptcy law.

During this period I managed to find time to pay court to Della Cole. I cannot say that I made the headway there that I did in everything else. Miss Della seemed to avoid me, and though I couldn't tell that Graham was making any progress, I was quite sure that I was not getting along as I should.

I was not a little puzzled at her attitude, and I remember one evening in particular that I called at her home and tried to get an explanation from her.

"Mr. Gordon," she said with a little nervous laugh, "you are so used to having your way about everything, since your return to town that you imagine that I ought to fall into your arms almost before I know you."

That sounded so satisfying to my self-love that I was beginning to feel quite gratified, when I suddenly wondered what she meant.

"I scarcely know—" I began, when she interrupted me.

"Mr. Gordon, with all your money, power and talents, we of Frankfort often wonder why you bother to spend it all on us. Why you don't, in short, move to a larger place or spend part of your time in travel?" "Why Miss Cole, don't you know I couldn't leave town—I mean I won't leave while you are here?"

A noise like the falling of a chair in the next room, or the violent slamming of a window blind by the wind, startled us.

That night when I was walking to my hotel I was seized by four ruffians who bound, gagged and threw me into a light wagon standing near, I fought as I never had fought before, for I realized what I should lose should they succeed in getting me beyond the city limits. We had nearly reached that point when I succeeded in jumping out of the buggy. The fall nearly killed me, but a passer-by saw it and came to my rescue.

What was the reason for my attempted abduction? Had anyone guessed my secret? If so, I knew that my days of power were over. While anyone would hesitate to murder me, I had enemies who would not hesitate to commit the lesser crime of abducting me.

As I thought of my stay in Frankfort I knew I had not betrayed myself to anyone, unless I had to Della the evening of the night I was assaulted. Had she proven herself a Deliah, or had my secret been overheard when I had almost given it away to her?

As soon as I was able and presentable, I called again and told the story of the assault.

From the manner in which she heard it I was certain that she had no hand in a plot against me. If any one knew they had overheard the slip of the tongue I had made and guessed the rest.

For the first time in my life I was afraid. A ridiculous ending was liable to come to all my pretensions at almost any minute. I pleaded with Della for her love that evening. I loved her more than I thought it possible for me to love. She represented the only thing in Frankfort that I was not sure of. The very desire of possession seemed to feed my passion a hundredfold.

Sympathy or love, I could not tell which, made her unusually kind, and while she would not say yes, yet gave me some hope.

The next day I went to my lawyer and studied over the contents of the will carefully. Then, I did a very unusual thing. I bought block after block of the business center of Frankfort, and as fast as possible sold what I had just purchased even if I only got half or two-thirds of the amount I had previously paid. As fast as I got the money from these sales I banked it, until I had a trifle over two hundred thousand dollars.

Meantime every one secretly thought I had gone crazy.

Then, I went to the girl I had come to love better than life itself, and in the privacy of my carriage, in the middle of the road, safe from listening ears and tattling tongues, I told her something of the story of my life, and of my uncle Aaron's will.

"And you forfeit everything," she said with wide and wondering eyes, "by telling me this?"

"Everything in the world I do not have in my own name," I corrected, "but I would give it all, and more, too, if I had it, for your respect, your love."

Soft arms stole around my neck.

"Yes, I know," said Mr. Boles, "I know all about it; you have lost and won out. Perhaps it is best, for I imagine someone suspected your secret. But what passes my understanding is, why didn't you get millions of your uncle's wealth transferred to your name?"

"It seems to me that with Della, my property in town and \$200,000 in the bank I ought to do pretty well," I replied, smilingly. "Now let charity have a chance."

Easy to Borrow.

Askitt—By the way, do you happen to know Skinner?

Noit—Sure.

Askitt—Is his credit good?

Noit—It is if he wants to borrow trouble.

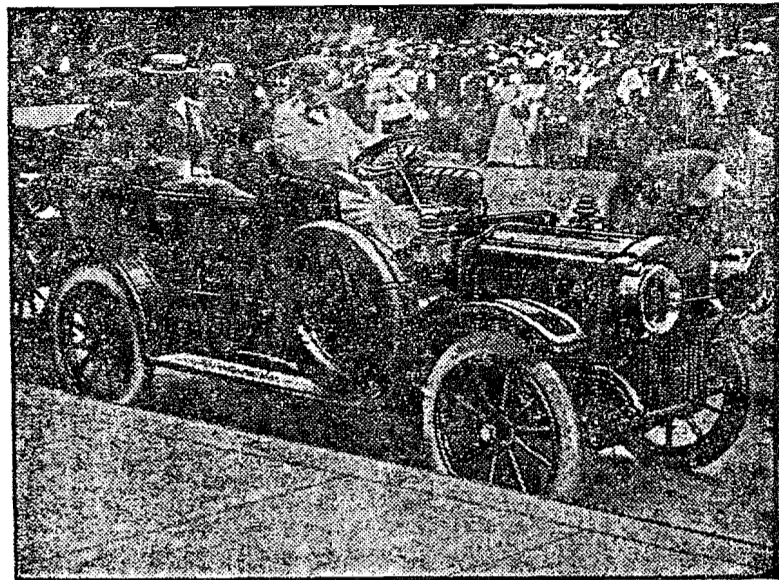
An Old Adage.

'Twas midnight, yet mother sat stitching with care, her labor still far from its end; and she smiled as she said, with a half-paenitent air: "It's never too late to mend."

ROOSEVELT RETURNS AND IS GIVEN AN OVATION SELDOM EQUALED

The Mighty Traveler Goes Buoyantly Through a Long and Trying Reception-Parade, Showing Lively Interest in Everything American

The White Company Receives Unique Compliment for the Sturdy Reliability of Its Steam Car From Mr. Roosevelt and Family



Theodore Roosevelt and Party in White Steamer.)

After fifteen months' absence, exactly as scheduled, Colonel Theodore Roosevelt disembarked from the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria, Saturday morning, June 18, at 11 a. m. To the keen disappointment of a large group of newspaper correspondents, Mr. Roosevelt absolutely refused, as heretofore, to be interviewed or to talk on political subjects, but his rapid fire of questions showed the same virile interest in public affairs as before.

If the welcome tendered by the vast throng may be considered a criterion upon which to base a "return from Elba," surely there was no discordant note in the immense reception-parade, nor in the wildly clamorous crowd which cheered at every glimpse and hung on his very word.

The incidents of the day in New York were many, but perhaps none better illustrated the nervous energy and vitality of the man, the near-mania to be up-and-doing, which he has brought back to us, than the discarding of horses and carriages for the swifter and more reliable automobiles. The moment the Roosevelt family and

immediate party landed, they were whisked away in White Steamers to the home of Mrs. Douglas Robinson at 433 Fifth avenue. A little later, when the procession reached the corner of Fifty-ninth street and Fifth avenue, Colonel Roosevelt again showed his preference for the motor car in general and the White cars in particular, when he, Cornelius Vanderbilt and Collector Loeb transferred from their carriage to White Steamers, which were in waiting for them.

After luncheon at Mr. Robinson's house, the entire party, including Colonel Roosevelt, again entered White cars and were driven to Long Island City, where they were to take a special train to the ex-President's home at Oyster Bay.

The supremacy of the White cars with the Roosevelt party was again demonstrated on Sunday, when the party was driven to church in the White Steamers, and a group of some forty prominent Rough Riders were taken in a White Gasoline Truck to a clamor at the Travers Island clubhouse of the New York Athletic Club.

Many Women who are Splendid Cooks

dread having to prepare an elaborate dinner because they are not sufficiently strong to stand over an intensely hot coal range. This is especially true in summer. Every woman takes pride in the table set, but often it is done at tremendous cost to her own vitality through the weakening effect of cooking on a coal range in a hot kitchen.

It is no longer necessary to wear yourself out preparing a fine dinner. Even in the heat of summer you can cook a large dinner without being worn out.



Cautionary Note: Be sure you get this stove—the name-plate reads "New Perfection."

New Perfection OIL COOK-STOVE

Gives no outside heat, no smell, no smoke. It will cook the biggest dinner without heating the kitchen or the cook. It is immediately lighted and immediately extinguished. It can be changed from a slow to a quick fire by turning a handle. There's no drudgery connected with it, no coal to carry, no wood to chop. You don't have to wait fifteen or twenty minutes till its fire gets going. Apply a light and it's ready. By simply turning the wick up or down you get a slow or an intense heat on the bottom of the pot, pan, kettle or oven, and nowhere else. It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot, drop shelves for coffee, teapot or saucepan, and even a rack for towels. It saves time, worry, health and temper. It does all a woman needs and more than she expects. Made with 1, 2, and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner sizes can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the Standard Oil Company (Incorporated)

He Had Been Observing.

"Why don't you call your invention the 'Bachelor's Button'?" I asked my friend, who was about to put on the market a button that a man could attach without needle or thread.

"I fear that the appellation would imply too much restrictiveness," he answered. "You see," he went on, giving me one of his knowing smiles, "I expect to do just as much business with the married men as with the bachelors."

TAKE A FOOT-BATH TO-NIGHT

After dissolving one or two Allen's Foot-Tabs (Antiseptic tablets for the foot-bath) in the water, it will take out all soreness, smarting and tenderness, remove foot odors and freshen the feet. Allen's Foot-Tabs instantly relieve weariness and sweating or inflamed feet and hot nervousness of the feet at night. Then for comfort throughout the day shake Allen's Foot-Ease the antiseptic powder into your shoes. Sold everywhere 25c. Avoid substitutes. Samples of Allen's Foot-Tabs mailed FREE or our regular size sent by mail for 25c. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y. "Foot-Tabs for Foot-Tubs."

Up-Set Sick Feeling

that follows taking a dose of castor oil, salts or calomel, is about the worst you can endure—Ugh—it gives one the creeps. You don't have to have it—CASCARETS move the bowels—tone up the liver—without these bad feelings. Try them.

CASCARETS are a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

BOYS Send 10c for the latest thing AEROPLAN BOOMERANG sends like a bird out of sight and returns. Agents wanted. EASY MONEY made while at play. AERIAL MFG. CO., 704 9th St., Wash., D.C.

AGENTS For fast selling Automobile accessory. Price \$3.98. Profits \$5.00. Exclusively territory. FORAN SPECIALTY COMPANY, 140 Nassau Street, New York City

Write for HEAVY IRON GULVERT PIPES come in all sizes. We pay expenses if you write. Write to H. J. P. Co., Monmouth, Ill.

Theatrical expense accounts come under the head of play bills.

W. N. O., OMAHA, NO. 29-1910.

## Want Ad Department

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

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

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

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—\$100 lot in Omaha for horse or other live stock. Phone 315. (4)

**PAIR TOULOUSE** geese for sale or will exchange for chickens. G. R. Spencer, Florence. (8) 417

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

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

**\$5.00 REWARD** for the return of my eye-glasses lost Tuesday evening in Meyer's barber shop, Florence. Ralph Kitchen, Paxton hotel. (8)

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

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

**FOR SALE**—Densmore typewriter, \$10. Inquire this office. (7)

**FOR SALE**—An \$8,000 stock of general merchandise, located in Southwestern Nebraska, county seat town; best location and best business; doing \$25,000 to \$30,000 annually; can show net profit of \$2,500. \$4,000 will make this deal. No trade propositions entertained. This stock offered only on account of death. An exceptional opportunity. Address O. W. 843, Tribune. (9)

**IF you want to catch fish**, just let me know and I will sell you a big string cheap. T. J. Adams, R. R. 2, Florence, Neb. (7)

**For Sale**—160 acres, four miles N. of Hastings; all level land; 150 acres in cultivation; four alfalfa, hog tight; ten pasture; all fenced; good improvements; price, \$18,400; half cash, balance to suit purchaser; if sold before June 22 one-third crop goes with place. Henry Korgan, Trumbull, Neb. (6)

**WANTED**—A word or a mixture of words that can be used as a motto for the Missouri Valley Corn Show which is to be held in Council Bluffs next fall in connection with the big fruit show. The motto must be short and expressive. Competition is open to all. Send the results of your efforts to Freeman L. Reed, Council Bluffs, Ia., on or before August 15. A competent committee will examine the mottos that are submitted and the winner will be awarded a handsome 14-k gold seal ring which will be supplied by the Lefter Jewelry house of Council Bluffs. Get busy; the honor of supplying a motto for the association will be worth while to say nothing of the handsome ring. (9)

**WANTED**—A man to plow and plant 20 acres north of town in either millet or turnips. J. L. Kaley, Omaha, Neb. Phone Douglas 2902. (8)

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

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

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## WHEN LOVE TOOK HEART

By JANE OSBORN

To John Crosby there was something particularly irritating about the little Doreville railroad station. It stood for the city, once an enchanted word, but now only an unwelcome reminder of his boyhood dreams. Today he had been forced to drive over to the station in the big, lumbering, springless farm wagon, and he was now within ten yards of the great, puffing, snorting over-bearing engine.

John straightened his already erect shoulders, pulled his hat over his tanned, clean cut features, carelessly tossed the reins around the whip, and dropped to the ground. Then, with his hands in his pockets, he walked slowly up to the only person who had got off the train. She was exactly what he had expected, from her pretty velled face to her trim, little, tan boots. She put her hand out frankly.

"Oh, I knew you were Cousin John. You are, aren't you?" she asked. Somehow, John managed to mutter a few words of greeting and in a few minutes he had got the girl and her baggage into the wagon and was driving home, dimly conscious that she was doing most of the talking.

Ethel Clark felt a momentary shock of disapproval as she looked at the ill-kept drive way and the tumble-down gate posts of the old house she had heard so much about; but she was soon out of the wagon, standing before her great aunt Bethia, whom she had come all the way from New York to Doreville to see.

"So this is Ethel," she said with trembling voice. "Well you are a good child to come to see us. It's a long journey and you must be tired."

That night after supper, when Ethel was sitting with her great aunt in the old sitting room, talking of family affairs that interested them both, the old woman impulsively rose and kissed Ethel's brow.

"I like you, Ethel," she said, looking into her eyes, "and I'm glad you came." Then as she took her seat again in her high-backed rocker, "We used to think that your father was



Heid Her Close to Him for a Moment.

proud after he married and that was why you never came to see us, but it's all right now, dear. I never had a daughter, you know—just Sylvester and John. Sylvester, he did well married and they're happy and have a piano and hired help right along. But I'm worried about John. He means well, but he doesn't seem to get along. Of course, he's only twenty-six, but he isn't happy here. He's been good to stay with me. He doesn't complain much, but he hasn't any knack about the farm."

There were tears in the old woman's voice as she went on. "I don't somehow know what's going to be come of him after I'm gone. He doesn't seem to like the girls, and I guess they don't like him either—he's so proud and unsociable. Folks around here say he's getting wild, but that's not so."

As the days of Ethel's visit wore on, she grew more and more interested in her unfortunate second cousin, and with the natural longings of her sympathetic heart and a desire to relieve his mother's anxiety she tried to bring him out of himself and to get him to take an interest in the social life of the small community.

One afternoon, ten days after her arrival, Ethel was sitting alone in front of the old Crosby house, with a book open before her. It was an old "Pilgrim's Progress" that she had discovered in a remote part of the attic. "I shall be sorry to leave the old place," she thought, "and yet I ought never to have come. I've been flaunting city customs and city manners in the face of John Crosby and it has hurt him."

She looked up and saw him coming in from the field, walking with the same easy stride, and erect shoulder that she had admired the first day she saw him.

"Come sit down here," she called temptingly.

John came towards her and threw himself on the ground before her. "There isn't much of a breeze here," he said.

"I should think one of the farm further up the hill would be better," she suggested.

"Maybe," John said indifferently; "but it doesn't make much difference. We get used to it—in time."

Ethel caught the look of discontent in his eyes. "Oh, I should love the country, John. It's so peaceful and quiet—"

Ethel had stopped short as she felt his eyes searching her face, and her cousin had gone on into the house, leaving her pitying him more than ever.

After supper, John left the house saying that he was going to see one of the neighboring farmers. It was a warm night and after Aunt Bethia had retired, Ethel came down from her room and out into the refreshing coolness of the night air. She was walking listlessly up and down the driveway, when she saw through the trees the dark shadow of her cousin coming up the road.

Without exactly knowing why, she walked out to meet him. She felt a sudden desire to ask his pardon, and to crave forgiveness for her intrusion.

"It was so very warm," she began when two strong hands on her arms stopped her short.

"It's your fault, Ethel," he said. "You shouldn't have come out this way." He seized the helpless girl in his arms and held her close to him for a moment. "Now go," he commanded, freeing her, "and go as far away from here as you can."

"Esther put her hand on his arm, and tried to control her trembling voice. "Why, John, you don't know what you're doing."

"I do," he contradicted, shaking away her hand. "I want you to go back to the city and forget us. We are nothing to you. You have your life and I have mine. I was just getting so that I could manage it, when you came and woke up all the old longings, the old impossible longings—and the new!"

"If only I could help you," said Ethel. "If only I could make it easier for you!"

They had reached the little house and John was holding the door open. "Good night," he said, as she hurried past him.

Ethel left Doreville the next day, giving as her excuse to her great aunt that she had been called to attend to some business.

One evening six months later, when Ethel reached her shabby little boarding house after a hard day's work at the school where she taught, she found John Crosby waiting for her in the inhospitable reception room.

His mother had died a month before, he explained, and since there was nothing in Doreville to detain him, he had sold the old farm and was going west to try his luck.

They went out for dinner to a nearby restaurant where the privacy of a secluded table offered relief from the publicity of the boarding house dinner.

As they sat together, Ethel's eyes beamed with pleasure as she looked with pride at the tanned features of the young man opposite her.

"And to think that you are my own second cousin," she began and then she stopped with a nervous little laugh, as she saw his strong gray eyes resting kindly on her. The look of restlessness was gone, and in its place had come a look of confidence and energy that made Ethel forget her former pity.

"Do you know, Ethel," he asked her, as they lingered over their coffee. "have you guessed why I stopped to see you?"

Ethel blushed, ever so slightly, and said she hadn't the most remote idea. "Because," he said slowly, "I thought you'd like to have the old books—the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' and those that you took a fancy to. I sold or gave away everything else that was in the old house. I brought the books on for you."

"Thank you," Ethel said simply. "And Ethel," he continued, "do you know why I'm so glad that I stopped? It's because I have found out that you're a forlorn little school teacher, just as worthy of my pity as I ever was of yours. Why didn't you tell me that you didn't figure at all in this great city, with all its big hotels, and crowded streets and theaters and its money and its life? Why Ethel you—you aren't even a part of it. You don't know anything about it, even. If I'd only known before. But never mind, little cousin," he said, looking at her flushed cheeks; "I won't say anything more about it now."

As they were walking back to the boarding house in the crisp, winter air, John Crosby took Ethel's hand from her shabby little muff, and held it gently in his strong grasp.

"Ethel," he said, "I want to take you west with me. I love you just as much as I did that night when I first told you. I couldn't have married you then. You pitted me and you wanted to help me. But now every thing's different. I want to help you, and protect you, and care for you all your life to square myself for that one night I let you pity me."

Value of Color.

Happily, there are signs that, after the dreary, soulless drabness of the Victorian epoch, we are beginning to realize the value of color and romance in life, and to enjoy it, be it only in reaction against the monotonous dullness of the life that that epoch left us as its chief and worst legacy. We are beginning to take a whole-hearted, natural pleasure in pageants and spectacles and exhibitions, even if we still have to make the excuse for organizing them that in some way which nobody cares a straw about they are edifying and improving. The revival of the drama itself is a symptom of the growing love of color, combined with a freer play of intelligence—Glasgow News.

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