

# The Florence Tribune

## CITY DADS PAY BILLS

Meet Monday Evening and Indulge in Horse Play, Doing But Little Else Than Pass Bills for \$728.50 and Make Fun of Property Owners Who Appear Before Them on Matters of Importance—But Grant Request of Independent Telephone People.

The city council held a special meeting at the city hall on Monday night and the sum total of the business transacted was the passing of bills amounting to \$728.50, opening bids on sidewalks and reading ordinance 247 the second time.

At 8:30 the meeting was called to order, and the clerk read the call, and Ben Baker and Mr. Ebersole, representing the Independent Telephone company, arose and told the council that the company had two carloads of material on the ground, ready to go to work, and asked permission to remove all the poles from the streets to the alleys, saying if the request was granted they would start work at once. They were granted permission to do so.

M. Ford, the low bidder on brick block, sent a communication, saying if bids for paving were let on that class of work he was ready to start at once, but if the contract was not let soon he wanted to be counted out and his check returned, as he didn't propose to play horse. The communication was placed on file without comment.

The following bills were allowed:

R. H. Olmsted	.....	\$62.50
Chas. Allen	.....	12.50
F. S. Tucker	.....	18.75
W. H. Thomas	.....	12.50
Charles Cottrell	.....	25.00
Dan Kelly	.....	12.50
R. Craig	.....	12.50
J. H. Price	.....	12.50
Oscar Mills	.....	4.50
L. Green	.....	1.00
R. Beardsley	.....	7.40
W. N. Elbert	.....	16.00
J. E. Marr	.....	6.60
Don Kingery	.....	1.25
Scott Leach	.....	27.50
Ed. Powell	.....	34.60
E. P. Davis	.....	17.00
A. Marr	.....	60.00
Tel. and meals, etc.	.....	4.70
J. H. Price	.....	6.05
Electric Light Co.	.....	18.58
Electric Light Co.	.....	72.42
World-Herald	.....	40.40
Tri-City Printing Co.	.....	2.60
Orchard & Wilhelm	.....	65.00
Florence Tribune	.....	20.64
Minne-Lusa Lumber Co.	.....	30.71
M. E. Clemmons	.....	66.50
M. E. Clemmons	.....	7.70
M. E. Clemmons	.....	17.50
Tom Chuck	.....	8.50
Fred Hoyt	.....	9.20
Howard Covert	.....	8.50
Total	.....	\$728.50

A number of property owners appeared before the council and complained of streets being impassible and dangerous sidewalks, but were told to go and stop it raining and then come back before the council, and maybe they would do something. The matter was placed in the hands of Charles Allen, as chairman of streets and alleys.

Ordinance 247 was placed on its second reading.

Discussion on building a sewer resulted in a motion to readvertise for bids, and the city engineer to set stakes showing how much of a hole will have to be made to put the sewer in.

Four bids for constructing sidewalks were opened as follows:

- Nels Bondesson, 12 1/2 c square foot; grading, 27c a yard.
- John Lubold & Co., 11 1/2 c square foot; grading, 23c a yard.
- Emil Hanson, 10 1/2 c square foot; grading, 30c a yard.
- Beebe Cement & Paving Co., 11 1/2 c square foot; grading, 30c yard; filling, 50c yard.

Upon motion by Allen, the sidewalk bids were laid over one week, all voting for the lay-over except Price, who wanted to take advantage of the low prices.

Allen thought the marshal ought to be dressed up in a uniform and receive \$5 more pay a month, and promised to introduce an ordinance to that effect.

Either the councilmen are afraid to go on record as for or against the paving, or propose to play politics, for the subject was not brought up by them. The contractors say if something is not done next Monday they will withdraw their bids and demand their checks back, forcing the city to readvertise if it does the paving.

Card of Thanks.

I wish to thank the many kind friends who assisted by their help and sympathy in my day of terrible affliction. May it please our heavenly Father to shield you from all trials.

MRS. HARRIET TAYLOR.

## JOHN PAUL SUES FOR DIVORCE

Makes Many Allegations of Cruelty and Misconduct on the Part of His Wife.

John S. Paul, for almost twenty years a resident of this town, filed a suit for divorce from his wife last Friday. He makes many allegations in his petition of twelve pages. Jeffries & Howell represent Mr. Paul.

General John C. Cowin, attorney for Mrs. Paul, on Wednesday filed his petition, asking Mr. Paul to be more specific in his charges and to give dates, names and incidents in detail. Until he gets these he will not file his answer.

If the case takes its usual course it will come up some time in the November term of court.

Many Florence people will watch this case closely.

## BASEBALL GAME IN FLORENCE

Two Lively Games Were Played Last Sunday and the Prospects Are for Two Games Sunday.

The Americans, although somewhat crippled on account of injuries, shut out the West Sides last Sunday at the ball park by a score of 6 to 0.

The Americans outplayed them in every point of the game. The nearest the West Sides came to scoring was in the ninth, when F. Drummy led off with a double and his brother followed him with a single. Brodbeck struck out the next man, Denny cut a man off at the plate, and the last batter hit to Brodbeck.

Brodbeck pitched his usual good game, striking out seven, keeping the hits scattered and not walking one.

The fast fielding and hitting of the Americans was noteworthy. Collins getting the honors, accepting eight out of nine hard chances at third, getting three hits out of four times at bat and stealing four bases.

The score:

AMERICANS.		AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Collins, 3b	.....	4	3	4	4	1
Dyert, lf	.....	3	0	2	0	0
Rapp, 3b	.....	4	0	2	1	0
Fox, rf	.....	4	1	1	0	0
Denny, ss	.....	4	1	2	1	0
Fagen, cf	.....	4	3	0	0	0
Talbot, 1b	.....	4	2	9	0	0
Williams, c	.....	3	2	7	1	0
Brodbeck, p	.....	2	0	0	4	0
Totals	.....	32	12	27	11	1

Totals.....32 12 27 11 1

WEST SIDES.

AB.	H.	O.	A.	E.		
Howley, cf	.....	4	1	1	0	0
Kane, rf	.....	4	0	1	0	0
Rice, c	.....	4	0	6	2	0
Roessig, ss	.....	4	1	2	2	0
F. Drummy, 3b	.....	4	2	2	1	0
W. Drummy, 2b	.....	4	1	4	1	0
Howell, p	.....	3	0	6	3	1
Yousem, 1b	.....	3	1	8	0	1
Barr, lf	.....	4	0	0	0	0
Totals	.....	34	6	24	9	2

Americans.....0 2 0 1 1 0 2 0 \*6-0

West Sides.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0-0

Two-base hits: Fox, Fagen, Talbot, F. Drummy. Stolen bases: Collins (4), Fox, Talbot, Howley, Howell, W. Drummy, Barr. Sacrifice hits: Dyert, Brodbeck, Howell. Hit by pitched ball: Yousem. Struck out: By Brodbeck, 7; by Howell, 5. Time: 1:25. Umpire: D. Kennedy.

In a ninth inning batting rally the stock yards boys defeated Florence by a score of 10 to 7. The game was a slugging match from the start. The hitting of Elliott of Florence and Talbot, Fagen and Kennedy and the heavy field work of Pat Kennedy were the features. Batteries: Yards, Cavanaugh and Kennedy; Florence, Kocher and Brown.

## IS CHAMPION R. F. D. CARRIER

This Distinction Belongs to Harry R. Dodds, Who Carries the Mail on Route 1 from Florence.

Rural free delivery route No. 1, operating out of Florence, has the distinction of doing more business in a month than any other rural route in the state.

The average delivery of mail per month is 19,000 pieces for this route, while the average deliveries throughout the state are but 5,000 pieces of mail per month.

The carrier on this route is Harry R. Dodds.

Mr. Dodds travels about 26 miles a day, delivering this mail, and has a big bunch of Tribunes to carry with him each week. He is exceptionally popular with the patrons of the route.

Mr. Dodds is now enjoying a two weeks' vacation and is endeavoring to earn another championship by catching fish.

Book Against Vaccination.

We are in receipt of a book going into details and tables showing the folly of vaccination. It is issued by The Anti-Vaccination League of America and was sent us by I. P. A. Breuchert, 3110 South Thirteenth street, Omaha, Neb., one of the directors of the league. In his letter he says he will be pleased to send the book free to any one desiring to have a copy.

## \$1,000 CUP FOR EAR CORN

A Gold and Silver Trophy Offered to Exhibitor at National Corn Exposition for the Single Best Ear of Corn by the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake Company, and Some of the Farmers Near Florence Are Going After the Prize.

A gold and silver cup worth \$1,000 will be given to the exhibitor of the best single ear of corn at the National Corn Exposition. The trophy has been announced by the Kellogg Toasted Corn Flake company.

The Kellogg company became interested in the National Corn exposition only a short time ago, but its zeal to help out the corn show may be judged not only by the gift of the \$1,000 trophy, but by the fact that it has made contracts to advertise the cup and the corn exposition in 223 daily newspapers and 1,800 weeklies in the states of Illinois, Indiana, Nebraska, Iowa, Missouri and Kansas. These advertisements will run until the late fall and will call the attention of the corn show to practically every farmer and newspaper reader in the middle west.

The Kellogg company is also planning to use a good deal of magazine advertising of the contest, which will of course give national publicity.

The Kellogg company uses 12,000 bushels of corn a day in its factory for the making of corn flakes and is immensely interested in the question of a big corn crop. Stanley Clague, president of the Clague-Painter-Jones Advertising agency of Chicago, who is interested in the advertising end of the Kellogg company and was in Omaha to arrange for details of the cup contest, declared that this year's corn crop, barring some national calamity, is assured. "Last year's crop was 2,666,000,000 bushels," said he, "and this summer it may go to 3,000,000,000. The corn exposition ought to take for its slogan 'three billion in the field and two billion in the pocket' for a three-billion crop actually means \$2,000,000,000."

Corn show officials are exceedingly

## SUMMARY OF THE JULY CROP REPORT

The following tabulation is a summary for the United States of crop conditions on July 1, with comparisons, as estimated by the Bureau of Statistics of the United States Department of Agriculture.

CROPS	CONDITION JULY 1			
	1909.	1908.	1907.	10 Yr. Av. 1909.
Corn	89.5	82.8	80.2	84.8
Winter Wheat	82.4	80.6	78.3	79.6
Spring Wheat	92.7	89.4	87.2	87.0
All Wheat	86.5	82.9	81.6	82.5
Oats	88.3	85.7	81.0	86.8
Barley	90.2	86.2	84.4	88.3
Rye	91.4	91.2	89.7	89.8
Flaxseed	95.1	92.5	91.2	90.4
Rice	90.7	92.9	88.7	89.3
Tobacco	89.8	86.6	81.3	85.7
Hay (all)	87.5	92.6	82.0	85.0
Timothy	87.1	92.0	82.2	85.1
Clover	83.8	95.5	76.4	83.8
Alfalfa	91.4	86.1	88.5	89.3
Millet	90.0	87.8	87.9	.....
Kafir Corn	98.4	85.3	84.8	.....
Pastures	93.1	94.6	88.9	91.4
Potatoes	93.0	89.6	90.2	91.0
Sweet Potatoes	89.7	89.8	85.9	89.0
Apples	54.6	57.6	44.0	62.3
Peaches	50.0	68.7	35.7	58.7
Pears	57.5	69.7	.....	61.8
Grapes	90.2	87.9	84.0	87.2
Blackberries	55.9	90.5	87.8	.....
Raspberries	39.5	88.4	85.8	.....
Watermelons	80.6	81.4	79.0	81.4
Cantaloupes	82.4	82.7	72.7	81.9
Oranges	86.1	91.4	84.0	.....
Lemons	88.0	92.9	89.7	.....
Tomatoes	91.6	89.4	81.5	.....
Cabbages	90.7	88.3	88.9	89.2
Onions	91.7	90.3	88.6	89.0
Beans (dry)	89.1	90.0	86.8	.....
Beans (lima)	89.1	90.6	76.2	.....
Peanuts	86.7	88.2	84.2	.....
Broom Corn	86.8	79.8	84.6	.....
Hemp	94.0	80.4	89.1	85.9
Hops	79.2	83.8	89.6	.....
Sorghum	87.0	87.7	85.5	89.1
Sugar Cane	92.5	91.7	92.8	89.6
Sugar Beets	90.4	86.9	91.2	89.0
Cotton	74.8	81.2	72.0	80.8

The general average condition of crop growth in the United States on July 1, 1909, was approximately 1 per cent better than on July 1, a year ago, 8 per cent better than two years ago and 2 per cent better than the ten-year average July 1 condition. In the southern (cotton) states crop conditions in the aggregate are about 3 per cent lower than on July 1, 1908, and slightly below the ten-year average. In the northern and western central states crop conditions aggregate about 4 per cent better than on July 1, 1908, and nearly 4 per cent better than the ten-year average on July 1.

The acreage of the cultivated crops, so far estimated by the Bureau of Statistics, is about 2.3 per cent greater than last year.

The preliminary estimates of acreage in 1909 and the final estimates for 1908, for important crops are as follows:

CROP.	1909.	1908.
Corn	109,066,000	101,788,000
Winter Wheat	27,871,000	30,349,000
Spring Wheat	18,891,000	17,208,000
Oats	32,422,000	32,344,000
Barley	6,881,000	6,446,000
Potatoes	3,452,000	3,257,000
Flax	2,741,000	2,673,000
Rice	731,000	658,000
Tobacco	1,198,000	875,000
Cotton (planted)	21,918,000	22,270,000

## THE NEW BANK MONEY ORDERS

Easiest, Quickest, Safest, Cheapest and Best Form of Remittance.

Sending money through the mails is an almost daily occurrence with some people.

Everybody has occasion to remit by mail at times.

Many people believe that a post-office or express money order is necessary or that they must send the cash itself in a registered letter.

This is a mistaken idea. Your bank is the logical home of all things financial, and is the best institution for the transfer of funds, no matter how small the remittance.

A bank money order costs much less than either a postoffice or express order, as you will note by the prices quoted on the reverse side.

It requires no written application to secure it. You simply ask for an order for so much money and it is promptly filled out and handed to you.

If the money order is lost, stolen or destroyed we issue a duplicate without delay or charge, and you have the satisfaction of knowing that the lost or stolen money order is worthless to any one except the person in whose favor it is drawn.

The bank records furnish conclusive proof of the fact that you have remitted a certain amount and to whom, and finally, the order comes back to the bank files bearing the receipt of the person to whom it was sent. This evidence and proof is yours for the asking at any time that any question may arise.

rejoiced at the trophy offer, which is large enough to make the competition attractive to every corn grower. Competition is open to members of the National Corn association.

The cup will be three feet high and will be made either by Tiffany or the Gorham company.

Many of the farmers around Florence are going after the cup.

Last year, when Aye Bros., whose farm is just a few miles north, won so many premiums, it instilled into many more the desire to capture some of the prizes, and many farmers around Calhoun, Coffman and Florence secured seed and are carefully tending some corn which they propose to exhibit.

## A BOOSTER GETS CALLED

One of the Best Boosters of This Town Goes on a Vacation, and, True to His Convictions, Puts in Many Good Boosts for His Town, But Meets Waterloo at Lodge While Extolling the Superiority of His Home Town and Lodge.

A well-known Florence man recently took a trip.

There is nothing strange about that but this particular man learned something.

Nothing particularly strange about that, either, but—

This man is such a booster for Florence that he can never see anything bad in the city, and nothing that is better in any other city, and when away from home never misses an opportunity of extolling the virtues of Florence.

On his late trip he was being shown around an eastern city, and for every sight shown had a remark to the effect that it was not quite as good as Florence had, or that Florence had something to offset it.

In the evening he was invited to go to lodge with this friend, and the friend determined to get even.

He was given a hearty welcome, and when the good of the order was reached he was invited to say something. True to his native city and lodge, he managed to get in a boost for both.

Right here his friend saw his chance, and arose and said:

"My friend is a great booster for Florence, but as he has failed to tell you of one incident that happened here, I will.

"The first night in this city he dreamed that he was dead, and that some one was with him showing him the way. Presently his guide came to a beautiful place, and as they passed through he pointed out the many sights of the place, but was always met with the statement that Florence had something just as good or better, and when finally he neared the end of the journey he turned to the guide and said:

"Say, after all, Heaven isn't so very different from Florence."

"Heaven! Heaven! Why, man, this is the place in the opposite direction!"

And the man from Florence enjoyed the joke on himself as much as any one else, and is still boosting.

This is a true story, and if you don't believe it, ask the man. He tells it on himself.

## Charges Man With Assault and Battery

Mrs. John S. Paul of Florence, Wednesday afternoon had a warrant issued from the court of Justice W. W. Eastman for the arrest of William A. Wilson, a prominent resident of Florence and former city marshal, on the charge of assault and battery. Mr. Wilson is a man past middle age, and a veteran of the civil war. General John C. Cowin, counsel for Mrs. Paul, says there is no connection between the divorce suit and the difficulty leading to the arrest of Mr. Wilson.

## Charter No. 312.

Report of the Condition of THE BANK OF FLORENCE Florence, Nebraska.

Incorporated in State of Nebraska at the close of business May 22nd, 1909:

## Resources.

Loans and discounts	.....	\$60,689.56
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	.....	221.77
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	.....	590.90
Current expenses and taxes paid	.....	492.80
Due from national, state and private banks and bankers	.....	29,246.82
Cash	.....	4,226.88
Total	.....	\$86,377.83

## Liabilities.

Capital stock paid in	.....	\$ 5,000.00
Surplus fund	.....	1,000.00
Undivided profits	.....	4,086.33
Individual deposits subject to check	.....	50,680.85
Demand crts of deposit	.....	4,550.12
Time certificates of deposit	.....	21,090.53
Total	.....	\$86,377.83

State of Nebraska, County of Douglas—ss.

I, J. B. Brisbin, president of the above named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to

# WHISPERING SMITH

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRE BOWLES  
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## SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck. She gave him a message for Sinclair. "Whispering" Gordon Smith told President Bucks of the railroad, of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crazed miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his high office. McCloud arranged to board at the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair, the ex-foreman's deserted wife. Dickie Dunning was the daughter of the late Richard Dunning, who had died of a broken heart shortly after his wife's demise, which occurred after one year of married life. Sinclair visited Marion Sinclair's shop and a fight between him and McCloud was narrowly averted. Smoky Creek bridge was mysteriously burned. McCloud prepared to face the situation. President Bucks notified Smith that he had work ahead. McCloud worked for days and finally got the division running in fairly good order. He overheard Dickie criticizing his methods, to Marion Sinclair. A stock train was wrecked by a open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the express car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. McCloud was notified that "Whispering" Smith was to hunt the desperadoes. Bill Danching, a road fireman, proposed that Sinclair and his gang be sent to hunt the bandits. A stranger, apparently with authority, told him to go ahead. Danching was told the stranger was "Whispering" Smith. Smith approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him out, but failed. He warned McCloud that his life was in danger. McCloud was carried forcibly into Lance Dunning's presence. Dunning refused the railroad a right-of-way, he had already signed for. Dickie interfered to prevent a shooting affray. Dickie met McCloud on a lonely trail to warn him his life was in danger.

## CHAPTER XIII.—Continued.

"Miss Dunning, won't you listen just a moment? Please don't run away!" McCloud was trying to come up with her. "Won't you hear me a moment? I have suffered some little humiliation to-day; I should really rather be shot up than have more put on me. I am a man and you are a woman, and it is already dark. Isn't it for me to see you safely to the house? Won't you at least pretend I can act as an escort and let me go with you? I should make a poor figure trying to catch you on horseback."

Dickie nodded naively. "With that horse."

"With any horse—I know that," said McCloud, keeping at her side.

"But I can't let you ride back with me," declared Dickie, urging Jim and looking directly at McCloud for the first time. "How could I explain?"

"Let me explain. I am famous for explaining," urged McCloud, spurring, too.

"And will you tell me what I should be doing while you were explaining?" she asked.

"Perhaps getting ready a first aid for the injured."

"I feel as if I ought to run away," declared Dickie, since she had clearly decided not to. "It will have to be a compromise, I suppose. You must not ride farther than the first gate, and let us take this trail instead of the road. Now make your horse go as fast as you can and I'll keep up."

But McCloud's horse, though not a wonder, went too fast to suit his rider, who divided his efforts between checking him and keeping up the conversation. When McCloud dismounted to open Dickie's gate, and stood in the twilight with his hat in his hand and his bridle over his arm, he was telling a story about Marion Sinclair, and Dickie in the saddle, tapping her



McCloud Laid His Head Low and Spurred His Horse.

knee with her bridle-rein, was looking down and past him as if the light upon his face were too bright. Before she would start away she made him remount, and he said good-by only after half a promise from her that she would show him sometime a trail to the top of Bridger's Peak, with a view of the Peace river on the east and the whole Mission range and the park country on the north. Then she rode away at an amazing run.

McCloud galloped toward the pass with one determination—that he would have a horse, and a good one, one that could travel with him, if it cost him his salary. He exulted as he rode, for the day had brought him everything he wished, and humiliation had been

swallowed up in triumph. It was nearly dark when he reached the crest between the hills. At this point the southern grade of the pass winds sharply, whence its name, the Elbow; but from the head of the pass the grade may be commanded at intervals for half a mile. Trotting down this road with his head in a whirl of excitement, McCloud heard the crack of a rifle; at the same instant he felt a sharp slap at his hat. Instinct works on all brave men very much alike. McCloud dropped forward in his saddle, and, seeking no explanation, laid his head low and spurred Bill Danching's horse for life or death. The horse, quite amazed, bolted and swerved down the grade like a snipe, with his rider crouching close for a second shot. But no second shot came, and after another mile McCloud ventured to take off his hat and put his finger through the holes in it, though he did not stop his horse to make the examination. When they reached the open country the horse had settled into a fast, long stride that not only redeemed his reputation but relieved his rider's nerves.

When McCloud entered his office it was half past nine o'clock, and the first thing he did before turning on the lights was to draw the window-shades. He examined the hat again, with sensations that were new to him—fear, resentment, and a hearty hatred of his enemies. But all the while the picture of Dickie remained. He thought of her nodding to him as they parted in the saddle, and her picture blotted out all that had followed.

## CHAPTER XIV.

At the Wickiup. Two nights later Whispering Smith rode into Medicine Bend. "I've been up around Williams Cache," he said, answering McCloud's greeting as he entered the upstairs office. "How goes it?" He was in his riding rig, just as he had come from a late supper.

When he asked for news McCloud told him the story of the trouble with Lance Dunning over the survey, and added that he had referred the matter to Glover. He told then of his unpleasant surprise when riding home afterward.

"Yes," assented Smith, looking with feverish interest at McCloud's head; "I heard about it."

"That's odd, for I haven't said a word about the matter to anybody but Marion Sinclair, and you haven't seen her."

"I heard up the country. It is great luck that he missed you."

"Who missed me?"

"The man that was after you."

"The bullet went through my hat."

"Let me see the hat."

McCloud produced it. It was a heavy, broad-brimmed Stetson, with a bullet hole cut cleanly through the front and the back of the crown. Smith made McCloud put the hat on and describe his position when the shot was fired. McCloud stood up, and Whispering Smith eyed him and put questions.

"What do you think of it?" asked McCloud when he had done.

Smith leaned forward on the table and pushed McCloud's hat toward him as if the incident were closed. "There is no question in my mind, and there never has been, but that Stetson puts up the best hat worn on the range."

McCloud raised his eyebrows. "Why, thank you! Your conclusion clears things so. After you speak a man has nothing to do but guess."

"But, by heaven, George," exclaimed Smith, speaking with unaccustomed fervor, "Miss Dickie Dunning is a hummer, isn't she? That child will have the whole range going in another year. To think of her standing up and lashing her cousin in that way when he was browbeating a railroad man!"

"Where did you hear about that?"

"The whole Crawling Stone country is talking about it. You never told me you had a misunderstanding with Dickie Dunning at Marion's. Loosen up!"

"I will loosen up in the way you do. What scared me most, Gordon, was waiting for the second shot. Why didn't he fire again?"

"Doubtless he thought he had you the first time. Any man big enough to start after you is not used to shooting twice at 250 yards. He probably thought you were falling out of the saddle; and it was dark. I can account for everything but your reaching the pass so late. How did you spend all your time between the ranch and the foothills?"

McCloud saw there was no escape from telling of his meeting with Dickie Dunning, of her warning, and of his ride to the gate with her. Every point brought a suppressed exclamation from Whispering Smith. "So she gave you your life," he mused. "Good for her! If you had got into the pass on time you could not have got away—the cards were stacked for you. He overestimated you a little, George; just a little. Good men make mistakes. The sport of circumstances that we are! The sport of circumstances!"

"Now tell me how you heard so

much about it, Gordon, and where?"

"Through a friend, but forget it."

"Do you know who shot at me?"

"Yes."

"I think I do, too. I think it was the fellow that shot so well with the rifle at the barbecue—what was his name? He was working for Sinclair, and perhaps is yet."

"You mean Seagrue, the Montana cowboy? No, you are wrong. Seagrue is a man-killer, but a square one."

"How do you know?"

"I will tell you sometime—but this was not Seagrue."

"One of Dunning's men, was it? Stormy Gorman?"

"No, no, a very different sort! Stormy is a wind-bag. The man that is after you is in town at this minute, and he has come to stay until he finishes his job."

"The devil! That's what makes your eyes so bright, is it? Do you know him?"

"I have seen him. You may see him yourself if you want to."

"I'd like nothing better. When?"

"To-night—in 30 minutes." McCloud closed his desk. There was a rap at the door.

"That must be Kennedy," said Smith. "I haven't seen him, but I sent him word for him to meet me here." The door opened and Kennedy entered the room.

"Sit down, Farrell," said Whispering Smith, easily. "Ve gates?"

"How's that?"

"Wie geht es? Don't pretend you can't make out my German. He is trying to let on he is not a Dutchman," observed Whispering Smith to McCloud. "You wouldn't believe it, but I can remember when Farrell wore wooden shoes and lighted his pipe with a candle. He sleeps under a feather bed yet. Du Sang is in town, Farrell."

"Du Sang!" echoed the tall man with mild interest as he picked up a ruler and, throwing his leg on the edge of the table, looked cheerful. "How long has Du Sang been in town? Visiting friends or doing business?"

"He is after your superintendent. He has been here since four o'clock. I reckon, and I've ridden a hard road today to get in time to talk it over with him. Want to go?"

Kennedy slapped his leg with the ruler. "I always want to go, don't I?" "Farrell, if you hadn't been a railroad man you would have made a great undertaker, do you know that?" Kennedy, slapping his leg, showed his ivory teeth. "You have such an instinct for funerals," added Whispering Smith.

"Now, Mr. Smith! Well, who are we waiting for? I'm ready," said Kennedy, taking out his revolver and examining it.

McCloud put on his new hat and asked if he should take a gun. "You are really accompanying me as my guest, George," explained Whispering Smith, reproachfully. "Won't it be fun to shove this man right under Du Sang's nose and make him bat his eyes?" he added to Kennedy. "Well, put one in your pocket if you like, George, provided you have one that will go off when sufficiently urged."

McCloud opened the drawer of the table and took from it a revolver. Whispering Smith reached out his hand for the gun, examined it, and handed it back.

"You don't like it?"

Smith smiled a sickly approbation. "A forty-five gun with a thirty-eight bore, George? A little light for shock; a little light. A bullet is intended to knock a man down; not necessarily to kill him, but, if possible, to keep him from killing you. Never mind, we all have our fads. Come on!"

At the foot of the stairs Whispering Smith stopped. "Now I don't know where we shall find this man, but we'll try the Three Horses." As they started down the street McCloud took the inside of the sidewalk, but Smith dropped behind and brought McCloud into the middle. They failed to find Du Sang at the Three Horses, and leaving started to round up the street. They visited many places, but each was entered in the same way. Kennedy sauntered in first and moved slowly ahead. He was to step aside only in case he saw Du Sang. McCloud in every instance followed him, with Whispering Smith just behind, amiably surprised. They spent an hour in and out of the Front street resorts, but their search was fruitless.

"You are sure he is in town?" asked Kennedy. The three men stood deliberating in the shadow of a side street.

"Sure!" answered Whispering Smith. "Of course, if he turns the trick he wants to get away quietly. He is lying low. Who is that, Farrell?" A man passing out of the shadow of a shade tree was crossing Fort street 100 feet away.

"It looks like our party," whispered Kennedy. "No, stop a bit!" They drew back into the shadow. "That is Du Sang," said Kennedy; "I know his hobble."

## CHAPTER XV.

A Test. Du Sang had the sidewise gait of a wolf, and crossed the street with the choppy walk of the man out of a long saddle. Being both uncertain and quick, he was a man to slip a trail easily. He traveled around the block and disappeared among the many open doors that blazed along Hill street. Less alert trailers than the two behind him would have been at fault; but when he entered the place he was

looking for, Kennedy was so close that Du Sang could have spoken to him had he turned around.

Kennedy passed directly ahead. A moment later Whispering Smith put his head inside the door of the joint Du Sang had entered, withdrew it, and, rejoining his companions, spoke in an undertone: "A negro dive; he's lying low. Now we will keep our regular order. It's a half-basement, with a bar on the left; crap games at the table behind the screen on the right. Kennedy, will you take the rear end of the bar? It covers the whole room and the back door. George, pass in ahead of me and step just to the left of the slot machine; you've got the front door there and everything behind the screen, and I can get close to Du Sang. Look for a thin, yellow-faced man with a brown hat and a brown shirt—and pink eyes—shooting craps under this window. I'll shoot craps with him. Is your heart pumping, George? Never mind, this is easy! Farrell, you're first!"

The dive, badly lighted and ventilated, was counted tough among tough places. White men and colored mixed before the bar and about the tables. When Smith stepped around the screen and into the flare of the hanging lamps, Du Sang stood in the small corner below the screened street window. McCloud, though vitally interested in looking at the man that had come to town to kill him, felt his attention continually wandering back to Whispering Smith. The clatter of the rolling dice, the guttural jargon of the negro gamblers, the drift of men to, and from the bar, and the clouds of tobacco smoke made a hazy background for the stoop-shouldered man with his gray hat and shabby coat, dust-covered and travel-stained. Industrious licking the broken wrapper of a cheap cigar and rolling it fondly under his forefinger, he was making his way unostentatiously toward Du Sang. Thirty-odd men were in the saloon, but only two knew what the storm center moving slowly across the room might develop. Kennedy, seeing everything and talking pleasantly with one of the barkeepers, his close-set teeth gleaming 20 feet away, stood at the end of the bar sliding an empty glass between his hands. Whispering Smith pushed past the on-lookers to get to the end of the table where Du Sang was shooting. He made no effort to attract Du Sang's attention, and when the latter looked up he could have pulled the gray hat from the head of the man whose brown eyes were mildly fixed on Du Sang's dice; they were lying just in front of Smith. Looking indifferently at the intruder, Du Sang reached for the dice; just ahead of his right hand, Whispering Smith's right hand, the finger-tips extended on the table, rested in front of them; it might have been through accident, or it might have been through design. In his left hand Smith held the broken cigar, and without looking at Du Sang he passed the wrapper again over the tip of his tongue and slowly across his lips.

Du Sang now looked sharply at him, and Smith looked at his cigar. Others were playing around the semi-circular table—it might mean nothing. Du Sang waited. Smith lifted his right hand from the table and felt in his waistcoat for a match. Du Sang, however, made no effort to take up the dice. He watched Whispering Smith scratch a match on the table, and either because it failed to light or through design, it was scratched the second time on the table, marking a cross between the two dice.

The meanest negro in the joint would not have stood that, yet Du Sang hesitated. Whispering Smith, mildly surprised, looked up. "Hello, Pearlina! You shooting here?" He pushed the dice back toward the outlaw. "Shoot again!"

Du Sang, scowling, snapped the dice and threw badly.

"Up jump the devil, is it? Shoot again!" And, pushing back the dice, Smith moved closer to Du Sang. The two men touched arms. Du Sang, threatened in a way wholly new to him, waited like a snake braved by a mysterious enemy. His eyes blinked like a badger's. He caught up the dice and threw. "Is that the best you can do?" asked Smith. "See here!" He took up the dice. "Shoot with me!" Smith threw the dice up the table toward Du Sang. Once he threw craps, but, reaching directly in front of Du Sang, he picked the dice up and threw eleven. "Shoot with me, Du Sang."

"What's your game?" snapped Du Sang, with an oath.

"What do you care, if I've got the coin? I'll throw you for \$20 gold pieces."

Du Sang's eyes glittered. Unable to understand the reason for the affront, he stood like a cat waiting to spring. "This is my game!" he snarled.

"Then play it."

"Look here, what do you want?" he demanded, angrily.

Smith stepped closer. "Any game you've got. I'll throw you left-handed, Du Sang." With his right hand he snapped the dice under Du Sang's nose and looked squarely into his eyes. "Got any Sugar Buttes money?"

Du Sang for an instant looked keenly back; his eyes contracted in that time to a mere narrow slit; then, sudden as thought, he sprang back into the corner. Kennedy, directly across the table, watched the lightning-like move. For the first time the crap-dealer looked impatiently up.

It was a showdown. No one watching the two men under the window breathed for a moment. Whispering



"Take Your Hand from Your Gun, You Albino!"

Smith, motionless, only watched the half-closed eyes. "You can't shoot craps," he said, coldly. "What can you shoot, Pearlina? You can't stop a man on horseback."

Du Sang knew he must try for a quick kill or make a retreat. He took in the field at a glance. Kennedy's teeth gleamed only ten feet away, and with his right hand half under his coat lapel he toyed with his watch-chain. McCloud had moved in from the slot machine and stood at the point of the table, looking at Du Sang and laughing at him. Whispering Smith threw off all pretense. "Take your hand away from your gun, you albino! I'll blow your head off left-handed if you pull! Will you get out of this town to-night? If you can't drop a man in the saddle at 250 yards, what do you think you'd look like after a break with me? Go back to the whelp that hired you, and tell him when he wants a friend of mine to send a man that car shoot. If you are within 20 miles of Medicine Bend at daylight I'll rope you like a fat cow and drag you down Front street!"

Du Sang, with burning eyes, shrank narrower and smaller into his corner, ready to shoot if he had to, but not liking the chances. No man in Williams Cache could pull or shoot with Du Sang, but no man in the mountains had ever drawn successfully against the man that faced him.

Whispering Smith saw that he would not draw. He taunted him again in low tones, and, backing away, spoke laughingly to McCloud. While Kennedy covered the corner, Smith backed to the door and waited for the two to join him. They halted a moment at the door, then they backed slowly up the steps and out into the street.

There was no talk till they reached the Wickiup office. "Now, will some of you tell me who Du Sang is?" asked McCloud, after Kennedy and Whispering Smith with banter and laughing had gone over the scene.

Kennedy picked up the ruler. "The wickedest, cruellest man in the bunch—and the best shot."

"Where is your hat, George—the one he put the bullet through?" asked Whispering Smith, limp in the big chair. "Burn it up; he thinks he missed you. Burn it up now. Never let him find out what a close call you had. Du Sang! Yes, he is cold-blooded as a wild-cat and cruel as a soft bullet. Du Sang would shoot a diving man, George, just to keep him squirming in the dirt. Did you ever see such eyes in a human being, set like that and blinking so in the light? It's had enough to watch a man when you can see his eyes. Here's hoping we're gone with him!"

## CHAPTER XVI.

New Plans. Callahan crushed the tobacco under his thumb in the palm of his right hand. "So I am sorry to add," he concluded to McCloud, "that you are now cut of a job." The two men were facing each other across the table in McCloud's office. "Personally, I am not sorry to say it, either," added Callahan, slowly filling the bowl of his pipe.

McCloud said nothing to the point, as there seemed to be nothing to say until he had heard more. "I never knew before that you were left-handed," he returned, evasively.

"It's a lucky thing, because it won't do for a freight-traffic man, nowadays, to let his right hand know what his left hand does," observed Callahan, feeling for a match. "I am the only

left-handed man in the traffic department, but the man that handles the rebates, Jimmie Black, is cross-eyed. Bucks offered to send him to Chicago to have Bryson straighten his eyes, but Jimmie thinks it is better to have them as they are for the present, so he can look at a thing in two different ways—one for the interstate commerce commission and one for himself. You haven't heard, then?" continued Callahan, returning to his riddle about McCloud's job. "Why, Lance Dunning has gone into the United States court and got an injunction against us on the Crawling Stone line—tied us up tighter than zero. No more construction there for a year at least. Dunning comes in for himself and for a cousin who is his ward, and three or four little ranchers have filed bills—so it's up to the lawyers for \$0 per cent. of the gate receipts and peace. Personally, I'm glad of it. It gives you a chance to look after this operating for a year yourself. We are going to be swamped with freight traffic this year, and I want it moved through the mountains like checkers for the next six months. You know what I mean, George."

To McCloud the news came, in spite of himself, as a blow. The results he had attained in building through the lower valley had given him a name among the engineers of the whole line. The splendid showing of the winter construction, on which he had depended to enable him to finish the whole work within the year, was by this news brought to naught. Those of the railroad men who said he could not deliver a completed line within the year could never be answered now. And there was some slight bitterness in the reflection that the very stumbling-block to hold him back, to rob him of his chance for a reputation with men like Glover and Bucks, should be the lands of Dickie Dunning.

He made no complaint. On the division he took hold with new energy and bent his faculties on the operating problems. At Marion's he saw Dickie at intervals, and only to fall more hopelessly under her spell each time. She could be serious and she could be volatile and she could be something between which he could never quite make out. She could be serious with him when he was serious, and totally irresponsible the next minute with Marion. On the other hand, when McCloud attempted to be flippant, Dickie could be confusingly grave. Once when he was bantering with her at Marion's she tried to say something about her regret that complications over the right of way should have arisen; but McCloud made light of it, and waved the matter aside as if he were a cavalier. Dickie did not like it, but it was only that he was afraid she would realize he was a mere railroad superintendent with hopes of a record for promotion quite blasted. And as if this obstacle to a greater reputation were not enough, a willful enemy threatened in the spring to leave only shreds and patches of what he had already earned.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Quite a Difference. "How dare you?" exclaims the angry composer to his critic. "How dare you, sir, characterize my music as you have?"

"I don't understand you," demurs the critic.

"You said that my rhapsody impromptu was a bum tune!"

"Bum tune! Oh, my good friend, I said no such thing! I said it was a v. grant melody."—Judge.

# The Florence Tribune

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF  
FLORENCE.

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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

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

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

Florence, Neb., July 16, 1909.

Does Tri-City mean Sioux City, Omaha and Florence?

The electric light people allow some lights to be out all the time, but never fail to send in a bill for the lights.

Those new sidewalks will help us keep out of the mud—if we ever get them.

By the time the new walks are down we suppose the rain will be over, and their need not felt as great as now.

The street car company continues to discriminate against Florence by giving it a rotten service, and the people sit by and do nothing. Why?

If you are not satisfied with the present telephone service—and it is not of the best—just be patient for a short time, and the other company will be here.

Certain of our citizens are talking of organizing a brass band. If they do the first tune they will learn to play in the evening will be "Nobody Knows How Dry I Am."

A rain of frogs is said to have delayed trains in New York, but reports do not state whether it was because there was so many of them or because the engineer stopped to collect bait for a fishing trip.—Omaha Bee. It was neither. The engineer sold their hops to the brewery.

### AN OPEN LETTER.

To the City Councilmen: Monday evening your honorable body meets in regular session and it will become your duty to the citizens to finally pass on the paving bids. If you are for the paving vote yes to let the contract; if you are against it vote no, but stop all this jockeying and place yourself on record as for or against. The taxpayers of this city are entitled to consideration enough to have the question settled so they can make their plans accordingly and the matter has been before your honorable body long enough for you to have found out the sentiment of the people and all other questions connected with the matter.

Our contemporary, The Gazette, has repeatedly insinuated that there is graft in this deal and that the delay is caused by contractors failing to come across. The Tribune does not believe there is any graft or that any member of the council is acting in any manner to warrant these charges but are conscientiously studying the matter that they may vote on the matter for the best interests of the city, and we address this letter to you and request that you dispose of this matter one way or another at your meeting Monday evening and stop this kind of talk which is detrimental to our city.

### National Corn Exposition.

The popularity of the National Corn exposition, if judged from the newspaper endorsement it is getting from all sections of the United States, is certainly quite flattering to the management that is behind this great agricultural enterprise. As an educational feature from an exhibition standpoint, it certainly has had no equal in the agricultural sentiment of America.

The extent of educational influence that this great show is able to exert over the cereal producing areas of this country does not begin to measure the advantages contributed in this enterprise. It is not only educational to the people of the United States, whose interests are largely in grain growing, but it is of especial interest to the people of the world, the people of other nations who are looking on with a view of the advantages to be gained by this great cereal exposition, in the development of grains, variety tests, and the general producing and manufacturing interests that affect the food markets and industries of every producing and consuming nation of people on the globe.

The far-reaching influence of such an exposition as the National Corn Show and Exposition, to be held in Omaha next December, cannot be measured by any fixed boundaries or estimated in its educational effect by what we see or hear. This enterprise that embodies so much as by

virtue of its general importance and character become both national and international in its work. The public interest that has been created has made it a matter of news importance to the people of every country.

### Just Politics.

Tomorrow is the last day in which to file for the county offices for this fall's primary and election. Florence is interested in this election to a greater extent than for many years, and it behooves our citizens to scan the filings close for men of the undesirable type and eliminate them from the tickets of both parties. Now that the supreme court has knocked out the non-partisan law, this town will furnish a candidate for superintendent of schools on the republican ticket. W. A. Yoder, the present incumbent.

There is also to be elected from this precinct an assessor, but at the hour of writing this no one has filed for this place on either ticket. This office is very important to the people of this town and precinct, and both parties ought to see that good, clean, honest men are put up and nominated. Likewise, the office of justice of the peace and constable.

The voters will have a whole month to study over the candidates before the time comes for nomination, and there is no excuse for anyone not knowing who is running and his record.

### CHILDREN'S STORIES

These stories were written by the editor some years ago to a little girl in place of letters, and he received original stories by her in return. They are published for our little ones, and by request.

#### A Little Girl and Her Journey.

A Little Girl, who went to school, once had a vacation. This Little Girl had a Big Brother who lived in a city far away. This Little Girl wanted to go and see her Big Brother, so her papa put her on the train.

This train was a big train, with a lot of pretty cars, and had an engine to pull it. The cars were very pretty inside and had great big and wide seats, all covered with red cloth.

The Little Girl curled up in one of the seats and was enjoying herself, when an Old Lady, whose clothes were not very good, and who carried a big basket, got on the cars. The seats were all full, and when the Little Girl saw her she jumped up and gave the lady her seat.

And she was very happy to think that she had made the Old Lady very comfortable.

When the train reached the city her Big Brother was at the depot to help her off and take her to his home.

The Little Girl told him what she did in the car, and her Big Brother said she was very good, and gave her some money to get some candy.

All Little Girls should remember that a clear conscience makes a soft pillow.

### CHURCH DIRECTORY.

#### Church Services First Presbyterian Church.

Sunday Services.  
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.  
Preaching—11:00 a. m.  
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.

Mid-Week Service.  
Wednesday—8:00 p. m.  
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.

William Harvey Amos, Pastor.

#### Church Services Swedish Lutheran Ebenezer Church.

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

### LODGE DIRECTORY.

#### Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal Order of Eagles.

Past Worthy President, R. H. Olmsted  
Worth President.....Hugh Suttie  
Worthy Vice President James Stribling  
Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson  
Worthy Treasurer.....F. H. Reynolds  
Worthy Chaplain.....Paul Haskell  
Inside Guard.....Nels Bondesson  
Outside Guard.....Wm. Storms, Jr.  
Physician.....Dr. W. A. Akers  
Trustees: M. B. Parks, Dan Kelly, John Lubold.  
Meets every Wednesday in Wall's hall.

#### Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of America.

Past Oracle.....Emma Powell  
Oracle.....Blanche Thompson  
Vice Oracle.....Harriet Taylor  
Chancellor.....Mary Nelson  
Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson  
Outside Sentinel.....Elizabeth Hollett  
Receiver.....Mrs. Newell Burton  
Recorder.....Susan Nichols  
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams  
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, Elmer Taylor.  
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday at Wall's Hall.

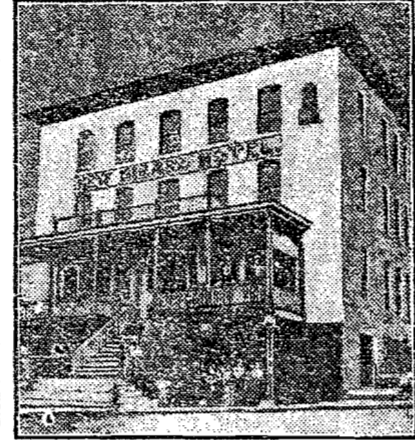
Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.  
Venerable Consul.....J. A. Fox  
W. A.....C. J. Larsen  
Banker.....F. D. Leach  
Clerk.....W. R. Wall  
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month in Wall's Hall.



### WHERE OLD HICKORY DINED.

Historic Hostelry on National Pike Had Entertained Many Notable People in Its Time.

Of all the points of interest along the National Pike between Cumberland, Md., and Wheeling, W. Va., there are none which in the least compares with the Old Workman House, now the New Girard House, which stands at the end of Market street. The National Pike, which was constructed at the enormous cost of \$1,700,000 by the federal government, has many interesting points, but Brownsville has the most prominent place as to containing the most historic landmarks. In the year 1784 Gen. Washington himself made a trip over the route on which this great pike was afterward constructed, and in the year of 1811 congress made the first appropriation for its construction and the work was at



Hotel Where Jackson Stopped.

once started at the Cumberland end and was completed and ready for use Dec. 19, 1820.

The Old Workman House was built in 1797, built by John McClure Hezlop, who presided over it as landlord for some time. James Workman then took possession of it in 1833 and presided over its destinies for a great many years. He had an established reputation as a whole souled landlord and was a good caterer.

It still retains the reputation early established as being one of the best hostelries in town.

The late George E. Hogg, who was for many years a leading and wealthy citizen of Brownsville, is authority for the following amusing story concerning James Workman, the old landlord, and Gen. Jackson.

On the occasion of one of Gen. Jackson's frequent trips over the National Pike the good people of Brownsville decided to give him a rousing public ovation. All the usual formalities for such events were arranged for and last but not least was a dinner at the Old Workman House. When the battle-scarred old veteran arrived he was taken to the Presbyterian church, where the reception speech was made and to greet the people. A short time after the audience had settled down Mr. Workman entered the building and forcing his way down the aisle where the general was seated in a front pew, accosted him thus: "Gen. Jackson, I have been commissioned by the committee of arrangements to provide your dinner, and have come to inquire if there is any particular diet you prefer above another, that I may have the pleasure of gratifying your taste. "The old warrior gravely responded "Ham and eggs." This reply disconcerted the old landlord and thinking it was a joke repeated his inquiry. When the same response came the second time in a very emphatic tone "Ham and eggs." Mr. Workman then hastily left the building and hurried to his hotel and ordered his cook to prepare ham and eggs for the General's dinner. After dinner the old General stood upon the front porch of the hotel and addressed the people, thanking them for the kindness in entertaining him. Later, when he was on the steamboat, William Wirt, on the Ohio river, he wrote quite a lengthy letter to the committee expressing his heartfelt thanks for their generosity. This priceless letter is still in the possession of James Risbeck of this town.

The Hon. Henry Clay was also entertained at the Old Workman House while passing over the old National Pike. An amusing story is told of his visit. He was crossing Dunlaps Creek and was riding outside of the old style stage coach and, fording the stream, he fell off into the mud. Some ready wit nearby at the time said it was expensive business to bring Clay all the way from Kentucky to fill holes in Pennsylvania. The "Great Pacificator" enjoyed his stay here greatly, notwithstanding the fact that he was slightly injured in the fall and had to have medical attention upon his arrival at the hotel, but it was found that his injuries were trifling.

#### Tablet at Fort McHenry.

The bronze tablet to be placed on the flagpole at Fort McHenry, Baltimore, by the United States government has been completed. The inscription on the tablet is as follows: "The national ensign which inspired Francis Scott Key to write 'The Star Spangled Banner' was, during the bombardment of Fort McHenry, September 13, 1814, flying from a pole occupying this position."

Charles Baughman and family expect to leave the first of the week for California, visiting at Portland, Seattle and other cities before returning. They will be gone about six weeks. Mr. Baughman has completed his two new houses on Fifth street and rented one, expecting to rent the other before he leaves.

### TRACE NAME TO THE FRENCH.

Jonathan Carver Believed to Have Derived Word "Oregon" from Early Explorers.

We believe it most probable that the name of Oregon arose out of some circumstance connected with western explorations under direction of the French. Earlier than the English, the French had pressed on westward from the Great Lakes to the Red river, to the Saskatchewan and to the foot of the Rocky mountains. They were ranging the country of the upper Mississippi in search of furs and for trade with the natives; they were full of curiosity and active in inquiry about the great distant west and the unknown western sea. Of this sea they possessed Spanish charts and probably used among the natives the word "Aragon" as a homonym of Spain. When Jonathan Carver of Connecticut was on his expedition to the upper Mississippi country, in 1767-'68, he made all possible inquiries, he tells us, about the country toward the west, the western river and the sea and the word "Oregon," and the name was written for the first time, so far as we know, or possibly can ever know, in Carver's book, published in London in 1778. It is a book of little importance or value, except for the fact that it gives to the world the name of Oregon, which Carver says he got from natives in the country of the upper Mississippi. Recent writers have shown that much of Carver's book is made up of unacknowledged extracts from French explorers before him, particularly from Hennepin, Labontan and Charlevoix; and, as Carver had no scholarship, it is believed the book was compiled in London, partly from Carver's own story and partly from the records of French and English exploration. It is significant, further, that in Carver's book tribes of Indians and various objects are often designated by French names or terms.—Portland Oregonian.

### LEGAL NOTICE

#### BIDS FOR SEWER CONSTRUCTION.

Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned, City Clerk of Florence, Nebraska, until 8 o'clock p. m., on Monday, July 19, 1909, for the construction of a lateral sewer in lateral sewer district No. 2 in the City of Florence, Nebraska, extending through the alleys running north and south in blocks 33 and 32, and connecting with the main sewer on Wiley street and extending south through said alleys to a point in the center of State street, according to ordinance therefor passed and approved June 14, 1909, and sewer specifications and plans prepared by the City Engineer. Said sewer to have an eight-inch standard sewer tiling, and a standard man hole with iron cover to be constructed in accordance with the specifications and plans. All bids to cover the entire cost of furnishing all material and labor to fully construct and complete said lateral sewer and man hole, and each proposal to be accompanied by a verified check payable to the Treasurer of the City of Florence for \$50.00, as an evidence of good faith in that contract will be entered into. A bond for \$500.00 will be required of the successful bidder to construct said sewer according to plans and specifications and to hold the City of Florence harmless from any damage resulting from the negligence of the contractor or his employees. The city reserves the right to reject any or all bids and to waive defects in bids.  
Dated July 13, 1909.  
CHAS. M. COTTRELL,  
City Clerk.

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**J. H. PRICE**  
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**The knee of an Idol**  
as to go through a successful business career without advertising.

Equally Important are the questions  
**HOW, WHEN, WHERE**  
may we talk with you about the deals?  
THE FLORENCE TRIBUNE

**McCLURE'S**  
**Big Store**  
EVERYTHING FROM A PIN TO A PYRAMID  
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**THE LARGEST STOCK**  
**THE BEST SERVICE**

We Have the Largest List of  
**LOTS**  
in FLORENCE  
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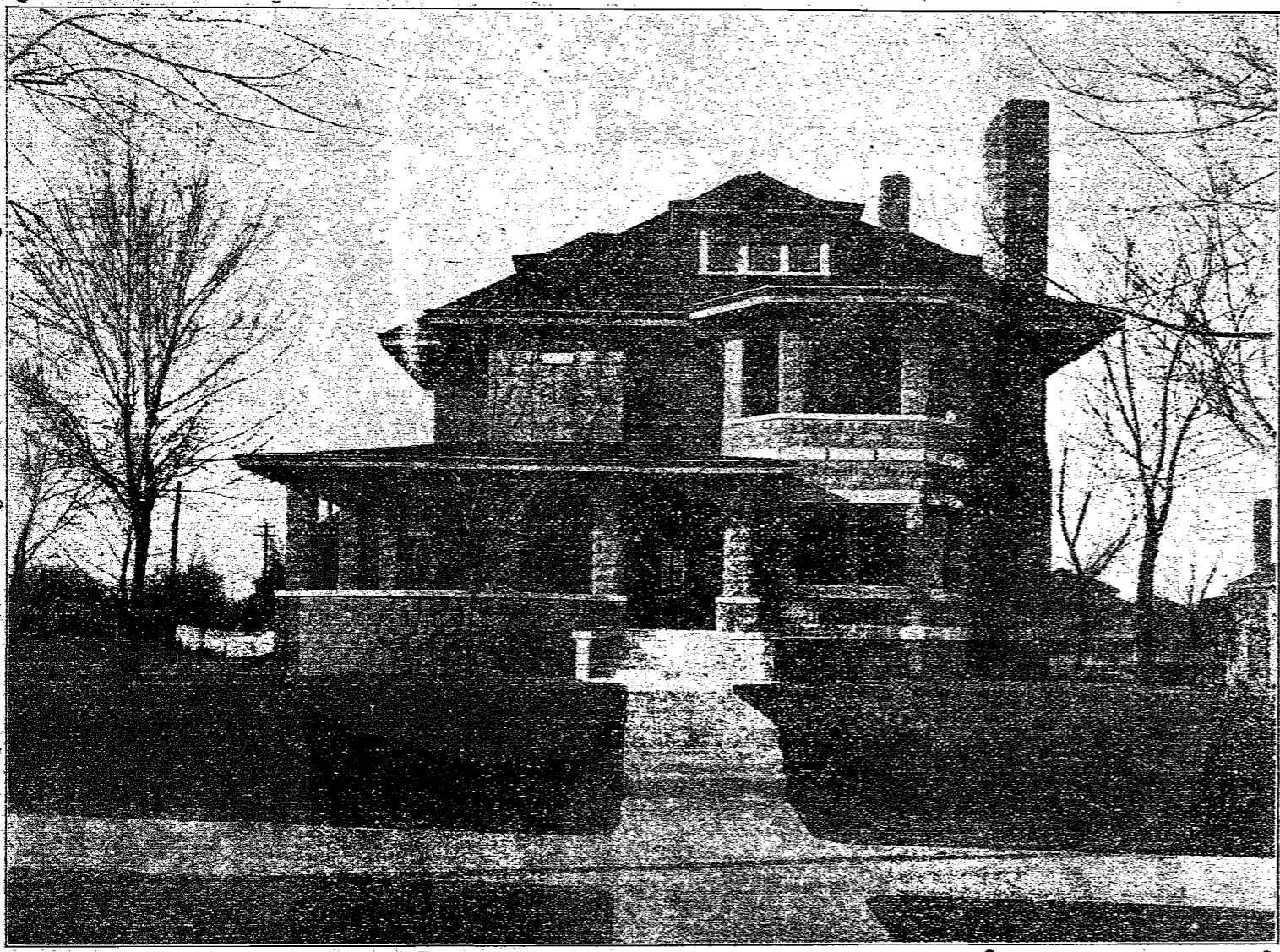
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### AN ANCIENT ONE.

M. Hamelin, the police magistrate of Paris, was the victim of a venerable practical joke on April 1. It began in the early morning with the arrival at his residence in the Avenue Henri Martin of several carts of coal, followed by a continuous procession all day of other vehicles conveying similarly unordered goods—five pianos, jars of cod liver oil, hams, mineral waters and vegetables—while among the visitors whose services were supposed to be required were an embalmer, a masseur, an undertaker, and half a dozen pedicures. Altogether 322 vehicles drove up to the house in the course of the day. Amid the confusion M. Hamelin went quietly to preside as usual at the police court.—London Daily News.

### Particular About the Butter.

"Ma wants two pounds of butter exactly like what you sent us last. If it ain't exactly like that she won't take it," said the small boy. The grocer turned to his numerous customers and remarked, blandly: "Some people in my business don't like particular customers, but I do. It's my delight to serve them and get them what they want. I will attend to you in a moment, little boy." "Be sure to get the same kind," said the boy. "I lot of pa's relations is visiting at our house, and ma doesn't want 'em to come again."

### No Reason at All.

He—The major is going to be married again.  
She—Why, when his wife died he said that the light of his life had gone out.  
He—There's no reason why he shouldn't strike another match, is there?

### Startling.

"Yes, our table is always 'up to date," boasted the landlady. "We have those beautiful red candles on it at supper time."  
"Candles for supper!" gasped the prospective boarder. "Madam, do you think I am an Eskimo?"

### SAGE ADVICE.



Johnny—The boss said that you would pay this little bill to-day.  
Mr. Hunks—You mustn't believe all people tell you.

### For Titles.

Count Boni's coming here to hunt, Financed, no doubt, by money sharks, And he will find as he once found That heiresses are easy marks.

### Getting Ready for the Opera.

"Aren't you ready, dear?" he called upstairs.  
"Not quite," was the wife's reply.  
"It ought not to take you so long to put your hat on."  
"I'm not going to wear any hat."  
"Well, it ought not to take you so long not to put one on!"—Yonkers Statesman.

### From Different Viewpoints.

Anxious Mother—I cannot permit you to have such late callers. It was after 11 o'clock when Mr. Huggins left last night.

Pretty Daughter—Why, mamma, I don't see how you can class Mr. Huggins as a late caller. It was only 7:30 when he came.

### A Wasted Evening.

First Music Critic—I wasted a whole evening by going to that new pianist's concert last night!  
Second Music Critic—Why?  
First Music Critic—His playing was above criticism!—Judge.

### As Amended.

His Wife—Charity covers a multitude of sins, they say.  
Her Husband—Yes, it certainly does—especially when it begins at home.

### The Ruse That Failed.

Tompkins had just dropped a half-penny in front of the blind beggar to see if he would pick it up.  
Beggars—Make it sixpence, gov-nor, an' I'll forget meself.

### Still Fighting.

Church—Did you have any relatives in the revolutionary war?  
Gotham—I don't know; but I've got two cousins interested in the D. A. R. war!—Yonkers Statesman.

### The Test.

"She has as many satellites as a luminous planet."  
"Ah, but how many rings can she show?"

### GROWING UP WITH THE TOWN.

So you have "grown up with the town?" But the town which was little is great. It possesses a world-wide renown. They have written "Success" over its gate:  
The town which was once so obscure Has a worth that is splendid and sure.

The town has a prosperous look.

It appeals to the stranger afar;

It occupies no little nook

Where wrecked opportunities are;

As fair as a realized dream.

The town is awake and supreme.

So you have "grown up with the town?"

But the town which was narrow is broad;

It has not been content to sit down

Depending on Chance or on God;

Its challenge (though stunned for a space)

It flings in Catastrophe's face.

—S. E. Kiser.

### MEAN INSINUATION.



Kind Lady—You say you need help, but will your character stand investigation?

Dusty Dodgework—Say, lady, you talk as if I wuz a politician.

### But Wants It Good.

Houston should Be glad to own She only needs One telephone.

### A Helping Hand.

"Excuse me, sir," said the senior clerk as he entered the private office of the boss, "but, having grown gray in your service, don't you think I ought to have something added to my salary?"

"I do," answered the boss as he reached into his pocket and drew forth a silver dollar. "Take this and get yourself a bottle of hair dye."

### Deliberate Insult.

Mrs. Newpop—That measly old bachelor uncle of yours was here to-day and he deliberately insulted us all.

Newpop—Insulted us! Why, what did he do or say?

Mrs. Newpop—Why, he took the baby on his knee and said: "Poor little chap! He may grow up and become vice president some day!"

### Killing Time.

Musical Comedy Manager—How long is the piece now?

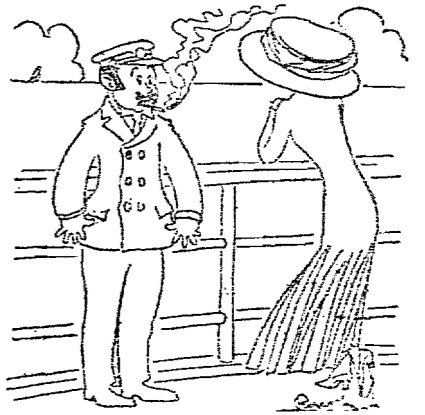
Author—We've stretched it out as much as we can, but it is still about an hour less than standard length.

Manager—Well, dash off a topical song about Broadway, with a dozen or so encores.—Fuck.

### One View of It.

"Pa!"  
"Well?"  
"What is conscience?"  
"A thing that we always believe ought to trouble the other fellow."

### ENCOURAGED.



"I never could stand it," he said, "to live with a woman who was jealous of me."

"Don't borrow trouble," she replied. "Nature has done her best to make you immune from that kind of unpleasantness."

### The Old Sign.

Now put away the striped hose, Oh, put them all away; For barber poles are out of style In Boston, so they say.

### A Slight Jolt.

"As for me," remarked young Muggsby, "I don't believe in the higher education for girls. The one I marry won't know Latin or Greek."

"I can readily believe that," rejoined Miss Slasher. "A girl who knows anything at all wouldn't marry you."

### He'd Help.

Caller—Sir, I am collecting for the poets' hospital. Will you contribute anything?

Editor—With pleasure. Call to-night with the ambulance, and I will have some poets ready.—Judge.

### Encouragement.

"Miss Emma, I love thee."  
"Well, now you are down on your knees you may as well tie my shoes!"

WHICH?



Smith was working in his yard, pushing his lawn mower hard. Brown, who happened then to pass, asked: "Well, out to cut your grass?" "No," said Smith, "I'm herding whales in the midst of Arctic gales."

Brown walked on, and shook his head, musing over what Smith said.

Smith was in a barber shop having his hair trimmed on top; Jones came in with jaunty air, asked: "They're clipping off your hair?" "No," said Smith, "we're making brick, also weaving candle wick."

Jones walked very softly out, with his mind quite full of doubt.

Smith was riding on a car, fretting at the jolt and jar. Black got on, and asked beside: "Out to take a little ride?" "No," growled Smith, "I'm climbing trees to enjoy the evening breeze."

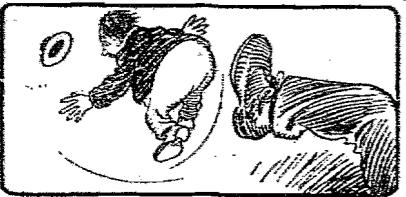
Black got off, and tapped his brow, thinking Smith was dotty now.

Smith was lunching in a place where the busy waiters race. White came in from off the street, asked: "Do you come here to eat?" "No," said Smith, "I'm here to sing joyous lyrics of the spring."

White walked solemnly away and was serious all day.

Brown and Jones and Black and White met together that same night and took steps to put poor Smith where he need not suffer with the delusions that he had—All four of his friends were sad.

But consider it, I pray—Who was foolish? He or they?



Another Explanation.

"Last month," writes the editor of the Helpful Hints Magazine, "we left our work in the hands of an assistant while we were recovering from the grip. Of course, he got things mixed, as inevitably happens. A young bride of Oskaloosa, Ia., wrote, asking for a good recipe for pie crust, and Mrs. Hinkle of Cory's Grove, Ill., asked to be told how to make a chair seat. The assistant confused the two requests, and advised the young bride to take two pieces of sole leather, scallop the edges into a pretty pattern after cutting them to the required size, perforate the top piece neatly with a punch, glue the edges and to use a few upholstery tacks to make them firm. Then he told Mrs. Hinkle to take a quart of sliced apples for her chair seat, chunk of butter the size of two walnuts, beat, knead and roll; put in the apples, dust lightly with a cinnamon, sprinkle plentifully with sugar and bake quickly. We hardly know how to smooth matters over as, although Mrs. Hinkle wants to stop her paper, the young bride writes enthusiastically that her husband says her new pie crust is by far the best she has made."

New Version of Old Saying.



A man is as old as he looks and as big a fool as he acts.

Helped Out.

"I am so glad you were here, Mr. Clumsey," says the sweet young thing as he leads her to a seat after the waltz. "I was very anxious to have a dance with you to-night."

"That certainly is kind of you," he replies. "But I am sorry I stepped on your dress."

Viewing the two or three yards of silk and lace which has been torn and trampled upon she says, happily: "But I knew if something didn't happen to this old gown papa never would buy me a new one."

To remove ink from the fingers rub well with scouring powder, then scald then polish with a dry cloth. O, no! That is the way to shine a steel knife.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Mrs. A. L. Shipley is very ill. Frank Parker has gone to Niagara Falls for a short visit. August Prochnow visited with Omaha friends Monday. Miss Grace Thompson left Monday for a stay at the lakes in Wisconsin. Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hartman are visiting in Huron, S. D. Fred Brunning of Omaha visited Florence friends Monday. James Craig of Omaha was a Florence visitor Monday. C. S. Huntington of Omaha visited with Florence friends Monday. Cyril Kelly has returned from Chicago, where he spent the past week. Court of Honor gave a very enjoyable social Tuesday evening. Clarence Risby of Omaha is visiting his mother, Mrs. J. S. Paul. Mr. Elmer Taylor and Orvil Green spent Sunday at Blair. Mr. Basil Foster spent a few days with friends at Blair. Miss May Oakes is spending two weeks with friends at Central City. Mrs. Fred Hamblett and son of Omaha are guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Bonsborson this week. Miss Pauline Swenson is in Chicago. Miss Nora Morgan is visiting relatives in Tekamah. Eugene Cain and Wilbur Michael visited Courtland Beach Sunday evening. Mrs. Harry Brisbin and Mrs. John Brisbin entertained a large party at their home Thursday. Andrew B. Anderson is spending a two weeks' vacation at Denver and Colorado Springs. Mrs. Charles Cottrell and mother expect to leave soon for a trip to Denver and Colorado Springs. Mrs. Orlie Wilson has accepted a position with the Independent Telephone company. Miss Emma Riley of Council Bluffs is spending a week with Mr. and Mrs. William Murray. Mr. and Mrs. Arndt and Miss Arndt of Blair were guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cole the past week. Miss Louise Finney has returned after her vacation and is again at McClure's. Misses Emma and Mabel Anderson are visiting relatives at Bennington this week. Dr. Ada Platz of Lincoln, Neb., was the guest of her brother, E. L. Platz, this week. Miss Alice Platz returned Sunday from Lincoln, where she has been visiting for the past five weeks. The volunteer fire department postponed their meeting Monday evening on account of the meeting of the school board and council. F. L. Mitchell of South Omaha was visiting with Florence friends Sunday. He is 82 years old, and was a resident of Florence in 1856. Mrs. S. P. Wallace and children of Freeport, Ill., arrived Thursday to be the guests of Miss Prudence Tracy. Mrs. Wallace is Miss Tracy's sister. Charles and Amos Cottrell entertained the Florence Social Whirl in a very enjoyable manner Wednesday evening. The Misses Arnell of Blair, who have been guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Cole the past week, left for their home Monday afternoon. If you want to smoke going down in the morning, try one of the brands Charles Cottrell keeps at the Post-office News Stand. He also has the morning Omaha papers. Florence Hose Company No. 1 held their regular meeting Monday evening. Verleb Camp, Royal Neighbors of America, will give a social Monday evening, July 19, at Wall's hall. Miss Lillian Bondesson left last week to spend the summer at Seattle. Mr. and Mrs. Will Thomas, who have been visiting at Niagara Falls, returned home Wednesday. S. U. G. Brown of Poolville, N. Y., who has been visiting relatives in Florence for some time, left Saturday to visit friends out in the state, after which they will return home. The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church met at the residence of Mrs. Jas. Kindred on Wednesday. The Missionary Society met with them. Mrs. Milroy was the leader. Miss Harriet Ingersoll, telephone operator at the Florence office, is enjoying her vacation. Mrs. W. L. Cook, her aunt, and Miss Ingersoll are at present visiting friends at Lyons, Neb. Bellevue and Fort Crook Royal Neighbors of America will entertain the promotion committee and Royal Neighbors' camps of Omaha, South Omaha and Florence at a picnic at Bellevue Friday, July 23. Hastings & Heyden are having many inquiries for Florence property these days and report the sales of fifteen pieces during the past month. That is going some, but this firm is able to secure buyers for all pieces of property. George Green has moved his store from the Pascale building to the Klerie building, next door. He had to move on account of the noise and racket in the store south of him. This leaves two vacant store buildings on Main street. The Improvement club held a special meeting at the city hall Saturday evening. The principal topic of discussion being the encampment of the Douglas County Veteran's association at Florence in August. The club will do all in its power to make the encampment a success. It was reported that Henry Anderson, T. W. McClure, Anderson & Hollingsworth and F. S. Tucker had signed the contract with the veterans and everything was in readiness to start a campaign to bring the crowds during the encampment.

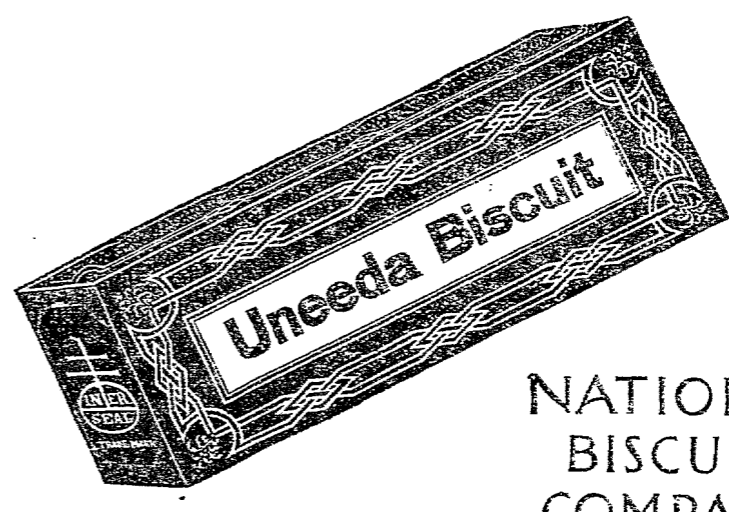
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# Romances of Progress

By Albert Payson Terhune

## GUTENBERG—Father of Newspaper and Book.

John Gutenberg, son of an exiled nobleman of Mainz, had an idea. The good people of Strasburg, where the young man lived, early in the fifteenth century, gave little credence to any of his theories. For Gutenberg was that would nowadays be known as a "get-rich-quick" crank. He had floated several schemes, borrowed money to perfect them, and had in every case failed to accomplish more than the impoverishing of himself and his backers.

Gutenberg's newest idea had come to him on seeing a full set of playing cards which had been constructed by means of stamps, or dies, instead of by hand. To the world at large this labor-saving process seemed wonderful. But it meant nothing more than that to any one except Gutenberg. It set him, however, to thinking.

If a collection of blocks with various designs carved on them could be used to mark 52 cards, why could not a similar set of blocks be made, each bearing one of the letters of the alphabet, and used for printing words, sentences, even whole pages?

For centuries a process had been in use whereby such words, phrases and pictures were carved upon large blocks of wood, smeared with ink, covered with paper and subjected to a squeeze from a sort of cider-press.

The result was a more or less smudgy reproduction of the carved letters or figures. Kings had been wont to use monograms carved on wood or metal to stamp signatures to state documents. In China, as early as 175 A. D. a far more advanced form of printing flourished than Europe was destined to know for more than 1,000 years thereafter.

But Gutenberg's idea far outstripped anything thus far dreamed of. For he planned (by means of many duplicates of each letter of the alphabet) the first form of "movable type." By placing, or "setting," these block letters in correct position he could make quickly in his "form."

The press he devised was of two upright timbers, with cross-pieces connecting them at bottom and top with two other cross-timbers, of which the lower supported the "form" of type. A large wooden screw ran from the upper timber down to the center of a wooden block or platen. When the "form" was put in place and inked a sheet of paper was dumped and laid over it and the screw turned until the pressure stamped the inked printing

letters on the paper. It was a simple, primitive affair, but it revolutionized printing and made possible all later books and newspapers. And, like most steps in progress, it was achieved through suffering.

The plan dawned on Gutenberg about 1446. He was then 36 years old. For four years he toiled at his invention. He mortgaged or sold everything he owned, squandered his whole fortune, borrowed every penny he could lay hands on. He was reduced to poverty. Still he worked on. His wife was forced to scrape together enough funds to keep her husband and herself from starvation. The wives of geniuses have seldom had an especially pleasant time in life. They have usually borne the brunt of worry, work and unspeakable hardship, while their husbands finally reaped all the credit and fame.

Gutenberg induced a goldsmith, John Faust by name, to advance him 1,600 guilders to perfect the labor of making press and type. Then, in 1450, he set to work printing a Bible.

This was a labor of five years. It was the first book ever printed, and came out in 1455. The experiment was proved a success. Printing was at last a known art. But no one was especially enthusiastic. The public did not realize that the discovery amounted to much. Faust demanded the return of the money he had lent. Gutenberg could not pay. Faust seized all the inventor's property, including type, presses and other machinery, and set up a printing establishment on his own account. Thus, at 50, Gutenberg was "broke," robbed of his invention and obliged to start life all over again.

He began afresh, with more borrowed money, on a new set of machinery, and was finally able to resume printing books. But now a new difficulty arose. Heretofore a guild of copyists had made a living by writing out copies of books for public sale. Monks also had gained large sums by illuminating such books. The invention of printing, of course, robbed both these classes of employment. Hence artisans and churchmen attacked Gutenberg viciously.

Worn out, childless, alone, impoverished, friendless, other men enjoying the fruits of his lifetime of labor, poor old Gutenberg, in 1468, died, having won the usual earthly martyrdom and immortal fame that seems the dual reward of nearly all great Progress-Makers.

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## SHAKESPEARE---The Man Who Revolutionized Literature

A youth of 20—the official "bad boy" of the sedate town of Stratford-on-Avon—was again in trouble. This time on a more serious charge than the beating of night watchmen or pilfering of fruit or other time-honored customs of the place. He was accused of no less an offense than the stealing of deer from the park of Sir Thomas Lucy, chief magistrate of the community. Not so very many years earlier this had been a crime punishable by death. Even now—in 1586—it entailed heavy penalty.

The youth thus accused was William Shakespeare, son of a formerly well-to-do merchant who had fallen on such financial ill-luck that this eldest son of his had been obliged to leave school at 13 and go to work.

Young Shakespeare was accused not only of stealing Sir Thomas' deer, but of writing a scurrilous poem concerning the august magistrate himself. Altogether, Stratford became too hot to hold him. He ran away to London. But for that deer-stealing episode the world might never have heard of Shakespeare. And the march of progress—in literature and language as well—would have lacked its greatest impetus. Though so young, Shakespeare had been married for about two years. His wife, Anne Hathaway, was eight years his senior. Perhaps for this reason, perhaps from poverty, he left her and his children behind when he went to London.

Practically penniless, the fugitive reached the metropolis and cast about him for some means of livelihood. But he had no love for routine drudgery nor experience in higher occupations. So he quick-

ly drifted to the theaters and renewed acquaintance with some of the actors with whom he had caroused at Stratford. He picked up a few pence by holding the horses of men who came to see the plays. Later he leased out this hostelry to a number of street urchins, who became known as "Shakespeare Boys." From holding horses to picking up bits of work inside the theater was but a step. And in time he was playing small parts in various plays of the day. And so, for five years, went on his hand-to-hand battle against poverty. Play writing at that time was the crudest sort of art. Indecency, illiteracy, wretched English, poor plots and dreary stupidity were the drama's chief characteristics. England, in fact, was far behind many other civilized nations in culture and literature.

Among the tasks allotted to Shakespeare in the theaters where he acted was the rewriting of old plays for use on the stage and the adapting and "building up" of parts to suit certain famous actors. At this he achieved

an instant and marvelous success—a success that none but the greatest genius of his country could ever have achieved, for he not only revised the plays in question, but transformed them into vital, brilliant productions—classics for all time—couched in sublime verse and diction and so wholly changed from their original forms as to be practically new. Many of the best plays attributed to Shakespeare were thus rewritten by him from others' manuscripts. Nearly all the rest were taken almost bodily from old books, stories, poems or legends. This is not regarded as plagiarism, since to each "borrowed" plot Shakespeare gave a new setting and treatment and new diction and clothed it in his own beauty of style. In fact, of all his plays, "Love's Labor Lost" (perhaps the poorest of the lot) is said to be the only one that was wholly original with him.

How the half-educated, harum-scarum country boy ever amassed the education to write such classics has always been and always must remain a mystery. But the

revolutionized not only the drama but all literature as well. England took and held a position in culture equal to that of any nation. Queen Elizabeth delighted to do the new genius honor. Great men vied for the chance of becoming his patrons. His fellow actors and playwrights in turn envied and hated him.

But he pursued his chosen way unheeding, continuing to write (or rewrite) great plays and to act in them. He was an indifferent actor and was entrusted with no great parts. For instance, he played the Ghost in "Hamlet," Adam in "As You Like It," and similar minor roles. His salary as an actor was about \$500 a year. For the first few years his annual reward as a playwright was barely \$100. But as his plays grew in favor he waxed rich.

In 1599 he left London and returned to Stratford, where he wiped off old scores and earlier disgrace by buying the finest estate in the town. There, until his death in 1616, he lived in luxury, courted by the children of the men who had once persecuted him. Even in death his genius showed itself, for he hit on a clever plan to save his remains from the disinterment so common at that time. This four-line verse, said to have been his latest poem, was cut on his tombstone, and its wording has ever since guarded his grave from molestation:

"Good friend, for Jesus' sake forbear  
To dig the dust enclosed here,  
Blest be the man who spares these stones,  
But curst be he who moves my bones!"

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# BETZVILLE TALES

Uncle Ashdod Clute's Last Breath

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



"Creepy Mouse, Creepy Mouse, Tickle y, Tickle y, Tickle y!"

It is a terrible thing to have a life-long enemy—so my Uncle Ashdod Clute of Betzville says—and we who have none should be thankful. Last Thursday Uncle Ashdod nearly perished through an enmity that culminated on that day.

When Uncle Ashdod was a boy of 11 he began fishing in Mud creek, and the very first time he threw in his hook he caught a pike, but when he pulled it out it was such a thin, small, miserable little skimp of a fish that he was as mad as hops, and he stood right up and told the pike what he thought of it and then slammed it back into the creek, and thought no more about it. But that pike did. A pike is the most vindictive kind of fish; terribly vindictive; and never forgets an injury. Year after year that pike lay low and nursed its anger and planned revenge, and poor Uncle Ashdod knew nothing about it. He never suspected it in the least, he says. He would have treated that pike the same as he would have treated any other fish, if he had met it, he says.

Things went along that way for 52 years, with Uncle Ashdod Clute thinking nothing at all, and the pike gnawing its cankerous heart out for a chance of revenge, and last Thursday it thought it saw its chance.

There was Uncle Ashdod sitting on the bank of the creek with his pole stuck in the mud beside him, when suddenly there came a cloud-burst a mile or so up the creek and almost instantly the creek began to rise by leaps and bounds. Before Uncle Ashdod, who isn't as spry as he used to be, could get to his feet the creek was up to his knees, and there in the water was the monstrous big pike dashing and slashing at him with its jaws wide open, and leaping out of the water in a frenzied attempt to catch Uncle Ashdod by the neck and drag him down to death.

Any pike can leap like a deer, but this pike was a wonderful leaper, and Uncle Ashdod saw there was only one chance for his life, and that was to climb a tree. So he made a dash for a big pine and jumped for the lower limbs, and all the time the water was rising, and no matter how fast he climbed the tree the water rose as fast and there was the big pike right facing him and gnashing its teeth. Every moment the pike would make a leap, and before it could fall back into the water the water would overtake it. In that way Uncle Ashdod climbed the tree, with the creek and the pike never three feet behind him, until it began to look as if he would run out of tree before the creek began to go down, and he knew that if he reached the top of the pine and the water kept on rising the pike would swim in and complete the deed it had set its heart on.

But just as he reached the top the water began to fall as rapidly as it had risen, and the pike gave one cry of futile anger and made a last enormous leap and grabbed Uncle Ashdod by his long gray whiskers which were blowing out over the topmost limb, and at that moment Uncle Ashdod fainted and dropped. If it hadn't been for the pike Uncle Ashdod would have been dashed to death, but once a pike gets hold of it is like a bull-dog; it never lets go. So there they hung by

his whiskers, one on one side of the limb and one on the other, like a pair of saddle bags, until Uncle Ashdod recovered from his faint.

Then there was a terrible battle Uncle Ashdod put up his hands and took a good hold of the limb, and began to kick the lower end of the pike and the pike tightened its grip on Uncle Ashdod's whiskers and began to slash at his legs with its cruel bony tail. It looked like about an even fight, for if Uncle Ashdod had boots on, the pike had tough scales, and there they fought, face to face. Uncle Ashdod said he never in his life saw anything so awful as the look in that pike's eyes as it hung there.

Already Uncle Ashdod's boots were slashed to strips and every blow of the pike's tail cutting him to the bone while he hadn't seemed to make any impression on the tail of the pike, and he was giving himself up for lost. He didn't have a knife or any sort of weapon to aid him. And then, as a sort of last resort, he took one hand from the limb and tickled the pike in the ribs.

Uncle Ashdod says he had never heard that pikes were ticklish, but he had never heard that they were not either, and when a man is on the verge of death he will try anything as a last resort, so he thought he might as well try tickling the pike as anything else.

Well, at first the pike seemed more amused than anything else. It sort of screwed up the corners of its mouth and grinned, but in a minute or two it began to chuckle inwardly. So Uncle Ashdod kept right on tickling it. He says it was the most weird thing he ever saw in his life, to see that pike chuckling away as if it was in the best humor and at the same time glaring at him hatefully with its eyes. So he tickled it a little harder and it began to gasp between its teeth but it did not loosen its hold on his beard in the least. So he tickled it a little harder and said: "Ketchy-ketchy-ketchy." Well, that was too much for that pike. Its sides began to heave and palpitate with laughter and its tail curled up and it tried to throw its head back the way a man does when he hears an awfully good one and is going to give a mighty hearty laugh, and it began to gasp.

When that happened Uncle Ashdod says he began to have hope, and he pulled his finger back and sort of cork-screwed it toward the pike and said:

"Creepy mouse, creepy mouse, tickle y, tickle y, tickle y."

At the last "tickle y" he says he dug his finger into the ribs of the pike, and the pike seemed to simply double all up with laughter, and suddenly it opened its mouth and shouted: "Ha! Ha! Ha!" and turned blue in the face and fell spang to the ground as dead as a door-nail.

Uncle Ashdod says that of course he hated to take life in that way, but he was sort of forced to do it in self-defense. I asked him what he really thought of the fight and he said he was still too wrought up to say. I asked him what he thought the pike thought of a fight of that kind, and he said he guessed the pike liked it; he said the pike seemed tickled to death.

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# Mysteries of Nature

By G. Frederick Wright, A. M. LL. D.

## ORIGIN OF WORLD'S FERTILE SOILS.

It hardly needs saying that in general the prosperity of a nation is dependent upon the fertility of its soil. In some few cases, it is true, nations may prosper because they have a monopoly of mines, of manufactures, or of the means of trade and commerce. But the larger part of the things which minister to the necessities and the comforts of mankind are the direct products of the soil. The study of the soils becomes a department of geology because all soils are rock in processes of transformation. The earth is covered by a very thin veneering of soil. At a depth of a few inches or a few feet, or at most a few hundred feet, solid rock is everywhere reached. The soils of the world have their origin in the disintegration of these rocks by exposure to the atmosphere or to various mechanical agencies like that of running water and moving ice.

The relation of the soil to the underlying rocks, however, is dependent upon the action of transporting agencies which are at hand. Where there are no transporting agencies sufficient to carry away the disintegrated particles as fast as they accumulate over the surface we have what is called "residual soil," whose character will partake entirely of that of the underlying rock. If the underlying rock is a conglomerate or sandstone residual soil will be composed of nothing but sand and gravel, which is capable of supporting only a limited variety of vegetable life.

It is fortunate, however, that these barren sandstone ridges alternate with the rocks of different character whose disintegration produces a residual soil of remarkable fertility. From one end to the other of the Appalachian chain of mountains outcrops of limestone appear in lines horizontal to those of the sandstone outcrops, such as are cut through by the Delaware, the Lehigh, the Susquehanna, the Potomac and other rivers just before reaching the Atlantic coast plain. These limestones contain all the elements required by the higher class of vegetation, and the thin residual soil over them has furnished the basis for some of the most prosperous communities of the country. The celebrated Wyoming valley in the Susquehanna, the Shenandoah valley in Virginia and that of the upper Tennessee are illustrations of the agricultural wealth which is supplied by the disintegration of limestone rocks. In numerous places in central Pennsylvania as in the mountains south of Williamsport, there are limited outcrops of limestone over which have sprung up flourishing communities surrounded by barren sandstone mountains, as islands are surrounded by water in the sea.

The blue grass region in Kentucky is similarly situated, being bordered by barren outcrops of Devonian sub-carboniferous conglomerates and sandstones, while the thin covering of soil resulting from the disintegration of the Silurian limestone supports a vegetation which furnishes the elements most necessary for the best development of cattle and horses, and so in considerable measure accounts for the pre-eminence of that region in those departments of industry. It would not be strange, also, if the pre-eminence claimed by the Kentuckians for the beauty of their women and the strong physique of their men were due to this gift from nature of a richly endowed limestone soil.

The agricultural richness of Palestine is traceable to a similar cause. Soil there which would seem to a western farmer worthless, produces the finest vineyards and the most flourishing olive groves, because the disintegration constantly going on in the fragments of limestone rock that cover the surface annually supplies the elements needed for these most important ministers to human need.

But so limited are the deposits of rock containing the concentrated elements of fertility that an undue portion of the world would be barren if it were not that nature is provided with elaborate means of transportation, whereby the richness of one section is carried to another, resulting in a commingling of elements, which is of the highest advantage. During the long geological ages water, ice and air had been engaged in transporting and depositing in distant regions the residual soils which were accumulating thousands of years before man came upon the scene. The flood-plains of nearly all rivers are rich in agricultural possibilities because they have brought to them the elements of soil supplied by the entire river basin. The Mississippi valley from Cairo to the gulf is a deposit of sediment to which the whole upper portion, extending from the Rocky to the Allegheny mountains has furnished its quota, and so it is with nearly all the larger river systems of the world.

The Nile, the Indus, the Ganges, the Yang-tse-Kiang and the Hoang-ho furnish old flood-plains of great extent, where agriculture has been carried on for thousands of years with little deterioration of the soil. The vast plain of Eastern China, through which the great canal winds its way, is little else than the combined delta of the two great Chinese rivers. The valleys of the Ganges and of the Indus are simply filled with sediment brought down from the disintegrating

rocks of the Himalaya mountains, and so are the valleys of the Amazon and the La Plata revealing in the agricultural wealth brought down by those rivers from the Andes and spread out within reach of man.

In the northern part of Europe and of the United States and in the southern portions of British America glacial ice has been the plow and the harrow and the scraper which have prepared the region for its most successful occupation by man. The northern part of the United States is living to a considerable extent upon the richness of Canada. Everywhere down to the limits reached by the ice of the glacial period Canadian boulders are found, mingled with the finer grist of Canadian rocks which were ground off from the highlands by the ice and carried in its movement south for hundreds of miles. A European expert has taught us how to enrich our soil by grinding up the granite rocks, containing a large amount of feldspar (which is the basis of clay) and other elements of value, and spreading it.

An eminent authority in the United States recently asked me if we could not accomplish that purpose in the United States by grinding up the Canadian boulders. The answer at hand was, nature has already performed that work for us. The ice movement of the glacial period ground a large part of the elements it brought with it to the finest of powder and spread it far and wide. It is estimated that on an average the deposit of glacial grist over the northern part of the United States is 100 feet thick. When I had nearly completed the survey of the glacial boundary in Ohio 20 years ago I chanced to meet Prof. W. I. Chamberlain, the accomplished secretary of the board of agriculture, and showed him the line across the state. He at once remarked that that line separated the more productive agricultural portion of the state from the least productive.

And still Canada has enough remaining. In Ontario, between the lakes, it has reserved a vast glacial deposit of indefinite depth and unbounded fertility. The valley of the St. Lawrence is one of the richest soils in the world, resulting from the deposit of glacial material in a temporary arm of the sea which existed during the closing portion of the glacial period. But perhaps the most remarkable of such accumulations is that in the bed of the glacial Lake Agassiz, which occupied the valley of the Red River of the North, covering the central portion of Manitoba and extending a triangular projection far up into Minnesota and Dakota. This area of 100,000 square miles or more is covered to a great depth with the glacial sediment which collected over the bottom of this temporary lake, and is now, and is destined always to be, one of the most remarkable wheat-producing regions of the world.

The unrivaled richness of the Missouri valley, where it passes through South Dakota, Nebraska, Iowa, Kansas and Missouri, is due almost entirely to the "loess," which is principally the fine portion of the glacial grist deposited during the extreme floods which characterized the final melting of the ice-sheet from the northern part of the United States. In many places, as at Sioux City, Omaha, St. Joseph, Mo., this fine silt has accumulated upon the edges of the valley to a depth of more than 100 feet, and all along it is spread out on either side to a distance of 40 or 50 miles.

In Europe the glacial deposits play an equally prominent part in furnishing fertile soils for the agriculturist. All the lowlands of northern Germany and western Russia consist of glacial debris largely ground off from the mountains of Scandinavia, and spread out over the area to a depth of sometimes 100 feet or more. The extensive plains of black earth which cover southern Russia and have long been famous for their production of wheat, are covered with loess to a depth of 50 feet or more, precisely like that in the Missouri valley which has just been referred to. In the opinion of the Russian geologists this is a water deposit connected with the closing stages of the glacial period.

Anyone familiar with the dust storms on our western plains or on the borders of Mongolia will not be surprised to learn that some of the most eminent geologists believe that the great deposits of loess in China and even in our Missouri valley, were originally derived from the arid regions to the west from which the material has been brought by the winds. Whatever may be true as to the agency of water in finally distributing this rich soil into its present situation, it is in China most probably a slow accumulation of dust blown by the prevailing west winds from the vast plains of the desert of Gobi; while that in the Missouri valley has very likely come in a similar manner from the arid regions of the Rocky mountain plateau. Oftentimes on the borders of these regions the sun will be for a considerable time almost darkened by the dust that fills the air. Thus by various methods is nature able to transfer the richness which is superabundant in one region to other areas less generously provided, but otherwise more suitably adapted to the occupation of man.

# THE COLONEL FARRAR MYSTERY



## AUTHOR'S NOTE.

The material facts in this story of circumstantial evidence are drawn from an actual recorded case, only such change of names and local color being made as to remove them from the classification of legal reports to that of fiction. All the essential points of evidence, however, are retained.

THE Calf Skin club had assembled early for its weekly session and every member was in his accustomed place with Judge Grover in the chair. When the routine business was finished the chairman rose and said:

"We now will hear from Judge Stoakes who we trust has a story relative to circumstantial evidence. Judge Stoakes."

Judge Stoakes, a large man of dignified presence, whose silver hair alone bespoke his 70 years, rose and began:

"My story is of the troubled days in Missouri following upon the civil war, when factional rancor still ran high and the conqueror and the conquered lived together in outward amity but with secret suspicion. I had just hung up my shingle in a little town in the southern part of the state which had been the hot-bed of factional warfare, now captured by Lyon, now held by Price, and repeatedly preyed upon by the roving bands of irregulars of either side. Among the most noted leaders of these latter was Col. Jim Farrar. Among the northern sympathizers he was classed with Quarell and the Youngers, but when the struggle was over he settled down quietly in the little town of Chester, and his tall form, his flowing moustaches, his campaign hat and long coat became him as the costume did many another warrior of the lost cause.

"Col. Farrar's household consisted of but one daughter, 17 years of age, and of that rare type of beauty which so often crops out in an adventurous and warlike stock. Her name was Lucile and she soon set the heart of every young man in a flame. I myself fell at the first glance, and as I look back down the long stretch of years I can see the black hair, the rosy lips and the flashing eyes of Lucile Farrar as I watched her in silent adoration in the meeting house, upon the street or flying along on her pony which seemed as full of life and spirits as its fair rider.

"It was silent adoration upon the part of us all, for never a glance did the fair Lucile have for any of us. But when Melvin Lessure came to Chester it was different. Something in her woman's heart must have drawn her toward him, for all the indifference and all the scorn were gone and they gave themselves up willingly to a love that quickly ran the gamut from passing interest to passionate devotion.

"The very mention of a suitor for his daughter's hand was sufficient to send Col. Farrar into a rage terrible to witness. He noted the growing intimacy of Lucile and Lessure with jealous anger. But he could not watch her always, and many a time when he was away looking after the interests of his extensive plantation near the town we less fortunate youths saw Lessure strolling on long walks with the fair Lucile.

"Melvin Lessure inherited all the fiery impulsiveness of a long line of French ancestry and was not the youth to brook long this uncertain ante of his lovmaking. He had a big plantation several miles from Chester and had moved into town for the social advantages that looked large to us then. He was amply able to support matrimony in a style equal to the best in the community. He was handsome, studious and courtly in his manners and seemed to be eligible from any point of view. The local Madame Grundy could find no reason why Melvin Lessure and Lucile Farrar were not a perfectly matched couple.

"But the rock on which their happiness seemed destined to break was that of factional rancor. Col. Farrar was of the south unreconstructed and unreconstructable. Gaspard Lessure, Melvin's father, had cast his lot with the north and had died at his own doorway defending his property against the enemies of his adopted flag.

"Melvin Lessure was no match for Col. Jim in brawn or bluster, but he hesitated not to go to him with his suit, and the storm he provoked I give you as it was later reconstructed through the searchings of the law.

"'Never, by the Almighty, never!' roared the colonel. 'Before I would see my daughter married to one of the accursed assassins of my country I would slay her with my own hands. Get out of my sight and never dare to raise your eyes to a daughter of the Farrars.'



"Melvin Lessure stood with white face, clenched hands and gritted teeth while Lucile threw herself at her father's feet and weepingly begged and implored him to mitigate the harsh sentence. But he cast her rudely from him with a curse, and, turning to Lessure with murder in his eyes, said:

"'You dog! You want my daughter—you! Why, I shot your father down in cold blood because he differed with me politically. Do you think I'll do less for you for trying to rob me of my daughter?'

"'So it was you who killed my father,' returned Lessure in a voice beneath the quiet of which lay the tense fixedness of a stern, unbending resolve. 'Then, Col. Farrar, I tell you that I will have your daughter and I will avenge my father. Are you mine till death, Lucile?'

"'I am yours till death,' said the girl as she went over and placed her arm proudly about his neck.

"Very little was seen of Lessure in town after that and it was whispered that he was staying out on Es farm and keeping out of the irate colonel's way.

"About two weeks after his unsuccessful interview with Farrar, which was noised abroad as such things are in a small town, Lucile Farrar disappeared, and the tongue began to wag in earnest. When for a week she had not turned up the towns people, who had little love for Farrar at best, were ready to believe anything. His threat against his daughter was known and the bolder ones did not hesitate to whisper that he had put it into execution. These hints took form by degrees and at last a witness came forward who told of passing the colonel's house, situated on the edge of town, late at night, and of hearing low moans and pleadings.

"At last suspicion took such fierce root that the sheriff headed an investigating party. Col. Jim was away and they had free run of the premises.

"The search led to a cave in the side of the hill, once used as a cellar but long since abandoned. There they found torn pieces of a dress, a bloody hatchet and some tangled locks of black hair drenched with blood. The dress and the hair were easily identified as belonging to Lucile Farrar, the hatchet as the property of the colonel.

"When charged with the crime his knees tottered and he nearly fainted. He made no direct denial but moaned and cried like a child. During the trial that followed he seemed stunned and oblivious to what was going on.

"I will admit that the courts of to-day would be loath to accept so inadequate a corpus delicti, but our blood was hot in those times and it seems to me we hanged more than we do now. Service was had on Lessure and he testified to the facts of the quarrel and the threat. Upon this evidence and the prisoner's failure to deny they found their verdict of guilty and fixed upon the death penalty.

"As the day of execution approached Col. Farrar continued in a state of almost total insensibility. But when the sheriff came to read the death warrant he roused and raising his hand to heaven, said:

"'Before my maker I swear that I am guiltless of my child's death.'

"They led him to the scaffold and on the way he passed Melvin Lessure who was watching the scene like a bird fascinated by a snake. Col. Farrar requested the sheriff to stop, and



extending his hand to Lessure exclaimed: 'Young man, I have wronged you and I have no wish to leave this earth with the ill will of any man. I ask your forgiveness for standing between you and my poor child and for the death of your father which I believed to be in the line of duty toward my country.'

"Lessure trembled violently but did not reply or raise his eyes. The march to the scaffold continued. A deputy was forced to support the tottering form of Farrar while the sheriff adjusted the black cap. Then the sheriff stepped back and all was in readiness for the fatal word when Lessure sprang forward and cried in an agonized voice:

"'Stop! I alone am guilty—I alone!'

"The officers of the law called him forward and demanded an explanation. He declared that Lucile was not dead but that they had run off and been married and his wife was then living in concealment in St. Louis, for fear of the wrath of her father and until he could settle up his affairs and join her. But he had not divulged to

## BOTH STRENGTH AND BEAUTY

Proper Respiration Adds to Each, But Is Too Little Understood.

There will be fewer flat-chested women and much less nervous prostration when proper attention is given to breathing, says an exchange. As Delsarts has said, there should be "strength at the center, freedom at the surface," and this freedom is but acquired by learning to use one's lungs at will. By developing and enlarging them the thoracic cavity is increased, and upon the degree of this power depends expansion.

In order to control one's nerves one must learn to command one's involuntary muscles, which are diaphragm, the heart and the intestines. By breathing deeply and controlling one's breath, and so increasing one's lung capacity, the heart action is stimulated, and this supplies the nerve centers with fresh blood, and the nerves act upon the muscles and the brain upon the nerves and muscles.

In order not to have any waste of nerve force, the chest should be kept

her a plan which had formed in his brain to revenge himself upon her father both for his insulting words and for the death of his own parent. He had cut off a portion of her hair while she slept and dipped it in the blood of a lamb. He had also sprinkled blood over pieces of her dress. The hatchet was easily procured. These he had placed in the cave during one of Col. Farrar's numerous absences from the house and there also he had himself emitted the moans which had been heard. He would have carried his hellish plot through to the end but that the colonel's plea for forgiveness at the gallows unnerved him.

"This confession was made partly at the place of execution and partly afterward in the jail. As soon as it became clear that Lessure had an important statement to make the sheriff turned to the colonel to take the insignia of death from his head. Farrar, unobserved by all who were intent upon the words of Lessure, had sunk into a sitting posture. The sheriff stepped up to him and raised the black cap. He was dead.

"Lessure was immediately placed



under arrest. He blew his brains out in his cell that night with a pistol procured, no one knew how. Lucile went mad on hearing of the tragedy, and was confined some time in an asylum. She recovered and ended her days in a convent.

"That, gentlemen, is my story." There was a stirring of chairs and a general lighting of pipes which had been allowed to go out in the rapt attention that prevailed while Judge Stoakes was speaking, when Judge Grover arose and said:

"I believe I voice the sentiments of the club in extending thanks to Judge Stoakes."

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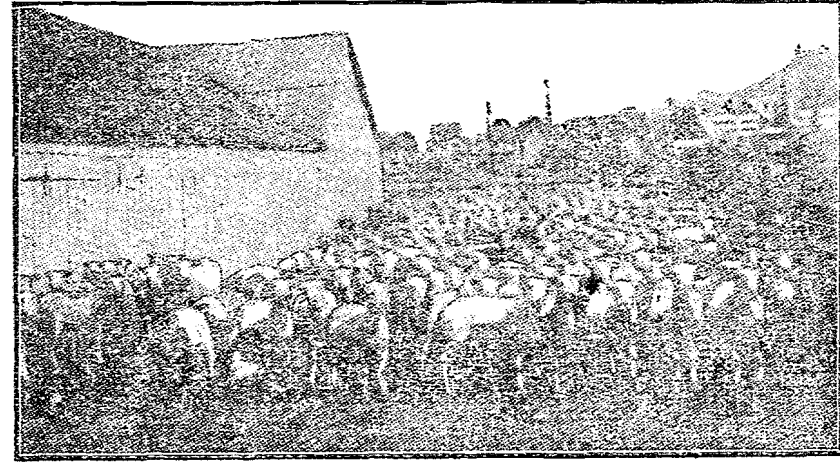
## PEA SILAGE FEEDING OF LAMBS IN WISCONSIN

Green Feed Will Eventually Cut a Wide Swath in Beef and Mutton Making As Result of Experiment at Waukesha.

Into the cavernous maw of a silo 70 feet in diameter and 43 feet in height a vast quantity of green feed can be tacked away. From such a silo a Waukesha county (Wis.) firm marketed during the past winter 9,000 fat western-bred lambs. As results in this case showed a profit of around \$11,000 better testimony as to the value of silage for lamb finishing purposes could not be desired. For the purpose of making comparisons the firm fed during the winter a smaller band of the same kind of lambs on hay and corn, and that operation barely paid expenses. The Waukesha feeding was largely of an experimental nature and was revolutionary in that the grain ration was reduced to a minimum and silage forced on the stock. Results were so convincing that the ration of last winter, practically one pound of grain per lamb per diem with an un-

lot, from the standpoint of economical production this experiment was satisfactory in every respect. The season's work may be summarized by the statement that lambs fed on hay and a heavy corn ration lost money; fed on silage and a limited grain ration profits were handsome. Corn used in this feeding cost 50 to 63 cents; screenings were worth \$16@17 per ton. Had last winter's ration of screenings, three pounds per day, been used the cost per head for grain would have been 2 1/2 cents. Corn cost but little over one cent per day. The feeders demonstrated, to their own satisfaction at least, that pea silage and corn constitutes a well-balanced ration.

Montana mountain-bred lambs were used, as the feeders consider them far superior to plains-bred stock. Every lamb was bought on the Chicago market and in dividing the two bands



Wisconsin Pea Silage-Fed Lambs Ready for Market.

limited quantity of silage, will be adopted by the firm as its standard. The feature of this feeding was the limited quantity of corn used.

In the previous year's work self-feeders were used and the lambs given all the screenings they could consume. This resulted in only limited consumption of silage, the lambs filling up on grain. Gains by this method were satisfactory, but cost was excessive and the feeders determined on a radical change. Hand-feeders were substituted and the stock practically forced to eat silage. A small quantity of corn

care was exercised to give each feed-lot an equal chance. The first feed began October 15 and ended December 14. The average weight going into the feed-lot was 71 pounds; at the stock yards on selling day 85 pounds. The 3,000 lambs, costing \$5@5.25 when put in, sold in one lot at \$7 after a 40-day feed on the silage and corn ration. The second feeding period was strung out during the winter, drafts being purchased at the Chicago market as opportunity offered. Investment prices ranged from \$5.25 to \$7.20 and sale prices of the finished stock from \$7 to \$8. They went in weighing 75 to 80 pounds. None weighed less than 90 pounds coming out and some reached 104 pounds. All of the second feeding were shorn and while the fat lambs were mainly disposed of before the spring rise in prices (otherwise financial results would have been greater) a booming wool market added materially to the profits. These lambs enjoyed popularity in killing circles. They dressed well and were regarded by buyers as fully up to the standard of lambs fed on hay and grain. The grain delegation brought no better prices than the silage-fed contingent. The grain-fed band consumed more than twice as much grain as the others.



Sheared and Ready to Kill.

was fed twice daily, the grain ration from beginning to the end of a feeding period of 60 to 70 days never exceeding 1 1/2 pounds per day and not averaging a pound. It was a mixture of corn and oilmeal, the proportion of the latter being limited to one-quarter pound per day. At the outset one-quarter of a pound of corn per head was used, this being gradually increased to the maximum. The previous season, when allowed all the screenings they could eat, the average consumption of grain was three pounds per head. While heavier gains have been made in the feed-

All this relates to pea, not corn silage, and the feed used in this instance was cannery waste. The experiment has determined the feeding value of pea silage in combination with a small corn ration. It indicates possibilities for a vast extension of cattle and sheep feeding in an area not regarded as within the corn belt proper, embracing Wisconsin, Michigan and Minnesota, where the pea crop thrives.

## VALUE OF SHEEP AND GOATS

Their Use in Clearing Brush Land for Cultivation.

Much has been said, written and done of late years regarding the great value of goats clearing brush land for cultivation or for the growth of permanent grass. It is true that goats are great browsers on brushy land and that they will soon clear such land of undesirable growth. However, they are to be recommended for this use only when all the brush and trees on the land are to be removed. If some of the trees are to remain for shade or timber purposes, the goats will bark many of them, causing the meither to die or to become deformed and almost unfit for use.

The writer has just visited a large estate in the hill land of Missouri, where the estate is being partially cleared for permanent blue grass pasture. Undesirable trees are cut out and the best trees of best timber value are left standing. Among the good trees on this land which are preserved for growth and future utility are the black locusts, which are widely known as an excellent timber for fence posts, telephone poles and railroad ties. The goats are not content to browse on the tender sprouts alone, but they persist in chewing the bark from the black locust trees and a number of other valuable trees so as to permanently injure them.

Sheep will keep down sprouts and weeds on cleared land almost as effectively as will goats, and they do not have the pernicious habit of trying to eat the large trees which may be left in the field. If the trees and other undesirable growth are cut out,

the sheep will eat off the young sprouts and the foliage, causing the sprouts and the roots of the original stumps to die, allowing intervening spaces among trees to catch in blue grass or other pasture grass. They will not eat the bark from standing trees of any considerable size.

## NUBBIN'G OF FARM NEWS.

J. C. Evans of Harlem, Kan., has a fine orchard of 200 persimmon trees. The fruit is about as large as a California plum and he finds a ready market for his product at Kansas City. The 200 trees yield an average income of about one dollar each year.

The large apple grown in the state of California was raised in Santa Clara county a number of years ago it weighed 234 pounds.

It is better to raise onions which yield on an average 100 to 125 bushels per acre, even if the price is 50 cents a bushel, than to raise ten-cent cotton.

Nearly one-third of the coal mined in the United States, speaking in round numbers, is burned, not in home factories, but by the locomotive.

It is estimated that through improper methods in the milk and cream a loss of 100,000 results annually.

This country consumed 1,300,000 pounds of tea last year and Japan imported 14 per cent less than ten years ago.

## Mending Roofs.

A roof covered with paper or felt can be quickly mended with coal tar. Paint over thickly with warm tar, then lay on a piece of fresh roofing paper, which should be fastened at the edges with roofing brads; then paint some more tar over the patch and over the edges, making a neat waterproof patch which will last as long as the rest of the roof.

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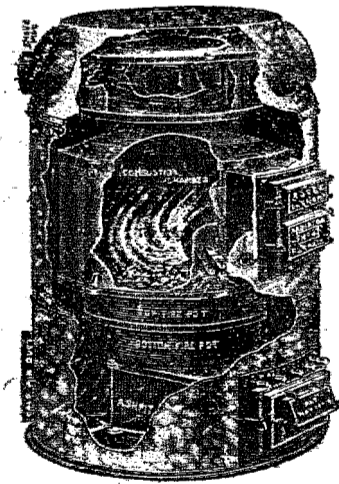
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## Percy Pierpont's Ordeal

By Tom Masson

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It never occurred to Percy Pierpont when he fell so desperately in love with the beautiful Lucille Buxton that among the many specialties of her father's large importing business was that of camel's hair.

Indeed, if such a thing had occurred to Percy at the time, it would probably have made no difference. He loved Lucille with a passionate fervor that no material interest seemed to affect. Perhaps it was true that because of his delicate, almost ethereal, physique he seemed to be capable of higher flights of love. And perhaps, also, because Lucille herself was extremely practical, she loved Percy more than if he were more robust, for there was about her feeling for him something of a motherly instinct.

When the happy pair announced themselves as having formed what no one doubted would be a permanent conjugal combination everyone was delighted—that is, everyone except Lucille's father.

"My dear," he said to Lucille, "your choice reflects honor upon you. Percy is, I believe, a virtuous and highly desirable young man. But there is one thing that makes me anxious. He is delicate. He needs attention. See if you can't build him up in some way. Then all will be well."

Lucille's practical and maternal nature responded at once to the suggestion. While possessing the utmost refinement herself, she was not the girl to let anything stand in the way of administering to one she loved so dearly. And so, one evening, as they

certain way it is spoiled. Didn't you think it was nice and fluffy?"

Percy leaned up against the wall as hard as he could.

"Yes, darling—fluffy," he replied. "But it seemed to be a trifle—irritating."

Lucille clapped her hands in glee. "Splendid!" she exclaimed. "Just the effect you want. It makes you ruddy—and strong—and robust."

"Don't you think, dear," said Percy as he flung himself on a divan, "it might be sheared down just a trifle—that is, until I got accustomed to it?"

"Oh, no! Why, that's what it's made that way for. Come, let us sit down on the sofa together."

Percy's arm stole around her waist. He hugged her fiercely. Lucille beamed.

"Do you know," she said, "I believe you are getting stronger already."

Her lover sprang to his feet and brandished his arms savagely in the air. He began to dance around.

"Of course I am," he cried. "See how I can skip." He rubbed himself angrily and surreptitiously on the mantel.

"By the war, dear," he said, "would you mind getting me a glass of water?"

"I'll ring for it," said Lucille.

Her desperate lover confronted her. He pointed to the door.

"No," he cried. "If you love me, you must go and get it. Leave me, I implore you."

"How strange!" she replied. "Why should I leave you? You have never made such a request before."

He sank on his knees.

"Darling," he muttered, "it's all right. I love you—but it is absolutely necessary that I—"

"Well, sir, what?"

"If you must know—I've got to scratch!"

Lucille drew herself up to her full height, her face filled with scorn.

"Leave the house, sir," she exclaimed peremptorily.

And Percy did not wait. He darted out of the room.

An hour later he was back again, bearing in his arms a neat package tied with blue ribbon. His face was more calm. Lucille met him at the door.

The sight of his face was too much for her. She experienced an intensity of reaction. With passionate fervor she threw herself into his arms.

"Dearest," she said, "I understand it all. Will you forgive me?"

And Percy, as he kissed her contentedly, replied:

"Yes, dear. I have suffered, indeed, for your sake. And now I want you to promise that never again will you allow any camel's hair to come between us."

## TRAPS HER LITERARY LIONS.

The Telephone Used by One Hostess as Means of Obtaining Guest for Luncheon.

The hostess loved to have the sort of guests that she described as "men that did something," and her specialty was literary toilers. They seemed to her mind to represent more real activity than any other occupation, although she was not averse to an occasional singer or piano pounder.

It was a devoted friend who used to gather the literary big bugs for her. This was the somewhat disingenuous way that he did it.

He used to call up on the telephone one celebrity who happened to be in town at the time and invite him to luncheon without mentioning the name of the lady. Even literary lions occasionally object to entering, although under the chaperonage of friends, the homes of persons they have never met.

"All right," the literary friend of the hostess would say over the telephone when the invitation was accepted. "Then I'll expect you at one. Don't forget the number." Then followed a perfectly unintelligible lot of sounds, which were in reality the name of the hostess, so mispronounced by the speaker that the guest had no idea where he was really going. "Be there at 1. Bark Swain and Don Box, Jr., will also be on hand."

"I went there," said one lion who accepted such an invitation over the telephone, "and found myself in a beautiful house with servants in livery and an air of great wealth and taste about everything. I supposed I was in a club, but wondered how a club could be so unusual."

"I found in the drawing room two friends and the gnetleman who had invited me. The other two men did not seem to know any more about the house than I did."

"When the hostess came in, very beautifully dressed and very delightful to talk to, they were introduced to her just as I was. We had a very good time, but none of us three had ever met the lady before."

So it is not difficult to have a reputation for literary luncheons when one has a friend who can collect the guests so easily, even if they are not sure just where they are going.—Washington Post.

The pedigree of some Arab horses may be traced back for 2,000 years.



"It is Nothing, Dear," He Muttered.

sat together in that unclouded bliss that all lovers experience at times, she turned to him suddenly with her eyes beaming with solicitude.

"Percy, dear," she said, "I've got something for you, and I want you to try it. You know you are inclined to be delicate, and I must see that you are well taken care of."

"Certainly, darling," replied Percy, his eyes beaming with love. "I will do anything you say."

Lucille left the room, and in a moment triumphantly returned, bearing a medium-sized package that she had tied with blue ribbons.

"Here, dear," she said with a slight blush, "is a suit of genuine imported camel's-hair underclothing. Papa guarantees it. It will keep you warm and protect you from the wind. I want you to wear it for my sake. Now you mustn't stay any longer, dear, for the night air isn't good for you, but come to-morrow evening."

Percy quailed slightly before the ardent gaze of his loved one. He had never worn camel's-hair underwear in his life, but he had a dim idea that it wasn't exactly the thing for him.

He promised to try it, however, and carried the precious bundle home with some misgivings.

The next evening at the appointed hour Percy presented himself at the Buxton mansion and, as usual, was shown into the secluded little back parlor. Lucille came down to greet him at once. His face was pale but determined.

"Is it all right?" she asked anxiously.

Percy twitched somewhat uneasily. "Yes, darling. I did as you said."

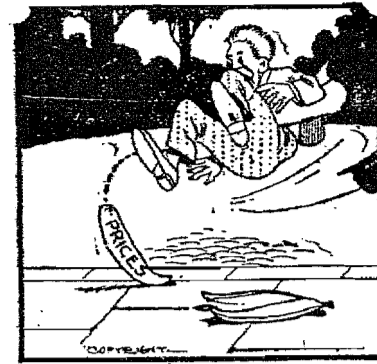
"Oh, I am so glad. Now you will be well and strong. What is the matter, darling? You do not seem quite like yourself."

Percy stood up suddenly and then sat down again.

"It is nothing, dear," he muttered. "Only—I suppose it is new. Perhaps, after all, I should have—"

"Oh, no, not at all," expostulated Lucille. "It is just right as it is. You see, dear, it seems strange at first because you are not used to it. And, you know, unless it is washed in a

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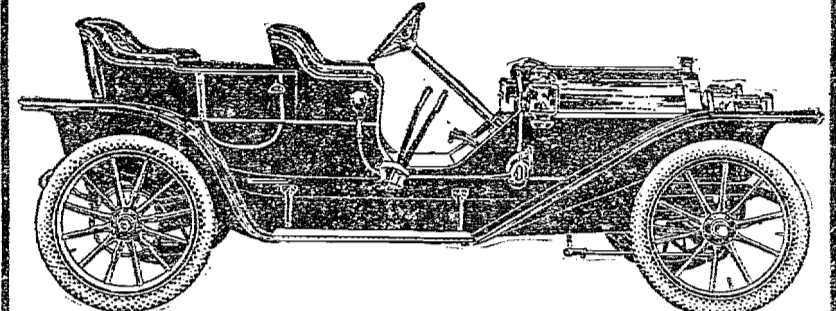
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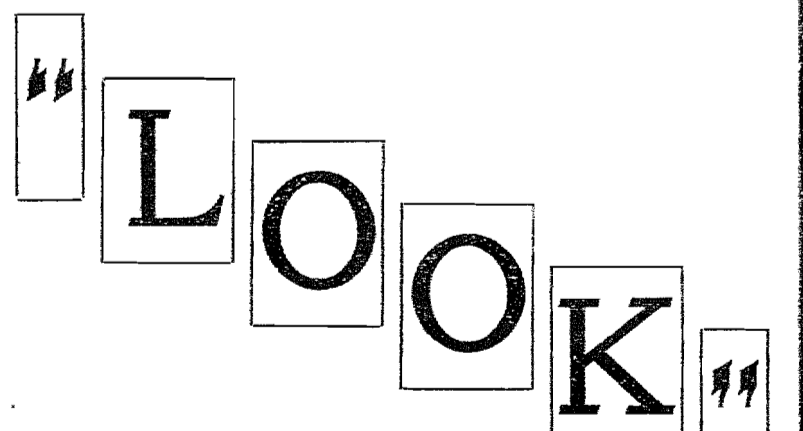
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