

The Florence Tribune

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No. 5

SCHOOL BOARD HOLDS MEETING

Board of Education Presents to the Public its Annual Reports and Shows How They Have Administered Affairs For the People. John Simpson is Re-elected While Robert Golding Succeeds J. A. Holtzman, Who Retires After Three Years' Work.

As an evidence that the Tribune is read in Florence the attendance at the annual meeting of the school board at the city hall Monday was as good an example as could be had. Last week we had an editorial on the school board election, deploring the lack of interest by the taxpayers. Last year there were 36 votes cast while this year nearly 100 people attended the meeting and it must have made the board feel good to see the turnout.

M. B. Parks, the treasurer, made the following annual report:

BUILDING FUND	
Receipts	
Jan. 13, 1909, from state treasurer for sale of bonds for building	\$20,000
Expenditures	
March, J. Jeffrey Davey Architect	\$ 300.00
April 10, J. A. Green hauling brick	76.81
April 12, Gazette Pub. Co. adv.	10.00
April 22, J. Jeffrey Davey	170.00
April 26, Chris Stiert, brick	\$10.00
June 11, N. Armstrong, contr.	1,500.00
June 11, McCoy & Olmsted, attorneys	103.70
	\$2,670.91
Cash Bal on hand	\$17,029.03
Total	\$20,000.00
GENERAL FUND	
Receipts	
July 1, 1908, Bal in bank	\$ 36.65
1908-1909, rec'd from county treasurer	7,848.42
1908-1909, rec'd from city treasurer	2,000.00
1908-1909, rec'd from misc.	99.55
Total	\$9,984.62
Expenditures	
July 1, 1908, warrants outstanding	\$1,467.40
Warrants 1 to 25	688.03
Warrants 26 to 50	1,039.39
Warrants 51 to 75	1,271.31
Warrants 76 to 100	1,022.81
Warrants 101 to 125	1,440.53
Warrants 126 to 150	1,109.64
Warrants 151 to 180	1,268.07
Warrants 181 to 192	637.50
Warrants 193, 204, 221, 233, 235, 237, 248	28.85
Total	\$9,989.61
Bal. in bank	15.01
Total	\$9,984.62
Registered warrants unpaid.	
193 to 192	\$ 244.96
201 to 203 and 205 to 216	779.90
218 to 232	870.33
234, 236, 238 to 247, 249 250	423.77
Total	\$2,319.96
Cash in hands of co. treas.	\$3,339.55
This will leave cash on hand after all bills and warrants are paid \$1,035.60, a mighty good showing for the school board on a 25 mill levy.	

This year the board will have a levy of 25 mills again, that amount having been voted Monday, but the board will have to do some close figuring this year owing to the sale of bonds being made so late that no provision could be made at the election last fall for the levy to pay for the first two \$1,000 coupons or \$2,000 due the first of January, 1910, consequently these coupons, together with interest, will have to be paid out of general fund, leaving the board short just that much for other work.

A commendable piece of financing on the part of the board was the issuing of the \$20,000 bonds voted by the people in coupons of \$2,000 a year thus making a big saving in interest. The last issue of bonds, \$15,000, just taken up, bore interest for the full amount for the full time.

Another clever piece of work on the part of past boards was in the erection of the old school. The building was erected by the sale of bonds, but only the four rooms on the first floor were provided for. Since then out of the general fund the board finished off and fixed as well as maintained the upper floor and practically rebuilt the lower floor. The only need of bonds being for the heating plant at an approximate cost of \$1,300.

J. A. Holtzman, for three years a member, of which two was as secretary, retired from the board Monday, refusing to again run owing to other business.

The election resulted as follows: John Simpson, 68; Robert A. Golding, 72; W. R. Wall, 14; F. M. King, 12. Twenty-five mill levy, 63. — Total vote, 84.

WILL CELEBRATE THE FOURTH

The Modern Woodmen Lodge Takes Up the Celebration and Offers Big Prize List for Events.

The Modern Woodmen lodge has taken up the celebration of the Fourth of July, and the following committees, with F. S. Tucker as chairman of the whole, M. B. Thompson secretary, and J. F. Fox treasurer will have charge:

Printing—F. S. Tucker, W. K. Hollett.
Program—L. F. Jensen, Jas. Brinkman, W. K. Hollett, F. S. Tucker.
Concessions—Geo. Foster, L. F. Jensen, E. Taylor.

Baseball—R. P. Craig, S. Jensen, Scott Leach, Bud Taylor, Walter Sorenson, Glen Morgan.
Races—Jno. Simpson, F. S. Tucker, T. Miller.

They offer \$500 in prizes for the different events, and a special prize for the best drilled M. W. A. team. There will be dancing Saturday afternoon and evening and Monday afternoon and evening, ball games Saturday afternoon, Sunday morning and afternoon and Monday afternoon, besides races, games, and athletic events of every kind.

A brass band has been engaged. Among other attractions will be boxing, wrestling, races of all descriptions, and athletic events of every kind, with a big parade to start off the festivities.

A big crowd will be present all three days.

The following is the program.

Saturday, July 3rd.
1:30 p. m., music by the band.
2:00 p. m., parade by M. W. A. and other lodges.
2:30 p. m., free for all running race for ponies.
3:00 p. m., foot races 100 yards.
3:30 p. m., ball games
7:30 p. m., dance at Pascale's Hall by drill team.

Sunday, July 4th.

9:30 a. m., fat men's race.
10 a. m., ball game, Florence Camp M. W. A. vs. Magnolia Camp M. W. A. Two big ball games in the afternoon.

Monday, July 5th.

10 a. m., music by the Blair Concert band.
10:30 a. m., parade by the combined lodges M. W. A., Eagles, Odd Fellows and others.

11 a. m., speaking in park by prominent speakers.
12, basket dinner in park.
1 p. m., music by Blair Concert band.

1:30 p. m., prize drill by M. W. A. teams.
2:00 p. m., matched pacing race for \$50 prize.
2:30 p. m., foot races, sack races, potato race, ladies races, etc.
3 p. m., two big ball games.

CONTRACTS LET FOR GRADING

County Commissioners Award the Contract for Grading River and Ponca Roads to J. W. Williams.

The board of county commissioners in meeting Saturday opened bids for the grading of the river road above Florence from a point just south of Pries lake to the Ponca creek bridge. Ten thousand yards will have to be filled here. J. W. Williams was the lowest bidder for the work, offering \$1.194 the yard.

Williams was also the lowest bidder for another grading job, that of moving 10,000 yards of earth on the Ponca road from the Ponca creek bridge to the Calhoun road. His bid on this was \$1.74.

The county commissioners also agreed to pay for a strip of paving twelve feet wide of brick if the city saw fit to pave Main street. This will cost about \$10,000.

THE PIANO VOTE.

8,250 votes were cast this week in the piano contest, as follows:

Agnes Shipley..... 1,000
Emma Bergelt..... 7,250

This makes the standing of the contestants as follows:
Vera Keaton..... 53,870
Emma Bergelt..... 47,455
Agnes Shipley..... 38,180
Jennie Peterson..... 5,770
Edith Raymond..... 4,550
Norma Morgan..... 2,875
Helen Holtzman..... 2,125
Hazel Nelson..... 1,900

The next count will take place on Saturday evening which will be posted in McClure's window. Then on Monday the votes will be counted every hour or so and posted in the window, and at 6 o'clock the contest will close and the piano awarded to the girl having the highest vote.

Remember, 500 votes for each subscription at \$1.00; 5,000 for each 5-year subscription at \$5.

FAME COMES TO LOCAL BOY

The Spot-Light of Fame Singling Out One by One the Florence Boys to Show the World the Kind of Stuff They Are Made of. Plenty More Material Here for the World to Applaud.

Another Florence boy has leaped into the spotlight of fame.

This time it is in the world of baseball, that grandest, greatest of American games, that the light picks him out.

The last time the light picked out a Florence boy it was in music, now in baseball. Next in—

A number of years ago there was in this city a young boy of 17 named Robert Bescher, better known as "Bob." He worked on one of John Lubold's farms and was a quiet, manly fellow, the last one that a person would pick out as a future celebrity.

But listen to what the Cincinnati Times-Star has to say of him under a big two-column head:

WOULD GIVE \$10,000 FOR BESCHER'S WING.

Throwing Ability of Reds' left Fielder Appeals to Pitcher McQuillen of the Phillies, Who Would Part With Fortune to Posses Such a Catapult.

Manager Murray of the Quaker Team Takes Wholesale Wallop at Yarns Going the Rounds Concerning His Team, Refusing to O. K. Even One of Them.

Griffith Not Concerned About the Non-Arrival of Catcher Clark, as He Has Two Backstops in Prime Condition and Can Command Clark at One Day's Notice.

BY C. H. ZUBER.

Ten thousand dollars for a left arm. That's what Bill McQuillen, the clever heaver of the Phillies, would give for the strength that seems stored away in the heaving wing of Bob Bescher, the Reds' left fielder.

McQuillen hasn't seen "Big Bob" perform much, but what he has seen of him convinces him that the chubby athlete from London is there with a catapult that would make the fortune of any twirler, provided the other pitching stunts could go with it.

"With what I know about pitching and an arm like Bescher's to work it out, I believe I could drive any of these limelight guys—the Mathewsons, Browns and Mullins of the business—back into a shadow. Lord, what a wing that boy has. In my short career in the big league I have seen some classy heaving, but I've never seen the equal of that throw he made on Grant's triple in the sixth inning of Wednesday's game. Not only was it right to the spot, but it came along like a lightning express. Ten thousand dollars wouldn't be an exorbitant price for an arm like that."

The Philadelphia pitchers think they have discovered Bescher's "weakness" in hitting, but as he secured a single off Moren in Wednesday's game, and hit the ball hard on one or two other occasions, the "weakness" thing doesn't sound good. Fact is that Bescher has been hitting everybody and everything that has come across his path lately, indicating that his "weakness" is not being able to get to bat oftener than once every ninth man.

\$10,000 for an arm. And this arm was developed into its present muscular state by its first training in farm work around Florence.

There's many a young man around here to-day developing that kind of an arm but grumbling at the task.

It is only by a willingness, a cheerfulness and a determination to do that one is able to rise above the level of his fellowmen.

There's many a boy or girl, for that matter, living near here who has it in him to reach the spot light of fame, but it takes work, hard work, and determination to do it.

Who will be the next? The Tribune has more in sight that are nearing the light and will tell its readers of them as fast as they reach the goal.

TRUE ENOUGH.

Any fool can find fault with an ad. Few men can tell what will really improve it.

Some men fail to derive any benefit from a good thing simply because they fail to advertise it.

Advertisements written in plain Anglo-Saxon words that every one knows the meaning of, are the best result bringers.

HOME, HOME, SWEET HOME

Nothing So Pleasing and Satisfying in This Good Old World of Ours as a Home in Florence, the Best City to Live in All the Country and Where the Best of People Live and Make Money on Their Investments.

There is nothing so satisfactory in this life as the sweet pleasure of owning your own home—especially if that home is in Florence.

The following letter was received by a real estate firm recently and came unsolicited, but simply as the writer expressed it, "to relieve my own mind and to set a warning post in the footsteps of unthinking young wives and mothers":

"I was married from my parents' farmhouse, over which, as long as I could remember, had hung the shadow of a mortgage. So when my husband introduced me to a pretty rented cottage in a small railroad city, I was charmed. No mortgage to meet! A few dollars to pay each month to our landlord, who must make the repairs!

"In time I found that repairs were seldom forthcoming, but as they were few and simple, we made them ourselves, my husband putting up a shelf or adding a cupboard, any little thing I wanted, when he came in from his run. I planted flowers and shrubs, but at the end of three years we moved to another railroad headquarters where my husband had a better position. Again we paid rent and made repairs and beautified a place, only to move.

"When our changes became more frequent I lost interest in beautifying a home. But whenever I suggested to my husband that we buy, he said it was foolish for a railroad man, subject to orders, to invest in a home. Now I realize that if we had owned a home we would not have gone from town to town, for what we gained in salary we lost in moving, and in the wear and tear on furniture. And our children lost by moving from school to school.

"Lately I have realized this more keenly than ever. We have moved back to the town where we lived during our honeymoon. Right across the street from us lives a family who bought when we first rented. They own the same house today, but greatly improved and changed. Every time they had a new window put in, a porch added, a wing built, it meant added comfort to them, a better value on the property. The rose bushes we planted together have climbed up to the roof of their side porch. Their garden cuts their living into a fraction of what we spend."

That hits the mark and should give food for thought to those who do not own their homes.

That "money makes money" is a saying as old as the hills. "If I only had some money I'd soon be rich," we frequently hear people say. And in passing I might remark that the people who say this are the ones who seldom get rich.

Hundreds of opportunities are offered to the right people every day. There is always some new tract being opened where farming can be profitably carried on. Profitable real estate is waiting to be grabbed up every day. Every town and hamlet in the land is waiting for the right man to open up the right business. And every time this happens countless hundreds say, "How wonderful," and as many others say: "If only I had happened to have had the money I could have done the same thing."

And the moral of it all is—Have the money. Thrift is the foundation of every fortune. A study of the facts prove beyond a doubt that the most successful investors are the rich men. This is principally because they are also the most careful—the most conservative investors. They started their fortunes by thrift—by careful saving. The careful habits acquired when pennies look like dollars stick all through life and prove of inestimable value when the pennies have become dollars. Of course, it is true, that not every thrifty man becomes rich. There is not enough money to go around, but it is equally true that the thrifty man makes the best investor because he is a careful man. No careless man ever makes a good investor. Hundreds have made tidy fortunes by buying land, borrowing money to build, and selling at a profit. Hundreds have also lost their all in the same process. The thrifty succeeded; the others did not. The thrifty bought land at the right place and at the right price. The others bought out of the path of the city's growth, or else they allowed their purchase to cost so much that they never were able to get out of it all they put in.

I knew a farmer in my younger days—two of them, in fact. The first one bought a farm near a good market. He paid a good price for it; made a substantial payment and provided for the balance with a mortgage. He never succeeded. Things went from bad to worse and his farm was finally sold to satisfy his creditors. He lost his all.

(Continued on page 4, col. 2.)

FIGURES ON COST OF PAVING

Estimate by the City Engineer of the Cost of Paving Main Street as Disclosed by the Bids, and the Action of the Street Car Company, and County Commissioners. How Much Each Lot Will Be Taxed.

Owing to the misrepresentation of the cost of the paving and the villification of the characters of the city officials, The Tribune prints this week an estimate of the cost per lot of paving Main street, based on the bids before the council and the action of the directors of the street car company, and county commissioners, in standing their share of the cost. The following statement is sufficiently clear to need no comment.

This paper, so far, has not taken either side of the paving question, simply giving the news as it arose, but now we come out flat-footed in favor of the paving.

In the petition sent to the council appeared a great number of names of men whom we have since interviewed and we can safely say, without fear of contradiction, that over one-half of those who signed that protest are now in favor of the paving. They have told us so, and said they signed the protest because it was misrepresented to them. A local sheet also hints that there is grafting in this paving deal.

Right here we want to say we will pay \$25.00 to any one furnishing us with any information that can be verified of any one, whether a city official or not, that is grafting. There is no more deadly foe to civilization than grafting and we will fight it to the last ditch, even when people accept money under pretense that they will give away a piano and then repudiate their contract.

The paving of Main street from Jackson street to the Cemetery road is going to be done and should be done and those who receive benefit therefrom should pay for the same.

A little information regarding cost of improving Main street from south line to Briggs street to the south line of Jackson street, based on one of the brick block bids, on Purrington or Coffeyville blocks, under the specifications on file with the city clerk, the same require a repressed vitrified paving brick, blocks to not show a loss to exceed 13 per cent. City Engineer Reynolds made a test of the various brick and blocks submitted as samples at the time bids were received. The following is the result of tests made, Coffeyville block being the only one that stood the test:

Nebraska City (brick), not repressed, average of two tests, 23.9 per cent loss.

Coffeyville (block), repressed, average of two tests, 15.4 per cent loss.

Humboldt (brick), repressed, average of two tests, 53.7 per cent loss.

The total yards of pavement approximately is as follows: 31,655 square yards, including street car tracks. The street railway proportion will be approximately 3,390 square yards, leaving a balance of 28,265 square yards to be paid by the property holders.

At the price bid per square yard of \$2.18, which includes cement grout filler and other incidentals such as curbing, sewer inlets, drain pipe, etc., deducting \$10,000.00 for the county's proportion, which they have agreed to pay, will make the total cost of said improvement to the property owners of \$45,818.74. If the property owners abutting on Main street were to pay 50 per cent of the cost of said improvement, according to benefits, it would leave a balance of \$22,909.37 to be paid by property not on said pavement.

Approximately the cost of said improvement to property owners on Main street will be about \$204.55 for each 66 foot lot.

The balance of \$22,909.37 to be divided between 3,890 lots not on Main street, the same to be assessed according to the benefits derived. If divided equally the cost per lot would be \$5.89.

The following by the city engineer needs no comment, as it is very explicit:

Brick block paving specifications from one of the bids opened by the city council of Florence, Neb., June 14th, 1909. This bid being according to the specifications: Cost of improving Main street, from the south line of Briggs street to the south line of Jackson street.

Total square yards of pavement, 31,655 yds.; street railway company's proportion, 3,390 yds.; city's proportion, 28,265 yds. @ \$2.18..... \$50,717.70

County's proportion..... 10,000.00

Cost of paving to property owners..... \$40,717.70

5.23 ft. of curb @ 48c per ft. 4,187.04

12 inlets @ \$13 each..... 156.00

FLORENCE WOMEN ARRESTED

Because They Refuse to Allow Officers in Their House at Midnight They Are Charged With Resisting Officers.

Mrs. Jennie Florine and her daughter, Grace, were arrested last Friday by United States officers.

The two ladies were alone in the house when the officers, about 11 o'clock at night, awakened them saying they were giving shelter to a man wanted by the officers. The women refused admittance to them until daylight and the officers left, coming back Saturday and arresting them. They were bound over by United States Commissioner Anderson in bail of \$500 for appearance before the next federal grand jury. The charge is resisting federal officers.

The witnesses were A. L. Shipley and A. Marr, police officers of Florence, secret service officer H. B. Mills and deputy marshal J. B. Nickerson, who appeared for the prosecution. The only witnesses for the defense were the accused women. The women emphatically denied they had used profane language or that they had threatened the officers with pistols, claiming that they did not have a pistol in the house. They thought the officers were burglars, so they said.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

The Nebraska Securities company, which has taken over the Independent Telephone company, say they will start work at once on the Florence exchange.

The Independent telephone people have two carloads of material on the tracks and will start work on the Florence branch next week and promise to give service by August 15 or September 1 at the latest.

Wilbur Nichols and O. R. Wilson are making big preparations for the dance they will give Monday evening at Pascale's hall. Electric fans will help keep the temperature down and an orchestra will furnish the music.

Emory, the photographer, will open up a photograph gallery in Florence Sunday. The work in this line is reputed to be as good as the best and we are glad to welcome to our city another business firm and hope he will get the patronage of our people.

The Ladies' Aid society and Missionary society of the Presbyterian church met with Mrs. C. A. Briggs Wednesday afternoon. They will meet a week from Wednesday with Mrs. James Kindred, when Mrs. Melroy will lead the meeting.

Miss Ethel Herskinds entertained at dinner last Saturday evening Messrs. Axel Lund, Amos Cottner, Charles Cottner, Arnold Herskinds, Martin Herskinds, and Misses Emma Lund, Anna Moore, Lula Filhousen, Sophia Rothman and Ethel Herskinds.

The officers elect of the Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian church held a business meeting and were very pleasantly entertained at the home of the president, Miss Sophia Anderson, Monday evening. At the close of the business session dainty refreshments were served. Messrs. Amos, Cottrell and Phineas Nelson gave some delightful music. The officers are as follows: Sophia Anderson, president; Amos Cottrell, vice president; Agnes Shipley, secretary; Mabel Anderson, treasurer; Prudence Tracy, corresponding secretary; Frances Thompson, chairman Devotional Committee; Miss Sidner, chairman Social Committee; Grace Thompson, chairman Lookout Committee; Prudence Tracy, chairman Missionary Committee.

Drain tile approximately..... 758.00

Total cost of improvement to property owners..... \$45,818.74

If the abutting property owners were to pay 50 per cent or \$22,909.37 or \$204.55 per lot for said improvement, the balance, \$22,909.37 to be divided equally between the remaining 3,890 lots, each would be taxed \$5.89.

Approximate estimate made by F. H. REYNOLDS.

City Engineer.

There is one point we would like to emphasize and that is the necessity of the council requiring the contractor to get busy at once and to rush the job to completion so we can have the benefit of its use this year.

In a recent interview Mr. Wall said: "Florence has now reached a point where modern improvements must be had, such as paving and guttering the streets. Florence has the best sidewalks of any city its size in the state, therefore the paving and guttering of part of the streets must come, also the sewer, as it is a suburb of Omaha, and the class of people that are investing their money must and will have facilities for making a modern city, therefore let all people that are interested in the welfare of the city help to get the improvements which will do a world of good and discommodate but a very few."

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 loading 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 buried. McCloud prepared to face the situation. President Bucks notified Smith that he had worked ahead. McCloud worked for days and finally got the division running in fairly good order. He overheard Dickie criticizing his methods, to Marion Sinclair.

CHAPTER IX.

Sweeping Orders.

The burning of Smoky Creek bridge was hardly of the minds of the mountain men when a disaster of a different sort befell the division. In the Rat valley east of Sleepy Cat the main line springs between two ranges of hills with a dip and a long supported grade in each direction. At the point of the dip there is a switch from which a spur runs to a granite quarry. The track for two miles is straight and the switch-target and lights are seen easily from either direction save at one particular moment of the day—a moment which is in the valley neither quite day nor quite night. Down this grade, a few weeks after the Smoky Creek fire, came a double-headed stock train from the Short Line with 40 cars of steers. The switch stood open; this much was afterward abundantly proved. The train came down the grade very fast to gain speed for the hill ahead of it. The head engine man, too late, saw the open target. He applied the emergency air, threw his engine over, and whistled the alarm. The mightiest efforts of a dozen engines would have been powerless to check the heavy train. On the quarry track stood three flat cars loaded with granite blocks for the abutment of the new Smoky Creek bridge. On a sanded track, rolling at 30 miles an hour and screaming in the clutches of the burning brakes, the heavy engines struck the switch like an avalanche, reared upon the granite-laden flats, and with 40 loads of cattle plunged into the canyon below; not a car remained on the rails. The head brakeman, riding in the second cab, was instantly killed, and the engine crews, who jumped, were badly hurt.

The whole operating department of the road was stirred. What made the affair more dreadful was that it had occurred on the time of Number Six, the east-bound passenger train, held that morning at Sleepy Cat by an engine failure. Glover came to look into the matter. The testimony of all tended to one conclusion—that the quarry switch had been thrown at some time between 4:30 and 5 o'clock that morning. Inferences were many: Tramps during the early summer had been unusually troublesome and many of them had been rigorously handled; tramps; robbery might have been a motive, as the express cars on train Number Six carried heavy specie shipments from the coast.

A third and more exciting event soon put the quarry wreck into the background. Ten days afterward an east-bound passenger train was flagged in the night at Sugar Buttes, 12 miles west of Sleepy Cat. When the heavy train slowed up, two men boarded the engine and with pistols compelled the engine man to cut off the express cars and pull them to the water-tank a mile east of the station. Three men there in waiting forced the express car, blew open the safe, and the gang rode away half an hour later loaded with gold coin and currency.

Had a stick of dynamite been exploded under the Wickiup there could not have been more excitement at Medicine Bend. Within three hours after the news reached the town a posse under Sheriff Van Horn, with a car load of horseflesh and 14 guns, was started for Sugar Buttes. The trail led north and the pursuers rode until nearly nightfall. They crossed Dutch flat and rode single file into a wooded canyon, where they came upon traces of a camp-fire. Van Horn, leading, jumped from his horse and thrust his hand into the ashes; they were still warm, and he shouted to his men to ride up. As he called out, a rifle cracked from the box-elder trees ahead of him. The sheriff fell, shot through the head, and a deputy springing from his saddle to pick him up was shot in precisely the same way; the posse, thrown into a panic, did not fire a single shot, and for an hour dared not ride back for the bodies. After dark they got the two dead men and at midnight rode with them into Sleepy Cat.

When the news reached McCloud he was talking with Bucks over the wires. Bucks had got into headquarters at

the river late that night, and was getting details from McCloud of the Sugar Buttes robbery when the superintendent sent him the news of the killing of Van Horn and the deputy. In the answer that Bucks sent came a name new to the wires of the mountain division and rarely seen even in special correspondence, but Hughie Morrison, who took the message, never forgot that name. Hughie handed the message to McCloud and stood by while the superintendent read.

Whispering Smith is due in Cheyenne to-morrow. Meet him at the Wickiup Sunday morning; he has full authority. I have told him to get these fellows, if it takes all the money in the treasury, and not to stop till he cleans them out of the Rocky Mountains. J. S. B.

CHAPTER X.

At the Three Horses.

"Clean him out of the Rocky mountains; that is a pretty good contract," mused the man in McCloud's office on Sunday morning. He sat opposite McCloud in Bucks' old easy chair and held in his hand Bucks' telegram. As he spoke he raised his eyebrows and settled back, but the unusual depth of the chair and the shortness of his legs left his chin helpless in his black tie, so that he was really no better off except that he had changed one position of discomfort for another.

A clerk opened the outer office door. "Mr. Dancing asks if he can see you, Mr. McCloud."

"Tell him I am busy," Bill Dancing, close on the clerk's heels, spoke for himself. "I know it, Mr. McCloud, I know it!" he interposed, urgently, "but let me speak to you just a moment." Hat in hand, Bill, because no one would knock him down to keep him out, pushed into the room. "I've got a plan," he urged, "in regard to getting these hold-ups."

"How are you, Bill?" exclaimed the man in the easy chair, jumping hastily to his feet and shaking Dancing's hand. Then quite as hastily he sat down, crossed his knees violently, stared at the giant line man, and exclaimed: "Let's have it!"

Dancing looked at him in silence and with some contempt. The train-master had broken in on the superintendent for a moment and the two were conferring in an undertone. "What might your name be, mister?" growled Dancing, addressing with some condescension the man in the easy chair.

The man waved his hand as if it were immaterial and answered with a single word: "Forgotten!"

"How's that?"

"Forgotten!"

Dancing looked from one man to the other, but McCloud appeared preoccupied and his visitor seemed wholly serious. "I don't want to take too much on myself—" Bill began, speaking to McCloud.

"You look as if you could carry a fair-sized load, William, provided it bore the right label," suggested the visitor, entirely amiable.

"—but nobody has felt worse over this thing and recent things—"

"Recent things," echoed the easy chair.

"—happening to the division than I have. Now I know there's been trouble on the division—"

"I think you are putting it too strong there, Bill, but let it pass."

"—there's been differences; misunderstandings and differences. So I says to myself maybe something might be done to get everybody together and bury the differences, like this: Murray Sinclair is in town; he feels bad over this thing, like any railroad man would. He's a mountain man, quick as the quickest with a gun, a good trailer, rides like a fiend, and can catch a streak of sunshine traveling on a pass. Why not put him at the head of a party to run 'em down?"

"Run 'em down," nodded the stranger.

"Differences such as be or may be—"

"May be—"

"Being discussed when he brings 'em in dead or alive, and not before. That's what I said to Murray Sinclair, and Murray Sinclair is ready for you to take hold this minute and do what he can if he's asked. I told him plain I could promise no promises; that I says, lays with George McCloud. Was I right, was I wrong? If I was wrong, right me; if I was right, say so. All I want is harmony."

The new man nodded approval. "Bully, Bill!" he exclaimed, heartily.

"Mister," protested the line man, with simple dignity, "I'd just a little rather you wouldn't bully me nor Bill me."

"All in good part, Bill, as you shall see; all in good part. Now before Mr. McCloud gives you his decision I want to be allowed a word. Your idea looks good to me. At first I may say it didn't. I am candid; I say it didn't. It looked like setting a dog to catch his own tail. Mind you, I don't say it can't be done. A dog can catch his own tail; they do to it," proclaimed the stranger in a low and emphatic undertone. "But," he added, moderating his utterance, "when they succeed—who gets anything out of it but the dog?" Bill Dancing, somewhat clouded and not deeming it well to be



"Fogarty, Hell!" He Exclaimed.

drawn into any damaging admissions, looked around for a cigar, and not seeing one, looked solemnly at the new Solomon and stroked his beard. "That is how it looked to me at first," concluded the orator; "but, I say now it looks good to me, and as a stranger I may say I favor it."

Dancing tried to look unconcerned and seemed disposed to be friendly. "What might be your line of business?"

"Real estate. I am from Chicago. I sold everything that was for sale in Chicago and came here to stake out the Spanish Sinks and the Great Salt Lake—yes. It's drying up and there's an immense opportunity for claims along the shore. I've been looking into it."

"Into the claims or into the lake?" asked McCloud.

"Into both; and, Mr. McCloud, I want to say I favor Mr. Dancing's idea, that's all. Right wrongs no man. Let Bill see Sinclair and see what they can figure out." And having spoken, the stranger sank back and tried to look comfortable.

"I'll talk with you later about it, Bill," said McCloud, briefly.

"Meantime, Bill, see Sinclair and report," suggested the stranger.

"It's as good as done," announced Dancing, taking up his hat, "and, Mr. McCloud, might I have a little advance for cigars and things?"

"Cigars and ammunition—of course. See Sykes, William, see Sykes; if the office is closed go to his house—and see what will happen to you—" added the visitor in an aside, "and tell him to telephone up to Mr. McCloud for instruction," he concluded, unceremoniously.

"Now why do you want to start Bill on a fool business like that?" asked McCloud, as Bill Dancing took long steps from the room toward the office of Sykes, the cashier.

"He didn't know me to-day, but he will to-morrow," said the stranger, reflectively. "Gods, what I've seen that man go through in the days of the giants! Why, George, this will keep the boys talking, and they have to do something. Spend the money; the company is making it too fast anyway; they moved 22,000 cars one day last week. Personally I'm glad to have a little fun out of it; it will be hell pure and undefiled long before we get through. This will be an easy way of letting Sinclair know I am here. Bill will report me confidentially to him as a suspicious personage."

To the astonishment of Sykes, the superintendent confirmed over the telephone Dancing's statement that he was to draw some expense money. Bill asked for \$25. Sykes offered him two, and Bill with some indignation accepted five. He spent all of this in trying to find Sinclair, and on the strength of his story to the boys borrowed five dollars more to prosecute the search. At ten o'clock that night he ran into Sinclair playing cards in the big rooms above the Three Horses.

The Three Horses still rears its hospitable two-story front in Fort street, the only one of the Medicine Bend gambling houses that goes back to the days of '67; and it is the boast of its owners that since the key was thrown away, 39 years ago, its doors have never been closed, night or day, except once for two hours during the funeral of Dave Hawk. Bill Dancing drew Sinclair from his game and told him of the talk with McCloud, touching it up with natural enthusiasm. The bridegroom took the news in high good humor and slapped Dancing on the back. "Did you see him alone, Bill?" asked Sinclair, with interest.

"Come over here, come along. I want you to meet a good friend. Here, Harvey, shake hands with Bill Dancing. Bill, this is old Harvey Du Sang, nearest man in the mountains to his enemies and the whitest to his friends—eh, Harvey?"

Harvey seemed uncommunicative. Studying his hand, he asked in a sour way whether it was a jackpot, and upon being told that it was not, pushed forward some chips and looked stupidly up—though Harvey was by no means stupid. "Proud to know you, sir," said Bill, bending frankly as he put out his hand. "Proud to know any friend of Murray Sinclair's. What might be your business?"

Again Du Sang appeared abstracted. He looked up at the giant line man, who, in spite of his own size and strength, could have crushed him between his fingers, and hitched his chair a little, but got no further toward an answer and paid no attention whatever to Bill's extended hand.

"Cow business, Bill," interposed Sinclair. "Where? Why, up near the park, Bill, up near the park. Bill is an old friend of mine, Harvey. Shake hands with George Seagru, Bill, and you know Henry Karg—and old Stormy Gorman—well, I guess you know him, too," exclaimed Sinclair, introducing the other players. "Look here a minute, Harvey."

Harvey, much against his inclination, was drawn from the table and retired with Sinclair and Dancing to an empty corner, where Dancing told his story again. At the conclusion of it Harvey rather snorted. Sinclair asked questions. "Was anybody else there when you saw McCloud, Bill?"

"One man," answered Bill, impressively.

"Who?"

"A stranger to me."

"A stranger? What did he look like?"

"Slender man and kind of odd talking, with a sandy mustache."

"Hear his name?"

"He told me his name, but it's skipped me, I declare. He's kind of dark-complected like."

"Stranger, eh?" mused Du Sang; his eyes were wandering over the room.

"Slender man," repeated Bill, "but I didn't take much notice of him. Said he was in the real estate business."

"In the real estate business? And did he sit there while you talked this over with the college guy?" muttered Du Sang.

"He is all right, boys, and he said you'd know his name if I could speak it," declared Bill.

"Look anything like that man standing with his hands in his pockets over there by the wheel?" asked Du Sang, turning his back carefully on a newcomer as he made the suggestion.

"Where—there? No! Yes, hold on, that's the man there now! Hold on, now!" urged Bill, struggling with the excitement of ten hours and ten dollars in one day. "His name sounded like Fogarty."

As Dancing spoke, Sinclair's eyes riveted on the new face at the other side of the gambling room. "Fogarty, hell!" he exclaimed, starting. "Stand right still, Du Sang; don't look around. That man is Whispering Smith."

CHAPTER XI.

Parley.

It was recalled one evening not long ago at the Wickiup that the affair with Sinclair had all taken place within a period of two years, and that practically all of the actors in the event had been together and in friendly relation



on a Thanksgiving day at the Dunning ranch not so very long before the trouble began. Dickie Dunning was away at school at the time, and Lance Dunning was celebrating with a riding and shooting fest and a barbecue.

The whole country had been invited. Bucks was in the mountains on an inspection trip, and Bill Dancing drove him with a party of railroad men over from Medicine Bend. The mountain men for 150 miles around were out. Gene and Bob Johnson, from Oroville and the Peace river, had come with their friends. From Williams Cache there was not only a big delegation—more of one than was really desirable—but it was led by old John Rebstock himself. When the invitation is general, lines cannot be too closely drawn. Not only was Lance Dunning something of a sport himself, but on the Long Range it is part of a stockman's creed to be on good terms with his neighbors. At a Thanksgiving day barbecue not even a mountain sheriff would ask questions.

Among the railroad people were George McCloud, Anderson, the assistant superintendent, Farrell Kennedy, chief of the special service, and his right-hand man, Bob Scott. In especial, Sinclair's presence at the barbecue was recalled. He had some cronies with him from among his up-country following, and was introducing his new bridge foreman, Karg, afterward known as Flat Nose, and George Seagru, the Montana cowboy. Sinclair fraternized that day with the Williams Cache men, and it was remarked even then that though a railroad man he appeared somewhat outside the railroad circle. When the shooting matches were announced a brown-eyed railroad man was asked to enter. He had been out of the mountains for some time and was a comparative stranger in the gathering, but the Williams Cache men had not forgotten him; Rebstock, especially, wanted to see him shoot. While much of the time out of the mountains on railroad business, he was known to be closely in Bucks' counsels, and as to the mountains themselves, he was reputed to know them better than Bucks or Glover himself knew them. This was Whispering Smith; but, beyond a low-voiced greeting or an expression of surprise at meeting an old acquaintance, he avoided talk. When urged to shoot, he resisted all persuasion and held up his refusal by showing a bruise on his trigger finger. He declined even to act as judge in the contest, suggesting the sheriff, Ed Banks, for that office.

McCloud did not meet the host, Lance Dunning, that day nor since the day of the barbecue had Du Sang or Sinclair seen Whispering Smith until the night Du Sang spotted him near the wheel in the Three Horses. Du Sang at once drew out of his game and left the room. Sinclair in the meantime had undertaken a quarrelsome interview with Whispering Smith.

"I supposed you knew I was here," said Smith to him, amiably. "Of course I don't travel in a private car or carry a billboard on my back, but I haven't been hiding."

"The last time we talked," returned Sinclair, measuring words carefully, "you were going to stay out of the mountains."

"I should have been glad to, Murray. Affairs are in such shape on the division now that somebody had to come, so they sent for me."

The two men were sitting at a table. Whispering Smith was cutting and leisurely mixing a pack of cards.

"Well, so far as I'm concerned, I'm out of it," Sinclair went on after a pause, "but, however that may be, if you're back here looking for trouble there's no reason, I guess, why you can't find it."

"That's not it. I'm not here looking for trouble; I'm here to fix this thing up. What do you want?"

"Not a thing."

"I'm willing to do anything fair and right," declared Whispering Smith, raising his voice a little above the hum of the rooms.

"Fair and right is an old song."

"And a good one to sing in this country just now. I'll do anything I can to adjust any grievance, Murray. What do you want?"

Sinclair for a moment was silent, and his answer made plain his unwillingness to speak at all. "There never would have been a grievance if I'd been treated like a white man." His eyes burned sullenly. "I've been treated like a dog."

"That is not it."

"That is it," declared Sinclair, savagely, "and they'll find it's it."

"Murray, I want to say only this—only this to make things clear. Bucks feels that he's been treated worse than a dog."

"Then let him put me back where I belong."

"It's a little late for that, Murray; a little late," said Smith, gently. "Shouldn't you rather take good money and get off the division? Mind you, I say good money, Murray—and peace."

Sinclair answered without the slightest hesitation: "Not while that man McCloud is here."

Whispering Smith smiled. "I've got no authority to kill McCloud."

"There are plenty of men in the mountains that don't need any."

"But let's start fair," urged Whispering Smith, softly. He leaned forward with one finger extended in confidence. "Don't let us have any misunderstanding on the start. Let McCloud alone. If he is killed—now I'm speaking fair and open and making no threats, but I know how it will come out—there will be nothing but killing here for six months. We will make just that memorandum on McCloud. Now about the main question. Every sensible man in the world wants something."

"I know men that have been going a long time without what they wanted."

Smith flushed and nodded. "You needn't have said that, but no matter. Every sensible man wants something, Murray. This is a big country. There's a World's Fair running somewhere all the time in it. Why not travel a little? What do you want?"

"I want my job, or I want a new superintendent here."

"Just exactly the two things, and, by heavens! the only two, I can't manage. Come once more and I'll meet you."

"No!" Sinclair rose to his feet. "No—damn your money! This is my home. The high country is my country; it's where my friends are."

"It's filled with your friends; I know that. But don't put your trust in your friends. They will stay by you, I know; but once in a long while there will be a false friend, Murray, one that will sell you—remember that."

"I stay."

Whispering Smith looked up in admiration. "I know you're game. It isn't necessary for me to say that to you. But think of the fight you are going into against this company. You can worry them; you've done it. But a bronco might as well try to buck a locomotive as for one man or six or 600 to win out in the way you are playing."

"I will look out for my friends; and others—" Sinclair hitched his belt and paused, but Whispering Smith, cutting and running the cards, gave no heed. His eyes were fixed on the green cloth under his fingers. "Others—" repeated Sinclair.

"Others—" echoed Whispering Smith, good-naturedly.

"May look out for themselves."

"Of course, of course! Well, if this is the end of it, I'm sorry."

"You will be sorry if you mix in a quarrel that is none of yours."

"Why, Murray, I never had a quarrel with a man in my life."

"You are pretty smooth, but you can't drive me out of this country. I

know how well you'd like to do it; and, take notice, there's one trail you can't cross even if you stay here. I suppose you understand that."

Smith felt his heart leap. He sat in his chair turning the pack slowly, but with only one hand now; the other hand was free. Sinclair eyed him sidewise. Smith moistened his lips and when he replied spoke slowly: "There is no need of dragging any allusion to her into it. For that matter, I told Bucks he should have sent any man but me. If I'm in the way, Sinclair, if my presence here is all that stands in the way, I'll go back and stay back as before, and send any one else you like or Bucks likes. Are you willing to say that I stand in the way of a settlement?"

Sinclair sat down and put his hands on the table. "No; your matter and mine is another affair. All I want between you and me is fair and right."

Whispering Smith's eyes were on the cards. "You've always had it."

"Then keep away from her."

"Don't tell me what to do."

"Then don't tell me."

"I'm not telling you. You will do as you please; so will I. I left here because Marion asked me to. I am here now because I have been sent here. It is in the course of my business. I have my living to earn and my friends to protect. Don't dictate to me, because it would be of no use."

(TO BE CONTINUED)



"Then Keep Away from Her!"

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(TO BE CONTINUED)

Romances of Progress

By Albert Payson Terhune

ISAAC NEWTON—The Man Who Turned Accidents to Account.

Good Dame Newton, farmer's widow of Woolstrop, England, was in despair at the stupidity of her only son, Isaac. To the horror of all the neighbors the lad could not grasp the first principles of farming. He neglected his work in the fields, failed to show any interest in crops and was forever sneaking off into corners to read some book on science or mechanics. He had picked up a taste for such matters at the Grantham Grammar school, and they weaned him away from all concern about his mother's thriving farm. He took to devising mechanical toys in off hours, and even constructed a couple of sun dials.

Isaac actually wanted to be a scholar. A scholar, to the simple farm folk, meant a man in a tattered, rusty gown, who was glad enough to eat the crust of charity and who accomplished no good in life. Yet for such a miserable career Isaac begged leave to throw away an assured future as a prosperous farmer. And at last, worn down by his pleadings, the mother consented. At 18, in 1660, Newton went to Cambridge university. There he promptly went mathematic-mad. He discovered the binomial theorem and worked out the processes since employed as "Differential and Integral Calculus." Before he reached the age of 27 he was professor of mathematics at Trinity college.

Then the plague swept England, a scourging epidemic that wasted whole communities, paralyzed trade and progress, and killed men, women and children like flies. The dead were carried out of the cities each day by the hundred cartloads. Knowledge of medicine and of sanitation was limited and the outbreak could not be checked. The colleges closed their doors. Newton, deprived for the time of occupation, returned to the Woolstrop farm.

There, in enforced idleness, he spent many weeks. One day, as he sat under a tree in his mother's orchard, an apple fell to the ground, grazing his head as it passed. Newton started up from the doze into which he had drifted. The fall of the apple set him to thinking. Why had it fallen? When it had become detached from the limb why did it drop downward? Why did it not hang in air or fall in some other direction?

And the result of this study was the discovery of the great fact known as "The Attraction of Gravitation." Next he sought to connect this new discovered "attraction" with the force which holds planets to their orbits and prevents them from whizzing off into space. Galileo, years before, had proven that a falling body drops 16 feet the first second and with arithmetically increased force for every subsequent second.

He again startled the world and made for himself new foes by discovering that rays of white light were not single in color, but were made up of countless rays of many colored light. From this followed a fresh working out of the theory of the rainbow and a masterly treatise on optics.

Then came the heaviest misfortune of Newton's life. For 20 years he had been at work on a scientific discovery and had at last worked it to a completion. All the papers representing that 20 years of labor lay one evening on his study table. His pet spaniel Diamond, leaped upon the table, and while frisking there upset one of the candles. Before Newton could run to the rescue the precious papers were a charred, undecipherable mass of ashes. Instead of flying into a rage of bemoaning the loss he lifted the mischief-making cur gently to the ground, saying only:

"Oh, Diamond, you little know what mischief you have done."

Then he set calmly to work on the 20-year task again. But the shock proved too much for his overstrained nerves. He broke down mentally and physically. To make matters worse he was practically penniless. But with tardy generosity the government came to his relief. He was appointed warden of the royal mint, and so well did he discharge his duties that, in 1696, he was promoted to the office of mint master. Queen Anne, in 1705, made him a knight.

In 1727, at the age of 85, Newton died. At his deathbed some fellow-scientists spoke in high praise of the dying man's profound wisdom. "Wisdom?" echoed Newton. "I feel like a child who, wandering along the shores of the boundless seas of learning, has merely picked up a few tiny shells."

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SAMUEL JOHNSON --- Crank and Dictionary Maker.

In the worst rainstorm of the season, one day in the middle of the eighteenth century, a man stood on a street corner of Lichfield, England. He was unprotected from the weather by so much as a great coat and waited meekly, receiving the deluge of rain and jeers of passersby. He was a giant in size and strength, enormously fat and clad in shabby, soiled garb. His swollen, red face was blotched, scarred and distorted with scrofula and twitched uncontrollably, his great head rolled from side to side and he muttered constantly to himself. This strange figure was Dr. Samuel Johnson, greatest man of his day, and revolutionizer of the English language. His vigil in the rainstorm was but one of a thousand eccentricities. As a lad he had refused to go on an errand for his father one rainy day. Now 30 years later it had occurred to him to take this queer way of atoning for his boyish disobedience.

Johnson was the son of an old bookseller. He spent his boyhood reading ravenously every one of his father's books he could lay hands on. He had the rare faculty of remembering everything he read. At 19, though miserably poor, he went to Oxford.

But his eccentricity, strange appearance and overstrung nerves proved a great drawback. His wagging head, facial grimaces, slovenly, dirty clothes and linen and uncouth ways made a bad impression. If he were asked to a literary reception he was quite likely to create a diversion by snatching off a lady's slipper or clawing her false hair, or by suddenly shouting a line from the Lord's Prayer. At the few dinners he was invited to the half-starved genius ate ravenously, tearing his food like a wild beast and growling over it.

The English tongue and English literature were growing. Certain etymologies and lexicons were in use, but the language had no dictionary worthy of the name. Several booksellers combined and hired Johnson to compile, in two volumes, a complete dictionary of the English language. For this mammoth work he was allowed seven years' times and \$4,500.

Then, in 1755, appeared his great dictionary. It was not only the first real English dictionary ever published, but the clearness, scope and beautiful language of its definitions formed a new literary era and caused a revolution in literature.

Now that he was successful, the world flocked to do him homage. A coterie of writers, actors and statesmen formed about him. He was their oracle and idol. With pompous superiority he tyrannized over them, bullied them, lectured them, made them listen in respectful silence to his endless orations. At the Cheshire Cheese and other places of the kind he was wont to hold a species of semi-regal court, with himself as undisputed king and despot. He grew indolent, shunned work of all sorts and lived on his past record. In earlier years he had rallied at the custom of pension giving, styling it "pay given to a state hireling to betray his country." Yet when the new monarch, George III, offered him a pension of \$1,500 a year Johnson promptly accepted.

At about this time he met James Boswell, a young Scotch lawyer. Johnson hated Scotland, but took a fancy to Boswell, saying in explanation: "Much may be done with a Scotchman if he is caught young." Boswell religiously took down all Johnson's epigrams and later published his recollections of the great lexicographer in one of the most fascinating biographies ever written. Johnson filled his house with beggars and decayed gentlefolk, whom he supported and who quarrelled among themselves and bullied their benefactor as he bullied the world.

But at length these mendicants died, as did many of Johnson's closest friends. Alone in the world, embittered, and suffering from a combination of fatal maladies, the man who had revolutionized the English language, and who feared death with a terror almost childlike in its unreasonableness, died on December 13, 1784, leaving an unparalleled record of long and successful battle against circumstances, and standing out forever as the oddest, most picturesque figure in the world of letters.

(Copyrighted.)

THE BREMEN.
"Hoch der Bremer" is the cry,
From the people ringing,
To the German visitor
Friendly message bringing.
Hail the stranger to this port,
Burden of our ditty,
As all join in its refrain:
"Welcome to our city!"

As the nations that have sent
Brain and brawn to ours,
Putting strong blood in our veins,
Building up our powers,
Few before the Fatherland
Make a better showing;
Few deserve in better need

Thanks of our owing,
So we greet this friendship's mark
With a friend's returning;
Eye for a closer bond
Twixt our people yearning
If o'er seas we had no signs,
More would be the pity.
So we cry, with three times three:
"Welcome to our city!"

A Bluffing Case.
The suit case made a daring bluff
And chip on chip the bid would raise;
How could he know that sure enough
The big trunk held four trays?
—Stanford Chaparral.



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Russia's Young Autocrat

Russia's Future Ruler Already a Monarch.

"Alyosha" Wants What He Wants
When He Wants It, and Does Not
Hesitate to Say So—A Commander at Four.

His Imperial Highness Grand Duke Alexis Nikolaievitch, only son of the czar and heir to the throne of Russia, is known in the nursery as Alyosha. And Alyosha is already autocrat of the nursery, showing unmistakable

once. So the nurse got up and dressed and the musicians were made to turn out of bed and come and play until his imperial highness, the lord heir apparent, signified by dropping off to sleep that they might stop.

The czar and zarina were delighted at this little incident, which they considered showed the firmness and will of little Alyosha. They also were pleased at the obstinacy with which the child refused to wear a new military cap which has been given him. "But look," said an attendant, pointing to one of the officers, "don't you see that that general has a cap like yours?"

"I don't care if he has," said the small prince. "I'm not going to wear one." And he did not.

A lady of the court recently told an amusing story about Alyosha's prayers. To the astonishment of the nurse he ended the usual devotions he says before every evening by shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah, God!" The good woman told him he ought not to do so.

"Why not?" he asked. "Because one cannot say 'hurrah' to God," she answered.

"But when father goes out everybody says 'hurrah,'" he argued. "God is much greater than father, so why should one not also say 'hurrah' to him?"

And the lady who told the story remarked piously: "Fancy what an intellect that child has! He is only four and yet knows that God is greater than his father."

Most ordinary mortals knew this at the age of four, but perhaps when one's father is an autocrat and one is taught that in time to come one will be able to order about 130,000,000 people it is more difficult to grasp.

Alyosha has been taken to reviews since he was in long clothes; indeed, it may be said that the czar has exploited his baby. Soldiers can be stirred up to great enthusiasm at the sight of an infant who will some day be czar and the imperial family has made full use of this fact. Last summer Alyosha was driven along the ranks of soldiers at a review, sitting at his mother's side. He bowed his little curly head to them until he fell asleep from sheer weariness.

He already realizes the responsibilities and the privileges of his exalted rank. The last time he returned to Peterhof after a cruise in the Gulf of Finland he refused point blank to drive to the palace in the same carriage as his sisters. The lord heir apparent, he evidently thought, must go in solitary state. Needless to say, his whim was honored, and he was given a carriage to himself.

HARDLY FOR IMMEDIATE USE.

Boy's Purchase Not of Such Practical Nature as Fond Father Had Hoped.

On the day the Boy was 11 years old he visited an artist friend. The artist likes boys. He entertained the Boy royally. He gave him a gun and cigarette coupons worth \$2.50. The Boy was proud of the gun, but he thought still more of the coupons.

"What are you going to get with them, son?" asked his mother.

"I don't know," said the Boy. His mother was about to offer a few suggestions, but the Boy's father interfered.

"Just let Jim alone," he said. "Let him pick out his own prize. He knows what he wants."

So the mother finally gave in. On Saturday the Boy went down town to exchange his coupons for a prize. When he came home the family was gathered at the dinner table talking about him.

"Come, dear," said his mother, "show mother what her little man got."

They sat expectant while the Boy unwrapped his prize. After a little they spoke. The mother said: "What did I tell you?" and the father said: "Well, I'll be darned!"

The Boy had bought a razor.

Poultry Secrets Disclosed!

THERE are secrets in the poultry business, as in any other; the best methods and newest discoveries seldom reach the amateur poultry raiser and the general public for years after they are originated. A new method of absolutely insuring the fertility of setting eggs, for example, has

Enormous Cash Value

and its discoverer is not to be blamed for keeping it to himself. Now, for the first time, the secrets of many of the most successful poultrymen are made public. No confidence has been violated; every secret has been

Obtained in an Honorable Way

and its discoverer is not to be blamed for keeping it to himself. Now, for the first time, the secrets of many of the most successful poultrymen are made public. No confidence has been violated; every secret has been

Read What Purchasers Say
I received your book "Poultry Secrets" and am very much pleased with both. The secrets are worth their weight in gold. Why I paid \$5 for the special rate method. You certainly give a fellow countryman a word.
ANDREW P. G. BIRLEY, Utica, N. Y.
Received your book "Poultry Secrets." It is an exceptionally instructive work, and worth \$10 to any progressive poultryman. I would not care to take that for my copy if I could not get another.
BOBBY F. KINGSLAND, Sealsville, N. J.
As to "Poultry Secrets," I will say I have lectured on this subject over the greater portion of this state for the past fifteen years, and have about every book that is published on this subject in my library, and I consider this book of yours the most valuable I know of for the general public.
You look "Poultry Secrets" received, also the February and March numbers of the Farm Journal. Entirely satisfied with all three. Got more than an hour's worth on any one piece of other published matter.
F. J. VANDERBILT, Bedford, Texas.

A Few of the More Important Secrets

Boyer's new system for insuring fertility of setting eggs.
Ward's ingenious method for saving the weak incubator chicks.
L. K. Felch's System of In-breeding without the least loss of vitality.
Selecting the laying hens—the central thought of the so-called Hogan, Potter and Palmer Systems.
The Philo System, a brief outline telling what it is and for what it is valuable.
Several new food formulas, many of them the same as expensive "patented" foods.
The "15-cents-a-bushel" method of producing green feed.
Greiner's Corn Feeding System; and other new rules for feeding corn and grain.
Truslow's Secret of obtaining high market prices for poultry stock.
The Angell method, admirably adapted to the small flock in village or suburb.
Grundy's method of obtaining bulky food at a cost of 8 cents a bushel.
Dr. Wood's Secret of Laying Food for producing eggs. You don't buy. Professor Rice's Fat Hen Secret explaining why lean hens don't lay.

AND MANY OTHERS, NOT ENUMERATED HERE

It would be absurd to expect every bit of this information to be unknown to everyone; we make no such claim. But to the great majority of poultrymen it will be absolutely new, and of great value. ABOUT FARM JOURNAL.—Farm Journal has for thirty years made a specialty of poultry; this department is fully edited and more valuable than any specialized poultry paper. This is only one section, however, of a remarkable magazine—a monthly with 600,000 subscribers. NOT a dry, technical farm paper, lightly printed on cheap paper, full of practical and trashy advertisements, but a magazine for the home—town, village or county; well printed and illustrated, clean, clear, quaint, and always cheerful; intensely practical; usually at home on a thousand-acre farm or on a suburban back garden; and in a dozen ways UNLIKE ANY OTHER PAPER.

OUR OFFER: { One Copy Poultry Secrets }
{ Farm Journal - 2 Years } All 3 for \$1.50
{ Florence Gazette - 1 Year }

We cannot sell "Poultry Secrets" by itself—only in this combination.

SEND OR BRING YOUR ORDER TO

FLORENCE TRIBUNE, Florence, Neb.



Grand Duke Alexis Nikolaievitch.

signs that he will be as imperious and commanding when he grows up as his father is weak and vacillating.

A few days ago the czar sent one of his generals to interview the little prince. The officer found an exciting game going on in the nursery when he entered; but it stopped immediately and Alyosha gravely returned his visitor's salute. Then he turned to his sisters and said: "Go!" They have been taught to obey their brother, and disappeared in double quick time, leaving him to talk with the general.

Last summer Alyosha went for a cruise in the Gulf of Finland with his parents. One night he woke up and said to his nurse: "Nyanya, I want the band to play."

"Go to sleep," she said. "I cannot go to sleep," he persisted. "I want the orchestra to come and play."

"But the orchestra can't play now," she said; "the men have all gone to bed and are fast asleep, as you ought to be."

"But I must have them to play," he insisted. "Go and tell them to come at



Is this cock properly held? "Poultry Secrets" tells you how to care for flocks, and scores of secrets far more important and hitherto unrecorded.

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909. Office at POSTOFFICE NEWS STAND Editor's Telephone: Florence 315. LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor. JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr. Published every Friday afternoon at Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE. CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY. Mayor: E. S. Tucker. City Clerk: Charles Cottrell.

City Engineer: Harold Reynolds. City Marshal: Aaron Marr. Councilmen: Robert Craig, J. H. Price, Charles Allen, Dan F. Kelly, Police Judge: J. E. Lowry.

Florence, Neb., July 2, 1909

Tomorrow.

And Sunday.

And also Monday.

Everybody help Florence celebrate.

How about the weeds?

Isn't it about time that the weeds on those vacant lots were cut?

Don't forget to bid on the new sidewalks if you are in that business.

Is there any reason for sending printing clear to Sioux City?

Anyway it shows the people are willing to pay to have the Tribune sent to them.

Everybody should either boost for better car service or knock on the present service.

The Gimlet says it wants the Tribune bad enough to pay for it, and they did, publishing the receipt last week, so the people would know they paid for it.

How about Florence getting its share of the taxes from the Board of Equalization. Remember we got a slice last year, so why not another this year?

We understand the Gazette is very sick and on last Saturday underwent a serious operation, the cutting of Mr. Nichols off of the payroll. The operation was only partially successful, as Mr. Nichols did not receive his salary until Monday. The physician was very nervous about the operation and fearing of the results did not tell Mr. Nichols but put it in the paper where he read it and learned that the operation had taken place.

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. 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. Recorded, 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. Fox, C. J. Larsen. Banker, F. D. Leach. Clerk, W. R. Wall. Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday of each month in Wall's Hall.

HOME, HOME, SWEET HOME

(Continued from page 1, col. 4.)

"Why are you going to lose your farm?" asked the second farmer of the first.

"Because the land's no good," said number one. Then followed a long list of his woes. The soil was too wet for potatoes, too rich for radishes, too thin for one thing and too that for another. Now, I am not a farmer, and am not up on the details of vegetable raising, so any technical errors must be excused. The gist of his complaint, however, was that he could raise nothing but cabbages.

"Here I am," he said, "right at the doors of a market where the people are just hungry for beets and corn and lettuce and carrots, and all I can manage to raise is a few heads of cabbages."

"Well, can't you sell the cabbages?" asked farmer No. 2.

"Sure, I can," said No. 1. "but I can't have enough of them to make a profit. Everything else fails, and what I get for the cabbages won't pay the interest."

"I think I'll buy that farm," said farmer No. 2, to his wife, that night. So he bid it in at the foreclosure sale and got it for almost nothing. He planted every inch of it with cabbages and made a fair profit the first year. In three years his cabbages were famous in parts of two states. In five years he was rich and was known for miles around as "Snooks, the Cabbage King."

And here again we have a moral. No matter in what line you are investing, be careful to spend your money right.

If you are farming raise what your land will best produce. As I said, if you are a thrifty man (and by that I mean a careful one) you will have acquired the habit of studying the situation before you invest. If you are not, acquire the habit of thrift before you take the plunge.

There is no better place to invest your money than in Florence and vicinity real estate. The advance is certain in real estate your money is safe—no danger of bank failures. To prove that Florence is the place to buy here are the sales made of Florence property the past month: Joseph Hirschberg, lot \$175; Harry R. Swanson, lot \$200; Samuel A. Lyon, lot \$200; William H. Carnich, lot \$200; Joseph Hirschberg, lot \$200; S. C. Forrest, lot \$200; Willard Shepley, two lots \$325; Charles Allen, 5 acres \$4,000; Harry E. Gray, three lots \$525; Charles M. Plein, two lots \$700; John Lubold, six lots \$1,000; besides others.

F. W. Wead has secured some 200 acres of Florence property, including several city blocks close to the town. Other property which Mr. Wead has bought is south of Florence, running from Thirtieth street back over the hill toward the west where within only a short time homes will be erected. Shimer & Chase also have a tract two blocks south of the Forest Lawn cemetery car line which they have bought recently. The Shimer & Chase tract is wooded and some of the big elm trees are 100 years old or more.

B. C. Fowler, salesman for George & Co., reports the sales of three tracts in beautiful Florence Heights which is rapidly being built up with high class residences. Among his recent sales are eight acres to Charles E. Ady, manager of National Life Insurance Co., on which Mr. Ady will erect a beautiful home. Emil Bessire, silk buyer for J. L. Brandeis & Sons, purchased a five-acre tract, which he will improve by building a fine residence. Clara B. Ady purchased six acres for investment. As there is a building restriction in this fine addition it is certain to become one of the most beautiful parts of Florence.

W. R. Wall of the Florence Real Estate Co. reports the following sales recently: M. J. Gleason has purchased lot 6 in block 81. This is just south of the one that he is erecting a fine modern house on. Mr. Gleason expects to build a house on the lot just recently purchased. G. H. Snell has bought lot 5, block 82, and will probably erect a residence. He has also purchased lot 4, block 32, and will build on this lot for his own use. George Cole is improving his property on Main street by having a bay window and porch put on his residence. M. J. Gleason is doing the carpenter work. S. C. Pedersen has purchased for an investment the two-story brick drug store on Main street, formerly owned by Mr. H. C. Smith. W. R. Wall has purchased lots 12 and 13 just off Bluff street, near the Catholic church, and will probably erect a modern residence on the lot in the near future.

LEGAL NOTICES

PROPOSALS FOR ARTIFICIAL STONE SIDEWALK CONSTRUCTION.

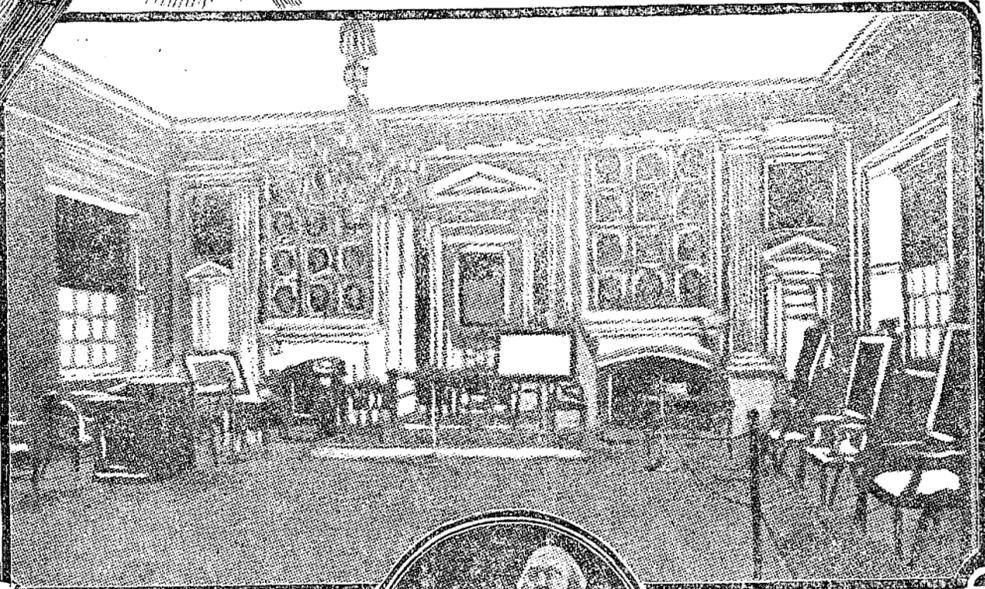
Sealed proposals are invited and will be received by the City Clerk of Florence, Nebraska, until 8 o'clock p. m., on Monday, the 12th day of July, 1909, for the construction of artificial stone sidewalks five feet wide and four inches thick, and the necessary grading therefor, on the east side of Main street in front of lots 2, 3, 4, 5, 6 and 7, block 125; lots 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, block 126; lots 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, block 127; also on the west side of Main street in front of lots 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6, block 128; also on the north side of Jefferson street in front of lots 1 and 2, block 24; also on the north side of Jefferson street in front of lots 1 and 2, block 25; also on the north side of Jefferson street in front of lots 1 and 2, block 26; also on the north side of Jefferson street in front of lots 1 and 2, block 27; also on the north side of Jefferson street in front of lots 1 and 2, block 28; also on the north side of Jefferson street in front of lots 1 and 2, block 29; also on the north side of Jefferson street in front of lots 1 and 2, block 30; 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JULY 4TH — 133 Years Ago.

BY HERBERT F. JACKSON

dependence engrossed on parchment. Three copies of it, according to one tradition, were signed in the independence chamber, one of which now hangs there, behind the table and chair used by John Hancock and George Washington, the former while presiding over the continental congress, the latter over the constitutional convention. The original is preserved in the state department at Washington and lately has shown such indications of crumbling away that President Roosevelt some time ago ordered that it be kept in a locked safe. Many more impressive events and ceremonies took place at independence hall. The British defiled it with cruelty to American prisoners during the occupation of Philadelphia by the troops of Gen. Howe. The flags captured by the Americans and French at Yorktown were received here by congress. The second inauguration of

ALTHOUGH so much visited and so much written about, there is very little accurate popular understanding of the history of Independence hall where the Declaration of Independence was signed July 4, 1776, 133 years ago. Its construction was begun in 1732, about 50 years after the first landing of William Penn at the site of Philadelphia, near the house known as the Blue Anchor tavern. It is ascribed sometimes to the working of an inscrutable destiny that Independ-



HALL WHEREIN THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS ADOPTED.



STATUE OF GEORGE WASHINGTON

though provided with immense chimney-places, and that these stoves cost about £28 provincial money. The second room prepared for regular occupancy was the western one on the ground floor. The justices of the provincial supreme court who first sat there were John Kinsey, Thomas Graeme and William Till. A bell, probably brought from England by William Penn, was hung in a tree near the governor's headquarters as early as 1685 and rung when it was desired to bring the people together or upon occasions of solemnity. It is believed to have been transferred to the cupola of the old court house in High (Market) street about 1697, and afterward to have been placed temporarily in the tower of the new state house. In October, 1751, the memorable order was sent to Robert Charles, the provincial agent in London, for a bell of 2,000 pounds weight. The superintendents of the state house, Isaac Norris, Thomas Leech and Edward Warner, wrote:

"Let the bell be cast by the best workmen and examined carefully before it is shipped, with the following words well-shaped in large letters round it, viz.:

"By order of the Assembly of the Province of Pennsylvania, for the State House in the City of Philadelphia, 1752."

"And underneath, 'Proclaim Liberty Through All the Land to All the Inhabitants Thereof.—Levit., 25:10.'"

This bell duly arrived before the end of that year, but in March, 1753, it cracked. It was at first determined to send it back to England to be recast, but two artisans, named Pass and Stow, declared that they could recast it, and they did so, adding some copper alloy to improve the quality of the metal. The enterprise proved a success, except that the tone of the bell was not entirely satisfactory. Pass and Stow were unmercifully teased in public on the score of having used too much alloy. They asked and obtained the privilege of again recasting the bell. The result of this second attempt of its kind in America was the historic tocsin which 23 years later was literally to "proclaim liberty throughout the land." Another bell was also ordered from England by the assembly, but it did not take the place of the American bell until the latter was cracked again in 1835, while being tolled on the occasion of the death of Chief Justice Marshall.

In 1767 came the agitation over the tax on tea and other imported commodities. John Dickinson's letters of a "Farmer" rubbed this and other object lessons, stupidly given by the British ministry, deep into men's minds. The act was repealed in 1777, except in so far as it related to tea.

When news of the Lexington-Concord fight in April, 1775, arrived, the bell in the state house steeple again called 3,000 people together, and they unanimously agreed to defend with their arms, their lives, liberty and property. The climax of the first period of the struggle was fast approaching. The second continental congress met in the state house on May 10, 1775, the Provincial assembly having yielded to it the chamber that was ever after to be sanctified by its labors. In June, 1776, began the debating of the question of independence. The preliminary resolution proposed by Richard Henry Lee of Virginia, declaring that the colonies "are of right and ought to be free and independent states," was adopted in committee on the night of June 10; but it was not until June 28 that the draft of the Declaration of Independence was submitted to congress. On July 1 congress adopted the resolution, and that day and the three following were devoted to discussion in committee of the whole of the Declaration itself. It was passed on the evening of the Fourth.

Not until August 2 was the Declaration of In-

dependence engrossed on parchment. Three copies of it, according to one tradition, were signed in the independence chamber, one of which now hangs there, behind the table and chair used by John Hancock and George Washington, the former while presiding over the continental congress, the latter over the constitutional convention. The original is preserved in the state department at Washington and lately has shown such indications of crumbling away that President Roosevelt some time ago ordered that it be kept in a locked safe. Many more impressive events and ceremonies took place at independence hall. The British defiled it with cruelty to American prisoners during the occupation of Philadelphia by the troops of Gen. Howe. The flags captured by the Americans and French at Yorktown were received here by congress. The second inauguration of

Washington as president and that also of John Adams took place in what is now known as Congress hall, adjoining the state-house to the west, which was not built until 1787-9. It was here that congress received the news of the death of Washington.

Much work of restoration has made Independence hall what it is to-day. In general, this work has been directed by careful study of the past. Zealous co-operation of organized bodies and individuals has also brought together in the state house many objects of venerable value as illustrative of the early days of the nation. The stranger naturally desires a succinct, serviceable statement of the things of peculiar interest that the state house contains.

The Declaration chamber, where the continental congress and the constitutional convention sat, is, with the exception of a new flooring, substantially in the same state in which it was then. The walls are hung with portraits of many of the signers of the Declaration of Independence or of the constitution, many of them painted by contemporary artists. A portrait of Washington preserved here is by Peale. Here are the chair and tables used by the presiding officers of both bodies, Hancock and Washington, and many of the chairs occupied by the members or delegates. On the president's table is the silver inkstand used in signing both the Declaration of Independence and the constitution.

In the rear portion of the main lobby of the state house is the Liberty bell, useless except as a sacred memorial of the past. It is suspended upon the same framework of timbers which formerly held it in place in the tower, but which now rests on the floor. Passing up the grand stairway, some of the most noteworthy portraits in the collection are found upon its walls. Among them are those of Washington, Lafayette, William Penn, Louis XVI., George III., and Gov. James Hamilton, the figures being of full length and heroic size.

The Long room, or Banqueting hall, in the second story, contains a sofa, chair and pew-bench used by George Washington, the last mentioned in Christ church; West's painting of the treaty-making scene at the great elm tree, portraits of Martha Washington, the British sovereigns of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries from and including Charles II. to George II., and many notables, both civil and military, of the revolutionary period. The two other rooms on this floor are similarly enriched.

Betsy Ross and the Rejected Flag

We often read and hear the statement: "It is to be regretted that many of the fascinating narratives of our colonial history are born of imagination, and among these are favorite stories, such as: 'Captain John Smith's adventure with the Indians, Putnam's famous ride, Betsy Ross and our first flag, and Barbara Frietchie at Fredericks-town.'"

There is abundance of proof extended to verify that Betsy Ross lived, and that she was employed by the continental congress to manufacture flags, the government archives bear witness.

Betsy Ross' flag was first rejected and some time later accepted.

Betsy Ross attended Christ church, Philadelphia, and the pew in which she worshiped was next to the one occupied by Washington, and her pew is marked by a brass plate bearing these words: "In this pew worshipped Betsy Ross, who made the first flag."

Of late years the journals, magazines, and school histories of our country have called attention to the origin of our national flag as having been suggested by the family arms of the Washingtons. This supposition comes from Martin Tupper, an eminent English poet and litterateur. His first reference to our flag in this connection was made public in the fall of 1850. The announcement did not receive serious consideration until at a public banquet given in America. At this dinner, held in the city of Baltimore, the idea was heralded to the world that the stars and stripes had their origin in the heraldic symbols of the Washington family,

BETZVILLE TALES

Cousin Orone McDooble---His Reptile

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.

ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



And All at Once He Jumped Up and Bit the Garden Hose in the Neck!

My Cousin Orone McDooble of Betzville had a narrow escape from death last Wednesday night, and he might be dead now, if it hadn't been for his quickness of mind, and his knowledge of natural history. My Cousin Orone had been spending a few hours at Slug Wilson's Palace bar in this village, and about one o'clock in the morning he started for home, and something in the sort of sinuous way he was wandering up the street made him think of snakes. Perhaps he had had snakes in mind before that; I don't know. Anyway, when he reached home he had his mind pretty full of snakes and eels and lizards and reptiles and serpents generally, and was feeling mighty worried about them, and thinking that something ought to be done about it for the good of the public, and just then he heard his chickens squawking in the hen house, and it came to his mind that there might be a boa-constrictor or a python eating his best poultry that very minute. So he started down the side path to his hen house on a run.

Just as he got half-way there and was passing under the apple tree at full trot, a great big serpent swung down out of the tree and darted at him. It missed his face by an inch, but its long cold body struck him across the cheek, and Cousin Orone McDooble fell like a shot.

The next morning he found that it was only the rubber garden hose, which his wife had draped over the limb to dry, but he didn't have the slightest suspicion of it as he lay under the tree, and he had a right to be scared. Anybody would be scared to have a slithy garden hose swinging just above his head that way, ready any minute to drop down and bite. Nothing is so venomous as the bite of a garden-hose at one o'clock in the morning.

Then suddenly a cold chill passed over him. He realized that the garden-hose was trying to fascinate him with its glittering eye, as serpents always fascinate birds they mean to devour in a minute or two. He tried to take his eyes away, and he couldn't; and he tried to flutter his wings, and he couldn't; and so he just uttered a couple of mournful little chirps and peeps and kept gazing at the cruel nozzle of the garden-hose, and hoped death would be painless when the garden-hose swallowed him. But he couldn't bear it. It got on his nerves. He wept when he thought that he was nothing but a poor little sparrow so near his doom, and when he saw he didn't have the slightest chance against the wily serpent he thought he'd better be an ostrich, rather than a sparrow, for he would have a better chance in a fight for life. So he squawked as near like an ostrich as he could, and stuck his head in a water pail that was handy, as ostriches always hide their heads when danger threatens. Every little while he peeked out to see if the serpent had gone away, but it hadn't. There it hung with its glittering eye on him every time.

If it hadn't been for Cousin Orone McDooble's knowledge of natural history he would have been devoured by the garden-hose long before that, but knowing about ostriches, and turning into one, had postponed his death, because a garden-hose has to swell up considerably before it can swallow an ostrich. And just then was when

Cousin McDooble's natural history knowledge came to his aid, for the memory of the East Indian mongoose returned to his mind. He knew that the mongoose is kept as a pet by many Hindoos to kill serpents, and that very minute he decided that the best thing he could do was to be a mongoose. So he did.

The only thing that troubled him was that he didn't know what a mongoose looked like or how it acted or what kind of a noise it made. He couldn't, to save his life, remember whether it was a bird or a beast, but he was pretty sure it wasn't a fish. A fish wouldn't be much good at running around a house chasing snakes. But Cousin Orone McDooble did the best he could, and it worked pretty well, for a garden-hose isn't particular what kind of noise an imitation mongoose makes, just so it makes a good loud noise. So Cousin Orone McDooble got down on his hands and knees and made a noise like a mongoose. It was something like a dog and something like a hyena. And every three yelps he snarled and showed his teeth and jumped at the garden-hose.

The garden-hose just hung there as silent and still as the grave and glared him in the eye! And the more he glared the madder Cousin Mongoose McDooble got. He fairly bounced around under the garden-hose on his hands and knees, snarling and snapping, and all at once he jumped right up and bit the garden-hose in the neck! And the garden-hose bit back!

That almost settled Cousin Orone Mongoose, for all at once he remembered something he had forgot, which was that the mongoose, before fearlessly attacking a serpent, neutralizes the poison by eating the Ophiophiza Mungos, and he had forgotten to eat any! So he dashed away and bit a piece off a rhubarb plant, and then dashed back and bit the garden-hose, and he kept it up until on one round trip the spigot of the nozzle caught in his pocket and as he ran the garden-hose leaped out of the tree and went leaping after him. My, but Cousin Orone McDooble was scared! He jumped right into the rhubarb patch and ate three whole plants before he was sure he had eaten enough poison antidote, but once he was sure he was no more afraid of that garden hose than I would be. He lay right down flat and seized it by the nozzle, and wrapped his legs around it, and chewed it, growling like a pup with a slippery bone.

It was a struggle for life or death, and Cousin Orone McDooble chewed 18 feet of that rubber garden-hose before he was sure it was dead, but when he was sure it was dead he was the happiest mongoose that ever killed a garden-hose. He got up on his hands and knees and capered around the yard uttering short, sharp barks of joy, and then, not feeling sure that all the serpents in Betzville were dead, and that he ought to protect his poultry at all hazards, he went into the hen house and went to sleep.

And the next morning he couldn't remember for the life of him whether he was a rooster or a mongoose, and he might never have had the heart to come out of the hen house if he hadn't thought of compromising. So he barked like a mongoose three times and crowed twice, and let it go at that. (Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

ence hall should have been made ready for the occupancy of the Provincial assembly and the governor's council virtually at the exact time when the colonies of Great Britain in America began to feel their growing strength sufficiently to induce them to insist more than ever before upon the right to be specially mindful of their own interests. It was only a quarter of a century after the "old Liberty Bell" was cast by patriotic artisans in this city that it was used to gather the people to hear the proclamation, by order of the continental congress, of the absolute political separation of the 13 colonies from the mother country. The state house sheltered not only the continental congress during many critical sessions, but also the supreme council of the federation of the United States, the constitutional convention of 1787, the supreme court of the United States and the provincial and state legislature of Pennsylvania in that long period of the conception, birth and infancy of the western republic. Every man of any distinction whatever in that great epoch, from Andrew Hamilton and Benjamin Franklin to Lafayette and Pulaski, passed through its portals. It is the silent surviving witness of a stupendous past, so stupendous indeed that hardly anything is more wonderful than the absolute simplicity of the austere stage setting of those dramatic actions which indirectly transformed the whole political world.

William Penn's council of state first met in George Guest's unfinished house near the mouth of Dock creek, afterward called the "Blue Anchor tavern." Settlers at that time were living in caves along the west bank of the Delaware river. It is also supposed to have met in the Swedes' church at Wicaco, down the river, and in William Penn's house in Laetitia court, the same which now stands in Fairmount park, until it removed to the new state house in 1747. The Provincial assembly probably sat in the first rough meeting house erected for the worship of Friends shortly after Penn's arrival, and then in the later one on Front street known as the Bank Meeting house. But it also sat elsewhere, sometimes in houses that were erected for private use.

It was in January, 1729, that the assembly, awake finally to the need of a suitable provincial capitol, voted £2,000 (\$10,000), toward its cost and appropriated the same out of an issue of paper money which it had just authorized. William Allen, who was afterward one of Philadelphia's most famous mayors and became a justice of the supreme court, acted as the agent of the province in the purchase of the lots of ground on Chestnut street, from Fifth to Sixth, and extending half-way back toward Walnut street, which formed the chosen site. It was not until 1769 that the remainder of the square was acquired. Dr. Kearsley, the architect of Christ church, aspired also to design the state house, and is said to have been disgruntled because he was not permitted to do so. Thomas Lawrence, Andrew Hamilton and Dr. John Kearsley composed the building committee.

The main structure, minus the great tower, which had not yet been built, was in a rough state when, in September, 1736, William Allen, the mayor, gave a banquet and frolic in the Long room in the second story, which was to be the scene of so many later revelries and solemnities as well.

Public contractors were dilatory in those days as in these, and it was not until 1745 that the room of the assembly in the state house was completed. It is curious to note that it was heated at that time by means of two open stoves, al-

Romances of Progress

By Albert Payson Terhune

ISAAC NEWTON—The Man Who Turned Accidents to Account.

Good Dame Newton, farmer's widow of Woolstrop, England, was in despair at the stupidity of her only son, Isaac. To the horror of all the neighbors the lad could not grasp the first principles of farming. He neglected his work in the fields, failed to show any interest in crops and was forever sneaking off into corners to read some book on science or mechanics. He had picked up a taste for such matters at the Grantham Grammar school, and they weaned him away from all concern about his mother's thriving farm. He took to devising mechanical toys in off hours, and even constructed a couple of sun dials.

Isaac actually wanted to be a scholar. A scholar, to the simple farm folk, meant a man in a tattered, rusty gown, who was glad enough to eat the crust of charity and who accomplished no good in life. Yet for such a miserable career Isaac begged leave to throw away an assured future as a prosperous farmer. And at last, worn down by his pleadings, the mother consented. At 18, in 1660, Newton went to Cambridge university. There he promptly went mathematic-mad. He discovered the binomial theorem and worked out the processes since employed as "Differential and Integral Calculus." Before he reached the age of 27 he was professor of mathematics at Trinity college.

Then the plague swept England, a scourging epidemic that wasted whole communities, paralyzed trade and progress, and killed men, women and children like flies. The dead were carried out of the cities each day by the hundred cartloads. Knowledge of medicine and of sanitation was limited and the outbreak could not be checked. The colleges closed their doors. Newton, deprived for the time of occupation, returned to the Woolstrop farm.

There, in enforced idleness, he spent many weeks. One day, as he sat under a tree in his mother's orchard, an apple fell to the ground, grazing his head as it passed. Newton started up from the doze into which he had drifted. The fall of the apple set him to thinking. Why had it fallen? When it had become detached from the limb why did it drop downward? Why did it not hang in air or fall in some other direction?

And the result of this study was the discovery of the great fact known as "The Attraction of Gravitation." Next he sought to connect this new discovered "attraction" with the force which holds planets to their orbits and prevents them from whizzing off into space. Galileo, years before, had proven that a falling body drops 16 feet the first second and with arithmetically increased force for every subsequent second.

He again startled the world and made for himself new foes by discovering that rays of white light were not single in color, but were made up of countless rays of many colored light. From this followed a fresh working out of the theory of the rainbow and a masterly treatise on optics.

Then came the heaviest misfortune of Newton's life. For 20 years he had been at work on a scientific discovery and had at last worked it to a completion. All the papers representing that 20 years of labor lay one evening on his study table. His pet spaniel Diamond, leaped upon the table, and while frisking there upset one of the candles. Before Newton could run to the rescue the precious papers were a charred, undecipherable mass of ashes. Instead of flying into a rage of bemoaning the loss he lifted the mischief-making cur gently to the ground, saying only:

"Oh, Diamond, you little know what mischief you have done." Then he set calmly to work on the 20-year task again. But the shock proved too much for his overstrained nerves. He broke down mentally and physically. To make matters worse he was practically penniless. But with tardy generosity the government came to his relief. He was appointed warden of the royal mint, and so well did he discharge his duties that, in 1696, he was promoted to the office of mint master. Queen Anne, in 1705, made him a knight. In 1727, at the age of 85, Newton died. At his deathbed some fellow-scientists spoke in high praise of the dying man's profound wisdom.

"Wisdom?" echoed Newton. "I feel like a child who, wandering along the shores of the boundless seas of learning, has merely picked up a few tiny shells."

(Copyrighted.)

SAMUEL JOHNSON—Crank and Dictionary Maker.

In the worst rainstorm of the season, one day in the middle of the eighteenth century, a man stood on a street corner of Lichfield, England. He was unprotected from the weather by so much as a great coat and waited meekly, receiving the deluge of rain and jeers of passersby. He was a giant in size and strength, enormously fat and clad in shabby, soiled garb. His swollen, red face was blotched, scarred and distorted with scrofula and twitched uncontrollably, his great head rolled from side to side and he muttered constantly to himself. This strange figure was Dr. Samuel Johnson, greatest man of his day, and revolutionizer of the English language. His vigil in the rainstorm was but one of a thousand eccentricities. As a lad he had refused to go on an errand for his father one rainy day. Now 30 years later it had occurred to him to take this queer way of atoning for his boyish disobedience.

Johnson was the son of an old bookseller. He spent his boyhood reading ravenously every one of his father's books he could lay hands on. He had the rare faculty of remembering everything he read. At 19, though miserably poor, he went to Oxford.

But his eccentricity, strange appearance and overstrung nerves proved a great drawback. His wagging head, facial grimaces, slovenly, dirty clothes and linen and uncouth ways made a bad impression. If he were asked to a literary reception he was quite likely to create a diversion by snatching off a lady's slipper or clawing her false hair, or by suddenly shouting a line from the Lord's Prayer. At the few dinners he was invited to the half-starved genius ate ravenously, tearing his food like a wild beast and growling over it.

The English tongue and English literature were growing. Certain etymologies and lexicons were in use, but the language had no dictionary worthy of the name. Several booksellers combined and hired Johnson to compile, in two volumes, a complete dictionary of the English language. For this mammoth work he was allowed seven years' times and \$4,500.

Then, in 1755, appeared his great dictionary. It was not only the first real English dictionary ever published, but the clearness, scope and beautiful language of its definitions formed a new literary era and caused a revolution in literature.

Now that he was successful, the world flocked to do him homage. A coterie of writers, actors and statesmen formed about him. He was their oracle and idol. With pompous superiority he tyrannized over them, bullied them, lectured them, made them listen in respectful silence to his endless orations. At the Cheshire Cheese and other places of the kind he was wont to hold a species of semi-regal court, with himself as undisputed king and despot. He grew indolent, shunned work of all sorts and lived on his past record. In earlier years he had railed at the custom of pension giving, styling it "pay given to a state hireling to betray his country." Yet when the new monarch, George III., offered him a pension of \$1,500 a year Johnson promptly accepted.

At about this time he met James Boswell, a young Scotch lawyer. Johnson hated Scotland, but took a fancy to Boswell, saying in explanation: "Much may be done with a Scotchman if he is caught young." Boswell religiously took down all Johnson's epigrams and later published his recollections of the great lexicographer in one of the most fascinating biographies ever written. Johnson filled his house with beggars and decayed gentlemen, whom he supported and who quarrelled among themselves and bullied their benefactor as he bullied the world.

But at length these mendicants died, as did many of Johnson's closest friends. Alone in the world, embittered, and suffering from a combination of fatal maladies, the man who had revolutionized the English language, and who feared death with a terror almost childlike in its unreasonableness, died on December 13, 1794, leaving an unparalleled record of long and successful battle against circumstances, and standing out forever as the oddest, most picturesque figure in the world of letters.

(Copyrighted.)

THE BREMEN.
"Hoch der Bremen!" is the cry,
From the people ringing,
To the German visitor.
Friendly message bringing,
Hail the stranger to this port,
Burden of our ditty,
As all join in its refrain:
"Welcome to our city!"

As the nations that have sent
Brain and brawn to ours,
Putting strong blood in our veins,
Building up our powers,
Few before the Fatherland
Make a better showing:
Few deserve in better need

Thanks of our owing,
So we greet this friendship's mark
With a friend's returning;
Ever for a closer bond
"Twixt our people yearning
If o'er seas we had no signs,
More would be the pity.
So we cry, with three times three:
"Welcome to our city!"

A Bluffing Case.
The snit case made a daring bluff,
And chip on chip the bid would raise;
How could he know that sure enough
The big trunk held four trays?
—Stanford Chaparral.



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Russia's Young Autocrat

Russia's Future Ruler Already a Monarch.

"Alyosha" Wants What He Wants When He Wants, It, and Does Not Hesitate to Say So—A Commander at Four.

His Imperial Highness Grand Duke Alexis Nikolalevitch, only son of the czar and heir to the throne of Russia, is known in the nursery as Alyosha. And Alyosha is already autocrat of the nursery, showing unmistakable



Grand Duke Alexis Nikolalevitch.

signs that he will be as impetuous and commanding when he grows up as his father is weak and vacillating.

A few days ago the czar sent one of his generals to interview the little prince. The officer found an exciting game going on in the nursery when he entered; but it stopped immediately and Alyosha gravely returned his visitor's salute. Then he turned to his sisters and said: "Go!" They have been taught to obey their brother, and disappeared in double quick time, leaving him to talk with the general.

Last summer Alyosha went for a cruise in the Gulf of Finland with his parents. One night he woke up and said to his nurse: "Nyanya, I want the band to play."

"Go to sleep," she said. "I cannot go to sleep," he persisted. "I want the orchestra to come and play."

"But the orchestra can't play now," she said; "the men have all gone to bed and are fast asleep, as you ought to be."

"But I must have them to play," he insisted. "Go and tell them to come at

once." So the nurse got up and dressed and the musicians were made to turn out of bed and come and play until his imperial highness, the lord heir apparent, signified by dropping off to sleep that they might stop.

The czar and czarina were delighted at this little incident, which they considered showed the firmness and will of little Alyosha. They also were pleased at the obstinacy with which the child refused to wear a new military cap which has been given him. "But look," said an attendant, pointing to one of the officers, "don't you see that that general has a cap like yours?"

"I don't care if he has," said the small prince. "I'm not going to wear one." And he did not.

A lady of the court recently told an amusing story about Alyosha's prayers. To the astonishment of the nurse he ended the usual devotions he says before the silver icon in the nursery every evening by shouting at the top of his voice, "Hurrah, God!" The good woman told him he ought not to do so.

"Why not?" he asked. "Because one cannot say 'hurrah' to God," she answered.

"But when father goes out everybody says 'hurrah,'" he argued. "God is much greater than father, so why should one not also say 'hurrah' to him?"

And the lady who told the story remarked piously: "Fancy what an intellect that child has! He is only four and yet knows that God is greater than his father."

Most ordinary mortals knew this at the age of four, but perhaps when one's father is an autocrat and one is taught that in time to come one will be able to order about 130,000,000 people it is more difficult to grasp.

Alyosha has been taken to reviews since he was in long clothes; indeed, it may be said that the czar has exploited his baby. Soldiers can be stirred up to great enthusiasm at the sight of an infant who will some day be czar and the imperial family has made full use of this fact. Last summer Alyosha was driven along the ranks of soldiers at a review, sitting at his mother's side. He bowed his little curly head to them until he fell asleep from sheer weariness.

He already realizes the responsibilities and the privileges of his exalted rank. The last time he returned to Peterhof after a cruise in the Gulf of Finland he refused point blank to drive to the palace in the same carriage as his sisters. The lord heir apparent, he evidently thought, must go in solitary state. Needless to say, his whim was honored, and he was given a carriage to himself!

HARDLY FOR IMMEDIATE USE.

Boy's Purchase Not of Such a Practical Nature as Fond Father Had Hoped.

On the day the Boy was 11 years old he visited an artist friend. The artist likes boys. He entertained the Boy royally. He gave him a gun and cigarette coupons worth \$2.50. The Boy was proud of the gun, but he thought still more of the coupons.

"What are you going to get with them, son?" asked his mother.

"I don't know," said the Boy.

His mother was about to offer a few suggestions, but the Boy's father interfered.

"Just let Jim alone," he said. "Let him pick out his own prize. He knows what he wants."

So the mother finally gave in. On Saturday the Boy went down town to exchange his coupons for a prize. When he came home the family was gathered at the dinner table talking about him.

"Come, dear," said his mother, "show mother what her little man got."

They sat expectant while the Boy unwrapped his prize. After a little they spoke. The mother said: "What did I tell you?" and the father said: "Well, I'll be darned!"

The Boy had bought a razor.

Poultry Secrets Disclosed!

THERE are secrets in the poultry business, as in any other; the best methods and newest discoveries seldom reach the amateur poultry raiser and the general public for years after they are originated. A new method of absolutely insuring the fertility of setting eggs, for example, has

Enormous Cash Value

and its discoverer is not to be blamed for keeping it to himself. Now, for the first time, the secrets of many of the most successful poultrymen are made known. No concealment has been violated; every secret has been

Obtained in an Honorable Way

and its discoverer is not to be blamed for keeping it to himself. Now, for the first time, the secrets of many of the most successful poultrymen are made known. No concealment has been violated; every secret has been

Read What Purchasers Say
I received your book "Poultry Secrets" and am very much pleased with both. The secrets are worth their weight in gold. Why, I paid \$5 for the printed book, but certainly got a fellow over his money's worth.
ANDREW F. G. MOBLEY, Utica, N. Y.
Received your book "Poultry Secrets." It is an exceptionally instructive work, and worth \$10 to any progressive poultryman. I would not care to take that for my copy, but I would not get another.
BART F. KINGMAN, Knoxville, N. J.
As to "Poultry Secrets," I will say, I have lectured on the subject over the greater portion of this state for the past fifteen years, and have about every book that is published on this subject in my library, and I consider that book of yours the most valuable I have for the general public.
E. J. RICHARDSON, Marine, Ill.
Your book "Poultry Secrets" received, also the Forester and Ranchman, of the Farm Journal. Entirely satisfied with all three, but more than just money's worth on any one piece of other poultry literature.
F. L. VANDERBROOK, Berdorf, Texas.

AND MANY OTHERS, NOT ENUMERATED HERE

It would be absurd to expect every bit of this information to be unknown to everyone; we make no such claim. But to the great majority of poultrymen it will be absolutely new, and of great value. ABOUT FARE JOURNAL—Farm Journal has for thirty years made a specialty of poultry; this department is ably edited and more valuable than many specialized poultry papers. This is only one section, however, of a remarkable magazine—a monthly with animal subscribers. NOT A THEORY, technical farm paper, fully printed on cheap paper, full of medical and trashy advertisements, but a magazine for the home—farm, village or country; well printed and illustrated, clean, clear, quiet, and always cheerful; intensely practical; equally at home on a thousand-acre farm or on a suburban back garden; and in a dozen ways UNLIKE ANY OTHER PAPER.

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Greatest, Grandest, Glorious Three-Day Celebration on the

4th of July at Florence, Neb.

Three Days, Saturday, July 3, Sunday, July 4 and Monday, July 5

The only celebration in this part of the State that will interest, instruct and amuse you. **FIREWORKS, BALL GAMES, RACES** of all descriptions, **BALLOON ASCENSIONS, DANCES** and hundreds of other features for your edification.

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as to go through a successful business career without advertising.

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may we talk with you about the deals?

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Theo. W. McClure has a big line of fireworks for the 4th of July. Al Close is doing jury duty this week. Walter Kreile was a Florence visitor Sunday. Everybody should help boost for the big Fourth of July celebration. Anderson & Hollingsworth have a full line of fresh fruit of all kinds. Take your tools to McGregor and have them sharpened. For a clean shave or any barber work see J. C. Renninger. The Tribune is \$1.00 a year and is worth it.

The Parkside

MRS. KEATON, Prop.
1310 Main Street. Tel. Florence 311
Everything modern. Everything new. Everything in the market to eat. Everybody welcome. All who come once come again.

Charles Callanan of Omaha was a Florence visitor Wednesday.

A. B. C. coffee makes a delicious drink for the breakfast.

Miss Fern Nichols of Omaha is the guest of Miss Francis Thompson.

Mr. Whitlake of Lincoln was a guest of Mr. and Mrs. Nuel Burton Sunday.

Wilbur Nichols severed his connection with T. W. McClure Wednesday.

Mrs. E. L. Platz spent Wednesday the guest of Omaha friends.

M. B. Parks' little boy has been ill the past week.

Miss Louise Finney will spend her vacation at home next week.

Pioneer Marion Trisler was in Lincoln to visit a married daughter.

Con Corbett reports corn in good shape in Desota parish.

Wilber Nichols and O. W. Wilson have secured Pascale's hall for a dance on the evening of July 5 and expect to entertain a big crowd.

Don't forget the big three day celebration at Florence July 3, 4 and 5 under the auspices of M. W. A.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Jones of Omaha were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Fowler at Hillcrest Sunday.

Mrs. Keaton entertained the ladies of the First Baptist church of Omaha at the Parkside Monday.

Mrs. Keaton will serve ice cream, cake and lemonade at the dance at Pascale's hall Monday evening.

John Kelly has been appointed administrator of the estate of his brother Edward, who died last week.

Miss Josephine Keller of Omaha was a guest of the Tuckers on Tuesday.

Mrs. Fred Patterson of Sioux City, Iowa, formerly of Omaha, is the guest of Mrs. A. B. Hunt at Minne-Lusa.

Are you reading our continued story, "Whispering Smith?" It's one of the best railroad detective stories written.

Bell Drug company are making a specialty of ice cream soda these hot days.

George Siert says the Saratoga ice cream in soda water is the finest thing in town these hot evenings.

There will be a special patriotic meeting at the Christian Endeavor Sunday evening, July 4th, at 7 p. m.

Mr. and Mrs. William Laflin of Elm Creek are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. George Hadlock.

Mr. and Mrs. M. C. Coe and daughter, Lulu Mae, were guests of Omaha friends Monday.

Mrs. Henry Anderson left Tuesday morning with Mr. Anderson's mother, Mrs. Claus Anderson, for Dallas, S. D.

Mrs. John Brishin and Mrs. Harry Busbin entertained Monday evening a number of Omaha friends.

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.

Harris & Taylor started the plastering of Henry Anderson's new building this week.

C. H. Glakelee and C. J. Lund marketed stock at South Omaha on Friday.

The Blatz Co. baseball team defeated the Calhoun team Sunday by a score of 11 to 4.

Gus Neustrom and two children of Thomas Swift of Omaha Sundayed at Fred Nichols'.

Miss Francis Thompson of Omaha will spend her summer with her aunt, Mrs. D. Kelly.

The Florence Social Whirl club gave a hayrake party Thursday evening. The party drove to Benson.

Mrs. O. Moore of this city won a cut glass bottle in an auction sale of jewelry in Omaha Tuesday.

Miss Edith Gabrielson leaves Saturday for a short visit at home in Gilmore, Ia.

Mr. and Mrs. Barnes of Beaver Crossing, Neb., are expected to spend the Fourth with Mr. and Mrs. Burton.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols and Miss Helen Nichols were guests at a theater party in Omaha Wednesday evening.

Emory, the photographer, has decided to open a place in Florence, locating on Pacific street between Main and Fifth streets.

Edward McKinzie of Waterloo, Wis., will be the guests of B. C. Fowler Sunday. It will be their first meeting in 24 years.

The Court of Honor's financial statement for the first of the month shows assets of \$1,458,705.05, besides the money in the general fund.

George Gamble will open up a pool hall, with cigars, tobacco, lunch, etc., in Henry Anderson's new building, about the 15th of the month.

The base ball grounds are being fixed up and beautified and a new club house, with a shower bath, is under construction.

R. R. Kimball, who has purchased the Sprague Abbott place, is engaged in laying out the grounds and rebuilding the house.

The Crescent theater has moved out of the Pascale building and will soon occupy its own new building, which is rapidly nearing completion.

The Florence Dancing club will give a dance in Pascale's hall Monday evening, July 5th. They have secured electric fans and the best of music.

Violet Camp No. 5193 R. N. of A. will hold their regular meeting Tuesday evening, July 6th, at Wall's Hall. A full attendance is desired.

Miss Alle Houston was the guest of Omaha friends at a theater party Wednesday, given in honor of her birthday.

Among the Florence people who attended the Old Settlers' Picnic in Hanscomb park last Saturday were: T. E. Price Sr., Thomas Ritchie Sr., Mrs. Mary Pilant and Mrs. D. Elwell, J. P. Finley and family, and Mr. Delone, D. Deyo and daughter Carrie, Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brown, Mr. H. I. Brown of Vancouver, B. C., and Miss Prudence Tracy.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY

The following resolutions of sympathy were adopted at the last meeting of Florence Court No. 358 Court of Honor:

Whereas, the angel of death has entered our Court for the first time and taken from our midst Harry Martin, our sentinel, and

Whereas, by his death Florence Court No. 358 loses an esteemed member and the mother a loving and dutiful son, be it

Resolved, that this Court extend its heartfelt sympathy to the mother of the deceased, and be it further

Resolved, that to show our respects for our deceased brother, that our charter be draped for thirty days, and a copy of these resolutions be sent the bereaved mother, one to the official paper, one to the Florence Tribune and also a copy be placed on the minutes of our Court.

Though bereft we're not forsaken. Though afflicted, not alone. Thou didst give and Thou hast taken, Blessed Lord, Thy will be done.

MRS. S. LANGENBACK, MARGARET ADAMS, Committee.

FORT CALHOUN NEWS

William Sheeley and family of Blair were at Pioneer David Neale's Friday.

Henry Staltenburg of Douglas county was calling on his aunt, "Grandma" Iverson.

George Rohwer and Dr. Curtis were re-elected on the school board Monday night.

George Neitzel, after several months with Henry Schmidt, blacksmith, has gone to Fremont.

William Seivers, Sam Blasan and others were in Blair last week at a Knights of Pythias meeting.

"Grandma" Kump, an Omaha pioneer, was visiting her sister, Mrs. Henry Frahm, a pioneer of Washington county.

The Christian Endeavor had a lawn party Friday evening. The weather was fine, the attendance good and a pleasant time was had.

Lightning killed a horse for Peter Schmidt in the western part of the city and a cow for E. Wing, near Coffman, Sunday night.

Lightning struck in Louis Lorsch's hog pen Monday without damage, but the old man was close by and hardly knew when to stop jumping.

Mr. and Mrs. Ambler write from Halfway, Ore, that strawberries are fine and sell at \$2.50 a crate. Other fruit is badly injured by spring frosts.

Sunday lightning struck the barn of Mrs. Carl Schmidt in this city but without serious damage. It killed a cow owned by Henry Arp six miles southwest of here.

Miss Emma Jost, who was married to a Kansas City gentleman in Omaha last week, was brought up and educated here by her grandparents, the late John Ketchmark and family.

Fort Calhoun has a fine city park, two railroad parks and lots of private shade. No cannon, no brass band and can give people who want a quiet Fourth of July a nice place for a day's outing. Railroad trains from and to Omaha are run on a good schedule.

Lightning Monday made kindling wood of four telegraph poles, run down the wires a quarter of a mile and offered to shake hands with the operator in his office. It also struck a large cottonwood two blocks east of the line, near the Case cottage.

The Washington County bank has all plans of the new company ready for the carpenters to turn the old elevators into a first class alfalfa and feed meal, where all kinds of ground feed can be made. An addition will be built on the south, 38x86 feet, and thirty feet high, a seventy-five horse power gasoline engine will be installed and the company will start with probably \$25,000 paid up capital.

Louis Karn's oldest child was 3 years old and celebrated the day by the baptism of his baby sister, Louise Marie, by the Rev. Mr. Erk, pastor of the Ponca Creek Lutheran church, with an uncle, Carl Schmidt, as godfather, and Mrs. Joe Bolln godmother. S. A. Beranek of Omaha accompanied the minister and among others present were "Grandma" Schmidt, Peter Schmidt, Jr., and family, Mrs. Peter Schmidt, Sr., Arthur Burras and W. A. Woods. The weather was delightful. Long tables under the trees, a full banquet, with banks of roses and splendid music, were features.

Sunday, Lyman W. Saums, one of the most highly respected pioneer farmers and fruit growers, was buried in the Fort Calhoun cemetery. He served over three years in the Fourteenth infantry during the civil war and came to this county and settled on Deer creek, a few years after. He was married here to Miss Wilson in 1871. He was a quiet, careful, industrious citizen and was nearly 67 when he died. He left a wife and six grown children. Mrs. Abe Milligan of Farnell, Mo., Mrs. Carl Schmidt of Fort Calhoun, and two sons and two daughters, as well as five brothers and two sisters. Rev. Hilkeman, Presbyterian minister, preached the sermon and in spite of the rain and bad roads over forty teams came from the farms and were joined by others on the way to the cemetery. Among the others present were County Judge O'Hanlon and Squire H. H. Reed of Blair, Abe Milligan of Farnell, Mo., Al Milligan of Bancroft and others from Omaha and surrounding towns. He died Thursday morning following an operation at the South Omaha hospital.

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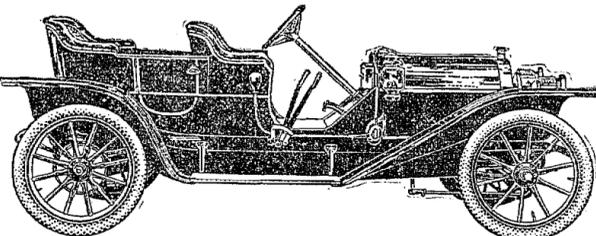
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Come in and let us show you our goods, get our prices, and then look around. You will come back—they all do.

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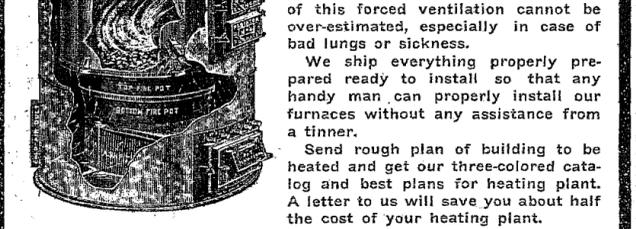
We sell a first-class furnace, suitable for a cottage with all pipe and fittings for \$60.00, and larger furnaces at proportionately low prices.

We manufacture 36 different furnaces of the leading styles. We own one of the best equipped furnace plants in the west. We manufacture the very best and sell at the lowest possible manufacturer's price. Our furnaces burn any kind of fuel.

The Bovee furnace is the only furnace having a perfect forced Ventilation System, that insures pure air in every part of the house. The value of this forced ventilation cannot be over-estimated, especially in case of bad lungs or sickness.

We ship everything properly prepared ready to install so that any handy man can properly install our furnaces without any assistance from a tinner.

Send rough plan of building to be heated and get our three-colored catalog and best plans for heating plant. A letter to us will save you about half the cost of your heating plant.



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