

The Florence Tribune

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No. 7

CONTRACT FOR PAVING LET

City Council in a Busy Session Take Up the Bids for Paving of Main Street and Award the Contract to M. Ford on Coffeyville Brick Block to Be Laid from Jackson Street to Briggs Street and Approve Form of Contract.

It's done. They all went on record. The city council Monday evening awarded to M. Ford of Cedar Rapids, Ia., the contract for the paving of Main street from Jackson street to Briggs street.

A petition signed by 131 property owners requesting the council to let the contract started the ball rolling, especially when it was seen that a great many of the signatures were from people who had previously signed the protest.

Councilman Price arose upon the conclusion of the reading of the petition and said: "I move that M. Ford be awarded the contract on his bid for paving, curbing, guttering, placing the catch basins and laying drain tile as per plan only on that part of Main street from the south line of Jackson street south to the south line of Briggs street with class B vitrified brick block using Coffeyville brick block and that his bond be fixed at \$10,000 and that the mayor be directed to execute a contract therefor in behalf of the city and that all other bids be rejected and the certified checks be returned to bidders."

Councilman Allen arose and asked if the city clerk had it in writing from the street car company, that it would double-track its line and pave between the rails.

R. H. Olmsted replied that there was nothing in writing but he had verbal assurances from the officials that they would do so.

Councilman Kelly said he was in favor of the paving and wanted to see it done but desired to have the vote put off two weeks so he could satisfy himself that the people really desired the paving.

The city clerk called the vote on awarding M. Ford the contract which resulted: Price, yes; Craig, yes; Kelly, no; Allen, no.

Mayor Tucker then said that it was one of those times when it was up to the mayor, and as everybody knew where he stood, he would vote yes.

The form of the contract between the city and M. Ford was then read and being a lengthy document consumed considerable time.

The council was then called to vote upon the approving of the form of contract which resulted: Price, yes; Craig, yes; Kelly, no; Allen, no.

Mayor Tucker again cast the deciding vote.

Mr. Ford then submitted his bond in the sum of \$10,000, signed by the Bankers' Surety Company of Cleveland, O., which was read.

City Attorney Olmsted objected to many of the clauses in the bond and submitted to the council a form of bond he had written, which he said safeguarded the city's interests better than the one submitted by the contractor.

The form submitted by the city attorney was approved and upon motion Mr. Ford was given until Wednesday evening to get it signed.

Important Notice. If you are raising tomatoes for market, please report to us without delay your number of acres planted and present condition of plants. FLORENCE CANNING & MFG. CO. W. R. WALLS, Secretary, at Farmers State Bank, Florence.

FLORENCE LAND CASE SETTLED

Suit Over Land and Growing Crops is Amicably Settled to Satisfaction of All.

The proceeding of Sylvester T. Campbell of Florence, who had begun an action to oust his tenant, James W. Chapek, off the farm because he was not cultivating the crops, when in fact Campbell had got possession of all his tools on a chattel mortgage, was ended Saturday when Judge Troup dissolved the restraining order without granting a hearing, and the attorney withdrew the case.

Campbell made a showing in court that although his tenant had paid him half the rent for the year, and the remainder would not become due until September, the weeds were spoiling the crops and permanently damaging the property.

Judge Troup granted him a temporary order which enabled him to take possession. The order was revoked when Judge Troup came to the conclusion that the case was being unduly delayed and the proceedings were dropped.

TREASURER MAKES REPORT

Submits to the Council a Showing of All Moneys Collected and Disbursed and Balances.

City Treasurer Thomas presented a report to the council showing the funds to be as follows:

GENERAL FUND.
June 1, balance on hand.....\$ 16.99
June 2, received Co. Treas..... 207.35
June 2, received Co. Treas..... 99.27
June 22, received Co. Treas.....1222.57
June 22, received Co. Treas..... 594.71
June 1, J. K. Lowry..... 3.50
June 1, Chas. Cottrell..... 1.00

Total.....\$2145.39
Paid warrants..... 1800.44

Bal. on hand.....\$344.95

WATER FUND.
June 1, bal. on hand.....\$ 769.72
June 2, rec'd Co. Treas..... 148.90
June 22, rec'd Co. Treas..... 892.07

Total.....\$1810.69
Paid warrants..... 870.00

Balance.....\$ 940.69

SIDEWALK FUND.
June 1, bal. on hand.....\$ 218.21
Balance..... 218.21

GRADING FUND.
June 1, bal. on hand.....\$ 100.15
June 2, rec'd from Co. Treas..... 211.45
June 2, rec'd from Co. Treas..... 21.54
June 22, rec'd from Co. Treas..... 194.83
June 22, rec'd from Co. Treas..... 130.80

Total.....\$ 658.77
Paid warrants..... 324.06

Balance.....\$ 334.71

Balance in all funds.....\$1838.56
He recommended that the balance in the water fund of \$940.69 be transferred to the general fund, and the council granted his request.

FIRE CHIEF RECEIVES LETTER

A. O. Johnson, State Fire Commissioner, Writes Letter to Chief About the New Law.

Fire Chief Gamble is in receipt of the following letter from A. O. Johnson, the state fire commissioner:

"We desire to call your attention to sections 2 and 6, House Roll No. 72, enacted by the last legislature of the state of Nebraska. This law became effective July 2, 1909.

"Sec. 2. The state fire commissioner and the chief of the fire department of every city or village in which a fire department is established, and the mayor of every incorporated village or town in which no fire department exists, shall investigate the cause, origin and circumstances of every fire occurring in such city or village, and the sheriff of each county when requested by the property owner or any one interested therein, shall investigate the cause, origin and circumstances of every fire occurring in his county without the limits of any organized city or village, by which property has been destroyed or damaged, and shall especially make investigation as to whether such fire was the result of carelessness or design. Such investigation shall be begun within two days, not including Sunday, after the occurrence of such fire, and the fire commissioner or his deputy shall have the right to supervise and direct such investigation whenever he deems it expedient or necessary. The officer making investigation of fires occurring in cities, villages, towns or counties shall forthwith notify said fire commissioner, and shall within one week of the occurrence of the fire furnish to the said fire commissioner a written statement of all the facts relating to the cause and origin of the fire, and such other information as may be called for by the blanks provided by said fire commissioner. The state fire commissioner shall keep in his office a record of all fires which may be determined by the investigations provided by this act; such record shall at all times be open to the public inspection.

"Sec. 6. Any officer referred to in section 2 herein who neglects to comply with any of the requirements of this act shall be punished by a fine of not less than \$25 nor more than \$200."

"You will note that this law makes it incumbent on you to comply with same."

Notice is hereby given that James J. Fox has this 15th day of July, 1909, sold his interest in business under the firm name of Fox & Brown, in Florence, Neb., to I. W. Brown. All debts of said firm are to be paid to said Brown, and all creditors of said firm are to be paid to said I. W. BROWN.

A good, strong girl housework; German 1 once; \$4.00 per week. Paul, Florence, Neb.

TRANSACTS MUCH BUSINESS

Meet at City Hall Monday, with Big Audience, and Succeeds in Doing a Tremendous Amount of Important Business Before It Adjourns at 11 O'Clock, to Meet Wednesday to Clean Up the Remnants of Interesting Session.

Before a crowd including women which completely filled the city hall Monday evening the city council disposed of the biggest batch of business that ever came before that body.

Hugh Suttie presented his report as census enumerator, which showed that this city now has a population of 1,465, not including dogs, cats and chickens. However, since the report was written both Dr. Akers and Dr. Adams report increases.

A petition to repair that part of Main street from Davenport to Ferry street and Ferry street from Main to Fifth was read and referred to the committee on streets and alleys.

The paving of Main street, an account of which will be found in another column, was then taken up and disposed of.

Councilman Kelly introduced a resolution on the estimate of expenses for the coming year, which was unanimously adopted. It provides for a total expense of \$8,000, divided as follows:

Street and alley fund.....\$2,700
Water fund..... 1,800
Light fund..... 1,250
Salaries..... 1,350
Park fund..... 200
General fund..... 700

Total.....\$8,000

Ordinance 240, making the tax rate for the coming year, was introduced, and by suspending rule 6 was read the second and third time and passed. It provides a levy of 21 mills, divided as follows:

General purposes.....10
Water and hydrant..... 6
Lights..... 4
Park..... 1

Ordinance 248, making appropriations in accordance with the estimate was introduced, read the second and third time and passed.

Ordinance 250, by J. H. Price, for the abating of nuisance by depositing garbage and refuse in alleys and on lots, was read the second and third time and passed.

Ordinance 249 was placed on its third reading, and after being amended to read \$8 instead of \$12 as the yearly license fee for pool tables, etc., was passed.

C. C. Logan immediately gave the clerk his check for \$24 in payment for the license of three tables.

D. J. Creedon put in bills for laying of sidewalks of \$1,561.79, and upon motion the city clerk was instructed to advertise a special meeting of the council as a Board of Equalization for August 16, to levy the assessment or tax for these walks.

Mrs. Tweedy complained of the water washing off the Calhoun road over her garden, and said if it was fixed she would not again appear before the council, but if not she will appear until it is fixed.

Councilman Price said he had seen Joann Grant, and that he objected to the city fixing up the cement sidewalks and charging it up to him, saying he had men to do that kind of work, and would do so if notified.

Kelly said he had been notified. A motion prevailed that the city clerk notify him to begin work repairing the walks within two weeks, or the city would do so and charge it up to him.

A delegation from the school board appeared before the council and requested the council not to put in the cement walk on the south side of Jefferson street until after the building was completed. The request was granted.

Councilman Allen made a motion that A. Marr be elected sanitary officer at a salary of \$5 per month, beginning August 1, and it carried unanimously.

Bids for the sewer in two blocks were opened and the contract awarded to W. H. Taylor, on his bid of 40c a foot and \$13 for manholes. The other bids were F. D. Leach, 49c a foot, including manhole, and George Foster of 42c a foot, all T's and L's 35c, brick manhole \$10.

The bill of Larry Fay for the crosswalks brought forth the fireworks. His bill was for 18 walks at a cost of \$37.35, and \$68.50 for grading. Allen asked if the bill contained any extras of what was in his contract.

Fay—"No, sir; only such walks as were ordered by the old board, I which were for alleys."

Mayor Kelly—"Contra"

FLORENCE COUPLE MARRIED

John Menke and Mary Pilant Go Over to Glenwood and Are Made One, Return to Florence to Live.

Urged by the promptings of Dan Cupid, and emboldened by the soothing influence of a rare June day, John Menke of Florence, Neb., and Mary A. Pilant, two fond hearts beating as one, hied themselves away from the city's teeming marts, seeking the seclusion of Glenwood to consummate the legal formalities of a matrimonial venture Friday. The groom admitted having experienced 74 hard winters, while the bride owned up to only 61. The ceremony was performed by Justice Otis in the county clerk's office. Notwithstanding it was His Honor's first offense in the knot-tying stunt, he pulled off the affair with great eclat, and to the apparent satisfaction of all. Deputy Brothers showered the happy pair with the customary rice, old shoes and other available junk, after which the twain boarded No. 3 en route on the wedding tour to Florence, where they will make their home. Both are well fixed in worldly possessions.

and bill was O. K'd by him."

Councilman Kelly—"Who ordered the extra crossings?"

Mr. Fay—"There are no extra crossings."

Mr. Kelly—"There is. The old board only ordered in 12 crossings, 4 being for alleys."

Mr. Allen—"I told Mr. Fay to do only the work called for in the contract. The bill should not be allowed until they have been measured and authority for their being in looked up."

Mayor Tucker—"It is unfair to keep a man out of his money if it is due him."

City Engineer Reynolds—"I checked up the number of feet, but not the amount of money due."

Mr. Kelly—"Mr. Creedon put the tape line over all his work with the council and then presented a bill."

Mayor Tucker—"Refer the bill to Mr. Kelly to check up and report back Wednesday."

Mr. Fay—"That suits me, for the tape line will show more feet than have charged for, but the bill will be in accordance with the number of feet checked by Mr. Kelly."

The following bills were allowed:

J. K. Lowry.....\$ 2.50
Florence Coal & Lumber Co. 55.00

Veterans' Reunion of Florence.

The dates of the Douglas County Veterans' association reunion at Florence have been definitely fixed for August 24-28, instead of August 9-14, as announced. The women's auxiliary of the association will give the veterans a chicken pie dinner one day during the reunion, and will carry out a special program on that day.

Many of the Douglas county veterans have decided to encamp on the reunion grounds during the entire reunion. It is intended to make the reunion one in fact as well as name, and the chief features will be regimental camp fires and a good time generally.

The letting of concessions is in the hands of Robert Golding and F. S. Tucker.

IDLE CHATTER

Mrs. A. L. Shipley has recovered from her recent illness.

M. R. Huntington of Omaha was the guest of Florence friends Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Cook and Miss Ingersoll have returned from a visit at Tekamah.

Mr. Ras Peterson and Miss Mary Peterson gave a barn dance to their friends at their home Wednesday evening.

Mr. A. B. Anderson returned Wednesday from a trip to Colorado.

Mr. and Mrs. Zilch and family spent Sunday at Manawa.

Mrs. Marks has recovered from her recent attack of asthma.

Mr. Hartman of Cedar Rapids, Ia., visited with Florence friends Wednesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Frank Smock are rejoicing over the arrival of a boy.

Martin Ihm of Meadow, S. D., is visiting with his brother, L. F. Ihm, two weeks.

rs. Robert Craig is ill with appendicitis.

rs. Charles Cottrell spent Tuesday making the guest of friends.

MUSICAL GENIUS GIVES CONCERT

Stanislav Letovsky, Who is Visiting His Father and Mother in Florence, Shows Home Folks That He is Talented and That the Rage for Him in Europe is Well Founded.

From an artistic standpoint at least the recital given at Boyd's theater last Thursday evening by Stanislav Letovsky was a distinct and unqualified success. It was, in the first place, an event of prime local importance, as it was the occasion of the young man's first public appearance since his return from abroad, where he has received such recognition as rarely falls to the lot of one upon whose shoulders the burden of years so lightly rests.

It would seem that the people of Omaha would manifest sufficient interest at least to attend a recital given by one of their own fellow citizens, who has, at the age of nineteen years, won for himself a position as conductor in one of Germany's well known opera houses. Those who did attend, however, had the satisfaction of hearing works of undoubted genius interpreted for them by the author himself.

The sonata with which the program began is a strong and vigorous work in four movements, which are well proportioned and contrasted, thematically interesting and original to a degree nothing short of astonishing, and full of daring, though effective harmonic combinations. There is nothing reminiscent of the pupil in young Letovsky's work. His themes are strong and big with meaning, and are developed with a security which tells of the hand of the practiced master.

The sonata was received by the audience with much favor and was followed by a group of numbers by Chopin and Liszt—a nocturne and an arrangement of Paganini etude by the Weimar master.

While Mr. Letovsky has not made the acquisition of an all-encompassing piano technique, the chief end and aim of his musical career, he yet disposes over a real virtuoso mechanical equipment. Above and beyond that he possesses style of playing which pulsates with warmth and color, overflows with temperament, and vibrates with almost primitive strength. His treatment of the piano is entirely orchestral in its style, some of his climaxes reaching extraordinary limits of strength. His playing of Chopin's A flat major polonaise was remarkable for its display of breadth and bravura.

A group of smaller numbers from Mr. Letovsky's pen which followed later gave some conception of the opulence of musical ideas with which the young man is endowed.

His "Rhapsodie Slave" is a brilliant and effective piano number, scintillating with color, and decidedly Bohemian in character. This element of nationalism, by the way, is noticeable to a greater or lesser degree in all his compositions, and gives them a peculiarly piquant flavor. The "Valse Intermezzo," a suave and melodious bit of music in dance form, was followed by "L'Allegro" (after Milton's pen), an etude in which a broad and flowing melody in the middle register of the instrument is accompanied by a brilliant and difficult harmonic figuration for the right hand.

A sparkling performance of the Strauss "Blue Danube" waltzes in the Schuitz-Evler transcription, brought the program to a close, after which the pianist added an original fantasia on Bohemian folksongs as an encore.

Mr. Frantisek Kolbaba, a violinist recently from Europe, assisted by playing two movements from a concerto by de Beriot. His playing was warmly applauded by the audience, which insisted upon an encore. Mr. Kolbaba's accompaniments were played by Miss Marie Milk.

Mr. Letovsky has but recently revised the proofs of his sonata, and several other of his compositions, which are at present being issued by one of the most prominent publishing houses in Berlin.

He will remain in Florence until the latter part of August, when he will return to Kiel and again take up his duties as conductor in the Kiel Stadt theater.

Special Announcement. Having purchased Mr. Fox's interest in the Fox & Brown meat market, request that all outstanding accounts be settled at once in order to straighten up the partnership business.

Thanking you for past favor hoping to receive a share of future patronage, I am, respectively,
IRVING W. BR

Notice—All accounts must be paid and receipts by Irving W.

SOME BASEBALL IN FLORENCE

Some Mighty Good Games Are Being Played Every Saturday and Sunday at the Ball Park.

The Florence team defeated the Royal Achates at Florence park Sunday in a rather one-sided game by the score of 6 to 0. Mathews had the Achates at his mercy, allowing only three hits, and only two men reached third. Mathews was also there with the stick, getting two hits, one a home run. Barney picked them out of the dirt in fine style. Pospical played well at first, having twelve chances without a wobble. The Florence team plays the Holleys at Florence next Sunday. The score:

FLORENCE.
AR. R. BH. PO. A. E.
Renschreiber, cf..... 2 1 2 1 0 0
McGugan, 2b..... 3 1 1 1 3 1
Elliott, 3b..... 2 0 1 4 2 0
Pospical, 1b..... 4 0 0 12 2 0
Brown, c..... 2 0 0 5 1 0
O'Neill, rf..... 2 1 0 0 0 0
Barney, ss..... 3 0 1 1 4 0
Barr, lf..... 4 0 0 2 0 0
Mathews, p..... 4 2 2 1 8 0
Totals.....30 6 8 27 29 2

ROYAL ACHATES.
AB. R. BH. PO. A. E.
Geary, 3b..... 3 0 2 1 1 1
Thompson, ss..... 3 0 0 2 2 0
Brown, 1b..... 3 0 0 9 0 0
Kennedy, c..... 4 0 0 6 1 0
Baker, 2b..... 3 0 1 2 0 0
Lecton, lf..... 1 0 0 2 0 0
Rinhardt, cf..... 4 0 0 1 0 0
Canavan, rf..... 1 0 0 0 6 0
Woodard, p..... 2 0 0 0 1 0
Totals.....39 0 3 24 11 5

Score by innings—
Florence.....1 0 0 1 1 2 0 1 0 0
Achates.....0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0

Summary—Stolen bases: Renschreiber, McGugan. Two-base hits: Renschreiber, McGugan, Barney. Home runs: Mathews. Struck out: By Mathews 5, by Woodard 6. Wild pitch: Woodard. Umpire: Mike.

In a game at Florence park on Sunday afternoon the Riversides added another to their long list of victories by defeating the Monmouth Parks, 8 to 2. Cunningham, who pitched for the Riversides, held the Parks down to three hits, and was effective when men were on bases. He was well supported both in the outfield and infield. Baker threw a fair game, but was poorly supported in some positions. Batteries: Riversides, Cunningham and Polifka; Monmouth Parks, Baker and Stump.

The Crane Company and Voegel & Dinning Mazeppas played at Florence park Saturday afternoon. The lineup was as follows:

Crane Co.—Hill, 1b; Closson, 2b; Elliott, 3b; Renschreiber, rf; Barr, lf; O'Neill, cf; Schuchart, sr; Jones, p; Sage, c.

Mazeppas—Merritt, 1b; Stine, 2b; Drummy, 3b; McLean, ss; Kane, lf; Coughlin, cf; Heinricks, rf; Thomas, p; Murphy, c.

IS SURPRISE BY HER FRIENDS

Mrs. Fred Heise is Taken Unawares by a Party of Friends and a Deightful Time Had by All.

Among the many pleasant gatherings recently was a party tendered Mrs. Fred. Heise at her beautiful home near Florence. Among the guests were thirty-one grand children who gathered to do her honor.

Gus Heise from Oakland, Neb., and Herman Heise from Bancroft, Neb., together with their families were the relatives from a distance, while the others still live in the immediate vicinity.

The tables were arranged in a "T" shape where the happy group assembled at the noon hour. Throughout the day and evening games were indulged in by the children and older folks spent a very enjoyable day by reminiscence talks, and all partook of the ice cream, fruit and other tempting viands that had been prepared for the event.

The surprise was so cleverly planned and executed that it proved to be complete. Mrs. Heise recently passed her seventieth birthday, yet she entered into the spirit of the occasion, and before the happy party took their departure, they extended their best wishes that she might live to enjoy many similar gatherings.

TRAVEL BY STREET CAR

You can't help but when you look at the swell 3-passenger wheelers.

WHISPERING SMITH

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ BOWLES.

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SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—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 heavy 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 McCloud and a fight between him and McCloud was narrowly averted. Smoky Creek bridge was mysteriously burned. McCloud prepared to face the situation. President Bucks notified Smith that he had 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. A lock train was wrecked on an open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the express car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. McCloud was notified that Whispering Smith was to hunt the desperadoes. Bill Dancin, a road lineman, proposed that Sinclair and his gang be sent to hunt the bandits. A stranger, apparently with authority, told him to go ahead. Dancin was told the stranger was "Whispering Smith." Smith approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed. McCloud was notified his life was in danger. McCloud was carried forcibly into Lance Dunning's carriage. Dunning refused the railroad a right-of-way. He had already signed for Dickie to interfere to prevent a shooting affray. Dickie met McCloud on a lonely trail to warn him his life was in danger. On his way home a shot was fired through his hat. Whispering Smith reported that Du Sang, one of Sinclair's gang, had been assigned to kill McCloud. He and Smith saw Du Sang. Whispering Smith advised Du Sang and told him to get out of Medicine Bend or suffer. Du Sang seemed to succumb to the bluff. McCloud's big construction job was taken from him because of an injunction issued to Lance Dunning by the United States court.

CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

The Crawling Stone river is said to embody, historically, all of the deceptions known to mountain streams. Below the Box Canyon it flows through a great bed of yielding silt, its own deposit between the two imposing lines of bluffs that resist its wanderings from side to side of the wide valley. This fertile soil makes up the rich lands that are the envy of less fortunate regions in the Great Basin; but the Crawling Stone is not a river to give quiet title to one acre of its own making. The toil of its centuries spreads beautifully green under the June skies, and the unsuspecting settler, lulled into security by many years of the river's repose, settles on its level bench land and lays out his long lines of possession; but the Stouix will tell you in their own talk that this man is but a tenant at will; that in another time and at another place the stranger will inherit his fields; and that the Crawling Stone always comes back for its own.

Winter had been an unusual one ever since a land of winters. The season's snow had not been above an average, but it had fallen in the spring and had been followed by excessively low temperatures throughout the mountains. June came again, but a strange June. The first rise of the Crawling Stone had not moved out the winter frost, and the stream lay bound from bank to bank, and for hundreds of miles, under three feet of ice. When June opened, backward and cold, there had been no spring. Heavy frosts lasting until the middle of the month gave sudden way to summer heat, and the Indians on the upper valley reservation began moving back into the hills. Then came the rise. Creek after creek in the higher mountains, ice-bound for six months, burst without warning into flood. Soft winds struck with the sun and stripped the mountain walls of their snow. Rains wet in on the desert, and far in the high northwest the Crawling Stone lifting its four-foot cap of ice like a bed of feathers began rolling it end over end down the valley. In the Box, 40 feet of water struck the canyon walls and ice-floes were hurled like torpedoes against the granite spurs; the Crawling Stone was starting after its own.

When the river rose, the earlier talk of Dunning's men had been that the Crawling Stone would put an end to the railroad pretensions by washing the 250 miles of track back to the Peace river, where it had started. This much in the beginning was easy to do, but the railroad men had to force to fight for their lands in the upper valley.

CHAPTER XVII.

Stone Rise.

of the river the big back, at.

deed, to consist mainly of hard riding and hard language on the part of everybody. Murray Sinclair, although he had sold his ranch on the Crawling Stone and was concentrating his holdings on the Frenchman, was everywhere in evidence. He was the first at a point of danger and the last to ride away from the slipping acres where the muddy flood undercut; but no defiance seemed to disturb the Crawling Stone, which kept alarmingly at work.

Above the alfalfa lands on the long bench north of the house the river, in changing its course many years earlier, had left a depression known as Mud lake. It had become separated from the main channel of the Crawling Stone by a high, narrow barrier in the form of a bench deposited by the receding waters of some earlier flood, and added to by sandstorms sweeping among the willows that overspread it. Without an effective head or definite system of work the efforts of the men at the Stone ranch were of no more consequence than if they had spent their time in waving blankets at the river. Twenty men riding in together to tell Lance Dunning that the river was washing out the tree claims above Mud lake made no perceptible difference in the event. Dickie, though an inexperienced girl, saw with helpless clearness the futility of it all.

Terror seized Dickie. She telephoned in her distress for Marion, begging her to come up before they should all be swept away; and Marion, turning the shop over to Katie Dancin, got into the ranch-wagon that Dickie had sent and started for the Crawling Stone.

At noon Marion arrived. The ranch-house was deserted, and the men were all at the river. Puss stuck her head out of the kitchen window, and Dickie ran out and threw herself into Marion's arms. Late news from the front had been the worst; the cutting above Mud lake had weakened the last barrier that held off the river, and every available man was fighting the current at that point.

Marion heard it all while eating a luncheon. Dickie, beset with anxiety, could not stay in the house. The man that had driven Marion over, saddled horses in the afternoon and the two women rode up above Mud lake, now become through rainfall and seepage from the river a long, shallow lagoon. For an hour they watched the shoveling and carrying of sand-bags, and rode toward the river to the very edge of the disappearing willows, where the bank was melting away before the undercut of the resistless current. They rode away with a common feeling—a conviction that the fight was a losing one, and that another day would see the ruin complete.

"Dickie," exclaimed Marion—they were riding to the house as she spoke—"I'll tell you what we can do!" She hesitated a moment. "I will tell you what we can do! Are you plucky?"

Dickie looked at Marion pathetically.

"If you are plucky enough to do it, we can keep the river off yet. I have an idea. I will go, but you must come along."

"Marion, what do you mean? Don't you think I would go anywhere to save the ranch? I should like to know where you dare go in this country that I dare not!"

"Then ride with me over to the railroad camp by the new bridge. We will ask Mr. McCloud to bring some of his men over. He can stop the river; he knows how."

Dickie caught her breath. "Oh, Marion! that would do no good; even I could do it. Why, the railroad has been all swept away in the lower valley."

"How do you know?"

"So every one says."

"Who is every one?"

"Cousin Lance, Mr. Sinclair—all the men. I heard that a week ago."

"Dickie, don't believe it. You don't know these railroad men. They understand this kind of thing; cattlemen, you know, don't. If you will go with me we can get help. I feel just as sure that those men can control the river as I do that I am looking at you—that is, if anybody can. The question is do you want to make the effort?"

They talked until they left the horses and entered the house. When they sat down, Dickie put her hands to her face. "Oh, I wish you had said nothing about it! How can I go to him and ask for help now—after Cousin Lance has gone into court about the line and everything? And of course my name is in it all."

"Dickie, don't raise specters that have nothing to do with the case. If we go to him and ask him for help he will give it to us if he can; if he can't, what harm is done? He has been up and down the river for three weeks, and he has an army of men camped over by the bridge. I know that, because Mr. Smith rode in from here a few days ago."

a good word to say for Whispering Smith."

"Perhaps you have forgotten, Dickie, that you live in a very rough part of the country," returned Marion, coolly. "No man that he has ever hunted down would have anything pleasant to say about him; nor would the friends of such a man be likely to say a good word of him. There are many on the range, Dickie, that have no respect for life or law or anything else, and they naturally hate a man like Whispering Smith."

"But Marion, he killed—"

"I know. He killed a man named Williams a few years ago, while you were at school—one of the worst men that ever infested this country. Williams Cache is named after that man; he made the most beautiful spot in all these mountains a nest of thieves and murderers. But did you know that Williams shot down Gordon Smith's only brother, a trainmaster, in cold blood in front of the Wickiup at Medicine Bend? No, you never heard that in this part of the country, did you? They had a cow-thief for sheriff then, and no officer in Medicine Bend would go after the murderer. He rode in and out of town as if he owned it, and no one dared say a word, and, mind you, Gordon Smith's brother had never seen the man in his life until he walked up and shot him dead. Oh, this was a peaceful country a few years ago! Gordon Smith was right-of-way man in the mountains then. He buried his brother, and asked the officers what they were going to do about getting the murderer. They laughed at him. He made no protest, except to ask for a deputy United States marshal's commission. When he got it he started for Williams Cache after Williams in a buckboard—think of it, Dickie—and didn't they laugh at him! He did not even know the trails, and imagine riding 200 miles in a buckboard to arrest a man in the mountains! He was gone six weeks, and came back with Williams' body strapped to the buckboard behind him. He never told the story; he said when he handed in his commission and went back to his work was that the man was killed in a fair fight. Hate him! No wonder they hate him—the Williams Cache gang and all their friends on the range! Your cousin, thinks it policy to placate that element, hoping that they won't steal your cattle if you are friendly with them. I know nothing about that, but I do know something about Whispering Smith. It will be a bad day for Williams Cache when they start him up again. But what has that to do with your trouble? He will not eat you up if you go to the camp, Dickie. You are just raising bogies."

They had moved to the front porch and Marion was sitting in the rocking chair. Dickie stood with her back against one of the pillars and looked at her. As Marion finished Dickie turned and, with her hand on her forehead, looked in wretchedness of mind out on the valley. As far, in many directions, as the eye could reach the waters spread yellow in the flood of sunshine across the lowlands. There was a moment of silence. Dickie turned her back on the alarming sight.

"Marion, I can't do it!"

"Oh, yes, you can if you want to, Dickie!" Dickie looked at her with tearful eyes. "It is only a question of being plucky enough," insisted Marion.

"Pluck has nothing to do with it!" exclaimed Dickie, in fiery tones. "I should like to know why you are always talking about my not having courage! This isn't a question of courage. How can I go to a man that I talked to as I talked to him in your house and ask for help? How can I go to him after my cousin has threatened to kill him, and gone into court to prevent his coming on our land? Shouldn't I look beautiful asking help from him?"

Marion rocked with perfect composure. "No, dear, you would not look beautiful asking help, but you would look sensible. It is so easy to be beautiful and so hard to be sensible."

"You are just as horrid as you can be, Marion Sinclair!"

"I know that, too, dear. All I wanted to say is that you would look very sensible just now in asking help from Mr. McCloud."

"I don't care—I won't do it. I will never do it, not if every foot of the ranch tumbles into the river. I hope it will! Nobody cares anything about me. I have no friends but thieves and outlaws."

"Dickie!" Marion rose. "That is what you said."

"I did not. I am your friend. How dare you call me names?" demanded Marion, taking the petulant girl in her arms. "Don't you think I care anything about you? There are people in this country that you have never seen who know you and love you almost as much as I do. Don't let silly pride prevent your being sensible." Dickie burst into tears.

Marion drew her over to the settee, and had her cry out. When it over they changed the subject. Dickie went to her room. It was a long before she came down again, but

on rocked in patience; she was resolved to let Dickie fight it out herself.

When Dickie came down, Marion stood at the foot of the stairs. The young mistress of Crawling Stone ranch descended step by step very slowly. "Marion," she said, simply, "I will go with you."

CHAPTER XVIII.

At the Dike.

Marion caught her closely to her heart. "I knew you would go if I got you angry, dear. But you are so slow to anger. Mr. McCloud is just the same way. Mr. Smith says when he does get angry he can do anything. He is very like you in so many ways."

Dickie was wiping her eyes. "Is he, Marion? Well, what shall I wear?" "Just your riding-clothes, dear, and a smile. He won't know what you have on. It is you he will want to see. But I've been thinking of something else. What will your Cousin Lance say? Suppose he should object?"

"Object! I should like to see him object after losing the fight himself!"



"But How Did You Ever Get Here?"

Marion laughed. "Well, do you think you can find the way down there for us?"

"I can find any way anywhere within 100 miles of here."

On the 20th of June McCloud did have something of an army of men in the Crawling Stone valley. Of these, 250 were in the vicinity of the bridge, the abutments and piers of which were being put in just below the Dunning ranch. Near at hand Bill Dancin, with a big gang, had been for some time watching the ice and dynamiting the jams. McCloud brought in more men as the river continued to rise. The danger line on the gauges was at length submerged, and for three days the main-line construction camps had been robbed of men to guard the soft grades above and below the bridge. The new track up and down the valley had become a highway of escape from the flood, and the track patrols were met at every curve by cattle, horses, deer, wolves and coyotes fleeing from the waste of waters.

Through the Dunning ranch the Crawling Stone river makes a far bend across the valley to the north and east. The extraordinary volume of water now pouring through the Box canyon exposed 10,000 acres of the ranch to the caprice of the river, and if at the point of its tremendous sweep to the north it should cut back into its old channel the change would wipe the entire body of ranch alfalfa lands off the face of the valley. With the heat of the lengthening June days a vast steam rose from the chill waters of the river, marking in ominous windings the channel of the main stream through a yellow sea which, ignoring the usual landmarks of trees and dunes, flanked the current broad.

Late in the afternoon that Dickie with McCloud, a storm drift

scured the face of the moon, but the distant thunder had ceased, and at midnight the valley near the bridge lay in a stillness broken only by the hoarse calls of the patrols and far-off megaphones. From the bridge camp, which lay on high ground near the grade, the distant lamps of the track-walkers could be seen moving dimly.

Before the camp-fire in front of McCloud's tent a group of men, smoking and talking, sat or lay sprawled on tarpaulins, drying themselves after the long day. Among them were the weather-beaten remnants of the old guard of the mountain workers, men who had fought the Spider Water with Glover. Bill Dancin, huge, lumbering, awkward as a bear and as shifty, was talking, because with no apparent effort he could talk all night, and was a valuable man at keeping the camp awake. Bill Dancin talked and, after Sinclair's name had been dropped from the roll, ate and drank more than any two men on the division. A little apart, McCloud lay on a leather caboose cushion trying to get a nap.

The man sent to the bridge had turned back, and behind his lantern Dancin heard the tread of horses. He stood at one side of the camp-fire while the visitors rode up; they were women. Dancin stood dumb as they advanced into the frelight. The one ahead spoke: "Mr. Dancin, don't you know me?" As she stopped her horse the light of the fire struck her face. "Why, Miss Sinclair!"

"Yes, and Miss Dunning is with me," returned Marion. Bill staggered. "This is an awful place to get to; we have been nearly drowned, and we want to see Mr. McCloud."

McCloud, roused by Marion's voice, came forward. "You were asleep," said she as he greeted her. "I am so

not send me word? I would have come to you!" he exclaimed, throwing reproach into the words.

Dickie raised her eyes. "I wanted to ask you whether you would sell us some grain sacks, Mr. McCloud, to use at the river, if you could spare them?"

"Sacks? Why, of course, all you want! But how did you ever get here? In all this water, and two lone women! You have been in danger to-night. Indeed you have—don't tell me! And you are both wet; I know it. Your feet must be wet. Come to the fire. O Bill!" he called to Dancin, "what's the matter with your wood? Let us have a fire, won't you?—one worth while; and build another in front of my tent. I can't believe you have ridden here all the way from the ranch, two of you alone!" exclaimed McCloud, hastening boxes up to the fire for seats.

Marion laughed. "Dickie can go anywhere! I couldn't have ridden from the house to the barns alone."

"Then tell me how you could do it?" demanded McCloud, devouring Dickie with his eyes.

Dickie looked at the fire. "I know all the roads pretty well. We did get lost once," she confessed in a low voice, "but we got out again."

"The roads are all under water, though."

"What time is it, please?"

McCloud looked at his watch. "Two minutes past 12."

Dickie started. "Past 12? Oh, this is dreadful! We must start right back, Marion. I had no idea we had been five hours coming five miles."

McCloud looked at her, as if still unable to comprehend what she had accomplished in crossing the flooded bottoms. Her eyes fell back to the fire. "What a blaze!" she murmured as the driftwood snapped and roared. "It's fine for to-night, isn't it?"

"I know you both must have been in the water," he insisted, leaning forward in front of Dickie to feel Marion's skirt.

"I'm not wet!" declared Marion, drawing back.

"Nonsense, you are wet as a rat! Tell me," he asked, looking at Dickie, "about your trouble up at the bend. I know something about it. Are the men there to-night? Given up, have they? Too bad! Do open your jackets and try to dry yourselves, both of you, and I'll take a look at the river."

"Suppose—I only say suppose—you first take a look at me." The voice came from behind the group at the fire, and the three turned together.

"By heaven, Gordon Smith!" exclaimed McCloud. "Where did you come from?"

Whispering Smith stood in the gloom in patience. "Where do I look as if I had come from? Why don't you ask me whether I'm wet? And won't you introduce me—but this is Miss Dickie Dunning, I am sure."

Marion with laughter hastened the introduction.

"And you are wet, of course," said McCloud, feeling Smith's shoulder.

"No, only soaked. I have fallen into the river two or three times, and the last time a big rhinoceros of yours down the grade, a section foreman named Klein, was obliging enough to pull me out. Oh, no! I was not looking for you," he ran on, answering McCloud's question; "not when he pulled me out. I was just looking for a farm or a ladder or something. Klein, for a man named Small, is the biggest Dutchman I ever saw. Tell me, Klein, I asked, after he had quit dragging me out—his a Hanoverian—where did you get your pull? And how about your height? Did your grandfather serve as a grenadier under old Frederick William and was he kidnapped? Bill, don't feed my horse for a while. And Klein tried to light a cigar I had just taken from my pocket and given him—fancy! The Germans are a remarkable people—and sat down to tell me his history, when some friend down the line began bawling through a megaphone, and all that poor Klein had time to say was that he had had no supper, nor dinner, nor yet breakfast, and would be obliged for some by the boat he forwarded me in." And, in closing, Whispering Smith looked cheerfully around at Marion, at McCloud, and last and longest of all at Dickie Dunning.

"Did you come from across the river?" asked Dickie, adjusting her wet skirt meekly over her knees.

"You are soaking wet," observed Whispering Smith. "Across the river?" he echoed. "Well, hardly, my dear Miss Dunning! Every bridge is out down the valley except the railroad bridge and there are a few things I don't tackle; one is the Crawling Stone on a tear. No, this was across a little break in this man McCloud's track. I came, to be frank, from the Dunning ranch to look up two women who rode away from there at seven o'clock to-night, and I want to say that they gave me the ride of my life," and Whispering Smith looked all around the circle and back again and smiled.

Dickie spoke in amazement. "How did you know we rode away? You were not at the ranch when we left?"

"Oh, don't ask him!" cried Marion. "He knows everything," explained McCloud.

Whispering Smith turned to Dickie. "I was interested in knowing that they got safely to their destination—whatever it might be, which was none of my business. I happened to see a man that had seen them start, that was all. You don't understand? Well, if you want it in plain English, I made it my business to see a man who made it his business to see them. It's all very simple, but these people like to make a mystery of it. Good women are scarce than riches, and more to be prized than gold—in my judgment—so I watch them."

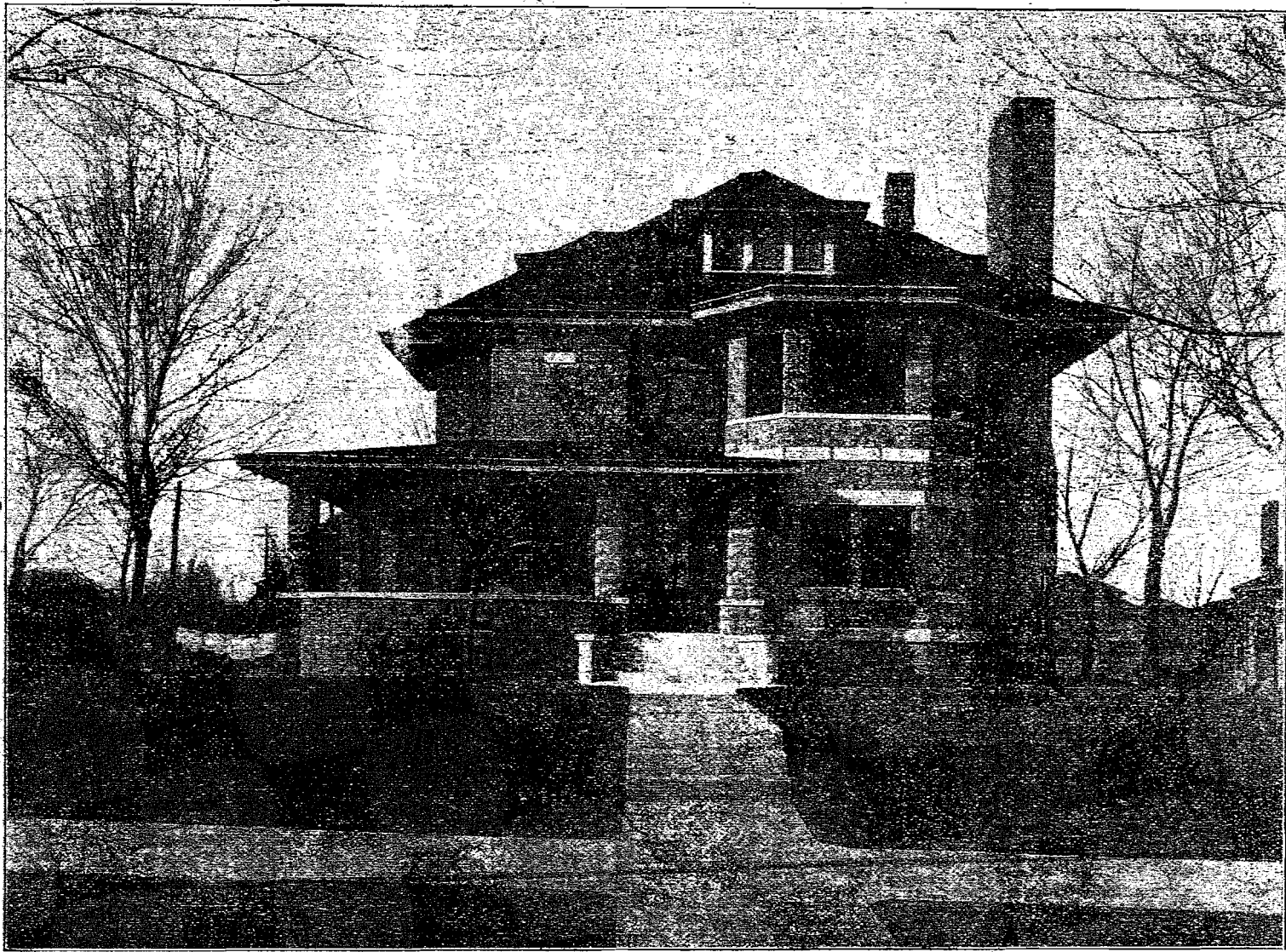
"But you started out together; where did you leave her?"

"Here she stands the other side of the fire. G. Dickie!"

You not tell me she was named McCloud.

He met her, enough to relieve the rich both for an instant. She gave him her name and put his out, though he smiled a little. "Such a name! Why did you

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



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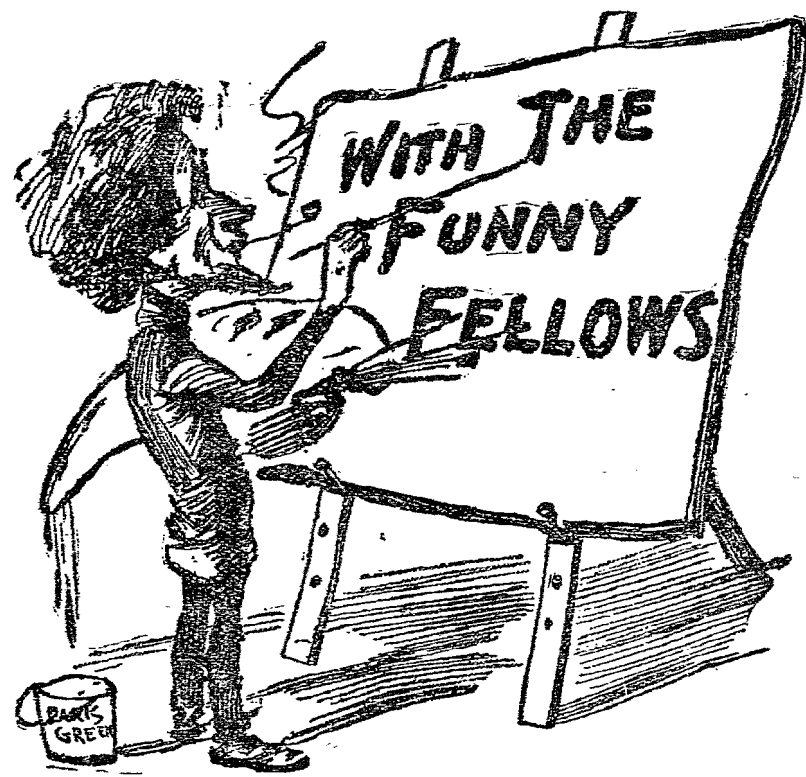


MARY AND HER LAMB

The world has very many lambs whose owners' names are hid And yet they may have done as much as Mary ever did, Of course the fame of Mary's name is not at all surprising, 'Twas brought about by out and out judicious advertising.

The Florence Tribune

Sells publicity to the advertiser and delivers it to a large number of desirable buyers. The price is always in exact ratio to the service rendered. Telephone Florence 165 for further information.



WHY HE'S SO GOOD.

"There is a little boy in our neighborhood who never whistles." "Most unusual." "He never beats a toy drum, never uses a sling and never throws stones through window panes." "Truly, a remarkable child!" "Furthermore, he has never been seen to make faces at elderly people, never fights and no matter how many circus parades may be passing from time to time on a near-by street, he never runs away from home." "I didn't think there was such a boy in the world. I should like to see him." "Oh, his good qualities are very easily explained. You see, the boy I'm talking about is a marble boy, and he presides over a fountain on Mr. Bleeker's lawn."

He Was Real Mean.

Miss Golding—Here's your ring. I have decided that I can never be your wife, so the engagement is off and I shall expect you to return everything you may have in your possession that belongs to me. Mr. Hamlin—All I have is a lock of your hair and photo. I don't suppose you care anything for the photo, but the lock of hair you will no doubt want to preserve as a souvenir. Miss Golding—As a souvenir of what? Mr. Hamlin—Of the time when you were a brunette.

The Sorrow of It.

The jokesmith sat at a table. On his hands he rested his head, and after trying to think a think this is what he said: "Alas, my brain tanks empty! All thoughts seem to have fled. It's funny—I can't remember the jokes I think of in bed."

Wise.

The wise man thinks before he speaks. And if you will But take his lunch you'll do the same And then keep still.

A TERRIBLE THOUGHT.



"I was just thinkin' how terrible it'd be if my birthday an' Christmas came on the same day. My!"

His Mania.

Tjarks—What is Flyer doing around that rural legislator? Bjorks—He's trying to lobby a bill. Flyer has the airship craze strong. Tjarks—And what kind of a bill is he trying to lobby? Bjorks—A bill to compel farmers to spread feather beds over their farms when they see an airship descending.

Stood the Test.

"Mamma, why don't you want me to play with that Kudger boy?" "Because, dear, I know the family. He hasn't good blood in him." "Why, mamma, he's been vaccinated twice, and it wouldn't take either time."

Coeducation.

"But," asked the first coed, "why did you elect to take up the study of German instead of French?" "Oh," replied the other, "the German professor was so awfully handsome, you know."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Hardly.

"Here is a list of the hundred worst books." "I'll bet you one thing." "What?" "The pocketbook isn't mentioned there."

THE NEW FAD.

Once we rode horses And thought they were fast; But found that their fleetness Was not so to last. Then steam drew our coaches, O'er land we go, And wondered however We traveled once slow.

But into our living, Our peace laying waste, Came leaping and bounding The Spirit of Haste, Into his car horseless, He tossed us with glee, Nor unless we were breathless, Content could we be.

But to dash through the ocean, To race o'er the land, Are joys our tastes jaded Not now understand. A swifter progression, We feel we must try, So the world's getting crazy To learn how to fly.

THOSE SUMMER MEN.



He—Do you read fiction during the summer? She—No; but I listen to it.

Putting on Airs. They're getting stylish, I'm afraid; Their hired girl Is now a "maid."

Had Nothing to Say.

The stranger had been compelled to linger twenty-four hours within the gates.

"Well," queried the landlord of the village inn, as the stranger was settling his bill, "what do you think of our place as a summer resort?" "I'd hate to tell you," answered the stranger, as he picked up his grip. "Even what I think of it as a last resort would not look well in print."

Those Car Windows.

George Washington never told a lie because he was cautious. One day, on a railroad train, a lady asked him to open a window. Instead of saying, "Certainly, I will, madam," George said, "I will try." George did try, and, of course, you know the result. But his reputation for veracity was still safe.—Yonkers Statesman.

How Could She.

He (rhapsodically)—I adore everything that is grand, exquisite, super-eminent. I love the peerless, the serene, the perfect in life. She (blushing coyly)—Oh, George, how can I refuse you when you put it so beautifully?

No, Indeed.

"Science seems to be puzzled by the strange beast recently captured by Mr. Roosevelt." "Rest assured of one thing." "And what is that?" "It isn't a nature fake."

MANY EXCUSES.



Tall Office Boy—Dat new kid is stuck on his people. He's always talking about his forefathers. Short Office Boy—Four father. Gee, what a lucky kid! In de base season think how many grand- he must have.

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City Clerk.....Charles Cottrell
City Treasurer.....W. H. Thomas
City Engineer.....R. H. Olmsted
City Marshal.....Harold Reynolds
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr
Counsellors.....
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SCHOOL BOARD.
Meets the first Tuesday evening in the month at the school building.
W. B. Rogers, Chairman
Hugh Suttie, Secretary



Florence, Neb., July 16, 1909.

And we are to pave.

Twenty-one mills this year.

A whole week with no rain.

If you like The Tribune, tell others; if not, tell us.

It certainly was warm at the council meeting Monday.

It may be strange, but in Florence West is in the North.

In the hills around Florence living is high for some folks.

The council still continues to draw big crowds at its meetings.

There will be real fun at the city hall the evening of August 23.

Wonder if the school children are counting the days till school begins?

You could hear the corn growing during the hot days the past week.

Did you ever kiss a girl just after she had eaten a limburger cheese sandwich?

Have you noticed the paper in the city hall? It's beautiful, especially the ceiling.

Maybe if more women attended the council meetings the council would fix up the streets and sidewalks.

Money is made to spend, and we are going to keep on spending it until we have the best paper in the state.

The city should now be sanitary, as we have a sanitary officer. We also have cesspools that should be abolished.

What right has the street car company to sell power in Florence? Isn't the franchise to sell power worth something?

While The Tribune has been admitted to the postoffice as second-class mail matter, it will still be a first-class newspaper.

The contractor on the new school building will have to move a great deal faster than he is if the building is ready when school opens.

If the council keeps on turning out work at the rate it has started nobody will run for the office next time unless the salaries are raised.

To those Florence people who are talking about high taxes we respectfully refer them to Omaha people who will pay 10c on the dollar.

By delaying the putting in of two wagon loads of cinders at 50c a load at the most the city is running a chance of a \$5,000 law suit. That's good financiering.

The Daily Bumble Bee says "the Florence street car starts nowhere, lands nowhere, and connects nothing with anything." Where do you get off?

The local tax rate this year will be 21 mills for the city and 17 mills for the school board, or 38 mills. To this will be added the county and state levies and the assessment for paving and sidewalks.

Oh, Girls! How's This?
There are only 27 old maids—beggard, bachelor maids—in Florence at the present time.

These figures are absolutely correct, for they were given me by a man—a married man. He says they are correct, and I have to take his word for it.

He says there are 54 bachelors in Florence at the present time. The same authority gave me these figures, also, but I am inclined to doubt them. From the number of men with happy looks on their countenances I would say there were at least 100, but maybe I am prejudiced.

All of which is but an introduction

to a scheme by the aforesaid authority to have twenty-seven—27—weddings in this city, and wipe out the old maids—excuse me, bachelor maids.

I don't know whether he originated the scheme because misery loves company, or because he hates to see any one happier than he is. Maybe he had a little grouch at the time, caused by his wife asking for a little money.

At any rate, he desires to see twenty-seven—27—more men hooked up in the bonds of matrimony.

I wonder what the single girls will say to this cutting them out of twenty-seven eligible chances.

The man with the scheme dilates on the joys of home.

I agree with him, but if the assessor should list all the personal property that a man runs into at night when his wife pokes him in the ribs and tells him there is a burglar in the house, there would be no need of other taxation.

That's no joke, for I have run into 575 pieces of furniture while taking a nocturnal stroll, while in the morning there were but five pieces.

But, to turn back to the girls, dear, sweet things—what do they want to get married for when they can now wind the young man around their fingers and get the aforesaid young men to put up the coin of the realm for ice cream sodas, dances and other pleasures?

And think of the fun they have listening to proposals. Why, I never heard a proposal in all my life. If my friend, the man with the scheme, will fix it so I can hear the proposals, I will help him accomplish his purpose.

Tax Levies.

In Florence the tax levy this year will be 57.8 mills, divided as follows:

Mills	
General purposes	10.0
Water and hydrant	6.0
Lighting	4.0
Parks	1.0
Schools	17.0
State general	4.0
State University	1.3
County, general	9.0
County schools, etc.	5.5
Total	57.8

In Omaha they will have a levy of 98.2 mills, subdivided into several departments of government, as follows:

Mills	
City general fund	38.4
City sinking fund	9.6
City water board fund	13.4
City school fund	16.0
State general fund	4.0
State Univ. and redemp. funds	2.3
County general fund	9.0
County other funds	5.5
Total levy	98.2

The total county valuation last year as returned by the state board after equalization was \$34,448,060. The valuation this year, as sent to the State Board of Equalization, but not yet equalized and returned, is \$35,723,153, or an increase of \$1,275,093.

On this valuation of last year state and county taxes amounting to \$718,239.72 were raised with a levy of 20.8 mills. In addition to this sum \$148,582.44 was raised for school and village purposes, but for these latter items Omaha taxpayers paid no tax.

The state tax of 6.3 mills last year raised \$215,300.37 for three separate funds, as follows: General fund, 4.3 mills, \$146,404.25; university fund, 1 mill, \$34,449.06; redemption fund, 1 mill, \$34,449.06. There will be no redemption fund this year, but aside from that the tax, as estimated, will be as high if not higher.

The county tax of 20.8 mills last year raised \$502,939.35 for five funds, a sixth fund, the poll tax, being raised by direct tax instead of a mill levy. These funds were divided as follows: General fund, 9 mills, \$310,032.54; road, 2.1 mills, \$72,340.92; bridge, 1.5 mills, \$51,672.09; sinking fund, 1.7 mills, \$58,561.70; soldiers' relief fund, .2 of a mill, \$6,889.60; poll tax, \$3,442.50.

ANNEXATION.

In Omaha they are talking of annexing to Omaha Florence and other suburbs so as to make Omaha a city of 200,000 population in 1910. That is a very laudable desire on the part of Omaha, but will some one please tell us wherein we would be better off than we now are.

During the discussion on the paving question a great deal of the talk was on the tax rate of the two cities and it was asserted that Florence paid a higher rate than any city in the country outside of Omaha and South Omaha—41 mills. Omaha's rate was 51.3 mills but this year they are talking increasing the rate nearly 40% or to 98.2 mills.

Even with the paving of Main street and the laying of a large number of new sidewalks the rate in Florence will not touch these figures.

Again, if Florence is annexed to Omaha, and it is only a question of time before it is, public improvements will be few and far between on a plea that the money is made in the business sections of Omaha, but for those improvements the taxpayers of this city will have to stand their share.

Before we allow Florence to be annexed we must have in permanent sidewalks, a complete sewer system, paving and better lighting.

If we are to be saddled with an additional tax burden we must have something in return and that something will have to come in the issuance of bonds, etc., to do the work necessary and let Omaha pay for them when they mature.

If the water works question is finally settled in the city of Omaha buy-

ing them the day of annexation will be close and it will take prompt action to place Florence in a position to want to be annexed.

Until that time Florence is and will be against annexation, for we have no desire to pay a tax levy of 98.2 mills when we can get along on 50 mill levy.

The levy for this year's general purposes is 21 mills for general city purposes, but to this must be added 17 mills for school board and the state and county levies which will make an approximate rate of 50 mills on a valuation of \$301,000. This valuation is undoubtedly low and were it near its true value the levy would be but half that amount.

The big stumbling block to annexation is the difference in the tax rate of 98.2 mills and 50 mills.

NEBRASKA STATE FAIR.

The Nebraska state fair in amusement and entertainment features is much better equipped this year to please its patrons. Liberati's concert band and grand opera singers are the best the country affords. They were engaged a year in advance in order to secure them. There is nothing superior to this great aggregation of fine musicians. They will be on the fair grounds each day of the fair.

Paine's "Battle in the Clouds," the greatest display of fireworks ever witnessed, will be on exhibition each night.

There will also be a genuine airship, one that will go up and soar around over the city of Lincoln and return to the fair grounds as it ascended and settle in the exact spot it previously occupied.

Herbert A. Kline's great shows will be a feature of midway attraction that are accepted by all the leading fairs as highly amusing, with none of objectionable qualities that are found with the ordinary side show attractions that have become so distasteful to fair patrons.

The amusement specialties are many and cannot be enumerated in this brief statement. Remember the dates, September 6 to 10, 1909. Make a memorandum of this; so you can tell your neighbor.

CHILDREN'S STORIES

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

A LITTLE GIRL AND HER SISTER.

I know a Little Girl who has a sister that is older than she. One day this older sister was taken sick, and the Little Girl used to come from school and go and ask her sister if she wanted anything to read, or if she could do anything for her.

I think she was a good Little Girl, don't you?

Her big sister was cross sometimes, as are most people when they are sick, but the Little Girl did not care for she wanted to help her sister.

One day the Little Girl got sick, and then her older sister went and got some books and sat by her bedside and read stories to her, so that it made her happy, though she was sick.

So you see that the Little Girl was very happy because she had a sister to read to her.

Don't you think that it is very nice to help those that are sick and make a little sunshine in the clouds of sickness?

I do.
I hope all Little Girls will do this when their sisters or parents get sick.

They should remember that words are the only things that live forever.

Just Politics.

Florence presents to the voters in this fall's election four men—W. A. Yoder, republican, for county superintendent; L. B. Reeter, democrat, for road overseer; S. B. Letovsky and Charles Cottrell, republicans, for assessor. The only offices for which there will be a contest in the primaries is republican coroner and surveyor, and both parties for county judge, and republican assessor.

The following shows the filings for county offices the voters will be called upon to nominate:
Sheriff—E. F. Brailey (rep), P. G. H. Boland (dem.).
Clerk—D. M. Haverly (rep), A. L. Patten (dem.).
Treasurer—F. A. Furay (rep), M. L. Endres (dem.).

Register of Deeds—F. W. Bandle (rep.), Ed. L. Lawler (dem.).
Coroner—C. H. T. Reipen, Willis Crosby and Max Becht (rep.), P. C. Heafey (dem.).
Surveyor—George McBride and M. R. Black (rep.), John P. Crick (dem.).
County Judge—Charles Leslie, Alvin S. Johnson (rep.), George H. Mertens, George Holmes (dem.).
Superintendent of Schools—W. A. Yoder (rep.), F. C. Hollingsworth (dem.).
Road Overseer—L. B. Reeter (dem.).
Assessor—S. B. Letovsky, Charles M. Cottrell.

In Union precinct N. S. Thompson, democrat, is unopposed for road overseer, as is also H. F. Buller, republican, for assessor.

FUTURE SPHERE MAPPED OUT.

Budding Genius Seemed Set As to Some Adorn the Legal Profession.
"That boy," said the second-hand dealer, nodding toward a freckled faced "scuously," "is a wonder around prom."

der in his way."
"Well, I don't care what he is in his way," responded a testy customer, who frequented the shop, "so long as he doesn't get in mine, which he does every time he can."

"I know, I know," sighed the dealer, "but what am I to do? He is my only stepson, and he's got to have a job. Yesterday I gave him a copy of 'Dr. Syntax' to put where it belonged, and did he do it? Oh, yes, he done it—nit. I found it today over there among those books marked 'Medical.'"

The testy customer grunted with a sort of satisfaction.
"But that is nothing to what he did a month ago," the dealer went on. "One day he came to me with a copy of 'The Reign of Law,' and asked me where he should put it. 'Don't you know where it ought to go?' said I, provoked that a boy of his size didn't know a novel by the feel of it. 'I wasn't sure,' said he, 'whether it ought to go under the head of 'Meteteorological' or 'Legal.' Now, what do you think of that? He ought to know enough to go in out of the rain, oughtn't he?"

The testy customer grunted again and chuckled.
"Let him alone, let him alone," he said. "He'll be a fine lawyer one of these days."

EMBARRASSED.

"Your wife always says she is afraid something has happened to you when you are away from home longer than usual."

"Yes," answered Mr. Meekton. "I'm getting positively ashamed to go home with the same old truthful explanation about being detained by work instead of having something interesting to talk about."

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.

Church Services Swed. Lutheran 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.
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W. A. C. J. Larsen
Banker F. D. Leach
Clerk W. R. Wall
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Chas. J. Klerke, Irving Allison.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Dr. Bliss, Dr. Rodney Bliss, Mr. and Mrs. Harry Weller and George H. Lee were guests at the Mandy Lee poultry farm Monday.

Mrs. C. W. Partridge, Miss Alle Houston and Miss Helen Nichols were guests of friends at the Rod and Gun club Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harold Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. John Lubold, Mr. Robert Olmsted and Mr. Willis Barber formed a party that spent Saturday evening at Lake Manawa.

Mr. George Buck of Lincoln was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Thompson Sunday.

Irving Brown has bought the interests of J. A. Fox in the Fox & Brown meat market, and will give the people of Florence a first-class meat market.

Clarence Risley is making his home with his mother, Mrs. J. S. Paul, now. He has been living with his grandparents in Omaha.

The Florence baseball team will play the Holleys at the ball park on Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry Thacker of Omaha were Florence visitors on Sunday.

Fred Brunning of Omaha was visiting with Florence friends Monday.

Violet Camp, Royal Neighbors of America, gave a largely attended social at Wall's hall on Monday evening.

The Royal Neighbors of America are booked to hold a picnic at Bellevue today.

One of the best tailors in Omaha has moved into the store vacated by George Green.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Baughman left the first of the week for a visit to the Pacific coast, including the Alaska-Yukon exposition.

The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church gave an ice cream social at the city hall Thursday evening.

A. E. Snell has bought of Anna Weaver lot 4, block 32, for \$350.

James Stribling is visiting in Wichita.

Charles Cottrell carries a fine line of cigars and candies, as well as the Omaha daily papers, and late magazines. See him at the postoffice.

The Independent Telephone company unloaded two cars of cables and wire on Monday, and say more cars are on the road.

E. L. Platz started building on his tract of ground west of the city this week.

Miss Henrietta West, daughter of George West of Florence Heights, has returned from a trip to Minneapolis.

Mrs. J. L. Houston, who has been visiting her daughter in Chicago, is now visiting in Ohio.

The young boys' baseball nine of St. Philip Neri's church journeyed to South Omaha on Wednesday to show the altar boys of St. Bridget how the husky boys of Florence can play ball. The game was played in Riverview park, and was followed by a feast of good things, including ice cream. The boys enjoyed the day immensely.

Mrs. F. B. Nichols was the guest of Mrs. Kate Remington in Omaha Monday.

Mrs. H. L. Cook of Omaha, who shot herself last week, and died on Sunday evening at the Omaha General hospital, was well known in Florence, where she worked for some time before marrying Cook. Her name then was Mrs. Mary A. Manger.

A representative of The Tribune took a tramp out on Rural Route 2 one day this week and visited the fine farms of Roy Brown, John Kelle, John Johanson, D. Deyo, Ted Price, Mose Kanouse and several other places along the route. He found the country looking fine, big crops of apples, pears, plums, etc., and some of the finest vegetables ever seen in this county. Most of the people on this route read The Tribune every week and pay for it without urging, which shows that a good paper is appreciated.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Yoder returned Saturday from Abilene, Kan. Mr. Yoder attended the meeting of the National Educational association at Denver, and at the conclusion of the meeting was joined by Mrs. Yoder in trips to Colorado Springs, Manitou, etc., after which they went to Abilene, Kan.

W. A. Yoder expects to leave Monday for Lincoln for the state teachers' meeting. He is on the program for three days. He will return on Thursday.

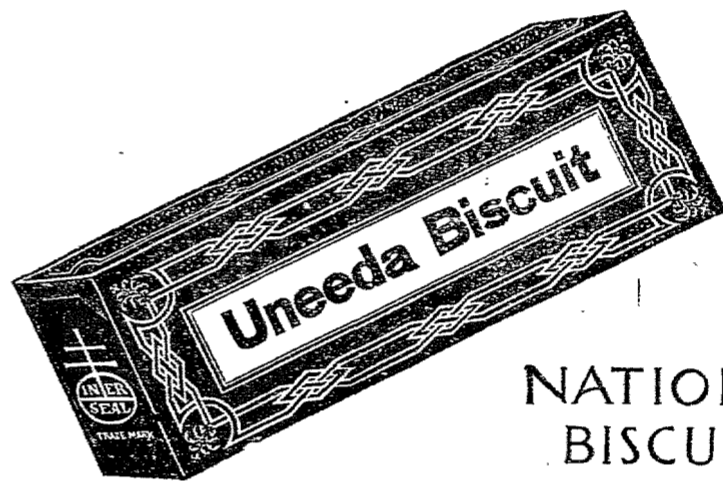
Mrs. S. P. Wallace and children of Freeport, Ill., are the guests of Miss Tracy.

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The Fraternal Union of America ball team will meet the Royal Achates team at the ball park Sunday and will beat them as easily as rolling off a log.

Mrs. Babson and daughter of Omaha were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Golding Wednesday.

Mrs. D. E. Smith of Benson, formerly of Florence spent Tuesday here, visiting friends.

Mr. and Mrs. Allen and son of Benson spent Sunday at the Price home.

Mrs. P. F. Ryan lost a silk hand bag containing a gold watch and season ticket to the Tekamah races between Florence and Tekamah and offers a liberal reward for their return.

C. B. Boston has recovered sufficiently to return home from the hospital.

Mrs. Laura C. Backus of Bonesteel, S. D., who is the guest of Mrs. Weber, was a guest of Omaha friends Monday and Tuesday.

George Cole is painting and repairing his home on Main street.

Mrs. F. B. Woodrow and son of Omaha were guests of Miss Alice Houston Wednesday.

Clarence Lerch is now working for T. W. McClure.

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Davidson and Mrs. Davidson of Belton, Mo., are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Wall.

George Gamble will open his pool hall in Anderson's new building the latter part of next week.

William Smith, a farm hand north of town, was held up and robbed of \$15 in Omaha Wednesday evening.

Charles Cottrell, Jr., has taken the place at the telephone office vacated by Lucian Thompson, who is working in the Lake street branch in Omaha.

Miss Anna Sorensen is spending the week in South Omaha, the guest of Mr. and Mrs. D. L. Jacobson.

Mrs. Harold Reynolds of Florence gave a miscellaneous shower Saturday afternoon at her home in honor of her sister, Miss Lola Beebe, whose marriage to Mr. Homer David Lurvey of Wisconsin will take place August 7. About twenty-five guests were present.

Mr. Chas. Johnson attended a dancing party in Omaha Wednesday evening.

Dog Tried to Save Woman.

Following the death in Bellevue of Mrs. Mary Gasper it was revealed she had inhaled gas with the intention of killing herself, and that for an hour Hector, a powerful St. Bernard dog, had worked tirelessly and fruitlessly to drag her to safety before she was taken to the hospital. If her head had not been jammed between the kitchen stove and a partition in her home the faithful animal would have dragged her from a tube through which the gas flowed. Many rents in Mrs. Gasper's frock showed how desperately the dog worked to save her life.—New York Press.

Laundry Accomplishments.

A well-known usher in a suburban church overslept himself last Sunday, and had to don clothes in a hurry. "What in the world's the matter with this?" he asked, struggling and wrestling with his shirt. "Oh, I guess the girl boiled it a little too long, dear; that's all," replied his wife. "Looks to me as if she had fried it!" said the man.

Despised Wood is Valuable.

Time brings revenges, even in the timber trade, and a humble conifer long treated with contempt seems, literally, to be on the point of getting a

rise in the world. "Hitherto the black spruce," says the Dundee Advertiser, "has been despised by our few British foresters as of meager commercial value, the yellowish timber being soft and easily indented, though very light and long of grain. It has lately been discovered that, by virtue of the last named two qualities, this tree furnishes by far the best wood for aeroplanes. As yet the black spruce has rarely been planted by our sylviculturists save for ornament or shelter."

Playing on the Street.

In France children are not allowed to play in the streets, and women do not promenade on the highways, declares an automobile who is surprised that the law should allow such things in this country with the consequence of constant liability to accident. Children in this country are not taught to respect the rights of other people, and rush in front of automobiles and street cars in a way that is not known in any other country.

On Common Sense and Madness.

Common sense confuses the fact of experience with inevitable facts, and supposes in good faith that what is, is the measure of what may be. Madness, on the other hand, cannot perceive any distinction between what is and what it imagines—it confuses its dreams with reality.—Henri Frederic Amiel.

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Mysteries of Nature

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

STORY OF A LIME-STONE QUARRY.

One of Prof. Huxley's most interesting lectures was entitled "On a Piece of Chalk." Chalk is a species of limestone made up mostly of the shells of minute organisms, which appear to good advantage only under the microscope. The northern portion of France and the southern shores of England are wholly made up of chalk cliffs, which present a very striking appearance—the old name for England, Albion, being derived from a word signifying this white appearance. It is found that in the deep sea dredgings these minute organisms which constitute the chalk formation are still accumulating, though at a very slow rate. Chalk is therefore supposed to be a deep sea formation.

Rocks of corresponding age in other portions of the world are known as cretaceous, the word being derived from the Latin word creta, signifying chalk. These formations occupy a wide belt in the states west of the Missouri river, extending from Texas into British America, but there is not very much true chalk such as we are familiar with in the schoolroom in this area. The rocks, however, are made up of a species of shells, which are very beautiful and preserve still their iridescent color.

Another interesting locality where chalk is found is over the hills of Palestine—Mount Olivet and many of the summits of mountains further south in Palestine, and the hill on which Nazareth is built, being of that age and consisting, in considerable part, of pure chalk.

The chalk formations lie in about the middle of the geological horizon and are several million years old.

Coming down to our own line, we find the process of limestone formation still going on with great rapidity in certain localities. The peninsula of Florida illustrates this in the most striking measure. Sea shells are so abundant all along the east coast of Florida that they are washed up upon the shore in windrows, forming indeed the entire shore line, while as one proceeds to the interior of the state he finds successive windrows of shells that have formerly formed the shore line, showing how the land has grown by these slow increments. These shells as they are rolled by the water are broken up and much of them ground into fine powder, when they, all together, become cemented into a loose rock. The buildings of that region—especially the old fort at St. Augustine—are constructed of this rock, known as coquina.

In striking contrast with the older limestone rocks, this on the coast of Florida is but slightly cemented, and forms a mass that would not endure the pressure which rests upon the foundations of very tall buildings. But on going to the other end of the geological scale, we find in the older formations limestones originally formed in the same way with those in Florida, but now compacted into most solid blocks, having been, as the geologists say, "metamorphosed" through long subjection to heat and pressure. Still in many of these very old limestone rocks forms of the shells of which they are composed are perfectly preserved, and the age of the rock is determined by the character of these shells, the earlier rocks having been produced by the more primitive forms of life.

Among the most interesting limestone strata of the earlier ages are the corniferous and the Trenton limestone, which appear in special development in the islands in the western part of Lake Erie, and in an area about Cincinnati, though the name was derived from Trenton, N. Y., where the rocks were first carefully studied. The corniferous and Trenton limestones are favorites everywhere for burning lime, while the solid blocks make the most substantial building material. The great locks at the Soo were built of corniferous limestone from Kelley Island in Lake Erie, like Solomon's temple, every stone being fashioned at the quarry and carried directly to its place in the great structure, many hundred miles away.

This limestone is also sought for very widely for the flux in smelting iron, its freedom from impurities giving it special value.

The extent of these deposits over the United States is very surprising. While they appear at the surface at comparatively few places, they are penetrated by deep drill holes almost everywhere in the Mississippi basin, and in the Hudson river and Mohawk valleys.

From what we have already said of the origin of chalk and of the peninsula of Florida, it is easy to see that this extensive limestone stratum over the Mississippi valley implies in early geological ages an equally extensive expanse of ocean, which was slowly filling up with the sediment in some places, but with sea shells in others.

The amount of limestone in the world is enormous, being sufficient to make a stratum hundreds of feet thick over almost the whole habitable world. In this there is brought to light a method of nature to clear the atmosphere of impurities which is very interesting. Lime itself, as a mineral, is a very different substance from the limestone with which we are familiar. Limestone, as we ordinarily know it, is a carbonate of lime; that is, an ele-

ment of lime is united to one unit of carbon and two of oxygen, which forms the deadly poison known as carbonic acid gas. All the limestone in the world, therefore, represents such an amount of carbonic acid gas withdrawn from the atmosphere, that should it be all set free, man and most land animals would find it impossible to live in it.

Those familiar with burning lime must have had their attention called to this fact by the deadly nature of the gas that settles around the lime kiln. The burning of lime consists in applying such a degree of heat that the carbonic acid gas is expelled from the limestone, leaving a simple form of lime, which reunites with oxygen when water is admitted to it. It is this carbonic acid expelled by heat which forms the deadly gas of lime kilns, making it dangerous for children or animals to lie down and sleep in close proximity to them.

The forms of sea life which have contributed to build up the strata of limestone are exceedingly various. Among the most interesting are the corals which have contributed to this result from the earliest times to the present. Corals are forms of animal life which are attached to the sea bottom—the animal leaving his shell below him as he dies, and continuing to live in the upper story, thereby gradually adding to the solid foundation from which he started.

In the Pacific ocean and Indian ocean, and indeed in most tropical regions, corals are still vigorously at work building up reefs around the shallow shores of islands and continents. In the Pacific ocean these reefs take upon themselves a circular shape, oftentimes with deep water upon the outside, and inclosing a large area of shallow water within the circle.

A most interesting theory of Darwin and Dana to account for these circular reefs or "atolls," as they are called, is that the coral insect began to build up his structure in the shallow water surrounding a mountain peak when the whole bed of the ocean was slowly sinking. As the coral could not endure the deeper water beyond, he continued to build up, with a perpendicular face outward, while as the ocean bed sank, the inclosure between the newly started reef and the mountain peak would remain free, because of the sediment washing down from the mountain, which would interfere with the growth of the coral. Thus it is brought about that in many cases these circular reefs surround a body of shallow water, from whose center a mountain peak arises, while in other cases the settling of the ocean bed has gone so far that the mountain peak has disappeared and there is within simply a body of protected water, which makes an excellent harbor, if there is any entrance to it.

Among the limestones of great interest are the various forms of marble which have been sought for the world over for their beauty of color and their fineness of texture. These marbles mostly belong to the very oldest geological formations, and appear in close proximity to granite rocks, where they have evidently been subjected to heat and great pressure, as they were buried deeply in the earth and transformed or metamorphosed into their present shape. The usual color of marble is white, but they are often variegated with almost every beautiful color derived from mineral ingredients, especially iron and copper, giving them a red or green or yellow cast.

There are also extensive deposits of lime which are not dependent upon the action of animal life, but are chemically deposited, especially in the vicinity of springs whose water is overcharged with carbonate of lime in solution. As this water trickles down from the roofs of caverns and falls upon the bottom, the evaporation leaves a certain amount, which arranges itself in the form of stalactites at the top and stalagmites at the bottom of the cavern, the material being arranged in layers, which are often somewhat variegated in color and form objects of great beauty. The more extensive deposits are formed in connection with warm springs in the volcanic regions, making what is called travertine, which is much sought after as an ornamental stone.

But, as already said, the main source of limestone is shells of animals living in the sea. The material is brought to them by the rivers which come down from the continents charged with carbonate of lime in solution, the animals being so constituted that they can collect this from the water which surrounds them, much as the leaves of the trees collect the carbon from the atmosphere and convert it into solid chunks of wood.

Thus these forms of animal life serve a double purpose, of cleansing the waters from their impurities, and of depositing beneath the ocean bed the solid rocks which, upon elevation, become the framework of the continents, and furnish man with many of the things most necessary to supply his wants.

Give Up Cultivation of Hemp. Philippine planters, finding hemp cultivation not as profitable as in former years, are beginning to till their lands for other crops.

BETZVILLE TALES

Aunt Rhinocolura's Directoire Skirt

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



Well, of All the Disappointed Crowds You Ever Saw!

Aunt Rhinocolura Betz, of Betzville, is one of the dearest old ladies you ever saw, even if she has one wooden leg, but if she has one failing it is the desire to be stylish, and when she read in the papers about those new-fangled directoire gowns, she sat right down and wrote a letter to the city for one, and it came Thursday before last. She gave all her proper measures, but the gown makers did not seem to care for them. They thought about half of Aunt Rhinocolura would be enough to go into a directoire gown at one time, I guess. In their letter they came right out and said that 60 inches of bust measure was absolutely un-directoire; and as for hip measures, the really fashionable people were trying to get along now-a-days about as hiplessly as possible. They wrote that they were willing to do all in their power, but that Aunt Rhinocolura must do her share. They said they judged that if she banted off about 180 pounds she would find the gown they were sending a good snug fit.

That letter was an awful disappointment to Betzville. There we were, the whole crowd of us, hanging around in front of Aunt Rhinocolura's residence, waiting for her to come out with her split-up-the-side dress, and to get a glimpse, maybe, of half a yard or so of silk stocking flashing out of the split, and all our vocal chords tuned up for a hearty cheer, when her hired girl stepped out on the front porch and read the letter. It was a sad disappointment, but it was a sadder one to Aunt Rhinocolura.

I don't suppose you ever tried to bant off 180 pounds; I never did; but Aunt Rhinocolura started right in to do it. There are 42 ways to get rid of over-largeness of the human being, and Aunt Rhinocolura took them all up at once, knowing how eager the population was to see that gown. She was a right kind-hearted old lady. Some of the flesh-reducer was the kind you take inwardly out of a bottle, and some was ching-fast rubber things that you lace around the human form and sleep perspiring in, and some was potatoes you don't eat, and some was running around the block rapidly, and some was standing an hour after each meal, and there was others.

Well, Aunt Rhinocolura she took them all up at once, and worked hard at them. No wood-sawyer ever worked harder than what Aunt Rhinocolura did, but the thing seemed to hang fire. Friday she hadn't lost an ounce, and Saturday her weight was just what it had been on Friday, and Sunday she weighed exactly the same. And Thursday of the next week she weighed the last Thursday to a fraction. The excitement was terrible. One party said she would do it, and one said she would never in the world—that she was naturally that size and nothing would change it—and it began to look as if they was right, when, Spang! Friday morning her greatness of size began to break loose!

It was like a river flood caused by an ice jam, and Aunt Rhinocolura started in Friday morning at 8:30 to lose flesh like a river loses its flood when the ice jam breaks. It started all at once, just that way. There she was, just as big as ever, and Biff! all at once she began to fall off! By 9 a. m. she had lost ten pounds, and by 8:30 she had lost 26 pounds and ten ounces, and was falling rapidly. So the watchers ran out and rang the fire

bell, and the populace gathered breathlessly, and by that time it was 10 a. m. and reports passed that Aunt Rhinocolura had lost 82 pounds and that the falling off was increasing at a rapidly progressive rate.

Just there was where Aunt Rhinocolura began to get scared. She didn't know where she would stop thinning. Like as not she might go right on losing until she was all gone and too thin to wear anything, except a coffin. But she was a mighty kind-hearted old lady, and did not mean to disappoint anybody if she could help it, so she called in two neighbor ladies, and there they stood, one on each side of her, with the directoire gown in hand, ready to jam it onto her the minute she touched the right weight, and she stood on the scales with her eyes fixed on the dial, ready to give the word, and all the time she was contracting rapidly. Then, all at once, she gave a yell, and the hired girl rung the dinner-bell out of the front window, and the neighbor ladies jammed the gown onto her and hooked it up the back in one-tenth of a second, and Aunt Rhinocolura made a dash for the door, and everybody glued their eyes to the place where the split in that skirt was!

Well, of all the disappointed crowds you ever saw! That directoire skirt didn't cause any excitement at all. Come to find out, the split was on the same side that Aunt Rhinocolura's wooden leg was on!

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Not Entirely Undisputed.

The case before the court was one involving the ownership of a tract of land, and the attorney for one of the parties to the suit was cross-examining a witness. "Now, Mr. Grimshaw," he said, "the property on which you live was originally a part of the 20 acres in dispute, was it not?"

"Yes, sir."

"And your title is based on the original title to that land I presume?"

"Yes, sir."

"How long have you resided there?"

"Over 21 years."

"Have you had—now mark me—have you had 21 years' undisputed possession of that property?"

The witness hesitated a moment.

"Remember, Mr. Grimshaw," said the lawyer, raising his voice, "that you are under oath. Have you had 21 years' undisputed possession of that property?"

"It has been disputed once, and only once," answered the witness. "I found a nest of bumblebees in my back yard one day last summer."

In the general laugh that followed this answer the lawyer subsided.—Youth's Companion.

Providing Against Emergencies.

"Is you de insurance genman?"

asked Mr. Erastus Pinkley.

"I am," answered the urbane agent.

"Well, I wants to talk business. I ain't got nuffin' to say agin my neighbors, but I've had a lot of unexpected occurrences. I wants to see if I can't arrange to get some accident insurance on my chicken coop."

The Way of It.

Chauffeur—I ran across an old friend yesterday and didn't know him.

He seemed to be very much hurt.

Wise Friend—Mortally?

Romances of Progress

By Albert Payson Terhune

ROGER BACON—A Man Who Lived 600 Years Too Soon.

A Franciscan monk, Roger Bacon, by name, in the middle of the thirteenth century, found himself in grave danger of being burned to death as a sorcerer. He had devised and described many things which, according to the orthodox theology of his time, implied black magic and undue acquaintanceship with Satan.

For instance, he declared that by grinding charcoal, saltpeter and sulphur and mixing them in equal quantities a force would be generated which, when set afire, would rival the thunders and lightnings of the heavens. This powdered mixture placed in a cylinder would also propel a ball of iron some distance and at unheard of velocity. Followers of Bacon called the substance gunpowder. The monk also showed that by placing lenses in a certain position toward each other, or by grinding them in peculiar ways, they would magnify objects seen through them. This, like gunpowder, savored of magic; so the perfecting of telescope and spectacles was, by churchly decree, forced to wait until a later and saner century.

The calendar and the modes of computing time in vogue in the thirteenth century was ludicrously inadequate. Bacon, by his knowledge of astronomy, worked out a true method of compiling calendars, but this, too, was frowned upon. His genius was even constructing what promised to be a practical flying machine, when an Italian who was laboring on a similar invention was burned at the stake as a magician. This put a stop to Bacon's experiments in flying and delayed the airship and dirigible balloon for another half thousand years.

Roger Bacon was born of an impoverished noble family in 1214. He was graduated at Oxford and went to Paris, which was then the center of learning, where he

was persecuted as a Sorcerer. He studied for many years longer. It was an age when the church was supreme and when people who disagreed with that institution's decree were promptly put to death in the most horrible manner human ingenuity could devise. As such churchly beliefs were not founded on Bible teachings, but on a man-made creed which denounced as sorcery all things it could not understand, invention and progress were at a standstill.

The church did the thinking for the world. But Bacon was not content with this. His wonderful brain insisted on thinking for itself. The results of these thoughts he published, winning renown and clearing up much of the ignorance and superstition of those dark ages. But he ran foul of the church. The powerful Franciscan

order, of which he was a member, sent him to prison for ten years at Paris, depriving him of all book writing materials, and thereby everything in its power to blot out civilization.

The pope at last ordered him released. He hurried back to Oxford, where lectures and books, he fiercely denounced the ignorance and monkish stupidity of his time. He also put forth a new philosophy which pointed to a higher, saner life; and resumed work on his inventions. Foremost among these inventions was the formula for gunpowder.

Combustibles of various sorts had been in use from time to time, principally in the orient, since before the beginning of the Christian era. Crude explosives had even been hurled by hand or from catapults in battles and at sieges. This custom had been common among the Arabs for centuries. For in the early days, all civilization and invention came from the east. Culture and progress were rife in India, China and Arabia at a time when Europe was groping in the darkness of semi-barbarism.

But there can be little doubt as to Bacon's devising real gunpowder independent of these earlier discoveries. He found that equal quantities of his Discovery of saltpeter, charcoal and sulphur formed a high explosive.

It was not long before cannon of wood, bound with iron hoops, or of leather, bound with ropes, were in use. These were easily sufficient to resist the expansion of such powder as Bacon had invented. Iron ball great stones were the projectiles.

flower of chivalry found they could make scant headway against such siles, which smashed the stout armor like eggshells. Thus the secured Roger Bacon struck a death blow to feudalism and other outworn "chivalric" customs. He also, directly, aided progress by decreasing the frequency with which wars were waged. For powder, as it impelled called for more intricate guns these at last so increased the carnage as to render it no longer a war to be entered upon, as before, at slight provocation.

Bacon's audacious writings and lectures caused the church once more to imprison him—this time for 14 years—and to burn most of his writings (including a formula for prolonging life) and his inventions. Soon after his second release he died—poor, old, graced, shunned as a sorcerer—at age of 80. His was the double curse of seeking to help humanity and living 600 years too soon.

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JAMES WATT—And the Series of Accidents That Changed All History

An English nobleman, imprisoned in the Tower of London on a political charge in the latter part of the seventeenth century, noticed one cold day that when he clamped down too tightly the lid of a water-kettle on his cell stove, the lid would sooner or later fly off. The prisoner, marquis of Worcester, had much time on his hands. He fell to studying out a reason for these explosions. In time he had figured out their reason. The heat of the stove boiled the water in the kettle. The boiling generated a vapor, known as steam. This vapor was so powerful in its expansion that it forced its way out of the narrow confines of the kettle and pervaded the room. Experiments later proved that steam would fill 1,642 times the space occupied by the water which had formed it. It was a new force, a new and tremendous power, of which the world at large was wholly ignorant. The marquis made many experiments along his chance-discovered subject. And the fame of them reached the ears of Capt Savery, a military engineer.

Savery, soon after hearing of Worcester's theory, was one day sitting in a tavern. He had just finished drinking a bottle of wine. He tossed the bottle with its few remaining drops of liquid into the open fire. Presently what was left of the wine began to issue from the mouth of the bottle in the form of steam. Savory snatched up the bottle and thrust its neck into a pail of cold water that stood close by. Water rushed up into the bottle almost filling it. This phenomenon set Savory to thinking. He made experiments and, in 1698, took out a patent for a device for "Raising water and occasioning motion to all sorts of mill-work by the impellent force of fire." In other words he made the first practical application of steam power to mechanical use and, by following out the idea evolved by the

Savery's Odd Discovery, a crude steam engine or pump for taking water out of mines. To this raising of water by pressure he joined the principle of procuring, by condensation, a vacuum. This was later improved on by a steam engine in which (through the vacuum made by condensation) a piston, or plunger, was forced. Savory's idea was taken up by Thomas Newcomen, an English mechanic, a year or two later. Newcomen made an engine in which steam was let into a cylinder from below, a piston above being thus driven up in such a way that a pump-rod (fastened to it by a

balance arm) was forced downward. A vacuum was formed by pouring cold water into the condensing cylinder, the atmospheric pressure forcing without drawing the piston down in the cylinder. By this action the pump rod was forced upward.

About this time James Watt, young Scotch mechanic, was picking up a scanty enough living as instrument-maker for Glasgow universities. A model of the Newcomen engine sent to him to be repaired. Every had looked on that engine as short of miraculous. It had been claimed as the highest possible of machinery. Watt did not with this idea.

The first and gravest fault, found, was the necessity for alternately heating and cooling the cylinder respectively admitting and condensing the steam. The letting in of steam and the subsequent cutting of communication with the boiler while the steam was condensed involved a great loss of time and the remedy came to Watt as inspiration. Why not do away with this delay by condensing the steam in some other vessel than the cylinder itself? Then the condensation

Struggle with temperature could

Poverty, and the cylinder

always be kept hot. He put the idea

into execution. Then he added an air

pump, to maintain the vacuum, and

other improvements on the original.

Now that the work was done and the modern condensing steam engine

completed, Watt sought to put it on

the market. But here fresh misfortune

awaited him. No one would take up

his invention. Countless millions of

dollars lay in its future, but no one

could see that it had any special practical

value. The making of his model had

consumed so much time and material

that Watt was penniless and in debt.

Then followed the long period

of poverty and hopelessness that is

the portion of so many progress-makers.

At last an ironmaster, Dr. Roebuck

by name, consented to finance Watt's

engine on the condition of receiving

two-thirds of the profits. Watt closed

eagerly with the offer, and his years

of hardships were at last rewarded

by prosperity and fame.

To a series of accidents the steam

engine is due. But, if these accidents

had not been seized upon and used to

their best advantage by men of genius,

steam might not yet have been utilized.

Thus, Accident, plus Genius,

is credited with the steam engine.

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ROOSEVELT BAGGING

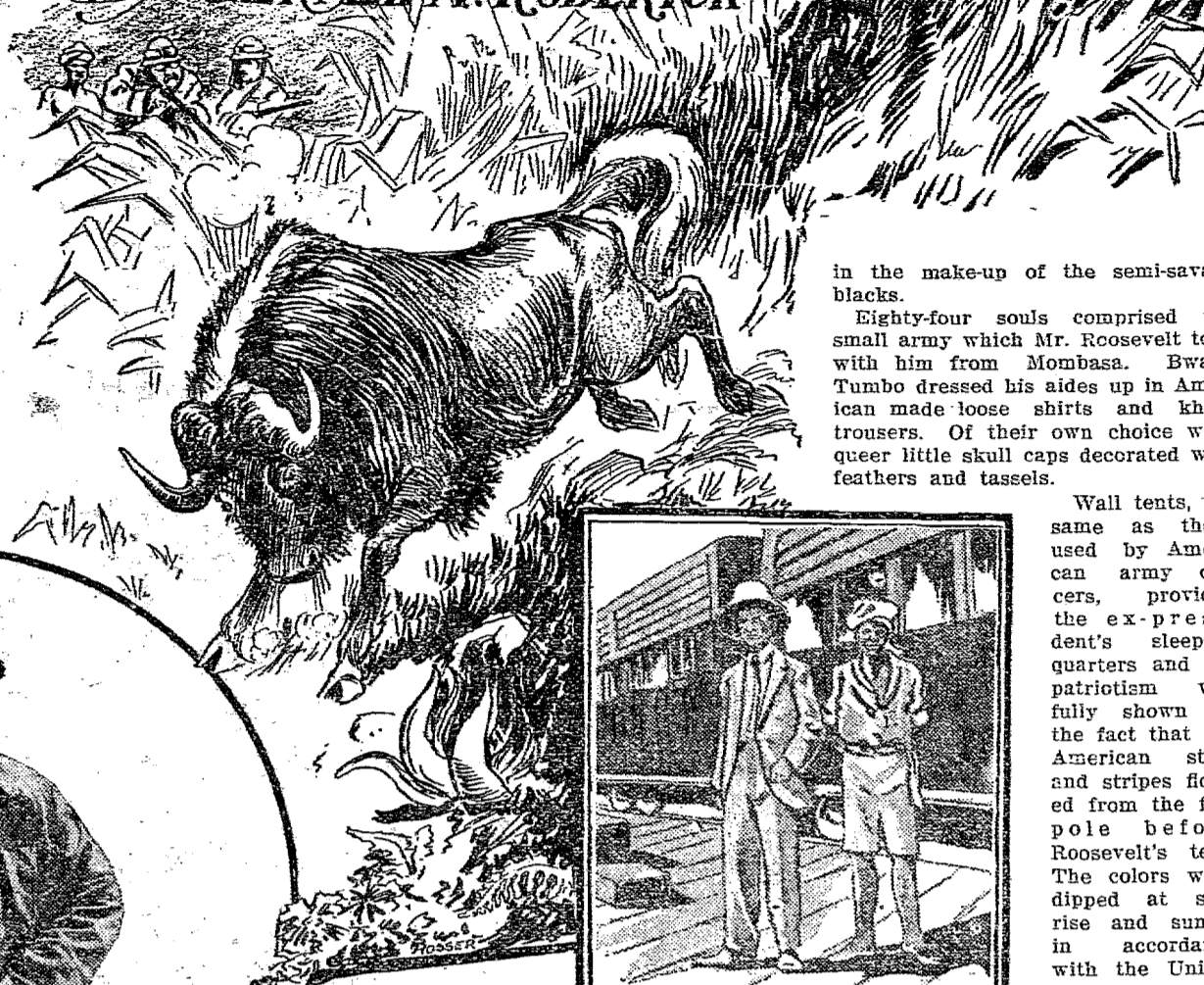
The GNUS in AFRICA

By GERALD A. RODERICK

NAIROBI, British, East Africa.—I guess everybody in the civilized world knows that ex-President Theodore Roosevelt of the United States is getting two American dollars for every word of "copy" he writes for a certain New York publication. Therefore the business of bagging the gnus in this lonely spot on the world's map has a double meaning.

Spell it gnu or news—suit yourself—they are pronounced alike. The only difference is that you get one with a rifle of heavy bore and the other by means of mental ingenuity.

Mr. Roosevelt, I have discovered, makes his own news. And he sells his own news. Hence his declaration that "because there are no journalists with this expedition all apparently authentic reports are barren



in the make-up of the semi-savage blacks.

Eighty-four souls comprised the small army which Mr. Roosevelt took with him from Mombasa. Bwana Tumbo dressed his sides up in American made loose shirts and khaki trousers. Of their own choice were queer little skull caps decorated with feathers and tassels.

Wall tents, the same as those used by American army officers, provided the ex-president's sleeping quarters and his patriotism was fully shown by the fact that the American stars and stripes floated from the flag pole before Roosevelt's tent. The colors were dipped at sunrise and sunset in accordance with the United States Army custom.

The Roosevelt camp presented a unique scene. Situated in the center was Mr. Roosevelt's adobe, which also housed Kermit. Before it floated the American flag and grouped around it along miniature "streets" were the "pup tents" of the porters, gunbearers, bush beaters, cooks and other servants.

Kermit Roosevelt's personal servant, Juma by name, became as devoted to his young master as though the latter were of regal heritage. He followed him everywhere and was at his side during the rhinoceros incident in which Kermit's life was periled.

Juma's gaudy turban, khaki half-hose and American-made calfskin shoes, which were a present from Kermit, marked him as a man to be envied among his fellows. The ex-president said that whenever he needed Kermit for any matter whatsoever, it was only necessary to scan the horizon for Juma's gay headpiece.

During his hunting, travels and speaking Bwana Tumbo never has lost sight of his writing. He is writing a chapter here and there, whenever he has the time or inclination to devote a few hours to the book of travels which he has half completed.

Mr. R. D. Cuninghame, Mr. Roosevelt's hunter, is typical of the African sportsman and is declared to know more about game in this section of the world than any other game expert.

No more unique sight was ever presented to the casual observer than that which met my eye when I alighted from a Uganda railway coach at Kapiti Plains, where Mr. Roosevelt and his army were grouped. The station is on Sir Alfred Pease's ranch or estate, as it is known here.

"The Plains" consists of hardly more than the signboard which tells its name. Mr. Roosevelt's "army" was drawn up about him, the ex-president was conversing with Hunter Cuninghame and the former executive's hunter, Abdallah bin Said was awaiting orders from his chief. Of the army Abdallah is most devoted to his master and the frequent lashings which the heads of the expedition are often compelled to administer to quell impending mutiny are never necessary with this character. He is a unique type of African and because of his good qualities he commands better pay than the rest of his fellows.

The man who aided Mr. Roosevelt in getting his expedition ready cautioned him against asking any of his servants to do duties for which any of the others were hired.

The labor union instinct is second nature with the attaché of the African hunting expedition. Let a gun bearer try to do the work of a porter or bush beater and there is war in camp at once. Neither may the game carriers beat the game into sight. Perhaps this system is for the best after all for the reason that every man specializes and therefore is able to do his own allotted work to a better advantage.

It is said here that Mr. Roosevelt's entire expedition will cost between \$15,000 and \$20,000, which to an American hunter may seem an enormous price. But hunting wild game in Africa is a heavy undertaking and in order to go through with such a task that amount of money is actually necessary. But the party is getting results and that is what they figure is the proper viewpoint.

Having arrived in the Stoik district Kermit and his father had plenty of game upon which to exhibit their prowess. The younger Roosevelt immediately set about establishing a hunting record by bagging the biggest lion which, up to that time, had found its way to the taxidermist of the party. In the Stoik district Mr. Roosevelt shot many buffaloes, their skins being reserved for the Smithsonian institution.



ROOSEVELT IN HUNTING COSTUME

falsehoods or are obtained by means of bribing ignorant servants and it stands to reason that for the sake of a bribe one of evil intentions is not above inventing falsehoods for the purpose of obtaining the bribes."

Be that as it may, early in the month of August Mr. Roosevelt will impart some of his news to a select gathering of East Africans at a banquet. You can't keep reporters from a banquet, consequently at the time of writing there is no reason to suppose that the world will not get the former American executive's remarks in full.

Mr. Roosevelt will tell his hunting experiences, his views on world politics and lots of other things which will astonish his staid British hosts and will set them to thinking.

The world at large is getting little Roosevelt "stuff," as the editors call it. The reason for it is said to be the hunter's desire to pursue the life of a nimrod undisturbed by eager newspaper men. They are on his trail every day, but they keep out of sight.

Entering the port of Mombasa, Theodore Roosevelt and his big stick made an instantaneous hit. He was strenuous. Britishers are slow of movement and thought; they are deliberate. Not so with the American hero. He thought quickly, spoke quickly and said things which made the inhabitants stand up and shout.

He talked about the great country which the British had built and almost civilized in Africa. He made other points which tickled his hosts and he was solid with them from the minute he put foot on the gang-plank of the steamer which brought him from Naples, Italy. He told his East African friends that he wanted to be treated like a regulation American citizen, not like a former president of the United States. This, the British seemed to think, was a first class invitation to treat him like a king, which they did.

With his entourage riding in the passenger compartments of a primitive Uganda railway coach, Mr. Roosevelt gave a real strenuous exhibition by daring Acting Governor Jackson to ride with him on the cowcatcher. He said there was more breeze on the front of the train anyway. Mr. Jackson and Mr. Roosevelt then stopped the outfit and took positions of vantage ahead of the freeman and engineer.

This tickled the Britishers. Nobody had ever thought of riding on the front of an engine before in East Africa. They had always done the most commonplace thing by seating themselves on the "cushions." So, because he was different from their kind, they liked the American from the start.

The ride that day lasted 50 miles, when the engine, being a union engine, refused to work over eight hours and gave out. The next day the ride was repeated and to-day half the British East African highbrows ride on the front of the engine when they want to make an impression.

Once on Sir George MacMillan's ranch the real sport of the expedition commenced.

MacMillan's ranch is a notorious hangout for man-eating lions. They roar around the ranch at night and tear up things generally. Colorado mountain lions were easily beneath the hunting prowess of Mr. Roosevelt and he proved that African lions are also-rans alongside of the American brand by depleting the kingdom of Leo by six in two days, thereby setting a new record for huntsmen in this section of Africa.

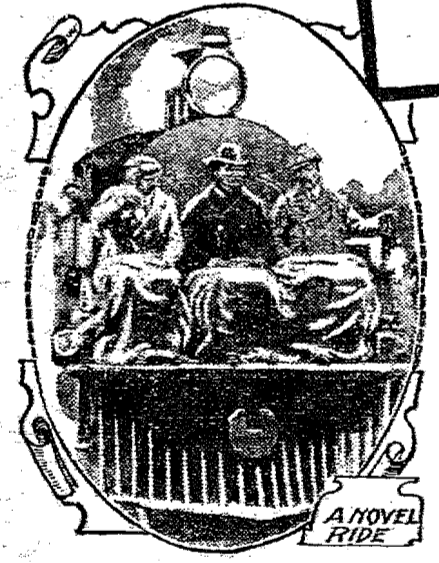
A big, hungry hippopotamus chased Mr. Roosevelt one day. Formulating his plans as he sped along through the jungle, the ex-president led the enraged animal to the open and set two steel bullets crashing between his eyes when the hippo was only 100 feet away. Kermit had a similar experience with a rhinoceros and, displaying the family traits of his father, stood his ground and succeeded in dispatching Mr. Roose-



KERMIT AND SERVANT



ALL ABOARD FOR THE HUNTING GROUNDS



A NOVEL RIDE

ing and before the expedition weighs anchor for other shores probably 1,000 more will have reached the taxidermist's.

Lions, wildebeests, antelopes, giraffes, hippopotami, rhinoceri, tigers, monkeys and dozens of other varieties are among the trophies of the chase.

To Kermit Roosevelt the expedition has been a source of wonderment and pleasure. Everything was new to him. He had read about the mysteriousness of darkest Africa but had never been given an opportunity to even peer into the confines of a real lion hunting camp.

At the present writing both Kermit and his father are in the best of health, both wearing a swarthy tan which is darker than the jungle stained khaki suits in which most of the hunting is done.

A short time ago Mr. Roosevelt visited the American mission near here and he expressed pleasure at the work which the organization is doing for the African savage. The morning of the day he visited the mission he spent in hunting Culubra, monkeys and succeeded in shooting several, which were added to the list of specimens.

Officials here have expressed the belief that Mr. Roosevelt's bagging of game is justifiable in view of the fact that his specimens are being secured for the purpose of stocking up the Smithsonian institution at Washington.

Perhaps the biggest test of Rooseveltian strenuousness came when the party crossed the desert west of this city. In this instance they were compelled to go for more than a week without procuring water. All the liquid refreshment they had was carried with them in great water skins, suitable for this purpose.

Bwana Tumbo, which is an African expression of reverence, was the nickname which Mr. Roosevelt's native servants soon attached to him, and when I met the ex-president at Kapiti Plains station, where he was obliged to stop during his travels, he seemed pleased to be reminded of the fact that he had struck a responsive chord

IMMENSE AMOUNT DAMAGE DONE BY PEAR SLUG

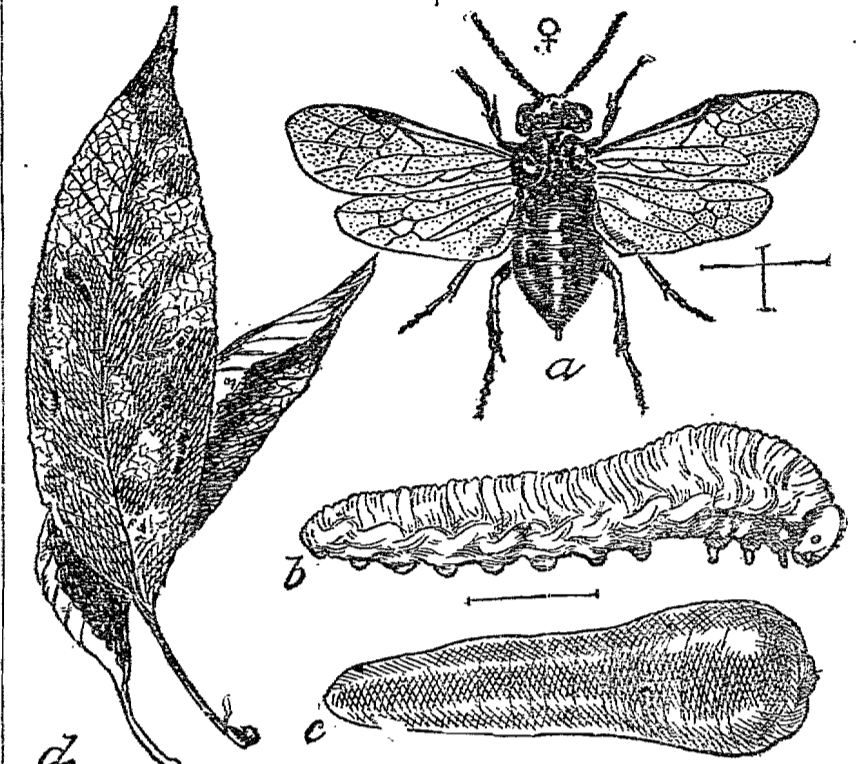
Leaves of Cherry and Pear Trees Attacked by this Insect in Iowa and Plant Is Often Left Entirely Bare.

Last summer many cherry trees in various parts of Iowa were stripped of their leaves by a dull slimy slug. Pear trees also are attacked by this pest, perhaps even more than cherry trees, hence the common name of the insect. This slug feeds on the upper surface of the leaves, not eating holes through them, but taking only the upper portion and leaving the veins bare. Leaves thus eaten by the slugs dry and fall from the tree and frequently leave the trees entirely bare of foliage.

In Iowa these slugs appear twice during the season. The first brood appears in June and the slugs become full grown early in July, while

senate of lead, 2 or 3 pounds to 50 gallons of water, will do the work even better than paris green, and is preferable where it can be obtained easily. Hellebore, applied dry, or in a small quantity of water, is also very effective in killing the slugs.

The first brood of the slugs is rather short lived. It requires only about a month from the egg stage to the time the slug matures. During most of the time while it is feeding the slug is covered with a slimy substance, but at the last change of skin, the slime is thrown off, and the slug becomes a light orange color, clean and dry. After this molt the slug



A Pear Slug Enlarged. a, adult saw-fly, female; b, slug with slime removed; c, slug in normal state; d, leaves with slugs, natural size; a, b, c, much enlarged.

The second brood comes on during the month of August. It would be best, then, to kill off the slugs when they first appear in June, and so prevent the defoliation of the trees by the second brood in August.

When the slugs first appear on the leaves the trees should be given a thorough treatment with paris green or some other arsenical poison. Since the slugs feed openly on the upper sides of the leaves there need be little difficulty in combating them. For only a few trees the paris green may be applied dry, mixed with air slaked lime, or even flour; 1 part of the paris green to 20 or more parts of the other material. For a liquid spray, paris green at the rate of 1-3 or 1-4 pound to 50 gallons of water will do the work, adding about a pound of quicklime to each barrel of water to prevent any burning of the leaves. Ar-

goes into the ground. Here it forms a cell in the earth, within which it changes to the pupa, or resting stage, and the adult fly emerges in about 12 to 15 days after the slug has entered the soil.

The flies which lay the eggs for the next brood of slugs are rather small black insects, about a fifth of an inch long and with four wings. The eggs are laid in tiny pockets made by the flies in the under sides of the leaves. These eggs hatch and the second brood of the slugs work on the trees during August and when they become full grown go to the ground. During the winter the slugs of this second brood may be found in their cells beneath the trees which were infested by them in the summer time. The pear, cherry, plum and quince are the trees which are most attacked by these slugs.

SILAGE PROPERLY HANDLED HELPFUL

Incorrectly Put Up and Fed It May Be Expensive.

Silages have been abandoned in many cases because the milk became so badly tainted as to become unsalable. If the creameries and cheese factories were as particular as they should be they would condemn a great deal of milk that is now accepted from silage-fed herds.

This is not the fault of the silage; it is the fault of the man who handles it. Silage has a very penetrative odor, which is taken up very quickly by milk. If silage is fed before milking the milk is quite certain to become tainted. If the milk is allowed to stand a few minutes in the barn after milking and silage is fed while the cans are standing around, the milk will be tainted.

If the stable is not ventilated or is poorly ventilated the silage odors will linger in the stable and taint the milk. In an unventilated stable the stable itself will in time become saturated or permeated with the silage odor and will taint the milk, no matter how the silage is handled.

The corn is frequently cut into the silo too green, which makes very sour silage, with a strong odor. The silage is frequently carelessly handled in the stable; it is scattered through the alleys and allowed to remain on the floors. In such instances the stable will be scented with the silage and the milk will be tainted.

If good results are expected from silage it must be properly handled in the stable. First, silage must be fed only after milking. Second, the floors must be kept clean and no silage allowed to accumulate in the alleys.

Third, there should not be more silage fed than the stock will clear up at once. Fourth, the stable must be well ventilated. Fifth, corn should not be cut in too green. Sixth, don't feed moldy silage.

From the foregoing it will be seen that silage must be more carefully handled than ordinary roughage. One cannot throw silage around as he might straw or hay and get satisfactory results.

Silage properly put up and properly fed is a very cheap and most excellent feed.—Prof. G. V. Knapp.

SOIL BENEFITED BY ALFALFA CROP

Three or Four Cuttings During Season Enriches It.

When a plant furnishes an abundant crop, such as alfalfa, with three or four cutting during a single season, it is but natural to think that it will greatly exhaust the soil. Nothing is more erroneous. Instead of taking strength away from the soil it puts more into it; instead of exhausting it, the fertility is increased. The penetrating powers of alfalfa roots are well known. The roots are constantly growing and decaying, thus adding to the "humus" of the soil. The strongest point in favor of alfalfa as a soil improver is its remarkable nitrogen gathering ability. The roots of alfalfa are full of the small nitrogen tubercles which represent bottled up vitality to plant life and it has been proven by frequent experiments that increased yields were the rule when plantings of any kind of crops had been made on ground infected with nitrogen bacteria.

Under these circumstances the "spread of alfalfa fever" is no wonder. With splendid crops of highest priced hay on top of the ground, with the roots working as perfectly natural fertilizers under the ground, farmers can do nothing better than to plant alfalfa. The truth of this statement may be realized and verified if one but takes time to look up statistics and reads about the marvelous increase in the acreage of alfalfa. In Kansas alone the acres sown to alfalfa increased from approximately 35,000 acres in 1891 to more than 743,000 acres in 1907. It is safe to say that since then the acreage has increased in proportion, and other states are falling in line.—A. Krumm.

There is Profit in Sage. Twenty-five cents' worth of sage will furnish about 1,000 plants. Eno sage can be picked the first year pay for all the labor of sowing picking the sage. Early in the spring the plants should be reseeded, set in rows three feet apart one way half that distance the other. Plants are planted in good soil properly cultivated they can be three times each year.

The Very Best at the Lowest Price

ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH

General Merchandise

A New Line of Calicos, Percales, Men's Work and Dress Shirts and Summer Underwear.

We make a specialty of extra good COUNTRY BUTTER and strictly FRESH EGGS, and always sell at lower prices than can be bought for elsewhere. We desire to call especial attention to our fine line of LADIES' OXFORDS in all the latest cuts and vamps, in black, green, tan and all staple shades. We sell these Oxfords cheaper than you can get same grade in Omaha. Come and let us show you them. We have also just received our new spring line of MEN'S HATS in all blocks and shapes, in all the fashionable colors, at a price range of from \$2.00 to \$5.00. We also have some cheaper. Come in and let us show you our goods, get our prices, and then look around. You will come back—they all do.

ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH
Main Street Florence. Tel Florence 320



SARATOGA FROZEN CREAM.
Special attention given party orders. Any flavor.
SARATOGA DRUG CO., 24th & Ames.
Where You Change Cars.

If You Want the BEST, Use
A. B. C. CAN COFFEE
Packed in 1, 2 and 3 lb. Cans.
For Sale by Anderson & Hollingsworth

NEW POPULAR SONGS

HAYDEN BROS., Omaha.

"Wait for the Summertime," Summer waltz song; "No One Knows," home ballad; "Lou Spells Trouble to Me," "Just Someone," "Sairs of the East," Sacred song; "I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid!" "Sunbonnet Sue," "If You Won't Be Good to Me," child song; "To the End of the World With You," "Love Me and the World Is Mine," "Cheer Up! Cherries Will Soon Be Ripe," "Whistle If You Want Me Dear," "Rainbow," "I Wish I Had a Girl."

25c each or 5 for \$1.00. 1c extra per copy by mail

BUY BOVEE'S FURNACE AT FACTORY PRICES

And save from one-third to one-half of the cost of any first-class heating plant, having EQUAL CAPACITY.

SIXTY DOLLARS

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.

BOVEE FURNACE WORKS
476 8th Street WATERLOO, IOWA



Courtney's LOTUS BRAND PURE STRAIGHT WHISKEY
THE WORLD'S BEST SEVEN YEARS OLD
FOUR FULL QUARTS FOR \$4.00

SHIPPED BY PREPAID FREIGHT in plain package to any point in Nebraska and Iowa

Courtney's Lotus Brand Pure Straight Whiskey is the finest product of the distiller's art. Perfectly aged in the wood, smooth and mellow. Guaranteed absolutely pure, straight whiskey, seven years old. FOR THOSE WHO KNOW and want THE BEST.

Lotus Brand Whiskey is particularly fine whiskey for particular people. Especially recommended for medicinal and family use. We guarantee satisfaction.

Send for Catalog of Fancy Groceries and Imported Delicacies.

COURTNEY & COMPANY
Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given that there will be a special meeting of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska, at the City hall in Florence, Nebraska, on Monday, August 23, 1909, at eight o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of equalizing sidewalk taxes and assessments and levying special assessments to pay for the cost of constructing artificial stone sidewalks constructed during the year 1909, by D. J. Crendon.

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

Lot.	Block.	Amount.
5	41	\$ 46.59
6	41	55.56
7	41	54.91
8	41	59.66
9	41	43.25
10	41	45.00
11	41	48.41
12	41	43.25
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97	41	43.25
98	41	43.25
99	41	43.25
100	41	43.25

Given by order of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska, this 19th day of July, 1909.
CHARLES M. COTTRELL, Mayor.
J-23-30 a-6-13 City Clerk.

ORDINANCE NO. 246.
Introduced June 27, 1909, by Councilman Charles H. Allen.

AN ORDINANCE regulating the operation of billiard tables, pool tables, bowling alleys and other games of skill and chance and fixing the license therefor, in the City of Florence and providing penalties for violation of the ordinance and repealing all ordinances or parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

Section 1. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons or officer or agent of any corporation, association, firm, partnership, or individual, to own, keep or manage, or the purpose of gaining, any public billiard table, pool table, bowling alley or other game of skill and chance for the purpose of playing on the same, or to permit any person or persons to play upon or at the same, or to permit any person or persons to build, lease, or occupy by him to be used for the placing of any such billiard or pool tables or other games of skill and chance for the purpose of playing on the same, or to permit any person or persons to keep or own such tables or such club rooms or other premises wherein such tables, or appliances are so used, shall first have obtained a license from the City of Florence for so doing as hereinafter required.

Section 2. All persons, officers or agents desirous of obtaining a license for keeping or permitting on their premises any billiard tables, pool tables, bowling alleys or any other device for the purpose of playing any games of skill and chance for gain, shall first apply to the City Clerk receive a license for that purpose for the remainder of the then fiscal year. By said applicant paying the City Treasurer the sum of \$5.00 license for each billiard table, pool table or bowling alley or other appliances of device not prohibited by law.

Section 3. It shall be unlawful for any person or persons having a license in the City of Florence to keep one or more billiard tables, pool tables and the aforesaid to suffer or permit any persons under such license to play on any such tables or billiard or pool upon any such tables or to frequent any billiard hall, pool hall or other room under his control where such tables are being played, except in company with the parent or guardian of such minor or with the written consent of such parent or guardian.

Section 4. Any person who shall violate any of the provisions of this ordinance on conviction thereof shall be fined and pay a fine of not to exceed \$20.00 for each and every such offense and every day that such tables or game are used as aforesaid for game without a license shall be deemed a separate offense.

Section 5. It shall be the duty of the marshal to forthwith report to the Mayor and Council hereafter the names of any and all persons keeping, owning or managing any gaming table or any premises wherein any such gaming table is being operated in this city, for keeping of which a license is required under this ordinance, together with the number of such tables kept on each, in case such persons have not taken out a license here-in required and the marshal shall forthwith notify all persons, officers or agents so desirous of such license and such license is not taken out within one week thereafter the marshal shall cause the arrest of such persons, officer or agent for the violation of this ordinance.

Section 6. That all ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance be and the same are hereby repealed.

Section 7. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.
Passed and approved July 27th, 1909.
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.
J-23-30

ORDINANCE NO. 250.
Introduced July 19, 1909, by Councilman J. H. Price.

AN ORDINANCE prohibiting the creation or maintenance of a nuisance within the City of Florence and providing penalties for violations of this Ordinance.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

Section 1. No owner, tenant, sub-tenant, occupant, lessor, lessee, or other person in possession of any premises within the city shall create, permit or maintain any nuisance or allow a nuisance to be created or maintained on any property, public or private.

Sec. 2. It shall be unlawful for any person specified in section 1 of this ordinance to deposit, permit to be deposited on any public or private property in the city any refuse, waste, litter, manure, filth or refuse of any nature, kind or description whatsoever.

Sec. 3. It shall be the duty of the city marshal to serve notice in writing upon the owner, occupant, or agent of any lot, building or premises in or upon which any nuisance may be found requiring the immediate abatement of such nuisance. And in case such owner, occupant, or agent fails, neglects or refuses to comply with such notice within the time specified in said notice, the marshal shall file complaint against such person in the police court of the city, charging him or her with the violation of this ordinance.

Sec. 4. Any person, company or corporation who shall violate or fail to comply with any requirement or provision of this ordinance shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor and shall be liable to be fined in any sum not exceeding One Hundred (\$100.00) Dollars, or be confined in the jail not exceeding thirty days, or be both fined and imprisoned in the discretion of the court.

Sec. 5. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.
Passed and approved this 18th day of July, 1909.
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.
J-23-30

RESOLUTION.
Introduced by Councilman D. F. Kelly, July 19, 1909.

RESOLVED by the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence that the following estimate be adopted as the estimate of the probable amount of money necessary to be expended for all purposes in the City of Florence, Nebraska, for the fiscal year beginning the first Tuesday in May, 1910, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910, and for which an appropriation ordinance will be passed, which said estimate of expenses is based upon the estimate of the City of Florence for the fiscal year ending on the first Tuesday in May,

1909, amounting to \$8,002.27.

Estimate of Expenses.

For street and alley fund.....	\$2,700.00
For water fund.....	1,500.00
For lighting purposes.....	1,250.00
For officers' salaries.....	1,350.00
For park fund.....	200.00
For miscellaneous purposes.....	700.00
Total.....	\$8,000.00

Adopted July 19, 1909, by the following vote of the Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska:
Councilman Price, yes.
Councilman Craig, yes.
Councilman Kelly, yes.
Councilman Allen, yes.
Approved July 19, 1909.
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
Attest: CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.
J-23-30 a-6-13

ORDINANCE NO. 248.
Introduced July 19, 1909, by Councilman D. F. Kelly.

AN ORDINANCE making the annual appropriation of moneys for the current expenses of the City of Florence, Nebraska, for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

Section 1. That there shall be appropriated from the public moneys of the City of Florence, Nebraska, for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910, for the following purposes the sums hereinafter specified, to-wit:
For street and alley fund..... \$2,700.00
For water fund..... 1,500.00
For lighting purposes..... 1,250.00
For officers' salaries..... 1,350.00
For park fund..... 200.00
For miscellaneous purposes..... 700.00
Total..... \$8,000.00

Sec. 2. That this ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 18th day of July, 1909.
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
Attest: CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.
J-23-30

ORDINANCE NO. 249.
Introduced July 19, 1909, by Councilman S. Crala.

AN ORDINANCE levying a tax for all purposes in the City of Florence, Nebraska, for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

Section 1. That a tax of ten mills on the dollar of the taxable property of the City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the same hereby levied on the taxable property of said city for general purposes for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

Sec. 2. That a tax of six mills on the dollar of the taxable property of the City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the same hereby levied on the taxable property of said city for water fund and hydrant rentals for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

Sec. 3. That a tax of four mills on the dollar of the taxable property of the City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the same hereby levied on the taxable property of said city for lighting purposes for the fiscal year commencing on the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending on the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

Sec. 4. That a tax of one mill on the dollar of the taxable property of the City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the same hereby levied on the taxable property of said city for park fund for the fiscal year commencing the first Tuesday in May, 1909, and ending the first Tuesday in May, 1910.

Sec. 5. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 18th day of July, 1909.
F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
Attest: CHARLES M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.
J-23-30

NOTICE.

The State of Nebraska, Douglas County vs. The State of Nebraska. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska. Tract Nos. 12292 and 12294.

The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, vs. the several parcels of land hereinafter described and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to or any interest, right or claim in or to such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, defendants.

To John T. Clarke, Harvey Spaulding and John P. Lair, owners, and to unknown owners and to the occupants of the real estate described below.

Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the district court of said county, rendered in the State tax suit for the year 1904, the following described real estate, situate in the County of Douglas and State of Nebraska, to-wit:

The north one-half of sub lot two (2) of lot eighth (8) and the south one-half of sub lot two (2) of lot eighth (8) in Tract No. 12292, in addition to the City of Omaha, known as tract Nos. 12292 and 12294, was, on the 12th day of November, 1909, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 15th day of November, 1909. You are further notified that the certificate of tax sale issued by the treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such certificate will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court on or before the 15th day of November, 1909. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.

D. C. PATTERSON, Trustee.
Owner of said certificate.

NOTICE.

The State of Nebraska, Douglas County vs. The State of Nebraska. In the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska. Tract No. 12229.

The State of Nebraska, Plaintiff, vs. the several parcels of land hereinafter described and all persons and corporations having or claiming title to or any interest, right or claim in or to such parcels of real estate or any part thereof, defendants.

To John Peabody, sole heir at law of James H. Peabody, deceased, and the unknown heirs of Arthur P. Ginn, deceased, owners, and to unknown owners and to the occupants of the real estate described below.


Notice is hereby given that under a decree of the district court of said county, rendered in the State tax suit for the year 1914, the following described real estate, situate in the County of Douglas and State of Nebraska, to-wit:

Lot sixteen (16) in block four (4), in Hawthorne, an addition to the City of Omaha, known as tract No. 12229, was, on the 16th day of November, 1907, duly sold at public vendue by the county treasurer of said county in the manner provided by law, and the period of redemption from such sale will expire on the 16th day of November, 1909. You are further notified that the owner of the certificate of tax sale issued by the treasurer will make application to the court in the above entitled cause for confirmation of such sale as soon as practicable after the period of redemption has expired, and you are hereby notified that the time and place of the hearing upon such confirmation will be entered in the confirmation record kept by the clerk of said court on or before the 16th day of November, 1909. You will examine said confirmation record to ascertain the time of such hearing and may be present, if you desire, to make any objections or show cause why the sale should not be confirmed.

D. C. PATTERSON, Trustee.
Owner of said Certificate.

He Needed One.
The Employer—Young man, I don't see how, with your salary, you can afford to smoke such expensive cigars.
The Employee—You're right, sir; I thought to have a bigger salary.

PRICES ARE SLIPPERY THINGS



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Phone Florence 2315 J. A. SCOTT, -Magr.

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THE MARION FLYER best Gasoline Car made for the money. No better at any price. Three models, one price, \$1,850. Four-cylinder, 35-H.P. Speed 4 to 50 miles. On High Gear. If you want to handle the best and the best is always an easy seller, write quickly.

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To show you all the Latest Styles, Colors and Patterns for this season. You can get better satisfaction by selecting your PAPERS NOW, as we will be pretty busy in another month, and will not be able to give you the time and attention we can now. We also carry a full line of Paints, Oils, Varnishes, Brushes and Mouldings. In fact everything that pertains to the Papering and Painting trades. Our prices are the same as the downtown stores. We would be pleased to have you call and get our prices.

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—Ind. B-1411 M. L. ENDRES, 2410 Ames Ave.

FLORENCE LUMBER & COAL CO.

Florence, Nebraska

Robert Golding, Mgr. Phone 102

THE OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY

The Florence Tribune

Under new management. Subscription \$1.00. Advertising rates 25c an inch. Readers 5c a line.

More Light for the Same Money or The Same Light for Less Money

THE TUNGSTEN LAMP IS DESIGNED TO MEET THIS DEMAND

The old style carbon lamp, the only commercial incandescent lamp on the market for many years, is now being superseded very rapidly by the new Tungsten Lamp, which burns less than one-half the current to produce the same amount of light. You are now wondering why we recommend a lamp that burns so little current, aren't you? Well, it is an improvement in the art of lighting, and it is right in line with the policy of this Company to always recommend for use on its lines that which will give the best results for the smallest amount of money, and as an evidence that we have profited by this far-sighted policy, would ask you to note the electric lighting effects of Omaha and compare with what it was a few years ago. It is the old story about the satisfied customer, and we want you on that list.

Look for next week's "ad" in this space for more particulars.

OMAHA ELECTRIC LIGHT & POWER COMPANY

Y. M. C. A. BUILDING
TELEPHONE D. 1062 INDEPENDENT A-1278