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# The Florence Tribune

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The hen cackles just the same when there is no one to hear her.  
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VOL. II.

PUBLISHED BY E. L. PLATZ

FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, JULY 29, 1910

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No. 12

## GOOD STORY OF A TRIP

George R. Gamble Writes of the Scenes and Incidents of His Recent Trip to Chadron and Hot Springs, Incidentally Telling How "Beaty" Thompson Came Near Being Scalded by a Big Indian for Trying to Get Acquainted With His Wife.

From Omaha to Norfolk the only thing of interest is the fine crops you can see from the train. They have got some of the finest crops this side of Norfolk there is in Nebraska. We see corn that stood as high as your head and the oats crop certainly looks fine. From Norfolk to Long Pine you can begin to notice the drouth, and from Long Pine to Chadron everything is almost burnt up.

The next morning after we arrived at Chadron we were awakened about 5 o'clock by the racket on the streets, and we got up and looked to the north at the edge of town and quite a sight met our eyes. There tents were pitched everywhere. Something like 300 Indians in camp in one place and about twenty-five cow-boys in another camp and with all their ponies and dogs it made quite a sight. At 9:30 was the big parade, with the Chadron band, with the Eagle delegates, Indians in full war paint and cow-boys dressed up as in the old frontier days.

The Indians gave one of their old-time war dances on the main street at 12 o'clock which was quite a sight to those who have never seen anything like it. At 7 o'clock in the evening we had a band concert by the Chadron band, followed by fancy drilling from the Benson Degree team.

We went to the fair grounds to see the Montana Wild west show which was given by the cow-boys. Fancy riding, roping, breaking bucking bronchos, lariat throwing, riding bucking steers, shouting, etc., which was given in true western style.

They are coming to Omaha some time this fall and it is well worth anyone's time to go and see it. At 7 o'clock was war dancing and foot racing by the Indians. At 8:30 the Benson team gave a show in the large hall which was enjoyed by all who saw it.

Saturday afternoon we started for the bad lands by autos which is located about 8 miles north of Chadron and I tell you they are certainly bad. We could see the Pine Ridge reservation from there, which was the home of the Indians that help entertain us. We could see off in the distance to the south what is known as the Sioux butte. This place is something like 100 feet high and there is only one way to reach the top. This is where the Sioux Indians cornered the Crow Indians on top of this, and during the night the Crows built large bon-fires and placed a sentinel to march back and forth in front of the fires in plain view of the Sioux and there they all rolled up in their blankets and supposedly went to sleep. They then slipped out of their blankets and made ropes out of some of their buffalo robes, and slide down on the opposite side and made their escape, all except the lone sentinel who was left to his fate.

Returning from there back to Chadron at 7 p. m. we all assembled in the large hall where the Chadron people had prepared a fine banquet for the Eagle delegates and their friends and I tell you it was something to be proud of. After that followed speaking. Mayor Dahman, the mayor of Chadron, Mr. Tracy of Benson, Mr. Banort and Mr. Tanner of South Omaha and by the minister of one of the churches of Chadron and L. J. Jager, better known as "Billy the bear."

I want to tell you the joke on Brother Thompson when we were all out to the Indian camp. Beaty, of course, was admiring the squaws and seeing a nice looking one he goes up to her and started talking to her and was trying to shake hands with her when one of the bucks saw him. He thought he was trying to kidnap her and he let out a yell and started for Thompson and grabbed him and drew his big hunting knife and commenced to dance around him and you ought to have seen Beaty. His hair raised up and he commenced to yell for help in fine style, but we finally got him rescued and explained to the Indian that he meant no harm and that tickled the Indian and he wanted to kiss Beaty right away but Beaty couldn't see it that way. In a little while when we were in another part of the camp Brother Sinclair made himself quite a hero and almost got in trouble. There was a nice looking young lady passing one of the tents when a pack of Indian dogs came out and surrounded her and she commenced to cry for help, and Sinclair started to rescue her. He grabbed her in his strong arms and started for safety when a lot of the Indians saw him. They thought he was

## NEWS FROM FORT CALHOUN

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

Former State Archeologist E. E. Blackman of Lincoln and family were visiting in Fort Calhoun.

"Grandma" P. N. Stilts came back from Sheridan, Wyo., on a visit.

Inquiries have been made for the names of persons born at Fort Atkinson, 1819 to 1827. The records so far are very meager, but among others were the celebrated Omaha chief, Logan Fontenelle, and Mary Lafleshe, wife of Chief Joseph Lafleshe, who was the daughter of Nacomi and the mother of Dr. Susan Picotte and Bright Eyes. Antonie Barada, the strong man who lifted 1,800 pounds in the stone quarries at St. Louis in his early manhood, was born a few miles north of the fort in 1807, twelve years before the fort was begun. Antone Cabanne of Bancroft was born the last year of the fort, about eight miles south on Ponca creek, now in Douglas county, at Fort Cabanne.

"Grandma" Marr has gone to Minnesota.

Miss Agnes Fitzgerald was visiting in Burt county.

Mrs. Charles Arnold and children are up from Kansas City at "Grandpa" Bouchman's.

Mrs. Mary C. Rounse is in Michigan.

The Schwager brothers report wheat good at Sugar, Idaho, where they are putting up an 8,000 bushel granary, with gasoline engine and elevator on their farm.

John Wreidt, a retired German-American marine, had a fine day and good gathering at his birthday anniversary banquet.

Fritz Holst is back from South Dakota in his father's butcher shop.

Miss Edith Stanley has had the measles.

Nof Book and bride came back from their northern trip.

Charles C. Noah of Omaha was a visitor at the Claders'.

John Iverson came up from Plattsmouth and took back his family, who were with home folks a few days.

trying to kidnap a white woman and before we could get to him they grabbed him and hustled him in a tent and had him tied hand and foot. When we got there he was begging for his life like a school boy before he gets a licking.

Outside of these incidents we got along all right. One more thing I forgot to tell you about was on the last day. The old Indians of the tribe promised to show us how they used to kill and cook their meat in the frontier days. They killed them all most the same as we do. Then they cut it up in strips and take the large paunch and cut it half in two; they drive four stakes in the ground and tie the corners to the stakes making it look like a kettle. They then build a bon-fire and gather a lot of stones about the size of your fist and put them in the fire and heat them red hot and then take long forked sticks and put the red hot rocks in the water they have the paunch till they get it to boiling. Then they put these strips of beef in the boiling water and it is soon done, and we all had to have a taste of the meat. Well, I don't care to tell you how it tastes, and while we were there one old squaw was roasting a dog over the coals and we were all invited to stay and have a piece of roast dog but of course we all declined.

I wonder why? Sunday we left for Hot Springs. We passed many small towns that gave evidence of much prosperity.

Last year there were 275 car loads of immigrants shipped west and north of Chadron, and last fall from Gordon, Hay Springs, Rushville and other points they shipped over 750 car loads of potatoes. A Chicago firm bought them up at 49 cents per bushel, and shipped them to Chicago at a profit of 40 cents per bushel. And that is about the only crop they will have there this year. After we left there all you could see on your right was hills and mountains, on the left gullies and sand, and the black hills off in the distance, then you would find occasionally a nice little farm house in some valley. East of the Black Hills in a little valley we saw a small cemetery, possibly 100 tombstones in it, and then we came to Buffalo Gap. It sits down at the foot of the Black Hill mountains in the valley, and has about 800 inhabitants. We had to stop there about 20 minutes and we had

## ARRANGE FOR THE VETERANS

Committee of Florence Citizens and Committee of the Douglas County Veteran's Association Meet at the Office of the Mayor Monday and Go Over the Plans for the Encampment to Be Held During August.—Sub-committees are Appointed.

Camp Tucker—That is the name selected by the Veterans as the name for the encampment this year to be held at Florence August 16 to 20.

The committee of Florence citizens and the committee from the Veterans met at the office of the mayor Monday afternoon and cleared the decks for the encampment. Seventeen of the Veterans were present and approved the plans made for their entertainment.

Several members of the Woman's Relief corps were present to arrange for their share in the entertaining to be done.

After hearing good reports from all the subcommittees a program for the week was adopted. While it is a little too early to make the program public it is safe to say that it will be far better than it was last year and that no one will have cause to complain.

The following committees were appointed:

Speakers—W. H. Green, chairman; C. Allen, Jonathon Edwards, and S. K. Spaulding.

Music—F. S. Tucker, chairman, Lafayette Shipley, C. Henn.

Invitations—G. Garlick, chairman; R. A. Golding, Henry Anderson and L. F. Imm.

Publicity and Printing—E. L. Platz, chairman; R. A. Golding, Henry Anderson and L. F. Imm.

Badges—Perry Hough, chairman; Lafayette Shipley and W. E. S. Somers.

Concessions—F. S. Tucker, chairman; W. E. Parks, L. F. Imm, R. A. Golding and Henry Anderson.

The encampment this year gives promise of the being most successful one ever held.

time to get a cold one and I tell you it was fine. From there we started around the loop to Hot Springs. We go through a canyon or valley and there is some nice little fruit farms down there in the valleys, hills and mountains, on either side.

All you could see growing on the hills was the pine trees and there was plenty of them, but everything else was burnt up. The prairies and some of the valleys look like a barren waste. As you near Hot Springs the scenery is something fine. On the left, right in the side of the mountain, close to the bottom of the canyon (which is something like 200 feet high), is a large stone quarry where they get all of their stone to build in Hot Springs. You could see the large water pipe alk, along the foot of the mountain which was about six miles from Hot Springs. Then came the orchard groves. They are all along the valley from there to Hot Springs. Some of the rocks on the sides of the mountain or as large as a house. The Hot Springs creek runs down this valley, and the water is so warm that it has no fish in it, but on each side of the creek it is lined with water cress. Going in to Hot Springs we pass the famous Hot Springs health resort. On the last of the springs is the United States Sanatorium. It has the finest buildings in the west and cost \$3,000,000. It is like a little city by itself. They have there one plunge bath, and there is something like 200 sick and wounded soldiers there. On the side of the mountain is what is known as the Battle Mound which is close to the sanatorium. This is where the United States soldiers cornered a large bunch of Sioux Indians and massacred them.

All of the large buildings of any size are built out of the stone taken from the quarry there, for that is all they build with now. They have a large cancer hospital there which is a fine building. Of course we had to visit the Kidney Springs and have a drink from that. In the afternoon we started for the Wind cave by autos which is twelve miles, and this is one of the finest scenes on the trip. In going through there is places where you would have to stoop to get through, then in the next room you could look up for sixty or seventy feet. They have got a route in through the cave which is 100 miles now and they are still exploring. In going through in some places you stop and put out your candles and stand still and the guide goes ahead a little ways and lights a taper candle and the rooms sparkle like diamonds. It certainly is a grand sight.

In the evening we visited the plunge baths and took a plunge and I tell you it was fine. The temperature of the water is 93 degrees. The way they clean their bath

## MORMONS HOLD ANNUAL PICNIC

Monday at the Park Under the Boughs of the Enormous Tree Planted By Brigham Young.

The annual picnic and observance of a day of services under the big tree planted by Brigham Young when he made Florence his home was celebrated at the city park Monday.

Once a year the Mormons and their descendants meet here in the city park and hold services and renew old acquaintances and indulge in reminiscences of the days of old, of the days when Florence was the seat of their religion and teemed with the commerce and trade of a large frontier city.

Here it was they spent the winter before embarking on that terrible unknown and dangerous trip through a country full of hostile Indians and all the dangers of unknown countries. Here it was that some were born in the faith and here, also, some died and were buried on the top of the hill in the old Indian burial grounds.

And so, each year, these services are held and songs of praise and happiness and sorrow are sung and tribute paid to those who never reached the promised land.

rooms is on the north of the building. About 300 feet back is built a V-shape out of rocks and in the center of this is a large cement slab fixed something like a gate. When they get ready to clean they swing this to one side and that turns the channel and when they get through swing it back and that turns the water into the building again.

After supper we started east of Hot Springs to climb the mountain. We finally reached the top after a hard climb. It is about one and a half miles to the top. You could look down in the valley and it was quite a picture scene. The people looked like little children. While going down we found a number of pieces of petrified wood and gathered several samples. In the evening the Chadron band gave a band concert. 9:20 Sunday evening started on the trip home and nothing of any interest on the road home occurred. About 3 o'clock in the morning, when everyone sleeping peacefully in their berths, and the train was running smoothly—even the train crew was dozing at their posts—and all was quiet, all of a sudden we heard an awful yell followed by a terrible racket. Everybody woke up in a hurry, thinking there was an awful wreck, and jumping out of their berths looked around to see what was the matter. In the middle of the aisle was Brother Sinclair with his bed clothing wrapped around him and dancing the war dance and yelling to beat the band. There was a mad bunch and shoes and umbrellas were flying thick and fast when we finally got him quieted with the aid of the South Omaha doctor and got him back to his berth.

This closes my story, arriving in Omaha at 10:20 Monday night, tired and worn out but having a good time. G. R. GAMBLE.

## MISS FLORENCE OIMSTED

Miss Florence Oimsted was the guest of Miss Louise Lord in Omaha, Friday.

The Pastime Pleasure club of Omaha gave an enjoyable dance at Cole's hall on Tuesday evening. About seventy-five couples were present.

Mrs. J. J. Cole, who spent last week at Blair in attendance at the chautauqua, has returned home.

Box chocolates, always fresh. Hempling Drug Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Harry A. Haskell of Omaha were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Haskell Tuesday evening.

F. S. Tucker and E. L. Platz attended the republican convention at Lincoln Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Wall, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Price and J. A. Fuller were among the Florence people who attended the aviation meet in Omaha Sunday.

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

Mark Savidge, son of Rev. C. W. Savidge of Omaha, occupied the pulpit of the Ponca Presbyterian church Sunday evening and took for his topic "The Great Beyond."

The Modern Woodmen of America held a big stag social at their hall Thursday evening and a number of the Omaha camps came out and joined with them.

G. Mancinni has secured the contract for the curb and guttering at Dundee, which job will amount to something like \$35,000.

Mrs. George W. Naile of Omaha, and Mrs. Barker and Miss Herberta Barker of Dundee were guests of Mrs. J. L. Houston Sunday.

Florence received a good rain Monday night and during the wind that accompanied the storm a few trees were blown down as well as three or four telegraph poles. Wednesday one of Nebraska's famous hot winds sprung up and made life miserable.

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

T. E. Price is receiving bids for the erection of a two-story double brick block on Main street next to the Farmer's State bank.

Visitors at the State Fair this year will have an opportunity to see the Wright brothers in several flights in their aeroplane, as the fair management have contracted with those gentlemen who have made the old world sit up and take notice, for several flights each day of the fair Sept. 5 to 9. They will bring with them three of their full sized aeroplanes which will be used in making their flights each day. When not in use they will be on exhibition and their working fully explained to those interested in air navigation. This will be an opportunity for the people of Nebraska to see these wonders of the 20th century.

Saturday evening at the Eagle's hall will occur a boxing match that promises to be of more than usual interest to the lovers of sports in this locality. The main card will be Toedy Pospisil of Omaha and Young Mies of Florence, who is credited with having a great deal of skill with the gloves. Several other bouts will take place, among them one between John Williams and an Omaha man. The evening will wind up with a battle royal. Tickets are now on sale.

## SOCIAL NOTES OF FLORENCE

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

Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Thompson returned Sunday from Chadron, Hot Springs and Winnetoon, where they have been visiting the past two weeks.

Daisy fly killer and Tanglefoot at Hempling Drug store.

Charles Baughman has started a new feed store in the old canning factory. He will also keep a small stock at F. D. Leach's place on Main street. Because of the opening of this new store, Anderson, Hollingsworth, T. W. McClure and Thomas Dugher have discontinued the handling of feed.

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## BASEBALL AT FLORENCE PARK

Two Good Games Are Played Sunday and the Small Crowd Present See Some Good Pitching.

The Uppikes defeated the Monmouth Parks Sunday afternoon in the best pitching battle seen on the Florence grounds this year. Baker of the Uppikes struck out eleven men and allowed two hits. Bradley, formerly of Fremont, pitched great ball for the Parks, striking out ten and allowing four hits. The Mandy Lees were easy for the Uppikes. The score:

First game—  
Uppikes .....0 0 0 4 0 5 2 0 \*—11  
Mandy Lees ...0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0  
Hits—Uppikes 15, Mandy Lees 8.  
Errors—Uppikes 0, Mandy Lees 1.  
Batteries—Uppikes, Ball and Beecroft; Mandy Lees, Heckland and Marsh.

Second game—  
Uppikes .....0 0 0 1 0 0 1 0—2  
Parks .....0 0 0 1 0 0 0 0—1  
Hits—Uppikes 4, Parks 2. Errors—Uppikes, Baker and Johnson; Parks, Bradley and Rodgers.

The Uppikes claim Baker as one of the best pitchers in Omaha. He has secured 134 strike-outs in eight games, the average of four hits and seventeen strike-outs per game.

His record is: Oakland, twenty strike-outs (twelve innings); Ranger, sixteen strike-outs; W. O. W., eighteen strike-outs; Blair, seventeen strike-outs; Independents, nineteen strike-outs; Athletics, nineteen strike-outs; Monmouth Parks, eleven strike-outs.

## MISS CHRISTINE GORDON

Miss Christine Gordon and Mr. Chizum were guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Nichols Sunday.

Mrs. J. B. Brisbin and Mrs. Harry Brisbin with their families picnicked at Manawa Wednesday.

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

Mr. L. R. Griffith and Mrs. Viola Pettit were guests of Mrs. Henry Tyler of Lake James park Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lee and Miss Ivy Lee of Omaha spent Sunday at the Mandy Lee Poultry farm.

The Ladies Aid society of the Presbyterian church met with Mrs. W. H. Thompson Wednesday afternoon at her home on west State street.

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

Mrs. J. Weber, Jr., and son, John, Mrs. Victors of Portland, Ore., Mrs. J. L. Houston and Mrs. F. B. Nichols were guests of Mrs. Barker of Dundee, Tuesday.

Miss Allie Houston was the guest of Miss Ethel Barker in Dundee, Sunday.

Don't fail to read the want ads.

The city council will meet Monday evening.

Jenson and Leffler, who have the contract for paving 30th street from the city limits of Omaha to Briggs street will begin work next week.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Weber, Jr., and son, Mrs. Victors, and Miss Victors of Portland, Ore., Miss Bondesson, Miss Griffith, Mrs. Griffith, and Mr. Frank Sieroe were the guests of Mr. Fred Pries Saturday evening.

Mr. Cyril Kelly returned Monday from a visit at Colorado Springs, Colo., and Gothenburg, Neb.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter Driscoll are spending a few weeks with friends at Blair.

Mrs. McEwan of Omaha was the guest of Mrs. J. L. Houston Wednesday evening.

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

The school board held a special meeting at the school house Tuesday evening and opened bids for the new retaining wall on the north side of the school house. The evening was so hot they referred the six bids received to the regular meeting Monday evening.

# AFTER FOUR YEARS OF MISERY

Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Baltimore, Md.—"For four years my life was a misery to me. I suffered from irregularities, terrible dragging sensations, extreme nervousness, and that all gone feeling in my stomach. I had given up hope of ever being well when I began to take Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Then I felt as though new life had been given me, and I am recommending it to all my friends."—Mrs. W. S. Ford, 2207 W. Franklin St., Baltimore, Md.



The most successful remedy in this country for the cure of all forms of female complaints is Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has stood the test of years and to-day is more widely and successfully used than any other female remedy. It has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, that bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, and nervous prostration, after all other means had failed. If you are suffering from any of these ailments, don't give up hope until you have given Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial. If you would like special advice write to Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. She has guided thousands to health, free of charge.

## The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day. CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Bilemness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin. SMALL PILL, SMALL DOSE, SMALL PRICE. Genuine must bear Signature.



A vacation necessity—the Gillette KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

An Easy Fit. A number of years ago there lived in northern New Hampshire a notorious woman-hater. It was before the day of ready-made clothing, and wanting a new suit, he was obliged to take the material to the village tailor. She took his measurements, and when she cut the coat, made a liberal allowance on each seam. The man's dislike of women in general prevented his having a fitting. He took the finished garment without trying it on. It was much too large, and his disgust was apparent in the answer he made to the friendly loafer on his first visit to the post office, when he wore the despised article. "Got a new coat, Obed?" said the loafer. "No, I hain't!" said Obed. "I've got seven yards of cloth wrapped round me."—Youth's Companion.

Diagnosis. "Do you see that man going along with his head in the air, sniffing with his nose?" "Yes, I know him." "I suppose he believes in taking in the good, pure ozone." "No; he's hunting for a motor garage, I believe."—Tit-Bits.

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

A Dreamer. "You say your boy Josh is a dreamer?" said the literary lady. "Does he write poetry or romances?" "Oh," replied Farmer Cornstossel, "he don't write anything. But he jes' patcherally refuses to get up till 9 o'clock."

Plenty of Material. "Son," said the press humorist, "you have inherited some of my humor." "Not enough to make a living with, dad." "Never mind. I'm going to leave you all of my jokes."

Enough Provocation. Patience—Does she know any songs without words? Patrice—No, whenever she sings it's certain to bring on words.

Give yourself opportunity—get out of the old road, where the stink wagons go rushing by, and take the path across the fields of new thought.

## WINS THROUGH GRIT

Former Deck Hand Going to United States Senate.

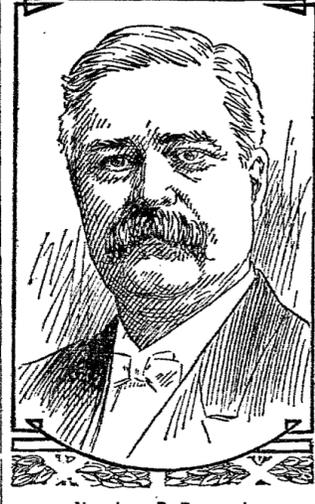
Napoleon Bonaparte Broward of Florida Who Has Been a Roustabout, Sailor, Filibuster and Governor, a Fighter.

Jacksonville, Fla.—One of the most picturesque figures in the southland and a man the story of whose life reads like a novel is Napoleon Bonaparte Broward, ex-governor of Florida, who recently defeated United States Senator Taliaferro in the senatorial primaries held in Florida.

Mr. Broward's is a brilliant example of achievement rarely equaled even in this day of self-made men. He was born in abject poverty, his parents being ignorant "Florida crackers," and his schooling was practically nil, yet he rose to the highest office in the commonwealth and now he is about to enter the United States senate. He is a big man, mentally and physically, and his honesty and integrity have never been questioned. He won success in politics, as he did in civil life, by sheer bulldog courage and pertinacity and by keeping his word. He stands six feet in height, weighs more than 200 pounds and is a born fighter.

Ex-Governor Broward first attracted political notice by his project to reclaim the Everglades of Florida and making them into farming lands. It was this issue which carried him into the office of governor. He has, too, demonstrated that his scheme is feasible by converting a part of the Everglades into productive farms, and this made him immensely popular.

The father of the future senator lived in a log house on the St. John's river and eked out a bare living for his wife and children. Broward's parents died when he was in his early teens. When he was under 20 he



Napoleon B. Broward.

shipped on a lumber-laden schooner bound for Boston. There he was paid off and landed in the dead of winter. He had never seen a snowstorm before, he was thinly clad and suffered terribly from the cold. An attack of whooping cough laid him up and took all his money. Nevertheless as soon as he could crawl out he shipped on one of the winter fishing fleet bound for the Grand Banks. He endured hardships without complaining, did his work with a smile, and thus won the friendship of the men of the sea. Following his work on the Banks he worked his way back to Florida as a sailor. Next we see him as a roustabout on a steamer on the St. John's river. He saved his money, bought a part interest in a steamboat and struck out for himself. His splendid fighting abilities were winning him notice, the while his kindly disposition was winning him friends. He was elected sheriff of Duval county, a position he held nine years, and in which he made a record which attracted attention to him from all parts of the state.

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# The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER  
& LUCIA  
CHAMBERLAIN  
ILLUSTRATIONS by M. B. Kettner  
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## SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Gilsey, and her chaperon, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora discovers an unfamiliar mood in Harry, especially when the ring is discussed.

## CHAPTER II.—Continued.

The picture gallery was new, an addition; and the plain, narrow, unexpected door in this place, where all was high, arched, elaborate and flourished, was like a loophole through which to slip into a foreign atmosphere. This atmosphere was resinous of fresh wood; the light was thick with drifting motes; the carpets harshly new, slipping beneath the feet on the too polished floor; the bare bones of the place yet scarcely covered. But its quiet was after all comparative. There were plenty of people lingering in groups in the center of the gallery, which was dusky, eclipsed by the great reflectors that circled the room, throwing out the pictures in a bright band of color around the walls. People leaning from this border of light back into the dusk to murmur together, vanished and reappeared with such fascinating abruptness that Flora caught herself guessing what sort of face, where this nearest group stood just on the edge of shadow, would pop out of the dark next.

She was ready for something extraordinary, but now, when it came, she was taken aback by it. It gave her a start, that toss of black hair, that long, irregular, pale face whose scintillant, sardonic smile was merciless upon the poor, inadequate picture-face fronting him. His stoop above the rail was so abrupt that his long, lean back was almost horizontal, yet even thus there was something elegant in the swing of him—in the careless twist of his head, around, to speak to the woman behind him. The light above struck blind on the glass in one eye, but the other danced with a genial, a mad scintillation. The light of it caught like contagion, and touched the merest glance at him with the spark of its warm, ironic mirth. The question which naturally rose to Flora's lips—"Who in the world is that?"—she checked; why, she didn't ask herself. She only felt as she followed Clara, trailing away across the floor, that the interest of the evening which had promised so well, beginning with the Chatworth ring, had been raised even a note higher. Her restive fancy was beginning again. All the footlights of her little secret stage were up.

Clara turned to the right, following a beckoning fan, and Flora, dallying with her anticipation, reasoned that now they must circle the room before they should face him—the interesting apparition. It was a pilgrimage of which he on the other side was performing his half. Perfunctorily talking from group to group, conscious

now and again of the lagging Clara or Harry, she could nevertheless keep a sly eye on the stranger's equal progress. The flash of jet, and the voluminous, substantial shoulders of the lady so profusely introducing him, were an assurance of how that pilgrimage would terminate, since it was Ella Buller who was parading him. She even wondered before which of the florid pictures at the far, other end of the room, as before a shrine, the ceremony would take place.

She kept her eyes fixed on the paintings before her, and as she moved down from one to another, and the voices of the approaching group drew nearer, one separated itself from the general murmur, so clear, so resonantly carried, so clean-clipped off the tongue, that it stood out in syllables on the blur of sound which was Ella Buller's conversation. It had color, that voice; it had a quality so sharp, so individual that it touched her with a mischievous wonder that he dared speak so differently from all the world about him. Then, six pictures away, she heard her own name.

"Why, Flora Gilsey!" It was Ella's husky, boyish note. "I've been looking for you all the evening! How d'y'do, Harry?" She waved her hand at him. "Why, how d'y'do, Mrs. Britton? I wouldn't let papa go to supper until I'd found you. 'Papa,' I said, 'wait; Flora and Harry will be here.' Besides," she had quite reached Flora's side by this time and communicated it in an impressive whisper, "I want you to meet my Englishman." She looked over her shoulder, and largely beckoned to where the blunt and florid Buller and his companion, with their backs to what they were supposed to be looking at, were exchanging an anecdote of infinite amusement.

Buller's expression came around slowly to his daughter's beckoning hand, but the Englishman's face seemed to flash at the instant from what he was enjoying to what was expected of him. In the flourish of introductions, across and across, Flora found herself thinking the reality less extraordinary than she had at first supposed. Now that Mr. Kerr was fairly before her, presented to her, and taking her in with the same lively, impersonal interest with which he took in the whole room, "as if," she put it vexedly to herself, "I were a specimen poked at him on the end of a pin," it stirred in her a vague resentment; and involuntarily she held him up to Harry. The comparison showed him a little worn, a little battered, a little too perfunctory in manner; but his genial eyes, deep under threatening brows, made Harry's eyes seem to stare rather coldly; and the fine form of his long, plain face, and the sensitive line of his long, thin lips made Harry's beauty look—well, how did it look? Hardly callous.

This mixed impression the two men gave her was disconcerting. She was all the more ready, to be wary of the stranger. She had begun with him in the way she did with every one—in instinctively throwing out a breastwork of conversation from behind which she could observe the enemy. But though he had blinked at it, he had not taken her up, nor helped her out; but had merely stood with his head a little canted forward, as if he watched her through her defenses.

"But San Francisco must seem so limited after London," she had wound up; and the way he had considered it, a little humorously, down his long nose, made her doubt the interest of cities to be reckoned in round numbers.

"It's all extraordinary," he said. "You're quite as extraordinary in your way as we in ours."

"Oh," she wondered, still yexed with his inventory, "I had always supposed us awfully commonplace. What is our way, please?"

"Ah," he said, measuring his long step to hers as they sauntered a little, "for one thing, you're so awfully good to a fellow. In London—and he nodded back, as if London were merely across the room—they're awfully good to the somebodies. It's the way you take in the nobodies over here that is so astonishing—the stray leaves that blow in with your 'trade,' and can't show any credentials but a letter or two, and their faces; and those"—his diablerie danced out again—"sometimes such deucedly damaged ones."

It was almost indecent, this parade of his nonentity! She wanted to say: "Oh, hush! Those are the things one only enjoys—never talks about." But instead, somewhere up at the top of her voice, she said: "Oh, we always lock up our silver!"

"But even then," he quizzed her, "I wonder how you dare to do it?" "Perhaps we have to, because we ourselves are all—" (without any credentials—but those you mention,) she had been about to say—but there she caught herself on the very edge of giving herself and all the rest of them away to him;—"all so awfully bored," she mischievously ended with the faintest, faintest possible yawn behind her spread fan.

He looked as if she had taken him by surprise; then laughed out. "Oh, that is the way they don't do here," he provoked her. "You mustn't, when I'm not expecting it."

"Then what are you expecting?" she inquired a little coolly.

"Well," he deliberated, "not expecting you to get me ready for a sweet, and then pop in a pickle; and presently expecting, hoping, anxiously anticipating, what you really care to say."

He was expecting, she looked maliciously, more than he was likely to get; but the fact that he did see through her to that extent was at once delightful and charming. She swayed back into the shadow beyond the dazzling line of light. She wanted to escape his scrutiny, to be able to look him over from a safe vantage-ground. But he wouldn't have it. An instant he stood under the torrent of white radiance, challenging her to see what she could—then followed her in to her retreat. "Shall we sit here?" he said, and she found herself hopelessly cut off and isolated with the enemy.

She couldn't withhold a little grudging pleasure in the sharpness with which he had turned her maneuver and the way it had detached them from the surrounding crowd. For there, in the dusky center of the room, it was as if they watched from safe covert the rest of their party exposed in the glare of light, though not, as Flora presently noted, quite escaping observation themselves. For an instant Harry turned and peered toward them with a look in his intenness that struck Flora as something new in him and made her wonder if he could be jealous. She turned tentatively to see if Kerr had noticed it, and surprised his glance in a quick transition back to hers.

"By your leave," he said, and took away her fan, which in his hand presently assumed such rhythmic motion that it ceased to be any more present to her than a delicate current of air upon her face.

He was not, she felt sure, in spite of his light manipulation of her fan, a person who cared to please women, but one of that devastating sort who care above everything to please themselves, and who are skilful without practice; too skilful, she feared, for her defenses to hold out against if he intended to find out what she really thought. "Aren't we supposed to be looking at the pictures?" she wanted to know.

He turned his back on the wall and its attendant glare. "Why pictures," he inquired, "when there are live people to look at? Pictures for places where they're all half dead. But here, where even the damnable dust in the street is alive, why should they paint, or write, or sculpt, or do anything but live?" His irascible brows shot the query at her.

Again the proposition of life—whatever that was—was held up before her, and as ever she faltered in the face of it. "I suppose they do it here," she murmured, with a vague glance at the paintings around her, "because people do it everywhere else."

His disparagement was almost a snarl. "That's the rotten part of it—because they do it everywhere else! As if there wasn't enough monotony in the world already without every chap trying to be like the next instead of being himself!"

"But if you have to be what people expect?"

"People don't want what they expect—if you care for that." He waved it away with his quick white hand.

"But you have to care, unless you want to be queer." Her poor little secret was out before she knew, and he looked at it, laughing immoderately, yet somehow delightfully.

"Ah, if you think the social game is the game that counts! I had expected braver things of you. The game that counts, my girl," he preached it at her with his long white hand, "the game that is going on out here is the big, red game of life. That's the only one that's worth a guinea; and there's no winning or losing, there's no right or wrong to it, and it doesn't matter what a man is in it as long as he's a good one."

"Even if he is a thief?" The question was out of Flora's lips before she could catch it. It was a challenge. She had meant to confound him; but he caught it as if it delighted him.

"Well, what would you think?"

He threw it back at her. What hadn't she thought! How persistently her fancy had played with the question of what sort of man that one might be who had so wonderfully put his hand under a glass case and drawn out the Chatworth ring.

"Oh," she laughed dubiously, "I suppose he is a good one as long as he isn't caught."

"What!" His face disowned her. "You think he's a renegade, do you? A chap in perpetual flight, taking things because he has to, more or less pursued by the law? Bah! It's a guile as old, and a deal more honorable, than the beggar's. Your good thief is born to it. It's his caste. It's in his blood. It isn't money that he wants. If he had a million he'd be the same. And it isn't a mania either. It's a profession." The Englishman leaned back and smiled at her over the elegance of his long, joined finger-tips.

She looked at him with a delighted alarm, with an increasing elation; but whether these arose from his lawless declarations and the singular way they kept setting before her more vividly moment by moment the possible character of the present keeper of the Chatworth ring, or whether it was just the sight of Kerr himself as he sat there that stirred her, she didn't try to distinguish.

"But suppose he was your own thief," she urged; "took your own things, I mean," she hastily amended, "and suppose he turned out to be some one you knew and liked—" She hesitated. She had come at last to what she really wanted to say. She had brought out a question that had been teasing her fancy at intervals all the while he had been talking, and he had not even heard it. He wasn't even looking at her. She had caught him off his guard. He was looking across her shoulder straight down the dim vista of the room to the little blaze of bordering light. He was looking at Harry. No, Harry was looking at him. Harry was looking with a steady, an intent gaze, and Kerr meeting it—it might have been merely the blank glare of his monocle—seemed, to Flora, to meet it a little insolently. She fancied in the instant something to pass between the two men, something which, this time, she did not mistake for jealousy—a shade too dim for defiance or suspicion, a deep scrutiny that struggled to place something, some one.

Flora felt a sudden wish to break that curious scrutiny. It had broken her little moment. It had shattered the personal, almost intimate note that had been sounded between them. The look Kerr turned back to her was vague, and stirred in her a dim resentment that he could drop it all so easily.

"Shall we join the others?" It was the voice with which she had begun with him, but her eyes were hot through their light mist of lashes, and he threw her a comprehending glance of amusement.

"Oh, no," he assured her, "we can't help ourselves. They are going to join us."

Ella Buller, in the van of her procession, was already descending upon them. Her approach dissipated the last remnant of their personal moment. Her presence always insisted that there was nothing worth while but instant participation in her geniality, and whatever subject it might at the moment be taken up with. This conviction of Ella's had been wont to overawe Flora, and it still overwhelmed her; so that now, as she followed in the trail of Ella's marshaled force, she had a guilty feeling that there should be nothing in her mind but a normal desire for supper.

Yet all the way down the great stair, "the Corridors of Time," where the white owl glared his glassy wisdom on the passings and counter-passings, she was haunted with the thought that Harry had seen the extraordinary Kerr before; not shaken hands with him, perhaps—perhaps not even heard his name; but somewhere, across some distance, once glimpsed him, and had never quite shaken the memory from his mind. For there was something marked, notable, unforgettable in that lean distinctiveness. Against the sleek form of the men they met and shook hands with, he flashed out—seemed in contrast fairly electric. She saw him, just ahead of her where the crowd was thickening in the door of the supper room, making way for Clara through the press with that exasperating solicitude of his that was half ironic.

The room, hot, polished, flaring reflections of electric lights from its glistening floor, announced itself the heart of high fastivity, through the midst of which their entrance made an added ripple. The flushed faces of the women under their covers, up

der their pale-tinted hats, with their smiling recognitions to Clara, to Flora, to Ella, smiled with a sharpened interest. It proclaimed that Kerr was a stranger, and, in a circle which found itself a little stale for lack of innovations, a desirable one.

Apparently the dominant note of their party was Ella's clamorous selection for the supper; but to Flora the more real thing was the atmosphere of excitement and mystery she had been moving in all the evening. She was pursued by the obsession of something more about to happen—something imminent—though, of course, nothing would; at least, how could anything happen here, to them? And by "them," she meant herself and these people around her so stupidly talking—the eternal repetition of the story she had read out that evening to Clara, and not one glimmer of light! She wondered if her obsession was all her own—or did it reach to one of them? Certainly not Ella; not Judge Buller, settled into his collar, choosing champagnes. Clara? She had to skip Clara. One never knew whether Clara had not more behind her smooth prettiness than ever she brought to light? Kerr? Perhaps. With him she felt potentialities enormous. Harry? Never. Harry was being appealed to by all the women who could get at him as to his part in the affair—that had been his sensations and emotions? But Flora knew perfectly well he had had none. He was only oppressed by the attention his fame in the matter, and the central position of their table, brought him. Protesting, he made his part as small as possible.

"Oh, confound it, if I can't get at my oysters!" he complained, leaning back into his group again with a sigh.

"You divide the honors with the mysterious unknown, eh?" Kerr inquired across the table.

"Hang it, there's no division! I'd offer you a share!" Harry laughed, and it occurred to Flora how much Kerr could have made of it.

"Purdie'd like to share something," Buller vouchsafed. "He's been pawing the air ever since Crew cabled, and this has blown him up completely."

"Crew?" Flora wondered. Here was something more happening. Crew? She had not heard that name before. It made a stir among them all; but if Kerr looked sharp, Clara looked sharper. She looked at Harry and Harry was vexed.

"Who's Crew?" said Ella; and the judge looked around on the silence.

"Why, bless my soul, isn't it—Oh, anyway, it will all be out to-morrow. But I thought Harry'd told you. The Chatworth ring wasn't Bessie's."

It had the effect of startling them all apart, and then drawing them closer together again around the table over the uncorked bottles.

"Why," Judge Buller went on, "this ring is a celebrated thing. It's the 'Crew Idol!' He threw the name out as if that in itself explained everything, but the three women, at least were blank.

"Why celebrated?" Clara objected. "The stones were only sapphires."

Kerr smiled at the measure of fame.

"Quite so," he nodded to her, "but there are several sorts of value about that ring. Its age, for one."



He had the attention of the table, as if they sensed behind his words more even than Judge Buller could have told them.

"And then the superstition about it. It's rather a pretty tale," said Kerr, looking at Flora. "You've seen the ring—a figure of Vishnu bent backward into a circle, with a head of sapphire; two yellow stones for the cheeks and the brain of him of the one blue. Just as a piece of carving it is so fine that Cellini couldn't have equaled it, but no one knows when or where it was made. The first that is known, the Shah Jehan had it in his treasure house. The story is he stole it, but, however that may be, he gave it as a betrothal gift to his wife—possibly the most beautiful—his eyebrows signaled to Flora his uncertainty of that fact—"without doubt the best-loved woman in the world. When she died it was buried with her—not in the tomb itself, but in the Taj Mahal; and for a century or so it lay there and gathered legends about it as thick as dust. It was believed to be a talisman of good fortune—especially in love.

"It had age; it had intrinsic value; it had beauty, and that one other quality no man can resist—it was the only thing of its kind in the world. At all events, it was too much for old Neville Crew, when he saw it there some couple of hundred years ago. When he left India the ring went with him. He never told how he got it, but lucky marriages came with it, and the Crews would not take the house of lords for it. Their women have worn it ever since."

For a moment the wonder of the tale and the curious spark of excitement it had produced in the teller kept the listeners silent. Clara was the first to return to facts. "Then Bessie—" she prompted eagerly.

Kerr turned his glass in meditative fingers. "She wore it as young Chatworth's wife." He held them all in an increasing tension, as if he drew them toward him.

"The elder Chatworth, Lord Crew, is a bachelor, but, of course, the ring reverted to him on Chatworth's death."

"And Lord only knows," the judge broke in, "how it got shipped with Bessie's property. Crew was out of England at the time. He kept the wires hot about it, and they managed to keep the fact of what the ring was quiet—but it got out to-day when Purdie found it was gone. You see he was showing it—and without special permission."

## (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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"Who in the World is That?"



"Even if He is a Thief?"

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Florence, Nebr., Friday, July 29, 1910.

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Lincoln and Grand Island were both on the map for one day this week, anyway.

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President Taft says everyone should have a 60-day vacation. Wouldn't that be fine if it was with pay? The politician that will embody that in his platform and then deliver the goods can have any office he wants.

Seizing Your Opportunity.

I am frequently told by the young men of today that there is not the chance for getting on in the world, of making a fortune for a man that was there years ago. To this I always reply that there is the same chance today there ever was, but that the youth do not grasp their opportunities when they are presented. They seem to expect that they will be labeled in big letters, "This is your opportunity." Recently I read the story of the life of Richard W. Sears, the head of Sears, Roebuck & Co., of Chicago, and I was forcibly reminded that the opportunity that he seized there is presented almost every day to the youth of Florence.

Seventeen years ago Richard W. Sears was a telegraph operator in a little railroad station at Redwood Falls, Minn. Today he is the millionaire head of the greatest mail order establishment in the world—Sears, Roebuck & Company. The rise of Richard W. Sears is due to a watch valued at \$3. The story of his career is akin to that of Aladdin's wonderful lamp. Fifty dollars a month and board was not money enough to satisfy the ambitions of a man whose slogan was "Get to the top." One day the young Sears received a watch which cost him \$9. C. O. D. With it came a letter suggesting that it might be a good idea for the recipient to undertake the sale of duplicate timepieces—that a good profit undoubtedly could be made from their sale among the agents and railroad men of the great northwest. Sears thought long and hard over this proposition, for it appealed to him. The outcome of his deliberations was a letter addressed to a standard watch manufacturer asking the lowest price at which it could deliver him watches at Redwood Falls for retail. The figure quoted him was \$9.40, forty cents more than he had paid for his own watch, but by far a better watch.

The same day Sears wrote forty letters to forty persons in forty different towns, quoting a price of \$11.90, cash on delivery, with examination privileges. The favorable replies he received showed him the immense possibilities of the mail order business. He resigned his position

at Redwood Falls and went to Minneapolis. The Minneapolis move was a move to the right direction. Next Sears branched to Chicago, and within two years later he was the possessor of a fortune of about \$200,000, made solely from the sale of \$9.40 watches at \$11.90 apiece. Today Richard W. Sears is the president of the corporation of Sears, Roebuck & Company with a capital of \$40,000,000, employing in plant and subsidiary manufacturing stations over 18,000 persons, and with sales approximating \$50,000,000 annually.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

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

An Article Worth Reading.

In the August number of the Metropolitan magazine George W. Norris, representative in congress from Nebraska, writes the first of a series of articles on "The Administration on Trial, Which is Called the Insurgents and the Party." In the same series in the August number Champ Clark answers the question, "What will the democrats do for the country if placed in control?" Joseph L. Britow of Kansas tells of The Insurgents in the Senate, while Sereno E. Payne tells Where The Regulars Stand. The magazine is full of good reading and may be had at the postoffice news stand.

NOTICE.

Owing to the opening of another feed store in Florence, we the undersigned stores have agreed to not sell or deliver feed of any description after Aug 1st. ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH, THEO. W. McCLURE, THOS. DUGHER.

McCOY & OLMSTED, ATTORNEYS.

Brandeis Building.

NOTICE OF INCORPORATION.

Notice is hereby given that the undersigned have formed a corporation under the laws of Nebraska. The name of said corporation is Auto Tire Repair Co. The principal place of transacting its business is in the City of Omaha, Nebraska. The general nature of the business to be transacted shall be the equipment, maintenance and operation of a general automobile tire and tube repair plant, and in connection therewith to buy all necessary machinery, supplies, materials and parts for the operation of the same. Also to buy, sell, exchange or supply for itself or for others automobile tires, tubes and appliances; to execute leases and contracts and to borrow money and execute notes and securities in connection with the business, and generally to do and perform any and all acts incident to the powers herein enumerated. The authorized capital stock of the corporation is \$5,000, divided into 200 shares of \$25 each, one-half of which capital stock shall be subscribed and fully paid up when the corporation begins business, and all stock shall be non-assessable when fully paid up. The corporation may take at its fair value in payment of stock any real property or rights it is herein authorized to own or hold. All stock shall be transferable by assignment of any certificate of stock issued. The corporation commences on the 2nd day of July, 1910, and shall continue for the term of 25 years unless sooner dissolved, according to law. The highest amount of indebtedness to which this corporation may at any time subject itself shall not exceed 2/3 of its capital stock. The affairs of the corporation are to be conducted by a board of three directors and by a president, vice-president, secretary and treasurer J. 29-AS-12-19. W. H. HORN, E. S. BEEBE, C. W. OKEY.

ORDINANCE NO. 267.

Introduced May 23, 1910, by Councilman Carl Feldhusen.

AN ORDINANCE amending sections 6, 7 and 8 of Ordinance No. 216, entitled, "An Ordinance establishing the grades of streets from Briggs street to Willet street; 4th street from Briggs street to Calhoun street; 5th street from Briggs street to Jackson street; Main street from Briggs street to Jackson street; Bluffs street from Briggs street to Jackson street; Briggs street from 2nd street to point 350 feet west of Bluff street; Washington street from point 125 feet east of 3rd street to Bluff street (and other streets in the City of Florence); and repealing all ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict therewith," and repealing sections 6, 7 and 8 of said Ordinance No. 216.

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

Section 1. That sections 6, 7 and 8 of Ordinance No. 216, entitled, "An Ordinance establishing the grades of streets from Briggs street to Willet street; 4th street from Briggs street to Calhoun street; 5th street from Briggs street to Jackson street; Main street from Briggs street to Jackson street; Bluffs street from Briggs street to Jackson street; Briggs street from 2nd street to point 350 feet west of Bluff street; Washington street from point 125 feet east of 3rd street to Bluff street (and other streets in the City of Florence); and repealing all ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict therewith," be amended to read as follows:

Table with columns: Section, Elev. of. West c'b. East c'b. Proposed Tax. Rows include streets like South curb of Briggs street, North curb of Briggs street, etc.

Table with columns: Lot, Block, Proposed Tax. Rows include North curb of Jackson st., South curb of Jackson st., etc.

Table with columns: Lot, Block, Proposed Tax. Rows include West curb of 2nd street, East curb of 3rd street, etc.

Section 2. That sections 6, 7 and 8 of said Ordinance No. 216, be and the same are hereby repealed.

Section 3. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.

Passed and approved this 18th day of July, 1910.

F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.

JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.

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, on Monday, August 1, 1910, at 8:30 o'clock in the evening, for the purpose of equalizing the cost of grading between the curb line and the property line in front of the following described real estate and levying special taxes or assessments to pay for the cost of said grading according to the contract therefor with L. Fay.

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

South Side of Briggs Street.

Table with columns: Lot, Block, Proposed Tax. Rows include 1, 2, 222, etc.

East Side of Main Street.

Table with columns: Lot, Block, Proposed Tax. Rows include 2, 82, 82, etc.

Given by order of the mayor and council of the city of Florence, Nebraska, this 6th day of July, 1910.

JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.

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, Monday, August 1, 1910, 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 by Luthold & Pascale in front of the following described real estate.

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

North Side of State Street.

Table with columns: Lot, Block, Proposed Tax. Rows include 12, 13, 108, etc.

(Including driveway)

Given by order of the mayor and council of the city of Florence, Nebraska, this 6th day of July, 1910.

JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.

NOTICE

OF THE SITTING OF THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL AS A BOARD OF EQUALIZATION.

TO THE OWNERS OF LOTS, PARTS OF LOTS AND PIECES OF REAL ESTATE DESCRIBED HEREIN, SITUATED WITHIN THE CITY OF FLORENCE, DOUGLAS COUNTY, NEBRASKA:

You and each of you are hereby notified that the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence will sit as a Board of Equalization at the Council Chamber, City Hall, Florence, Nebraska, from eight o'clock P. M. to ten thirty o'clock P. M., commencing on Tuesday, August 16, 1910, at eight o'clock P. M., for the purpose of considering and equalizing the proposed levy of special taxes and assessments as shown by proposed plans of assessment prepared by J. P. Crick, Civil Engineer, now on file in the office of the city Clerk, and correcting any errors therein, and hearing all complaints that the owners of property so to be assessed and taxed may make; said special taxes and assessments proposed to be levied being necessary to cover the cost of paving curbing, guttering, sub-draining, and otherwise improving that part of Main Street from the Railroad track near the South side of Jackson Street to

the South side of Briggs Street, duly authorized to be made and now completed, all within Street Improvement District No. 1 in said City of Florence, and amounting to the sum of \$55,392.57, exclusive of \$7,500 toward the cost of said improvement to be paid by Douglas County, Nebraska.

Which special taxes and assessments are proposed to be levied on the lots, parts of lots and pieces of real estate within said improvement District in said City of Florence specially benefited by reason of said improvements as follows:

OMAHA WATER CO.

Table with columns: Tax, Sec. Town, Range, Assessment. Rows include 1, 21, 15, 13, etc.

FERRY RESERVE.

Table with columns: Lot, Block, Proposed Assessment. Rows include 1, 21, 15, 13, etc.

Proposed Assessment.

Table with columns: North 1/2, South 1/2, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 1/2, South 1/2, etc.

Proposed Assessment.

Table with columns: North 1/2, South 1/2, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 1/2, South 1/2, etc.

Proposed Assessment.

Table with columns: North 1/2, South 1/2, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 1/2, South 1/2, etc.

Proposed Assessment.

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Proposed Assessment.

Table with columns: North 1/2, South 1/2, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 1/2, South 1/2, etc.

Proposed Assessment.

Table with columns: North 1/2, South 1/2, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 1/2, South 1/2, etc.

Proposed Assessment.

Table with columns: Lot, Blk, Assesment. Rows include Railroad right of way, Railroad right of way, etc.

Table with columns: North 22 feet, South 22 feet, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 22 feet, South 22 feet, etc.

Table with columns: North 44 feet, South 22 feet, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 44 feet, South 22 feet, etc.

Table with columns: Railroad right of way, Except railroad right of way, Proposed Assessment. Rows include Railroad right of way, Except railroad right of way, etc.

Table with columns: Railroad right of way, Except railroad right of way, Proposed Assessment. Rows include Railroad right of way, Except railroad right of way, etc.

Table with columns: North 33 feet, South 33 feet, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 33 feet, South 33 feet, etc.

Table with columns: North 33 feet, South 33 feet, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 33 feet, South 33 feet, etc.

Table with columns: North 33 feet, South 33 feet, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 33 feet, South 33 feet, etc.

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Table with columns: North 33 feet, South 33 feet, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 33 feet, South 33 feet, etc.

Table with columns: Lot, Blk, Assesment. Rows include Railroad right of way, Railroad right of way, etc.

Table with columns: North 22 feet, South 22 feet, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 22 feet, South 22 feet, etc.

Table with columns: North 44 feet, South 22 feet, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 44 feet, South 22 feet, etc.

Table with columns: Railroad right of way, Except railroad right of way, Proposed Assessment. Rows include Railroad right of way, Except railroad right of way, etc.

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Table with columns: North 33 feet, South 33 feet, Proposed Assessment. Rows include North 33 feet, South 33 feet, etc.



A PACKAGE MAILED FREE ON REQUEST OF

# MUNYON'S PAW-PAW PILLS

The best Stomach and Liver Pills known and a positive and speedy cure for Constipation, Indigestion, Jaundice, Biliousness, Sour Stomach, Headache, and all ailments arising from a disordered stomach or sluggish liver. They contain in concentrated

form all the virtues and values of Munyon's Paw-Paw Tonic and are made from the juice of the Paw-Paw fruit. I unhesitatingly recommend these pills as being the best laxative and cathartic ever compounded. Send us a postal or letter requesting a free package of Munyon's Celebrated Paw-Paw Laxative Pills, and we will mail same free of charge. MUNYON'S HOMOEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., 53rd and Jefferson Sts., Philadelphia, Pa.

### RICH CORN LANDS CHEAP

JOIN OUR AUGUST 2ND EXHIBITION AND SEE THE RICHEST LANDS IN THE WORLD. CHANGE TO SECURE A HOME AND MAKE A PROFITABLE INVESTMENT IN A COUNTRY NOW ON A BIG BOOM. OUR LANDS ARE IN THE FAMOUS PAN AMERICAN DISTRICT OF MEXICO. ENDORSED BY DAVID E. THOMPSON, FORMERLY AMERICAN AMBASSADOR TO MEXICO, AND BY PAUL HORTON, PRESIDENT OF THE EQUITABLE LIFE ASSOCIATION. AN INVESTIGATING PARTY REPRESENTING OVER 200 PEOPLE WHO HAD BOUGHT JUST RETURNED AND DECLARE THEM THE BEST THEY EVER SAW. ON THE PAN AMERICAN R. R. LOW PRICES. EASY TERMS. WRITE FOR BROCHURE. CLARK, MEXICAN REPUBLIC COLONIZATION CO., MIDLAND BUILDING, KANSAS CITY, MISSOURI.

### KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE

## PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES

SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR MEN ETC. ETC. AT DRUGGISTS TRIAL BOX BY MAIL 50c. PLANTEN, 93 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

### STOCKERS & FEEDERS

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

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

### TOO SHORT A TIME.



Wise—Why did that woman's club disband?  
Sharpe—The majority adopted a resolution limiting the time of each member for speaking on any topic to two hours.

### How He Kept the Law.

"I noticed," said the friend-who-could-be-trusted, after a trip through the factory where preserves are made, "that a white powder is first put in the cans, and that the preserves are then put in the white powder."  
"Yes," explained the proprietor to the friend-who-could-be-trusted, "that white powder is a preservative. You see we are compelled to put the preservative in a preservative because an idiotic requirement of the government makes it unlawful for us to put a preservative in the preserves."

### Comparing Notes.

Mrs. Newly—My little Robbie is remarkably strong; he is only four years old, but he can raise his high chair with one hand!  
Mr. Spoodler—Oh, that's nothing; in the apartment-house where I try to do my sleeping there's a baby that's only four months old, and that child can raise the roof with no hand at all.

### Real Novelty.

Knocker—Say, here's an original baseball story.  
Second Senior—How's that?  
Knocker—Here wins game in eighth inning instead of ninth.—Yale Record.

### Appledore Soup.

For Lillian Ellen: Three medium-sized potatoes boiled until tender in salted water, then mashed. Fry three tablespoonfuls of chopped onion in three tablespoonfuls of butter, add to this two tablespoonfuls of flour and one quart scalded milk. Cook five minutes, then add potato; then add 1 1/2 teaspoonfuls salt, one-half teaspoonful each celery salt and paprika, three tablespoonfuls of tomato catchup, one teaspoonful chopped parsley. Serve immediately.

### Asparagus with Cheese.

Having boiled the asparagus for 15 minutes arrange in a deep earthen dish or casserole in layers, with grated Parmesan cheese between. Brown a piece of minced onion in butter, sprinkle over the top of the dish, then sprinkle with grated cheese and fresh bread crumbs and cook 15 minutes in a moderate oven.

### Peanut Crisps.

One quart, roasted peanuts, white of two eggs, three dozen oyster crackers. Shell the nuts and chop fine; beat the egg whites very stiff; take the crackers one by one and dip first in the egg and then in the nuts, dry in buttered paper in the oven.

# HANDLING WHITE HOUSE VISITORS

by EDWARD B. CLARK  
Copyright by W. A. PATTERSON

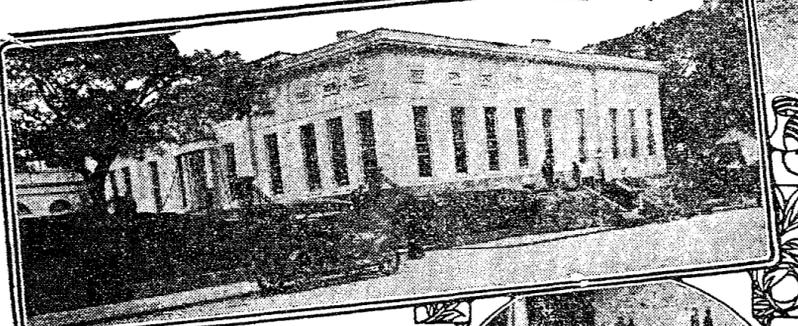
**L**ITTLE BY LITTLE President Taft has come into direct line with one of the Roosevelt policies, and he will follow it in the future as he has been following it for some weeks. It will be the rule at the summer capital at Beverly, Mass., as it is today the fixed rule of procedure in the White House.

The Roosevelt policy which President Taft finally has adopted as his own is the method of receiving visitors which was in force during the colonel's tenure of office. It is possible that President Taft never will be able to adopt the Roosevelt policy of getting rid of his visitors, because the two men are constitutionally different in at least one respect. It must be said, however, that the Roosevelt plan of receiving guests has done a good deal to save the tempers of White House visitors and the time of Mr. Taft.

As everybody knows, an addition was made to the White House offices some time ago. In the Roosevelt days callers went into the cabinet room and from there either were ushered into the adjoining room, where the president sat, or waited while Mr. Roosevelt came out and made a circuit of the cabinet room, speaking to one caller after another and getting through with his work quickly and yet without giving offense.

Now President Taft has a circular room all to himself, and while the visitors are allowed the two big rooms outside, it is from these rooms they find their way to the president's presence, being let in eight or ten at a time, and not one at a time, as was the case when Mr. Taft first took office.

The president has adopted the Roosevelt method of passing from visitor to visitor learning the wants of each and trying as best he can to suit each caller and to get rid of him as quickly as courtesy will permit. President Taft, however, is so good natured and is so humanly inter-



NEW WHITE HOUSE OFFICE

ested in matters not connected with politics or legislation that of his own volition he lingers long frequently with individual visitors, and so while the method of reception hastens things in a measure it cannot offset the delay that comes from the president's apparent desire to have every guest put into good humor and to leave him "with a smile in his heart."

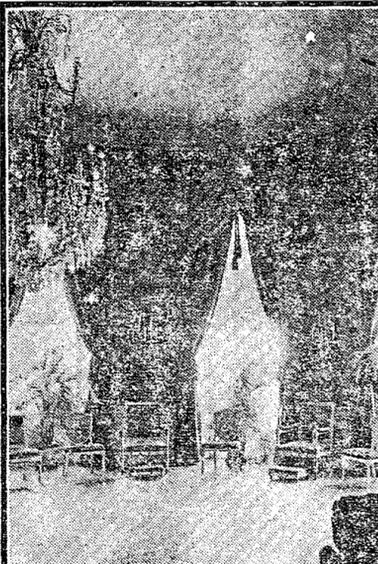
At the outset of the Taft administration visitors saw him one at a time and the one who was talking to him did not feel the spur of haste which is now felt by the presence in the room of half a dozen or a dozen other visitors, all eagerly waiting their turn and occasionally shifting uneasily in their seats because of the time that the one who has the president's ear is taking up.

President Roosevelt, just as President Taft, was humanly interested in a great many things which did not affect public matter. For instance, if a well-known sportsman called Mr. Roosevelt would perhaps talk to him for half an hour about big game shooting or the best way to reach the haunts of some wild creature which the colonel never had had the pleasure of meeting at the end of the gun. One of President Taft's hobbies is baseball, and every league team that visits Washington calls at the White House, where its members talk of curves, inshoots, drop balls and the best way to place hits, to the man who, weary of railroad legislation and tariff talk, is willing in spirit to get on the diamond for a few minutes.

President Taft's good nature is proverbial. During the late spring and early summer in Washington school children literally by the thousands poured into the capital. It seems that in some cities the children of the high schools give entertainments during the winter and charge admission thereto. The money that is thus obtained is used to pay the expenses of the pupils to Washington. In cases where the children's parents are able to bear the expenses of the trip the money is used to pay the expenses of boys and girls who otherwise could not undertake the journey.

One day at the White House there appeared a delegation of 450 school children. The president had a number of appointments with senators and representatives and with prominent men from a distance. Notwithstanding this he told his secretary that the door should be thrown open and that the school children should be admitted. He not only made them a speech, but he shook hands with each one and had a word beyond the perfunctory "Glad to see you," to say to each pupil as he or she went by.

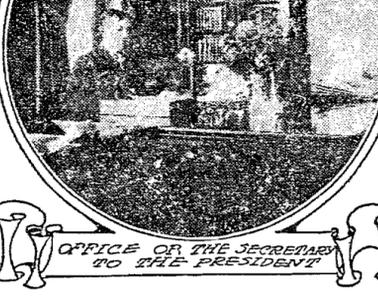
The story of the welcome which the 450 children had went abroad and for days the president's mornings were busy with the work of welcoming the pupils of schools from all the eastern states. The children always are accompanied by several teachers, who chaperone them and make preparations for their sightseeing. As soon as they reach Washington the representatives in congress from the district or districts in which the schools are situated are called upon,



THE BLUE PARLOR WHERE PRESIDENT AND MRS. TAFT RECEIVE THEIR GUESTS



OFFICE OF THE SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT



PRESIDENT TAFT'S NEW PRIVATE OFFICE

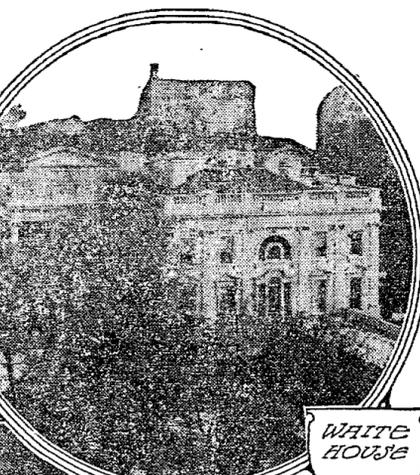
and the congressmen in nearly every case lead the way to the presence of the president.

The wonder is if the country knows how much hard work goes on in the White House, not only in the president's office, but in all the adjoining offices. If anyone envies the private secretary his position perhaps he would throw envy to the winds after watching Charles Dyer Norton go through one day's labor. The assistant secretary works just as hard as does the chief secretary and in the office communicating with the room of these two hard-working men is a room filled with stenographers and clerks hard at work.

There is one White House clerk who has a most painstaking job. Invitations to the semi-public White House receptions of course are engraved, but as the name of each person invited must appear on the engraved ticket of admission which accompanies the invitation, one line of the ticket must be left blank because the engraving of 4,000 individual names, one to go on each card, would be an endless task and a tremendous expense. It is the duty of one of the clerks to fill in the names and to do it so that the writing shall look as though it were engraved. This he does in a way that deceives the ordinary eyesight. A card of admission to one of the White House receptions looks as if it were all the work of the engraver, so fine is the handicraft of the man who fills in the vacant line with the tracing of his ordinary pen.

About a year and a half ago the clerk who did this engraving died and it became necessary to find some one to take his place. It was supposed that this would be a hopeless task, or that at the best the services of a man must be obtained who after long practise might be able to accomplish what his predecessor so successfully had done. To the surprise of everybody the first cards of invitation that went out were just as deceptive as far as engraving and handwriting were concerned as were those that had gone from the desk of the man who for years had labored at the task and had arrived at a perfection which it was supposed no one without months of practise could reach.

One of President Taft's daily tasks is to sign the commissions of officers of the army and navy, and of men appointed to various positions in civil



WHITE HOUSE



CHARLES D. NORTON, SECRETARY TO THE PRESIDENT



PRESIDENT TAFT'S NEW PRIVATE OFFICE

life. Of course commissions are for the most part engraved, but there are names and dates to be filled in and these are written deftly and then the pile of parchment is laid on the desk before the president, who frequently in a seemingly automatic way signs his name to commission after commission while carrying on with some visitor at his elbow a conversation relating perhaps to intricate matters of state.

The White House officials, secretaries and clerks have to concern themselves with all kinds of matters. Secretary Norton is the recipient of letters from people all over the United States, who write to the president upon the most trivial affairs.

When one takes into consideration the fact that hundreds of persons who have really legitimate business with the White House either call or write every day, it can be seen at once that the secretary's hands, time and mind are well filled. There are certain orders of rank which have to be respected, and in a democracy it is pretty hard work to convince the ordinary citizen that any man has the right of precedence. As far as precedent is concerned the president's audiences are governed by the supposed importance of the visitor's official business. For instance, if a senator is waiting to see the president and a cabinet officer happens to come in the member of the president's official family always will see President Taft first unless he says specifically that his business is of little importance and expresses a willingness that the senator shall get to the president ahead of him.

A newspaper man with whom President Taft has had frequently personal relations for some years went to the White House one morning and told Mr. Taft that he would like to see him alone for a minute if he could, and so the president took him into a side room and closed the door. They staid together talking for fifteen minutes and then the newspaper man went out into the president's main office, leaving the president behind him to write a letter in seclusion. On entering the president's office the caller met a senator who had been waiting for fifteen minutes. The senator is a jovial soul and with mock solemnity of spirit he bowed low to the newspaper man. "Would you mind going back to ask the president," said the senator, "if now that he has completed his affairs of state with a newspaper correspondent he will consent to see an humble senator of the United States?"

The ambassadors and ministers representing foreign countries in Washington are great sticklers for precedence and every known means has to be taken to prevent giving them offense. It is almost impossible for any human being except one or two of the state department officials, to keep rigid track of the rank of the diplomats and the attaches at all the foreign legations in Washington. So it occasionally happens that some second assistant secretary of the legation of the king of the cannibal islands is allowed to get into a room ahead of the first assistant secretary of the legation of the king of ballyhoo, and then there are black looks which if they could be put into words would be tantamount to a declaration of war against the United States.

The American officials in Washington life are not above being piqued if a junior gets in ahead of a senior, though troubles of this kind are confined as far as Americans are concerned almost wholly to social offenses, for senators, representatives, supreme court judges and the rest have finally made up their minds that at the White House one must take his changes of precedence

## LEADING MISTAKES IN LIFE

Writer Has Recorded Ten, of Which Most of Us Assuredly Have Our Share.

Some of us may be glad to be told that there are only ten life mistakes, for there seem to be so many more, but a recent writer has catalogued them. Perhaps these are only the ten leading ones from which the smaller errors arise. Let's look over the list and see how many of them are ours: First, to set up our own standard of right and wrong and judge people accordingly; second, to measure the enjoyment of others by our own; third, to expect uniformity of opinion in this world; fourth, to look for judgment and experience in youth; fifth, to endeavor to mold all dispositions alike; sixth, to look for perfection in our own actions; seventh, to worry ourselves and others with what cannot be remedied; eighth, to refuse to yield in immaterial matters; ninth, to refuse to alleviate, so far as it lies in our power, all which needs alleviation; tenth, to refuse to make allowance for the infirmities of others.

## EPIDEMIC OF ITCH IN WELSH VILLAGE

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

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

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

## DESERVED IT.



Rastus—Playin' poker hands last night I accidentally threw five aces.  
Sambo—What did de oddsers do?  
Rastus—Threw me outer de window.

### More Serious.

"Mathilde Browne was very rude to an overdressed old woman she met on the street the other day."  
"I know the story. The old woman turned out to be Mathilde's very rich aunt, and now she's going to give all her money to a hospital for decrepit dogs."

"Nothing of the sort. In fact, it's worse. The old woman was the Brownes' new cook—and now they haven't any."

### The Home of the Cod.

There is just one other great cod bank in the world besides those off Newfoundland. It lies off Cape Agulhas, which is the southern tip of Africa, and south of the Cape of Good Hope. The Agulhas plateau is said to be almost a duplicate in size and richness of the north cod banks. But this is too far off, so there is little promise of its appeasing the hungry appetite of the world for cod.

### Initials.

"What are Mr. Wise's initials?"  
"Can't say. He has been taking so many college degrees that nobody can keep track of them."

### Pea Griddle Cakes.

Rub two and a half cupfuls of cooked green peas through a sieve, add one cupful of boiling milk, one heaping teaspoonful of salt and half teaspoonful of sugar. When cold add one well beaten egg and one cupful of sifted flour, into which has been added three teaspoonfuls of baking powder. Fry on a hot greased griddle.

### Tea Nectar.

Make one and a half pints of strong tea and when it has drawn for three minutes, pour it off into a basin in which it is to be served. Sweeten to taste, adding the strained juice of one lemon and a wineglassful of brandy. Place on ice for one hour, and decorate with thin slices of lemon cut into quarters.

### Frying.

Bacon, three to five minutes; chops, breaded, four to six minutes; cauliflower, 8 to 12 minutes; croquettes, six minutes; fish balls, three to five minutes; fish slices, six to ten minutes; fish, small, five to eight minutes; oysters, five to eight minutes.



# GATHERED SMILES

## DECLARED OFF.

"When can you spare the time for our marriage, Marion?" the betrothed man asked.

The woman consulted her engagement book. "Three o'clock next Friday afternoon," she replied.

"Oh, that will be out of the question," he cried protestingly. "There's a special meeting of the Glitter Gold company that I must attend at that time."

"Well, it's the only time I have," she told him with an air of easy resignation. "Every other hour for the next two years is filled up."

The man jerked his shoulder irritably. "I guess we'll have to call our little matter off, then," he said.

"It seems to be inevitable," she agreed, indifferently.

And so they parted, for with some people marriage is but an incident, and an incident is, of course, too trivial to deserve the sacrifice of an event.

## Interested Them.

"I have here," says the inventor to the capitalists, "two plans for radical changes in sleeping cars."

"Yes?" murmurs the capitalists.

"This plan increases the space given to each passenger and makes the berth much more comfortable by—"

"Can't consider it."

"Well, the second plan makes the car uncomfortable, but it enables it to carry half as many more passengers, and—"

"Give us the complete details, with estimates of cost."—Life.

## Reason For Doubt.

The obese party with the big diamond in his tie claimed to be a self-made man and a millionaire.

"But," we asked, "were you not happier when you were earning \$1.15 a day by the sweat of your brow?"

"No," he answered, "I am happier now than at any previous stage of the game."

Thus were we led to doubt the millionaire portion of the claim.

## More Frenzied Finance.

Bleeker—I don't see why our government should tax the people or need a tariff. It has exclusive control of the greatest money making business on earth.

Meeker—Referring to the mint? Bleeker—No. The stamps we pay 2 cents apiece for cost the government only 7 cents a thousand.

## BETTER.



The Bricklayer's Wife—Dreaming, eh? I suppose you were building castles in the air.

The Bricklayer—No. I'm mending chimneys of castles in the air.

## How He Won Her.

Said she: "Through life I'll walk alone. In sunshine and stormy weather." But he bought an aeroplane next day—and now they are flying together.

## Out of Season.

"These pure-food guys make me tired," muttered Micky Jones, as he looked over the newspaper.

"What's de trouble, kiddo?" asked his chum.

"Why, in de winter months dey always get off dat gag about ice cream being adulterated an' unhealthy. Why don't dey spring it in de summer when de galls are nagging yer every hour to treat?"

## All in the Game.

Edyth—Have you heard the latest? Mayme—Don't know. Let's hear it.

Edyth—Fred says his father threatens to disinherit him if he marries me.

Mayme—Fudge! That's merely a bluff to make you think his father has money.

## Flaw in the Theory.

"Every girl," remarked the fussy old bachelor, "should learn her father's business and thus become independent."

"Oh, I don't know," replied the fair maid. "My father is—er—a telegraph lineman."

## Not Fit to Print.

"I suppose a man who plays on a trombone calls himself a trombonist?" "I believe so. Other people call him various names."

## Success in Medicine.

First Young Doctor—When will you be able to get married? Second Young Doctor—I'm waiting now for only three operations more.—Life

## THE HERO.

The greatest hero of them all 'Is not the man behind the gun Nor he that scales a flaming wall To rescue some weak, helpless one He does not lead the rescue where The ship is fast upon a rock, Nor does he navigate the air— He's playing leads in summer stock

The maidens gaze at him and sigh. He is the envy of the boys. His step is proud, his head is high. He is the loudest, sweetest noise; There is no other in his class. He struts like any turkey cock; The kiddies run to see him pass— He's playing leads in summer stock. —S. E. Kiser, in Chicago Record-Herald.

## Good Fishing.

K. M. Wharry was telling some friends about a proposed fishing trip to a lake in Colorado he had in contemplation.

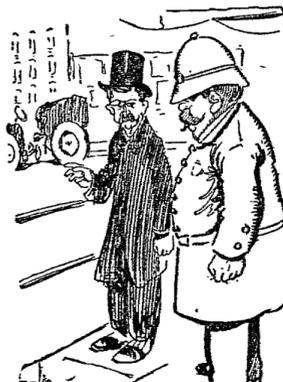
"Are there any trout out there?" asked one friend.

"Thousands of 'em," replied Mr. Wharry.

"Will they bite easily?" asked another friend.

"Will they?" said Mr. Wharry. "Why they're absolutely vicious. A man has to hide behind a tree to bait a hook."

## BROKE IN HALF.



Bystander—That's something of a novelty in the way of an automobile. The guy that owns it just ran into a trolley car.

The Copper—it ain't made that way. The guy that owns it just ran into a trolley car.

## As It Might Have Been.

King Richard had been sorely tried—Richmond gave him many a pain; Then he got mad and loudly cried: "My kingdom for an aeroplane!"

## What He Required.

"Why don't you go to work?" asked the kind lady.

"I would, ma'am," replied the husky hobo, "if I had de material and de tools."

"What tools and material do you require?" queried the k. l.

"A knife an' fork an' some food," answered the h. h.

## Too Small for Use.

"Man," remarked the student of unnatural history, "is the only animal that uses a handkerchief."

"Then," rejoined the thoughtful thinker, "it is just as I suspected."

"How is that?" queried the student.

"A woman's handkerchiefs are only for show," answered the t. t.

## As Amended.

"The man who trusts another educates him," remarked the generator of near-philosophy.

"You have said it," rejoined the student of human nature. "And the more trusting he does the more he will add to his own stock of knowledge."

## Stabbed.

"I never leave my mirror until I am perfectly satisfied with my appearance."

"You're easily satisfied, or you'd never leave it."

## SHE HAD EATEN SOME ONCE.



Prospective Employer—Can you cook on the chafing dish? Cook—No, ma'am.

Prospective Employer—Then I'll give you a dollar more a week.

## Still in the Running.

Great Caesar crossed the Rubicon. A rived small, though wet. Great Caesar now is dead and gone— But the Rubicon's there yet.

## Made a Difference.

Little Willie—What is logic, pa?

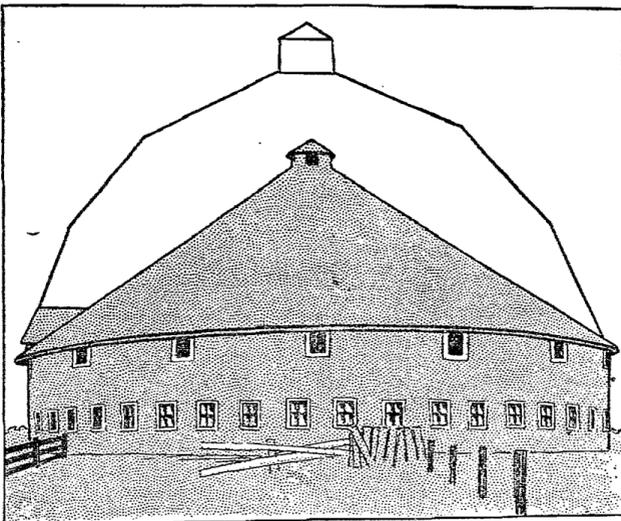
Pa—Logic, my son, is your line of argument in a controversy.

Little Willie—And what is sophistry?

Pa—The other fellow's.

# STRENGTH AND CHEAPNESS OF ROUND DAIRY BARN

Several Points of Superiority Over Rectangular Formed Structure Have Never Been Fully Considered.



Round Dairy Barn.

In the early days when lumber was cheap, buildings were built of logs, or at least had heavy frames. Under these conditions the rectangular barn was the one naturally used, and people have followed in the footsteps of their forefathers in continuing this form of barn. The result is that the economy and advantages of the round barn have apparently never been considered. This is because they are not obvious at first sight, and become fully apparent only after a detailed study of the construction. For these reasons, the rectangular form still continues to be built, although it requires much more lumber. As the price of lumber has advanced so materially in recent years, the possible saving in this material is a large item, and well worth investigating.

The difficulty with most round barns that have been built, thus far, is that they do not have a self-supporting roof, and consequently lost many of the advantages of a properly constructed round barn. This is the principal reason why round barns have not become more popular. A straight roof necessarily requires many supports in the barn below. These are both costly and inconvenient, and make the roof no stronger than a dome-shaped, self-supporting roof which nearly doubles the capacity of the mow.

Many who have thus disregarded capacity have also wasted lumber and made a needless amount of work by chopping or hewing out the sill and plate, thus requiring more labor and lumber, besides sacrificing the greater strength of a built-up sill.

Another reason for the scarcity of round barns is the difficulty in getting them built. Most carpenters hesitate to undertake the work because in the erection of a round barn the construction should be entirely different from that of the rectangular form. Many new problems present themselves, but when these are once understood, the round barn offers no more difficulties in construction than the rectangular form.

The first thing to consider in the erection of a barn is a convenient arrangement for the purpose for which it is to be used.

Considering that the barn on a dairy farm is used twice every day in the year, and that for six months each year the cows occupy it almost continuously, and that during this time

a large amount of the labor of the farm is done inside the barn, it is evident that the question of its convenience is a vital one.

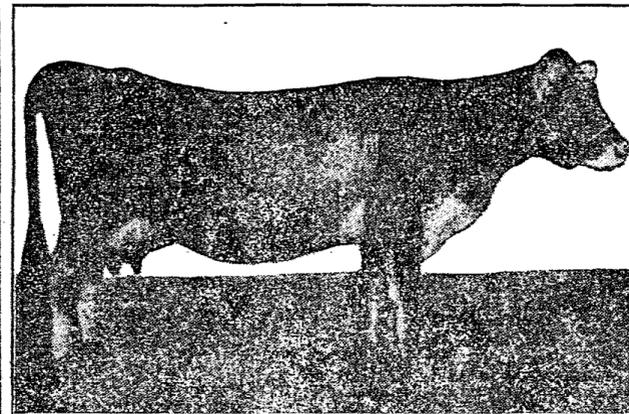
The circular construction is the strongest, because it takes advantage of the lineal, instead of the breaking strength of the lumber. Each row of boards running around the barn forms a hoop that holds the barn together. A barrel, properly hooped and headed, is almost indestructible, and much stronger than a box, although the hoops are small. This strength is because the stress comes on the hoops in a lineal direction. Any piece of timber is many times stronger on a lineal pull than on a breaking stress.

All exposed surfaces of round barns are circular, as both the sides and roof are arched, which is the strongest form of construction to resist wind pressure; besides, the wind in striking it, glances off and can get no direct hold on the walls or roof, as it can on the flat sides or gable ends of a rectangular structure. If the lumber is properly placed in a round

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# EXCELLENT BROWN SWISS COW



The Brown Swiss is one of the standard breeds from Switzerland. It has become generally distributed throughout Europe and was first imported into the United States in 1869. Brown Swiss cattle are well adapted to conditions when a combination of dairy and beef production is sought, says Orange Judd Farmer. The size is medium; cows weigh 1,200 to 1,300 pounds. The quantity of milk is moderately large and the fat content good. According to the American standard, the color is dark to light brown, or some seasons of the year gray. The attractive cow, here shown, Folle 1552, was bred in New York and

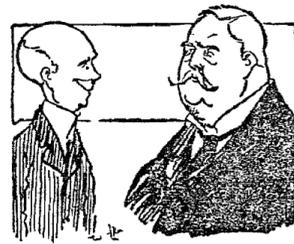
made a record of 4,403 pounds milk in 120 days.

## Sowing Late Cabbage.

It is time to sow late cabbages in all sections. See that the seed bed is fine and moist. Cover seed with not less than three-fourths of an inch of soil and do not sow too thickly. Thin sowings encourage the growth of strong stalky plants which stand transplanting better than spindling plants.

Always pick vegetables for the market before they are fully matured, they are then more apt to ripen at the proper time for the user.

## HAVE TO WAIT.



"You ought to take some quinine for that cold."

"I'm sorry, old man, but there are ninety-eight cures ahead of yours."

## Try This, This Summer.

The very next time you're hot, tired or thirsty, step up to a soda fountain and get a glass of Coca-Cola. It will cool you off, relieve your bodily and mental fatigue and quench your thirst delightfully. At soda fountains or carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Delicious, refreshing and wholesome. Send to the Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga., for their free booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola." Tells what Coca-Cola is and why it is so delicious, refreshing and thirst-quenching. And send 2c stamp for the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910—contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities.

## Immense Saving Possible.

In a preliminary bulletin on the cost of maintaining a tuberculosis sanatorium, the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis announces that the average cost per patient per day in thirty semi-charitable sanatoria scattered in all parts of the United States is \$1,669. These institutions represent an annual expenditure of over \$1,300,000 and over \$15,000 days of treatment given each year. The bulletin, which is part of an extensive study the National Association is making for its bureau of information, points out that the country could save annually at least \$150,000,000 if the indigent consumptives were properly segregated.

## Silenced the Critic.

Charles Sumner, when in London, gave a ready reply. At a dinner given in his honor, he spoke of "the ashes" of some dead hero. "Ashes! What American English!" rudely broke in an Englishman; "dust you mean, Mr. Sumner. We don't burn our dead in this country." "Yet," instantly replied Mr. Sumner, with a courteous smile, "your poet Gray tells us that 'Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.'" The American was not criticized again that evening.

## The Deacon's Parable.

A self-conscious and egotistical young clergyman was supplying the pulpit of a country church. After the service he asked one of the deacons, a grizzled, plain-spoken man, what he thought of his morning effort.

"Waal," answered the old man, slowly, "I'll tell ye in a kind of parable. I remember Tunk Weatherbee's first deer hunt, when he was green. He folloed the deer's tracks all right, but he folloed 'em all day in the wrong direction."—Housekeeper.

## If You Are a Trifle Sensitive

About the size of your shoes, many people wear smaller shoes by using Allen's Foot-Ease, the Antiseptic Powder to shake into the shoes. It cures Tired, Swollen, Aching Feet and gives rest and comfort. Just the thing for breaking in new shoes. Sold everywhere. 25c. Sample sent FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

## Caught in the Rush.

"My poor man," said the sympathetic woman, "and how came you to be crippled for life?"

"I'll tell you, madam," replied the beggar. "Once I spent my vacation at a summer hotel and I was trampled down trying to get into the dining room after the first bell."

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Relieved By Murine Eye Remedy. Try Murine For Your Eye Troubles. You Will Like Murine. It Soothes. 50c at Your Druggists. Write For Eye Books. Free. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

## Aromatic Effects.

"What you ought to do," said the physician, "is to take the air in an automobile or a motor boat."

"Can't I stay home and open a can of gasoline?"

The satisfying quality in Lewis' Single Binders found in no other 5c cigar.

A crazy person thinks every one else is insane, and love is blind because it imagines everybody else is.

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

Knock and the world will join in the anvil chorus.

# Women's Secrets

There is one man in the United States who has perhaps heard more women's secrets than any other man or woman in the country. These secrets are not secrets of guilt or shame, but the secrets of suffering, and they have been confided to Dr. R. V. Pierce in the hope and expectation of advice and help. That few of these women have been disappointed in their expectations is proved by the fact that ninety-eight per cent. of all women treated by Dr. Pierce have been absolutely and altogether cured. Such a record would be remarkable if the cases treated were numbered by hundreds only. But when that record applies to the treatment of more than half-a-million women, in a practice of over 40 years, it is phenomenal, and entitles Dr. Pierce to the gratitude accorded him by women, as the first of specialists in the treatment of women's diseases. Every sick woman may consult Dr. Pierce by letter, absolutely without charge. All replies are mailed, sealed in perfectly plain envelopes, without any printing or advertising whatever, upon them. Write without fear as without fee, to World's Dispensary Medical Association, Dr. R. V. Pierce, Pres., Buffalo, N. Y.

DR. PIERCE'S FAVORITE PRESCRIPTION Makes Weak Women Strong, Sick Women Well.



Where He Came in. "Have you ever figured in a divorce suit?"

"No; the lawyers did the figuring. I just paid the bills."

Lewis' Single Binder gives the smoker a rich, mellow-tasting 5c cigar.

We are still patiently awaiting the advent of wireless politics.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated, clay, granules, easy to take. Do not grip.

A thick head is apt to generate a multitude of thin ideas.

# The Handiest Remedy is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and past experience has proven that when taken promptly at the first signal of distress a sick spell can be avoided. For Loss of Appetite, Gas on Stomach, Heartburn, Bloating, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Headache, Costiveness, Cramps, Diarrhoea, Malaria, Fever and Ague it stands unequalled. Get a bottle.



# Busted

Many a man goes broke—in Health—then wealth. Blames his mind—says it don't work right; but all the time it's his bowels. They don't work—liver dead and the whole system gets clogged with poison. Nothing kills good, clean-cut brain action like constipation. CASCARETS will relieve and cure. Try it now.

CASCARETS is a box for a week's treatment. All druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

# Do You Want To Sell Your Farm?

I want information about a good farm for sale. I know of hundreds of buyers wanting a good farm—willing to pay your price—write me about it and let's see if we can't close a deal.

W. H. BROWN, Jr., 424 Victoria Bldg., St. Louis, Mo.

# PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Solicitor. High-class references. Best results.

Croustades. To make the croustades, which are simply patties made of bread instead of puff paste, cut slices of stale bread about half an inch thick and stamp in to circles or heart shapes. Hollow out a little nest in the center, brush over with olive oil or melted butter and brown in the oven. They may also be made from rolls, cutting them into thick slices, scraping a hollow in each, then frying in deep hot fat or browning in the oven.

Tea Nectar. Make one and a half pints of strong tea and when it has drawn for three minutes, pour it off into a basin in which it is to be served. Sweeten to taste, adding the strained juice of one lemon and a wineglassful of brandy. Place on ice for one hour, and decorate with thin slices of lemon cut into quarters.

Pink Charlotte Russe. Take a quart of rich cream and divide it in half. Sweeten one pint of it with loaf sugar and stir it into sufficient currant jelly to color it to a fine pink. Put it into a glass bowl and place in the center of a pile of sliced almond sponge cake, or of lady cake; every slice spread thickly with raspberry jam, or marmalade, and lay evenly one on another. Have ready the other pint of cream, flavor with the juice of two lemons and beaten to a stiff froth. Heap it all over the pile of cake so as to entirely cover it.

To Prevent Jars Breaking. When canning fruit, if a silver tablespoon is placed in a glass jar before pouring in the hot fruit, it will prevent the jar from breaking. This also applies when it is desired to put hot desert in a cut glass dish.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 31-1910.

## Want Ad Department

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

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

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

WANTED to buy a fresh milk cow. Tel. Florence 3502.

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

FOR SALE—Good fresh mooley cow for sale with calf. A. A. Bergelt, tel. Florence 3504.

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

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

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

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

George Foster. Plastering and bricklaying. Phone Flor. 307. (11)

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

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

ASK your grocer for German Bakery Bread. (1)

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

MAN wants but little here below and he satisfies that want with a Tribune want ad. (5)

WANTED—Bright boys and girls to solicit subscriptions for The Tribune. Liberal inducements will be offered. This is a good chance to make some spending money during your vacation. See Mr. Platz or telephone him at 315. (6)

All kinds of Hay and Feed. Charles Baughman, Telephone 140.

When you want pure grape wine, telephone to Harry L. Snyder. (9)

ALL kinds of insurance written at Bank of Florence (4)

FOR SALE—Good Fresh Cow. Aug. Burschat, Florence, Neb. (12)

160 acres, level, ten miles from Sidney, Neb., 70 acres under cultivation; some alfalfa, 25 acres hay land, running water, good improvements; price \$4,500. E. M. Rose, Sidney, Neb. (6)

NINE ROOM MODERN Two story house in Florence south edge of city, one block from car line, for sale by owner. NO COMMISSIONS. \$8,500, one acre ground, electric lights, water, shade trees and fruit. Address V 54, Tribune. (6)

Why not let me figure on that painting and paperhanging? M. L. Endres, 24th and Ames ave. (9)

IF YOU WANT A CONCESSION at the Veterans encampment get in touch at once with the committee. (8)

WHITE Leghorn Eggs from prize stock for hatching. Phone Florence 162 (4)

WANTED—Everybody in Douglas county to attend the Douglas County Veterans Annual encampment at Florence August 15, 16, 17, 18, 19 and 20. (8)

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

NOTICE—All assessments No. 6 with dues R. N. of A. and all social members dues must be paid and in the hands of the recorder by July 31, 1910. No collections will be made and no further notice to members given.—SUSAN R. NICHOLS, Recorder.

FOR SALE—West 1/2 of lot 6 and all of lots 7 and 8, block 113, top of the hill. Finest view in Douglas county. Snap at \$1,000. Enquire of E. L. Platz. (5)

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

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian Church.

Sunday Services. Sunday school—10:00 a. m. Preaching—11:00 a. m. C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m. Preaching—8:00 m.

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

Church Services Swedish Lutheran Ebenezer Church.

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

## LODGE DIRECTORY.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal Order of Eagles.

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

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

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

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of America.

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

## Court of Honor.

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

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

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

The School board will hold their next regular meeting at the school house Monday evening.

Mrs. Charles Elborn of Florence Heights entertained a number of her friends Thursday in honor of her birthday. Among those present were Mrs. T. C. Wallace, Mrs. Edith Johnson, Mrs. Earl Clay, Mrs. J. Carnaby, Mrs. Walter Reiner, Mrs. Davis, Mrs. Hender, Mrs. Charles Hender, Mrs. "Claud" Hender, Mrs. Hildreth Hender, Mrs. Fred Nelson, of Tekama, Neb., Mrs. Dan Whitney, Mrs. Dave Whitney, Miss Dora Whitney, Mrs. A. A. Whitney, Mrs. Arthur Heath, Mrs. Clarence Sears, Mrs. Kelly of Fort Crook, Mrs. Frank Ellis, Mrs. Charles Mayer, Mrs. Denice Gwinane, Mrs. Will Rbyn.

## Gallery Gods.

Tall Tragedian—You seem to think a lot of those petrified potatoes that were thrown at you over the foot-lights last night? Going to take them away as souvenirs?  
Low Comedian—Why shouldn't I? Wouldn't you call them the "gifts of the gods?"

## RECEIVED BY MRS. MADISON

Recollections of "Drawing-Room" Held by the Wife of the Second President.

When it became known that Mrs. Madison intended to hold a reception it was called a "drawing-room" by everybody, and the White House was known as the "Palace," or, less frequently, as the "Great House," for the names of things were still English. Many fervent prayers were offered up for fair weather for this night, for most of the guests would have far to go, and on a bad night a chariot might get stalled. Alas! it rained, and the carriages drew up at the White House door all spattered with mud, and the splendor of the liveried black coachmen and footmen was sadly marred. One or two chariots broke down in a mud-hole near the White House gates, which was one of the worst places in Pennsylvania avenue, but the occupants were carried on by passing friends. The portico of the house had not yet been erected, but the guests alighted at the stone steps, and were under cover almost immediately. There a brilliant scene greeted them; fully 200 people were present, and the house was glowing with lamps and large chandeliers having a thousand wax lights. The unique and symmetrical arrangement of the rooms and halls, the appropriateness of the new furniture, and the brilliant costumes of the guests, all combined to make a scene which an unprejudiced and discriminating observer must have admired and remembered.—Galliard Hunt, in Harper's Magazine for June.

## He Was Prepared.

Blanche Ring, the actress, is always preaching caution—whether she practices it or not is, as Kipling says, another story. "If everyone was only as cautious as a man I once knew," she said the other night, "nobody would ever go broke. He called at the money-order window of the local post office and asked permission to send an order for \$100 to the 'old country.' Then the man with the money gave his own name as payee.

"I'm going over next week," he volunteered, "and I want to have the money waiting for me on the other side, so that I can give it to my mother."

"Why don't you take it with you?" asked the clerk. "You would save 40 cents."

"Well, suppose the ship sinks and I drown?"—Young's Magazine.

## Photographic Detective.

A scientific organization in France has employed an ingenious device to test the alleged power of a young woman to tell the contents of unopened boxes. The committee, appointed by the organization to make the test, took a photographic plate and exposed it in a camera as if for an ordinary picture. Then the plate was cut in two, and one-half of it, carefully protected from the light, was enclosed with other objects in a sealed box. After the young woman had described the contents of the box the committee developed the two halves of the plate. That which was in the box was "fogged," showing that it had been exposed to light, while the other half developed a perfectly clear picture.

## What We're Coming To.

Senator Depew, at the recent bachelors' cotillion in Washington, praised the growth of advertisement. "Advertisement," he said, "has made many a man, many a book, many a commodity. But how much farther will it go?"

"Verily," said Senator Depew, "I can imagine a stormy night in the near future, with March winds howling across foaming seas, and with the captain of a hard-pressed ship shouting to his mate from the bridge:

"Is that Punk's Pills?"  
"Aye, aye, sir, with Gibraltar Pants shining to leeward," the mate will reply.

"We'll weather Peerless Type-writer Rock, then, after all, the captain cries.

"That we will, sir, heaven be praised," says the mate cheerfully, "for already Cann's Cod Liver Oil Light is beginning to show up on our lee."

## In the Old Days.

Fifteen years ago here in New York 28 cents a pound was the price for best "Delmonico" steaks, those triangular ones that are on the rib end of a hind quarter, and have no tenderloin on. Fifteen years ago farmers used to kill beef at home, haul it into the village and peddle it out among the housewives, weighing it on an old-fashioned pair of steelyard scales. They would sell the whole soup bone shank for 25 cents, round steak at eight cents, and the choicest cuts at most for 12 to 15 cents a pound. I never knew of any of these farmers getting rich, and believe they lost money on every yearling they killed.—New York Press.

## TO MY BEST LOVE.

So slender, virgin and delicate—  
So cold to all the world, save me alone,  
Yet when the flame within thy heart I light,  
So tenderly responsive—all my own!

Beneath thine influence each trouble seems  
To take swift wings and drop its dusky cloak  
(Dispelled, like mist, amid a thousand dreams),  
And lightly soar forth, ascend—in smoke!

Thy breath is peace and perfume—and thy kiss  
Of all that's rapturous the prototype!  
Ah, matrimony would be perfect bliss  
If wives had half thy charms—my briar pipe!

# Low Rates West and Northwest

Round-trip tickets at Homeseekers' rates to the West and Northwest will be sold on the first and third Tuesdays of each month via the

# Union Pacific

From February to December, 1910

Excellent dining car meals and service.

Ask about our personally conducted tours to Yellowstone National Park. For full information address your Local Agent.

# JUST A WORD!

We want your grocery business and, what's more, we want to merit it. We try hard to please, and know that only the best of everything will please permanently.

Fresh vegetables and all the table delicacies of the season. You can trust our selection.

Phone us your order.

Sleepy Eye Chick Food,  
Cracked Shells,  
Mica Grit,  
Mashed Bone, etc.

ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH

FLORENCE, NEB.

PHONE 257

# THE LARGEST AND BEST List of Florence Property

What is the use of wasting energy and time looking for what you want and not finding it when I can show you what you are looking for.

## HERE ARE A FEW

One new 8-room house and 2 lots.  
One new 5-room house, modern.  
One new 5-room house, modern except furnace.  
One new 8-room house

## ACREAGE

Four acres, three in fruit, new 5-room house, eight blocks from street car.

## VACANT LOTS

Choice of over 40 vacant lots a prices from \$175.00 up.

JOHN LUBOLD

TELEPHONE: FLORENCE 165

FLORENCE, NEBR.

# YOU DON'T NEED TO BE TOLD

That any of the shoes shown below are genuine bargains, at the prices at which we offer them to you. They've been good sellers all season, but we must make room for our fall stock which has commenced to arrive, and towards the close of the season we accumulate a great many small lots, so we make a SHARP CUT IN PRICES and giving you the benefit.

YOU CAN AFFORD AN EXTRA PAIR AT THE PRICES WE ARE SELLING THESE NUMBERS.

Women's Gun Metal Gibson Tie, Mat Kid Top, short vamps, single sole, 1 3/4 inch Cuban heel. Former Price, \$3.00. To close, \$2.47.

Women's Tan Gibson Tie—Four eye Gibson Tie, heavy silk, lace, single sole, 1 3/4 Military heel. Former Price, \$2.50. To close, \$2.09.

White Canvas Oxfords—Just the thing for these hot, sultry days. Childs' sizes, 11-2 for 73 cents. Women's sizes, 3-8 at only 83 cents. These are regular \$1.25 Oxfords.

Men's Tan Oxford—Fancy beaded top, Russia Calf, 3 eyelet tie on swaggar model. Sizes 6-6 1/2-7 1/2-8 only. Former Price, \$3.00. To close \$2.29.

YOU WILL BE MIGHTY WELL PLEASD WITH THESE GOODS AND DON'T DELAY IN MAKING YOUR PURCHASE AS THE STOCK IS LIMITED.

"McClure's"

Florence, Nebr.

We Sell Everything

# Boxing Contest

Joedy Pospisel with Young Mies

Eagles Hall

Florence, Neb., Saturday Eve. July 30th

3 Good 4 Round Preliminaries and Battle Royal  
Tickets, 50 Cents

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