

The Florence Tribune

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No. 5

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL

Spend Three Hours Monday Evening to Accomplish Half Hour's Work and Then Adjourn Until Tuesday Evening to Finish Up—They Kill the Chicken Ordinance and Hear Kicks on New Ordinance for Cement Sidewalks, Besides Allowing a Big Bunch of Bills and Holding Over Another Batch.

The city council met at 8:40 Monday evening and adjourned at 11:10, having spent the intervening time in chewing the rag and accomplishing nothing but the paying of a lot of bills and the holding over of a lot more.

The ball was opened up by the protest of Henry Dresson against the city using the foot of Washington street as a dumping ground. This gave Allen a fine chance to exhibit his oratorical powers and he made the most of the opportunity with the result that the matter was referred to the Board of Health.

The bond of Harry Fay for the grading of Main street was accepted but not approved. It also developed that Fay had sublet the contract, the sub-contract appearing with Fay's contract and bond.

The city treasurer's report was read and approved and placed on file. Just why it was approved and not accepted was not developed. The city clerk reported the sale of 32 dog tags to date and exhibited the receipt of the treasurer to verify the report. He did not state that was the entire dog population in Florence.

Ordinance 276 for the grading of Bluff and other streets was placed on its second reading.

Ordinance 271, the chicken ordinance, was given its third reading and got the hook by Allen and Craig voting against the measure, so you can let your chickens run all over your neighbor's garden if you are a bigger man than your neighbor. However, should he be the larger it is advisable to shut them up.

J. P. Crick certified that the grading on Davenport and Ferry streets amounted to 614 yards, and as no one said a word, it was placed on file.

City Attorney Olmsted surprised the council by telling them that Judge Day had issued a writ of mandamus to the old council to immediately convene and issue to Mr. J. W. Green a certificate of election, which they did Tuesday night.

Ordinance 274 by Carl Feldhusen was introduced and read the first time after which Mr. Feldhusen apologized because someone objected to the laying of sidewalks. Mr. Shipley said he did object to the ordinance because it ordered a walk that started nowhere and went nowhere, but if the council wanted to order a walk all along the street, he was for it and would lay one in front of all his lots. He thought it pretty poor policy to lay pieces of walks here and there and not continuous. It was a pretty sore subject so it was dropped.

A contract between W. R. Wall and the city clerk for the use of the vault at the bank for an annual rental of \$5 was approved.

Bids for the sidewalk up State street were opened and disclosed prices from 14 1/4 cents to 11 cents as follows:

W. Lubold & F. Pascale..... 11
F. D. Leach..... 12
G. Mancini..... 14 1/4
Larry Fay..... 14

The bids for the crosswalks ran from 14 1/4 cents to 16 cents as follows:

Larry Fay..... 16
W. Lubold & F. Pascale..... 16
F. D. Leach..... 14 1/4
Dan Tomasso..... 15
G. Mancini..... 15 1/2
F. D. Leach's bid in both cases called for grading at 30 cents a yard extra. The contract for the sidewalk was let to W. Lubold & F. Pascale, but the crosswalks were laid over until Tuesday evening.

The following bills were read and ordered paid:

J. A. Miller..... \$26.65
G. W. Farris..... 16.00
G. A. Marr..... 72.50
D. Kingsley..... 1.25
Minne-Lusa Lumber Co..... 49.70
H. Nielson..... 7.65
J. Jacksin..... 5.00
W. R. Wall..... 5.00
William Smith..... 5.00
F. D. Leach..... 348.64
Dr. A. B. Adams..... 32.00

Total..... \$561.14
The following bills were held over:

F. D. Leach..... \$29.75
M. Wainscot..... 2.00
L. Fay..... 28.00
M. E. Clements..... 4.55
Electric Light Co..... \$1.60
T. W. McClure..... 3.35
Omaha Water Co..... 870.00
Anderson & Hollingsworth..... 22.70
Emil Hanson..... 150.00

Total..... \$1,162.25
Craig wanted the council to do

NEWS FROM FORT CALHOUN

W. H. Woods dined last week with Lafayette Shipley of Florence, a soldier of the civil war who came to Washington county with his parents in 1854.

Hans Schwager has bought land at Rushville, Neb.

G. P. Hale, with wife and married daughter of Santiago, Cal., was visiting his wife's brothers, Mr. Babbitt of Florence and C. E. Babbitt of Fort Calhoun.

H. H. Couchman was in Lyons to see the son of his cousin, David Couchman, who is in the sanitarium at Colloge View.

Band Leader George Green of the Omaha Boosters, came home jubilant over the trip. He says he found one man with 259 acres of potatoes on the western end of the journey, and what fun it was when the rarified air stopped the band while the boys let their noses bleed.

Miss Bessie Fagg of Arlington was here making application for a place in the teachers' corps.

William Schmidt southwest of town had a valuable horse gored by a bull.

The alfalfa mill has had many disasters. But the \$40,000 plant is now doing business with a rush.

Miss McOmber, a former school teacher, who has been re-hired at Bloomfield after two terms there, was here visiting former scholars and friends.

A German farmer in the hills has plowed his corn once and says others are replanting. Some years he got caught, but after that he gathered his seed in the fall and has never failed since, after forty years' experience.

Pioneer E. N. Grenelle came back from Florida feeling pretty well. He says fruit buds are scarce down there. He was 82 years old a few weeks ago.

Postmaster Cook of Blair and party got caught in a nice shower of rain here last week, stowed the auto in the Warline barn and rode home on the cars.

William Burdick, a native born territorial pioneer of Washington county, now a real estate man of South Omaha and Florida, stopped on his way to Herman.

John Iverson and family of Plattsmouth; Hans Schumacher of Blair; Mrs. William Hindricksen of Plattsmouth, Mrs. Thatcher and Mrs. Melvin of Omaha attended the funeral of the Fredjipp baby. The Rev. Mr. Hilkeman officiated in the Presbyterian church before a very large congregation. The Coffman choir sang the anthems.

some more grading at Davenport and Ferry streets, but the council couldn't see it.

The police judge complained that the marshal was arresting prisoners and then turning them loose without the formality of a trial, and that once when he had sentenced a man to five days on the street, the man never worked, but was turned loose. Nothing doing. The council heard the report in silence and adjourned until Tuesday night.

Tuesday evening was almost a repetition of the Monday evening meeting—chewing the rag and consuming time but accomplishing very little.

The old council issued a certificate of election to J. W. Green as city engineer and he was installed into the office.

The contract for all the crosswalks to be laid this year was let to Dan Tomasso, the bid of F. D. Leach being considered double edged.

By a vote of two to two the council killed Allen's motion to hire J. P. Crick to draw up a sewer plan.

After paying a few more bills the council decided to go into executive session to consider a plan for assessing the costs of paving Main street. It is the intention to hold these executive sessions almost nightly until they evolve some plan. They are desirous of receiving any written communications on the subject taxpayers may want to make but feel they have not the time to listen to any talk.

The executive session resulted in Price, Allen and Craig going home and Feldhusen remaining to try and see if a simple plan could be evolved.

If you are not satisfied after using according to directions two-thirds of a bottle of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets, you can have your money back. The tablets cleanse and invigorate the stomach, improve the digestion, regulate the bowels. Give them a trial and get well. Sold by Geo. Siert.

PROPHECY OF 1910 CLASS

Miss Floranella Lonergan Makes a Prophecy of the Future of the Graduates of the Fairview School That is Very Flattering of the Careers of the Pupils of This Excellent Country School, Over Which Miss Skow Has so Successfully Presided.

After our teacher asked me to prepare the class prophecy I thought of it all day and dreamed of it at night. One dream seemed so very real that I decided the best way to dispose of the matter was to let the Fairview people know what the dream was.

It was in the year 1925. An aeroplane meet was scheduled for September 1-10, at old Fort Omaha, which after the advent of universal peace in 1915, became a scene of industrial activity, was now a busy aeroplane yard.

One warm August day as I was walking on West Farnam St., a gentleman alighted from an automobile in front of a residence I was passing. The recognition was mutual, and I recognized Doctor Chester Kaer.

Just then a lady and little girl came down the steps leading to the house, and Dr. Kaer introduced them as his wife and daughter. They were just starting for a ride and invited me to accompany them.

We fell to talking of the class of 1910, and discovered that he had not kept in touch very well, and decided that we would do what we could to hold a class reunion during the aeroplane meet.

"The first thing," says Dr. Kaer, "is to find out where we all are. What are you doing, or you married?"

"No, indeed," I said, "I am one of the Fairview teachers." "One of them, how many are there?" "Why," I said, "don't you know that the Fairview school has four rooms and as many teachers; is on a lovely paved street, has parks on three sides; donated by Mr. Bergelt and named for him 'Bergelt Park.' Miss Skow has been in the school since we graduated and is now principal." The Doctor gave a low whistle, and after a few minutes' silence, said: "Well, I know where Clara Moller is—" and he proceeded to tell me that Clara's name was now Gilbert—that after a few years' work as an artist, an enterprising young grocer saw her, and loved her, and wooed her and won her, and the only pictures now are living ones in her pretty home on Leavenworth St. 'Pictures of health, too, says the doctor. "You see, I am the family physician." "By the time our ride was finished we had planned to communicate with the other in our class; also planned to extend an invitation to Miss Skow, to join us at the aeroplane meets and to spend one day in Bergelt Park, if possible.

I called at the Emmler home in Fort Omaha a few days later and learned that Helen was taking a post-graduate course at the Chicago Conservatory of Music, but would be in Omaha the first week in September, on her way to Cheyenne to resume work as instructor of a large music class there.

When I next saw Dr. Kaer, he handed me a card which read: Prof. M. U. Longergan, Carnegie Observatory, Mount Wilson, Pasadena, Calif.

"Yes, he's an astronomer," he said, to my look of inquiry, "and comets are his specialty."

"I've located Oluf Pedersen, too," continues the doctor. "He is a banker in Atlantic City, Ia., and is also interested in a vacuum cleaner factory there."

Now the dream grows hazy and does not grow realistic again until we are assembled in the Emmler home at Fort Omaha—all but Oluf, and a telegram is handed Helen signed, "Oluf Pedersen," telling of a strike among his factory hands and expressing regret that the conditions prevent his appearance among us.

"Well, if Mohammed cannot go to the mountains, the mountains must go to Mohammed," said Dr. Kaer. "We'll secure an airship and visit Oluf this afternoon."

So after dinner we went to the airship station and were soon on our way. The trip was made without incident, and we were soon in the Atlantic City station.

We found the residence of the wealthy banker and factory owner, spent a pleasant hour with his wife and three children, when in response to a telephone message from his wife Oluf appeared—a little worried and anxious—but the same Oluf as in 1910.

On inquiry we learned that he had matters well in hand and predicted an early settlement of the labor troubles.

After an early tea, we started on our return trip—Prof. Longergan discussing the glories of the heavens

PAY UP OR PAPER WILL STOP

Government Says Paper Must Be Paid For or Not Sent, So Take the Hint at Once.

The United States government says a paper cannot be sent to people who are delinquent in their subscriptions and to cut off all subscribers who are back six months.

We have instructed our mailer to discontinue sending the paper to those whose subscription, as shown by the address tag, is delinquent for that length of time. Look and see if yours is marked 6—1—10 or later and if not send in your subscription at once if you wish to keep on receiving the paper. We do not want to be put in the position of Editor Fay of Lyons, Ia., who has been called to Washington city because his subscription list is not as well paid up as the law requires. He will have to explain to government officials why he has not compelled his subscribers to pay up, according to postal rules. An inspector had visited him two months previously, and his subscription list was said to be pretty thoroughly paid up, but evidently it was not sufficiently so. It seems a little tough that a newspaper owner has to be hauled up before the government on the charge of having violated federal laws just because he does not eternally keep dunning his subscribers for the small sums they owe on subscription; but it is like the end of the world—no man knows when it cometh; and no editor knows what day an inspector may pop in and ask to see the lists.

from an astronomer's point of view, and Dr. Kaer discoursing on "first aid to the injured," until the timid ones begged him to cease, for riding in an airship at night was a new experience for them and they could not get rid of the fear of impending disaster. Mrs. Gilbert, Miss Skow and I remained Helen's guests for the night, and Prof. Lonergan went home with Dr. Kaer.

The next morning found both gentlemen at the door with automobiles. We rode out to Fairview, spent the day viewing the many changes, at a picnic dinner in Bergelt Park disbanded late in the afternoon after becoming parties to a solemn compact to hold the next class reunion in 1985 on Mount Wilson and view the return of Halley's comet through Prof. Lonergan's telescope.

And this was my dream. How much or how little will be true of us in 1925, I cannot tell, but I speak this for the class of 1910:

"When care and time our memories blot,
And years our measure fill;
We'll think some times of this old spot,
The schoolhouse on the hill."

FLORANELLA LONERGAN.

Idle Chatter

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. L. McCoy Saturday evening at the Omaha field club.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets will brace up the nerves, banish sick headache, prevent drowsiness and invigorate the whole system. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Hemping Drug Co., successor to Bell Drug Co.

Mrs. W. B. Parks was the guest of Mrs. Lemmons of Omaha Thursday.

Mrs. W. J. Milroy of Omaha is the guest of Mrs. R. H. Olmsted this week.

The Calhoun Street Improvement club is the latest and here is the way they are doing things there. Mr. Gramlich is painting his house. C. A. Grigg is doing some painting. Mr. Weber is building new walks and steps of cement. M. C. Cole is painting and W. A. Yoder is building a new house.

Mr. and Mrs. Freeman Ayres and family are visiting in Kansas City for a few weeks.

Hemping Drug Co., successor to Bell Drug Co.

Rev. Sloan delivered a wide awake sermon on "What Hast Thou Done?" last Sunday evening, commendatory of the church. Mr. Sloan's topics are always of vital interest to all his hearers and has already increased the church attendance very noticeably.

Miss Althea West and mother, Mrs. C. Alexander of Orchard, Neb., are guests of Mrs. Hattie Baird.

Mrs. E. C. Janssen of the German bakery is again on duty after a visit at her old home in Aurora, Neb.

JUST IDLE CHATTER

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.

The Clover Leaf club will meet at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt Saturday to take up the work of cooking meats, making stews and soups. They will only hold one more meeting this season and will make that a literary meeting.

Miss Myrtle Scobie, of Akley, Minn., has arrived to make her home with Mrs. A. B. Hunt.

The farmers around Florence who have purchased seed corn of Leo Smith are loud in their praise of the corn and all report a good stand.

J. A. Fuller has purchased the news stand in the postoffice of Mrs. Lewis.

Paris Green at the Hemping Drug Co. 25c per pound.

But few of our citizens know that the Agricultural Exhibit at the Nebraska State Fair is the largest exhibit of its kind shown in the United States, but such is the fact. Superintendent Wm. James of Dorchester reports active preparations for a record breaking exhibit for the coming Fair, Sept. 5th to 9th.

Miss Nora Ekwald graduated at the Peru Normal school this week.

The Independent Telephone company is asserting its independence by refusing to employ Florence labor in the finishing of its new building. Wait till the company starts soliciting for telephones and see how the people here show their independence.

Mr. and Mrs. Barker, of Omaha, were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston Sunday.

Miss Agnes Shipley is again helping out Miss Tracy at the postoffice.

Mrs. Tynn of Omaha was the guest of Mrs. Carrie Parks one day this week.

Superintendent W. A. Yoder returned Saturday from Lincoln.

Judge Day of the district court decided Monday that J. W. Green was elected to the office of city engineer and directed the council to install him in the office which they did Tuesday night.

Miss Francis Thompson has been transferred from the assigned list to the elected list of Omaha school teachers.

Try our ice cream.—Hemping Drug Company.

Don't fail to read the want ads. There is something there you are interested in.

Mrs. D. V. Shipley is staying with her son, Thomas, in Omaha during the illness of his children with measles.

The Imogene club will hold the last meeting of the season at Mrs. Yoder's next Thursday.

If you want to see the sweetest thing on earth call at McClure's store Saturday.

The county commissioners have been persuaded by the owners of country homes along the high bluffs north of Florence to make the experimental test with oiled roads along the river road from the water works to the Ponca creek and as soon as the work has been finished on that road the oiling of this beautiful drive along the river north of Florence will be started.

The Ponca Improvement club held its regular monthly meeting at the Ponca school house Monday evening.

A number of the younger married folk and some of the children of the schools leave Saturday for Arlington for a week's camping.

J. L. Zumbrenner, chairman of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen of Sheridan, Wyo., was the guest of D. V. Shipley Saturday.

Miss Prudence Tracy visited with Omaha friends Tuesday.

Chamberlain's Cough Remedy is sold on a guarantee that if you are not satisfied after using two-thirds of a bottle according to directions, your money will be returned. It is up to you to try. Sold by Geo. Siert.

CITY TREASURER'S REPORT

George Siert Makes His First Monthly Report of the Finances to the City Council.

The following report of City treasurer for month ending May 31, 1910 was approved by the city council Monday:

May 2 Bal. in general fund.....	\$ 5.53
May 31 Rec'd from County Treas. (Booth rent)....	5.00
May 31 Balance, Total	\$ 10.53
May 2 Bal. in Water fund.....	357.21
May 31 Bal. in Water fund.....	357.21
May 2 Bal. in s. w. and grading funds	202.53
May 31 Bal. in s. w. and grading funds.....	202.56
May 2 Bal. in s. w. fund 4., 5., 6.....	125.61
May 31 Rec'd from tax pay't s. w. fund to date.....	1258.18
Total	1383.79
Special s. w. warrants taken up,	
Fund 4.....	1259.71

Balance May 31..... 124.00

Total balance in all funds May 31 1910..... 694.38

Idle Chatter

Delicious ice cream sodas at Hemping Drug Co.

Mrs. Frank Turney of Omaha entertains at luncheon followed by bridge Friday in honor of her sister, Mrs. Love Kelly, who sails the 25th of the month for a trip abroad. Among those invited are Mrs. B. F. Reynolds, Miss Reynolds of Florence.

Mrs. Sieroe, Mr. Frank Sieroe, Mr. Guy Redmond of Omaha guests at Mr. John Bondeson's day evening.

Mrs. G. W. Nalle, Mrs. H. Barker, Mrs. John Erisbin and Mrs. Nichols were guests of Mrs. J. L. Houston Sunday afternoon.

Henry Anderson attended the session of the Nebraska Retail Liquor Dealers association in Omaha this week.

Mrs. B. F. Reynolds, Miss Reynolds and Mr. Craven were guests of Mr. and Mrs. John Battin for dinner at the Field club Saturday evening.

Miss Allie Houston and Miss Helen Nichols were guests of Miss Jessie Horn of Omaha Thursday afternoon at a miscellaneous shower in honor of Miss Gillispie whose marriage occurs next week.

You can buy the sweetest thing on earth at McClure's store Saturday.

Dan Kelly spent Tuesday at Red Oak, Ia.

The school board met Tuesday evening at the school house to arrange for the annual meeting the last of the month.

The Ponca Improvement club met at the Ponca school house on Monday evening and a large crowd was present to hear the report of Prof. W. L. Chase on his observations of the Loop road. A resolution was adopted asking the county commissioners to make the next road appropriation larger and keep it so until all roads are put in good condition. The report of Prof. W. L. Chase will appear in the Tribune next week.

Moth balls at Hemping Drug Co.

W. H. Woods of Fort Calhoun was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. Plein Monday evening.

The North district Sunday school convention was held in the Florence Presbyterian church Monday evening, and the church was well filled with representatives from Olivet, Dietz, Hirst and Pearl Memorial, Ponca and the home church. The music was furnished by the church choir under the leadership of Mr. Lehmann, pastor of the Ponca church, who also sang a solo. The meeting was presided over by District President Walker. The invocation was given by Rev. Sloan and Rev. Mr. Dougall of Olivet made the closing prayer. Two interesting addresses were given by visiting Sunday school workers, besides the question box. W. H. Woods of Ft. Calhoun was present and occupied a seat of honor, having organized a Sunday school in Florence in 1870, although now past the allotted three score and ten years.

the ISLAND of REGENERATION

By
**CYRUS TOWNSEND
BRADY**
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WATERS**
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SYNOPSIS.
A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island, finds a solitary inhabitant, a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds evidence that leads her to believe that the man is John Revell Charnock of Virginia, and that he was cast ashore when a child. Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire becomes infatuated with her and she decides to put her theories into practice. While drunk he attempts to kiss her. She knocks him down and leaves him unconscious, escaping in the darkness in a gasoline launch. During a storm she is cast ashore on an island. Three years' teaching gives the man a splendid education. Their love for each other is revealed when he rescues her from a cave where she had been imprisoned by an earthquake. A ship is sighted and they light a beacon to summon it. Langford, on his yacht, sights the beacon and orders his yacht put in. The woman recognizes the yacht and tells her companion that a man on board had injured her in the greatest way. Langford recognizes Katharine. He tells the man that she had been his mistress, and narrowly escapes being killed. An American cruiser appears. Officers hear the whole story and Langford asks Katharine to marry him.

CHAPTER XVII—Continued.

"I can answer that," said the woman. "When I landed on this island, I found this man here. He had been here a long time. I believe he had been cast away here as a child and had grown up alone. He had no speech or language. He had no memory of the past. His mind was a blank. I was glad to find him here. He gave me occupation, companionship. I had been well educated. I determined to teach him. I knew that his ignorance was the result of his environment. I believed him to be naturally acute. I found my beliefs warranted. I taught him all that I could of life and letters from memory. For three years my sole and only occupation has been to teach him what I knew. No preceptor ever had apter or more docile pupil."

"No learner ever sat at the feet of such a teacher," cried the man, touched by the recollection. "Think, oh, all that I knew was a childish jumble of prayers which had remained in my memory. I was ignorant of everything, even that I myself existed; that there was any difference between me and the palm tree or yonder bird; that man was made in the image of his God; that there was such a thing as a woman upon earth. I had no ideas of honor or honesty, or purity, or sweetness, or truth, or life, or God, until she taught me. I believed in her as I believed in God, and I loved her as I love sunlight and fresh air and the sweet wind. I loved her, as I learned to love under her teaching, goodness and truth and every virtue. And to think, to think, to think—he threw up his hands in a wild gesture—"that it has come to this."

"And he taught me something, Mr. Whittaker," said the woman. "He gave me back my faith in manhood which you—she swept Langford with a bitter glance—"had destroyed. He gave me back, I think, my faith in God. He taught me many things. And when two days ago an earthquake buried me within the cave I call my home, and he tore the rocks asunder and freed me and caught me in his arms, I knew that he had taught me what love was, and as he confessed before you all that he loved me, that he did love me, I will confess the same, and say that I at least have not changed in this hour."

"Kate, Kate!" cried Langford, "for God's sake, think of what you say and do!"

"Sir," said Whittaker, turning to the man of the island, "you are a very fortunate man."

"Of all on earth," was the bitter answer, "I cannot think there are any more miserable than I."

"Did you learn nothing of his past, Miss Brenton?" asked Whittaker, uncomfortably, unable to answer this strange yet natural assertion. "Could the man remember nothing?"

"I learned a great deal," returned the woman. "In the cave which he had made his home and which he has since yielded up to me—"

"Where is this cave?"

"On the other side of the island. You shall see it presently. I found a Bible. There was a date in it some 30 years back and a name in it."

"What is the name?"

"John Revell Charnock."

"Of Virginia?" asked Whittaker, eagerly.

"I think so, although there was nothing but the name and the date in the Bible."

"I know Charnocks in Virginia. They come from Nansemond county."

"It is a further confirmation," said the woman. "With the Bible there was a little silver box containing a flint and steel by means of which—"

she turned to Langford—"we lighted that beacon which brought you here this morning."

"It was my own eye caught the signal," answered Langford.

"Would God I had died ere I gave it up to her!" interposed the man.

bring sadness to his heart. I wanted him to hear the voice of the world in comment upon my relation, and I knew he would find it on yonder ship."

"I was happy," said the man, "to go on as we were. I should not have lighted that fire."

"Pray continue with your story, Miss Brenton," said the lieutenant commander. "I am deeply interested in it. There is a great Charnock estate in Virginia which has been held for 30 years or more by the last survivor of the ancient family. And I remember some romantic story connected with it, too."

"The silver box that inclosed the flint and steel," continued the woman, "was marked 'J. R. C.' Exploring the island I came upon the remains of a boat, and any of you may examine it. Near the boat in yonder cove there were two skeletons, one of a woman and the other of a dog. I excavated the boat, found that it had belonged to the ship Nansemond of Virginia. I have the stern pieces with the name painted on it in my cave. I put the skeletons of the dog and the woman in the boat and filled it up again with sand. There they lie waiting Christian burial. The place where they had died, the woman and her dog, I carefully inspected. Everything but metal, and most of that, had rusted away, but I found two rings." She stretched forth her hand. "They are here." She stripped them off. "One of them is a wedding ring. You see it is marked." She read the markings off, "J. R. C. to M. P. T. September 10, 1869, II. Cor. XII, 15. The verse of Scripture to which reference is made is 'I will very gladly spend and be spent for you, though the more abundantly I love you, the less I be loved.' There was a piece of silver, also, which had evidently been part of a dog's collar. It, too, was marked: 'John Revell Charnock—His Dog, July 22-1875.' And that was all."

"Do you remember nothing of your early life, nothing whatever, sir?" asked Whittaker, turning to the man.

"I have a dim recollection of some sort of a sea happening, of a long voyage with a woman and some kind of an animal in an open boat, of horrible sufferings, of a few words of prayer; that is all."

"I think that this man, then a child," resumed the woman, "and his mother must in some way have been involved in a shipwreck, and that she and her son and a dog must have been cast away on this island; that the woman died and the child survived. There is nothing here that would in any way harm him and his life and growth under such circumstances and conditions are quite possible. He had probably seen his mother read that Bible. He carried it with him, put it in that cave and forgot it with the flint and steel in the silver box of which he would have no knowledge and which he could not use. The dog probably lived some time and when he died crawled back to where his mistress lay and gave up his life at her feet. And therefore I believe this man's name to be John Revell Charnock; that he is an American, and that he came from Virginia. I know him to be a Christian and a gentleman. In all the days that we have been together on this island he has done me no wrong. He has been gentleness, kindness, docility itself, and despite our selves we have learned to love each other. Until yesterday we did not know it. Now it is for him to say what we will do."

"Kate, Kate," cried Langford, "you cannot let this untutored savage—"

"Not that," said the woman, "for I have taught him all I know and all I believe."

"You cannot let him decide this question," continued the man, passing over her interruption.

"Yes," said the woman, "he must decide, but whatever he decides, whatever the relationship between this man and this woman is to be, I can never be anything on earth to you."

"Don't say that," said Whittaker. "Think, my dear lady, what you do, what this man offers you, the position in which—God forgive me!—you stand."

"Sir," said the woman, addressing the lieutenant commander, "this man wronged me grievously, terribly. He deceived me. He broke my heart. He killed ambition, aspiration and respect for my own kind within my soul. I know him through and through. The fact that he failed quickened his passion; the fact that men say I am beautiful made him the more eager; the fact that he was away and that he could not lay his hands upon me made him the more insistent; the fact that I had haunted him and said him nay and struck him down made him the more determined."

"Kate, Kate, you wrong me. Before God you wrong me!" interrupted Langford.

"And indeed, madam, I believe you do," commented Whittaker.

"Let her speak on," said the man of the island.

"It may be that you are right," continued the woman. "It may be that he is higher, nobler, truer than I have fancied. I should be glad to be able to think so. I am willing to take your view of it, his assertion of it, but I do not love him. Should I marry him, I would bring to him a heart, a soul, a body that turns to some one else. He could never be anything to me. As I am a Christian woman, a lover of my God and a follower of his Son, I cannot see but that I would be adding one wrong to another to come to



"No Christian Ever Believed in His God as I Believed in Her."

this man in compliance with any suggestion of the world, following any dictate of society, subservient to any convention. I cannot see but that I would be doing as great or a greater wrong than I did before in flaunting all of these forces. I have learned what love is and what marriage should be. I will not give my hand and yield up my person where I cannot yield my heart. And there is no expiation or reparation that requires it of me, no voice that can coerce me into it. I will not marry you, Valentine Langford. I will accept your expressions as evidenced by your words, by your presence here, as testimony to your regret. Indeed, I realize that your confession was itself a great humiliation to a man like you. And perhaps I have spoken harshly of it. But the bare fact remains, I do not love you, I could not love you, I don't even want to love you. My heart, my soul goes to this man," she turned to her companion of the island, "whom up to to-day I have made and fashioned and taught and trained until these hours when he has broken away from me. I love this man who stands silent, who thinks of me as a thing spotted, polluted, damned. Him I love, though he slay me, yet will I love him. Him I trust, though he disobey me, yet will I love him. Him I will serve, though he cast me off, yet will I love him. And with this in my heart in which I glory and which I confess as openly and with as little hesitation as you confessed your shame, I give you my final, absolute, utterly irrevocable decision. I will not marry you, I will not go back with you. No, not for anything that you can proffer, nor for any reason that you can urge, will I come to you when in my soul I belong to another. There may be no end to this but my despair. This man may cast me off. This man may trample me under foot. The spots upon my soul may loom larger in his view and hide what else is there. I know I have been forgiven by God, I will not be forgiven by men, but I tell you here and now, again and again, that I will not be your wife. I will be his wife or no man's."

Langford turned away and hid his face in his hands. Whittaker stepped forward and laid his hand upon the shoulder of the man of the island. He shook him for a moment.

"You stand immobile," he cried, sharply, "after such a confession as that, after such an appeal? What have you to say, man? You ought to get down on your knees and thank God for the love of such a woman."

"Aye, aye," burst out the deep tones of the old coxswain of the cutter. "So say all of us."

"God help me," cried the man, lifting his hand and releasing his shoulder from the grasp of the officer, "I did love this woman. Think how it was, think how I believed in her. No Christian ever believed in his God as I believed in her. She told me what purity was, what innocence was, what sweetness was, what light was, what truth was, and I looked at her and saw them."

"And you can look at her and see them now," cried the officer.

"No," said the man, "I can never look at her and see her the same."

"Oh, Man! Man!" cried the woman. The test was upon him. He was failing. Her sorrow, her grief were more for him than for herself.

"Don't mistake me," said the man. "I can't help loving you, whatever you are. If you had been as guilty as I, when he began to speak and when you corroborated him, I fancied that

you were, I should have loved you just the same and I should have married you, and I shall marry you. This... this awful thing has come between us, but we will try in some way to live it down, to forget it, to go on as we were."

He stepped toward the woman. She drew herself up to her full height and looked him unflinchingly in the face.

"No," she said, "we are not going on as we thought. We will not marry and live together. We will not bury this wretched happening in the past in any oblivion. I will marry no man, although he may have my whole heart, who is not proud and glad to take me, who does not realize that I am as pure and as innocent of wrong and shame as he would fain think his mother, as he would absolutely know his wife must be. I told you that your manhood must be put to the test. I told you that your love must be tried by fire. What I loved in you was the assurance that you would survive the test, that you would triumph in the trial. It is not I that have been before the great judge this morning, but you, and you have failed."

"Kate," said Langford, "he casts you off; take me. I swear to you that were I in his place, I would not have hesitated a moment."

"I respect you more than ever," said the woman; "but I don't love you and I cannot, I will not take you!"

"Charnock," said Whittaker, "if that's your name, permit me to say here, saving the lady's presence, that you are behaving like a damned fool."

The man looked at him dumbly, uncomprehendingly, and made no reply. It was the woman who spoke, coldly, impartially. She had seemingly dismissed the whole affair, though at what a cost to herself no one could know.

"Sir," she said, "is there anyone on your ship empowered to administer an oath?"

"I have that power," answered the lieutenant commander. "Why do you ask?"

"I wish you would bring some of your officers here with paper and ink. I wish to make a deposition as to the facts that I have learned concerning this man which may be of service to him in establishing his identity and discovering his history when he returns to the United States."

"But are you not going back with us, Miss Brenton?" asked the officer in amazement. "We are sailing for Honolulu and thence for San Francisco as directly as we can go."

"No," said the girl. "I will not leave the island. You can take my friend here."

"The Southern Cross," said Langford, "is at your disposal, Kate."

"I have had one voyage upon her," said the woman bitterly. "I want never to see her again."

"Woman," said the man of the island suddenly, "if you stay here, I stay here. Without you I will not go."

"Not so," said the woman scornfully. "I would not be upon the same island alone with you again. You have failed me."

Her voice broke, but she caught it again instantly and resumed her iron self-control.

"Then if one of us must stay, it shall be I."

"No," said the woman. "I have been in the world and you have not. You may go and learn what it holds for you. I have tried to prepare you, to give you lessons. Now, you may put them in practice."

"The island is mine," said the man. "I was here when you came. I shall be here when you return."

"We shall see," returned the woman looking boldly at him. The clash of wills almost struck fire within the eyes of the two who thus crossed swords. "Meanwhile," she turned to Langford, "if you will leave the island and go back to your ship, I shall be very glad. There is nothing you can do here. You have nothing to gain by remaining."

"Kate," he cried, "one last appeal. 'It is as unavailing as the first.'"

She looked at him steadily. He saw that within her face and hearing which convinced him that what she said was true.

"At least," he said, with the dignity of sorrow and disappointment, "if I have played the part of the fool, I have done my best to play the man."

He turned slowly away. In a step the woman was by his side.

"You have," she said. "Whoever else has failed me in this hour, it has not been you. I am sorry that I do not love you, that I never did love you and that I cannot love you." She reached her hand out. "Good-by."

"Good-by," he said, "if you think of me, remember that I did my best to make amends and if you ever change—"

"I shall not change," said the woman. "Good-by."

He moved off down the strand, called his sailors to him, got into his boat, shoved off and was rowed over the blue lagoon and through the opening in the barrier toward the yacht tossing slowly upon the long swells of the Pacific.

"As for you, sir," said the woman, after she had watched Langford a little while in silence, "will you go back and bring some officers ashore to hear my story?"

"At your wish, Miss Brenton," said the lieutenant commander gravely. The woman turned to her companion.

"Will you go with them?"

"And leave you here alone?" cried the man.

"I shall be here when you come back, I give you my word upon it. I do not break my word. You know whatever else you may have against me, I have always told you the truth. If you will remember, I said but yesterday that I was not worthy of you."

She smiled bitterly.

"And in that, madam," said Whittaker, "give me leave to say that you broke your word for veracity."

"'Tis good of you to say so," she returned. "Believe me I have taken more comfort from your words and actions in this dreadful hour than I had dreamed it possible for men to give. Now, if you will all go away and leave me and not come back until evening I shall be so glad and thankful."

"Come, sir," said the lieutenant commander, not unkindly, touching the man upon the shoulder. "As a gentleman you cannot do less than accede to the lady's request."

Suffering himself thus to be persuaded, the man followed the officer into the boat, in which the whole party embarked and was rowed away from the island. His first touch with the world had separated him from the woman he loved and who loved him. Nay, his own frightful folly, his own blindness, his own criminal and heartless decision had done that. And the world upon which humanity loves to load the blame of its transgressions, and with which it would fain share the consequences of its own follies, had nothing whatever to do with it. In fact, it was because he was so ignorant of the world, so utterly unable to see things in their relative values—and in relation we ascertain truth—that he had taken the tone that he had used and entered upon the course which he had followed.

He could only see one thing, that this woman who he supposed belonged so completely and entirely and absolutely to him, who was as fresh and unspotted from the world as he was, who had been his own as he had belonged entirely and utterly and absolutely to her, was—different! That the difference was more in his own imagination than anywhere else brought him no comfort. He still loved her, he still wanted to marry her, but he loved her in spite of her shame. A greater, a wiser man would have loved her because of it. And some day this fact which he himself was inherently large enough to realize, or would be after a time, would cause him a grief so great that the anguish that he suffered now would be nothing.

Whittaker was a man of great tact and shrewdness and one with a wide knowledge of the world. He realized something of what was in the man's mind. He saw in some measure how the proposition presented itself to him and he felt a deep kindness and pity toward his unhappy fellow passenger.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Divided.

The best thing on earth for a man in the island's position would have been isolation and a chance to think it over. The worst thing on earth for a woman in Katharine's position was isolation and a chance to think it over. If the man had been enabled by lack of outside interests to give free rein to his thoughts and let them draw him whither they would, he might have arrived at a different viewpoint, whence he could have enjoyed a sight of the affair in all its bearings and could have



adjusted himself to them, but the opportunity he needed he did not get. He was immediately plunged into an atmosphere of such strangeness to him, filled with such compelling necessity for attention, that, although he loathed the necessity thus imposed upon him, he was constrained to take part in the life that flowed around him. His instinct—and he was almost a woman in his instinctive capacity—was to be alone, but it was impossible, and in spite of himself what he saw distracted him. The people he met did more.

Whittaker hustled him below, of course, as soon as possible and took him into his own cabin. Fortunately they were men of much the same height and build, although the islander was the more graceful, symmetric and strong, and he succeeded in getting him into a civilian suit of clothing for which he had no present use. There were both loss and gain in his appearance. There was no gain in the islander's feelings, at least, he thought not, in view of the irksome restraint of clothing, and yet there was a certain satisfaction to his soul in being no longer singled out from among his fellows by the strangeness of his apparel. As clothes the garments became him, and it all depended upon your point of view as to whether you preferred the handsome barbarian with a hint of civilization in his carriage, or the civilized gentleman with a suggestion of the barbaric in his bearing. Whittaker reasoned rightly that the sooner he became accustomed to these things the better, and that the time to begin was immediately.

He had had a hasty word or two with the captain before he took him below, and when he was dressed—and it required assistance from the lieutenant commander ere the unfamiliar habiliments were properly adjusted—the two passed from the ward room to the cabin of the captain in the after part of the ship.

The few sentences in which Whittaker had made his brief report to his superior had in a measure prepared the captain for the more lengthy discourse that followed, and, feeling that the situation was one which required more than the simple authority of the master of a ship, he had summoned to conference the surgeon and the chaplain. It was to these three men, therefore, that Whittaker and the islander presented themselves.

The chaplain, like Whittaker, was a Virginian. He had not noted the islander's face when he came aboard in his semi-savage garb, but as his eyes dwelt upon him standing clothed and in his right mind before him he gave a start of surprise, and so soon as the formal salutations had been exchanged, with a word to the captain for permission, he asked Whittaker a question.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Whittaker, but what is this gentleman's name?"

The word gentleman was used naturally and unconsciously, with an absolute sense of its fitness, as everyone in the cabin could perceive.

"It is not rightly known," said Whittaker, "but he is believed to be a Virginian of the—"

"I knew it," said the chaplain, impulsively; "he is one of the Charnocks of Nansemond county."

"Your recognition, chaplain," said the lieutenant commander, eagerly, "will be of great value in determining this stranger's name and station. The evidence of it is circumstantial. I do not know how it will be regarded in a court of law."

"I have always understood that the Charnock estate was a vast one," said Capt. Ashby, "and since coal has been mined on the Virginia lands it has become very valuable."

"It is true," answered the chaplain. "Who holds it now?" asked the surgeon.

"It is held by an old man, my friend of many years' standing, the brother of John Revell Charnock."

"I believe that to be my name," said the islander.

"I have little doubt of it," replied the chaplain, continuing. "The first John Revell Charnock was lost at sea. He and his wife and young child some 30 years ago set forth on a voyage around the world for her health. The ship, in which I believe he had some ownership, was called the Nansemond. Its course was traced as far as Valparaiso, thence it sailed for the Philippines and was never heard of again. I know the story," said the chaplain, turning toward the captain, "because John Revell Charnock was one of my best friends, as is his brother, Philip Norton Charnock, who now holds the estate."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Often Too Many Pictures.

Attention was called to the fact that there are no pictures on the walls of the house of Mark Twain, in which his daughter was recently married to the Russian pianist, Ossip Gabrilowitsch, because the author thinks that the natural pictures framed by the casements are much more beautiful than any artificial ones can be. The trouble with most houses is that there are too many pictures, and this is especially often the case where the natural beauty of the landscape ought not to be disregarded.

GNAT CAUSES PELLAGRA.

Committee on Disease in Europe Says Corn Is Not to Blame.

London, May 14.—Dr. Sambon, a member of the Field committee which has been investigating the disease pellagra, telegraphs from Rome that the committee has definitely proved that maize or Indian corn is not the cause of pellagra.

The committee finds that the parasitic conveyor of the disease is the "simulium repans," a species of biting gnat.

A Wonder Worker.

Sapleigh—Ah, speaking of electricity, that makes me think—Miss Keene—Really, Mr. Sapleigh? Isn't it remarkable what electricity can do!

Made His Reputation.

Harker—That fellow Bilkins is an enthusiast, isn't he?

Parker—That's what! You know he likes to speak of himself as a sportsman?

Harker—Yes. Parker—Well, the only thing he ever did in that line was to go on a wild goose chase three years ago.

Reasoning of Youthful Mind.

A schoolmistress whose hair was of the blackest hue, was one day giving a lesson on a coal mine to a class in Suffolk, England. To make the lesson interesting as possible she went on to say she had herself been in a coal mine. A little lad put up his hand, and when pointed to said: "Please, teacher, is that what made your hair so black?"

STATE OF OHIO CITY OF TOLEDO, LUCAS COUNTY.

FRANK J. CHENEY makes oath that he is senior partner of the firm of F. J. CHENEY & CO., doing business in the City of Toledo, County and State aforesaid, and that said firm will pay the sum of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for each and every case of CATARRH that cannot be cured by the use of HALL'S CATARRH CURE.

Sworn to before me and subscribed in my presence, this 8th day of December, A. D. 1888.

A. W. GLEASON, Notary Public.

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally and acts directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Send for testimonials free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by all Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

The Business Instinct.

An English farmer, taking his little son with him, was going to the polling station to give his vote. On the way he met a friend on the same errand, and the two entered into conversation. After an excited and heated argument about the budget they came to blows. The poor lad was much frightened, and, seeing that his father was getting the worst of it, suddenly called out to him: "Hit him in the watch, father; that'll cost him something!"

A Horse Lover.

James R. Keene, who is noted no less as a horseman than as a financier, said at a luncheon at his Cedarhurst residence:

"My love of horses has been a great comfort to me all my life. I have always kept my horses in their place, though. I haven't allowed them to interfere with my business.

"Some men carry their love of horses altogether too far. Such a one was a young father who stood, with his fair wife, before the crib of their first born.

"Isn't he wonderful?" the young mother cried. "Did you ever see anything like him at twenty-six months?"

"Maternal love is all very well," the father retorted, impatiently, "but please don't try to compare it with a two-year-old thoroughbred."

Good Work Proceeds Slowly.

At the present rate of increase nearly forty-five years must elapse before sufficient hospital accommodations to provide for all the indigent consumptives in the United States will be provided, declares the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis. Although over 7,000 beds in hospitals, sanatoria, camps and wards for tuberculous patients were established last year, there are fully 300,000 indigent consumptives who ought to be placed in such institutions and a total of only 22,720 beds in the entire country. On May 1, 1909, there were 15,244 beds for consumptives and 294 institutions. The annual report of the national association shows an increase of 99 institutions and 7,500 beds.

Celery Fritters.

Take the green stalks and tender leaves of celery that are not fit for salad; chop fine, and to one cup of this chopped celery add one pint of flour, one beaten egg, one grating of onion, one-half teaspoonful salt, one-quarter of a teaspoonful pepper, one teaspoonful baking powder, and sufficient milk to make a thick batter; drop by spoonfuls into hot fat; drain on paper a few minutes, and place around the roast with lemon wedges and parsley sprigs as a garnish.

Potato Cakes.

Take two cupfuls of cold mashed potatoes; mix well with the yolk of one egg. When well mixed, form into small, rather flat, round cakes. Put two tablespoonfuls of drippings in a frying pan, and when hot put in the cakes. Brown on one side, then on the other, and serve.

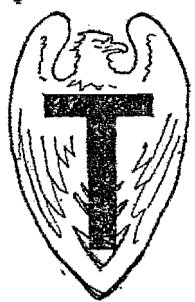
Ginger Rice Pudding.

Whip two cupfuls of thick cream, then add one-third cupful sugar, flavor with vanilla and sherry wine, add one heaping tablespoonful of rice that has been cooked in one cupful of milk until tender, then cool; add half a cupful of chopped preserved ginger.

To Kill Ants.

A never failing remedy for ants of any sort is air-slacked lime. Scatter it freely wherever they run. They cannot stand it in any place.

A NEW NATIONAL PARK By GUY ELLIOTT MITCHELL, U.S. GEOLOGICAL SURVEY



THE nation that leads the world in feverish business activity requires playgrounds as well as workshops, says George Otis Smith, which is but an application to America of the old saw that all work and no play makes of Jack a dull boy.

When Secretary Seward was endeavoring to enlist the support of the people for his project to purchase Alaska one of the somewhat esthetic arguments by which he sought to gain advocates was that this great northwestern territory should be acquired if for nothing else than that it would afford a magnificent summer playground for the American nation. Alaska's purchase is doubtless justified on this score alone, and, while its varied topography affords in truth a wonderful field to the tourist, there are much more readily accessible "playgrounds" within the United States. Indeed, some lie at our very doors, although for lack of good transportation facilities they may be more difficult of access than far distant points.

The nation owes it to itself, to the people of the present day, and even more to those of a future congested population to create into national parks the magnificent regions of the Rocky mountains and the High Sierra, which have little, if any, economic importance, and thus preserve always their natural beauties. Transportation methods will quickly follow and thus new "playgrounds" become accessible.

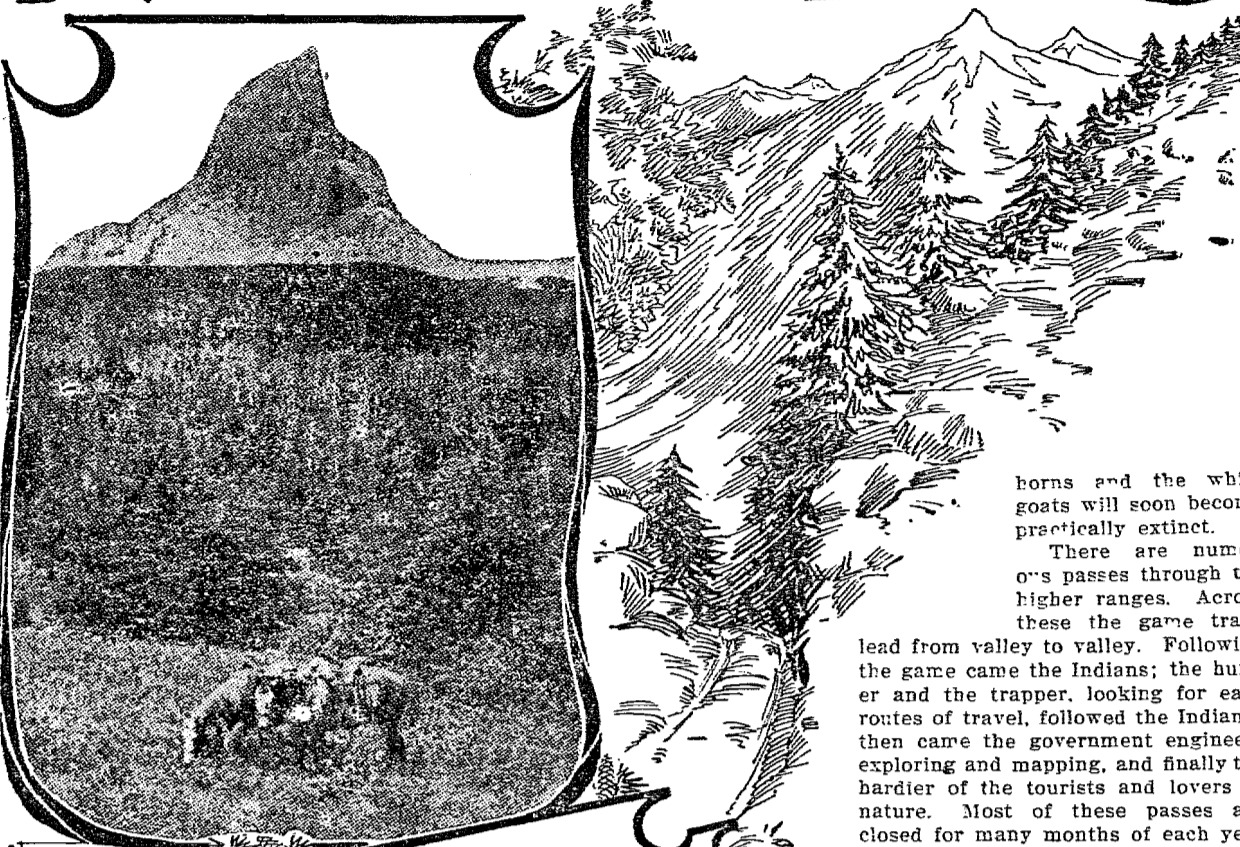
A national playgrounds association for grown-ups, organized on some such basis as that of the Sierra club of California, but with the United States for its field of activities, would find important work to be done and would enlist many ardent supporters. Numerous national parks have already been established by the government, some because of their recognized standing as natural wonderlands, such as Yellowstone, and others through insistent championship of enthusiasts.

The youngest member of the playground family, now knocking at the door for national protection, is the proposed Glacier National park in northern Montana. There are some people in the east who do not even know that there are glaciers in the United States today, but think of them as extinct monsters belonging to a past geologic era. To such the very name, Glacier park, is an education. There are no longer, it is true, vast continental glaciers; even the great frozen regions of Alaska are small in extent compared with the ancient glaciers, but the remnants of the one-time universal ice sheets, such as can be seen in Glacier park, are so majestic and numerous as to awaken in the mind of the traveler sentiments of unbounded awe and wonder at Nature's matchless handiwork.

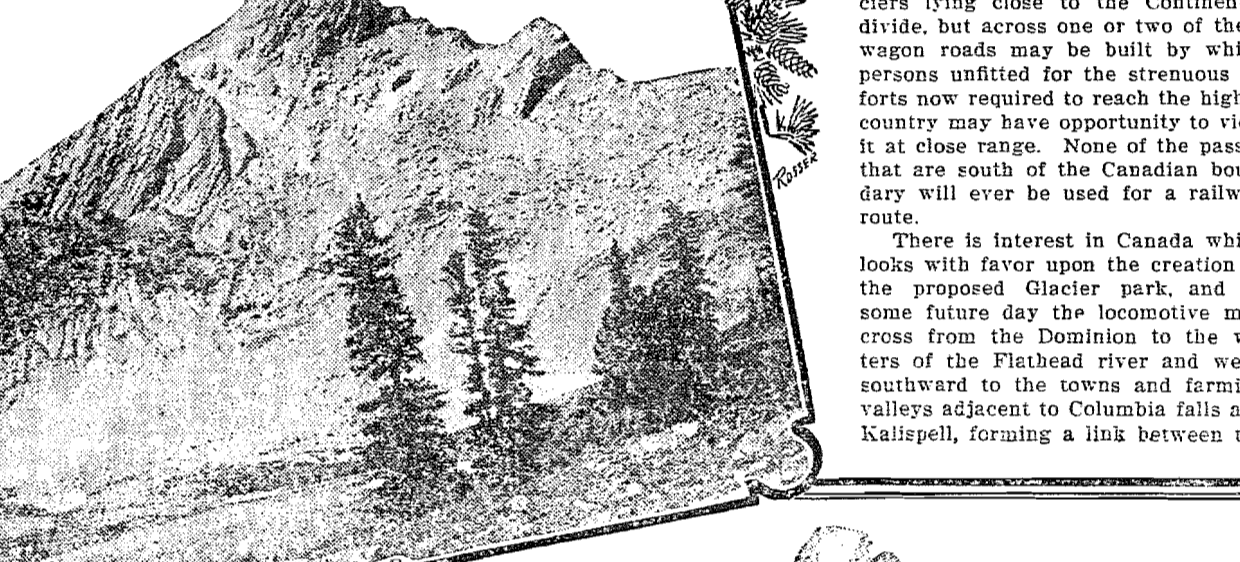
"Give a month at least to this precious reserve," says John Muir, some ten years ago, in speaking of the delights of this region. "The time will not be taken from the sum of your life. Instead of shortening it will indefinitely lengthen it and make you truly immortal."

Nor are the attractions of the Glacier park region confined to the scenic. Here lies, for instance, the majestic Lake McDonald, full of brist trout, as described by Mr. Muir, in the heart of the splendid Flathead forests of giant pine, spruce and cedar, while ten miles above is Avalanche lake, shimmering at the foot of a group of glacier-laden mountains. Far up the white peaks one can hardly fail to meet the white goat or American chamois, while in other retreats dwell deer, elk and bear, and many smaller, sleek-furred animals enjoying their beautiful lives in company with numerous bird species.

It is hoped that the present session of congress will preserve for the nation this latest playground and constitute it another of our national parks. It will then be our second largest park, surpassed only by the Yellowstone. The Sixtieth congress made a favorable report on a Glacier park bill, which had also the strong support of the secretaries of the interior and agriculture. This report was based largely upon a topographic survey made four years ago by a United States geological survey party, and upon a later compilation by Robert H. Chapman, one of the party, embracing a total area of about 1,000,000 acres lying just south of the Canadian line and between Flathead river and the Black-foot Indian reservation. This area contains 60 or more true glaciers, ranging in size from small glaciers of a few acres each to those covering five square miles. It also contains over 250 glacial lakes from a few hundred feet to ten miles in area.



CHIEF MOUNTAIN 10000 FT ABOVE THE SEA



GLISTENING BARREN PEAKS ALMOST AS WHITE AS SNOW



HEAVEN'S FOLD

rock wall of great steepness extending northwest by southeast for unbroken miles except where cut by deep U-shaped canyons. These have been largely formed by the great glaciers which once slowly flowed from the mighty snow-covered peaks and ridges forming the divide between the drainage of the Atlantic and the Pacific oceans—the northern continental divide.

Deep in the canyons are roaring streams, coming from the melting ice and snow and flowing into placid mountain lakes below. Between the canyons the long finger-like ridges rise to considerable heights, the timber-covered slopes ascending steeply until a region of brush-grown broken rock is reached, which in turn leads to the base of precipitous cliffs. The canyons at the head usually terminate in great amphitheaters, rising cliff over cliff in a stairway of tremendous proportions. Many of the steps of these giant stairways retain ice masses which slowly flow across them, each fed from a large ice mass above until a region of huge snow banks is reached.

The main Rocky mountain mass is actually made up of two principal parallel ridges, the Lewis and the Livingston ranges, which run approximately through the center of the proposed park. These ranges are the remnants of what was once a much wider plateau-like region of rock, which, however, has been mightily carved and shattered by the forces of erosion, principally those of the great ancient glaciers. Resting upon this great mass are the higher peaks, huge pyramids and blocks, with cliffs and precipices of hundreds and sometimes thousands of feet, plunging away down to the roaring streams of the canyons or ending in the great crevasse at the head of some glacier.

To the westward the mountains break precipitously, and from the foot of the steep, long, timber-covered ridges reach out toward the valley of the Flathead river. Between these ridges and extending up the canyons of the higher range are many miles of lakes, joined by rushing streams similar to those on the eastern side.

The whole park is inhabited by wild animals and birds and the streams abound in many kinds of fish. In the higher barren rock areas the white goat is found in great numbers, while on the slightly lower ridges, where some protection is afforded by stunted timber growth and brush and jagged slopes, the Rocky mountain sheep, or "big-horn," has his haunts. In the valleys and on the lower spurs are many white-tail and black-tail deer and moose; in places a few elk are found, and over the whole area, from high glacier and snow-field to huckleberry bush region of valley and flat, roams the giant grizzly bear.

horns and the white goats will soon become practically extinct.

There are numerous passes through the higher ranges. Across these the game trails lead from valley to valley. Following the game came the Indians; the hunter and the trapper, looking for easy routes of travel, followed the Indians; then came the government engineers exploring and mapping, and finally the harder of the tourists and lovers of nature. Most of these passes are closed for many months of each year by the snow; some of them are available only after the use of the ax to give footing on the hard ice of glaciers lying close to the Continental divide, but across one or two of them wagon roads may be built by which persons unfitted for the strenuous efforts now required to reach the higher country may have opportunity to view it at close range. None of the passes that are south of the Canadian boundary will ever be used for a railway route.

There is interest in Canada which looks with favor upon the creation of the proposed Glacier park, and at some future day the locomotive may cross from the Dominion to the waters of the Flathead river and wend southward to the towns and farming valleys adjacent to Columbia falls and Kalispell, forming a link between the

Canadian Pacific and the Great Northern railroads. A route on the west side of the Flathead river, says Mr. Chapman, is very available for the location of a railroad track.

In order to open up this region of superb and unique scenery for the public, a few main roadways will be required along the streams, together with horse trails to points of especial interest. Lake McDonald, it is pointed out in the senate report, lying near the southwestern boundary of the proposed park, is a sheet of water of unmatched beauty, surrounded by scenery of such signal grandeur as to make a roadway along its eastern shore extremely desirable, but this, it is stated, is a matter for the future consideration of congress.

The region combines all the elements of an ideal "playground" as it stands. It needs only official designation to insure its protection and perpetuity as such to stimulate the establishment of transportation facilities, making it more readily available to visitors. While of interest geologically, it is of little, if any, economic importance. The conditions are particularly adapted to the study of the structure and history of mountain building, as the ancient forces of nature were most active and a tremendous folding and warping of the once horizontally bedded rocks is in many places apparent. At one time prospectors for copper flocked to the region, but no finds were made indicative of any economic deposits, and the same may be said as to oil. From the reconnaissance made by the geological survey it is not believed that Glacier park contains any mineral-bearing formations of commercial importance. However, if such are discovered following the creation of the park there will be nothing to hinder their development.

KEEP YOUR FEET STRAIGHT.

How many men know how to walk? Most men turn their toes in or out, a writer in the New York Press says. The toes should not be turned either way. They ought to point straight ahead, so that the foot at the end of each step can give the body that upward, forward impetus that results in what is called a springy walk. This does not mean that a man should walk exclusively on his toes. The whole foot must be used in proper walking. The goose step of the German army is as absurd as the boy's prank of walking on his heels.

When a man walks in the right way—speaking literally—the back of the heel strikes the ground first. Then the rest of the heel comes down, after which the outer edge of the foot takes the bulk of the burden until the forward movement shifts the weight to the ball of the foot and finally to the toes. The ideal step is a slightly rocking motion. At no time should the entire foot be pressed against the ground. Heel to toe is the movement. Try it and see how much further and more easily you can walk. It's the Indian's way, and what Poor Lo doesn't know about footwork can go into the discard.

Jimmy's Definite "What is geography?" asked the father, who was testing his son's progress in study.

"Geography," replied little Jimmy Jiggs, "is what you put inside your trousers when you think you are going to get a whipping."—Sunday Magazine of Los Angeles Times.

Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

Who has a favorite sin has a hard master.

Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar equals in quality most 10c cigars.

When a man dries up like a mummy he usually thinks he is a saint.

THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

The fact that Hostetter's Stomach Bitters has helped thousands of sickly people back to health during the past 56 years should convince you that it is the medicine you need for Indigestion & Stomach Ills.

WESTERN CANADA

What Prof. Shaw, the Well-Known Agriculturist, Says About It:

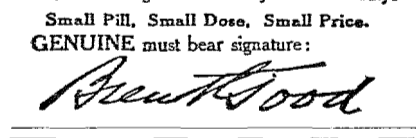
"I would sooner raise cattle in Western Canada than in the corn belt of the United States. Food is cheaper and climate better for the purpose. Your market will improve faster than your factors will produce the supplies. Wheat can be grown up to the 50th parallel 150 miles north of the International boundary. Your vacant land will be taken at a rate beyond present conception. We have great people in the United States who want homes to take up this land." Nearly 70,000 Americans will take up homes in Western Canada this year. 1909 produced another large crop of wheat, oats and barley in addition to which the cattle exports were an immense item. Cattle raising, dairying, mixed farming and grain growing in the provinces of Manitoba, Saskatchewan and Alberta. Free homestead and pre-emption laws, as well as land grants, be railway and land companies, will provide homes for millions. Adaptable soil, beautiful climate, splendid schools and churches, and good railways. For settlers' rates, descriptive literature, and full particulars, write to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or to the Canadian Government Agent, W. V. BENNETT, Room 4 See Bldg., Omaha, Neb. (Use above nearest post.)

60 ACRES FARMS IN WESTERN CANADA FREE

The Wretchedness of Constipation

Can quickly be overcome by CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Purely vegetable—act surely and gently on the liver. Cure Biliousness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature: *W. Wood*



Solid Shaving Comfort NO STROPPING NO HONING

KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

DAISY FLY KILLER

TO MAKE MACAROON CREAM

A Novel Dessert That Is Neither Expensive Nor Difficult to Prepare.

A novel cream for dessert or for evening refreshments is a macaroon cream, for which the materials are: One pound of macaroons, one pint of cream, one-quarter pound of candied cherries, one-quarter pound of candied pineapple and two cups of marshmallows.

Run through the chopping machine one-half pound of the macaroons. Do the same thing with the cherries and pineapples, and dice the marshmallows. Mix these thoroughly, then whip the cream stiff. Take three parts of the whipped cream and mix the macaroon crumbs, cherries, pineapples and marshmallows into it. Then fill all sherbet glasses with it and then put the rest of the whipped cream on the top of each and garnish with a candied cherry; place on ice until served. The rest of the macaroons may be served with it. This quantity is sufficient for eight persons.

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.
Office at
BANK OF FLORENCE
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.
LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor. Tel 815
JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr., Te. 165
Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.

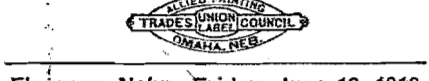
OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE.

Entered as second-class matter June 4,
1898 at the postoffice at Florence, Ne-
braska, under Act of March 3, 1879.

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....John Bondesson
City Treasurer.....George Siert
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....John Lubold
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr
Councilmen.....
Robert Craig,
J. H. Price,
Charles Allen,
Carl Feldhusen,
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

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

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



Florence, Nebr., Friday, June 10, 1910.

BRAIN STORMS

Try our want ads for your wants.

Again the crowd was Thompsonized.

Two sessions a week of the council is going some.

Cheer up. We will yet have some rain and warm weather.

The Tribune offers an apology to Rev. G. S. Sloan for making his name Rev. F. S. Sloan.

Florence now has a Green engineer—at least the court says Willard Green is engineer.

Owing to non-arrival of cuts we had to leave out our feature "A Man Who Did" this week.

King Ak-Sar-Ben has started initiating candidates but the Commercial club of Florence sleeps on.

Bennington is talking of erecting a new school house but some are Thompsonizing and the result is in doubt.

Don't forget to look at the date on your paper and if you are in arrears send your \$1.00 or leave it at Bank of Florence.

The report of the city clerk of having sold only 32 dog tags should not be taken as the dog population of Florence.

The city of Omaha can't take over the water works and start on the work of improvement any too quick to suit the people of Florence.

Don't make flesh of one and fowl of another but put sidewalks in all over town and not make citizens walk in mud. But treat all alike and put all walks in.

It might be a good idea for the council to see that those big blocks of stone that have been so unsightly on Bluff street for over a year are removed.

Thomas Blackburn filed his name as a republican candidate for con-Tuesday. So far this makes the field Laurie J. Quinby, C. O. Loebck and S. Arlan Lewis, Democrats, and Blackburn, republican. Several more will yet get in the race.

THEY SAY.
That the new court house will be completed by 1915.
That Hugh Suttie likes to go to Omaha.
That the Tribune is worth reading and paying for.
That the school children are happy because school is out.
That the councilmen are holding extra sessions to earn their money.
That some people know more how to run a newspaper than a man with twenty years experience.
That advertising in the Tribune pays.
That R. H. Olmsted was as happy as a boy with his first pair of pants when he won the largest verdict of its kind in the district court last week.
That some of the girls are threatening to tell how the boys kiss but are afraid of being found out.
That some day every resident in Florence will boost the city and its advantages.
That the Tribune want ads are making a hit.
That Robert Golding has been talking lumber so long he has a wooden voice.
That F. S. Tucker is never too tuckered to boost for Florence.
That Dan Kelly still likes to watch a council meeting.
That some day the people of Florence will get together and go after better street car service.
That B. C. Fowler had rather talk Florence real estate than eat.
That the Ponca Improvement club is a real live wire.

That the new court house will be completed by 1915.

That the school children are happy because school is out.

That the councilmen are holding extra sessions to earn their money.

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PONCA NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. Alback were visiting friends in Omaha.

Some one said they seen four young lovers spooning in the Finley pasture Sunday night between eleven and twelve o'clock.

Mr. and Mrs. Oliver Dinkens were visiting with Mr. and Mrs. Raymond Sunday afternoon.

Farmers in this vicinity are reporting a pretty fair crop of potato bugs.

A number of the young people of Ponca attended the dance at Fairview Saturday night.

ROCKPORT

A silver anniversary was celebrated Sunday at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Holst. About fifty guests were present and a very pleasant time was enjoyed by all. After a very dainty lunch the guests returned home wishing Mr. and Mrs. Holst another twenty-five years of wedded life.

Miss Eva Johansen visited a couple of days this week with Miss Clara Russell.

Mr. Oliver Fairbrass and sister, Mabel, were callers Monday evening at Mr. Bert Korenzeis.

A very pleasant surprise was given at the home of Mrs. Holst Tuesday afternoon in honor of her sixty-second birthday. The guests present were: Mesdames Jespersen, Jorgensen, Jensen, Schraeder, N. Kreuzer, Mary Kreuzer, Snodderly, Misses M. Kreuzer and Clara Russell.

Miss M. Kreuzer and Miss Clara Russell were callers at Mrs. Jespersen's Monday.

Miss Dora Holst called at the home of Mrs. Jensen Monday.

Mr. Chas. Kelly and sister Ella were callers Tuesday evening at Mr. Bert Kreuzer's.

Mr. and Mrs. Snodderly were business visitors in Omaha Friday.

IDLE CHATTER

Mrs. George Foster was the guest of her sister, Mrs. M. F. Powell, in Omaha Friday.

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

Mrs. Oswald Herzig, nee Ethel Breneman, is visiting the home folks.

Hemping Drug Co., the corner drug store, west side of Main street.

Dr. J. D. Patton, who is associated with Dr. Gifford, will deliver an address at the Presbyterian church Sunday evening. The address will be principally to young people.

Clyde Deyo and sister, Belle, and Maude Yost attended commencement exercises at Bellevue Monday evening.

It's here. The sweetest thing on earth. McClure's store.

Mr. Will Harting of Beaver Crossing, Neb., was a guest of Newell Burton the first of the week.

Mrs. Minnie B. Daily is quite ill at this writing.

"It cured me," or "It saved the life of my child," are the expressions you hear every day about Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy. This is true the world over where this valuable remedy has been introduced. No other medicine in use for diarrhoea or bowel complaints has received such general approval. The secret of the success of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is that it cures. Sold by George Siert.

Mrs. A. C. Griffin is quite ill with asthma.

Prescriptions a specialty at Hemping Drug Co., successor to Bell Drug Company.

Mr. and Mrs. David Lorr of Omaha were the guests of Mrs. Reynolds at tea Sunday evening.

Mrs. C. A. Victors and daughter, Miss Leona of Portland, Ore., arrived Tuesday to be the guests of Mrs. Victors' parents, Mr. and Mrs. John Bondesson.

Mesdames John and Harry Brisbin entertained the Literary at an old fashioned party Wednesday. Much merriment was caused by the quaint and curious costumes. Those present were Mesdames H. Aikin, C. S. Huntington, G. W. Nalle, James, Booker, Gonld, Edwards, Armstrong of Omaha and J. L. Houston, J. Weber Jr., F. B. Nichols and Miss Houston of Florence.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian Church.
Sunday Services.
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.
C. B. Meeting—7:00 p. m.
Preaching—8:00 p. m.
Mid-Week Service.
Thursday—8:00 p. m.
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.
George S. Sloan, Pastor.

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

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal Order of Eagles.
Past Worthy President.....
.....James Stribling
Worthy President.....E. L. Platz
Worthy Vice-President.....B. F. Taylor
Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson
Worthy Treasurer.....Henry Anderson
Worthy Chaplain.....Daniel Kelly
Inside Guard.....R. H. Olmsted
Outside Guard.....Hugh Suttie
Physician.....Dr. W. H. Horton
Conductor.....Joseph Thornton
Trustees: W. B. Parks, Robert 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. Kindred.....Treasurer
Meet every Friday at Pascale's hall. Visitors welcome.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.
Worthy Adviser.....Samuel Jensen
Venerable Consul.....C. J. Larson
Banker.....F. D. 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.

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 Tuesday, July 5, 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 G. Mancini 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 respectively:

Lot.	Block.	Proposed Tax.
1	103	\$170.22
2	103	41.23
3	103	40.98
4	103	40.98
5	103	40.98

North side of Briggs street.

7	87	105.86
8	87	106.11
7	88	96.50
8	88	112.92

South side of Adams street.

1	69	111.74
2	69	124.03
1	96	102.20
3	96	44.48
4	96	44.48
5	96	41.73
6	96	41.48

Given by order of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska, this 1st day of June, 1910.
JOHN BONDESSON,
City Clerk.

J-3-10-17-24.

ORDINANCE NO. 270.

Introduced April 18, 1910. By Councilman C. H. ALLEN.
AN ORDINANCE ordering the construction of an artificial stone sidewalk five feet wide and four inches thick on the north side of State street in front of and adjacent to lots 12, 13, 14, 16, 17, 18 and 20 in block 108; and in front of the two alleys extending north and south in said block 108; all in the city of Florence, Nebraska, to the established grade, and in accordance with artificial stone sidewalk specifications of the City of Florence.

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

Section 1. That an artificial stone sidewalk five feet wide and four inches thick be and the same is hereby ordered constructed by the respective property owners on the north side of State street in front of and adjacent to lots 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18 and 20 in block 108; all in the City of Florence, within fifteen days from the passage and approval of this Ordinance, said sidewalk to be otherwise constructed in accordance with the artificial stone sidewalk specifications on file in the office of the City Clerk of Florence.

Section 2. That if the owners of said lots and parcels of ground fail to construct said sidewalk within the time above specified, then and in that event said sidewalk shall be constructed by any person having a contract therefor with the City of Florence, and the cost of constructing said sidewalk, including the cost of all necessary grading and filling necessary for placing said sidewalk to grade, shall in that event be levied and assessed against said lots and parcels of ground respectively.

Section 3. That the clerk be and he hereby is ordered to advertise in one issue of the Florence Tribune for sealed bids for the construction of said artificial stone sidewalks in accordance with this ordinance and said specifications—all bids to cover the cost of any necessary grading or filling that may be required to place said sidewalks to grade; and said advertisement for bids to give the estimate of the engineer of the cost of constructing said sidewalks, including all necessary grading. All such bids to be on file with the City Clerk by eight o'clock P. M., June 6th, 1910, and each bid to be accompanied by a certified check payable to the City of Florence for One Hundred Dollars as an evidence of good faith and that contract will be entered into and a good and sufficient bond furnished for faithful performance and a five year guarantee for said sidewalks.

The Mayor and Council reserve the right to reject any and all bids and to waive defects in all bids.

Section 4. That all ordinances and parts of ordinances in conflict with this ordinance be and the same are hereby repealed.

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

Passed and approved this 31st day of May, 1910.
Attest:— F. S. TUCKER,
JOHN BONDESSON, Mayor.
City Clerk.

J. 3-10.

RESOLUTION.

Introduced May 16, 1910, by Councilman Robert Craig.
RESOLVED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:

That the following estimate of expenses be and the same hereby adopted as the estimate of the probable amount of money necessary to be expended for all purposes in the City of Florence, Nebraska, during the fiscal year beginning the first Tuesday in May, 1910, and ending the first Tuesday in May, 1911, and for which an appropriation ordinance will be passed. Which said estimate of expenses is based upon the entire revenue of the City of Florence for the fiscal year ending the first Tuesday in May, 1910, amounting to \$9,527.75.

Estimate of Expenses.	
For street and alley fund.....	\$3,560.00
For city water fund.....	\$1,750.00
For electric lighting fund.....	1,200.00
For officers' salaries.....	1,650.00
For park fund.....	700.00
For miscellaneous purposes.....	600.00

Total.....\$9,500.00
The above resolution was adopted at a regular meeting of the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska, held on May 16, 1910, by the following vote of the Council:

Councilman Allen (yes.)
Councilman Craig (yes.)
Councilman Feldhusen (yes.)
Councilman Price (yes.)
Approved May 16, 1910.
Attest:
JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.
M 20-27 J 3-10.

Farmers' State Bank

CAPITAL \$10,000
4 PER CENT ON TIME DEPOSITS
Careful attention to all accounts. We sell Bank Money Orders good anywhere, cheaper than any other form of sending money by mail.
PHONE FLORENCE 303

ORRIS S. HULSE Res. D. 3876
C. H. RIEPPEN Res. Red 4497
Telephones: Douglas—Bell 1226. Ind. A-2266.

HULSE & RIEPEN

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS
Successor to HARRY B. DAVIS
709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

ASK FOR METZ

FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER
At Henry Anderson's Florence

WALL PAPER and PAINT

Florence Drug Store
GEO. SIERT, Prop.
Telephone, Florence 1121.
On the East Side of the Street.

STORE NEWS

That is what your advertising is, and it will be of interest to the public, and bring to you that increase of business you are looking for if you give us your store news to print.

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted
McCoy & Olmsted
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law
652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16

NEW POPULAR SONGS

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

Bank at Home

Where the small account receives the same good attention as the large one
Our Facilities are the Best
4% On Time Certificates of Deposits
PHONE FLO. 310.

BANK OF FLORENCE

PHONE FLO. 310.

H. A. WOOD

Contractor and Carpenter
Estimates Cheerfully Furnished
Phone Florence 397 Florence,

C. A. BAUER

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING
Repairing Promptly Attended to.
2552 Cuming St. Omaha, Neb.
Tel. Douglas 3034.

Young Women

coming to Omaha as strangers are invited to visit the Young Women's Christian Association building at St. Mary's Av. and Seventeenth St., where they will be directed to suitable boarding places or otherwise assisted. Look for our Traveler's Aid at the Union Station.

PARIS GREEN

Saratoga Drug Co.
24th & Ames Ave.
Tel. Neb. 116
"Where You Change Cars"

Making a Noise

is advertising. Making the right kind of noise is good advertising. Making it within the hearing of the buying multitude is profitable advertising.

Write For Our Right Rates.

The Florence Tribune

Phone 315, Florence, Neb.

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED.
THE KNABE PIANO
ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR

Artists shown: EUGEN d'ALBERT, MARK HAMBURG, C. SAINT-SAENS, EMIL SAUER, TERESA CARRENO, ALFRED GRUINFELD, DR. HANS von BLON, ZWIER SCHARWENKA, R. SCHAROVSKY, BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN.

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

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor
Benson Well Boring Co.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY
Phone Benson 245 BENSON, NEB.

Rockmount Poultry Farm
BARRED PLYMOUTH ROCKS
Tel. Florence 315 FLORENCE, NEB.

Henry Anderson
THE SCHLITZ PLACE
Finest Wines and Liquors and Cigars. Sole agent for celebrated Metz Bros. Bottled Beer for Florence and vicinity.
Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

THE NEW POOL HALL
Geo. Gamble, Prop.
BEST LINE OF CIGARS IN TOWN
Tel. Florence 215
SHORT ORDER LUNCHES.

BLACKSMITH SHOP
JOHN MCGREGOR, Prop.
Repair Work Done With Dispatch
Horseshoeing a Specialty.
Main Street, Florence, Neb.

See this Dot!
Is the dot large?
Oh, no! The dot is small as a pin-head, yet you see the dot on this whole page because it is very conspicuous!
Does the dot say anything? Oh, no; it's only a dot.
What a pity to put a senseless dot where a good ad read by everybody would be worth something!
Just so, if your ad was here hundreds would read it as you read the dot.
You even will read this the second time!

WHY?

FRESH MILK
DELIVERED ANYWHERE IN FLORENCE
WILL LUBOLD
Telephone Florence 165

Postal Cards
Two for 25c. Finished while you wait.
Four large photos for \$1, at
EMORY FOTOGRAFER
Pacific, Between Main and Fifth.

DR. SORENSON
Dentist
Just South of Bank of Florence
Good Work—Reasonable Prices
Telephone Florence 178

DR. BOBBY AND NURSE IRENE
By BRYANT C. ROGERS

Bobby Shattuck's first patient was a big Irishman, as drunk as a lord. He tumbled into the new office with his hands up to a very bloody head, as if he had to hold it on. "Get me a doctor!" he groaned, and Bobby, poor fellow, was so overjoyed to have a real patient, with a real scalp wound to sew up, that he treated that Irishman like a prince.

The patient appreciated it, as was evident when he took his departure. He got out a large red handkerchief and began to cry into it. "The worst of it is," he sobbed, "I've no money for you—nothing but a hear-r-t full of love! But that's better than any money."

True, no doubt. But just then Bobby really preferred being paid in baser coin. He did wonder sometimes, afterward, if that first fee were a sort of omen, for he did not get rich rapidly. He had a few patients that paid, but it seemed to him as if everybody that couldn't pay came to him begging his help.

He had been in practice about a year one morning when he stood on the street corner near his office thinking it all over. Sixteenth street was crowded with women out shopping and all at once he felt a familiar pull at his heart strings and he knew Irene Louise was near. He really knew her so slightly that he had no right to have a pull at the heart strings.

But she was always very sweet with him. Her face flashed into a smile as she passed him.

"Oh, Doctor Shattuck!" she said. "If you aren't too busy professionally come out to Court place some Friday evening."

"Thank you," said Bobby Shattuck. "I—thank you."

And just then Billy Calkins happened along and saw the kindling eyes of Bobby. "You, too!" exclaimed Billy.

"I don't know what you mean," said Bobby coldly.

"I suppose you think you're doing something original."

"I'm still more in the dark."

"Then—since you're obtuse—let's talk of something else—Irene Louise Faxton, for instance. She, Robert, has had 1,300 offers this month, as near as I can calculate."

"One from you?"

"Bet your sweet life, no. And Doc, askin', your pardon, I don't think it would be much use for you to propose, either."

"I see myself proposing to a girl," said Bobby, bitterly, "let alone an heiress."

"She isn't an heiress," asserted Billy. "She's a plain beauty. No, not a plain one, a beauty. She lives with an old woman who has nothing to leave her—her aunt, it is. They say the girl doesn't even have pocket money. So you see, Doc, she's got to marry at least a million. I tell you this because I fear you are going to get hit hard."

Bobby went back to his office and as there was nothing to do, he sat reading a magazine for a while. Much good it did him to go into society! The rich would ask him to call, but when they were ill they sent for somebody else.

As he reflected grimly on his affairs the telephone jingled and he answered it.

"Is this Doctor Shattuck?" a voice asked.

"This is Doctor Shattuck," answered Bobby.

"Can you come out to 17 Court place right away, doctor?"

"Seventeen Court place"—the address actually frightened poor Bobby—for he was called to the most fashionable quarter of the city, and he threw a few things into a medicine case, and in five minutes he was speeding southward on a trolley.

Suddenly his heart did a funny little jump, then set off at the rate of a dollar watch that is out of fix. He knew that number. It was hers. "Buzz—zip!" his heart went, and didn't bring up—with a bump—till they had reached the end of the trolley line.

Hurrying through Court place he saw massive homes with deep doorways finished in marble and gardeners busy preparing the shrubbery for winter. To the south—dark blue crinkled with wind, dotted here and there with gay little sails—shimmered the lake. It was all very fine. No doubt she had set her heart on having such an establishment. No doubt! Bobby ought to have hated her for her mercenary soul, as Billy Calkins did, but somehow he couldn't seem to hate her for anything. He only wondered, as he pulled the bell if it was she who had been taken ill.

As soon as the door opened into the large reception hall in fluttered Miss Faxton herself. "Oh, Doctor Shattuck!" she exclaimed, "how good of you to come at once. The patient is a very poor woman who used to be our cook. I'll take you there in the machine."

She seemed embarrassed as she laid her hand on his sleeve. "I wanted to say that cook is very poor. I've been nursing her myself but I felt as if we needed a doctor. She swallowed hastily, and lifted her eyes. "I—of course I wish I could ask that the bill be sent to me, but I haven't any money of my own at all. And you were the only doctor I felt

I could ask to come for—nothing."
"You don't know what a rapacious fellow I am!" cried Bobby, gone quite daft for a minute. "If I dared, I'd charge you the amount of my first fee."

"Was it very much?" asked Irene, her hand on cook's door.
"If you paid it," said Bobby softly, "I'd be rich for life," and he followed her into the house.

Cook was very ill, as he saw at a glance. There was a hard night's work, he judged, before them both. And so it proved. At midnight the old woman began to rally a very little. At 3 o'clock she fell asleep. And it was just daybreak when Bobby dropped into a chair at last to rest.

Irene sat opposite him in cook's little parlor with the box stove. There was a window open. Morning fog drifted in and they could hear the trolley cars begin to move.

"Oh!" she cried, "I thing you're a wonderful doctor. You—you ought to have a great big fee for such a night's work." She laid her tired head back against the chair, and in the faint light Bobby saw the shine of her eyes and the white gleam of her neck. "I wonder," she went on, "if it would be impertinent to ask what you—usually charge. You spoke of getting one big fee right at first. What did you mean by a big fee?"

"Well," said Bobby, "my first fee was a heart full of love." And then he stopped, really frightened at himself.

"Tell me about it," said Irene. And with a thumping heart he gave her the story. "You must forgive me," he added, "for an impertinent thing I said to you yesterday afternoon."

Still resting her head she looked into his eyes. "You don't need forgiveness, Robert!" she said, at last.

Poor Bobby's head went round and round, and his tongue would frame no words. He could think of only one thing—how poor, how frightfully poor he was! For a little while she looked at him with her eyes shining that way; then he saw her face begin to change.

"I must go back to cook," she said, suddenly springing up. "Good-by, doctor—you have been very kind."

And Bobby stumbled out into the street. He knew he had behaved badly. It was all because he didn't know how to make her understand that he was not only wretchedly poor, but had no hope of ever getting on his feet. Nobody understood how poor he was. He stuffed his hands into his pockets and walked—he didn't know where—till he fairly bumped into his roommate, Billy Calkins.

"Hello, Doc," said Billy: "thought you'd eloped."

"I see myself eloping," groaned Bobby.

"Oh, come, now. Don't make a poor mouth at me. Don't I see the patients going to you by droves. And don't you stay out all night tending to a fat case? And don't the thousand-dollar checks come in every mail?" He tossed Bobby two letters.

Bobby pushed the advertisement of surgical instruments into his pocket and walked along, fingering a blue envelope addressed in a strange hand. "Of course," he thought, "I'll go to Irene and tell her the whole story. But can I make her understand why it wasn't right for me to let her care for me?" He began to bite open the blue envelope. Then he turned his eyes on the letter. It was from a law firm he had never heard of.

"Dr. Robert Shattuck," he read, "you are named in the will of our client, Mr. Michael O'Connell, lately deceased. Mr. O'Connell in his will appropriates the sum of \$50,000 in interest-bearing bonds to your use in the gratuitous treatment of the poor." Bobby looked up. Billy Calkins' face was a blur. He heard a big brewery wagon lumbering up behind him and Billy jerked him aside.

"Mr. O'Connell states," the lawyer continued, "that he was the recipient of medical service from you for which he never paid you."

"My—my first patient!" gasped Bobby.

"What about him?" asked Billy.

"He—he's dead."

"Umph! Lived quite a while, didn't he, doc?"

Bobby devoured the rest of his letter and tucked it into his pocket. "So long," he said to Billy. "I've got to call up a party over long-distance phone."

It was ten o'clock when the law firm answered him, and at 10:30 he was leaving the trolley near Court place. The fine houses were just waking up and the lake had its morning shimmer of gray. Bobby's steps quickened till he fairly raced. Then he found himself at No. 17, face to face with Irene.

"Did you forget something?" she asked, and smiled quite coldly. But Bobby saw her steady her hand on the back of a chair. "Yes," he said, huskily. "Cook's medicine, I suppose. It's good of you to come back."

"No, not that," said Bobby. "I forgot to tell you I love you."

But Irene drew herself up, with a shaky smile. "Oh, doctor," she cried, "don't think you must say that because I made a silly speech to you."

"Oh, Irene!" Bobby folded her in his arms and she hid her face on his shoulder and began to cry. "Won't you—won't you understand how a man feels when he loves a girl and has—nothing?"

"I think," she murmured, "it's just sweet for you to say you have nothing. The others all thought they had so much."

KEPT PLEDGE IN NEW WAY
Pat Able Truthfully to Assert that He Had "Drank" Nothing Intoxicating.

Magistrate Carey found a new form of intoxication yesterday morning when a prisoner was arraigned before him at Third and De Lancey streets police station on the charge of being drunk and disorderly.

When the prisoner gave his name as Bill McCarthy and residing in the neighborhood of Front and Spruce streets, the magistrate recognized him immediately and said: "Well, you are here again, Bill; I didn't expect you would keep the pledge which you took only a week ago, so I will send you up the river this time."

"Judge, your honor, you are mistaken," quickly replied McCarthy. "I took the pledge to abstain from drinking intoxicating liquors for a period of two years and will swear that I did not drink a drop from that time until this moment, and, furthermore, I intend to stick to that pledge."

"What!" shouted the magistrate. "do you mean to stand there and tell this court that you have not been drinking? You are not sobered up now after spending the night in the cell, and from appearances you had a grand time."

McCarthy again spoke up and flatly denied drinking.

"It was this way," he said. "I made some ice cream and not having anything to flavor it with remembered where I had a bottle of brandy hidden away in my closet for medical purposes and poured the contents of the bottle into the cream. After it was frozen I molded the cream into blocks and ate it. It was so good that I believe I ate too much; but remember, I kept the pledge."—Philadelphia Times.

MUST PRODUCE THE EVIDENCE
Harvard Professors Declare That Kissing Is Not Harmful, but Is That Enough?

Word comes from Harvard that kissing is not harmful, but the careless professors fail to offer any confirmatory proof. If the experimenters could file a few duly attested statements of the following character the public would consider their assurances much more satisfactory:

"Exhibit A—Professor B., while descending from classroom Y, met pretty laundress X on stairs and kissed her. In this experiment diagnosis showed a slight acceleration of pulse with mild febrile complications. No further disturbances were observed."

"Exhibit B—Professor C., while on brief visit to his home, encountered ancient maiden aunt, supposedly rich, and kissed her. In this experiment no disturbances whatever were indicated. Professor C. voluntarily admitted having kissed maiden aunt on several previous occasions, exact dates not given, without prejudice to his normal condition. The professor has been added to the immune experimental squad."

Babies Quieted With Opium.

Opium is fed to babies of the middle and wealthy classes to keep them quiet. Such is the startling charge made by Mrs. Enid Campbell Dauncey in a magazine article. She says there is a total ignorance among many wealthy mothers as to the proper care of their babies and that consequently the care and training are left to lazy or ignorant nurses who give the little ones sedatives, including opium, to make them sleep and thus reduce the amount of work. Mrs. Launcey severely criticizes the mothers and suggests a school for the teaching of woman the proper way to clothe, train and feed their babies. She tells of calling on a fashionable mother who praised a new nurse because since her arrival baby never cried or was irritable, but slept practically all the time. Mrs. Dauncey asked to see the baby and there plainly in its face were the marks of opium. She says that any person who can recognize the traces of the drug can see them in many babies in the park. Her remedy is education.

The Size of Antarctica.

It is a somewhat curious fact, if it is a fact, that the last of the terrestrial continents to be explored is the largest mass of raised land in the world. The concentration of attention upon the south pole since Commander Peary landed the other end of our axis makes it highly probable that the antarctic antipode will soon be dangling from some explorer's belt. Incidentally, the south polar continent will be opened, if not to the settler, at least to the mapmaker. We already know something of its fringes at a few points, and Lieutenant Shackleton pushed into it south of Mount Erebus and Terror for several hundred miles, but the greater portion of its surface is still terra incognita.—Collier's.

Find Ancient Cannon.

A Rome correspondent informs us that some very interesting discoveries have been made in the course of excavation work around the island of Lido in Venice, where a number of ancient pieces of artillery have been found beneath six feet of mud, says the London Globe. The cannon are all in a state of excellent preservation, though it is clear from their construction that they must date back to a period almost immediately after the discovery of gunpowder and it is believed that they will prove of very great artistic and historic value.

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"Tain't no use talkin', Cyrus, thet boy of ourn certainly do love th' country. He writ me er letter yesterday an' sez he was overjoyed 'cause ther going ter put him in th' right field next summer."

16 YEARS OF SKIN DISEASE

"For sixteen long years I have been suffering with a bad case of skin disease. While a child there broke out a red sore on the legs just in back of my knees. It waxed from bad to worse, and at last I saw I had a bad skin disease. I tried many widely known doctors in different cities but to no satisfactory result. The plague bothered me more in warm weather than in winter and being on my leg joints it made it impossible for me to walk, and I was forced to stay indoors in the warmest weather. My hopes of recovery were by this time spent. Sleepless nights and restless days made life an unbearable burden. At last I was advised to try the Cuticura remedies [Cuticura Soap, Ointment and Pills] and I did not need more than a trial to convince me that I was on the road to success this time. I bought two sets of the Cuticura Remedies and after these were gone I was a different man entirely. I am now the happiest man that there is at least one true cure for skin diseases. Leonard A. Hawtof, 11 Nostrand Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y., July 30 and Aug. 8, '09."

The Bald-Headed Man.

"The wife's clothes must match the husband's hair this year."
"That's all right; my wife's dresses are always decolletee."

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 *W. D. Parke* In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

A Motor Boat.

Anybody that likes can have a motor boat of his own. Just make a thin piece of wood, or a calling card into the shape of a boat and put a notch in the stern. Put a piece of common camphor gum into the notch so that it reaches below the bottom of the boat. Then put the boat into a pan of clean water. It will move steadily forward as the camphor dissolves. The water must be perfectly clean and there must be no grease of any kind on the inside of the pan or on your fingers or the experiment may be spoiled.

Harvard College.

This celebrated institution is pleasantly situated in the barroom of Parker's, in School street, and has poppils from all over the country. I had a letter yesterday, by the way, from our mutual son, Artemus, Jr., who is at Bowdoin college, in Maine. He writes me that he is a Bowdoin Arab. & is it cum to this? Is this boy as I nurtured with a parent's care into his childhood's hour—is he going to be a grate American humanist? Alas, I fear it is too true. Why didn't I bind him out to the Patent Travelin Vegetable Pil Man, as was struck with his appearance at our last county fair, & wanted him to go with him and be a Pillist? Ar, these boys—they little know how the old folks worrit about 'em—From Life's Reprint From Artemus Ward.

Up to Pa.

"Papa, sister's a liar!"
"Why, why! Jennie, you musn't say such things."
"I can prove it by your own self. Last night I heard her say, 'Charlie, I'll call papa if you dare to do it again!' And he did it twice more. Did you hear her call?"

A New York banker living in Westchester has been appointed justice of the peace. Will the growing occupation of country estates by the rich eventually produce a class after the order of English country squires?

A lover of birds suggests that a bell be fastened to the neck of the house cat to give warning to robins, thrushes, etc. There is classical authority for the view that the rats and mice would heartily indorse the proposition.

In Cleveland, where the members of the police force are directed to speak gently to the erring and never in any circumstances to be rough with drunken men or to use force in dealing with lawbreakers, a policeman was almost beaten to death the other day by rowdies. The Cleveland system may be an admirable one, but perhaps something ought to be done to educate the public up to it.

New York's commissioner of street cleaning says that carelessness in throwing papers and other litter in the streets costs the city \$40,000 annually, and that he is trying to establish a system by which the streets can be flushed with water, thus dissolving and washing away the dirt and so reducing the dust nuisance to a minimum. Obviously co-operation of the people and the public authorities, in keeping the streets clean as well as in cleaning them, is necessary to produce the best results.

PEOPLE OF NEW GUINEA



TYPICAL NEW GUINEA HOUSE

The island of New Guinea are known as the Papuans, a race which is found in its purest and most typical form in the northwestern portion of the island, but which spreads west to the island of Flores and eastward to the Fiji islands. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Europeans first discovered New Guinea, its inhabitants have been known by the above name, which is said to be derived from the Malay papuwa or puwah-puwah, meaning "woolly-haired." Professor Keane to the island of Flores and eastward to the Fiji islands. Since the beginning of the sixteenth century, when Europeans first discovered New Guinea, its inhabitants have been known by the above name, which is said to be derived from the Malay papuwa or puwah-puwah, meaning "woolly-haired." Professor Keane and though the natives in southern and eastern New Guinea differ widely not only from the type, but also among themselves in many ways, the typical individual exhibits such marked characteristics, both mentally and physically, that he forms an extraordinary contrast with the Malays on the one hand and with the Australians and brown Polynesians on the other. Like all others, the natives of New Guinea have no doubt, intermingled with these surrounding peoples, and Malays have settled in some parts of the island and Australians and Polynesians in others.

The typical Papuan is taller than the average European and strongly built, with large hands and feet, but his legs are thin and weak, and he is usually "spur-heeled." The color of the skin varies in tint from deep chocolate to nearly black. The most important characteristic of the face is the nose, which is large and prominent, and through the septum is thrust a nose-bar, usually made of shell, bone or wood. The hair, which is frizzly, dry and stiff, is usually worn in an enormous mop, to the training of which much time and attention is devoted. Sometimes it is arranged in tassels round the head, and various other fashions are occasionally adopted. It is frequently decorated, especially on festive occasions, with brightly-colored flowers of the hibiscus and with plumes of birds of paradise, and, among the purer race one of the most characteristic decorations is a long comb made of split bamboo and ornamented with feathers of parrots, etc., which projects above the forehead for a foot or more. Necklaces of shells, teeth and bones, as well as bracelets, armlets and anklets, are much worn; also armbands of grass, which serve as pockets, in which small articles can be tucked away. The breast and arms are often decorated with raised scars, and the face and body are frequently painted with red, yellow, white and black. Unlike the Malay, the Papuan is described as impulsive and demonstrative in speech, his nature is joyous and open, his emotions and passions finding expressions in cries, laughter and boisterous gestures. Both men and women in parts of the northern coast go about entirely naked, but usually the former wear a small breech-cloth of bark and the latter a short petticoat of woven grass. Their houses are generally built on piles, and, as in Borneo, are often communal and of very large size, many families occupying one building, which may vary in length from 500 to 700 feet. There are also club-houses, where gatherings take place on festive occasions. The remarkable houses built in high trees and known as "dobbys" seem to be peculiar to British New Guinea, and are, apparently, chiefly used in time of danger.

The natives of Papua are, as a rule, indifferent seamen, and as a race may be described as agriculturists, their chief crops being sweet potatoes, yams, bananas and sugar-cane. Their domestic animals are pigs, dogs and fowls, all of which are eaten, as well as various wild animals, reptiles, fish, mollusks and insects. Cannibalism, though not universal, prevails in a great many districts. The native girls make great pets of the young pigs, and, like "Alice in Wonderland," may be seen carrying them about in their arms and caressing them! The bow and arrow and the club are the weapons most commonly used, while spears, tipped with hardened bamboo or bone, and knives and axes made of jade, are met with and highly prized by collectors of ethnological objects. As a people their artistic skill is very

considerable. This is shown in their wooden images, designed as earthly habitations for the ghosts of the departed, likewise in the carved head-rests and figure-heads of praus, which are generally executed with iron tools.

Their religion consists mainly of saint-worship, and their feasts, which are held on such occasions as marriages and burials, are celebrated with singing and dancing. Chiefs are unknown, each community of people living by itself, and in a state of perpetual warfare with its neighbors, having a different dialect, facts which have rendered European administration extremely difficult.

Kingfishers, parrots and pigeons of most brilliant plumage are very numerous in New Guinea, and in their way are almost as striking and remarkable as the birds of paradise. Among the birds of prey the most remarkable known species is the harpy-goshawk (Harpyopsis), which is, perhaps, most nearly allied to the great monkey-eating eagle (Pitheophaga) of the Philippines and to the harpy-eagles of America. There is probably also another very large eagle which up to the present time has not been obtained. Cassowaries, brush-turkeys and megapodes are well represented, and among the small birds we have sun-birds, flower-peckers, honey-eaters and fly-catchers, as well as many more too numerous to mention, a large number belonging to peculiar genera and species. It is difficult to forecast what new species of birds may yet be forthcoming, but we may safely assume that many novelties will be obtained. The same may be said about the reptiles, in which the fauna of New Guinea is particularly rich. The chelonians, or tortoises, and turtles are the most interesting group from the mingling of Asiatic, American and Australian types, and for the discovery in the Fly river, some 25 years ago, of a huge fresh-water turtle (Carettochelys insculpta), which proves to be the type of a distinct family. More recently, a snapping-turtle, allied to Chelydra, has been found in the same river and described as Devisia mythodes. The family Chelydridae, or family snapping-turtles, is otherwise confined to North and tropical America. The lizards are essential oriental; a Wallace's line does not exist for these reptiles. The genera are most widely distributed, but allusion may be made to the curious scincoid, Tribolonotus, with its large spiny bony shields, and to the remarkable crested Agamas, Gonycephalus. Tree monitors (Varanus), green or black, are also characteristic of the Papuan fauna. Snakes are represented by members of the boa and python groups, harmless colubrids, poisonous colubrids—allied to the cobras and very similar to their Australian allies—highly poisonous colubrids—forming the great bulk of the Australian snake-fauna—and burrowing blind snakes (Typhlops). Batracians belong to the families of true frogs (Ranidae), tree frogs (Hylidæ) and toad-frogs (Engystomatidæ). True toads (Bufonidae), although they are represented in the Malay sub-region and in Australia, have not yet been found in New Guinea nor in the Solomon islands, which lie to the east. Hitherto very few species of fresh-water fishes have been found, and none which call for any special notice.

The land and fresh-water shells of New Guinea, even as far as they are known at present, are very numerous in species, and many of them, especially the land-snails, are very beautiful both in form and color. The shell-fauna has, however, been only partially investigated, and doubtless a large number of species remain to be discovered. Such a large area of the island is still unexplored conchologically that it will not be surprising if many new forms are eventually met with.

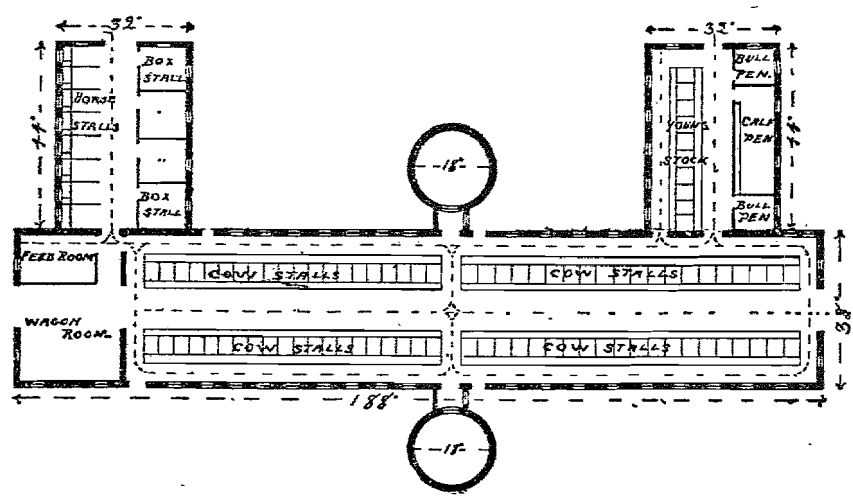
Awaiting a Reply.

Dealer—How does that horse I sold you last week answer?
Customer—Really, I can't say, I haven't asked him any questions yet.

King Menelik is simply trying to fill a scrapbook, and when this is accomplished he will go on living at the old stand.

MODERN COW-BARN TO SHELTER NINETY ANIMALS

Details of Complete Structure and So Designed That Its Capacity May Be Increased or Decreased at Will.



Floor Plan for Large Dairy Barn.

A plan is shown herewith of a modern dairy barn, with capacity for ninety cows. As will be seen by the floor plan, there are stalls for eighty single cows, ten stalls for dry cows or young stock, two bull stalls, and a large calf pen in one wing of the proposed barn, says a writer in Farmers' Review. The opposite wing has eight single stalls, and four double stalls for the horses. Opposite the horse stalls or stable is a large feed room; also a large room for the wagons. The two silos are each 18x34 feet in the clear, and will hold 180 tons of silage each, or sufficient for feeding 100 cows. The barn is very complete, and so designed that its capacity may be increased or decreased, without affecting the general arrangement or the exterior architectural appearance of the barn. The two wings may be built later if desired. Possibly every dairyman would not want the horse barn in connection with the dairy barn. The main barn can be built larger or smaller, as required.

The barn as designed has a gambrel roof, or as some call it, a double or hip roof. The walls are twelve feet to the eaves, and the lower story eight feet in the clear. The stalls are built of gas pipe, and the pipe supports the

ceiling. The cows stand back to back, but this may be reversed if desired. The entire floors, gutters and mangers are formed of cement. The walls and ceilings receive two coats of Portland cement, both exterior and interior. The mangers are arranged to be flooded when watering the stock and the floor has drain traps at convenient points for draining away the wash water with an ordinary one-inch hose. The entire barn, including the walls and ceiling, may be washed down in a short time. The gutters have four-inch drain tile leading to manure pits. The silos are of cement, as is the foundation. The roof is covered with manufactured roofing, and all exposed woodwork receives two or three coats of best paint.

Feed and litter carriers are installed and reach all parts of the barn. The walls have ventilating ducts or shafts between the studding at proper distances, leading to vent stacks in the roof. The studdings are 2x6 inch, and the ventilators are built between same. The stucco, or cement finish for the exterior walls, compares favorably with the wood construction, where sand is not too expensive, and it requires no paint, no repairs, is warm in winter and cool in summer. It will last practically forever.

SUCCESSFUL IN SHEEP RAISING

Beginners Should Study Carefully the Methods and Practices of Men Who Have Profited by Experience.

(By R. B. RUSHING.)

When you start with sheep or prepare to start you can approach some sheepmen with such questions as you desire information upon.

There are a lot of good sheepmen in the country. They are willing to tell you if you ask them what are the "rocks" you would wreck upon. Then is it not good judgment to consult such men?

The first question about environment and condition will be largely settled by the circumstances, financial and otherwise, of the beginner.

We suppose he is an average farmer with perhaps 70 or 80 acres of land and wishes to keep sheep—a small flock—in addition to his other stock. He has very little knowledge of sheep and consequently knows little about breeds and has little idea of what he would like best.

Would it be wise for him to be tempted to foolishly select some breed that his neighbors, who are making a success of sheep, do not have, or perhaps know nothing about, and for that sole reason?

We are safe in following the practice of men who have made a success of the business, with slight changes as conditions would demand. I should buy from one of the neighbors if his sheep were healthy and suited me. If I had very little money I would buy few at first.

A beginner once bought five ewes—

and culis at that—paying \$10. They had been bred to a pure bred ram. He put them in a field adjacent to a box stall where he fed them some oats during the winter.

They brought eight lambs. The best lamb he sold to a neighbor for five dollars, half the cost of the flock. Four buck lambs sold to the butcher for \$15. The three ewe lambs were kept to increase the flock.

The next season the eight ewes with 13 lambs following were sold immediately after shearing for \$55. A clear profit of course, counting wool and manure to balance keep of the flock. The great secret of this success was care. This is only one of the many examples of just such kind of business that can be done when the man is determined to do the business.

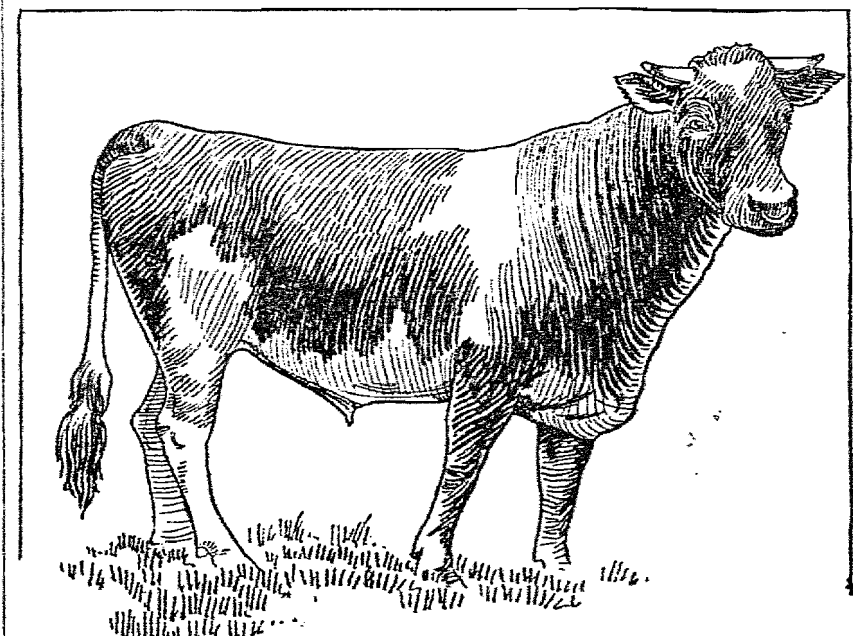
Capacity of Milk Bottles.

The capacity of milk bottles is something which at the present time is occupying the attention of the city sealer in all the large cities. In graduating thousands of bottles recently all bottles that were found one or more drams under capacity were marked so much short and all bottles running over in capacity were marked O. K., which would leave the consumer to believe that none were over capacity and that they were being wronged by short measure. In fact, the consuming public were getting many thousand quarts of milk more than the number of bottles would indicate.

Pitfalls in Poultry Business.

There are many pitfalls in the poultry business just as there are in the mercantile world and we must at all times be prepared to guard against them. Begin in a modest way and by degrees grow.

ATTRACTIVE GUERNSEY BULL



The attractive Guernsey bull here pictured is Milford Lassie 2d's Anchor, owned by Grove farm in Maryland. This young Guernsey bull is deep in the body, of good length, and has Guernsey characteristics, says Orange Judd Farmer. The Grove farm Guernseys attracted much attention when on exhibit during a recent fair season.

WOMAN ESCAPES OPERATION

Was Cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Elwood, Ind.—"Your remedies have cured me and I have only taken six bottles of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. I was sick three months and could not walk. I suffered all the time. The doctors said I could not get well without an operation, for I could hardly stand the pains in my sides, especially my right one, and down my right leg. I began to feel better when I had taken only one bottle of Compound, but kept on as I was afraid to stop too soon."—Mrs. SADDIE MULLEN, 2728 N. B. St., Elwood, Ind.

Why will women take chances with an operation or drag out a sickly, half-hearted existence, missing three-fourths of the joy of living, when they can find health in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound?

For thirty years it has been the standard remedy for female ills, and has cured thousands of women who have been troubled with such ailments as displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion, and nervous prostration.

If you have the slightest doubt that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound will help you, write to Mrs. Pinkham at Lynn, Mass., for advice. Your letter will be absolutely confidential, and the advice free.

An Average. "Doesn't it annoy you to be bald-headed?" "Not at all," replied the genial citizen. "When we go out evenings my wife wears more than enough hair for two."

Have goodwill to all that lives, letting unkindness die, and greed and wrath: so that your lives be made like soft airs passing by.—E. Arnold

Some choirs have the artistic temperament so badly they will sing a lullaby just before the sermon.

Lewis' Single Binder cigar is never doped—only tobacco in its natural state.

Your light goes down as the temperature rises in your neck.

FREE Send postal for Free Package of Paxtine. Better and more economical than liquid antiseptics FOR ALL TOILET USES.



PAXTINE TOILET ANTISEPTIC

Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically clean mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at druggists or by mail.

THE PAXTON TOILET CO., BOSTON, MASS.

Nothing Too Good

for you. That's why we want you to take CASCARETS for liver and bowels. It's not advertising talk—but merit—the great, wonderful, lasting merit of CASCARETS that we want you to know by trial. Then you'll have faith—and join the millions who keep well by CASCARETS alone.

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

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Cures Itch to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases and itching. 50c. and \$1.00 at druggists.

PATENTS

Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Book free. Highest references. Best results. Suffered with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

BRITISH IN EGYPT

Many Opinions Regarding Rule of the English.

GIVEN FREE HAND BY POWERS.

Country Improves Enormously Under British Occupation, But is Still Far from Top—\$500,000,000 of European Money Invested in Egypt.

(By Francis E. Clark, D. D. LL. D.) President United Society of Christian Endeavor.

The surface attractions of Cairo and the Upper Nile are so great that one is tempted never to look beneath them. The impressive grandeur of the pyramids, the mystery of the sphinx, the kaleidoscopic streets of Cairo, where it is the most trite of "bro-midian" expressions to say, "The occident and orient meet," the awful ruins of Thebes and Luxor, all so compel the attention of the traveler that he almost ceases to regard Egypt as a nation that is making history today, and whose annals were not all closed when the last of the Pharaohs was buried.

Egypt, to the unaccustomed eye, seems like a perpetual, unending circus, and one is as unlikely to think of the part she is playing or is likely to

French, English or native trumpet, regardless of truth or falsehood."

But there are some things that the observer can see for himself. As he compares Egypt to-day with what he can learn of her condition a quarter of a century ago, when the English occupation began, he learns that she has improved enormously, and that she is, beyond doubt, going up the hill of prosperity, however far she is from the top.

Egypt is probably the worst governed country in the world. In the first place, she is under the suzerainty of Turkey, and has to pay an annual tribute of between \$3,000,000 and \$4,000,000 to the sublime porte, for which she receives absolutely no material consideration in return. Then she has a native ruler and native laws of her own, and her khedive, the successor of a long line of Ottoman rulers, is something more than a figure head, but considerably less than a responsible executive. Then there are the British, the real rulers of Egypt since 1882, without whose permission the Egyptians cannot move hand or foot.

The international court settles all the troubles of foreigners in Egypt, over whom the native courts have no jurisdiction, which makes another complication in the administration of justice.

The French, too, must be reckoned with, for though they have no shred of actual power left, during their practical domination of Egypt they impressed their customs, their language and their laws so deeply upon the

face upon it as they could, and pretended that the sultan brought the new order of things about of his own free will. The massacres of Adana and vicinity and the deposition of the old sultan, "Hamid, the Accursed," however, made it difficult for the Mohammedan Bourbons to save their face in any such way, and they have accepted the new sultan and the "Young Turks" with the best grace they could.

It is interesting to note how many legacies in Egypt were left by the French to the English. It was a French scholar, Francis Champollion, who taught the world how to read easily the hieroglyphic story of ancient Egypt, which has made this land the happy hunting-ground of archeologists and students of ancient lore.

The irrigation schemes, which have so wonderfully augmented the prosperity of Egypt, were inaugurated by the French, though of course greatly enlarged and improved by the latest science, under British administration.

"The educational system," says an Italian writer in "The Emancipation of Egypt," "is thoroughly French; and through the schools the language of France has spread until it may be said, without fear of contradiction, that French is still the predominant European language of that land of innumerable tongues. French is the tongue generally affected by the upper classes; and perhaps a striking and not generally known illustration of how French has sunk into the very soul of the country is that it is even used by British officers in their official reports—yet another anomaly in this home of anomalies." The English language is, however, surely elbowing the French even out of this stronghold, and in Egypt, as in so many other countries, is becoming the commercial language of the people. French, however, will long hold sway in polite society in Egypt.

It is said that more than \$500,000,000 of European money is invested in Egypt, the majority of which comes from the stocking leg of the ever-thrifty French peasant. But the most notable example of French skill and daring enterprise is the Suez canal, the blue ribbon which cut through Egypt and reduces the distance between Europe and India and the far east by thousands of miles. Until the Panama canal is completed, the Suez canal will remain the greatest feat of human audacity and engineering skill which the world has ever known.

This canal was French in inception and design and execution, and though the English own the majority of the stock, and through their occupation of Egypt, control it to a large extent, it will forever stand as a monument. (If a canal can be said "to stand") of French ingenuity and energy.

The latest statistics show the enormous use made of the canal by modern commerce. During October last, 368 vessels passed through the canal, and from the 1st of January to the 31st of October, 3,541 vessels made the same journey. The receipts for October were almost \$2,140,000, and for the first ten months of 1909 more than \$20,000,000. The canal pays 16 per cent. dividends upon the stock—all it is allowed to pay by law—though it is said to earn double that amount.

The ship on which we sailed, the Cleveland of the Hamburg-American line, was the largest passenger ship that ever passed through the canal, and was barely able to scrape through, with less than a foot of water between her and the bottom of the canal. The enormous tolls that are charged are indicated by the fact that it cost the Hamburg-American line \$35,000 to take this one ship through, and the United States government was said to be mulcted over \$1,000,000 for the passage of our fleet of war vessels on their return from the orient.

What about the future of Egypt? A question more easily asked than answered. The British occupation is supposed to be only temporary, but its temporary character is not as yet visible to the naked eye. It seems to be growing more permanent and stable every day, and the other powers seem to be acquiescing with better grace than could be expected. Even France, which might be supposed to show some wounded pride at the fact of Britain falling heir to the results of all her work in Egypt, seems to be satisfied with the arrangement, and in return for being allowed a free hand in northern Africa in the countries comparatively near her own shores, has formally and explicitly renounced objections to the long or short occupation of Egypt by Great Britain.

It is evident that to protect her vast possessions in India and the farther east England must control the canal and allow no hostile power to occupy Egypt; but an Italian writer, who disguises himself under the initials "A. Z.," has written a book, which is more or less convincing, to prove that Egypt should be neutralized by all the powers, as Switzerland and Belgium have been. Then she would be left free to work out her own destiny under the guarantee that she should not be disturbed or gobbled up by any European power. Thus England would be secured, by her great fleet on the Mediterranean and her occupation of the Soudan and of Aden on the Red sea, of uninterrupted communication with India through the canal, while Egypt would be emancipated from the anomaly of being under two governments aside from her own, and the popular cry of "Egypt for the Egyptians!" would be in a good degree realized.

Until some such plan is brought about, and Egypt is "neutralized," she can have no better tutor than experienced, steady and on the whole just and fair Great Britain. (Copyright, 1910, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

READS LIKE NOVEL

Marriage Reveals Romance of a Gipsy Camp.

Bride Finds Brother and Discovers Her Mother Was Daughter of the Famous Hargis Family of Kentuck.

New York.—The story of how Katy Filtablis found her people reads like a chapter out of Romany Legends. A few months ago she was homeless, friendless and sixteen. Now she is the wife of a gipsy prince, has a whole tribe at her beck and call, and better than all has found who her real people are and has located and visited her brother, for whom she has searched for eight years.

The story of how she was married to Prince Millen Johnson of Elizabeth, N. J., tribe of gipsies by Father O'Neil of the Catholic church on February 20 has been told, but it did not come out until recently that she was the daughter of one of America's famous families the Hargises of Kentucky. Her marriage to a gipsy prince led to the discovery of her parentage. A young boy over in Arceola, Pa., read the story of the wanderings of Catherine Filtablis and her romantic marriage to Prince Millen, and it called up the mysterious story of his own youth. He had had a sister named Katy and his boyhood name was Charlie Filtablis. He had been adopted from the Five Points House of Industry by a wealthy farmer family, Julia and James Merrill, of Arceola, Pa. Surely this little girl was the blue-eyed sister he had always longed to find. He telegraphed to her, and after two weeks of merrymaking in the camp at Elizabeth, Catherine, accompanied by Mary Johnson, both in picturesque gipsy costumes, set out for Arceola to visit the boy who claimed the new Romany princess as his sister. It was a strange meeting of brother and sister, but those who saw them together could not doubt that the story the young boy told was true, for they looked enough alike to be brother and sister, coins struck from the same die.

"And this is the story he told me," said Mrs. Catherine Filtablis Johnson last night, as she folded her scarlet



Catherine Filtablis.

shawl across her head-strung neck in the flickering light about the camp fire at the baseball ground at Elizabeth.

"Our mother, he told me, was Mamie Hargis, of Breathitt county, Ky., as pretty a young mountain girl as ever the sun shone on. I can remember her now with her blonde hair and blue eyes and her passionate love for her two babies. She was a young girl when Joe Filtablis, or Filbates, as Charlie says it should be spelled, came courting her and ran off with her to Richmond, Va., where they were married. They came north to New York and he worked in a machine shop till there was a strike and he lost his work and fell sick and died. She took him home to Richmond and he lies buried there today. Then she came back to New York and tried to make a living for herself and her two children, but could not do it and had to put us in the Five Points House of Industry, from which we were sent to the country.

"After that, my brother Charles has learned, my mother married Carl Marison, a Roumanian Jew, who was good and kind to her and made her a fine husband, but they went away from New York to Philadelphia and we can get no trace of them. If we could only find mamma she should have a good home as long as she lives. I am going to find her myself if I can, and my husband Millen will have word sent broadcast among the Romany people in America that every one is to look for Mrs. Marison, she who was Mamie Hargis of Kentucky and when they have found her she is to be watched over tenderly and cared for till I can get to her. She needn't be a gipsy, but she will always have a good home."

Spreading Culture in Turkey. Dr. Emil Ray Gregory, who is at the head of the department of biology at the American College of Girls, Constantinople, is in charge of the course of public lectures on hygiene and municipal reform open to the native residents of that city. Some of the most distinguished physicians of the city volunteered their services as lecturers. The lectures given especially to Turkish women are said to have called together the largest as well as the most attentive audiences in the course.

AN ACHING BACK

Means Weak Kidneys.



Well kidneys filter the blood of uric acid and other impurities. When the kidneys are sick, waste matter accumulates and backache, headache and urinary troubles result. To eliminate the aches and pains you must cure the kidneys. Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys, and cure them permanently.

J. N. Markham, Montezano, Wash., says: "Kidney trouble came on me gradually and before long I was suffering from dropsy. My body bloated and my flesh was soft and flabby. I tired easily and suffered severely from pain in my back. Doan's Kidney Pills cured me and I am today in much better health."

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

A Cynical Synonym. "Poor Myra Kelley," said a magazine editor at the Authors' club in New York, "was almost as distressed as Mr. Carnegie at the spirit of graft and crookedness rampant among us." "The young writer, at a dinner of magazine contributors, said that we worshiped wealth—that was our trouble. Then she crystallized her meaning in an anecdote. "She said that one man asked another: "What position does Blank hold in the community?" "A very honorable position," was the reply. "Is he wealthy?" "Wealth and honor," said the other, "are synonymous terms in America today."

Casey at the Bat. This famous poem is contained in the Coca Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910, together with records, schedules for both leagues and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. This interesting book sent by the Coca Cola Co., of Atlanta, Ga., on receipt of 2c stamp for postage. Also copy of their booklet "The Truth About Coca Cola" which tells all about this delicious beverage and why it is so pure, wholesome and refreshing. Are you ever hot—tired—thirsty? Drink Coca Cola—it is cooling, relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere.

His Pail. "Does that 'ere thin, stoop-shouldered, dyspeptic-lookin' drummer that you bought so much from today sell any better or cheaper goods than the fat one ye turned down so hard yesterday?" inquired Hi Spry. "D' know as he does," confessed the Squam Corners merchant, "but his views on the criminal rapacity of the trusts are a whole lot sounder."—Puck.

Let us be worthier of our friends, who trust us more than we dare to trust ourselves, and give them a better loyalty.—Kelman.

For Any Disease or Injury to the eye, use PETTIT'S EYE SALVE, absolutely harmless, acts quickly. 25c. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

If a man would be himself he must cease to think of himself.

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

Divorce is now so easy it's a wonder there are any married people left.

Aids Nature

The great success of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery in curing weak stomachs, wasted bodies, weak lungs, and obstinate and lingering coughs, is based on the recognition of the fundamental truth that "Golden Medical Discovery" supplies Nature with body-building, tissue-repairing, muscle-making materials, in condensed and concentrated form. With this help Nature supplies the necessary strength to the stomach to digest food, build up the body and thereby throw off lingering obstinate coughs. The "Discovery" re-establishes the digestive and nutritive organs in sound health, purifies and enriches the blood, and nourishes the nerves—in short establishes sound vigorous health.

If your dealer offers something "just as good," it is probably better FOR HIM...it pays better. But you are thinking of the cure not the profit, so there's nothing "just as good" for you. Say so.

Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. In Plain English; or, Medicine Simplified, 1008 pages, over 700 illustrations, newly revised up-to-date Edition, paper-bound, sent for 21 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of mailing only. Cloth-bound, 31 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.

Memorial Well Deserved. From Bersad, Bombay, India, the Rev. Robert Henderson, a missionary, writes to the New York Tribune, to call attention to a proposed practical memorial to Dr. Louis Klopsch, of the Christian Herald, long known as a minister of relief for the afflicted in all lands. In India he is gratefully remembered for his work in aid of the famine sufferers of 1897 and 1899. Mr. Henderson says that it is planned to establish a Christian farm colony of at least 20 farmers with model farmhouses for themselves and families and sheds for their cattle, and also a good house for a missica worker who would act as pastor of the place. The colony is to have a church with a suitable inscription carved in stone in its porch, describing briefly the great work of which the colony is a memorial. The name is to be Klopschpur.

Removing Paint Odors. The vapor of turpentine being a poison and affecting some persons who are sensitive to its effects unfavorably, it is well to be careful in regard to it. A very sensible precaution during the painting season for those to take who are compelled to endure the nuisance is to leave bowls of water in the freshly painted rooms. Some, at any rate, of the paint emanations are thus absorbed, as will be seen by the oily film on the surface of the water so exposed. An even more powerful absorbent is fresh milk which reduces the smell of paint in a room in a remarkable way. The poisonous effect of paint emanations do not appear to be connected in any way with the lead contained in the paint, the colic of painters being due to the actual contact of the person with the substance of the paint.—Lan-Klopschpur.

Libby's Food Products

Libby's Cooked Corned Beef

There's a marked distinction between Libby's Cooked Corned Beef and even the best that's sold in bulk.

Evenly and mildly cured and scientifically cooked in Libby's Great White Kitchen, all the natural flavor of the fresh, prime beef is retained. It is pure, wholesome, delicious, and it is ready to serve at meal time. Saves work and worry in summer.

Other Libby "Healthful" Meal-Time-Hints, all ready to serve, are:

- Peerless Dried Beef
- Vienna Sausage, Veal Loaf
- Evaporated Milk
- Baked Beans, Chow Chow
- Mixed Pickles

"Purity goes hand in hand with the Libby Brand."

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.



Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

\$5, \$4, \$3.50, \$3, \$2.50 & \$2

THE STANDARD FOR 30 YEARS.

Millions of men wear W. L. Douglas shoes because they are the lowest priced, quality considered, in the world. Made upon honor, of the best leathers, by the most skilled workmen, in all the latest fashions.

W. L. Douglas \$5.00 and \$4.00 shoes equal Custom Bench Work costing \$6.00 to \$8.00. Boys' Shoes, \$3.50 to \$2.50.

W. L. Douglas guarantees their value by stamping his name and price on the bottom. Look for it. Take No Substitute. Ask your dealer for W. L. Douglas shoes. If not for sale in your town write for Mail Order Catalogue now to order by mail. Shoes ordered direct from factory delivered free. W. L. Douglas, Brockton, Mass.

Let us be worthier of our friends, who trust us more than we dare to trust ourselves, and give them a better loyalty.—Kelman.

Divorce is now so easy it's a wonder there are any married people left.

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

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PATENT FOUR IDEAS. They may bring you wealth. 64-page Book Free. Ed. 1899. Fitzgerald & Co., Pat. Attys., Box K, Washington, D.C.

W. N. U. OMAHA, NO. 24-1910.

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Americans Ascending the Pyramid of Cheops. (From photo by John P. Davidson.)

play in the family of nations, as to speculate on the family history of the crown or the religious proclivities of the acrobat.

And yet Egypt to-day is an important spoke in the wheel of the world's politics. She has close relations with Europe on one side and Africa on the other. England, France and Turkey are vitally interested in her welfare, and to a lesser extent, Germany, Austria and Italy. A spark may be struck in Egypt at any time that will involve all Europe in the conflagration of war, or she may be made a buffer state between European aggression and the colonies of Africa, which shall postpone or forever prevent the African question from becoming acute and warlike.

It must be said that the American, on his arrival in Cairo, is not apt to become enthusiastic over the outward aspects of British rule in Egypt. As he wanders into the native quarters and sees the unutterably dirty streets, the swarms of loathsome beggars, the filthy children—their eyes, and often their whole faces, black with cluster-

people that Egypt is still more French than English.

Add to this the fact that the great mass of people are bigoted and rabid Mussulmans, and that Moslem laws and prohibitions are more to them than the influence of English, French and all other Christian nations combined, and we can see in what a complicated state of semi-civilization the Egyptians manage to exist. The only wonder is that laws are ever administered, that justice is ever meted out, and that the country is not in a perpetual state of anarchy.

The explanation of the comparative good order and apparent contentment that exists is doubtless found in the khaki-clad English soldier, who is not over-conspicuous in the streets of Cairo, but whom every Egyptian knows could be summoned at a moment's notice to quell an insurrection or to punish any gross violation of the law. Take away the aforesaid khaki-clad soldier, who is really the policeman of Egypt, and so far as one can see, the present confusion would be worse confounded, and the land of the



The Nile Near Cairo. (From photo by John P. Davidson.)

ing flies which they do not seem to have strength enough to brush away—he is inclined to say that a great Christian power, whose people lug their tin bath tub around with them into all parts of the world, after a quarter of a century of occupancy, might at least have cleaned up the streets of Egypt's chief city. But then, one has to remember how much filthier it used to be before the British bath tub came to Egypt, and that neither cleanliness nor godliness can be imposed on a people from without. It is no easy task to learn the truth about British rule in Egypt, even when you are in Cairo itself, for there are almost as many opinions and shades of opinions as there are men with whom you talk. It has been truly said that "most of the literature, which is the fair-minded observer's rough material, consists in journalistic attempts to blow either the

Pharaohs would slip back on the boggan slide of ruin.

The khedive is a kindly-faced young man, with a courteous bow for the stranger within his gates, and though he is said to be not very popular among his people, and is accused, like most eastern potentates, of making more money than his khedive-ship legitimately warrants, he probably does as well for his people as any man in his place is likely to do. He frequently visits Paris, and is imbued with French ideals which he finds it extremely difficult to induce the commonalty to adopt.

The astounding revolution in Turkey in 1908 naturally stirred up the tributary state of Egypt, and for a time there was great uneasiness among Moslems and Christians alike. The Mohammedans, though secretly dismayed at the promulgation of constitutional government, put as good a

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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 out 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.

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

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

FOR SALE—A two seated surrey, Telephone Florence 215. (45)

FOR SALE at a bargain a fine surrey in fine shape and will make turns to suit the buyer. Can be seen at Dughers store, Florence, Neb. (52)

A small eighteen plow for sale. Phone Florence 218 (3)

FOR SALE—Four lots on 40th and Fort streets. Call phone Florence 397. (3)

FOR SALE CHEAP—Family car—age in good condition. Inquire phone Florence 02. (48)

FOR SALE—Big barn, new. Inquire Mrs. Deland, Mrs. J. P. Anderson. (2)

FOR RENT—Six-room house on car line, 505 Briggs street. Well and cistern water, large lot. \$12 per month.—John B. Star.

Charles A. Smith, Orchestra Music furnished for balls, parties and entertainments. Phone Florence 305. (2)

FOR RENT—An 8-room house, large lawn and big porches, good well and barn. Inquire at Mrs. Ellen Deland, back of Dr. Adams home.—Mrs. J. P. Anderson. (2)

Dancing every Saturday night at Cole's hall. Music by Smt-Tay-Gre orchestra. (3)

NOTICE.
Dog tags can now be procured of the city clerk at his office in the City Hall Tuesday 10 to 12. All dogs not tagged subject to impounding.
JOHN BONDESSON,
City Clerk.

FOR SALE—Only saloon in Washington, Neb., paying investment. H. Busch, Washington, Neb. (5)

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

FOR SALE—Fine lot one and one-half blocks from center of town and car line. Water sewer, etc. Phone Florence 218 or P O box 136, Florence. (3)

BARRED Plymouth Rock Eggs For Hatching. Phone 315 (4)

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

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

ASK your grocer for German Bakery Bread. (1)

GASOLINE and oil stoves. Get my price first. J. H. Price. (52)

EVERYTHING in farm machinery and wagons. J. H. Price. (52)

POULTRY wire of all kinds. J. H. Price. (52)

HOW about a corn planter or lister this spring? I have them. J. H. Price. (52)

FOUND—Pair of nose glasses. Owner can have same by paying for this ad. Apply Bank of Florence (-)

LOST—Miss Vera Kindred lost a pin with initial K engraved on it. Finder please leave at Telephone office. (4)

NOTICE—All assessments No. 5 with dues R. N. of A. and all social members dues must be paid and in the hands of the recorder by June 30, 1910. No collections will be made and no further notice to members given.—SUSAN R. NICHOLS, Recorder.

FOR SALE—Eight pigs. N. H. Anderson, Calhoun road. Telephone 3584. (5)

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)

FLORENCE offers good field for cement block business. I will sell cheap almost new cement block machine and pallets; complete outfit, also mixer and fine steel bottom mortar mixer. Call 2340 So. 33d. Omaha. (5)

The Topaz Ring of His Forefathers

By CLARISSA MACKIE

Jack Winton slipped the ring on Esther's slim finger and kissed her tenderly. "This plights our troth, sweetheart; it is the betrothal ring of the Wintons; my great-great-grandfather bought it as a marriage ring for his wife and since then it has been used by the oldest son to solemnize his engagement. I know you will treasure it the more for its associations—as I do."

"It is lovely, Jack; nothing else could have delighted me more." Esther's blissfully happy face confirmed her words and the hour that followed was one long remembered afterward when the ring ceased to shine on Esther's finger.

When Jack had taken his departure, Esther stole up to her room and lay down to dream. Esther dreamed that she wore the topaz ring and one after another the former owners had torn it from her finger and led her a weary chase to recover it. In the morning she awoke pale and unrefreshed.

Mrs. Appleton sat with impatient eyes on the clock awaiting Esther's appearance at the breakfast table. Ever since the girl had come to live with her aunt and guardian, she had tried not to break the cast iron rules and regulations that governed the house. Now she appeared with guilty haste.

"You are ten minutes late, Esther," chided Mrs. Appleton as they sat at table.

"I am sorry, aunt Augusta—I did not sleep well until morning and did not hear the rising bell."

Instead of administering the rebuke that was on her lips, the older woman's eyes widened with astonishment and a smile of grim humor played about her mouth.

"That is your engagement ring, I suppose, Esther," she said when the servant left them alone.

Esther flushed and held out her hand. "Yes, isn't it dear of Jack to give me an heirloom, aunt Augusta? This ring was worn by his great-great-grandmother and all the women of the family since then. I don't believe there is another like it in the world!"

Mrs. Appleton bent above the ring an instant and then resumed her breakfast. "I hope there isn't," she said dryly.

"Why, aunt Augusta!" Esther's tone was hurt and she flushed deeply. "What do you mean?"

"I mean it's a cheap, tawdy, penny-prize package sort of a thing to give a girl nowadays! It's merely another instance of the Winton stinginess—worth millions and one would never know it by any outward sign!"

"That is what I like about Jack," said Esther sturdily. "He did not give me the ring because he was mean, but because of the associations—love is not always measured by the amount of money one spends. I am proud to wear this ring!"

"I am glad you are—I hope you will be as proud when you show it to your friends—I can fancy what Edith Fane will think," remarked Mrs. Appleton cuttingly as she arose and left the room.

Esther had little time to ponder over Mrs. Appleton's slighting remarks—perhaps she was only too well accustomed to the stinging darts to mind the pin pricks of this morning's conversation. Her day was filled with engagements—shopping, a luncheon, a reception and several teas. The luncheon was given by Anne Bellew to announce her engagement to a copper magnate.

To the dozen girls gathered about the charmingly arranged luncheon table, Esther's sweet secret was all unguessed. Interest centered in Anne Bellew and the beautiful betrothal gifts they had brought to her in anticipation of the announcement.

After luncheon they gathered in Anne's boudoir and admired the gifts. Suddenly mischievous Edith Fane caught Esther's left hand in her own and touched the topaz ring.

"Caught!" she cried gleefully; "girls—guess what has happened! Esther is wearing the Winton betrothal ring!"

Esther's blushing face admitted the fact of her engagement and they crowded about her with congratulations. Anne Bellew, alone, stood pale and quiet. It ill suited her vanity to have Esther's engagement to the part of the season take the bloom from her own announcement.

"You have not seen the ring, Anne," cried Edith; "it's the dearest old thing imaginable—so charming to have an heirloom of that sort, you know!"

Anne bit her lip—no one knew better than herself how she would have chosen to ally herself with the historic Winton family—as it was, the copper magnate.

"I have seen the ring quite recently," said Anne with a little scornful smile.

"Of course—old Mrs. Winton always wore it with her wedding ring; but she has been dead three years," retorted Edith.

Esther had turned aside and was examining a portrait in a silver frame with unseeing eyes and burning cheeks. She wished they would stop talking about the betrothal ring as if it were public property—it had seemed such a sacred thing to her last night.

"I have seen it worn as an engagement ring since Mrs. Winton's death." Anne's voice was cold and precise and far-reaching. "I have seen it within the year."

"Of course—you have seen it today, Anne; really, dear, your joke is ill timed," whispered Edith with a glance at Esther.

"I mean before today," said Anne, touching her pale gold hair with a jeweled hand. A shower of sparks flew from the cluster diamond that the copper magnate had chosen. The girl's eyes seemed to scatter little sparks of light at the same time.

Esther summoned all her courage and pride and came forward to make her adieu with a haughtiness that overmatched Anne's disdain. As she whirled homeward, she found herself crying bitterly without reason.

Once in her own room, she remembered with a bitter pang that there had been rumors of Jack's engagement to Anne Bellew 12 months before—she had never thought of these rumors since. Jack had been devoted to her and Anne had met her copper king.

She grew more angry as the situation dawned upon her—Anne Bellew had once worn the topaz ring and perhaps had scorned it and the giver; she, Esther Raymond, had taken it gladly and with it accepted the sweet sentiment woven about its history. Probably the girls were laughing about it now—she could fancy Anne's sarcastic remarks, witty and keen as a razor's edge.

In a little fury of jealous anger Esther tore the ring from her finger, placed it in a box and returned it to Jack Winton with a few scrawled lines that explained nothing whatever but the fact that she no longer loved him and hoped never to see him again.

Contrary to her half-defined hope, Jack did not come and ask for an explanation. He merely stayed away and Esther did not see him for several weeks. It was evident that he purposely avoided attending any affairs where he might meet her. The girls of her set noticed the absence of the topaz ring from her finger and wondered if Esther had been foolish enough to mind Anne Bellew's sharp tongue—was it not common talk that Anne had fished assiduously for the Winton millions and—failed to get even a nibble?

They all knew this save Esther herself—she was eating out her heart with grief, but there was no outward evidence of her suffering save a loss of her exquisite bloom and the sadness of her once happy eyes.

Mrs. Appleton was the last to note any change in her niece. She did not even comment on the absence of Jack Winton—the young man had many interests in western cities and made frequent journeys from home.

"What has become of Jack Winton, Esther?" she asked sharply one night when they were dining alone. Dessert had been placed on the table and the servants had withdrawn.

Esther winced as she replied: "I have broken my engagement," she confessed.

"Why?" demanded Mrs. Appleton.

"Because," returned Esther, stubbornly. "I cannot say any more, aunt Augusta."

"Fiddlesticks! Broken your engagement to the catch of the season for some silly reason—I wash my hands of you, Esther—you may die an old maid! You are a little idiot!"

"I know I am, auntie," half sobbed Esther, rising from the table, and then with a broken little cry she ran from the room and straight to her own apartment. Before midnight she wrote a long letter to Jack Winton.

"I have been such an idiot, dear," she wrote earnestly. "I am not worthy of your love—for I listened to idle gossip and doubted you—can you forgive me? If I ever wear the topaz ring again I hope I may grow to be like the noble women of your house who have worn it in the past—but I shall not be happy until you place it once more on my hand."

Esther's maid posted the letter before her mistress retired to sleep soundly until the morning brought renewed doubts as to whether she should have broken her silence and written to Jack—perhaps he had ceased to love her!

The door opened to admit Mrs. Appleton, looking strangely perturbed.

"I saw Edith Fane last night, Esther, and she told me what took place at Anne Bellew's luncheon—Anne is a little cat! It is true she did see the topaz ring worn as an engagement ring within the year—in fact I was the one who wore it!" She leaned heavily on the footboard of the bed.

"You?" ejaculated Esther, amazed.

"Certainly! Jack's father, General Winton, asked me to marry him and I consented and wore the topaz ring for one day—and it happened I lunched at Mrs. Bellew's—hence Anne's knowledge. I tired of the general in a week—he was a dreadful bore in spite of his millions and so I broke the engagement. The old man died two months afterward, as you know. That's all!"

"All!" echoed Esther, ruefully: "if I had only known, aunt Augusta!" Mrs. Appleton turned to leave the room. "Don't be so credulous, Esther, in the future! Don't let strangers assail your friends without protest—have more faith in those you love. I would not be the bitter old woman I am now if I had been more loyal, more faithful. If you ever wear the topaz ring thank your stars you had an opportunity to try again!" She bent forward swiftly and kissed the astonished girl. An instant later she had left the room.

"Poor aunt Augusta," sighed Esther. The door opened once more and Mrs. Appleton put a smiling face into the room. "Jack Winton on the telephone, asking for you, Esther," was all she said, but it was quite enough for Esther.

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