

# The Florence Tribune

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No. 6

## CHASE ON GOOD ROADS

Professor of Agricultural Engineering of the University of Nebraska Gives His Observations of Loop Road and Recommendations for the Improvement and Maintenance of Same in a First Class Shape at a Very Small Expense.

Present road—First mile (approximately) north of Pumping Station, too low, too flat, in places too narrow, and not properly drained and cared for. The remainder of the road is apparently in as good condition, with one or two exceptions, as an earth road could be expected to be after so severe a winter as the last one.

Cross Section—Exhibit number one gives a fair representation as it now is of the cross section of the first mile of road out from the pumping station. The second mile is approximately the same with the exception that the road bed is higher above the high water line of the Missouri river.

Drainage—Under most conditions the numerous culverts along this road way would furnish the best of drainage but because of the fact that the heavy clay along this road forms nearly a perfect dam for the water the latter seeps down through the loess, sand, and gravel, then strikes the heavy clay and shale and travels very slowly towards the culverts or across the roadway to the lower level, consequently, due to capillarity in the soil, this moisture works to the surface of the road bed and keeps it moist and soft.

Construction—The present road seems to have been and is being constructed by means of scrapers. This is a practice which should be avoided excepting in instances where it is absolutely impossible to move the dirt to the desired position by means of the blade grader. The action of the scraper is such that it leaves the earth hard in one place and soft in another, the earth then settles in the soft place and leaves a place for moisture to accumulate and consequently form mud holes and rough roads.

Material—Apparently there is an immense amount of excellent sand and gravel along this road to make the best of sand clay roads but there will be some trouble in getting this to the road surface because of the depth of earth above it or which slips over it. The following is an analysis of the two samples taken. Number 1 was taken from the bluff about one mile out from the pumping station and about 75 feet above the road bed, while number 2 was taken from the bluff in Mr. I. P. Brown's pasture.

Dimensions	No. 1		No. 2	
	about 5%	about 5%	about 5%	about 5%
Over 1-4 in. thick	15.0%	35.5%		
1-2" to 1-4"	35.0%	40.1%		
1-25" to 1-12"	21.2%	5.9%		
1-50" to 1-25"	8.7%	3.1%		
Below 1-50"	20.1%	13.4%		

It will be noticed here that number 2 is much the coarser but probably not any better road material.

Recommendations—It is absolutely impossible to make a good macadam, gravel, or sand clay road without there first being a good foundation for an earth road, hence the matter of an earth road will be considered first and then the matter of a sand clay road can be taken up later.

Drainage—Careful observations should be made along the bluff side of this road and wherever the water seems to remain in the soil it should be drained out by placing a 4 inch drain tile along the road side leading to the culverts. This tile should be about two feet in the ground and have not less than six inches in 100 feet of fall.

Fill—The road surface should be raised until it is at least two feet above the normal high water mark of the Missouri river.

If the first mile out from the Pumping station has to be raised two feet it will cost about \$2,400.00 and if the second mile has to be raised one foot it will cost about \$1,350.00. After the fill has been made the road should be carefully worked to a crown of about one inch to each foot of width by means of a blade grader and present a cross section as shown by exhibit No. 2. When this road has once been brought to the shape shown it should then be kept in such a manner by means of a careful use of the King drag.

Should it not be even possible to get this road filled as suggested, it can be made fully 58 per cent better than at present by simply bringing the present grade to a crown as shown in exhibit No. 2 by the use of the blade grader and the road drag.

Sand Clay Road—With the apparent abundance of material adjacent to the road it is useless to consider anything but the sand clay road for a permanent highway.

Construction—After the road has once been brought to the shape of exhibit No. 2 then lay off a road bed 1 foot wide and on the east side of

## NEWS FROM FORT CALHOUN

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

Mrs. Peter Holst and son, Edward, both celebrated their birthday anniversaries on the same day.

A souvenir report of the national soldiers home in Tennessee shows a \$500,000 hospital, library and a dining hall seating 1,120 persons, with electric lights, power, etc.

Miss Blanch Leeder now an Omaha nurse, was back here among old friends for a few days.

The Rev. Mr. Arnold, former pastor here, a son-in-law of H. H. Couchman, has moved from St. Paul, Minn., to Kansas City.

Only a few strawberries were shipped from here this season, perhaps 5 per cent of a full crop.

Fritz Johnael of Kennard and family were at Grandpa Peter Schmidt's.

Charley Lantry of Blair was here on business.

Station and Telegraph Agent Marr held his annual birthday anniversary last week.

Mrs. McMullen has returned to her Kansas home after several weeks visit with friends here.

The shipment of green peas has begun from here.

The locust trees are late in blooming but are as beautiful as ever.

Master Arthur Berrier has joined an engineering outfit in Idaho.

Master Sidney Williams, son of Fred Williams now of Overton, is back on a visit.

Mrs. Peter Klindt has celebrated forty-four birthday anniversaries on the Locust Hill farm and had a nice gathering from two or three counties at each party.

Peter Klindt, who kept his bees so carefully housed and was so proud of them, lost twenty-one out of twenty-five hives last winter.

Yocum D. Stewart, who came to Douglas county in 1858, was at Mrs. Klindt's birthday party.

Lyman Peck and C. E. Babbitt have both cut fine crops of alfalfa.

Mrs. Henry Paulson and sister, Mrs. Henry Schluns, were back from Wayne on a visit.

The bluff plow the bed up to a depth of six inches throwing the earth toward the center. Cover this plowed strip with 5 inches of sand or gravel and follow this by plowing 12 inches deep then thoroughly wet the mixture. After it has become sufficiently wet disk it, then harrow it and finally finish by using the King drag and a heavy roller.

Estimates—The following estimates are made per yard of sand on completed road and are taken from the figures furnished by the secretary of the Fremont Commercial club who now has charge of putting in one mile of a similar road near Fremont.

Hauling sand	\$.40
Stripping sand	.10
Shoveling into wagons	.11
Spreading	.06
Plowing, disking, harrowing, use of blade grader and King drag	.30
Water supply	.09
Engineer's assistant (distributing water, taking engineer to and from job, running lines, etc.)	.11
Engineer furnished by U. S. government free	
Total	\$1.17

It requires about 1250 cubic yards of sand per mile, hence after the road is graded and ready for the application of sand it should cost about \$1462.50 per mile.

From the steel railed bridge around the loop to the south west it should not cost more than \$50 per mile to put the road in shape for the sand application, less the plowing, and in this part of the road the sand should not be as deep as on the heavy clay road.

L. W. CHASE, Professor of Agricultural Engineering University of Nebraska

The county commissioners have let the contract for paving Thirtieth street from Briggs street to the Omaha city limits to Jensen & Leffert of South Omaha at \$2.36 a foot. The pavement will be sixteen feet wide and will fix the only bad place in the road to Omaha.

## 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.

Miss Pauline Sorenson accompanied by Miss Maud Davies of Omaha will leave for an extended visit through Iowa. They will visit friends in Osawa, Moorhead and Mondamin.

Moth balls at Hempling Drug Co.

Miss Emma Jorgenson entertained Monday evening in honor of Miss Sorenson who will leave Saturday for a visit in Iowa.

The annual meeting of the Board of Education for the election of two members will be held Monday June 27 at the school house.

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

Mrs. N. E. Nelson left Wednesday for Des Moines where she will visit relatives for awhile.

Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Hartman returned Sunday from Huron, S. D., where they have been visiting Mrs. Hartman's parents for some time.

Try our ice cream—Hempling Drug Company.

Mrs. L. B. Larson of Ottumwa, Iowa, was the guest of Mrs. L. E. Nelson the first part of the week.

Miss Emma C. L. Meyers has been elected to the vacancy on the teaching staff caused by the resignation of Miss Derry. A teacher to fill Miss Shepard's will not be chosen till later.

Messrs. Hugh Suttie, John Lubold, D. F. Kelly, Newell Burton, Joe Thornton, J. B. Brisbin, E. L. Platz, L. R. Griffith, Fred C. Ellis, Charles Hender and Fred Heider, formed a party which tendered a surprise on L. G. Boye at his home on Burdette street Omaha on Monday evening. A very pleasant time was had and although they missed the last car they did not walk home as the street car company liked their looks so well they sent a special car out for them.

E. L. Platz was the guest of William Bena, Jr., on his daily drive over route 2 Monday.

Mrs. and Mrs. Tucker were guests of Dr. and Mrs. Holbrook of Benson last Sunday.

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

Mr. and Mrs. Howard Nelson were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. E. C. Holbrook at Benson last Tuesday.

In a fast seven inning game at Florence base ball park Sunday the Burlington Red Sox defeated the Monmouth parks by a score of 2 to 1. Mason of the Red Sox pitched a one hit game, while Anderson for the Monmouths' allowed but three hits. White's three-base hit was a feature of the game. Time of game 55 minutes.

Mrs. J. C. Renninger and daughter and Mrs. M. D. Potter and mother are visiting relatives at Laverne, Minn.

Dr. J. D. Patton, who is Dr. Gifford's associate, addressed the young people of the Presbyterian church Sunday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. J. M. Tracy of St. Paul arrived Sunday to spend the week as the guests of Mr. Tracy's mother and sister.

Masters Harry and Lansing Brisbin and Miss Zerlina Brisbin left Monday for Kansas City, where they will visit relatives for a few weeks.

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.

School closed last Friday and now all the children are happy.

The Imogen club met at the home of Mrs. W. A. Yoder yesterday.

Miss Maude Grebe, Miss Ester Doghes, Mr. Clifford Klerle, Mr. Irving Allison and Mr. Will E. S. Thompson of Florence were graduates of the Omaha high school this week.

## BRISBIN HAS A GOOD SCHEME

Omaha Examiner Credits Florence Banker With Originating a New and Novel Idea of Worth.

You have to go away from home to learn the news.

Last week the Omaha Examiner, Al Sorenson's bright paper, had the following item of interest to Florence people:

Col. J. B. Brisbin, the well known Florence capitalist, has a new thought and it's a good one. He takes great pride in Florence, Omaha's most beautiful suburb, and he intends to ask the city council of that town to erect a handsome arch at Briggs street—where the pavement begins—having on it in letters of gold the words: "Welcome to our city."

Briggs street is where you turn to the left to go to Forest Lawn cemetery, but Florence doesn't care how many turn to the left.

The citizens of that town only welcome live ones. Which reminds me of an old time "caller" at the ancient Union Pacific transfer at Council Bluffs, who used to shout: "All you people going to the Pacific coast, turn to the left; all going to Colorado, turn to the right." One day after hitting several highballs, he varied his spiel thus: "All you left-handed folks turn to the right, and all you right-handed turn to the left."

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

Miss Jessie Pope of Oakland, Ia., is the guest of Judge and Mrs. Lowrey.

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.

The clover club met at the home of Mrs. A. B. Hunt Saturday morning and devoted their time to learning of soups, stews etc. The next meeting of the club will be the last one this season and will be a literary meeting.

Delicious ice cream sodas at Hempling Drug Co.

Will Lubold and Frank Pascale will start work on the laying of the cement sidewalk up the State street hill the coming week.

Hempling Drug Co., successor to Bell Drug Co.

Lucian Thompson who is attending the university of Nebraska at Lincoln, is the guest of his brother, W. H. Thompson.

Dan Tomasso this week put in two new cement crossings on Main and Pacific streets.

Hempling Drug Co., successor to Bell Drug Co.

Rev. G. S. Sloan went fishing town to Cut-off lake and brought home so many fish that everybody in town enjoyed eating them or hearing of others who did.

The Sunday school scholars of the Presbyterian church will hold their annual picnic at Hanscom park Saturday, June 18. The special car will leave at 12 o'clock.

Dr. Smith of Long Pine, Neb., who has been in Florence for a number of weeks, left Tuesday for his home. He was accompanied by Charles Smith, and they made the trip in an automobile.

The city council will hold its regular semi-monthly meeting at the city hall Monday evening.

Miss Carrie Wuerth left this week for an extended eastern trip, which includes a stop at Niagara Falls and Chicago.

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.

## PONCA CHURCH NOTICE.

The members of the Ponca Presbyterian church have decided that it is not possible, in the present development of the work, to keep a resident pastor in the field and have released Rev. A. E. Lehmann from his engagement in this place. Evening services, except the Christian Endeavor, will no longer be held. The Sabbath school will be continued at 3 p. m. Sunday afternoon, and the Christian Endeavor at 8 p. m. It is hoped that all young people here will attend these services. All those who pledged subscriptions for the first month will please turn in the amount due next Sunday.

## TRIP OVER RURAL ROUTE

Editor Takes a Drive Over the Territory Covered by Rural Carrier Bena and is Much Impressed With the Thrifty Farms Set Amid the Most Beautiful of Scenery.—He Also Learns Something New in the Way of Fishing and Fish.

Tiring of the constant whirl and bustle of a big city the editor spent Tuesday in the country. Because of the magnificent view to be had and the promise of enough fish to eat, rural route No. 2 was chosen.

Leaving Florence at 8:15 down past the water works we went up and along the banks of the river to Pries Lake. It is here the route really begins with Fred Pries place high in the air and overlooking the lake and river. Around through the hills we wound past the homes of Thor Jorgensen, Robert Bacon, L. S. Ulm to the top of the hill where A. Welchert has his farm and one of the most beautiful views of the river, dale, hill, forest, plains and city. Descending the hill to the Loop road we saw Roy Brown's places standing on the west side of the road and the D. Deyo's place nesting in the hills surrounded by well kept lawn and painted fences. M. Shroka also is near by. The men were busy fixing the road in front of J. A. Johnson's well kept place, which is becoming prettier year by year, on past Dr. Bryant's and A. Abback, Chris Hanson, to J. H. Kolle's place where we noticed a new strawberry bed set out and the place in excellent condition.

Turning to the north we went up the long hill past William Bena sr. place, Frank Priborsky, J. P. Finley, C. B. Christensen and August Burchard. Here we turned to retrace the road to the Ponca school house and William Bena, Jr.'s place. "Billy" has a nice place and is working hard to put it in first class shape. He has some fine horses that are much admired. Around the corner we go up and down hill past the farms of William Kelly, Henry Vogel, C. A. Swanson, Frantz Ritter, J. N. Ritter, P. Byers, S. S. B. Leary, J. Samiane, Arvin Meyer and across the Douglas county line into Washington county.

Past the historic old Shipley cemetery from where in every direction could be seen farmers cutting their first crop of alfalfa, Chris Sorenson and Dr. Gifford, from which point a most magnificent panorama of farm scenes, woods, hill and dale and the old Missouri in the distance. Next we passed the farms of William Taylor, John Leahy and Frank Tietz.

A noticeable feature of the farms was the difference in the methods of farming. While everything is badly in need of rain, those who had the soil well harrowed with a good dust mulch by far had the largest crops and best looking fields of corn while those who had listed their corn in without the mulch, leaving large clods of hard compact soil, had small corn and inferior stands. Most of the corn was up about four to six inches while the wheat and oats are heading out at a height of from six to eight inches, indicating a poor crop and no straw. At none of the places were there more than enough fruit for more than home use. The pastures were badly in need of rain and were short and dry.

Next we came to Garryowen where are the farms of Dan, Mike, John and Michael Kelly, S. P. Anderson, Jack Fitzgerald, Anton Sorenson, Fred Shrader, John Fitzgerald, Dan Fitzgerald and John Kelly.

Considerable difference in the roads of Douglas and Washington counties was noted, those of Washington county being poorly kept and in bad condition while those of Douglas county were all in pretty good shape except where some misguided farmer had tried to scud his plow on the public highway, a bad practice that ought to be stopped.

Now we struck the river road and turned our faces toward home, passing the farms of Jens Jespersen, L. C. Leffler and A. H. Waldenstrom, on whose place is located the famous fishing resort of Kelly's lake which is now conducted by Anton Anderson. The land around here is very low and is subject to overflow by the river but raises crops so big as to be beyond belief. Around the lake we drive and a novel sight met our eyes. All along his place Henry Michael has cut the weeds in the road making such a decided improvement that it is a wonder others do not emulate his example. Henry is a hard worker, and his farm shows it and the improved appearance more than offsets the labor. Mr. Michael's invited us to come up and go fishing with him some time and we are going to accept the invitation and then tell our readers if he can fish as good as he farms.

On down the river road we travel, a road lined with empty beer bottles left by roistering fishermen, past the

## ENRAGED FARMERS WILL ACT

Propose to Stop Drunken Fishermen From Molesting Their Property and Insulting Families.

Excitement runs high among the farmers living near Kelly's lake just north of the Douglas county line in Washington county, while a vigilance committee is forming to pounce upon the next party of roistering fishermen that appear. The farmers banded themselves together in a war against the aliens who have been performing all sorts of mischief in the neighborhood.

The situation became acute and the community rose up in its white heat of ire Tuesday when it became known that the last party of intruding fishermen had gone so far as to insult little children. It was reported that an outfit of the fishermen, mounted in a huge brewery wagon, had passed along the country road toward the lake, and upon overtaking a group of school girls, had cast indecent remarks upon them. Fathers and brothers of the little ones formed quickly in a posse to overtake the fishermen, but were too late to do so.

The farmers took their grievance first to the sheriff of Washington county, asking to be appointed deputies to arrest the outlaw marauders. They explained how the law had been broken by thefts of chickens, destruction of property and littering of the roads with beer bottles by the strangers. The sheriff, however, declined to take the responsibility of giving power of officers to a crew of enraged farmers.

The farmers declare now they will take the law in their own hands. The vigilance committee plans to keep watch for the next fishing outfit, and upon the first sign of impropriety, to give them a drubbing.

farms of Knud Larsen, ..ells Andersen to N. J. Larson's place where a large dog barked a welcome, and then to T. J. Adams place where the most novel experience of the trip was encountered. Mr. Adams is a fisherman and always is successful enough to be able to take frequent loads of fish to market, good big fish, too. Upon being told the editor enjoyed fishing but was not such a fisherman, Mr. Adams told him he would see that he caught some fish and he didn't need any fish line either. Being a city man the editor thought he was pretty wise but he got a lesson on a new and quick way of fishing and catching fish. The editor followed Mr. Adams to a small pond about six feet long and three wide and about one or one and a half deep. "Just kneel on the bank and run your hand in the water and catch them," said Mr. Adams which instructions resulted in the editor getting five large fish for supper, and if there is any man that can successfully prove that he did not catch those fish with his bare hand he will be ostracized.

On we went past J. W. Snodderly's place, then a short divergence to the west past the places of Carl Holst, Mrs. Krenzer, Martin Jorgensen, Nels Jensen and P. H. Peterson. Mrs. Krenzer's place was indeed a delightful surprise, having a nice lawn with flowers and shrubs set about, thus making it very pretty.

Back to the river road we drove and past the places of J. H. Spect, William Pollard, J. Keller, Gallus Hipp, Oliver Fairbrass, W. H. House, J. R. West, Manuel Long, Frank Sinent, J. Vleck, H. P. Crabtree, Hans Jespersen, J. Broderson and Ralph Thompson to Florence again.

A fine day, a fine trip, viewing fine farms amid beautiful settings was over and the wish to again take the trip will ever be present with the editor. The only regret is we could not personally meet more of the farmers but they were too busy in the fields.

## Prizes for Nebraska Flyers.

The Aero Club of Nebraska announces an amateur aviation contest in connection with the Mid-West Aviation meet to be held on a site near Omaha July 9 to 14.

There are a good many people in Nebraska interested in aviation but it was not known anyone pretended to fly until the Aero club announced enough amateur aviators had been found in Nebraska and western Iowa to have an amateur meet in connection with a big demonstration. Nine applications are now in for entries to this contest.

Professionals who will compete include Glenn M. Curtiss, who recently made the record breaking flight from Albany to New York. Chas. K. Willard and C. J. Mars, both professionals in the heavier than air machines are under contract to come.

The Nebraska Aero club has put up \$15,000 to secure these men and they will give a five day demonstration on some site to be selected by Mr. Mars within a few days. Both Florence and Benson are bidders for the meet and it will be held some place about Omaha. Clarke Powell of Omaha is secretary of the Nebraska club.

# The Island of Regeneration

By  
CYRUS TOWNSEND  
BRADY

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RAY WALTERS

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 Revel 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, she was brought up with her and they decided to put her theories into practice. A few days on his yacht reveals to her that he only professed lofty ideals to possess her. While drunk he attempts to kiss her. She knocks him down and leaves him unconscious and escapes 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 escaped being killed. An American cruiser appears. Officers hear the whole story and Langford asks Katharine to marry him. Katharine declares that she will marry no one but her island companion. The latter says he still loves her but that the revelations have made a change.

## CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

"Is the present Charnock married?"

"No," returned the chaplain, "he is an old bachelor."

"That will make it easier for our friend here," said Mr. Whittaker, "provided the evidence is thought convincing."

"The best evidence that he could present," returned the chaplain, "is in his face. He is the living image of his father as I knew him, and he has family characteristics which I think would enable anyone to identify him without question."

"Sir," said the islander, addressing the chaplain, "did you know my mother?"

"That I did," returned the old man. "Her name was Mary Page Thornton, and she was one of the sweetest girls in Virginia."

"And will you tell me about her, and about my father and my people?"

"With the greatest pleasure," said the chaplain, kindly. "Meanwhile Capt. Ashby and these gentlemen will wish to hear your story."

"Take him to your cabin," said the captain promptly, "and tell him the things he wants to know. We can wait."

"No," returned the islander; "I can wait. I have waited all these years and a few hours more or less will make little difference. You have a right to know my story, and here it is."

Rapidly, concisely, with a fine dramatic touch, he told the story as he knew it of his life on the island. He was so entirely unconventional that he interwove the bare details of the strange relation which he gave them with personal touches. He made no secret of his love and worship for the girl, of the belief in her which he had cherished, of the reverence in which he had held her. He exhibited that strange commixture of feeling with which he regarded her as a human woman and as a demi-goddess. He showed that he was at once her master and her creature, yet through it all there ran such a thread of bitterness, of grief, of resentment, of shame, that his auditors, at first unpossessed of the key to his feelings, listened to him with amazement and could scarcely realize or comprehend. He told the story of the two lives up to the sighting of the ship upon the island, and then, his heart failing him, he turned to Whittaker and bade him take up the relation.

It was a delicate matter of which to speak, but the simplicity with which the first part of the tale had been presented gave the officer his cue. He was a man of retentive memory, of quick apprehensive power, and with a nice sense of discrimination, a rare man, indeed. And he told the rest of the tale with a subtle sympathy for the situation and the actors that enabled him so to present it to the interested little group of officers that he almost made them see it as it transpired.

"And what," asked the captain, when the final word had been said, "do you propose to do now, Mr. Charnock?"

It was the first time that he had been so addressed and the man started. He had heard Mr. Whittaker's words as one in a dream. He had been going over that dreadful scene on the sands. His heart was lacerated and torn again. He was blind to everything but the past. He saw her face dimly in the present. He could see nothing of happiness in the future.

"I don't know," he answered.

"But surely this has not made any difference in your feelings?"

"I can't tell. The difference is in her, not in me."

"She made a frightful mistake," said the captain, impressively, "but she has nobly atoned, and—"

"She's not what I thought she was," said the man, "and if I love her, I love her now not because, but in spite, of what she is, and there is a difference."

"Miss Brenton," interposed Whittaker at this juncture, "has settled the matter herself. She says that she will

have no man's pity, no man's contempt, that no man shall marry her on sufferance, and that—"

"Right," said the surgeon, who was a man of very few words and generally good ones.

"My young friend," broke in the chaplain, "if I might advise—"

"But this," returned the islander, with fierceness, "is not a matter for my advice. I don't know the world or its customs. I must appear strange to you men. But I take it that a man's choice of a wife, a man's settlement of his future is not a thing that he brooks counsel over. At any rate, I want none of it."

"Come with me," said the chaplain; "we will talk it over. I have lived in the world," he went on, gently, "perhaps I can help you. Have we your permission to withdraw, Capt. Ashby?"

"Certainly," said the captain. "Pardon me a moment, chaplain," interposed Whittaker; "but the young lady has asked that some of us go ashore to take her deposition as to the matters that have been alleged concerning our friend here. Capt. Ashby, will you?"

"Certainly, Mr. Whittaker, I will go. And if you will accompany me, doctor, and you, chaplain, I shall be glad. Mr. Whittaker, you are a notary public and can administer the necessary oaths."

"Very good, sir," returned Mr. Whittaker. The other gentlemen bowed their acquiescence. "The lady said she would like to be undisturbed until evening."

"At two bells in the second dog watch then have the cutter called away," returned the captain.

"Beg pardon, captain," said the surgeon, "but do you or any of you know this lady to be Miss Brenton?"

"No," said the captain, "I don't know her. Do you, Mr. Whittaker, or you, chaplain?"

"Well, then," said the surgeon, as both the officers shook their heads, "it will be necessary to have some one ashore who does know her in order to swear to her identity to make her deposition worth anything."

"There is Langford," said Whittaker, "he knows her."

"Very good," said the captain; "send a boat over to the yacht and present my compliments to Mr. Langford. Ask him if he will meet us ashore at quarter after five o'clock. Say to him also that I should be glad to have him dine with me to-night at seven. Chaplain, will you and Mr. Charnock take luncheon with me later?"

Now, to go back to the island. The woman stood on the strand proudly, resolutely, sternly erect, without a sign of unbending until the boats reached the sides of the two ships. Even then she kept herself in the bonds of a control of steel. She turned slowly, walked up the beach, entered the grove of palms, mechanically found the path and plodded along it, still erect and unbending, until the windings of the trail and the thickening of the grove hid her from any chance watchers on the ship.

Then, and not until then, did she give way completely. She threw herself down upon the sand in the cool shadow of the great rocks in what to her had suddenly become a weary land, and outstretched her arms as if to clasp the earth to her breast in default of the man she had dreamed of and trusted, she had loved and lived for, and lay there a silent, shuddering, wretched figure.

Her crushing disappointment at his failure to rise to the measure of her ideal of him, the total end of her dream of happiness, the breaking of all her hopes, the closing of all her ambitions, the tearing asunder of her heartstrings whelmed her in agony. She had thought that never could humanity experience more than the pain superinduced by the horror of her position upon the ship, but that pain to the present was like a caress. For to all that old horror was added a new sense of loss, of disappointment and despair. Like Elijah of old, dismayed, disheartened, broken, she prayed that she might die there on the sands.

## CHAPTER XIX.

### The Man's Failure.

At five o'clock a boat put off from the big white cruiser, conveying the islander, the captain, the other officers and Langford to the shore. The woman met them on the sand. She had discarded her woven tunic and was dressed in the faded blue blouse and skirt which she had worn when she had left the yacht and which she had ever since preserved with such scrupulous care for an emergency like this. Well was it for her that the garments were loose and easy-fitting, else she could not have put them on, so splendidly had she developed in waist and chest and limb. She wore stockings and shoes, and, save for a certain natural elegance and freedom in her bearing, she looked much as any other woman, except that few women were as beautiful as she.

After a momentary hesitation and a glance at the islander, who, after his first swift, comprehending survey of the woman, stood with averted head—she, conscious painfully of his every gesture and movement—the lieutenant commander performed the necessary introductions. This ceremony over, it was the woman who spoke.

"I sent for you, gentlemen," she began, "in order that a necessary deposition might be made to enable, if possible, my—she paused and bowed for-

mally toward the islander—"this gentleman, to establish his identity, upon which, as I learn from Mr. Whittaker, much seems to depend. I have here—"

"But could you not do this more conveniently later on the ship, Miss Brenton?" interposed the captain. He had been told that she intended to stay on the island, but he could not believe it. "We shall be very glad indeed to offer you passage home. The ship is fitted for a flag and the admiral's quarters are yours to command. We are sailing direct to the United States, with a stop at Honolulu, and will be glad to restore you to your friends."

"Sir," said the woman, "I have no friends who care enough about me to welcome me or whom I care enough about to wish to see. My mind is made up. I shall stay on the island, at least for the present."

"But, my dear young lady," began the officer.

"Capt. Ashby," said the woman, "you are the commander of that ship?"

"I am."

"To you is committed the ordering of her course?"

"To me alone, Miss Brenton."

"You decide all questions connected with her on your own responsibility?"

"I do, certainly; but—"

"Sir, this is my ship, this island. If I choose to stay here, I cannot think you will endeavor to take me hence by force."

"By no means."

"Nor have I any more fondness for having my decisions discussed than you would have for hearing your orders argued or questioned."

"It is my island," cried the man, roughly, "and if you stay, I stay."

"We lose time," said the woman, shortly. "I am here to give my testimony; you are prepared to take it?"

"I am," said the lieutenant-com-

mander, stepping forward, notebook in hand.

"Captain, will you conduct the necessary inquiry?"

"Certainly," said the captain. "Mr. Langford, do you identify this lady?"

"I do, sir," answered Langford. "She is Miss Katharine Brenton of San Francisco."

"You say this of your own personal knowledge?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will make affidavit to that fact?"

"With pleasure."

"I wondered," said the woman, bitterly, "why you came back."

"It was at my wish, madam," returned Capt. Ashby, formally.

He was not greatly prepossessed with the imperative manner and demeanor of this young woman, but he did not see exactly how he could resist it, or force any improvement in it. "Will you proceed now with your story," he continued. "Will you speak slowly so that Mr. Whittaker, who does not write shorthand, can take it down?"

Thereupon the woman told that portion of her tale which related to the evidence which she exhibited, the piece of the boat with the name of the ship upon it, the dog collar, the silver box, the Bible, the two rings. These were marked, set down and sworn to. The affidavit to which she subscribed her name, and to which she took oath on the very Bible of the island, was brief, though comprehensive, and the little ceremony was soon over. Mr. Whittaker assumed charge of all the exhibits. The tale having been completed and all the little formalities got through with, the little party stood around in awkward silence wondering what was next to come.

"Miss Brenton," said the captain at last, breaking the pause, "it seems a shame. For God's sake, reconsider your decision and come off to the ship!"

"No," returned the woman, quietly; "my mind is made up."

"Katharine!" exclaimed Langford, extending his hand in one final appeal.

"Not with you, either," said the woman.

"My dear young lady," began the old chaplain, "think what it is you do. Has any human being with such powers as you possess a right to bury herself in this lonely island? Is there no call—?"

"Sir," the woman interposed, "your plea might move me if anything could, but indeed 'tis useless as the rest."

"Hear mine, then," said the man, abruptly, even harshly.

The woman turned and faced him as unrelenting and as determined as she had faced the others. What could he say? There was but one plea that could move her. Was he about to make that?

"We have loved each other," he went on, brokenly. "It was my dearest wish, my most settled determination, to make you my wife. That wish I still entertain, that determination has not departed from me. You have refused to marry that man—"

"And would you have me do so?" asked the woman.

"No, a thousand times, no. I am sorer every moment that I look at him that I did not kill him. But having refused him, there is nothing now that you can do but marry me. And as you have refused him, it makes it the more incumbent upon me to marry you and to take you away. Your honor demands it."

"My honor!" flamed out the woman, indignantly.

"I have said it," returned the man, doggedly.

"Gentlemen, you will forgive our frankness," said the woman, turning

you; I would not take an angel from heaven unless he thought me in every particular all that a woman should be to a man, unless he loved me with his whole heart and soul absolutely, unfeignedly, completely. You don't. I don't even think that I love you now. You have been tried and tested, and you have failed. Gentlemen, will you take him away?"

"I stay here," said the man, bluntly, drawing apart from the others, "and I will kill with my own hands the man who lays a finger upon me."

"Sir," said the captain, "this land, I take it, is the United States. As the ranking officer present, I represent its law. It is under my rule. As to your choice, I have nothing to say, but as far as regards other things, you will have to obey me here as any other citizen of our country."

"And I know nothing of the United States or its laws," answered the man, proudly. "I am a law unto myself."

"The first lesson that the world will teach you, sir," returned the captain, pointedly, "is that that position cannot be maintained; that the whole fabric of civilization depends upon concession by individuals of natural rights and upon the enforcement of these concessions by other individuals to whom has been delegated that power."

"I don't wish to learn it, and that is why I will not leave this island," persisted the man.

It was the woman who intervened. She stepped close to the man and laid her hand upon his arm.

"You said that in some fashion you loved me," she urged.

"In some fashion I do," he replied.

"It grows late, Captain, can your ship lie by the island until morning?"

"If you wish, certainly," returned the captain.

"Very well. Man, will you then go aboard the ship with these gentlemen and leave me alone here for the night?"

"Alone, madam!" exclaimed the captain.

"Certainly, sir," returned the woman. "There is not a harmful thing upon the island. You can come back in the morning and we will discuss then what is best to be done. Really, gentlemen," she went on, with a piteous tremble of her lip, for one moment losing her control, "I have been tried beyond the strength of woman to-day. If I can have a quiet rest, if in the morning—"

"That is reasonable," said the surgeon. "The lady is in no state for this discussion, nor, indeed, are you, sir," he continued, looking hard at the man.

"Very well," said the captain. "Come, Mr. Charnock, you cannot refuse that request; gentlemen, Madam, good night."

He turned away, followed by the others. Charnock for the moment hesitated.

"I give you one more chance," whispered the woman in his ear. "I think myself fit for the wife of any man, do you think so? Do you love me? Do you care for me as you did last night? Can you think of me as all that is sweet and lovely and noble and pure, and worthy of any man's affection?"

She bent closer toward him in the intensity of her feelings. The words rushed from her. The man passed his hand over his forehead.

"I can only say what I said before, that I love you still, that I will marry you, and that you ought to be—"

"That is enough," interrupted the woman. "Good-by."

She drew instantly apart from him.

"Mr. Charnock," rang the captain's voice, imperatively.

Slowly the islander turned and made his way to the sea after the others.

The woman, thus left alone upon the island, was face to face with a crisis which could only be met in two ways. Either she must go away with the man, or they must both remain on the island. It was possible that the captain might be induced to use force to take the man away, but that was not likely, and if it were attempted, she believed, with much foundation for her belief, that the man who had never been coerced by a human being except her would fight until he died. She could not go away with him; she could not live with him on the island. A future opened before him. She had learned that afternoon on the sand that if his identity could be established he would be a man of great wealth, a power, a factor in the world's affairs. She had had her experience in life, her taste of power. It did not matter about her. It mattered greatly about him.

She had given him a final chance. He did not love her as she would be loved. He could not love her. It was evident to her that he never would. She had nothing to live for, nothing to hope for, nothing to dream about. There was one way of cutting the Gordian knot; she could die. And yet, somehow, the instinct of life was strong in her heart.

She crossed the island to her side, where she was hidden from the ship, and went down to the edge of the water. She even slipped off the garments of civilization and stood forth a primitive Eve and waded out a little way into the lagoon. The night had fallen and she was calm in the screen of the darkness. She could easily swim out to the barrier reef, clamber upon it, and then plunge into the blue Pacific and swim on and on, and fight and fight until the last vestige of her strength was gone, and then sink down, leaving him free and settling the question. And yet the waters lap-



ping about her feet held her back, drove her back, retarded her in her advance.

Could she do it? Should she do it? At least she would not give up the idea for want of trying. She resolutely set herself to wade into the deeper sea. That she waded was evidence of her indecision. Under other circumstances, or had she been clear in her mind as to her course, a quick run, a spring, a splash, and she would have been in the midst of the lagoon. She went slowly, and as the water grew deeper, she went more slowly. It was warm and pleasant in the lagoon. The slight difference of temperature between the water and the air ordinarily was only stimulating. And yet the sea had never seemed so cold to her as it was in that hour.

By and by she stopped, the waters now up to her breast. The wind blew gently toward the land, and the waves struck her softly and beat her back. She stopped dead still and thought and thought, wrestling with her problem, full of passionate disappointment, vain regret, despair, conscious that life held nothing for her, and yet clinging to it, unknowing what would be the outcome of the Titanic struggle raging in her breast between primal passions, love of life and love of man!

## CHAPTER XX.

### The Repentance That Came Too Late.

For the first time in his life the man of the island played the coward. He was afraid to be alone. The others, the officers of the ship, that is, not Langford—he had gone back to his own yacht, declining the captain's invitation to dinner—would have respected the islander's mood and have left him to himself, but it was evident that he craved their society. Whittaker and the old chaplain suspected how it would be with him, but they knew that sooner or later he would have to retire to rest, and sooner or later he would be alone.

And then his grief was so obvious, that in accordance with a natural and commendable tendency they strove to cheer him up. They encouraged him to ask questions. They told him many things in reply that the woman could not have told him; that he had half dimly suspected, but had not known. They cleared up to him many things which had seemed mysterious and strange to him.

And on their part they marveled at the things he did know, at the thoroughness with which he had been taught, and at the wonderful acuteness of perception which he displayed. The woman had marveled at it, too, but she had become used to it in three years of intimacy. They saw it immediately with greater surprise.

A spare cabin in the wardroom had been arranged for the islander, and there provided with the unworked luxury of night wear after a hearty "Good-night" from the lieutenant commander and a fervent "God bless you" from the old chaplain, he was left to his own devices. The strangeness of his situation, the soft bed, the snowy linen, the silk pajamas, the confining area of the cabin, the sudden touch with luxuries of civilization would in itself have kept him awake had he been as heart whole and as care free as when the woman had landed upon the island. But, indeed, the strangeness of these things aroused no emotions in his mind at all, for the moment he was alone his thoughts, which he had been fighting desperately to keep upon other things, reverted to her. What was she doing for the first time alone upon that island? What was she thinking? He realized that no more than he could she be sleeping.

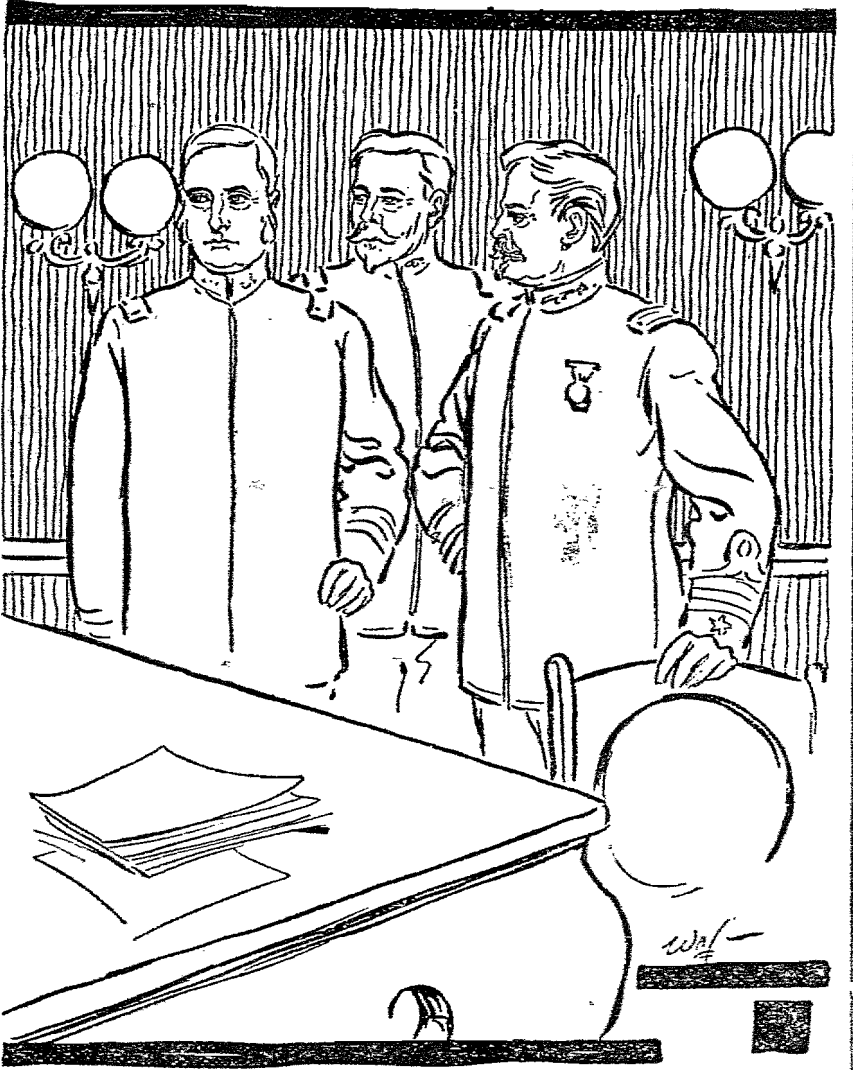
Unflinchingly he reviewed with what calmness he could muster the scenes of the morning and the day. He forced himself to consider in all its lights and bearings the information that had been given to him. He tortured himself by the deliberate slow recalling of every detail, and then, quivering as if under the stimulus of some blow upon a raw wound, he reviewed his own conduct. Faithful-entment came to him in that dark and silent hour. He discovered first of all that he loved her; that the check and counter-check and variation and alteration in his emotions had been swept away in a great development of a more transcending feeling. If she should ask him that question on the morrow as to whether he loved her as he had on that never-to-be-forgotten night, he would still answer no, because he loved her more.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Oh, That There Were Others.

They knew that she lived abroad for a couple of years, they said. Why did she never speak of it?

"I used to once in awhile," she answered, "but not any more after I met the two Brooklyn girls who had traveled all over the world. They cured me. It was 'When I was in China,' or 'When I was in Japan,' or 'When I went through the Black forest,' or 'When I took a sail down the Red sea,' until they just about bored me to death. I said to myself then that I would ever after spare my friends, and I have kept my word."



"Is the Present Charnock Married?"

mander, stepping forward, notebook in hand.

"Captain, will you conduct the necessary inquiry?"

"Certainly," said the captain. "Mr. Langford, do you identify this lady?"

"I do, sir," answered Langford. "She is Miss Katharine Brenton of San Francisco."

"You say this of your own personal knowledge?"

"Yes, sir."

"You will make affidavit to that fact?"

"With pleasure."

"I wondered," said the woman, bitterly, "why you came back."

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He was not greatly prepossessed with the imperative manner and demeanor of this young woman, but he did not see exactly how he could resist it, or force any improvement in it. "Will you proceed now with your story," he continued. "Will you speak slowly so that Mr. Whittaker, who does not write shorthand, can take it down?"

Thereupon the woman told that portion of her tale which related to the evidence which she exhibited, the piece of the boat with the name of the ship upon it, the dog collar, the silver box, the Bible, the two rings. These were marked, set down and sworn to. The affidavit to which she subscribed her name, and to which she took oath on the very Bible of the island, was brief, though comprehensive, and the little ceremony was soon over. Mr. Whittaker assumed charge of all the exhibits. The tale having been completed and all the little formalities got through with, the little party stood around in awkward silence wondering what was next to come.

"Miss Brenton," said the captain at last, breaking the pause, "it seems a shame. For God's sake, reconsider your decision and come off to the ship!"

to the little group who waited, all except Langford, who had walked away out of earshot and who resolutely kept his back toward the party, "but this thing has to be settled. Now," said the woman, "here is no question of honor, but of love. I ask you, Man, do you love me as you did last night?"

"I—" he began, falteringly.

"You have never told me a lie," she continued. "You have never known anything but the truth."

"Until I learned from you," cried the man, "what you had concealed."

The woman smiled bitterly, waving aside this cruel stab.

"Tell me the truth. Do you love me as you did last night?"

"If you will have it, no," said the man, rushing to his doom.

Men have taken a bullet in the breast, a shot in the heart, and for a moment have maintained their erect position. The woman knew in that moment how such things could be.

"But I love you still," said the man. "And I still want you for my wife."

"Last night," went on the woman, as if in a dream, "I seemed to you the embodiment of every excellence that humanity can possess short of the divine."

"Yes," said the man, "I loved you as—"

"Do I still possess those qualities in your eyes?"

He hesitated. He strove to speak.

"The truth! The truth!" whispered the woman. "Nothing else, so help you God!"

"No," said the man, "but I love you still, and you ought to marry me, you must. Can't you understand?"

"Listen," said the woman, fiercely. "I did not go to that man yonder, although he offered me everything that honor could dictate and that true affection could suggest, I do believe, because I did not love him, although I have since come to respect him, after I have thought it over. It is not duty, but love, which is the compelling motive in this matter. And I won't take

# MOTHERS WHO HAVE DAUGHTERS

## Find Help in Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Hudson, Ohio.—"If mothers realized the good your remedies would do delicate girls I believe there would be fewer weak and ailing women. Irregular and painful periods and such troubles would be relieved at once in many cases. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is fine for ailing girls and run-down women. Their delicate organs need a tonic and the Compound gives new ambition and life from the first dose."—Mrs. GEORGE STRICKLER, Hudson, Ohio, R. No. 5, Box 32.

Hundreds of such letters from mothers expressing their gratitude for what Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has accomplished for them have been received by the Lydia E. Pinkham Medicine Company, Lynn, Mass.

**Young Girls, Heed This.** Girls who are troubled with painful or irregular periods, headache, dragging-down sensations, fainting spells or indigestion, should take immediate action to ward off the serious consequences and be restored to health by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Thousands have been restored to health by its use.

If you would like special advice about your case write a confidential letter to Mrs. Pinkham, at Lynn, Mass. Her advice is free, and always helpful.

**Trial Bottle Free By Mail**

# FITS

If you suffer from Epilepsy, Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms, or have children that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for a Free Trial Bottle of Dr. May's

**Epileptoid Cure** It has cured thousands where everything else failed. Guaranteed by May Medical Laboratory Under Pure Food and Drugs Act, June 30th, 1906. Guaranty No. 18971. Please write for Special Free Trial Bottle and give AGE and complete address. DR. W. H. MAY, 548 Pearl Street, New York. Please mention this paper. Druggists fill orders.

## NOTHING TO WORRY ABOUT

Complacent Smoker Had No Use for the Bands, So What Was the Difference.

There were four of them on the rear platform of a car, thrown together, so to speak, by a rough track. All were smoking. An odor, not of cigars, detracted somewhat from interest in the general conversation.

The odor became pronounced. One of the quartette cast about for a reason. He saw one of his companions complacently smoking a cigar that had burned down past the flaring red band that girdled it. There remained no question of the source of the odor. "Excuse me," the discoverer said to the complacent one, "your cigar band is burning."

"That's all right, old man," the complacent one replied, "I'm not saving them."

## Docile Cheese.

Andrew Carnegie, while eating with appetite and courage last month the dishes cooked by the young girls of the Margaret Morrison school in Pittsburgh, said:

"I have no fear before these experimental dishes. He who has eaten in France learns to eat boldly."

"Think of the French cheeses alone! Why, one afternoon in a restaurant in the Boulevard des Italiens, I heard a guest shout angrily:

"Waiter, look here, this cheese is walking all over the table."

"Ah, have no fear, monsieur. It won't escape," the waiter replied. "If it goes too far, just call 'Jules, Jules!' It always answers to its name."

Sincerity, a deep genuine sincerity is the first characteristic of all men in any way heroic.—Carlyle.

## Why Clean Milk?

The importance of knowing about your milk supply is more than one of nice instincts and dread of dirt.

A recent investigation has shown that while adults in good health are in little danger from tainted milk, infants, children, old people and anyone suffering from a high temperature can easily contract tuberculosis in this way.

As milk is the chief food of those who are ill with fever and run down, it is folly to be negligent as to the healthfulness of that food.

## Thin Corn Bread.

This goes well with the breakfast cup of coffee. To make it sift together three-quarters of a cup fine cornmeal and flour, a half teaspoonful salt and a teaspoonful sugar. Beat together one egg and three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk, and stir into the dry mixture. Add a tablespoonful melted butter and beat hard. Stir in a teaspoonful baking powder, turn into a well-greased shallow pan and bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven.

## TO LAUNDRER SHIRT WAISTS

It Can Be Done Without Ironing and Without Great Amount of Trouble.

How to launder lingerie waists without ironing. There are many times, when traveling, that one would like to wash out lingerie blouses if facilities for ironing were possible. The following method may be employed, with most satisfactory results: Wash the waist in a good suds of white soap. Rinse well in hot water and then in cold water, which may be slightly blued with a bluing that comes in the form of a booklet from which leaves are torn to be dissolved in the water. If desirable a bit of starch may be added to this water also. To dry, stretch carefully over a clean pillow. Fasten the waist at the belt around the pillow. Stuff the fullness in front and also the sleeves with white tissue paper, smoothing the material out carefully. A piece of stiff paper the width and length of the collar should be fastened inside of it, with the lace stretched over it. The cuffs may be treated in the same way. If the waist is then placed in an open window it will dry quickly and have every appearance of having been carefully ironed.

## The Home



For sting of poisonous insect wash wound with salt or soda water.

Cutting onions, turnips and carrots across the fiber makes them more tender when cooked.

To singe chickens hold them over a saucer of burning alcohol. It does not leave soot on the flesh.

Slight stains can be removed from black cloth by rubbing with a freshly cut raw potato, wiping it with clean cloth.

Chicken salad is delicious if mixed with small pieces of green pepper and mayonnaise. Press the meat into pepper cases.

Boiling oil is spread by water. To extinguish it throw down flour, sand or earth. The idea is to prevent the oil spreading.

A cloth wrung out of hot vinegar and water and laid on the forehead as hot as can be borne will relieve a headache.

Woolen blankets should be placed in boxes lined with newspapers. Lay pieces of linen saturated with turpentine in the boxes to prevent an invasion of moths.

**Strawberry Shortcake.** Sift together two cupsful of flour, two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, one teaspoonful of salt. Rub one-half cupful of lard in flour and add enough cold water to form soft dough. Divide in two portions, roll out one portion, and place in pan, allowing dough to come half way up side of pan. Roll out remainder of dough, spread with soft butter, and place on first portion. Bake about twenty minutes in a moderate oven.

Stem, wash, and drain one quart of berries, add one and a half cupsful of sugar; crush with potato masher. As soon as cake comes from oven remove top crust, butter both top and bottom crusts, use half the berries between cakes and the remainder for top.

If these directions are carefully followed the result will be a truly delicious short cake.

## Boiled Dressing.

Mix together one-half tablespoonful sugar, one-half teaspoonful salt, a dash of pepper, one teaspoonful mustard and one cupful cider vinegar. Beat three eggs, then add the above with butter the size of a walnut. Beat until foamy, then put in a double boiler and cook until it thickens. If it should curdle, beat with egg beater while on the stove and it will be like velvet. Uncover to cool. If put in a covered jar in the ice box it will keep for a long time. I am sure many of our readers will be glad to use this recipe and I thank Mrs. J. for her generosity in sharing her culinary treasures with them.

## To Wash Crepe Waists.

Wash waist in lukewarm water. Boll soap to a jelly, add a little borax to water. Do not boll waist, as boiling shrinks crepe. To rinsing water add half tea-cupful of boiled starch. When waist is ready to dry spread a sheet on table. Stuff waist with tissue paper, sleeves first, then button and fill as if on a form. Put paper in very evenly, also do the same with collar. Leave on table to dry in a hot place. Your waist will look like new if trimmed with lace. Press lace on a thick pad on wrong side.

## Kitchen Cleaner.

Chamois-skins, which play such an important part in polishing glass, silver and other metals, may, in turn, be cleaned by washing in tepid water and plenty of white soap. Mildew may be removed by covering the spots with buttermilk, and exposing to the sun. Iron-rust spots must be covered with salt and lemon juice, and placed in sunshine.—Harper's Bazar.

# ROOSEVELT'S HUNT FOR AFRICAN GAME

Lions and Other Animals Shot in Large Numbers.

## YEAR ON DARK CONTINENT

Naturalists Collected Hundreds of Specimens for the Smithsonian Institution—Kermit Photographer of the Party.

Theodore Roosevelt's hunting trip in Africa, officially known as the Smithsonian African expedition, lasted nearly eleven months and was most successful in every way. The colonel's desire to hunt big game was not all that was back of the trip, for the Smithsonian Institution wanted specimens of the fauna and flora of the Dark Continent and commissioned the ex-president to obtain them. For this reason, a part of the expenses were borne by the institution, but Mr. Roosevelt paid all the expenses of himself and his son Kermit, presumably earning much of them by his articles in a magazine for which he received a record-breaking price.

Not wasting much time after leaving the White House, Colonel Roosevelt sailed from New York on the steamship Hamburg, headed for Naples. With him were Kermit and three naturalists, Major Mearns, Edmund Heller and J. Alden Loring, and stowed in the hold was most of their elaborate outfit for killing or photographing the animals of East Africa and for preserving the specimens destined for the Smithsonian Institution. Kermit had trained himself to be the

game came fast and cheetahs, gazelles, rhinoceroses and more lions were added to the list. In all 14 varieties of animals being secured. Meanwhile Kermit was busy with his cameras and the naturalists prepared the specimens.

George McMillan, an American, was the next host of the hunters, and several weeks were spent on his fine Ju Ja ranch and in the surrounding country. There the game was very plentiful and many fine specimens were bagged. Members of the party made several extensive trips of exploration, notably on and around Mount Kenia.

The expedition left East Africa December 19, crossed Uganda and went down the White Nile, getting back to comparative civilization at Gondokoro. There they went aboard a steamer, put at their disposal by the sirdar, and journeyed to Khartum, where Mrs. Roosevelt met her husband, and accompanied him in a leisurely trip to Cairo. During his stay in Egypt Colonel Roosevelt was the recipient of many honors and made several speeches. One of them, in which he praised the administration of the British, gave considerable offense to the native Nationalists. At the end of March the Roosevelts sailed for Italy.

In a preliminary report to the Smithsonian Institution Mr. Roosevelt summarized the material results of the expedition as follows: "On the trip Mr. Heller has prepared 1,620 specimens of mammals, the majority of large size; Mr. Loring has prepared 3,163, and Doctor Mearns 714—a total of 4,897 mammals. Of birds, Doctor Mearns has prepared nearly 3,100, Mr. Loring 899, and Mr. Heller about fifty—a total of about 4,000 birds.

"Of reptiles and batrachians, Messrs. Mearns, Loring and Heller collected about 2,000.

"Of fishes, about 500 were collected. Doctor Mearns collected marine fishes near Mombasa, and fresh water fishes elsewhere in British East Africa, and



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

## IN THE AFRICAN JUNGLE

chief photographer of the expedition, but he also turned out to be considerable of a hunter.

A great throng of friends and admirers bade the colonel farewell, and he sailed away, but could not entirely separate himself from the world, for practically all the way across the Atlantic wireless communication with the Hamburg was maintained. Moreover, at the Azores, and again at Gibraltar, he found the officials and people insisted on doing him honor, and when he reached Naples on April 5 the entire populace turned out to greet him with flowers and cheers.

Boarding the German steamship Admiral for Mombasa, Mr. Roosevelt found in his cabin a quantity of flowers and a letter from Emperor William wishing him "good hunting." At Messina a stop was made to view the earthquake ruins, and there, at King Victor Emmanuel's request, Mr. Roosevelt and Kermit visited the Italian monarch on board the battleship Rex Umberto. The party arrived at Mombasa April 21 and was received by Acting Governor Jackson, who had been instructed by the British government to do all in his power to further the plans of the expedition. Unusual privileges were granted the hunters, and Mr. Roosevelt and Kermit were licensed to kill lions.

At Mombasa the party was joined by R. J. Cunningham, a veteran African hunter and explorer, and Leslie J. Tarleton, and these two managed the expedition in a most able manner. Taking train to Kapitil plains, the party became the guests of Sir Alfred Pease on his ranch. An immense caravan of 280 persons was organized and on April 25 Colonel Roosevelt had his first African hunt. On this occasion he bagged two wildebeests and a Thompson's gazelle. April 30 was a notable day in the camp on the Athi, for on that day the first lions fell victims to the marksmanship of the Roosevelts. Theodore shot two and Kermit one, and there was great rejoicing among the natives who made up the caravan. After that the big

he and Cunningham collected fishes in the White Nile.

"This makes, in all, of vertebrates: Mammals..... 4,897 Birds (about)..... 4,000 Reptiles and batrachians (about)..... 2,000 Fishes (about)..... 500 Total..... 11,397

"The invertebrates were collected chiefly by Doctor Mearns, with some assistance from Messrs. Cunningham and Kermit Roosevelt.

"A few marine shells were collected near Mombasa, and land and fresh-water shells throughout the regions visited, as well as crabs, beetles, millipeds, and other invertebrates.

"Several thousand plants were collected throughout the regions visited by Doctor Mearns, who employed and trained for the work a M'nyumzei named Makangari, who soon learned how to make very good specimens, and turned out an excellent man in every way.

"Anthropological materials were gathered by Doctor Mearns, with some assistance from others; a collection was contributed by Major Ross, an American in the government service at Nairobi."

## To Remove a Paint Stain.

To remove the unsightly stain of paint spilled on the doorstep, try the following plan: Make a strong solution of potash and wet the stain well with this, keeping it wet until the paint becomes soft. In a short time it will readily rub loose and it may then be washed off with soap and water. If any color has penetrated the fibers of the wood keep the spot wet with the solution, and it will shortly disappear. Paint which has been left on for some time will yield to this treatment.

## Well Supplied.

Benevolent Lady (to showgirl)—And, dear child, have you no home? Showgirl—Yes, indeed. My father and mother have both married again and I am welcome at either place.—Life.

# LAND IN CANADA AN INVESTMENT

WORK IT, AND SECURE 20 PER CENT. ON THE EXPENDITURE.

Farm lands in Canada increased in value this Spring from fifteen to twenty per cent, and as a result of this increase thousands of those who have gone there within the past few years have had that much more value added to their holdings. There is proof here that as a field for investment there is nowhere to be found a more profitable one than in purchasing farm lands in Canada. And, as a field for occupation and working the farms there is nowhere on the continent where more satisfactory return is given. The crops are always sure and the prices are always good. With railroads entering and traversing all the settled parts, there are very few districts in which the farmer will be more than from ten to twelve miles from a railway station. Roads are good, and big loads are easily handled. The price of getting grain to the primary market is low on this account, and then in reaching the world's markets the railways have their rates controlled by the Government, and what may be considered a fair deal is certain. Good prices for all kinds of grain is the rule, and if the investor has made good money by the increased value given to his unworked land, it is not difficult to understand that the profit to the man who works his land is just that much more, and there will be no depreciation. The man who holds a free homestead of one hundred and sixty acres of land, which he got for \$10 an acre, has his land worth to him, at a fair rate of interest, \$200 an acre. If he only realizes \$10 an acre clear profit, it is worth \$100 per acre. Now, thousands of farmers are duplicating these figures. The price of land in Canada to-day is much less than its realizing value. The fact that the fifty thousand Americans who went to Canada year before last were followed by one hundred thousand last year offers some evidence, and good evidence, too, that there is getting to be a pretty fair knowledge that money is to be made in Canada lands. As an investment money is to be made, but more by living upon the land, secured either by homestead or purchase. The one hundred thousand of last year will be one hundred and fifty thousand this year. These comprise people from every state in the Union, and it is just being realized the asset that awaits the homeseeker in Canada. The large numbers that have gone, though, makes no appreciable difference in the supply of land. There is still left vast quantities of the best of it. But the longer a delay is made in arriving at a decision, the price will advance proportionately, and the more desirable homesteads near the railway lines become more difficult to secure. The Government publishes interesting literature, which may be had on application to any of the agents whose offices are located at different points through the States, and they (the agents) will be pleased to assist in any way possible in the choice of location.

Willing to Help. "If we didn't have the children," she bitterly declared, "I'd get a divorce from you."

"I'll write and see if I can't get my folks to take them."

Spoiling It. "I've noticed that all unusually tall women are graceful."

"Thank you, Mr. Feather-top."

"Why, Miss Flossie—aw—you're not unusually tall, you know."

For Red, Itching Eyelids, Eyes, Styes, Falling Eyelashes and All Eyes that Need Care Try Murine Eye Salve. Aseptically Prepared—Trial Size—5c. Ask Your Druggist or Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago.

A diplomat is a person who has acquired the art of declining to take "no" for an answer to a request for a favor.

The man who improves his talent always gets God's reward for doing it.

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

Honest politicians are as plentiful in some places as white blackbirds.

# Libby's SOUPS

## Tomato Chicken Vegetable

and ten other kinds. Delightful natural flavor and made from the very best materials, with the care of experienced chefs, in the great White Enamelled Kitchens.

Libby's Soups are ready for immediate use by adding an equal portion of hot water.

Ask your grocer for Libby's Soups

Libby, McNeill & Libby Chicago

## WESTERN CANADA

Senator Dolliver, of Iowa, says: "The stream of emigrants from the United States to Canada will continue."

Senator Dolliver recently paid a visit to Western Canada, and says: "There is a real hunger in the hearts of English speaking people throughout the West for the removal of so many Iowa farmers to Canada. Our people are pleased with its Government and our people are pleased with its administration. The Government is doing its duty, and they are coming to you in tens of thousands, and they are still coming."

Low cost of land—by the 100 acre—American farmers who made Canada their home during 1905. Field crop returns alone during year added to the wealth of the country upwards of \$170,000,000.00

Grain growing, mixed farming, cattle raising and dairying are all profitable pursuits. 160 acre homesteads of 160 acres are to be had in the very best districts. Soil and climate excellent, 2000 ft. per acre within certain areas. Schools and churches in every settlement. Climate excellent, soil the richest, wood, water and building material plentiful.

For particulars as to location, low settlers' railway rates and descriptions of land, etc., write to the nearest Agent, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Government Agent.

W. V. BENNETT  
Room 4 Bee Bldg. Omaha, Neb.  
(Use address nearest you.) (3)

## The Army of Constipation

Is Growing Smaller Every Day.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS are responsible—they not only give relief—they permanently cure Constipation. Millions use them for Biliousness, Indigestion, Sick Headache, Sallow Skin.

SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE. GENUINE must bear signature:

Smallwood

## STOCKERS & FEEDERS

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

## National Live Stock Com. Co.

At either  
Kansas City, Mo. St. Joseph, Mo. S. Omaha, Neb.

## LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS ELECTROTYPES

In great variety for sale at the lowest prices by WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION, 554 1/2 Adams St., Chicago

## Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription

Is the best of all medicines for the cure of diseases, disorders and weaknesses peculiar to women. It is the only preparation of its kind devised by a regularly graduated physician—an experienced and skilled specialist in the diseases of women.

It is a safe medicine in any condition of the system. THE ONE REMEDY which contains no alcohol and no injurious habit-forming drugs and which creates no craving for such stimulants.

THE ONE REMEDY so good that its makers are not afraid to print its every ingredient on each outside bottle-wrapper and attest to the truthfulness of the same under oath.

It is sold by medicine dealers everywhere, and any dealer who hasn't it can get it. Don't take a substitute of unknown composition for this medicine of known composition. No counterfeits are as good as the genuine and the druggist who says something else is "just as good as Dr. Pierce's" is either mistaken or is trying to deceive you for his own selfish benefit. Such a man is not to be trusted. He is trifling with your most priceless possession—your health—may be your life itself. See that you get what you ask for.

# The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at  
**BANK OF FLORENCE**  
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.

**LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.**

**E. L. PLATZ, Editor.** Tel. 315  
**JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr.,** Tel. 165  
Published every Friday afternoon at  
Florence, Neb.

**OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF  
FLORENCE.**

Entered as second-class matter June 4,  
1905 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 Mart  
Robert Craig, Councilman.  
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 Imm, President; C. 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. Rogers, Chairman  
Hugh Suttie, Secretary



Florence, Nebr., Friday, June 17, 1910.

## BRAIN STORMS

Read the want ads.  
Have you sent your \$1 for the Trib-  
une for one year?

If you want to buy or sell anything  
read the want ads.

Just smile and see how easy every-  
thing will go for you.

There will be some high flying in  
Omaha about the 10th of July.

If you want to laugh or want to  
make money read the want ads.

All it needed to start it raining was  
the cutting of the alfalfa by the farm-  
ers.

The way to boost Florence is to  
spend your money with Florence busi-  
ness men.

Is your name written there?  
Where? Why on Tribune mail list. If  
not, why not?

Just remember the want ads are  
interesting reading and sometimes  
very profitable.

The report of Prof. L. W. Chase,  
state engineer can be read by all in-  
terested in good roads with profit.

The crop of candidates is growing  
fast and before long we will see who  
desire to spend 60 days in Lincoln.

If the council thinks it wants to  
draw up a plan of assessment for  
the paving just wait till they meet as  
a board of equalization.

If you desire to add new words to  
your vocabulary just talk to the police  
judge about the marshal or the mar-  
shal about the police judge.

The letting of a contract of a pav-  
ing from Main street to the Omaha  
city limits by the county commis-  
sioners puts it up to Omaha to do its  
share to make one of the finest drives  
in the country.

What do you think of a man who  
would steal a setting of duck eggs,  
and when caught return the eggs,  
24 hours old and refuse to pay for  
them on the ground they were re-  
turned, although useless for any pur-  
pose.

When Columbus discovered Amer-  
ica it created quite a sensation on  
the New York board of Trade—When  
Washington crossed the Delaware he  
reached the yon shore—When the  
Yanks and the Reds fit there was  
much ado—But when the Tribune  
started its want ad columns things  
began to happen. Such cheap and ef-  
fective advertising was unheard of  
in a country newspaper.

One trial will convince and it only  
costs a cent a word.

## ROCKPORT

Mrs. Nels Jensen spent a few days  
in Omaha this week.

Miss Clara Russell spent a few  
days in Omaha visiting her uncle Mr.  
H. S. Krenzer.

Mr. Fairbrass and family visited  
Sunday evening at Mr. E. Krenzer's.

Mrs. Jespersen will entertain a few  
friends Friday in honor of her birth-  
day.

Mr. and Mrs. Holst were business  
callers in Omaha Tuesday.

Miss M. Krenzer visited with Mrs.  
Clara West Thursday.

## IDLE CHATTER

William Sactis was a guest at the  
Wuerth home Sunday.

Telephone your news to 315 before  
Wednesday evening and it will ap-  
pear in the Tribune.

### FLORENCE TRIBUNE—AA— AA

**IDLE CHATTER—**  
Mr. and Mrs. Atkins of Omaha and  
Miss Miller of Des Moines were guests  
of Mrs. Burton Monday evening.

Mrs. A. O. Nichols and daughters of  
Omaha were guests at Hylo Sunday.

Miss Houston was the guest of  
friends at the Rod and Gun club Tues-  
day evening.

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

Mrs. B. F. Reynolds and Miss Rey-  
nolds were guests at a luncheon given  
by Mrs. Bradberry of Omaha Tuesday.

Mrs. J. L. Houston was the guest  
of Mrs. G. W. Halle in Omaha Tues-  
day and Wednesday.

Mrs. Victors, Miss Victors and Miss  
Benderson were guests of Mrs. Sierce  
Tuesday evening.

Mrs. M. F. Persell and small son  
were guests of Mrs. George Foote  
Wednesday.

Miss Helen Nichols was the guest  
of Mrs. A. O. Nichols in Omaha Mon-  
day.

"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 diar-  
rhea or bowel complaints has re-  
ceived 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. J. Weber, Jr. will entertain  
the Library club next Wednesday in  
honor of her sister, Mrs. Victors.

Pansy Camp No. 10, R. M. of A.  
will entertain all the Roal Neighbors  
of Omaha, South Omaha, Ft. Crook,  
Bellevue and Florence next Tuesday  
evening at Modern Woodmen of Amer-  
ica Hall. A large class will be in-  
itiated at that time.

Mrs. Fred Hammel and Sam Rich-  
ard of Omaha were guests of Mrs.  
John Brudnan the first of the week.

Quite a large party of Florence peo-  
ple will leave Saturday evening for  
Arlington to spend the week camping.  
Among those who will go are C. J.  
Kierle and family, Prof. McLane and  
family, George Siert and family,  
Misses Mabel Cole, Sophie Anderson,  
Margaret Long, Daris Cole, Carrie  
Parks, Hazel Nelson, Jennie Peterson,  
Helen Nichols, Ethel Ayers, May  
Dugher, Amis, Dietrick, Messrs.  
Frank Craig, Herman Grossman, John  
Stribling, Theodore Jacobson, Mathew  
Pascale, Gooner Anderson, Knight  
Bullock, Henry Wuerth, Victor Jor-  
genson, George Gillan, Clifford Kierle,  
Irving Allison, Frank Parker, Will  
Long, Martin Heerskind, Conreid  
Michaelis, Raymond Keaton and Wal-  
ter Peterson. They will return a  
week from Saturday night and bring  
fish enough to supply the city.

Prescriptions a specialty at Hemp-  
ing Drug Co., successor to Bell Drug  
Company.

Quite a prize fight took place on  
Main street Monday afternoon neither  
of the participants being badly hurt  
but the spectators hid behind tele-  
graph poles and in the weeds until it  
was all over. Next.

Dr. W. O. Akers returned Saturday  
from California, where he spent the  
month of May.

Frank Parker and Miss Prudence,  
Tracy went to Blair Tuesday via the  
automobile route.

Miss Louise Warren of Custer,  
Iowa, who has been living with J. H.  
L. William's family for some time and  
latterly cashier of McClure's store and  
Mr. Alfred Nevins were married  
Tuesday. Mr. Nevins has been living  
on the Fairbrass farm for a number  
of years. They have started house-  
keeping in one of Frank Pascale's  
houses. Mrs. Nevin's grandmother is  
still living at Creston, Ia., and re-  
cently celebrated her 100th birthday.

Mrs. Luther Larson of Ottumwa,  
Ia., has been a guest of Mr. and Mrs.  
J. P. Nelson several days this week  
and in her honor entertained Tues-  
day evening. Mr. and Mrs. Jno. Eck-  
mond and children, Mr. and Mrs. An-  
drew Johnson and sons, Rudolph and  
Leslie, Mrs. Ted Nelson and children,  
Mrs. Ostran, and Miss Anna Ostrom  
of Omaha, Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence  
Nelson, Miss Winifred Cesner, Miss  
Gertrude and Harry Nelson of Floren-  
ce.

### NOTICE OF INDEBTEDNESS.

All existing debts of C. A. Williams  
& Co., on the 14th day of June, 1910,  
amounted to the sum of \$5,221.68.

C. A. WILLIAMS, President.

C. A. Williams, N. P. Frandsen, be-  
ing a majority of the Board of  
Directors.

## CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian  
Church.

Sunday Services.  
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.  
Preaching—11:00 a. m.  
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.  
Preaching—8:00 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. Platzer  
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 Gold-  
ing, 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. Eanis  
Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson  
Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor  
Judge.....Clyde Miller  
Juard.....Clarence Leach  
Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant  
Physician.....Dr. Adams  
Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Pe-  
terson, 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 Floren-  
ce, 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. Mancinni in front of the follow-  
ing 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

Lot.	Block.	Proposed Tax.
7	87	165.86
8	87	106.11
7	88	96.50
8	88	112.92

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

**ORDINANCE NO. 270.**  
Introduced April 18, 1910. By Council-  
man C. H. ALLEN.

AN ORDINANCE ordering the con-  
struction of an artificial stone side-  
walk five feet wide and four inches  
thick 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; and in front of the two  
alleys extending north and south in  
said block 108; all in the city of  
Florence, Nebraska, to the estab-  
lished grade, and in accordance with  
artificial stone sidewalk specifica-  
tions 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 in-  
ches 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 Floren-  
ce, within fifteen days from the pas-  
sage and approval of this Ordinance,  
said sidewalk to be otherwise con-  
structed in accordance with the arti-  
ficial 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 construct-  
ed by any person having a contract  
therefor with the City of Florence,  
and the cost of constructing said side-  
walk, including the cost of all neces-  
sary 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 ac-  
cordance with this ordinance and said  
specifications—all bids to cover the  
cost of any necessary grading or fill-  
ing that may be required to place said  
sidewalks to grade; and said adver-  
tisement for bids to give the estimate  
of the engineer of the cost of con-  
structing 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 FLOREN-  
CE:**  
That the following estimate of expenses  
be and the same hereby is adopted as the  
estimate of the probable amount of  
money necessary to be expended for all  
purposes in the City of Florence, Ne-  
braska, during the fiscal year beginning  
the first Tuesday in May, 1910, and end-  
ing 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 reve-  
nue 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.....	1,690.00
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 Coun-  
cil 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.  
**F. S. TUCKER,** Mayor.

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

### 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.

### WALL PAPER and PAINT

#### Florence Drug Store

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

### C. A. BAUER

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**HIS ROSE OF OLD CASTLE**

By LITTELLE McCLUNG

Clarence Herndon wondered afterward if the gods marked by signs his arrival in Florida that winter. Summing up events in sequence, he was inclined to think they did.

Wary of the vexations of studio life, he had put care behind him and gone down to St. Augustine to regain his nerve force under semi-tropical skies. The first morning after he reached the quaint old town, he left the hotel and sauntered down the street. He passed the ancient City Gates, and once outside the town proper his steps turned toward the river. In front of him, several hundred yards distant, stood old Fort Marion. Built of coquina shells, dragged up from the sea by the cavaliers of Spain, it interested him more than any other fortification he had ever seen.

Leisurely he started toward its bulging walls. Then suddenly he stopped, as if compelled to by some unseen force. A queer feeling of uncertainty came over him, and the ground shivered under his feet. A bird that had been whistling in a tree cut short its lyric. Slightly dazed, he stood still and looked about.

From behind, a quick little scream struck his ears. He looked and saw a girl standing near the road gazing down at a paper sack from which some oranges were rolling. He took in her general appearance, figure of graceful outline and the dark, loosely put up hair that glistened in the sunlight. As he hurried up to her he saw that the deep olive complexion was probably that of a creole. She glanced up at him in surprise.

"I beg your pardon, miss," he said, "but can't I help you? You've dropped your oranges, I see."

"Yes, so I have," she replied. "Wasn't it funny—it must have been an earthquake? The ground shook frightfully, didn't it?"

"It was an earthquake," Herndon affirmed.

With an artist's eye he was quick to note the soft yet classic contour of her forehead and cheeks and the tender expression about her mouth. "A veritable Madonna!" he mused. "Are you thinking—of me, senor?" she inquired suddenly.

"Yes, of course," he laughed. "I am wondering what your name is?"

"Valencienne Mendez," she responded. "And yours, senor?"

"Clarence Herndon," he told her. "I'm an artist, and I live in New York. I decided to go somewhere for a rest, and so I came down here."

"Are you glad you came?" she queried innocently.

"Very glad," he declared. "When they reached the top of the hill she stopped. 'Very sorry, senor,' she announced, 'but I must go the rest of the way alone!'"

Herndon was greatly puzzled. "Then I hope I'll see you again soon, Senorita Mendez," he ventured.

"Perhaps," she replied. "I often come out here for a stroll. Goodby and a thousand thanks."

"Good day, senorita," he said, lifting his hat as she tripped off down the road.

Once back in town, Herndon began to make inquiries about Senorita Valencienne Mendez.

"Nobody has ever been able to find out much about her," a friend at the hotel told him. "Her father and mother, they say, died in Spain several years ago, and she came over here to live with her grandfather. She is certainly a beautiful girl, and a lot of men have tried to win her friendship. But none of them seem to have made much headway. She never comes to any of the dances at the hotels. And the queerest part is she never lets a man get within speaking distance of her home. They say it's all on account of her grandfather, who watches her with the eye of a hawk."

With this information to quicken his curiosity, the girl interested Herndon more than ever. He felt that it was something more than her grandfather's wishes that made a hermit of her, and he determined to find out what it was.

In a few weeks their acquaintance warmed into friendship. But intuitively Herndon felt that she would pass out of his life as suddenly as she had come into it. He would miss her, perhaps more than he dared to think.

He wondered if she ever came out for a walk in the evening. No sooner did it occur to him that possibly she did, than he determined to find out. Every night, as well as each morning, thereafter, found him outside the city gates patiently waiting. For a week his vigil was fruitless. Then one night, just as the moon rose out of the Atlantic, he had a glimpse of her tripping down the slope. When he hurried to greet her, she seemed frightened. Then she laughed lightly.

"You are beautiful tonight, senorita," he declared boldly. "I have never seen you in white before."

Her dark eyes flashed her pleasure over his fervent compliment.

"I'm glad you think so," she answered softly.

"Don't you want to go down in front of the fort for a while?" he asked hopefully. "The sea is beautiful from there."

She assented, but trembled slightly as she took his arm. "I'm afraid!" she whispered.

"Pshaw," he laughed. "Nothing would harm you for the world, senorita!"

She smiled up at him and he

thought her unaccountable fear had vanished. But as they went around the outworks of the fortification she glanced apprehensively at the long shadows thrown by the watch towers above. Near the sea wall they stopped.

"Isn't it a wonderful old fortification?" Herndon remarked, looking around at the projecting battlements. "And think of the money and lives it has cost! It surely is a lasting example of the faculty of effort if fate is against you."

"And do you believe in fate and such things, senor?" she asked.

"Surely I do," he affirmed. "Can't we see now that some great controlling force never intended that Spain should keep her foothold on this continent?"

She did not answer him, but looked pensively out over the water. Quickly, he changed the subject. Soon he would have to go north again, and maybe he would never have another chance like the present. In a few quiet words he told Valencienne what she had come to mean to him. But she turned away from him, tears in her eyes.

"O, don't, senor!" she cried. "It is impossible!"

"And why impossible, senorita?" he pleaded. "Surely you can tell me?"

"Because, senor," she said slowly. "I can never, never marry any man of Anglo-Saxon blood!"

These words and the tone of finality in which they were uttered stunned Herndon. But he determined to wrest the girl's secret from her. He seized her hands in a firm grasp.

"Senorita, why do you say such a strange thing?" he demanded. "She shrank from him as if in fear. But when she spoke again there was not a tremor in her voice."

"You say, Senor Herndon, you believe in fate. Perhaps you do—in a way. But I am a Spaniard; I believe in it firmly. It is our nature; it is born in us. Must I tell you a story, senor?"

"Yes," he begged. "I want to hear it—every word."

"Then you shall. Years ago, senor," she began, "the English were over there on that island shooting cannon balls at this fort."

"The commander of the fort was a brave nobleman who went away from Castle in the favor of the king. He left his beautiful wife in France while he went to win glory for his country."

"When the English found that they could not vanquish him, they sent an officer across the river. The officer stood in his boat and delivered a message for the Spanish commander. Then he went back to his general."

"The brave Spaniard opened the packet and out fell a letter. It was from his wife! She had gone to England and was waiting there for the English officer who had brought him the letter. Then what did he do? I will tell you. He thrust a bayonet into his heart! But before he killed himself he sent his faithless wife a letter. He pronounced a terrible curse on her and on any of his descendants that should ever marry a man of English blood—till the walls of this fort split asunder. That might never be, he knew."

"Soon after that, senor, his wife died a terrible death, leaving a daughter. When this girl grew up she went to Spain and married. But her husband died and she returned to England with her child. There she married an Englishman, but on her wedding night she dropped lifeless at his feet."

"Her daughter, Senor Herndon, was my great-grandmother! For 150 years this curse has come down through our family. Sometimes I think it is only an empty superstition, but I'm dreadfully afraid of it. Oh, it is hard, very hard, senor, to be made miserable by this old tragedy."

Herndon did not reply. He turned and put his arm about her. As they walked along in silence she looked up fearfully at the massive battlements that held her life's tragedy—the skeleton she had seen with her mind's eye since childhood. All at once, Herndon stopped. He stepped back slightly, his breath coming fast.

"What is it, senor?" the girl asked tremulously.

"I don't know," he said resolutely, "but I am going to find out. Please stand where you are till I come back."

"Oh, don't, senor," she protested. "I don't want you to."

The next moment he was clambering out over the edge of the moat.

"Come over here, Valencienne," he called.

Trembling with fear, the girl hurried to him. "What is it?" she whispered.

"Look!" he said, pointing to an indented corner of the walls. "You might never notice it in the day time, but now you can see it—that streak of light, Valencienne!"

"Yes, I do see it, senor. Isn't it curious?"

"It's moonlight," he explained, "pure moonlight coming through the wall. The impossible has happened, dear. The walls of this old fort have split asunder!"

She gazed up at him, too astonished to speak.

"It's true," he continued impressively. "That streak is a narrow crack, and its edges are fresh. Don't you remember the earthquake not long ago—the day we met? It must have been that, for there is a fissure in the ground at the bottom!"

A wondering, radiant expression illumined the lovely, dark face of the girl. "Till the walls of this fort split asunder," she murmured. "Then the curse is lifted at last, and fate is kind, after all. Is it not so, senor?"

Herndon was sure that it was when in the spring he took from Florida the fairest of its Castilian daughters.

**CENSUS TAKER AND ANOTHER**

Slight Misunderstanding That Arose Where Two Men Called on Housewife at Once.

The door bell rings and the housewife opens the door to find there two men.

"I am the census man, madam," says the man in front, "and I have called to take the census."

"You will have to see my husband at his office," the housewife says, "and talk with him."

"Well, madam," the census man says, "I think I will leave the blank with you and ask you or him to fill it in and I will call again." With that he hands her the blank and passes on, while she closes the door.

A moment later another ring, and this time when the housewife goes to the door she finds still standing there the other man who had stood back of the census man when she first opened the door, and now to this man she says:

"Well, what do you want?"

"Madam," says this man, "I am the new minister."

By just one chance in a million he had reached this door just one foot behind the census man and there he had stood while the census man was talking, and naturally enough she had thought he was with him; but the new minister she asked in.

**BAPTIZED IN CRYPT CHAPEL**

Unique Honor Accorded Infant Born Within Precincts of British Parliamentary Palace.

Two years ago a "crypt christening" took place in Great Britain's parliamentary palace, at which Archdeacon Wilberforce, chaplain to the house of commons, officiated. This christening (by virtue of a privilege granted originally by the pope to Edward III.) took place in the parliamentary crypt chapel.

The infant baptized was the child of Mr. Bradshaw, the resident engineer, and was born within the precincts of the royal palace at Westminster. It was this fact which brought the baby within the privileges of the old papal grant (still preserved in the record office) by which the pope presented a college of priests for his "new chapel of St. Stephen" and also a font, in which the children of the royal family, as well as any other children born within Westminster palace, might be baptized.

The last case of the kind, says the Straud, was a christening in the family of Viscount Selby when he was speaker; indeed there have been only three cases within the last century in which the privilege has been exercised by virtue of birth within the precincts of the parliamentary palace.

**The Horrible Fly.**

Only gross ignorance, it seems, can make it possible for anyone to view with calmness the spectacle of a single housefly buzzing around on a May day. The enlightened person knows that this fly before the end of June will have produced a progeny of over a million and a half. "Kill a fly in August," says E. E. Austen, of the British museum, "and you have only the blood of one miserable insect on your hands, but slay one in April—prevent it from breeding—and you can conscientiously compute your bag by the hundred thousand. Houseflies survive the winter in the person of several sturdy females, which hibernate from October to April in secluded corners of outhouses and stables. Then, on a fine, warm day in April or May, out they come, and if the weather continues fine proceed to lay their eggs. They lay some 120 at a time and, roughly, these eggs take three weeks to develop into the perfect adult insect."

**The Cold Young Lawyer.**

Mrs. Sol Smith, the veteran actress whose eightieth birthday was celebrated by a dinner of the Professional Women's league in New York, said of the modern spirit at this dinner:

"The modern spirit is more mercenary than the spirit of the fifties. I know a very beautiful girl—in my day she'd have been married off at eighteen—but, though she is now twenty-five, her matrimonial prospects are dark and gloomy."

"At a tea I pointed the beautiful creature out to a young lawyer and said:

"There's nothing sweeter and lovelier than that girl in America. Why don't you try for her hand?"

"What has she got in it?" the young lawyer coldly answered."

**He Had Been Easy.**

Francis Wilson, at the Players' club in New York, lamented the heavy losses that a brother actor had sustained on Wall street.

"Too bad!" said Mr. Wilson. "Poor Betterton! Why, the Wall street men are all laughing at him."

"A couple of Wall street men were golfing the other day on Long Island. They decided to name the holes on the course."

"And what shall we call the first hole?" the older man asked.

"Call it Jack Betterton," the other answered, chuckling.

"Why call it that?"

"Oh, because," was the reply, "it's so easy to do."

**Inconstant.**

"Cholly doesn't suck to one girl very long."

"No; he is inclined to be fickle. I never knew him to stick to the same brand of cigarettes for more than a month."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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"Yes; but you'd rather have somebody else tell it."

For Proper Care of Tuberculosis.

According to the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, New York state leads in the number of beds for consumptives provided up to May 1, with 5,476 beds; Massachusetts second, with 3,403 beds; Pennsylvania third, with 2,347 beds; Colorado fourth, with 1,489 beds, and New Mexico fifth, with 1,104 beds. As yet, not one state in the country has made adequate provision for its consumptives. New York has set itself the task of having "No uncare-for Tuberculosis in 1915," and several cities in other parts of the country have adopted similar programs. The national association says that tuberculosis will not be stamped out until all cases of this disease are cared for either in their homes or in institutions. With this end in view, efforts will be made to increase the number of hospital beds in this country to at least 35,000 by May 1, 1911.

An Embryo Emancipator.

A little miss riding on a Brooklyn trolley car the other day tendered the conductor half fare. "How old are you, little girl?" he queried, gingerly handling her fare.

She pursed her lips for a moment, then calmly opened her purse, dropped two more pennies into the conductor's extended palm, snapped her purse and demurely replied: "You have your fare, sir; my statistics are my own!"

Circumstances are beyond the control of man, but his conduct is in his own power.—Beaumont.

Thin Corn Bread.

This goes well with the breakfast cup of coffee. To make it sift together three-quarters of a cup fine cornmeal and flour, a half teaspoonful salt and a teaspoonful sugar. Beat together one egg and three-quarters of a cup of sweet milk, and stir into the dry mixture. Add a tablespoonful melted butter and beat hard. Stir in a teaspoonful baking powder, turn into a well-greased shallow pan and bake for about twenty minutes in a quick oven.

Soup From Scraps.

A housewife employing a chef said that this trained cook used all the bones that came from the plates, all the left-over scraps, the water that vegetables were boiled in, to make soup. He trimmed the lettuce and parsley left from garnishing and used it again and saved his extra wages. Every bread crumb was put in the crumb jar, every scrap of cracker saved.

Kitchen Cleaner.

Chamois-skins, which play such an important part in polishing glass, silver and other metals, may, in turn, be cleaned by washing in tepid water and plenty of white soap. Mildew may be removed by covering the spots with buttermilk, and exposing to the sun. Iron-rust spots must be covered with salt and lemon juice, and placed in sunshine.—Harper's Bazar.

Savory Sandwiches.

Half a pint of cold roast meat, a few drops of onion juice, one tablespoonful melted butter, one medium cucumber pickle, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley. Chop the meat and the pickle, mix thoroughly with the other ingredients and spread on bread cut into small squares.

# TREATED AS FIRST AMERICAN OF TIME

Theodore Roosevelt Most Highly Honored in Europe.

## EXCITING INCIDENT IN ROME

Former President Delivered Scholarly Lectures in Paris, Berlin and Oxford—Represented His Country at King Edward's Funeral.

Scarcely less interesting than his hunting trip in Africa, and at times almost as exciting, were the adventures of Col. Theodore Roosevelt in Europe. There he desired to be treated as a man of letters and science, rather than as a sportsman, and his desire was gratified. But in addition, Europe insisted on receiving him as the most distinguished American of the time, and everywhere he went honors were showered on him. Emperors, kings, princes and all manner of royalties and nobility greeted him, dined him and toasted him, and the people in all the lands that he visited turned out in vast throngs to see him and cheer him.

In Paris, Christiania, Berlin and Oxford Mr. Roosevelt delivered scholarly public addresses and the literary and scientific circles opened to let him in and marveled at the wide scope of his knowledge.

The event connected with Mr. Roosevelt's European tour that aroused the most interest and excitement occurred immediately after his arrival in Italy early in April. Before he left Africa his desire to pay his respects to the pope had been conveyed to the Vatican and the holy father had intimated that he would be glad to see the distinguished American. About the same time former Vice-President Fairbanks was in Rome and had arranged for an audience at the Vatican which was cancelled by the pope because Mr. Fairbanks first addressed the Methodist mission in Rome. When Colonel Roosevelt reached the Eternal City he

pest, where he was given a royal welcome.

Paris was next on his itinerary, and there on April 23 he lectured in the Sorbonne before a great audience of savants and students. The municipality and its officials, the president of France and various learned societies vied with each other in doing honor to the visitor, and for amusement he was taken to the field of aviation, where he saw some exciting aeroplane flights.

Traveling northward somewhat leisurely, by way of Brussels, Amsterdam and Copenhagen, Mr. Roosevelt arrived at Christiania and delivered an address on international peace before the Nobel prize commission, which had awarded to him the Nobel peace prize for his successful efforts to end the Russian-Japanese war.

Emperor William had made great



Taking the Air in Austria.

plans for the entertainment of the president in Berlin, but the death of King Edward caused the curtailment of the program to a considerable extent. Instead of being the kaiser's guest in the palace, Mr. Roosevelt stopped at the American embassy, and though William received him and



From stereograph, copyright, by Underwood & Underwood, N. Y.

## COL. ROOSEVELT IN VENICE

received, through the American minister, a message from Cardinal Merry del Val, papal secretary of state, to the effect that the pope would grant an audience to Mr. Roosevelt if he did not repeat the mistake made by Mr. Fairbanks. The colonel promptly called it all off, stating that as an independent American citizen he could not submit to such restrictions. The

dined him and showed him the German army in maneuvers, the more spectacular and public features were omitted. On May 12 Mr. Roosevelt delivered at the University of Berlin an address on modern civilization which was highly praised for its scholarly qualities.

Having been appointed special ambassador of the United States to attend the funeral of King Edward, Colonel Roosevelt next crossed the channel to England, and when the body of the dead monarch was carried to the tomb he was one of the remarkable crowd of royal personages and distinguished men that followed the gun carriage on which Edward's coffin was borne. After the funeral he was received by King George and Queen Mary and by the widowed queen mother, and in a quiet way made necessary by the mourning of the nation much attention was shown him. This culminated, in London, by a reception in the Guild Hall, at which the freedom of the city in a gold casket was presented to him.

He was the guest, thereafter, of several prominent Englishmen, and on June 7 he delivered the Romanes lecture at Oxford, which had been postponed by the demise of the king. This was the most pretentious of all his European addresses and the best, his subject was "Biological Analogies in History."

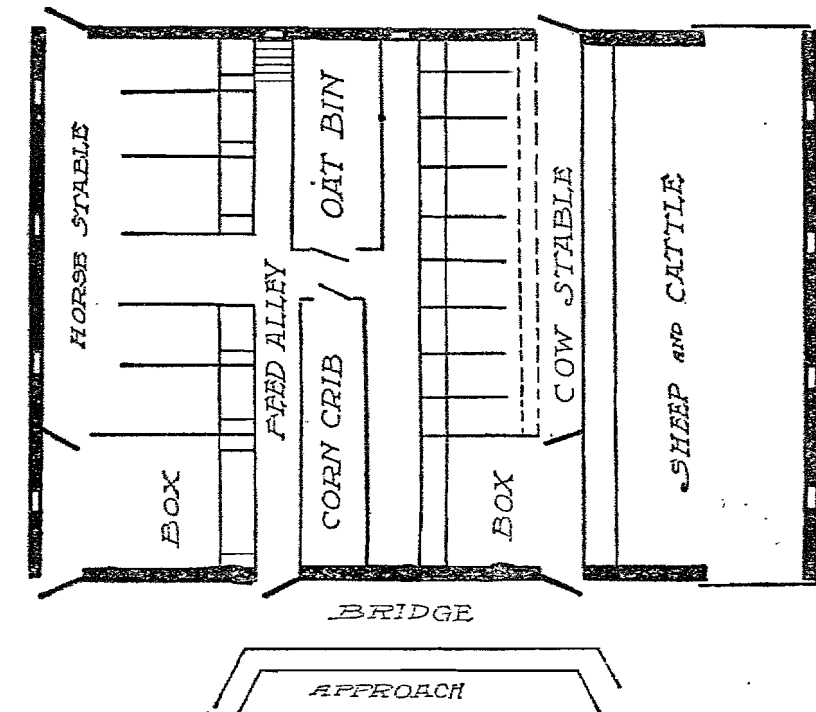
The University of Cambridge honored Mr. Roosevelt by conferring upon him the degree of doctor of laws, and the occasion served to demonstrate his popularity with all classes. As Mr. Roosevelt accepted his diploma from the hands of Vice-Chancellor Mason, the students who crowded the galleries shouted "Teddy! Teddy!" and let down a large Teddy bear from the ceiling. The whole audience cheered and the colonel, as he passed out, smilingly patted the Teddy bear. Later that day Mr. Roosevelt addressed 700 graduates, on all kinds of topics.

On June 11 the traveler, together with Mrs. Roosevelt, Kermit and Miss Ethel, sailed on the Kaiserin Auguste Victoria on their way to New York and the rousing welcome that he knew was awaiting him from his fellow countrymen.

HENRY FORDYCE.

# ARRANGE FOR SPECIAL ATTENTION TO THE EWES

Animals Need Plenty of Exercise, Good Food and Clean, Comfortable Quarters—Ration Is of Greatest Importance.



General Purpose Barn.

If ewes have been well fed and are strong and vigorous at time of lambing the loss of the youngsters will be small.

Ill-fed ewes produce sickly lambs. A young lamb is very tender the first few days of its life.

If they come into the world weak and puny it requires but a breath of cold, wet weather to kill them.

The ration for ewes just prior to lambing is of the greatest importance. An excellent grain ration is oats, bran and corn in equal proportions by weight. This of course makes bran much larger in bulk and some farmers seem to be afraid to feed bran. This is a great mistake because it is one of the best rations to use at this time. Alfalfa makes excellent roughage.

If bran is not available a little oil meal makes an excellent substitute. The ration mentioned will make plenty of milk without laying on too much fat and when the lambs are dropped the ewes will be in good condition to take care of them.

Good shelter for the ewes is also very important. They require plenty of ventilation, but their quarters must be perfectly dry and free from drafts. It is a mistake to confine sheep in a barn with large openings around the bottom and windows at the top because such an arrangement is sure to be drafty.

It is a good plan to build in front of the shed an extension roof of about six feet not sloping enough to prevent the sun from shining in but sufficient to carry off the rain. This will enable the ewes to have more light and air and it will be found that they will spend most of their time at the front of the shed. Sheep do not like damp, dark quarters.

It is highly important that pregnant ewes should have plenty of exercise. Confined in close quarters three weeks prior to lambing renders them weak and listless and is often, we believe, the cause of dead lambs at birth.

Clean, pure water should be provided always. An excellent arrangement is to have a trough running through the shed its entire length into which water can be discharged outside the shed. Sheep will actually starve before they will drink dirty water or eat unclean food.

Ice water will produce abortion in

ewes if they are forced to drink it all the time and some arrangement should be made by which the water can be somewhat tempered.

The illustration shows a general purpose barn near Columbus. It is 40 by 50 and has five single horse stalls and one box stall. It has nine single cow stalls and one box stall. It also has a large open stable which can be used for either sheep or cattle. A large oat bin and a corn crib are on the basement floor, both of which are filled from the floor above. The main floor is entirely unobstructed.

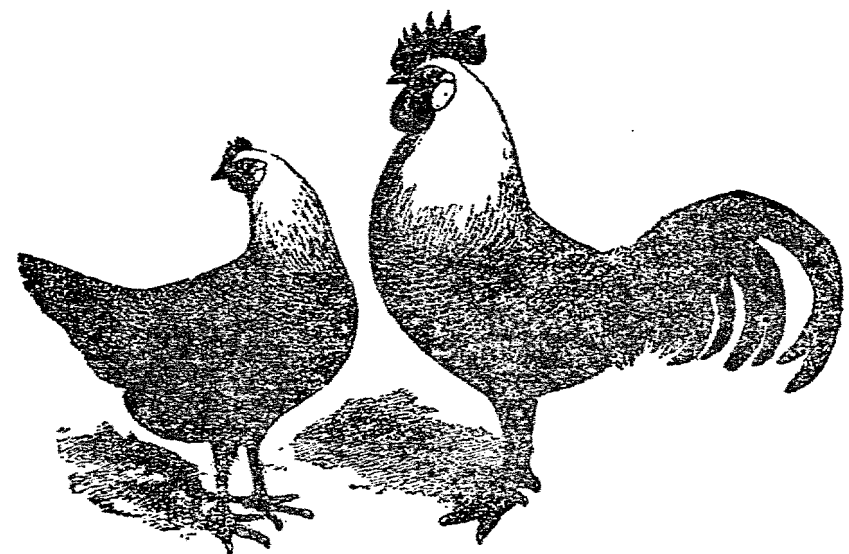
Quality in Cattle.

High-class animals always have the most quality. It is shown in a fine, silky coat of hair, in a mellow, elastic skin and in fine bones and neat joints. There is lots of difference in the coat of hair. One cow may have hair that is fine and soft and thick. There is a very fine and close undercoat and, then longer, coarser hair. Such hair is a great protection in winter. Other animals, and they are the most common, have coarse, long hair. Their bones are also likely to be big and coarse. When an animal has plenty of quality you can easily take the skin in the hand between thumb and fingers and pull it out from the side of the body. It will be mellow and roll up somewhat in the hand. If the cow lacks quality her skin will be thick, tight, and not easily taken in the hand. Fine quality, as seen in the hair, skin and bone, means with the beef animal that when killed there will be much less waste of the carcass than if the conditions show lack of quality. So also the dairy cow with plenty of quality is a better producer of milk than if the quality is lacking.

Grit for Chicks.

One of the first things to be fed to chicks is coarse sand or suitable grit of some kind, which may be bought at supply houses or gathered at home, always selecting sharp, small substances. Dry bread crumbs, millet, seer, hard-boiled eggs, and after a few days, cracked wheat, oat meal and finely ground bone may be fed. With in reach of the chicks at all times should be grit, small bits of charcoal a fresh, clean supply of water, so provided that the chicks can not get their feet into it.

# BREED OF SILVER CAMPINES



This breed is popular in Belgium, where conditions of soil and climate are not unlike portions of the desert areas of California. In type and habit they strongly suggest the Mediterranean and Dutch classes, especially the Leghorn or Hamburgs. They are rated as great foragers, the birds almost hustling their entire living; the hens are good layers of medium-sized hen fruit. They are non-sitters. The breed is represented by two varieties, viz., the Silver and the Golden. The breed takes its name from the Campina districts of Belgium—the dry sandy plains between Antwerp and Hasselt, where activity is essential if life is to be maintained. They are bred sparingly in this country. Cocks weigh 4½ to 5 pounds; hens 3½ to 4 pounds. The

body, though small, is long, with a rather full breast, as in the Hamburg; which type it much resembles, excepting in comb, which is single in both sexes.

Sanitary Dairy Barn Floors.

Concrete stable floors are now recognized as the most economical and sanitary for the dairy stable. They should be laid upon good foundations and finished with grooves to prevent and animal slipping upon them. The stalls should be provided with mats of lumber so placed that they may be frequently removed for cleansing. All parts of the stalls which are made of wood should be removable so that they may be readily replaced when worn out.

Aroused Sporting Instinct.

An Irish policeman who was also something of a sportsman, had been posted on a road near Dublin to catch the scorching motorist. Presently one came along at 20 miles an hour, and the policeman saw it pass without a sign. Next came a large motor traveling at 40 miles an hour, and the eyes of the guardian of the public brightened. And then one passed at the rate of a mile a minute. "Begorra," said Pat, slapping his thigh, "that's the best of the lot."

## SAVED OLD LADY'S HAIR

"My mother used to have a very bad humor on her head which the doctors called an eczema, and for it I had two different doctors. Her head was very sore and her hair nearly all fell out in spite of what they both did. One day her niece came in and they were speaking of how her hair was falling out and the doctors did it no good. She says, 'Aunt, why don't you try Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment?' Mother did and they helped her. In six months' time the itching, burning and scaling of her head was over and her hair began growing. Today she feels much in debt to Cuticura Soap and Ointment for the fine head of hair she has for an old lady of seventy-four.

"My own case was an eczema in my feet. As soon as the cold weather came my feet would itch and burn and then they would crack open and bleed. Then I thought I would flee to my mother's friends, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment. I did for four or five winters, and now my feet are as smooth as any one's. Ellsworth Dunham, Hiram, Me., Sept. 30, 1909."

Don't post as an earthly angel unless you want to attract suspicion your way.

## Restore Your Health

It is the privilege of most men and women to be strong and healthy and if you are suffering from any weakness of the Stomach, Liver or Bowels take the Bitters just now. It is for Poor Appetite, Headache, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness, Malaria, Fever and Ague. Try a bottle today, but be sure and get the genuine with Private Stamp on neck.



## Big Assets

Four hundred thousand people take a CASCARET every night—and rise up in the morning and call them blessed. If you don't belong to this great crowd of CASCARET takers you are missing the greatest asset of your life.

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

Wonder how far in arrears that Utica, N. Y., boarder was who hugged his landlady so hard as to break her neck.

The department of agriculture sounds another warning about the house fly and the house cat—both dangerous pets.

A young lady in California has been released from a county jail because of the way she sings. There are two ways to look at this.

Explorer Shackleton complains that American hotels are kept too warm. He ought to explore some Chicago apartment buildings.

A Jerseyman has produced a blue rose. Seems as if Princeton's influence might have been sufficient to make it turn out orange and black.

California has raised 52,000,000 ladybugs to give away. It is stated that if ladybugs are distributed on melon patches there will be more melons to eat.

Further investigation indicates that not all the fruit was killed and that the pink mosquito netting for green peaches triumphantly survived the freeze.

Automobile riding is recommended by a physician for persons with weak hearts. It might also be a heroic cure for pedestrians who get in front of the auto.

The per capita circulation for April was 42 cents less than that of March. It may be in the pocket of your winter vest which you hung up during the warm spell.

Every season has its peculiar fatalities. With the advent of the warm weather the drownings will begin, but the automobile accidents will not stop. They are independent of seasons.

Sending a poet to jail is not exactly regular, simply as so stated. But if the other facts justify, the poet is at least better off than if consigned to the alternative refuge of the poor-house.

**AT A CRITICAL PERIOD**

Of Peculiar Interest to Women.

Mrs. Mary I. Remington, Egleberry St., Gilroy, Cal., says: "I suffered so severely from pain and soreness over the kidneys that it was a task for me to turn over in bed. My kidneys acted very frequently, but the secretions were retarded and the passages scalded. I was weak and run down. After taking other remedies without benefit, I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was permanently cured. I was going through the critical period of a woman's life at that time and after using Doan's Kidney Pills there was a miraculous change for the better in my health."

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

**A Practical Discourse.**

One stormy day the children were amusing themselves indoors, playing church. "Now, Florence," said Theodore, "I'll be the minister and tell you what you must do, and you'll be the people, and you must listen and do what I tell you." Climbing up on a chair, he began his sermon. "Florence, you must be a very good girl and do whatever your brother wants you to. If he wants your playthings, you must let him have them, and if you want any of his, you just let 'em alone."—Christian Herald.

**Try This, This Summer.**

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

**The Rude Visitor.**

There is a story about the secretary of a golf club who was a man of diminutive stature. It was summer time, and the grass had been allowed to grow rather long. The secretary was playing in front of a visitor who was a very long driver, and kept dropping his ball in the neighborhood of the secretary all the way round. At last the little man could stand it no longer and walked back and remonstrated with the visitor on his conduct, but the only reply he got was, "If you would cut the grass, one might be able to see you."

**Beware of Ointments for Catarrh that Contain Mercury,**

as mercury will surely destroy the sense of smell and completely derange the whole system which enters it through the mucous surface. Such articles should never be used except on prescription from reputable physicians, as the damage they will do is ten fold to the good you can possibly derive from them. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, O., contains no mercury, and is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. In buying Hall's Catarrh Cure be sure you get the genuine. It is taken internally and made in Toledo, Ohio, by F. J. Cheney & Co. Testimonials free. Sold by Druggists. Price, 75c per bottle. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

**Results All That Count.**

Who asks whether the enemy were defeated by strategy or by valor?—Virgil.

A pessimist believes it a waste of time to argue with the Iceman, as he's bound to have his own weigh.

When Rubbers Become Necessary. And your shoes pinch, shake into your shoes Allen's Foot-Powder, the antiseptic powder for the feet. Cures tired, aching feet and takes the sting out of Corns and Bunions. Always use it for breaking in New shoes and for dancing parties. Sold everywhere 5c. Sample mailed FREE. Address, Allen S. Olmsted, Le Roy, N. Y.

**Rejected by Hobo.**

Weary—It's a poor rule that doesn't work both ways. Willie—G'wan! It's a poor rule to work at all.

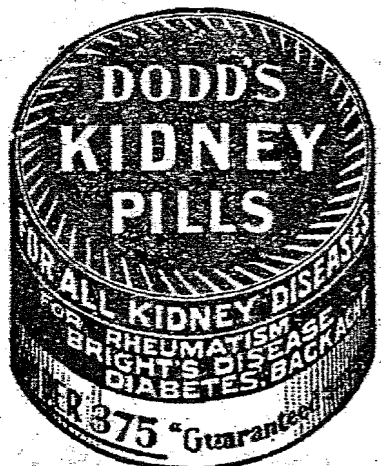
As soon as we divorce love from the occupations of life, we find that labor degenerates into drudgery.—Whipple.

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

A grass widow can give reference—but she hardly ever does.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars.

Nothing makes us richer that does not make us more thankful.



KNOWN SINCE 1836 AS RELIABLE. PLANTEN'S C & C OR BLACK CAPSULES. SUPERIOR REMEDY FOR MEN. AT DRUGGISTS. TRIAL BOX BY MAIL 50c. PLANTEN 33 HENRY ST. BROOKLYN, N.Y.

**GLIMPSE OF BURMA**

More Interesting Than Any Other Section of India.

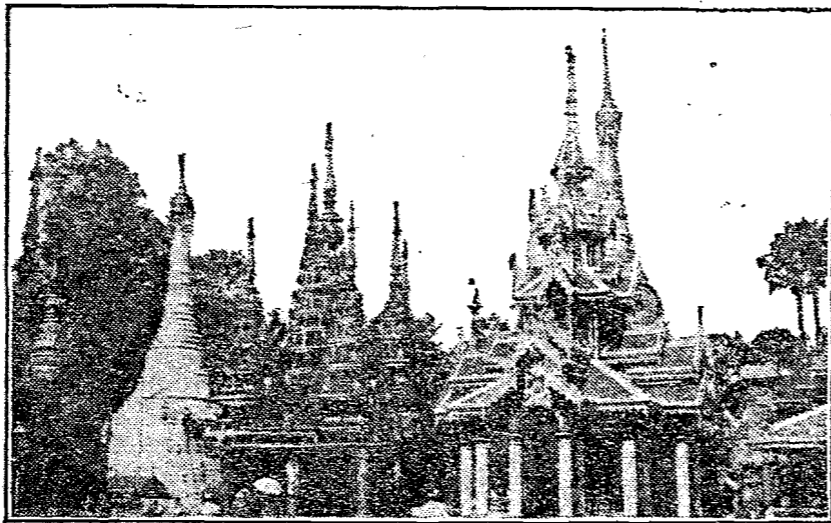
**PASSED UP BY TRAVELERS**

Marvelous Sights Missed by Those Who Stick to Beaten Tracks of Travel—City of Rangoon the Gem of the East.

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

Rangoon, Dec. 9.—One of the corners of the world too much neglected by travelers in the past has been the marvelous country that lies at the northeastern end of the Bay of Bengal.

It is not too much to say that Burma contains more of interest than any equal section of the Indian Empire and yet probably not one American traveler in ten who visits India extends his journey to Burma. If he



Shrines Along the Shwe Dagon Pagoda.

is going east, he sails directly from Calcutta to Colombo, and thence to the Straits Settlements and China; or if his face is turned westward, he cuts across India from Tuticorin or Madras to Bombay, but in either event misses the Gem of the East, the great Burmese city of Rangoon.

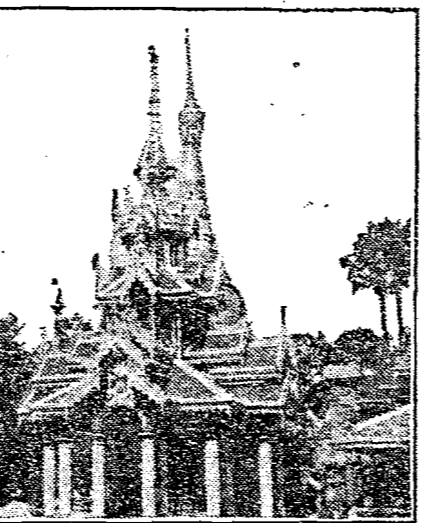
Many people think of Burma as a part of India, and the Burmese as Indians, but they are no more Indians than the Chinese are Americans. To be sure, Burma is a province of the Indian Empire, of which King Edward

slant eyes and yellow skins and the merriest of black, twinkling eyes.

Instead of the three and thirty million gods whom he saw worshipped in Benares, he finds no god in Rangoon, but only the placid, unwinking, half-smiling image of Gautama Buddha, who 500 years before Christ, attained to Nirvana, and whose image is to-day worshipped by one-third of the human race. Buddhism believes in no personal god, but only, as one of its disciples declares: "In the eternal principles of mind and matter inherent in the universe." Though Buddhism was driven out of India, it has apparently found a secure home in Burma.

In India, one finds temples carved with all sorts of curious and often hideous figures of everything that is in heaven above and the earth beneath and the waters under the earth. In Burma, graceful, slender pagodas, often encrusted thickly with gold leaf, and rising from 50 to 300 feet in the air, are seen, and everywhere, in every stately pagoda and every little jeweled shrine, the same image, calm, unseeing, immovable to earthly joys or sorrows, Gautama, as he attained the long-sought Nirvana.

Come with me for a glimpse of this wonderful and seldom visited city on the banks of the Irrawaddy. The big steamer plows slowly up the muddy



Elephants at Work Carrying Mahogany Logs.

waters of the great river, which at its mouth is so wide that you cannot see from shore to shore. On either side are luxuriant paddy fields, for Burma is by far the greatest rice-producing country in the world.

After some hours we see signs of approach to a large city. There are tall chimneys and big oil tanks on one side of the river, for Burma is a great oil-producing country, and the Standard Oil Company is no stranger to her wells.

On the other side of the river, as



Elephants at Work Carrying Mahogany Logs.

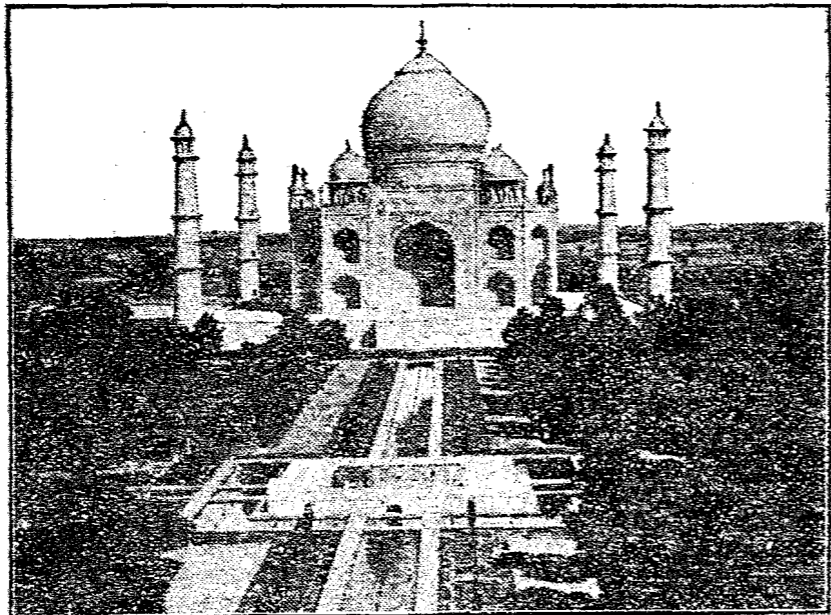
VII. Is the emperor, though it ought to be as much a separate dominion as Australia or Canada.

It is a three days' journey on a fast steamer from Calcutta to Rangoon, and when one reaches the latter city he finds people of a totally different race, different language, different customs, different complexion, different costumes and different religion.

He finds that he has exchanged the sun-parched fields of India, where fam-

we approach nearer, fine business blocks become visible and wide, tree-embowered streets, and dominating all, a great pagoda that glistens in the intense tropical sunlight as though of solid gold. This is the great Shwe Dagon pagoda, the wonder and glory of the Buddhist world, which we shall shortly visit.

The harbor is lively with large steamers and little sampans and sailing boats and queer craft of every de-



The Taj Mahal, Most Beautiful Building in the World.

ne always stalks behind the laborer, for the well-watered meadows of the Irrawaddy, where in December the luxuriant fields of rice wave their heavy tasseled heads, and where all the year around and the century through famine is unknown.

Instead of the straight-featured, thin-limbed, agile Aryans whom he left in Calcutta, the traveler finds in Rangoon, three or four days later, round-faced, jolly, plump Mongolians, with

scription, for next to Bombay and Calcutta, Rangoon is the busiest port in the Indian Empire.

The steamer draws up to the wharf, and all is life and bustle. A hundred gharrys, box-like carriages with close drawn blinds to keep out the sun, await the passengers. The tough little Burmese ponies start off at a gallop, and we are soon in the heart of the city. Here are great godowns or wholesale storehouses filled with the

choicest wares and products of the east, large department stores which would not blush to stand beside Wanamaker's or Siegel's, public buildings, postoffice, custom house, etc., that would do credit to any city in the world. Here, too, is a beautiful public park, charming lakes, an extensive zoo, all in the heart of the city.

The ever-changing panorama of street scenes is entrancing. The Burmese and Karens, with their fresh, smooth yellow skins and bright skirts of every conceivable shade of gorgeousness, the sallow Chinamen with their long cues, the jinkrikishas darting in and out, the lumbering ox-carts loaded with the produce of the country, the elephants patiently and intelligently moving great mahogany logs, taking them up in their trunks and balancing them on their tusks—all these sights made a ride through the streets of Rangoon more fascinating than any lord mayor's show, and more varied than the midway of a World's fair.

But the spot to which all travelers' paths converge in Rangoon is the Shwe Dagon pagoda, the most sacred spot in all the Buddhist world. Up a long flight of stone steps we walk, on either side of which are chattering vendors of curious wares—silks and lace and gongs of brass, huge cheroots, eight or ten inches long and as large around as your two thumbs, which contain tobacco enough for a family smoke; oranges, mangoes, jack fruit and pawpaws; jade ornaments and tinsel jewels—indeed almost anything that a Burman would want to eat or wear or bedeck himself with.

At the top of the steps a gorgeous, glittering sight indeed strikes the eye, for there rises a great and graceful column of gold, a hundred and fifty feet above the vast platform on which it is built, and which itself rises 170 feet from the ground. The pagoda is very wide at the base, and tapers gradually to a bell-shaped top on which is a crown of solid gold and jewels alone worth a round half million dollars.

From top to bottom, however, the pagoda is covered with gold, gold plates near the top and gold leaf at the bottom, and in the glaring sun which for three-fourths of the year beats down upon it, presents an indescribably gorgeous appearance. One can fancy that a conical mountain of solid gold had reared itself in the center of its swarm of children, for all around are little pagodas or shrines clustering close to the base of the parent, and each one vying with all the others to show itself the richest and most bejeweled.

In the great pagoda is a huge Buddha, so covered with gold and gems that the covetous public is kept away from it by strong iron bars, while all the lesser shrines have other images of the placid saint and some of them many, but all with exactly the same expression of ineffable content. Buddhas sitting and Buddhas lying down, Buddhas large and Buddhas small, Buddhas in marble and bronze and silver and clay, but always the same unmistakable Buddha.

In every shrine more or fewer worshippers are bowing and mumbling, while the pretty girls as they worship, smoke the "wacking big cheroots" of which Kipling sings.

No pain, no sorrow, no worry, no care is depicted on the faces of these innumerable images; but at the same time, no interest in human affairs, no sympathy, no love. In these figures, too, it must be confessed there is little of the lofty sublimity of contemplation one sees in the Japanese Buddha, at Kamakura, the most beautiful and impressive of all the world's Buddhas.

In them all, however, whether impressive or insignificant, one sees cold, self-centered indifference to all mundane things. This self-absorbed indifference is characteristic of the religion that worships these idols, and herein lies its supreme weakness.

A multitude of other sights, odd, beautiful, bizarre, but all interesting, attract the traveler.

"On the road to Mandalay," which lies some 20 hours' journey up the Irrawaddy. They are well worth the notice of any one who can wander from the beaten tracks of travel long enough to enjoy them.

(Copyright, 1910, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Americans Drink Much Water. Our habits of water drinking have been so generally noticed, chiefly in Europe, that physicians must have thought frequently of what reasons led to our great use of water.

In England as well as in Europe the climate is decidedly more humid than in the United States. Here we have long periods of dry, sunny weather. In the autumn there may be a succession of weeks of clear, bracing weather.

In France and in much of western Europe since the annals of Caesar the humidity of autumn has been proverbial. We may well expect such great differences in climate to produce variations in habits and the evaporation from the skin in the weather prevailing with us might account for our greater use of water.—Medical Journal.

**First to Find Gold in Colorado.**

After living in Colorado most of the time since 1838, James H. Pierce, the oldest pioneer of the state, died Friday night, says the Denver Republican.

In the spring of 1858 he started for the Rocky mountains with a party under the command of Russel Green in search of gold. They prospected along Raisin creek and discovered the first gold known to have been found in Colorado at the mouth of Dry creek, near where Englewood now is.

For several years Mr. Pierce had been the only survivor of the party that came in 1858.

The Kid and the Goat. "Where are you going with that goat, little boy?"

"Down to the lake. Come along if you want to see some fun. This here goat has jest eat a crate of sponges and I'm goin' down an' let him drink!"

Franklin Aphorism. Drive thy business; let not thy business drive thee.—Franklin.

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

Does a cow become landed property when turned into a field?

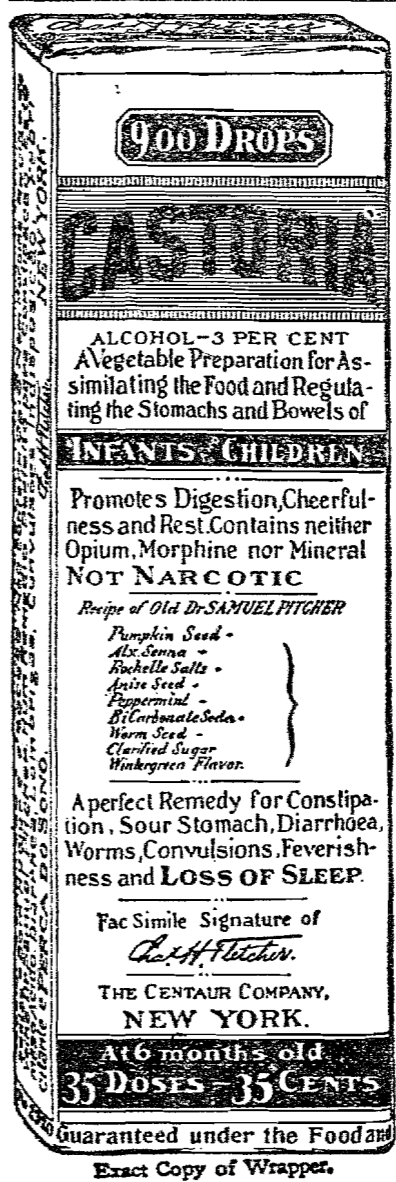
**DAISY FLY KILLER**



**OPIUM** or Morphine Habit Treated. Free Trial. Cases where other remedies have failed, guaranteed cured. Give particulars. Dr. S. S. CONTELL, Suite 266, 400 W. 23d St., New York.

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Washington, D.C. Books free. Write for references. Best results.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 25-1910.



**CASTORIA**  
For Infants and Children.  
The Kind You Have Always Bought Bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson* In Use For Over Thirty Years **CASTORIA**  
THE CENTAUR COMPANY, NEW YORK CITY.

**Cook in Comfort**

You no longer need wear yourself out with the weakening heat of an intensely hot kitchen. You can cook in comfort.

Here is a stove that gives no outside heat. All its heat is concentrated at the burners. An intense blue flame (hotter than either white or red) is thrown upwards but not around. All the heat is utilized in cooking—none in outside heating.

**New Perfection Oil Cook-stove**

entirely removes the discomfort of cooking. Apply a match and immediately the stove is ready. Instantly an intense heat is projected upwards against the pot, pan, kettle or boiler, and yet there is no surrounding heat—no smell—no smoke.



Why? Because The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is scientifically and practically perfect. You cannot use too much wick—it is automatically controlled. You get the maximum heat—no smoke. The burner is simple. Get wick with a cloth cleans it—consequently there is no smell.

The New Perfection Oil Cook-Stove is wonderful for year-round use, but especially in summer. Its heat operates upward to pan, pot, or kettle, but not beyond or around. It is useless for heating a room.

It has a Cabinet Top with shelf for keeping plates and food hot. It has long turquoise-blue enamel chimneys. The nickel finish, with the bright blue of the chimneys, makes the stove ornamental and attractive. Made with 1, 2 and 3 burners; the 2 and 3-burner stoves can be had with or without Cabinet.

Every dealer everywhere; if not at yours, write for Descriptive Circular to the nearest agency of the

**Standard Oil Company** (Incorporated)

**Sweet Cream Butter.**

It has recently been found that butter can be made from sweet cream without starters. Such butter has a milder flavor than most people like and are accustomed to, yet the butter has better keeping qualities than the product made from cream. It is not practical to make this kind of butter to be sold for immediate consumption, yet about a dozen creameries in the country are making it for special trade where long keeping is an object. This butter made from sweet cream without starters will keep in cold storage for more than a year in perfect condition, while butter made from sour cream, even held at very low temperature, will develop objectionable flavors within a few months. A tub of sweet cream butter has been in storage for 14 months without the development of fishy flavor.

**Growing Tomato Plants.**

Horace Roberts' plan of growing strawberries and late tomatoes should be tried by gardeners living where the season is long enough to make the combination a success. At Moorestown, N. J., the strawberry plants are set early in April, rows five feet apart and 20 inches between plants. In June tomato plants are set in alternating spaces in the centers of the strawberry rows. The crops do not seem to interfere with each other, judging from results on several farms.

**Fast Walking Team.**

The way to get a good, fast walking team is to not overwork and not treat them. Two 1,200-pound horses, of 14 or 16-inch plow are overworked. They are loaded too heavily to walk three miles an hour. Three hours on the same plow will make the lighter and reduce the cost of plowing.

## Want Ad Department

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

**TERMS**—One (1) cent per word. Nothing run for less than 25 cents 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)

I want to know if anyone who has ever raised a Van Dyke successfully, so I can get the secret. Rev. Letman, Ponca church. (4)

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

**WANTED**—Some method whereby I can get a chance to read the Tribune before the rest of the family do. Henry Michaels, Route 2, Florence. (4)

**FOR SALE** at a bargain a fine survey in fine shape and will make turns to suit the buyer. Can be seen at Dugher's store, Florence, Neb. (52)

Old soles made new. Pascale, the shoe repair man. (4)

**WANTED**—A first class chance to get even with the Ponca Correspondent of the Tribune for his fish stories about me. Mr. Snodderly, Route 2. (4)

**FOR SALE**—Four lots on 40th and Fort streets. Call phone Florence 307. (3)

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

**FOR SALE CHEAP**—Family carriage in good condition. Inquire phone Florence 402. (48)

**WANTED**—A few more friends to give the immense amount of fish I sometimes catch. Rev. G. S. Sloan. (6)

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

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

**FOR RENT**—Six-room house on car line, 505 Briggs street. Well and cistern water, large lot. \$12 per month.—John B. Star. (6)

See J. H. Price ad on last page.

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

**DON'T FORGET** to see Custer's Last Fight at the moving picture show next week. (6)

**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)

**COMING**—Custer's Last Fight at the moving picture show. (6)

Dancing every Saturday night at Cole's ball. Music by Sml-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. (4)

**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)

**NOTICE**. The annual meeting of the school district for the election of two new members and such other matters as may come before the meeting will be held at the school house Monday, June 27. Polls open from 1 p. m. to 7 p. m. W. E. ROGERS, Moderator. (4)

**ATTEST** HUGH SUTTIE, Secretary. (4)

The real sign of excellence in BUILDING MATERIALS is our name—if you consider that uniform quality, real reputation and reasonable prices constitute "excellence" from the buyer's standpoint of view.

As this is the opening month of Spring building operations allow us to impress upon you that it will pay you to place your orders where they will be promptly filled with the best money will buy—which is the

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READ THE TRIBUNE \$1.00 A YEAR

## .. IDLE CHATTER ..

James Stribbling has been doing jury duty this week, having been caught on a special panel.

Miss Olive Russel, youngest daughter of Mrs. G. W. Cooper and Mr. Albert P. Taylor were married Tuesday and have started housekeeping in Mrs. J. P. Anderson's house.

The moving picture show was unable to obtain the films of Custer's last fight in time for this week's bill but will present the pictures next Thursday and Friday nights.

There was a good attendance at the Rebekah lodge Monday evening as a gentle hint had gone the rounds there was a pleasant surprise in store, and just at the close of the session in walked Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Anderson and Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Carlson, leading a procession of Odd Fellows and their families, loaded down with ice cream and cake. Another enjoyable feature of the evening's entertainment was the singing of some of the good old songs of "re olden times."

If you have not visited the new candy department at McClures you have missed the greatest attraction in Florence.

Mr. McClure tells us that at the opening of the candy department last week he was more than satisfied with the people that came in to buy sweets. The display he has made will do justice to the down town stores.

Miss Martha Tucker who is assistant principal of the Sheridan schools, is visiting her parents Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tucker.

Evening entertainments at the Nebraska State Fair have come to stay. Arrangements have been completed for a Stupendous Fireworks Spectacle, which, together with the music, vaudeville and racing acts, will furnish the spectator with an evening of entertainment only possible where such large gatherings can be had.

The river rose about eight inches Tuesday and in so doing washed away about 300 feet of cable, wire fencing and rippapping of the Omaha Water company at the mouth of Pigeon river on the east side of the river, but in Nebraska, Tuesday. A large gang of men has been put to work repairing the damage. The company has had large forces working all winter at this point and has spent thousands of dollars to keep the river from washing a new channel a mile east of the present bed.

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

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

ATTEND the big aviation meet in Omaha July 9 to 14 and see the airships flying through the air. (6)

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)

SEE Glen Curtiss fly in his airships at Omaha July 9 to 14. (6)

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)

A Fine Stock Ranch—1,545 acres in Banner county; 160 acres under cultivation; 200 acres more can be broke; 200 fine hay land; balance in good pasture; 200 acres now irrigated; 100 acres more can be irrigated; 600 acres of this ranch is good alfalfa land; several fine springs and 3 miles of creek; 6-room house; 2 barns; corrals and sheds. Price \$15 per acre; \$5,000 cash; \$5,000—March 1, 1911; balance 5 years at 6 per cent. For a money maker this can't be beat. Smith Bros. Realty Co., Gering, Neb. (5)



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## MADE THE FISHWOMAN STARE

Questionable Practical Joke That Put Wife in Somewhat Humiliating Position.

Thomas Hood was a confirmed practical joker. In 1827 he was taken ill and went with his wife to Brighton. He was so weak that he had to be lifted into the coach, but on the day following his arrival he allowed himself a jest upon Mrs. Hood. At breakfast Hood offered to give his wife a few hints on the buying of fish, on account of his superior experience of the sea. "Above all things, Jane," he said, "as they will endeavor to impose upon your inexperience, let nothing induce you to buy a plaice (a flat, spotted fish), that has any appearance of red or orange spots, as they are sure signs of an advanced stage of decomposition."

Mrs. Hood promised faithful compliance in the innocence of her heart, and accordingly, when the fishwoman came to the door, she descended to show off her newly acquired information. As it happened, the woman had very little except plaice, and these she turned over and over, praising their size and freshness. But the obnoxious red spots on every one of them still greeted Mrs. Hood's dissatisfied eyes. On her hinting a doubt of their freshness, she was met by the assertion that they were not long out of the water, having been caught that morning.

This shook the housewife's doubts, but only for a moment, and remembering Hood's account of the fishwomen's ways, she shook her head, saying: "My good woman, it may be as you say, but I could not think of buying any plaice with those very unpleasant red spots." The woman's answer was short: "Lord bless your eyes, mum. Who ever seed any without 'em!" A suppressed giggle on the stairs betrayed the perpetrator of the joke.

## FOR OPEN-AIR PREACHING

Only Pulpit of Its Kind in the United States Established in New York.

What is said to be the only open-air pulpit on the North American continent has recently been completed for Grace church, on Broadway, New York city. Outdoor preaching, to be sure, is by no means unknown in this country, but the architects have not heretofore made provision for it here as they have in France, Italy and England, where pulpits are built on the outside of churches or near by on crossroads. The Grace church structure, designed by William W. Renwick, is described in the International Studio by Samuel Howe. This pulpit, as Mr. Howe remarks, is well placed.

At Tenth street Broadway defects slightly to the west of the course it holds below, so that the corner is one which in itself is rare in this rectangularly planned city. The spot is known throughout the land and Grace church is dear to the hearts of many.

The sculptor of the panels for this pulpit is Jules Edouard Roine, to whom the French government gave a special medal for his exquisite rendering of a plaque, "The Dawn of the Twentieth Century." The theme of the panels is the beatitudes, suggesting the underlying philosophy of Christ's teaching as represented in the Sermon on the Mount, preached in the open.

## ONLY JAMAICA HE KNEW OF

All the Provincialism of Average Easterner Evidenced by Visitor to Artist's Studio.

A New York artist, lately returned from Jamaica, had some paintings of Jamaica scenery in his studio. One day a man who had been roaming through the room stopped before one work and asked:

"What does this represent?"

"A scene in Jamaica," said the artist.

"That's odd," said the man. "I don't remember ever seeing anything like that in Jamaica."

"You have been to Jamaica?" politely inquired the artist.

"Sure!" said the man. "I live there." "In that case you must certainly be acquainted with this scene, since it represents a scene in the principal part of the island."

The man from Jamaica regarded the artist with an air of amazement. Then he said: "I live in Jamaica, and I know every corner in the town. There isn't a bit of it that bears the least resemblance to that picture."

The mention of Jamaica as a town cleared away the mist.

"I see," said the artist, "you live in Jamaica, Long Island, don't you?"

"Yes," said the man. "Is there another Jamaica anywhere?"

Poor Old Scientists.

Four venerable scientists from the session that had just closed of the American Philosophical society went out into Fifth street.

Only men who have distinguished themselves are selected to membership in this society, and each of the members looks distinguished. The four massive heads were covered with snowy white hair.

"Gee, fellows, look at de high-brows!" shouted a newsboy, as he caught sight of the four comrades in science strolling up the street.

"Highbrows, highbrows!" sang out other newsboys, running across Independence square and from intersecting streets. Soon a cavalcade of mocking youngsters surrounded the philosophers, who were forced to climb on a street car to escape the unwelcome attentions of the irreverent and ribald youths.—Philadelphia Times.

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

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