

The Florence Tribune

VOL. I.

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No. 3

PAVING BIDS ARE OPENED

A Big Crowd Watches Council Open the Bids for Paving Monday Night and Are Treated to Some Surprises in the Figures Presented by the Contractors—Contracts May Be Let Next Monday Night.

There was a big crowd at the special meeting of the city council Monday evening when the bids for paving were opened. There were seven bidders for the work and a big range in price was the result. In another column we present the bids in a tabulated form so our readers can see what the figures are.

The bids were referred to the city engineer and committee of the whole for tabulation and consideration to be reported back to the council at its next meeting. In connection with the bids were two communications from the Grant Paving company and Warren Bros., saying the tar filled macadam pavement infringed on their patents and warning the council against using that kind of paving unless the specifications were so changed that the Grant Paving company could bid.

A petition from property owners of blocks 36 and 42 requesting that a sewer district be created and sewers put in from the Willet street sewer through the alleys of those two blocks, the cost to be assessed to the abutting property, was read and, by suspending rule six, an ordinance was passed for this sewer.

M. C. Fleming was allowed \$57.75 as inspector for the cement sidewalks.

The matter of fencing Hanover street was brought up and the owner, Mr. Hanover, stated he had had the road fenced for ten years prior to 1898 and intended to keep it closed. The marshal tore down the fence, but it was rebuilt. The city attorney was instructed to look the matter up.

The city engineer was instructed to set the stakes for the sign posts as soon as they could get the stakes.

G. W. Clemmons was instructed to repair the cement sidewalks in front of lot 1, block 24, and lots 3 and 6, block 25, and in front of Dr. Adam's place and send bills for same to John Grant, the contractor who laid the defective walks.

Improvement Club Talks Paving. Thursday evening the improvement club took up the question of paving before an audience that completely filled the city hall. B. C. Fowler, the president, presided.

R. H. Olmsted reported that Mr. Wattles had said that the street car company would double track and pave if the paving was done. (Later the street car directors took up the matter and officially decided to double track and pave when the city did.)

A communication from Clark Perkins of the State Railway Commission, enclosing a copy of the decision of the commission in the Florence rate case, was read and placed on file.

George Sorensen spoke against the paving of Main street the full length, but favored paving from railroad tracks to the south side of the city park.

F. M. King was of the same opinion as was also W. H. Thompson, who said, especially in view of the county not having made a definite proposition, it was wrong to count on them for anything. He said he estimated the cost at \$130,000, or \$100 for every man, woman and child in Florence, and that it would double taxes for five years. He said the tax rate of Omaha was 57.3 mills, while Florence paid 41 mills and \$1,050 a year interest charge. He estimated the cost at \$130,000, or a tax of \$2.50 on every lot, and more than one-third the assessed valuation—\$301,060. He said the tax distributed equally on all lots and over a period of five years would make the taxes here 13.2 cents every year, against Omaha 57.3 mills, but distributed over ten years Florence would pay 90 mills and Omaha 57.3 mills.

THE PIANO VOTE.

With but few more votes to count the votes on the piano contest stands:

Emma Bergelt	30,795
Agnes Shipley	37,180
Vera Keaton	35,645
Jennie Peterson	5,770
Edith Raymond	3,150
Norma Morgan	2,875
Helen Holtzman	2,125
Hazel Nelson	1,900

Remember, 500 votes for each 1-year subscription and 5,000 for 5-year subscriptions. We will publish this vote every week now, as furnished by Mr. T. W. McClure.

Tribune votes may be obtained of Bank of Florence, T. W. McClure or Charles Cottrell.

FIGHT FOR EXCESS FREIGHT PAID

Attorney for Merchants of Florence in Rate Case Will Sue Railroad Co. for Refund of Money.

The decision of the railway commission in the Florence rate case has not ended the fight.

Charles Elgutter of Omaha, attorney for the lumber and building material dealers of Florence, who prosecuted the suit before the railway commission for a restoration of the old rates between Omaha and Florence on building material, securing a restoration of the rates, but no reparation for excess charges of the past, will resort to the courts to secure the damages. Mr. Elgutter was in Lincoln Monday on legal business before the supreme court, and he announced that he would shortly take the matter into the courts. The railway commission refused to make reparation of damages because it doubted its jurisdiction in the case. The damages to be asked will amount to \$5,000 or \$6,000.

Mr. Feldhusen said the figures presented by Mr. Thompson were misleading, as the paving tax was a special tax, and he had omitted special taxes in the Omaha figures; but put them in the Florence figures. He also said that the tax would not be equal on all lots, but as he understood, the balance left after the street railway and county had paid their share would be assessed 60 per cent to the abutting property, and then graduated back, becoming less the further away from Main street. He also called attention to the fact that if the property abutting was taxed for the whole FLOR—SEVEN cost the intersections would have to be paid for out of general fund, and that cost to the outside property owners would be about the same.

Mayor Tucker said most of the opposition was nothing but a political play, so that they could boast that they had whipped the present council and mayor. The big majority of the people favored the paving, and every large property owner in the city was fighting for it. He said he had positive assurance from the street car people and county commissioners that they would stand their share, and that the cost would not be as had been stated.

R. H. Olmsted said Omaha had been held back by mossbacks, who were now dying off, and Florence was in the same class, but now the younger generation demanded that the city progress. He said all objections could be answered as soon as bids were in and cost known. The paving of a few blocks in the center of the street and dropping off into a mud-hole at either end would not be a benefit to the whole city, but only to abutting property, but the paving of the whole street would benefit every piece of property in the city, and therefore should pay for the benefit.

The tax for the paving would be much less than the advance in value to the property would amount to. Among others who spoke were A. B. Hunt, J. V. Shipley, J. H. Faris, B. C. Fowler, Thos. Jorgenson and Geo. Sorensen.

Scott-Stevenson.

The home of Mr. and Mrs. Stymest Stevenson, 715 Hazel street, Council Bluffs, Iowa, was the scene of a pretty wedding Wednesday evening, June 9, when Miss Nellie Stevenson of Lincoln, Neb., and Mrs. Joseph Scott of Florence were united in marriage. Rev. Frank Case performed the ceremony, which was witnessed by only a few intimate friends and relatives. The house was prettily decorated, pink and white peonies being effectively combined with green. The ceremony took place in the bay window under a canopy of green. The bride wore a charming white gown trimmed with quantities of baby Irish lace. Immediately after the ceremony a course dinner was served, the hostess being assisted by Mrs. Paul W. Koedwiss and Miss Pauline Larson. Appropriate place cards were in the shape of hearts and showed a bridal couple encircled by a wedding ring, the design being the work of Miss Larson.

Later in the evening Mr. and Mrs. Scott left for Lincoln, where they went to attend the commencement exercises. They will make their home at Florence, Neb., where Mr. Scott is manager for the Minne-Lusa Lumber company. The bride is a daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Renrew Stevenson of Seattle, Wash., and a niece of Mr. Stymest of Council Bluffs. She graduated last year from the Nebraska university, winning the Phi Beta Kappa scholarship. For the past year she has been at the head of the seed laboratory at the government experiment station at Lincoln.

The guests from out of town were Mrs. Elliott and Miss May Elliott of Medford, Wis.; Miss Jennie Deming, Miss Nettie Mills, Miss Janet Stevenson, Miss Long, Mr. Hugh Stevenson and Mr. Roy Cushman, all of Lincoln.

The Tribune is the official paper of the city of Florence and if you want to know what is going on in the city you should be a subscriber at \$1.00 a year.

BATTLE OF BALLOTS NEAR

Today Begins the Filings of Candidates for Big List of County Officers That Will Be Voted on at the Primaries Which Are to Be Held August 17—Only One Month to File In.

Will Florence present to the county any candidates on any of the tickets for county officers this fall?

Today begins the filings; July 17 is when they end, and all parties will put forth candidates to be nominated at the primaries August 17.

Here is a list of the offices to be filled under the new law:

- One judge.
- One treasurer.
- One clerk.
- One register of deeds.
- One sheriff.
- One coroner.
- One surveyor.
- One superintendent-of-schools.
- One commissioner.
- Two police judges.
- Thirty-seven justices of the peace.
- Thirty-seven constables.
- Twelve road overseers.

One hundred and forty-two county officers are to be elected this fall and 140 of them are to be nominated in the primaries. The number is increased forty-five by a change in the state law, which makes the deputy assessors elective, instead of appointive by the county assessors as in the past.

In addition to the above county officers, two judges of the supreme bench and two regents of the state university will be elected. Candidates for these offices and for county judge and superintendent of the public instruction will not go on the primary ballot, but will be given until October 1 in which to file.

Date of Primaries.

The county primaries will be held August 17. Candidates can file any time between June 18 and July 18.

The new law provides that each assessor district in cities shall cover a territory embracing, as nearly as possible, 4,500 people. The wards and precincts in Omaha and South Omaha are not made according to population and, therefore, the county commissioners will fix these precincts before the time for filing of candidates. One will be acquired twenty-six deputy assessors, South Omaha will have six and the other thirteen will be in the country districts.

Each of the country precincts, fourteen in number, will be given two justices of the peace and two constables and there will be six justices and six constables in Omaha and three constables and three justices in South Omaha. The twelve road overseers will all be elected for work in the country.

There are three parties to put up tickets—republicans, democrats and socialists, and if each party put up only one man for each office there would be 426 men for the offices, but it is safe to say that the average for each office will be at least five, so we will have 2,130 men running to be nominated.

In the event that the average of four men belonging to each of the three parties—republican, democrat and socialist—file for office this summer the primary ballot will contain nearly 1,800 names. Carrying this further, nearly \$9,000 would be paid into the county treasury by candidates as filing fees at \$5 per candidate.

How's that for a field? Undoubtedly there will be many incompetent and unscrupulous men try for these offices and the voters will have their hands full weeding out the undesirables.

While this paper is strictly independent we will not hesitate to expose any who seek office that are not worthy to fill it, be they republican, democrat or socialist.

THE EARLY BIRD AND THE WORM

The Gimlet Paraphrases Proverb and Likens Itself unto a Worm and Tries to Fool the People.

The Gimlet, otherwise known as the Florence Gazette, issued a small five-column paper that was printed for the most part in Sioux City on Saturday night, although it is supposed to issue on Friday. For the most part the news that it contains was written by the editor of the Tribune over a week ago and published in the Tribune of last week and the daily papers.

We are perfectly willing to have the editor use our matter if he hasn't brains enough of his own to write it, but we do not propose to have him fool the people of Florence by baby talk. In his idiotical he prints this brilliant effusion:

"The Early Bird and the Worm." "In that most praised proverb about the 'early bird and the worm' a great deal of credit is given to the bird and very little is said about the worm. It should be remembered, however, that every time this happens somebody has to be the worm.

"Remember this when you are offered votes or premiums with a newspaper or any other article. You have to pay dearly for the premiums in the end, as the merchant must add just that much more to the selling price of his goods. He expects to get his money back in some way, rest assured of that.

"Whenever somebody gets the best of it somebody gets the worst of it. A great many people think they are playing the part of the bird when they are in reality the worm.

"Are you the worm?" "Printed in Florence." "Does it sound good to you?" "Come in and get acquainted.

"A real printing office at last. Here to stay and the only one in Florence. Think it over.

"Which is entitled to your patronage? A paper that has its office in Florence, employs Florence people, or one whose proprietors just live in Florence and farm out their work to Omaha firms?"

"Since May 14, 1909, we have paid out direct to people who are residents of Florence \$128.32.

"All labor employed by us and every piece of material put into our plant has been bought in Florence; if it was possible to obtain it here.

"There's not a man, woman or child employed in our plant who is not a resident of Florence.

"If our esteemed competitors really want to keep faith with the people of Florence, let them put in a plant and print their paper in Florence, where the people of Florence can get the full benefit of it. We're willing."

How's that for unadulterated gall? The Florence Gazette repudiating its obligations to give away the piano after taking the people's money under the pretense they would give a piano to the girl that got the highest vote?

You who have paid in your money in good faith to boost the girl's votes, what do you think of it?

Then to brazenly come out and say that every one who paid in a dollar to them is a worm. Nice isn't it?

There is an old proverb about the turning of the worm. If I had paid my money in I would see that I either got it back or the girls got the piano. Then they said something about printing their paper in Florence.

FLORENCE—TRIP—THREE— On page 7 is a notation put there by the publishers: "Sioux City Printing Co.—1298—23—1909." That means that the paper was set up and printed in Sioux City, the job number was 1298 and 24 is the number of quires printed.

Six of the eight pages were printed in Sioux City—probably because they couldn't get it done in Omaha, where known. Of the other two pages the type was all set in Omaha, but the press work was done in Florence and

FROM FLORENCE TO THE ARTIC

A Cigar Check Given by Florence Man Thirteen Years Ago, Returns After Long Wandering and Is Welcomed.

The world is mighty small after all. Go where you will you will run across some one who knows you or your town. It is a far cry from fair Florence to Wrangell Island, yet some Florence man has been 200 miles north of the Siberian coast and left there a souvenir which has just been returned. The cigar check was issued by Mr. Brenneman thirteen years ago and returned to him the other day with this letter:

U. S. Steamer "Gen. J. W. Jacobs," Fort St. Michael, Alaska, Mar. 22, 1909. Mr. James Brenneman, Florence, Neb.—Dear Sir:—I take pleasure in sending you a check, your property, which I hope, after its wandering thus far, will be welcome home again. A transient in this place exhibited this check to a number of persons gathered around the stove of a store and trading post here and stated that he had found it near the summit of "Berry's Peak" on the Wrangell Island, which is some 200 miles due north of the Siberian coast in the Arctic Ocean.

How it got there and who dropped it is impossible to guess, but thinking that you might be pleased to have it back again, I asked him for it and take pleasure in enclosing it herewith.

Trusting it may reach you safely, I am, Sir, Yours very truly,

JOHN C. SCHOCH, First Officer.

It looks it. Half of it so poorly printed it could not be read.

Now, about the Tribune. The mechanical work is done in Omaha. The reason for this is we devote our time to getting of news, writing it in a presentable manner and giving to the people the best there is to be had. Last week we paid more money for the right to print the story "Whispering 'mth'" than their entire edition cost a cent.

If you read it in the Tribune this week you will find it in The Gimlet next week.

FORT CALHOUN NEWS

August and Luther Schwager have bought two 160-acre farms near Sugar City, Idaho. Luther is on the ground and August goes soon. Price, \$2. Irrigated lands sell for from \$100 to \$150 per acre in that neighborhood.

W. E. Worline came home from an Omaha hospital last week.

Hiram Crai has written his parents that he and his cousin have bought each 150 acres of land in Mexico.

Miss Elsie Rix, bank cashier, and Miss Myrtle Landis were at Brownell Hall commencement.

The heavy rain one night last week put a foot of water in Louis Blasan's cellar and the big store basement of Fred Frahm, and the lightning killed a horse belonging to Fred Krouse, on the prairie, and broke a window at the Horseduce ranch on the bottoms.

Edward Peck, the Omaha elevator man, is having his country house remodeled and with Mrs. Peck was here last week to see how soon they could move out.

Strawberries, raspberries and blackberries are in prime order, and promise the largest yield for years. Shipping begins today.

Charles McIlwaine, Henry Schwager, Emil Ehlers, Gus Neustrom, Miss Warm and Miss Ada Bunn of Omaha spent Sunday in Fort Calhoun.

Superintendent Babbitt will give a fine party to the class in Sunday school keeping up the best attendance till September 1.

It is reported that a fall of hail did some damage a few miles west of town Saturday night.

There is talk of turning the old grain elevator into an alfalfa meal mill.

The Presbyterian church was a bower of beauty Sunday night when the Children's day exercises were given by the children.

Henry Hink of Fremont, who was called to Omaha as a witness against the train robbers, stopped here on his way to visit his brother-in-law, Mr. Evener.

Frank Smith was tearing down an old barn which collapsed, and he goes around with his head tied up.

NOTICE.

The regular annual meeting of School District No. 5 will be held at the City Hall Monday evening, June 28, for the transaction of such business as may come before the meeting, including the election of two members to the board.

W. E. Rogers, Chairman. Hugh Suttie, Secretary.

LAST SATURDAY'S BALL GAME

Americans Win From Ramblers, While Lee-Glass Originals Easily Defeat Florence at Florence Park.

The Americans defeated the Ramblers Sunday at Florence park by a score of 4 to 2, for the second time this season. Errors were numerous on both sides, each making five. The Americans had the hitting honors, getting nine safe ones off Lefty Hirsch, while the Ramblers could only find Brodbeck for four. Brodbeck pitched a good game, striking out nine men and allowing but four singles.

The Americans are looking for a game next Sunday, in or out of town. Call Red 5954, after 7 p. m. Score:

Americans	A.B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
Collins, 2b.	5	1	0	0	1
Farley, 1b.	3	0	7	1	0
Capp, 2b.	4	2	5	0	1
Williams.	3	1	8	3	5
Denny, 1b.	4	0	1	0	0
Dygart, 1b.	1	0	2	0	0
Poe, 1b.	1	1	0	0	2
Dennison, cf.	3	2	1	0	0
Smith, ss.	4	2	3	2	2
Hontz, rf.	2	0	0	0	0
Brodbeck, p.	4	0	0	4	0
Totals.	32	9	27	10	5

Ramblers	A.B.	H.	O.	A.	E.
McGugan, 1b.	5	0	2	0	1
Tracy, ss.	4	1	2	2	3
Hamilton, 2b.	3	0	1	3	0
Tuttle, 2b.	4	0	1	1	0
Sweitz, cf.	4	2	0	0	1
Theur, 1b.	4	0	12	0	0
Danz, c.	3	0	5	3	0
Coat, rf.	1	0	0	0	0
Hontz, rf.	2	0	0	0	0
Hirsch, p.	2	1	0	4	0
Totals.	32	4	21	14	5

Americans 4 2 1 0 5
Ramblers 0 0 2 0 0 0 2
Two-base hit: Rapp. Stolen bases: Collins, Rapp, Farley, Fox, Brodbeck, Smith (2), McGugan, Sweitz, Banz. Sacrifice hits: Williams, Dygart, Hirsch. Double play: Tuttle to Tuttle. Bases on balls: Off Hirsch, 3; off Brodbeck, 5. Struck out: By Brodbeck, 9; by Hirsch, 3. Time: 1:55. Umpire: Lynch.

The fast Lee-Glass-Andresen team defeated Florence in a rather one-sided game at Florence Sunday by a score of 11 to 0. Sharp fielding and hard hitting marked the work of the Lee-Glass-Andresen team throughout the game, while Bunnell allowed Florence but four scattered hits: Next Sunday the Bennington team will play the Florence team at the ball park. Score:

L.-G.-A.	R.H.	E.
L.-G.-A.	3 0 0 0 7 1 0 0—11	12 6
Florence	0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0—0	5 0
Struck out: By Bunnell, 8; by Jones 4. Batteries: Lee-Glass-Andresen, Bunnell and Clair; Florence, Jones and Williams. Umpire: Matthews.		

There will be some mighty good ball games at the Park on July 3, 4 and 5, when the big celebration of the glorious Fourth takes place.

Good Ball Game for Sunday.

The Florence team will play the team from Bennington Sunday, and a large crowd of rooters from Bennington will accompany the team. These boys have been playing fast ball lately, and a good game can be looked for. Manager Sage of the Florence team has strengthened the team considerably, and expects to give the Bennington team a race for the money. A good crowd should turn out to see this game.

Notice to Volunteer Fire Department, Hose Co. No. 1, Florence.

All firemen having keys to the firehouse and coats belonging to company are requested to report same and turn in at next regular meeting, July 12. Also notified that proofs of pictures taken Sunday, May 30, can be seen at McClure's store. All firemen wishing same will kindly order before next meeting.

WILBUR R. NICHOLS, Sec.

Idle Chatter

Otto Baysdorfer was a Florence visitor Wednesday.

G. E. Tooser has purchased lot 17 in Florence Heights.

Charles Callanan of Omaha was a Florence visitor Wednesday.

The Eagles have decided to abandon the Fourth of July celebration.

Oscar Mills, the city's official dog-catcher, shot five dogs the first day out.

Miss Rose McClain will entertain at Minne-Lusa tonight in honor of Miss Slicher.

Benjamin Schwartz of Omaha visited with Florence friends Wednesday evening.

James Nicholson has opened a pavilion in his garden for the sale of ice cream and soft drinks.

W. H. Hollett will open up an ice cream and lemonade resort in the grove opposite Weber's home.

The children's exercises will take the place of the regular Sunday evening services at the Presbyterian church.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted expect to leave Tuesday for Cincinnati, O., to attend a family reunion at his mother's home there. His brother, T. D. Olmsted of Dillon, Mont., is expected to arrive in time to accompany them there.

CLASS OF WORK	NAME OF BIDDER						
	Ketch Cable Co.	D. J. Creighton Co.	M. Ford.	Minneapolis Concrete & Paving Co.	Chas. E. Fanning.	Chas. E. Fanning.	H. D. Van Cort.
Curb and Gutter, artificial stone per lineal ft.	.48	.65	.48	.50	.60	.60	.44
Vitrified Brick Pavement, Class A, per sq. yd.		2.05		2.08			
Vitrified Brick Pavement, Class B, per sq. yd.		2.15	1.95	2.00	2.22		
Vitrified Brick Block, Class A, per sq. yd.		2.15	2.10	2.24	2.03		
Vitrified Brick Block, Class B, per sq. yd.		2.15	2.00	2.13	1.96	2.22	
Tar Filled Macadam, Class A, per sq. yd.		1.62		1.49			1.57
Tar Filled Macadam, Class B, per sq. yd.		1.37		1.36			1.28
Artificial Stone Pavement, inc. Curb, Class A, per sq. yd.			1.90	1.64	1.62		1.59
Artificial Stone Pavement, inc. Curb, Class B, per sq. yd.			1.53	1.42			1.39
Standard Curb Inlets, set, each.	18.00		13.00	17.00	18.00		16.00
12-in. Tile laid, per lineal ft.	.35		.29	.33	.40		.32
8-in. Tile laid, per lineal ft.	.33		.20	.22	.25		.19
Extra grading, per cu. yd.	.25	.40	.30	.40	.40	.45	.25
Extra for grouting.	10c				10c		

Kind of material used: Katz Concr. Co., Turlia; D. J. Creighton Co., C. E. H. No. 1; M. Ford, Purlington or Coffeyville; Minardi Cement & Paving Co., Humboldt Vit Paver, C. E. H. Paver; Chas. E. Fanning, Coffeyville; E. D. Von Cort, Turlia or Turiad.

WHISPERING SMITH

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRE BOWLES

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SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

"From the divide it looked like a mountain on fire. I'm sorry Mr. Sinclair is not here."

"Why, indeed, yes, so am I."

"Because I know him. You are one of his men, I presume."

"Not exactly; but is there anything I can do—"

"Oh, thank you, nothing, except that the pretty bay colt he sent over to us has sprung his shoulder."

"He will be sorry to hear it, I'm sure."

"But we are doing everything possible for him. He is going to make a perfectly lovely horse."

"And whom may I say the message is from?" Though disconcerted, McCloud was regaining his wits. He felt perfectly certain there was no danger, if she knew Sinclair and lived in the mountains, but that she would sometime find out he was not a conductor. When he asked his question she appeared slightly surprised and answered easily: "Mr. Sinclair will know it is from Dickie Dunning."

McCloud knew her then. Every one knew Dickie Dunning in the high country. This was Dickie Dunning of the great Crawling Stone ranch, most widely known of all the mountain ranches. While his stupidity in not guessing her identity before overwhelmed him, he resolved to exhaust the last effort to win her interest.

"I don't know just when I shall see Mr. Sinclair," he answered, gravely, "but he shall certainly have your message."

A doubt seemed to steal over Dickie at the change in McCloud's manner. "Oh, pardon me—I thought you were working for the company."

"You are quite right, I am; but Mr. Sinclair is not."

Her eyebrows rose a little. "I think you are mistaken, aren't you?"

"It is possible I am; but if he is working for the company, it is pretty certain that I am not," he continued, heaping mystification on her. "However, that will not prevent my delivering the message. By the way, may I ask which shoulder?"

"Shoulder!"

"Which shoulder is sprung?"

"Oh, of course! The right shoulder, and it is sprung pretty badly, too, Cousin Lance says. How very stupid of me to ride over here for a freight wreck!"

McCloud felt humiliated at having nothing better worth while to offer. "It was a very bad one," he ventured.

"But not of the kind I can be of any help at, I fear."

McCloud smiled. "We are certainly short of help."

Dickie brought her horse's head around. She felt again of the girl as she replied: "Not such as I can supply, I'm afraid." And with the words she stepped away, as if preparing to mount.

McCloud intervened. "I hope you won't go away without resting your horse. The sun is so hot. Mayn't I offer you some sort of refreshment?"

Dickie Dunning thought not.

"The sun is very warm," persisted McCloud.

Dickie smoothed her gauntlet in the assured manner natural to her. "I am pretty well used to it."

But McCloud held on. "Several cars of fruit were destroyed in the wreck. I can offer you any quantity of grapes—crates of them are spoiling over there—and pears."

"Thank you, I am just from lunch-oon."

"And I have cooled water in the car. I hope you won't refuse that, so far out in the desert."

Dickie laughed a little. "Do you call this far? I don't; and I don't call this desert by any means. Thank you ever so much for the water, but I'm not in the least thirsty."

"It was kind of you even to think of extending help. I wish you would let me send some fruit over to your ranch. It is only spoiling here."

Dickie stroked the neck of her horse. "It is about 18 miles to the ranch house."

"I don't call that far."

"Oh, it isn't," she returned, hastily, pressing not to notice the look that went with the words, "except for perishable things!" Then, as if acknowledging her disadvantage, she added, swinging her bridle rein around: "I am under obligations for the offer, just the same."

"At least, won't you let your horse drink?" McCloud threw the force of an appeal into his words, and Dickie stopped her preparations and appeared to waver.

"Jim is pretty thirsty, I suppose. Have you plenty of water?"

"A tender full. Had I better lead him down while you wait up on the hill in the shade?"

"Can't I ride him down?"

"It would be pretty rough riding."

"Oh, Jim goes anywhere," she said, with her attractive indifference to situations. "If you don't mind helping me mount."

"With pleasure."

She stood waiting for his hand and McCloud stood, not knowing just what to do. She glanced at him expectantly. The sun grew intensely hot.

"You will have to show me how," he stammered at last.

"Don't you know?"

He mentally cursed the technical education that left him helpless at such a moment, but it was useless to pretend. "Frankly, I don't."

"Just give me your hand. Oh, not in that way! But never mind, I'll walk," she suggested, catching up her skirt.

"The rocks will cut your boots all to pieces. Suppose you tell me what to do this once," he said, assuming some confidence. "I'll never forget."

"Why, if you will just give me your hand for my foot, I can manage, you know."

He did not know, but she lifted her skirt gracefully, and her crushed boot rested easily for a moment in his hand. She rose in the air above him before he could well comprehend. He felt the quick spring from his supporting hand, and it was an instant of exhilaration. Then she balanced herself with a finished laugh in the saddle, and he guided her, ahead among the loose rocks, the horse nosing at his elbow as they picked their way.

Crossing the track, they gained better ground. As they reached the switch and passed a box car, Jim shied, and Dickie spoke sharply to him. McCloud turned.

In the shade of the car lay the tramp.

"That man lying there frightened him," explained Dickie. "Oh," she exclaimed, suddenly, "he has been hurt!" She turned away her head. "Is that the man who was in the wreck?"

"Yes."

"Do something for him. He must be suffering terribly."

"The men gave him some water awhile ago, and when we moved him into the shade we thought he was dead."

"He isn't dead yet!" Dickie's face, still averted, had grown white. "I saw him move. Can't you do something for him?"

She reined up at a little distance. McCloud bent over the man a moment and spoke to him. When he rose he called to the men on the track.

"You are right," he said, rejoicing Dickie; "he is very much alive. His name is Wickwire; he is a cowboy."

"A cowboy!"

"A tramp cowboy."

"What can you do with him?"

"I'll have the men put him in the caboose and send him to Barnhardt's hospital at Medicine Bend when the engine comes back. He may live yet. If he does, he can thank you for it."

CHAPTER IV.

George McCloud.

McCloud was an exception to every tradition that goes to make up a mountain railroad man. He was from New England, with a mild voice and a hand that roughened very slowly. McCloud was a classmate of Morris Blood's at the Boston "Tech," and the acquaintance began there continued after the two left school, with a scattering fire of letters between the mountains and New England, as few and as far between as men's letters usually scatter after an ardent school acquaintance.

There were just two boys in the McCloud family—John and George. One had always been intended for the church, the other for science. Somehow the boys got mixed in their grades, and John got into the church. For George, who ought to have been a clergyman, nothing was left but a long engineering course for which, after he got it, he appeared to have no use. However, it seemed a little late to shift the life alignments. John had the pulpit and appeared disposed to keep it, and George was left, like a New England farm, to wonder what had become of himself.

It is, nevertheless, odd how matters come about. John McCloud, a prosperous young clergyman, stopped on a California trip at Medicine Bend to see brother George's classmate and something of a real western town. He saw nothing sensational—it was there, but he did not see it—but he found both hospitality and gentlemen, and, if surprised, was too well-bred to admit it. His one-day stop ran on to several days. In leaving, John McCloud, in a seventh heaven of enthusiasm over the high country, asked Morris Blood why he could not find something for George out there; and Blood, not even knowing the boy wanted to come, wrote for him, and asked Bucks to give him a job. Possibly, being over-sollicitous, George was nervous when he talked to Bucks; possibly the impression left by his big, strong, bluff brother John made against the boy; at all events, Bucks, after he talked with George, shook his head.

"I could make a first-class railroad man out of the preacher, Morris, but

not out of the brother. Yes, I've talked with him. He can't do anything but figure elevations, and, by heaven, we can't feed our own engineers here now." So George found himself stranded in the mountains.

Morris Blood was cut up over it, but George McCloud took it quietly. "I'm no worse off here than I was back there, Morris." Blood, at that, plucked up courage to ask George to take a job in the Cold Springs mines, and George jumped at it. It was impossible to get a white man to live at Cold Springs after he could save money enough to get away, so George was welcomed as assistant superintendent at the Number Eight mine, with no salary to speak of and all the work.

One day, coming down "special" from Bear Dance, Gordon Smith, who bore the nickname Whispering Smith, rode with President Bucks in the privacy of his car. The day had been long, and the alkali lay light on the desert. The business in hand had been canvassed, and the troubles put aside for chicken, coffee and cigars, when Smith, who did not smoke, told the story of something he had seen the day before at Cold Springs that pleased him.

The men in the Number Eight mine had determined to get rid of some Italians, and after a good deal of rowing had started in to catch one of

tion of the men, and lashed him across the table with his tongue until the blacksmith opened fire on him with his revolver. McCloud all the while shaking his finger at him and abusing him like a pickpocket. "The crowd couldn't believe its eyes," Gordon Smith concluded, "and McCloud was pushing for the blacksmith with his cue, when Kennedy and I squirmed through to the front and relieved the tension. McCloud wasn't hit."

"What is that mining man's name?" asked Bucks, reaching for a message clip.

"McCloud."

"First name?" continued Bucks, mechanically.

"George."

Bucks looked at his companion in surprise. Then he spoke, and a feeling of self-abasement was reflected in his words. "George McCloud," he echoed. "Did you say George? Why, I must know that man. I turned him down once for a job. He looked so peaceable I thought he was too soft for us." The president laid down his cigar with a gesture of disgust. "And yet there really are people along this line that think I'm clever. I haven't judgment enough to operate a trolley car. It's a shame to take the money they give me for running this system, Gordon. Hanged if I didn't think that fellow was too soft." He called the



"I'm Coming to Medicine Bend, Superintendent!"

them and hang him. They had chosen a time when McCloud, the assistant superintendent of the mine, was down with mountain fever. It was he who had put the Italians into the mine. He had already defended them from injury, and would be likely, it was known, to do so again if he were able. On this day a mob had been chasing the dagos, and had at length captured one. They were running him down the street to a telegraph pole when the assistant superintendent appeared in scant attire and stopped them. Taking advantage of the momentary confusion, he hustled their victim into the only place of refuge at hand, a billiard hall. The mob rushed the hall. In the farthest corner the unlucky Italian, bleeding like a bullock and insane with fright, knelt, clinging to McCloud's shaky knees. In trying to make the back door the two had been cut off, and the sick boss had got into a corner behind a pool table to make his stand. In his pocket he had a pistol, knowing that to use it meant death to him as well as to the wretch he was trying to save. Fifty men were yelling in the room. They had rope, hatchets, a sprinkling of guns, and whisky enough to burn the town, and in the corner behind a pool table stood the mining boss with mountain fever, the dago and a broken billiard cue.

Bucks took the cigar from his mouth, leaned forward in his chair, and stretched his heavy chin out of his neck as if the situation now promised a story. The leader, Smith continued, was the mine blacksmith, a strapping Welshman, from whom McCloud had taken the Italian in the street. The blacksmith had a revolver, and was crazy with liquor. McCloud singled him out in the crowd, pointed a finger at him, got the atten-

tion of the men, and lashed him across the table with his tongue until the blacksmith opened fire on him with his revolver. McCloud all the while shaking his finger at him and abusing him like a pickpocket. "The crowd couldn't believe its eyes," Gordon Smith concluded, "and McCloud was pushing for the blacksmith with his cue, when Kennedy and I squirmed through to the front and relieved the tension. McCloud wasn't hit."

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flagman over. "Tell Whitmyer we will stay at Cold Springs to-night."

"I thought you were going through to Medicine Bend," suggested Smith as the trainman disappeared.

"McCloud," repeated Bucks, taking up his cigar and throwing back his head in a cloud of smoke.

"Yes," assented his companion; "but I am going through to Medicine Bend, Mr. Bucks."

"Do."

"How am I to do it?"

"Take the car and send it back to-morrow on Number Three."

"Thank you, if you won't need it to-night."

"I sha'n't. I am going to stay at Cold Springs to-night and hunt up McCloud."

"But that man is in bed in a very bad way; you can't see him. He is going to die."

"No, he isn't. I am going to hunt him up and have him taken care of."

Ten weeks later McCloud was sent from Medicine Bend up on the Short Line as trainmaster, and on the Short Line he learned railroading.

unknown at the time, but destined within a few years to be scattered far and wide as constructionists with records made in the rebuilding operations through the Rocky mountains, none was less likely to attract attention than McCloud. Bucks, who, indeed, could hardly be reckoned so much of the company as its head, was a man of commanding proportions physically. Like Glover, Bucks was a giant in stature, and the two men, when together, could nowhere escape notice; they looked, in a word, their part, fitted to cope with the tremendous undertakings that had fallen to their lot. Callahan, the chess-player on the Overland lines, the man who could hold large combinations of traffic movement constantly in his head and by intuition reach the result of a given problem before other men could work it out, was like Morris Blood, the master of tonnage, of middle age. But McCloud, when he went to the mountain division, in youthfulness of features was boyish, and when he left he was still a boy, bronzed, but young of face in spite of a lifetime's pressure and worry crowded into three years. He himself counted this physical make-up as a disadvantage. "It has embroiled me in no end of trouble, because I couldn't convince men I was in earnest until I made good in some hard way," he complained once to Whispering Smith. "I never could acquire even a successful habit of swearing, so I had to learn to fight."

When, one day in Boney street in Medicine Bend, he threw open the door of Marion Sinclair's shop, flung his hat sailing along the show case with his war cry, and called to her in the back rooms, she thought he had merely run in to say he was in town.

"How do you do? What do you think? You're going to have an old boarder back," he cried. "I'm coming to Medicine Bend, superintendent of the division!"

"Mr. McCloud!" Marion Sinclair clasped her hands and dropped into a chair. "Have they made you superintendent already?"

"Well, I like that! Do you want them to wait till I'm gray-headed?"

Marion threw her hands to her own head. "Oh, don't say anything about gray hairs. My head won't bear inspection. But I can't get over this promotion coming so soon—this whole big division! Well, I congratulate you very sincerely—"

"Oh, but that isn't it! I suppose anybody will congratulate me. But where am I to board? Have you a cook? You know how I went from bad to worse after you left Cold Springs. May I have my meals here with you as I used to there?"

They laughed as they bantered. Marion Sinclair wore gold spectacles, but they did not hide the delightful good-nature in her eyes. On the third finger of her slender left hand she wore, too, a gold band that explained the gray in her hair at 26.

This was the wife of Murray Sinclair, whom he had brought to the mountains from her far-away Wisconsin home. Within a year he had broken her heart so far as it lay in him to do it, but he could not break her charm nor her spirit. She was too proud to go back, when forced to leave him, and had set about earning her own living in the country to which she had come as a bride. She put on spectacles, she mutilated her heavy brown hair and to escape notice and secure the obscurity that she craved, her name, Marion, became, over the door of her millinery shop and in her business, only "M. Sinclair."

Cold Springs, where Sinclair had first brought her when he had headquarters there as foreman of bridges, had proved a hopeless place for the millinery business—at least, in the way that Marion ran it. She could, however, cook extraordinarily well, and, with the aid of a servant-maid, could always provide for a boarder or two—perhaps a railroad man or a mine superintendent to whom she could serve meals, and who, like all mountain men, were more than generous in their accounting with women. Among these standbys of hers was McCloud. McCloud had always been her friend, and when she left Cold Springs and moved to Medicine Bend to set up her little shop in Boney street near Fort, she had lost him. Yet, somehow, to compensate Marion for other cruel things in the mountains, Providence seemed to raise up a new friend for her wherever she went. In Medicine Bend she did not know a soul, but almost the first customer that walked into her shop—and she was a customer worth while—was Dickie Dunning of the Crawling Stone.

CHAPTER V.

The Crawling Stone.

The valley of Crawling Stone river marked for more than a decade the dead line between the overland route of the white man and the last country of the Sioux. It was long after the building of the first line before even an engineer's reconnaissance was made in the Crawling Stone country. Then, within ten years, three surveys were made, two on the north side of

the river and one on the south side, by interests seeking a coast outlet. Three reports made in this way gave varying estimates of the expense of putting a line up the valley, but the three coincided in this, that the cost would be prohibitive. Engineers of reputation had in this respect agreed, but Glover, who looked after such work for Bucks, remained unconvinced, and before McCloud was put into the operating department on the Short Line he was asked by Glover to run a preliminary up Crawling Stone valley. Before the date of his report the conclusions reached by other engineers had stood unchallenged.

The valley was not unknown to McCloud. His first year in the mountains, in which, fitted as thoroughly as he could fit himself for his profession, he had come west and found himself unable to get work, had been spent hunting, fishing, and wandering, often cold and often hungry, in the upper Crawling Stone country. The valley in itself offers to a constructionist no insuperable obstacles; the difficulty is presented in the canyon where the river bursts through the Elbow mountains. South of this canyon, McCloud, one day on a hunting trip, found himself with two Indians pocketed in the rough country, and was planning how to escape passing a night away from camp when his companions led him past a vertical wall of rock 1,000 feet high, split into a narrow defile down which they rode, as it broadened out, for miles. They emerged upon an open country that led without a break into the valley of the Crawling Stone below the canyon. Afterward, when he had become a railroad man, McCloud, sitting at a campfire with Glover and Morris Blood, heard them discussing the coveted and impossible line up the valley. He had been taken into the circle of constructionists and was told of the earlier reports against the line. He thought he knew something about the Elbow mountains, and disputed the findings, offering in two days' ride to take the men before him to the pass called by the Indians the Box, and to take them through it. Glover called it a find, and a big one, and though more immediate matters in the strategy of territorial control then came before him, the preliminary was ordered and McCloud's findings were approved. McCloud himself was soon afterward engrossed in the problems of operating the mountain division; but the dream of his life was to build the Crawling Stone line with a maximum grade of eight-tenths through the Box.

The prettiest stretch of Crawling Stone valley lies within 20 miles of Medicine Bend. There it lies widest, and has the pick of water and grass between Medicine Bend and the Mission mountains. Cattlemen went into the Crawling Stone country before the Indians had wholly left it. The first house in the valley was the Stone ranch, built by Richard Dunning, and it still stands overlooking the town of Dunning at the junction of the Frenchman creek and the Crawling Stone. The Frenchman is fed by unfauling springs, and when by summer sun and wind every smaller stream in the middle basin has been licked dry, the Frenchman runs cold and swift between its russet hills. Richard Dunning, being on the border of the Indian country, built for his ranch-house a rambling stone fortress. He had chosen, it afterward proved, the choice spot in the valley, and he stocked it with cattle when yearlings could be picked up in Medicine Bend at ten dollars a head. He got together a great body of valley land when it could be had for the asking, and became the rich man of the Long Range.

The Dunnings were Kentuckians. Richard was a bridge engineer and builder, and under Brodie built some of the first bridges on the mountain division, notably the great wooden bridge at Smoky creek. Richard brought out his nephew, Lance Dunning. He taught Lance bridge-building, and Murray Sinclair, who began as a cowboy on the Stone ranch, learned bridge-building from Richard Dunning. The Dunnings both came west, though at different times, as young men and unmarried, and as far as western women were concerned, might always have remained so. But a Kentucky cousin, Betty, one of the Fairfield Dunnings, related to Richard within the sixth or eighth degree, came to the mountains for her health. Betty's mother had brought Richard up as a boy, and Betty, when he left Fairfield, was a baby. But Dick—as they knew him at home—and the mother wrote back and forth, and he persuaded her to send Betty out for a trip, promising he would send her back in a year a well woman.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Unsympathetic.

Mrs. Malaprop—Young Sharp will have to apologize before I'll speak to him again.

Miss Interest—Did he insult you?

Mrs. Malaprop—Did he? The last time I met him I told him that my uncle, Lord de Style, had locomotive attacks, and he had the impudence to ask if he "whistled at crossings." He's an unsympathetic brute.

DEEDS OF J. FRANKLIN BELL

BY EDWARD B. CLARK

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MAJOR GENERAL J. FRANKLIN BELL

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how he was going to get it. His method was daring and novel.

Under cover of the darkness he went to the water front, stripped off his clothes and plunged in. He is a

once a private in the ranks. Two years he was an enlisted man, serving as a regular. He joined in 1861, choosing the cavalry arm of the service, and to it he remained faithful through all the years of his duty. He is one of the finest riders that the army claims.

There have been many stories of Japanese spies who have been found taking notes of American army operations and equipment. The Japs got their first object lesson in the way American soldiers do things from Gen. Chaffee. That object lesson doubtless has had some influence in modifying the thought which the orientals held that they could whip the Americans out of hand. Gen. Chaffee was in command of the expedition which went to the relief of the beleaguered embassies at Peking. Japanese officers and men saw him there. The general won a fame in China which is not confined to the American continent.

The generals of Europe have given testimony that Adna R. Chaffee is a great soldier. Orders to take command of the Chinese expedition reached Gen. Chaffee while he was at Nagasaki on board a steamer which was to take him to the Philippines. The order was unexpected, and the general had practically no chance for campaign preparations. He was to go into a strange land, to lead an expedition against a strange people, and not only was it expected of him that he be successful, but that success be won quickly, for the lives of many Americans were in danger within sight of the walls of the "Forbidden City."

The general arrived at Tientsin too late to take part in the battle in which the brave Maj. Liscum of the Ninth infantry lost his life. Not only was the American soldier spurred to quick marching action by the knowledge of the imminent peril of the Americans at Peking, but he was spurred by the knowledge that the soldiers of other nations were to take part in the relief expedition, and he wished the men of his own country to show themselves worthy in the sight of the men of other countries.

They did show themselves worthy, and they responded to the call of their commander with an alacrity that made the American leaders instead of followers in that march beset with difficulties and dangers almost unparalleled in modern warfare.

There are men in the army to-day who firmly believe that Gen. Chaffee did not sleep an hour during the march to Peking. The soldiers who made the march declare that the nights in China are black; that it is impossible to see anything at all without the aid of artificial light, and these in the bivouacs of the soldiers were forbidden for precautionary reasons. There was no definite knowledge of the forces that might be in the path of the expedition, and no one knew what surprises the night might cover. Gen. Chaffee, his soldiers say, constituted himself a sentinel who refused to be relieved from guard, and through the nights he was alert and watching, and through the days he was alert and marching.

There are stories by the scores of men who are supposed to bear charmed lives. The hero of the book of fiction sheds bullets as a slate roof sheds rain, and in the reading of it one finds it hard to believe that any truth could be stranger than this fiction. If Gen. Chaffee doesn't bear a charmed life he has the largest allowance of luck that has fallen to any one man.

Gen. Chaffee has been four times brevetted for bravery. Two of the brevet commissions came to him for gallantry in the civil war service, and two for gallantry in battles with the Indians. He once led a cavalry charge over rough and precipitous bluffs, where a cavalry charge was thought to be a feat well-nigh impossible.

He rode at the head of his men straight into a body of armed Indians, scattering them, but not until they had poured volley after volley into Chaffee's oncoming command. That charge gave the soldier his brevet commission as a lieutenant colonel.

When the Spanish-American war broke out Chaffee was made a brigadier general of volunteers. He was in the very thick of the fighting in front of Santiago. Capt. Arthur Lee, a British army officer detailed by his government to watch the field operations in Cuba, attached himself to the headquarters of Gen. Chaffee. Capt. Lee wrote a story about the campaign in which he paid to Gen. Chaffee the highest tribute that it is possible for one soldier to pay to another.

WASHINGTON. — President Tait has reappointed Maj. Gen. J. Franklin Bell as chief of the general staff, United States army. Gen. Bell has held this office for some years, and it is understood that at the end of another year of service in the position, he will be succeeded by Maj. Gen. Leonard Wood.

Some second Kipling should write of one of the deeds of J. Franklin Bell. The general went over to the Philippines as a first lieutenant of the Seventh cavalry. He had not been in the islands long before he was put in command of a volunteer force composed almost wholly of regulars whose terms of enlistment had expired, but who were willing to take on a short term of duty to help in the clearing up of the work which they aided in starting.

Back in one of the provinces was a band of Tagalogs who had given the government forces all kinds of trouble. One of their chief villages was "located," and Gen. Bell with his following of old campaigners took the trail for its capture. The commanding officer had been through campaigns against the Sioux, the Apaches, and other tribes of the mountains and plains, and taken more than one leaf from the book of knowledge of savage warfare.

Guides led the force to the vicinity of the Tagalog village. Night fell and the Tagalogs were all unsuspecting of the approach of the white enemy. At three o'clock in the morning, when sleep always hangs heavy on the eyes, Bell led his men toward the village. The Tagalogs had sentinels posted along an outlying line. After the manner of the people of the plains the soldiers crept silently between the pickets, only one of whom was vigilant enough to detect the presence of the enemy. He was silenced before he had a chance to startle the air with a cry or a shot.

Straight into the village went Bell at the head of his men. Dawn streaks were beginning to show in the sky, but the warriors were asleep past the ordinary waking, for were not the sentinels posted, and were they not bound by every tradition of tribal honor to be awake and watchful?

Lieut. Bell had given his men orders. The village was cordoned with troops and there wasn't a mousehole of escape. Bell has a whimsical humor. In the very heart of the Tagalog village was an old muzzle-loading brass cannon, a trophy taken by the Tagalogs from the Spaniards another day, and which the natives were hoping to use against the equally hated Americans. Bell detailed a loading party of three men. The three became boys again, and they rammed the piece full of powder and grass wadding, after the manner of loading a Fourth of July cannon on the village green in the home land.

The light of coming day was strong enough for the conducting of operations. A lanyard was pulled and the brazen piece roared out its reveille. The sound of it shook the foundations of the Tagalog huts; it roused the warrior sleepers as would the cracking of doomsday. They came armed, but naked to the fray. The Tagalogs looked on bayonet points and down gun barrels and surrender came instant.

Gen. J. Franklin Bell is the youngest officer who ever held the position of chief of staff. He is a general and he is willing to talk when he properly may on the subjects touching his profession. As the joker put it, he is a Bell who knows when to ring off. He avoids the sins of silence and of speech, wherein he shows that he is wiser in his generation than some of his predecessors were in their generation.

When his promotion came the chief of staff jumped from a captaincy to a brigadier generalship, and his tremendous rank stride did not bring forth one word of criticism from soldier or civilian. Since then he has become a major general. The army officers who were jumped said that Bell earned his promotion, and that if other promotions were, like his, based solely on service quality, there would be no heart burnings under the blouses.

When the Seventh cavalry, in which Gen. Bell was then a lieutenant, reached the Philippines, the Spanish troops were still in possession, for Dewey had reduced the fleet, but not Manila city and its immediate defenses. Information was wanted concerning the Spanish earthworks. Lieut. Bell volunteered to get it. He didn't tell any one



powerful swimmer. On that night he swam the entire distance around the bay, landing now and then to get a closer look at the enemy's waterfront fortifications. He did this unseen of any sentinel. If discovery had come it meant almost certain death to the swimmer. He came back to his starting point with full knowledge of the strength of the Spaniards in heavy guns, and when the time for the assault came, the information was of priceless service.

Gen. Bell was called on while in the Philippines to end the war in Batangas. He ended it, and in ending it he took the only course possible—a course that the civilians at a distance from the fighting denounced as altogether too severe. Bell was called a second Weyler, and a second duke of Alva, but when full knowledge came of his operations and of the craft and horrid cruelty of the natives whom he was fighting, criticism died. Of his experience and of the criticism he said in a letter to a friend:

"Knowing my disposition and kindly feeling toward the natives full well, you will have no difficulty in understanding that the necessity for severe measures has been a source of distress to me. The only consolation I can derive is by keeping my thoughts on the end and object in view. When one has worked faithfully, conscientiously, and unselfishly for his country four years, without relaxation or rest, it is somewhat discouraging, not to say distressing, to find that even some of his own countrymen appear to have no confidence in his motives, judgment or integrity."

There is no use in mincing words; Gen. Bell is considered one of the most daring and dashing officers in the American service. He wears a medal of honor for charging "single-handed and alone," a body of armed Filipinos. He was shot at repeatedly from every quarter, but in army parlance: "They didn't get him," but he got seven of them, not dead, but alive, and he led back to the American lines, his septet of prisoners, all covering under his pointed pistol, though every man jack of them was armed.

If war were to come there is no army doubt, although he is far from being the ranking officer of the service, that Gen. Bell would be given the chief command of the field forces.

It needs neither the bearing nor the uniform of Lieut. Gen. Adna R. Chaffee (retired), to show that he is a soldier. You can see it in his face. His expression is at once mild and aggressive, and the eye is purposeful. Gen. Chaffee's name comes most readily to the lips when one is asked to name a typical American soldier. The former chief of staff of the army was

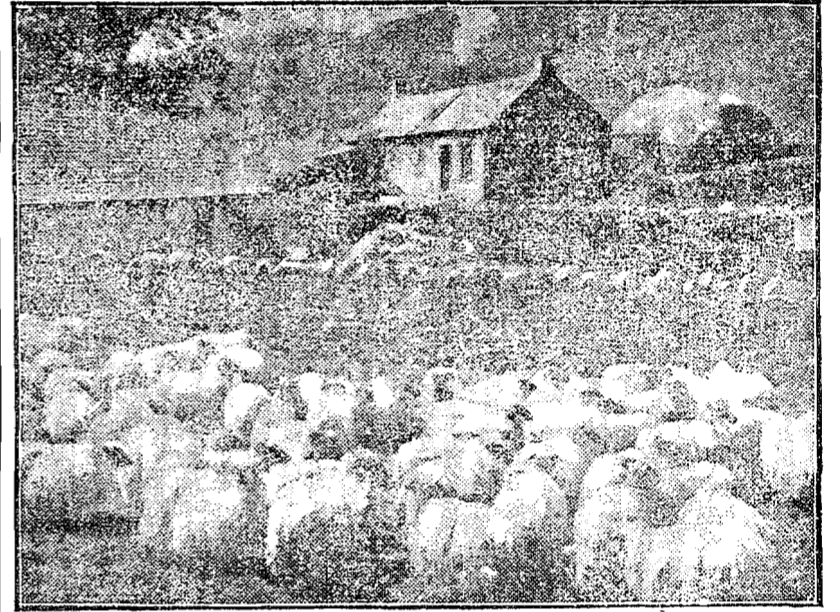
MODERN METHODS OF SHEEP SHEARING GREAT HELP

Many Improvements Over Old Days When Wool Was Gathered by Allowing Animals to Rub and Squeeze Each Other.

The earliest method of securing the wool was to drive the sheep quickly through a narrow passage, and the squeezing and rubbing of one against another loosened and detached the wool. Later, an "improved" plan was adopted, which, in our ears, sounds somewhat inhumane, although, as a matter of fact, if done at the right time, there would probably be nothing painful or severe about it. The sheep were caught, and the wool was pulled from their backs by hand. This practice continued for many hundreds of years, for although Laban and the other great pastoralists of his time clipped their sheep, Pliny tells us that, in his day, when Rome was in the zenith of her glory, "the sheep are not everywhere shorn, but the custom of pulling off the wool continues in some places." It is to the old patriarchs, then, that we must give the credit of having set about getting the wool in a business-like way, and from their day until now practically no change has taken place in the manner and method of clipping.

Most of the clipping on the big Border farms in Great Britain is done by the ordinary shepherding staff.

belief that it was beneficial from the point of view of health. In the North Country the clipping is usually done in an open-fronted covered shed, where there is plenty of light. An old sail-cloth, or a covering of boards, is laid over the earthen floor, and these are kept clean by sweeping. The actual method of clipping is very similar, I fancy, in all districts—first the opening of the head, neck, brisket and thighs, then the curving round the ribs from the belly up to the back, first on one side and then on the other, and then the quarters. A well-clipped sheep should show the rings formed by the shears running in continuous lines all round its barrel and up the quarters; there should be no break along the back where the line traveling up one side meets that coming up the other. These lines, or little ridges of wool, should be small and of uniform size, and they should all be at the same distance from one another. It is quite wonderful how much better a nicely-shorn sheep looks than one which is carelessly and untidily done. And there is more in it than a mere pleasing of the eye. A well-clipped lot of sheep, because



Sheep Shearing Time.

Very often a helper is engaged for a fortnight or so, to push the work through, but the heaviest part of the burden rests on the shoulders of the permanent hands. Needless to say, it is a busy time while it lasts, for all the other work of the farm has to be carried on simultaneously, and it means, for the shepherds, getting up very early—not later than 4:30, and working late. The permanent hands, having their ordinary work to get through as well, do not, of course, clip so many sheep in a day as a clipper specially engaged for the job. About a score per man, or thereabouts, is considered a very good day's work; a good hand working full time will turn out, on an average, about thirty. Formerly he used to be paid by the day, but it is more usual now to follow the piecework plan.

On both sides of the Border, the Lowland sheep are always washed a week or so before shearing. But many farmers assert that there are other benefits which accrue from it. They say the washing improves the health of the sheep. Some old writers held this view, and Youatt quotes that excellent chemist Vauquelin, who says: "In this respect I am inclined to adopt the opinion of those who think that the washing of sheep, during dry warm weather, may be useful to their health and to the quality of the wool." However this may be, it is beyond question that the practice of washing, previous to shearing, is of ancient date, and it is quite probable that its origin is to be found in the

of their attractive appearance, will bring, as a rule, an appreciably higher price than another lot done in a slovenly manner; this may frequently be seen in the case of clipped hogs. There is also no loss of wool in the former case; in the latter, too much is frequently left on the ragged ends, and this, of course, reduces the weight of fleece.

The use of clipping machines instead of hand-shears has made, as yet, little headway in the north; but more attention is being given to the idea year by year. On some of the larger farms, one or perhaps two hand-driven machines are to be found; none is power driven. If machines come into general use it will be because of the difficulty of finding casual clippers rather than for reasons of economy. The farmers do not anticipate any great saving of expense by the use of machines; they say that one man with a machine driven by a lad or woman worker will not get through more than the number which two good men could clip—that is to say, about sixty per day. When the woman's wage is added to the cost of cleaning, oiling, repairing and depreciation of the machine and is set against the out-of-pocket expenses incurred under existing circumstances by a big farmer, there can be little saving by the new method. For it is to be remembered, as stated previously, that most of the clipping is already done by permanent servants, whose wages have to be paid anyhow.

FACTS ABOUT HENS AND EGGS

How to Make Most Money from Poultry.

When cholera appears in the flock give no water except that in which pookerrol has been boiled. This is both a preventative and a cure. An Illinois man says one of his hens laid an egg two and seven-eighths inches long and one and fifteen-sixteenths inches wide, the measurement being taken with calipers.

One man will win with one kind of hen and another man with some other breed. It is with hens as it is with cows. We should choose the breed we like the best and then stay with it.

Fowls are naturally hardy, and contagion in a flock is due to carelessness on the part of the poultry keeper. This is proved by the fact that expert poultry raisers have very few sick chickens.

Hens need a better place in which to roost than the trees around the house. Of course, they may survive there; but merely living and returning a profit are two different things.

Don't stop feeding the hens shells just because they are out of doors and can shift for themselves. There is no line, not even an imaginary one, between the days when the hen likes shells and when she does not. All days are alike in that respect. A woman in Vermont writes that

from 60 pullets and 12 yearling Rhode Island hens she sold last year eggs to the amount of \$262.62, not counting the eggs used in a family of four. Feed, advertising, etc., cost \$94.77, making a gain of \$167.85. These hens laid 8,745 eggs.

To have the chickens mature rapidly a proper type of breeding fowl should be obtained. This type consists of fowls of medium size and broad blocky in shape, like the Plymouth Rock and Wyandottes. The chickens should be frequently fed, and a sufficient quantity of food given each time to satisfy them.

Sugar as a Finishing Feed.—A herd of 15 Black Angus cattle which was awarded first prize at the Chicago International Stock show, and which was sold at \$17 per hundred pounds; live weight, was fattened on a ration which included molasses. Besides pasture feed, corn and oats, the owner fed during the last month a mixture of oil meal and oats, to which was added a sprinkling of molasses. It was found that the molasses added a glossiness to the hides and improved the appearance of the animals in every way.

Alfalfa Seed.—Alfalfa seeds resemble those of red clover in size, but differ in not being so uniform in shape. The color should be light olive green or greenish yellow. Darkened, discolored and shriveled seed should be discarded, as its germinating power is lessened. Alfalfa seed is a better plan than do the small and immature.

The Florence Tribune

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OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....Charles Cottrell
City Treasurer.....W. H. Thomas
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....Harold Reynolds
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr
Councilmen:
Robert Craig,
J. H. Price,
Charles Allen,
Dan F. Kelly,
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DEPARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the second Monday evening in each month.
Andrew Anderson, President; Wilbur Nichols, Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; George Gamble, Chief.

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

FLORENCE, JUNE 18, 1909.

Church Services First Presbyterian Church.
Sunday Services.
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.
C. E. Meeting—7:00 p. m.
Mid-Week Service.
Wednesday—8:00 p. m.
The public is cordially invited to attend these services.
William Harvey Amos, Pastor.

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

Don't forget to cut the weeds.
A city beautiful is not one with weeds all over. Cut them now.
From elevator boy to editor would be a good heading for the Gimlet to use.

It is certainly deplorable that the city hall is not connected up to a sewer.
Those new cement crosswalks will certainly be a big help during these muddy days.

Now everybody boost for the free delivery of mail by putting the number on his house.
It takes lots of nerve to say "Printed in Florence," when it is printed in Sioux City, Ia.

There is one certain thing, and that is, when the city council meets the city hall is bound to be crowded.
Anyone else who wants sewers in this town? If so, see the council and they will give them to you.

The councilmen did not wear flowers at the special meeting. Why? Do they only wear them on regular nights?
If you want to kick on your county taxes, now is the time, as the Board of Equalization will soon be through, city hall is bound to be crowded.

It is gratifying to note that some of our citizens are progressive enough to want to do away with unsanitary cess-pools, and have sewers put in, taxing same to abutting property.
Correspondents are wanted from all the sections of this part of the county and we are willing to pay for this news. Address the editor for further particulars.

AK-SAR-BEN.
Whatever benefits Omaha, indirectly benefits Florence, and there is nothing that benefits Omaha so much as does Ak-Sar-Ben.
Their intinations are known from one end of the country to the other, and many each year cross the country to see them, and go away talking up Omaha and Nebraska.
Why can't Florence get up a class of 25 or 50 to send down to join the Knights, and help along in boosting this grand state and city of ours?
Think it over, and then get up a class. Nothing will pay the class better individually and the city collectively.

MERE MAN.
Say, did you ever batch it? I did last week.
After being married for thirteen or fourteen years to have a few days' freedom looked good to me, so I joyfully sent my wife and children off

Florence Drug Store
GEORGE SIERT, Prop.
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded.
Our Ice Cream Soda is Fine.

for a visit.
I guess my wife must have been next, for she left the oldest boy at home.
I anticipated a good time—and I had it. For a while it was fine, but along about supper time I realized I was up against the real thing, for there is nothing so insistent about eating as a 4-year-old boy.
Well, I braced up and got a supper—at least I called it supper—and it seemed to satisfy the boy. Somehow I couldn't quite enjoy my anticipated freedom from the horrible thoughts of getting breakfast stared me in the face.
The next morning about sunup—or a little later—I got up and sauntered down stairs to see a lot of dirty dishes from the night before that I had forgotten to wash. Not being used to washing up the dishes of course I forgot it, but, somehow, thought they would be all right in the morning. I set at work to washing them.
Now, there's a job for you. No wonder wives are always wishing their husbands were rich so they could get out of the job. The next time I am left alone I am going to save up some money before hand and then buy new dishes, and, after using, break them up and throw them away.
I had hardly got started before the telephone rang and when I answered it I found it was an invitation to breakfast.
Happy? Well say, that didn't half tell it. But I bet that woman won't ask me again for if she does the grocery bill of that family will be boosted enormously.
You see I knew that meal was there, but didn't know where the next one was to come from, especially if I had to cook it, so I ate until I was ashamed of myself; so did the boy. I will never forget her as long as I live.
By the time we had the chores done up, pulled the weeds in the strawberries and a few other things, it was time to eat again. Strange how quick the time to eat comes around. I don't see how the women find time to do anything else. I settled that problem, though, and we went down town to the restaurant. Neither of us ate so much though. I guess it was because we had to pay for it.
Somehow or other we got through the next two meals, but when we went down to the postoffice for the mail that boy gave the whole snap away.
"How do you like to stay home with your papa?" asked Miss Tracy of the boy.
He's pretty wise, so he made a non-committal answer.
"Do you like his cooking?" she asked.
The boy sadly shook his head and said, "No."
Wouldn't that make you feel cheap?
That, too, just as I was beginning to feel proud of how fine I was managing.
Maybe you think I didn't fix that boy. I bought him a bag of candy and from then on it was all right. No use of my going into the harrowing, horrible details of the next few meals, but there was another bright spot when a kind, sympathetic neighbor invited us to dinner Sunday.
It's funny where I got that appetite but I was twice as hungry as I had been at breakfast and the way I and the boy ate would certainly have put any one except us to shame. I've got a warm place in my heart for her and will long remember that meal.
What on earth would men do if it wasn't for the women to cook the meals? You never appreciate how hungry you really are until you try to get your own meals.
We didn't eat any supper that night because the family would return about 9 or 10 o'clock and we politely refrained from eating so we could eat with them. You see if we had eaten supper before they came we couldn't have eaten with them and that wouldn't be polite.
Talk about being tickled to see any one! The superlative would only fit our case.
Now gentle reader, she was not gone three months or three weeks, but only three days.
If there is anything on earth that can ask more questions and questions harder to answer than a 4-year-old boy I don't know what it is.

WHAT TO READ.
To improve your imagination read Milton, Shakespeare and Dante.
To improve your reasoning read Bacon, Locke and Fra Elbertus.
To improve your judgment and good sense in the common affairs of life, read Ben Franklin and the Pastor of His Flock.
To improve your patriotism and pluck, read Demosthenes, the Life of Washington and A Message to Garcia.
To improve your happiness read The Florence Tribune, the only real live, up-to-date newspaper in Florence. All the news that's fit to read and printed so you can read it. Always on time.

AMUSEMENTS
At the Boyd
"Sunday," which has been selected as the bill for the Woodward Stock company at the Boyd theater next week, is a charming drama of life in the West and in England, mingled perfectly, and yet preserving the contrast sharply enough to satisfy any. The leading role is one of the best Miss Lang has had to present in Omaha, and her admirers will see her in a line of work for which she is best suited. Mr. Morrison will have a double task, presenting two characters, and the other favorites will be seen in suitable parts. "Brown of Harvard" is still pleasing many people at each performance, and will be played at a matinee this afternoon.

LEGAL NOTICES
ORDINANCE NO. 245.
Introduced June 14, 1909 by Councilman Chas. Allen.
AN ORDINANCE Creating a lateral sewer district No. 2 in the City of Florence, and ordering the construction of a lateral sewer through the alleys in blocks thirty-six (36) and forty-two (42) to connect with the main sewer on Willit street.
BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE:
Section 1. That the lots and real estate in blocks thirty-six (36) and forty-two (42) in the City of Florence, shall constitute Lateral Sewer District No. 2, and an electric sewer, hereby ordered constructed for the benefit of the property owners in said sewer district from the main sewer on Willit street south through blocks thirty-six (36) and forty-two (42) in the City of Florence, and across the south portion of Willit street and all of said street within said district.
Sec. 2. That the City Clerk is hereby ordered and directed to advertise for bids

PIANO TO BE GIVEN AWAY

While the Tribune cannot give away the piano we have joined forces with Mr. T. W. McClure who will see that the girl receiving the highest vote gets a piano, as agreed upon.

While the present publishers of the Tribune are in no way responsible for the giving away of the piano in the contest held by the Gazette, they have decided that inasmuch as the people have already paid in money for the contest and received nothing, not even the paper, they will join Mr. McClure in giving away the piano at the Eagles' celebration of the Fourth of July on Monday, July 5, to the one receiving the highest votes.

All money paid for subscriptions for the Tribune during this contest can be paid to McClure or the Bank of Florence, who will issue a receipt for same as well as the votes. Next week we will publish the vote and every week thereafter.

RULES OF CONTEST.
1. Announcement—This piano and Popular Voting Contest will be conducted on strictly honest business principles, with perfect justice and fairness to all concerned.
2. Prizes—The first prize shall be a fine first class piano, of a leading make, valued at \$400.
3. Candidates—Any young lady, married or single, in this and adjoining counties, is eligible to a place in the contest. The most popular lady is the one who shall receive the most votes; to her shall be awarded the beautiful upright piano. Other candidates to receive their choice of prizes in order, according to their standing of votes.
4. Tie in Votes—In case of a tie, the value of the prizes will be equally divided, or a like prize to those tying.
5. Classes of Votes—The votes are issued in coupons of the following denominations:
6. General Instruction—Votes will not be allowed on subscriptions at less than regular price of the paper. New subscriptions, 500 votes for \$1.00; 5-year subscriptions, 5,000 for \$5.00.
Right is reserved to add additional classes of votes, and other publications, also to change or modify these rules and regulations as necessity demands.

The publishers are not to tell whom anyone votes for, except in case of alleged error or irregularity.
Each contestant is requested to send us a cabinet size photograph for publication as soon as convenient.
An awarding committee of three of the best business men are to be appointed to make final count and distribution of prizes.
Contestants should keep a list of their votes turned in each week, and see that publisher's figures verify it.
The contest shall close at 4 o'clock. Two weeks previous to date of closing the judges are to take the ballot box, carefully locked or sealed, to the bank announced, where it will be kept on a table in front window during business hours, and in the vault at night, until close of contest, when the awarding committee takes charge and makes final count.

During the last two weeks all voting must be done in the locked box at the bank. If secrecy in voting is desired, place your cash subscriptions, together with other votes and coupons, in sealed envelopes with name of contestant on same, and deposit in ballot box. Envelopes and subscription blanks will be furnished for this purpose. The strict compliance with these rules guarantees a fair and square deal to all concerned.
T. W. McClure's Special Prizes.
No. 1—Seven yards fancy wool taffeta for lady's suit, \$21; one silk umbrella, \$15; three pairs silk hose, \$10; one silk undershirt, \$13; fine pair walking boots, \$6; one silk opera shawl, \$5.
No. 2—102-piece Glendale pattern, Elite shape dinner set, one of Johnson Bros.' newest creations, and the pattern is one of the prettiest ever produced, \$35.
Do the Square Thing.
The above mentioned merchants in Florence are giving FREE TWENTY-FIVE VOTES with each CASH PURCHASE of one dollar, except the Florence Lumber & Coal Co., which gives votes only with cash purchases of coal. When making purchases at the stores of any of these tradesmen ask for votes and cast them for some girl in the contest or who ought to be in, and thus give her your assistance and support. You are not doing the square thing by your own daughter or your neighbor's daughter if you do not get the merchants' coupon, to which you are entitled, and present them to her or cast them yourself at our office. Help the girls. Do it now. Subscribe for the Tribune, that being one of the best ways of helping the girls.

NOTICE.
In the District Court, Douglas County, State of Nebraska.
Parkway Real Estate Company, Plaintiff, vs.
Francis J. Plym and Lew Pixley, Defendants.
To Francis J. Plym and Lew Pixley, defendants in the above action:
You are hereby notified that on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1909, the plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree:
That the plaintiff is the owner and is seized in fee simple of lot three (3) in block four (4), in Leavenworth Terrace, an addition to the City of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska.
That you, Francis J. Plym, have no title to or interest in lot three (3), in block four (4), in Leavenworth Terrace, an addition to the City of Omaha, in Douglas county, Nebraska.
That the title to the plaintiff in and to said lot be forever quieted in it, and that the plaintiff have such further and other relief in the premises as it may be entitled to.
You are required to answer in the said action on or before the 19th day of July, A. D. 1909.
Dated this 7th day of June, A. D. 1909.
J-11-18-25-2

NOTICE.
In the District Court, Douglas County, State of Nebraska.
Prudential Real Estate Company, Plaintiff, vs.
Harry T. Jones, et al., Defendants.
To Anna Jones Brown, Graham P. Browne, Minnie M. Uebel (real name unknown), O. H. Eggleston (first real name unknown), Laura W. Whittier, William P. Spafard, Elizabeth R. Penfield, Will G. Simonson and Allie J. Simonson, defendants in the above action:
You are hereby notified that on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1909, the plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree; that the plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee simple of lot ten (10) in block eight (8), in Myers, Richards & Tilden's addition; lot four (4) in block two (2), in Folsom Place; lot three (3) in block two (2), in Folsom Place; the east half of lot nine (9) in block one (1), in Folsom Place; lots nine (9) and ten (10) in block fifteen (15), in Omaha Heights, and lot fourteen (14) in block sixteen (16), in Central Park, all being additions to the City of Omaha; and lots four (4) and fourteen (14) in block one (1), Mt. Douglas addition, and lot fifteen (15) in block one (1), Mt. Douglas addition, being additions to South Omaha, all in Douglas County, Nebraska.
That you, Anna Jones Brown, have no title to or interest in lot ten (10) in block eight (8), in Myers, Richards & Tilden's addition to the City of Omaha.
That you, Graham P. Browne, have no title to or interest in lot four (4) in block two (2), in Folsom Place, an addition to the City of Omaha.
That you, Minnie M. Uebel (real name unknown), have no title to or interest in lot three (3) in block two (2), in Folsom Place, an addition to the City of Omaha.
That you, O. H. Eggleston (first real name unknown), have no title to or interest in the east one-half of lot nine (9) in block one (1), in Folsom Place, an addition to the City of Omaha.
That you, Laura W. Whittier, have no title to or interest in lots four (4) and fourteen (14) in block one (1), Mt. Douglas addition to South Omaha.
That you, William P. Spafard, have no title to or interest in lot fifteen (15) in block one (1), in Mt. Douglas addition to South Omaha.
That you, Elizabeth R. Penfield, have no title to or interest in lots nine (9) and ten (10) in block fifteen (15), in Omaha Heights, an addition to the City of Omaha.
That you, Will G. Simonson and Allie J. Simonson, have no title to or interest in lot fourteen (14) in block sixteen (16), in Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha.
All the above described property being in Douglas County, Nebraska.
That the title to the plaintiff in and to said real estate be forever quieted in it, and that the plaintiff have such further and other relief in the premises as it may be entitled to.
You are required to answer in the said action on or before the 19th day of July, A. D. 1909.
PRUDENTIAL REAL ESTATE COMPANY, Plaintiff.
By D. C. PATTERSON, Its Attorney.
Dated this 4th day of June, A. D. 1909.
J-11-18-25-3

NOTICE.
In the District Court, Douglas County, State of Nebraska.
D. C. Patterson, Trustee, Plaintiff, vs.
Charles E. Reiter, et al., Defendants.
To Charles E. Reiter, et al., J. F. Reiter (first real name unknown), Louisa (first real name unknown), the unknown heirs of Andrew Gilchrist, deceased, Omaha and Florence Land and Trust Company, Harry E. Clarke, William B. Waddell and R. Lewis McCune (first real name unknown), defendants in the above action:
You are hereby notified that on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1909, the plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree; that the plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee simple of lot eight (8) in block fourteen (14), in Ambler Place; lot eleven (11) in block three (3), in Ambler Place; lot thirteen (13) in block three (3), in Ambler Place; lots four (4) and five (5) in block two (2), in Ambler Place; lot nine (9) in block two (2), in Brookline; lot one (1) in block two (2), in Everett

for the construction of said sewer in one issue of the Florence Tribune, and the city reserves the right to reject any or all bids. Said bids to be opened at the meeting of the City Council to be held on the 21st day of June, 1909.
Sec. 3. That the entire cost of the construction of said sewer within said sewer district shall be chargeable to and assessed to the real estate lying and being within said sewer district to the extent of the benefits to such property by reason of said improvement.
Sec. 4. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.
Passed and approved this 14th day of June, 1909. F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
Attest:
CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.
J-18-25

BIDS FOR SEWER CONSTRUCTION.
Sealed proposals will be received by the undersigned City Clerk of Florence, Nebraska, until 8 o'clock p. m., on Monday, June 21, 1909, for the construction of a lateral sewer in lateral sewer district No. 2 in the City of Florence, extending through the alleys running north and south and situated between blocks 36 and 42 in the City of Florence, connecting with the main sewer on Willit street and extending south through said alleys to the south side of block 42 in the City of Florence, according to ordinance No. 245 and sewer specifications and plans therefor.
Said sewer to consist of an eight-inch sewer tile and said tile to cover the entire cost of furnishing all material and labor to fully construct and complete said lateral sewer and each proposal to be accompanied by a certified check payable to the City of Florence for \$50.00 as an evidence of good faith and that contract will be let to the lowest bidder who has the right to reject any or all bids and to waive defects in bids.
Dated June 15, 1909.
CHAS. M. COTTRELL, City Clerk.
J-18-11

NOTICE.
In the District Court, Douglas County, State of Nebraska.
Parkway Real Estate Company, Plaintiff, vs.
Francis J. Plym and Lew Pixley, Defendants.
To Francis J. Plym and Lew Pixley, defendants in the above action:
You are hereby notified that on the 7th day of June, A. D. 1909, the plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree:
That the plaintiff is the owner and is seized in fee simple of lot three (3) in block four (4), in Leavenworth Terrace, an addition to the City of Omaha, Douglas county, Nebraska.
That you, Francis J. Plym, have no title to or interest in lot three (3), in block four (4), in Leavenworth Terrace, an addition to the City of Omaha, in Douglas county, Nebraska.
That the title to the plaintiff in and to said lot be forever quieted in it, and that the plaintiff have such further and other relief in the premises as it may be entitled to.
You are required to answer in the said action on or before the 19th day of July, A. D. 1909.
Dated this 7th day of June, A. D. 1909.
J-11-18-25-2

NOTICE.
In the District Court, Douglas County, State of Nebraska.
Prudential Real Estate Company, Plaintiff, vs.
Harry T. Jones, et al., Defendants.
To Anna Jones Brown, Graham P. Browne, Minnie M. Uebel (real name unknown), O. H. Eggleston (first real name unknown), Laura W. Whittier, William P. Spafard, Elizabeth R. Penfield, Will G. Simonson and Allie J. Simonson, defendants in the above action:
You are hereby notified that on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1909, the plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree; that the plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee simple of lot ten (10) in block eight (8), in Myers, Richards & Tilden's addition; lot four (4) in block two (2), in Folsom Place; lot three (3) in block two (2), in Folsom Place; the east half of lot nine (9) in block one (1), in Folsom Place; lots nine (9) and ten (10) in block fifteen (15), in Omaha Heights, and lot fourteen (14) in block sixteen (16), in Central Park, all being additions to the City of Omaha; and lots four (4) and fourteen (14) in block one (1), Mt. Douglas addition, and lot fifteen (15) in block one (1), Mt. Douglas addition, being additions to South Omaha, all in Douglas County, Nebraska.
That you, Anna Jones Brown, have no title to or interest in lot ten (10) in block eight (8), in Myers, Richards & Tilden's addition to the City of Omaha.
That you, Graham P. Browne, have no title to or interest in lot four (4) in block two (2), in Folsom Place, an addition to the City of Omaha.
That you, Minnie M. Uebel (real name unknown), have no title to or interest in lot three (3) in block two (2), in Folsom Place, an addition to the City of Omaha.
That you, O. H. Eggleston (first real name unknown), have no title to or interest in the east one-half of lot nine (9) in block one (1), in Folsom Place, an addition to the City of Omaha.
That you, Laura W. Whittier, have no title to or interest in lots four (4) and fourteen (14) in block one (1), Mt. Douglas addition to South Omaha.
That you, William P. Spafard, have no title to or interest in lot fifteen (15) in block one (1), in Mt. Douglas addition to South Omaha.
That you, Elizabeth R. Penfield, have no title to or interest in lots nine (9) and ten (10) in block fifteen (15), in Omaha Heights, an addition to the City of Omaha.
That you, Will G. Simonson and Allie J. Simonson, have no title to or interest in lot fourteen (14) in block sixteen (16), in Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha.
All the above described property being in Douglas County, Nebraska.
That the title to the plaintiff in and to said real estate be forever quieted in it, and that the plaintiff have such further and other relief in the premises as it may be entitled to.
You are required to answer in the said action on or before the 19th day of July, A. D. 1909.
PRUDENTIAL REAL ESTATE COMPANY, Plaintiff.
By D. C. PATTERSON, Its Attorney.
Dated this 4th day of June, A. D. 1909.
J-11-18-25-3

NOTICE.
In the District Court, Douglas County, State of Nebraska.
Prudential Real Estate Company, Plaintiff, vs.
Harry T. Jones, et al., Defendants.
To Anna Jones Brown, Graham P. Browne, Minnie M. Uebel (real name unknown), O. H. Eggleston (first real name unknown), Laura W. Whittier, William P. Spafard, Elizabeth R. Penfield, Will G. Simonson and Allie J. Simonson, defendants in the above action:
You are hereby notified that on the 4th day of June, A. D. 1909, the plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree; that the plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee simple of lot ten (10) in block eight (8), in Myers, Richards & Tilden's addition; lot four (4) in block two (2), in Folsom Place; lot three (3) in block two (2), in Folsom Place; the east half of lot nine (9) in block one (1), in Folsom Place; lots nine (9) and ten (10) in block fifteen (15), in Omaha Heights, and lot fourteen (14) in block sixteen (16), in Central Park, all being additions to the City of Omaha; and lots four (4) and fourteen (14) in block one (1), Mt. Douglas addition, and lot fifteen (15) in block one (1), Mt. Douglas addition, being additions to South Omaha, all in Douglas County, Nebraska.
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All the above described property being in Douglas County, Nebraska.
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You are required to answer in the said action on or before the 19th day of July, A. D. 1909.
PRUDENTIAL REAL ESTATE COMPANY, Plaintiff.
By D. C. PATTERSON, Its Attorney.
Dated this 4th day of June, A. D. 1909.
J-11-18-25-3

NOTICE.
In the District Court, Douglas County, State of Nebraska.
Prudential Real Estate Company, Plaintiff, vs.
Harry T. Jones, et al., Defendants.
To Anna Jones Brown, Graham P. Browne, Minnie M. Uebel (real name unknown), O. H. Eggleston (first real name unknown), Laura W. Whittier, William P. Spafard, Elizabeth R. Penfield, Will G. Simonson and Allie J. Simonson, defendants in the above action:
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MADRID'S NOTE IS FRIVOLITY

People of Spanish Capital Noted for Devotion to Gossip and Spending Money.

The note of Madrid is frivolity. It is a spendthrift town. Nowhere do so many people of modest means keep carriages, or at least hire them.

Nowhere do so many people who cannot afford to have a motor driver, or to buy regular supplies of petrol (which is both dear and bad in Spain) keep an automobile.

As for that public, it lives in the streets and in a perpetual state of brisk talk.

What London or Paris news comes through to Madrid, except telegrams, is mostly gossip. Important matters appear to interest the Madrilenos little.

Paris works desperately hard, is intensely interested in serious things and producers, thinkers and men of intellectual and scientific eminence.

Making Shoes in Four Minutes.

How long would it take you to make a pair of boots, do you think? You probably had better not begin it, especially if you need them soon.

An Amazing Achievement.

A triumph for British engineering is the great Nile dam which has just been opened by the Khedive. It has been erected by Sir John Aird, who from small beginnings, has built up one of the largest and most successful contracting concerns in the world.

Labor-Saving Devices.

If women took advantage of all the labor-saving machines that are invented for them they would be poor from buying them, but possibly rich in experience.

Soldier of Whom France Is Proud.

Gen. Marquis de Gallifet was a famous general under Napoleon III. in the days of the Second Empire, and at 80 years of age is still interested in current events.

Clear Head Means Success.

It is imperative on the man who would win and carve his way to the front to keep a clear head. You must keep your brain alert and on the watch to detect opportunity as it comes along so as to give your hands warning to seize it just as soon as it is within reach.

French People Turn to Beer.

Beer-drinking is greatly on the increase in France. In 1840 the hop crop was only 4,000,000 hectolitres; to day it is nearly 10,000,000 a year.

H. H. ROGERS SECOND

AT THE AGE OF 30 HE IS SOLE OWNER OF A RAILROAD.

Ablest of Second Generation of Oil Kings Will Inherit \$45,000,000—Trained as None But Jay Gould's Son Has Been.

New York.—As the conservator of one of the largest fortunes in America, Henry Huddleston Rogers, II., becomes one of the rated men of the country at the age of 30 years.

By the express terms of the will of his father, young Rogers has had placed upon his shoulders a tremendous burden. The mass of dollars piled up by the man who for years was second only to John D. Rockefeller in the affairs of Standard Oil, represents only the foundation of a fortune which, if properly administered, will in a comparatively few years rank among the very greatest in the world.

Young Rogers will hold the unique distinction of being the only man in the world who practically owns a railroad of importance. This road is the Virginia railway, built by his father at a cost of more than \$40,000,000 and completed only a short time ago.

The road taps a rich country to which transportation has been difficult. The country from Norfolk to Deepwater, the western terminus of the line, 442 miles distant, called for expert engineering in its construction, and although the country is often mountainous, a small grade was secured as a result of skill and the use of money.

What manner of man, then, is this latest addition to the ranks of the small army of masters of millions in the United States? In appearance he is of robust health. His face has character in it. Some of its lines already are hard from overmuch straining of the intellect to encompass the vast meaning of millions. For more than

dozen years before death cut down the Standard Oil magnate he was training his son to take his place in the world of finance and industry. This seems to have put upon the countenance of the son a cast of premature solemnity.

He was married when he was 21. That was in 1900. A year later he finished his course at Columbia college. This unusual reversal of the most important steps in the life of a man was made at the direction of his father. The elder Rogers believed in early marriage.

With the single exception of George Gould, it is said by financiers that the son of no American millionaire has been so well trained to carry on uninterruptedly the work of increasing millions as was the younger Rogers by the elder. Jay Gould did this for his son George. The result is an increase of the Gould millions beyond what probably the former "Wizard of Wall street" himself did not even foresee.

William C. Whitney trained his boys in pretty much the same way, but it is conceded that neither the Whitney nor the Gould schooling was so thorough as that of Rogers.

Thus there comes a "captain of finance" at the age of 30 who in an important sense is nearly as much a veteran in the war of dollars as Napoleon was in the war of carnage at that age. Young Rogers has one characteristic of which his father was devoid. He is calm tempered and patient. It is said that the elder strove with special care to equip the son with these traits, from the lack of which he suffered all his life.

It is generally remarked by persons who have been discussing the size of the fortune Mr. Rogers left that the son has never been given to any of the frivolities that the sons of so many other rich Americans have been credited with indulging in for a shorter or longer period. No sort of disagreeable gossip has ever been connected with his name.

His wife is his senior by one year. Their married life has moved placidly. They have never figured conspicuously in society, though by right of birth the wife is entitled to first rank among the social elect.

The latest Japanese bank notes are printed in English as well as Japanese characters.

RUSSIAN OFFICERS

Lieut. Gen. Stoessel and Rear Admiral Nebogatoff Are Released from Prison.

St. Petersburg.—Lieut. Gen. Anatole M. Stoessel and Rear Admiral Nebogatoff have been released from confinement in the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul by order of Emperor Nicholas. The health of both men has been gravely affected by their confinement.

Gen. Stoessel was found guilty by court-martial of surrendering the fortress of Port Arthur to the Japanese and was serving a sentence of ten years. Nebogatoff was sentenced for the same length of time for surrendering to the enemy at the battle of the Sea of Japan. Stoessel began his sentence March 20, 1905, while Nebogatoff took up his quarters in the fortress April 15, 1907.

Rear Admiral Gregorieff and Lieut. Svyatoff, subordinate officers under



Gen. Stoessel.

Nebogatoff in the Russo-Japanese war, were pardoned and released from the fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul a month ago. These officers had been sentenced to death for having surrendered their commands, but in view of extenuating circumstances their sentences were commuted to ten years' imprisonment, which they began serving in 1907.

During their stay in the fortress each prisoner had a large, bright, well warmed room. Before their windows the fortress gardens stretch down to the Neva, beyond which stands the winter palace, once the winter home of that other prisoner who spends most of his time in Tsarkoe-Selo.

In each room were a field bed, a large and a small table, a few chairs, a wardrobe and a washstand. The windows are covered with iron lattice work. At eight o'clock in the morning the prisoners were served with tea and their newspapers were taken in. The sailor takes four newspapers and is a keen follower of politics. The soldier scarcely manages to get through one journal.

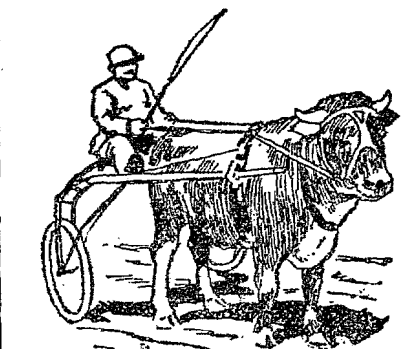
At one o'clock luncheon of meat and soup was served. The meal was not varied much, but the food was excellent. After luncheon the prisoners generally walked in the gardens. At six dinner was served, a light meal. At nine tea was served for the last time.

The prisoners read as late into the night as they cared to. Twice a week visitors were admitted, the first day being confined to their wives. Twice a month the prisoners took a bath in the fortress bath and on great holidays they attended service in the famous fortress cathedral under a convoy of soldiers.

BULL TO PACE HORSES.

The Animal Is a Four-Year-Old, Full-Blooded Jersey, and as Docile as an Old Cow.

Boston.—A four-year-old full-blooded Jersey bull will pace to harness in the



Four-Year-Old Bull, Which Is to Pace Against Horses.

2:30 class in Pennsylvania this year. The bull is owned by Dr. James G. Chaney, an old horseman, and John H. Ross of Waynesburg. These men discovered the bull when a year old in Maryland. At that time some boys were breaking him to harness, and several months later the animal was purchased and his training was continued. He paces to a track sulky in a two-minute harness, with bits and hoppers, such as any light horse would have. He is docile as an old cow, according to Mr. Ross, and for pasture he is ridden to saddle by the owners. He is the idol of children, who frequently ride astride his back. The bull has done the half mile in 1:22 and his owners are confident he can do the mile in less than 2:30. He has wind as good as any horse, and Dr. Chaney and Mr. Ross are now making arrangements to match the bull against trotting horses as an exhibition.

The latest Japanese bank notes are printed in English as well as Japanese characters.

With the World's Great Humorists

Selections from the Writings of the Best Known Makers of Mirth.

The Jinxs' Quarrel

By JUDD MORTIMER LEWIS.

Jinx looked up from the paper he was reading, and his wife laid her book aside and waited.

"Well?" said she finally when Jinx had watched her unseeing for at least a minute. "You showed all the symptoms of getting ready to read a joke; go ahead and read it."

"This is no joke, dear, I have just been reading where a whole regiment of school-children have been vaccinated. These poor innocent little children were compelled to bare their tender little arms and submit them to the cruel knife."

"Well, what of it? There is no more dreadful disease than smallpox, and now those dear little children with the tender arms are forever proof against that terrible disease."

"But, dear, you don't seem to understand."

"It is you who don't seem to understand."

"But I do understand! That virus which the doctors introduce into the veins of the poor little children is the most deadly kind of poison and is likely to kill these children!"

"I don't care; vaccination is all right!"

"But, dearest, it is not all right, it is all wrong! Think of the hundreds of innocent lives of little children that have been sacrificed. I tell you that the doctors who vaccinate, the men who pass the compulsory laws and the parents who submit to it are no better than murderers!"

"Jinx, do you dare to stand up there and tell me that I am not better than a murderer!"

"Why, dear, you know I didn't! But just think dear of all those little green graves!"

"Where did all those terrible deaths happen that have worried you so?"

"All right, sneer if you want to! Our children shall not be vaccinated!"

"They shall be vaccinated!"

"I say they shall not! I will prevent it if I have to fight all the courts in Christendom. The chance of their ever catching smallpox is not greater than one in a million, and even if they do catch it science is so far advanced



A Whole Regiment of School Children Have Been Vaccinated.

that it is no longer dangerous or dreadful. No pits remain, and it is no worse than a bad cold."

"Now you are talking silly! Our children shall be vaccinated even if I

have to take them from their little beds and fly with them through the night to the home of my father!"

"Oh, look at Eliza crossing the ice!" "That's right, saucer at me! Poke fun at me! Abuse me! But I stand here, by Jinx, and I tell you that they shall be vaccinated!"

"All right, we shall see about that! I'll show you whether I am a man or whether I am a mouse!" and Jinx went out to feed the chickens. When he returned to the house supper was on the table and he sat down to eat, while Mrs. Jinx, with red nose and swollen eyes went and threw herself upon the bed.

Jinx munched a few mouthfuls; silence; but the steak seemed to be full of cries, the coffee tasted of tears and the first muffin he broke and made him think of a broken heart! He sat with his chin in his palms staring at the wall for fully five minutes. Then with a sigh of resignation he arose and went into the bedroom and kneeling by the bed put his arm about his wife's neck and drew her to him.

"Dearest!" he whispered in her ear.

"You don't love me!" sobbed she.

"They shall be vaccinated!" said Jinx.

"N-o they sh-shan't!" sobbed she.

"I think vaccination is horrid!"

"Dear! We will let them decide for themselves!"

Suddenly Mrs. Jinx sat up and smiled through her tears until her face looked like a June day after sun shower.

"My goodness!" exclaimed she, "have just thought of something!"

"What is it, dear?"

"We haven't any children!"

"By George!" was all Jinx could say.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

her first proposal, though it was different. She looked up at him and smiled. Jinx began to feel wobbly in the knees.

"Well, Jex," she replied slowly, "if I can give you one good reason will you forgive me?"

This sounded like Sunday-school talk and Jinx felt the seriousness of it.

"Of course, I will, Mollie, but—" he hesitated.

"The reason is, Jex," she interrupted, "that you never asked me."

After that it was so plain that even Jex could grasp the situation, which he did, including Mollie.

(Copyright, 1909, by W. G. Chapman.)

Jep Moore's Courtship

By J. W. LAMPTON.

Jep Moore was in love with the girl. That was as plain as the nose on his face which was about the plainest that ever a man stuck into a handkerchief.

But he was not to the manner born and although he feared no man, he had been mortally afraid of women as far back as he could remember, say about 27 years, come next month. If he could have shoved out his good right arm and punched the lady in the face he would have been at ease, but to shove it out to put it around her waist was too many for Jep. That was the reason he had been courting Mollie Stewart for nearly two years and had arrived nowhere much. But a girl, and a pretty one at that, won't stand for everlasting procrastination whatever she may think of the man,

versation would lead and he was wholly upset by her answer. He sat speechless.

"But, I'm not the moon, Jep," she added quickly, "because you see I didn't go away when you come."

"Dern the sun and the moon, Mollie," he said, hitching his neck up through his ear so he could get more air; "I didn't come over here to-night to talk astronomy. What I come fer was to know why the dickens you don't marry me!"

Mollie was not agitated. It was not

Being inspired to nobler and higher things, Mrs. Uptosnuf laid off her corsets, gave her feet with flat-beeled broad-soled shoes and became a clubwoman.

The switch was brown and the cook's hair was red, but Mrs. Uptosnuf's generosity did not aim to be logical.

To Mrs. Uptosnuf was assigned the task of preparing a paper on the Subardency of the Manifest—an engaging topic, to be sure. She did not know what it might be, but it was splendid club stuff and gave her much opportunity to make a hit.

In the meantime, there was the baby, to whom the Subardency of the Manifest was not so necessary as occasional baths and uncontaminated milk. Mrs. Uptosnuf engaged a nurse girl from Mrs. Fuzzywuff's School for Daughters of Splendid Families in Temporarily Reduced Circumstances.

The nurse girl's name was Clarissa and she was shy, sweet and unsophisticated as her name. "I will be just as good to it as its own mother," she declared, when she saw the baby, which was saying much or little, as you choose. Then she goo-goed to the baby and Mrs. Uptosnuf went to the club meeting perfectly satisfied the baby was in competent hands. For had she not seen the Fuzzywuff diploma?

"And nurse," Mrs. Uptosnuf called back from the front hallway, where she stood with a bulky manuscript, tied with yellow and white ribbon (club colors), "you might give baby a bath this afternoon and then put him in his little bed."

Now the Fuzzywuff school, being for the daughters of Splendid Families in Temporarily Reduced Circumstances, taught much of removing spots from soiled velvet but little of bathing babies, and Clarissa pondered much and long.

How to prepare a bath? She had never seen it in the Fuzzywuff manual of domestic forms. She would see the cook. But the cook must not know she was ignorant. She must inquire diplomatically. So she went timidly down to the cook with the red hair and the brown switch and asked her how to prepare a bath for soft and delicate things—something that would cleanse thoroughly and not injure the softest fabrics.

Clarissa was a born diplomat. When the cook told her, she went back upstairs and rejoiced much.

So baby had his bath and was put

and Jep began to observe that Mollie was having more gentlemen company than he liked to see around so often. He didn't dare say anything, but he proposed to do something and that immediately.

Which was why he hitched his horse at her gate that evening and pounded up the walk to the porch where she sat all alone waiting for him. He had informed her by the Farmers' Telephone line, in which he owned stock, that he was due to arrive at that hour.

"Say, Mollie," he said with sudden energy, "what would you do if you was the moon and I was the sun?"

It was not quite the flattering way to put it, but Jep was awkward and all he thought of was that the moon was mighty pretty just then and so was Mollie.

"Really, I don't know, Jep," she replied, perplexed by the unexpected inquiry.

"Can't you guess?"

"Of course I can't. I couldn't be the moon, could I?"

"You could be the moon as easy as I could be the sun, couldn't you?"

"I suppose so."

"Well, just let's s'pose we was them; then what?"

Mollie studied a moment and the feminine in her asserted itself.

"Well, I suppose, Jep," she said laughing lightly, "if I was the moon and you was the sun, I'd go away when you come."

Jep hadn't thought where the con-

The Subardency of the Manifest

By J. W. FOLEY.

in his little bed.

But when Mrs. Uptosnuf returned from the club, there was much commotion and running to and fro.

Baby had erupted with a rash resembling measles or scarlet fever.

The family doctor was summoned hastily, looked long and marveled much. "Let me see the nurse," he said gruffly.

Clarissa came timidly, but with that calm confidence born in the Fuzzywuff diploma. Being a plain man the doctor said: "What in blazes did you put on the baby?" And being a truthful

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She Went Timidly Down to the Cook.

girl and thoroughly competent to speak in polite circles, Clarissa said, "I bathed him in one gallon of warm water, a bar of shaved soap, a quart of gasoline and a teacupful of borax."

Which was the cook's favorite prescription for delicate fabrics.

So the doctor wrote a prescription and handed it to Mrs. Uptosnuf, headed, "For Mrs. Uptosnuf's Baby," and which read:

(Rx) Personal attention of mother, 24 hours.

Sig: Apply every day.

And for Clarissa he advised light work in the family laundry where her genius might flame unquenched.

But when the brute Uptosnuf heard of it, he kicked the Subardency of the Manifest into the grate, where the yellow and white ribbon (club colors) perished miserably.

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.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Randall Pollock has been laid up all week with tonsillitis.
Sam Clausen marketed cattle at South Omaha Monday.
Robert Golding and son visited with friends in Omaha Sunday.
Miss Alice Platz is spending a few weeks visiting in Lincoln.
Mrs. S. E. Dempsey is visiting her sister, Mrs. L. W. Wight.
Mrs. Kate Remington of Omaha was a Florence visitor Monday.

Roy Brown entertained a big party at his home Monday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. M. F. Powell of Omaha were Florence visitors Monday.
Mrs. Edward Mason returned Sunday from a three weeks' visit.
C. H. Dreeseon and Alice Coon of Omaha were married Wednesday.
Mr. Frederick Pries left Saturday for a three-month visit in Denmark.
The volunteer fire department held their regular meeting at the city hall Monday.
Mr. and Mrs. Hayes Lowrey are rejoicing over the birth of a girl Monday.
The Pleasant Hour club will meet at the home of Walter Oakes on Sunday.

Mrs. Elmer Taylor left Tuesday to visit with her folks in Shenandoah, Iowa.
Mrs. George Pierronet returned on Sunday from an extended visit in Chicago.
Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Brown are entertaining Mr. and Mrs. S. E. Brown of New York.
Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Nichols celebrated their twenty-first wedding anniversary Sunday.
Rumor has it that Jasper Smith and family are to return to Florence to live.
Mrs. E. L. Platz, Miss Elizabeth Platz and Master Ellis Platz returned Sunday from Lincoln.
There was a big crowd of paving contractors at the council meeting on Monday evening.
"The Florence Tribune of last week was the best paper the city ever had."
—F. H. Reynolds.
Everybody in Florence should boost the Fourth of July celebration and help bring a big crowd.
Mr. and Mrs. George H. Lee and Miss Ivy Lee spent Sunday at the Mandy Lee poultry farm.
Charles Frost of Omaha was the guest of L. R. Griffith at the Mandy Lee poultry farm all this week.
The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church met at the home of Mrs. Dial on Wednesday afternoon.
Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thompson and daughter, Grace, witnessed the cadets' drill at the Omaha Auditorium Tuesday.
The Ladies' Aid society of the Presbyterian church will meet with Mrs. C. A. Giggs a week from Wednesday.
Are you reading our continued story, "Whispering Smith?" It's one of the best railroad detective stories written.
Mr. and Mrs. George Sorensen celebrated their silver wedding anniversary Sunday, June 6. About twenty-five guests were present.
W. R. Wall is negotiating for the vacant lot north of the postoffice, and if he secures it will erect a brick store building.
The drill team of the Modern Woodmen of America gave a largely attended dance at Pascale's hall on Saturday evening.
Mrs. Gus Nelson entertained a birthday party for her son, William, in honor of his ninth birthday, last Wednesday.
Mr. and Mrs. John Brisbin and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brisbin were guests of Dr. C. W. Pollard at Happy Hollow Country club Saturday evening.
Miss Martha Tucker, who has been teaching school in Sheridan, Wyo., is spending her vacation visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tucker.
Mr. and Mrs. Charles Cottrell and son and Martin Herskind attended the banquet Friday evening given by the United Brethren church in Omaha.
Rev. Amos has removed to Florence and with his family is occupying one of Mr. Shipley's houses. He will preach at the Presbyterian church on Sunday.
While Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Doldyn of Omaha were visiting friends in Florence on Sunday, burglars entered their home and stole the silverware and other articles.
If you want to smoke going down in the morning, try one of the brands Charles Cottrell keeps at the Post-office News Stand. He also has the morning Omaha papers.
Miss Stacia Ketchmark was pleasantly surprised Sunday evening at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Ryan, when a number of young folks dropped in for a farewell party before she leaves for her home.
Mr. and Mrs. Frank Brown celebrated their wedding anniversary on Monday with a picnic in the country.
Mr. H. I. Brown of Van Couver's arrived Saturday evening to visit J. P. Brown and family.
Miss Anna Dietrick entertained on Thursday afternoon, June 10, in honor of some of the grade graduates. Those present were Pauline Sorensen, Stacie Ketchmark, Eleanor Morgan, Hazel Nelson and Mildred Allison.
Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Reynolds entertained Sunday evening in honor of Miss Beebe of New York, Mrs. Reynolds' sister. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Paul Haskell, Mr. and Mrs. H. F. Reynolds and Mrs. B. F. Reynolds.
William Tuttle, better known as Pat Tuttle, will celebrate his 51st birthday Tuesday. As he was born in Florence the event is of double significance. He is as young and spry as the best yet, and it is the hope of his friends that he will see 51 years more of life in Florence.
Mr. and Mrs. John Lubold entertained Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Reynolds, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted, Mr. and Mrs. Newell Burton, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Tuttle, Mr. and Mrs. Paul Haskell, Mr. and Mrs. Will Thomas, Messrs. Dan Kelly, Charles Thompson, Edward Berryman, Willis Barber, William Lubold and Jay Golding on Wednesday evening.
Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Drabek of Florence entertained a house party Saturday evening and Sunday, Mrs. George E. Richards and daughter of Washington, D. C., being the guests of honor. The party of eighteen left Omaha Saturday for a hay-rack ride to Florence, being overtaken by the storm, and remained over Sunday at the Drabek home.
Miss Tracy returned last Friday from Lincoln, where she was in attendance at the postmasters' convention. She reported having a fine time and says the convention was the best she ever attended. She was elected to the chairmanship of the executive committee of the League of Fourth Class Postmasters.
Tony Minardi and Miss Rosa Mazzeri of Omaha were married Friday

and in the evening a reception was held at Pascale's hall that more than filled the hall, as over 500 were present to congratulate the bride and partake of the refreshments. A large orchestra furnished the music. Mr. and Mrs. Minardi will live with the groom's parents, corner of Fifth and Willet streets. It was the largest and most luxurious wedding party Florence has ever entertained.
Miss Frances Thompson is entertaining the training class of Omaha teachers today. Those invited are Blanche McKellogg, Mrs. Florence Butter, Margaret Cocks, May Gibbs, Leota Holmes, Alice Sawyer, Mabel Anderson, May Cathroe, Bertha Elsassser, Katherine Dunigan, Ethel Kiewit, Mabel Graham and Frances Thompson, who are the graduates of the Omaha teachers' training school this year. Mrs. Chittenden and Miss Cooper, teachers, were also of the party.

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WHY HOUSE WASN'T BUILT.
Owing to Developments Unlooked for, Mrs. Jorem Decided to Sell the Lot.
There never was such a couple as the Jorems for doing unconventional things, and so it was no surprise to their friends to receive an invitation to a "house building party," the address being in a section of empty lots in the outskirts of the town. The party consisted of going to a lot that the Jorems had bought, the turning up a few sods by the men and women of the party and then repairing to the nearest roadside inn for a modest collation of cheese sandwiches and beer. At the table it was disclosed that the Jorems were going to build a suburban cottage on the lot at once.
A few weeks later one of the women guests met Mrs. Jorem on the street and asked her how the house was coming on.
"It's all off," replied Mrs. Jorem, briskly. "We sold that lot the next week after the party."
"Get a good offer for it?" was the sympathetic inquiry.
"Oh, no, it wasn't that. But you see, Jorem's mother called on us the next day and when she had satisfied her curiosity about the party and the plans for the house she said she hoped there would be a room for her in it, and Jorem, like a dutiful son, said 'of course.' I made J. act like a dutiful husband and sell that lot right away. I prefer boarding."
WANTED ALL TO UNDERSTAND.
Small, Maiden's Somewhat Startling Explanation of the Omission of Grace.
A tiny girl of seven gave a dinner party the other day, for which twelve covers were laid, and that number of small maidens sat down to dine. It was a real little girls' dinner, and the hostess herself presided, sitting at the head of the table. She had been very anxious, in looking forward to it, to do everything as it should be done.
"Mamma," she asked, "shall we say grace?"
"No," said mamma; "it will be a very informal dinner, and I think you need not do that."
That meant one ceremony the less to go through, and was a relief. But the little lady was anxious to have all her guests understand it.
So, as they gathered about the table she explained:
"Mamma says that this is such an infernal dinner that we need not have grace today."
An Artist's Lucky Number.
"I have not in my painting career so far saturated myself in the spirit of the ancients as to embrace, all their superstitions, but I do confess to a small superstition regarding the number 17. I have always found this was a most lucky number for me. My wife was 17 when I first met her, and the number of the house to which I took her when we were married was 17. My present house did bear the same number; and the first space was put to the work of building it on Aug. 17. This was in 1885. I had then been in possession of the place for three years, during that time designing and making plans and sketches for the house. It was on Nov. 17, 1886, that we took up our residence there."—Strand Magazine.

That Settled It.
The commissioners in lunacy were non-plussed. The man on whose mental condition the courts had appointed them to pass seemed perfectly sane, in spite of all testimony to the contrary. His every action, his every remark was rational. They were about to give up in despair when matters took an unexpected turn. "Oh, doctor, permit me to return the umbrella I borrowed from you last week," said the patient.
And then, at the thought of earning their fees with no qualms of conscience, the learned men decided that anyone who would voluntarily return a borrowed umbrella should be placed under restraint.
This simply proves how trifles will ever mold our destinies.
Doesn't Care for the Just Man.
Do you know it is not a compliment to be called a just man? It carries with it an intolerant spirit, a mean disposition, and a fault-finding manner. There must not be too much justness in this country. The deeds must be filtered and sugar coated. The just man is the man who demands that everybody come up to his standard. Ever think how hard a job is that? We have our own standards, and it keeps us busy measuring up to them, but to have to measure up to some other man's standard is awful, simply awful.—Lawrence (Kas.) Journal.

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WHISPERING SMITH

By FRANK H. SPEARMAN.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRÉ BOWLES

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SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl of the west, who came to look at the wreck. She gave him a message for Sinclair. "Whispering" Gordon Smith, told President Bucks of the railroad, of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crazed miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his high office. McCloud arranged to board at the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair, the ex-foreman's deserted wife.

CHAPTER V.—Continued.

Betty came with only her colored maid, old Puss Dunning, who had taken her from the nurse's arms when she was born and taken care of her ever since. The two—the tall Kentucky girl and the bent mammy—arrived at the Stone ranch one day in June, and Richard, done then with bridges and looking after his ranch interests, had already fallen violently in love with Betty. She was delicate, but, if those in Medicine Bend who remembered her said true, a lovely creature. Remaining in the mountains was the last thing Betty had ever thought of, but no one, man or woman, could withstand Dick Dunning. She fell quite in love with him the first time she set eyes on him in Medicine Bend, for he was very handsome in the saddle, and Betty was fairly wild about horses. So Dick Dunning wooed a fond mistress and married her and buried her, and all within hardly more than a year.

But in that year they were very happy, never too happier, and when she slept away her suffering she left him, as a legacy, a tiny baby girl. Puss brought the mite of a creature in its swaddling clothes to the sick mother—very, very sick then—and poor Betty turned her dark eyes on it, kissed it, looked at her husband and whispered "Dickie," and died. Dickie had been Betty's pet name for her mountain lover, so the father said the child's name should be Dickie and nothing else; and his heart broke and soon he died. Nothing else, storm or flood, death or disaster, had ever moved Dick Dunning; then a single blow killed him. He rode once in a while over the ranch, a great tract by that time of 20,000 acres, all in one body, all under fence, up and down both sides of the big river, in part irrigated, swarming with cattle—none of it stirred Dick! and with little Dickie in his arms he slept away his suffering.

So Dickie was left, as her mother had been, to Puss, while Lance looked after the ranch, swore at the price of cattle, and played cards at Medicine Bend. At ten, Dickie, as thoroughly spoiled as a pet baby could be by a fool mammy, a fond cousin, and a galaxy of devoted cowboys, was sent, in spite of crying and flinging, to a far-away convent—her father had planned everything—where in many years she learned that there were other things in the world besides cattle and mountains and sunshine and tall, broad-batted horsemen to swing from their stirrups and pick her hat from the ground—just to see little Dickie laugh—when they swooped past the house to the corrals. When she came back from Kentucky, her grandmother dead and her schooldays finished, all the land she could see in the valley was hers.

CHAPTER VI.

In Marion's Shop.

In Boney street, Medicine Bend, stands an early-day row of one-story buildings; they once made up a prosperous block, which has long since fallen into the decay of paintless days. There is in Boney street a lively stable, a second-hand store, a laundry, a bakery, a moribund grocery, and a bicycle shop, and at the time of this story there was also Marion Sinclair's millinery shop; but the better class of Medicine Bend business, such as the gambling houses, saloons, pawnshops, restaurants, barber shops, and those sensitive, clean-shaven, and alert establishments known as "genie's stores," had deserted Boney street for many years. Bats fly in the dark of Boney street, while Front street at the same hour is a blaze of electricity and frontier hilarity. The millinery store stood next to the corner of Fort street. The lot lay in an "L," and at the rear of the store the first owner had built a small connecting cottage to live in. This faced on Fort street, so that Marion had her shop and living rooms communicating, and yet apart. The store building is still pointed out as the former shop of Marion Sinclair, where George McCloud boarded when the Crawling Stone line was built, where Whispering Smith might often have been seen, where Sinclair himself was last seen alive in Medicine Bend, where Dickie Dunning's horse dragged her senseless one, wild mountain night, and where, indeed, for a time the affairs of the whole mountain division seemed to tangle in very hard knots.

In her dining room, which con-

"No man that has ever played me dirt can stay here while I stay." Sinclair, with a hand on the portiere, was moving from the doorway into the neeched through a curtained door with the shop. McCloud sat one day alone eating his dinner. Marion was in front serving a customer. McCloud heard voices in the shop, but gave no heed till a man walked through the curtained doorway and he saw Murray Sinclair standing before him. A stormy interview with Callahan and Blood at the Wickiup had taken place just a week before, and McCloud after what Sinclair had then threatened, though not prepared, felt as he saw him that anything might occur. McCloud being in possession of the little room, however, the initiative fell on Sinclair, who, looking his best, snatched his hat from his head and bowed ironically. "My mistake," he said blandly.

"Come right in," returned McCloud, not knowing whether Marion had a possible hand in her husband's unexpected appearance. "Do you want to see me?"

"I don't," smiled Sinclair; "and to be perfectly frank," he added with studied consideration, "I wish to God I never had seen you. Well—you've thrown me, McCloud."

"You've thrown yourself, haven't you, Murray?"

"From your point of view, of course. But, McCloud, this is a small country for two points of view. Do you want to get out of it, or do you want me to?"

"The country suits me, Sinclair."

you. I was attending to a customer and had to ask him to wait a moment."

"Don't apologize for having a customer."

"He lives over beyond the Stone ranch, you know, and is taking some things out for the Dunnings to-day. He likes an excuse to come in here because it annoys me. Finish your dinner, Mr. McCloud."

"Thank you, I'm done."

"But you haven't eaten anything. Isn't your steak right?"

"It's fine, but that man—well, you know how I like him and how he likes me. I'll content myself with digesting my temper."

CHAPTER VII.

Smoky Creek Bridge.

It was not alone that a defiance makes a bad dinner sauce; there was more than this for McCloud to feed on. He was forced to confess to himself as he walked back to the Wickiup that the most annoying feature of the incident was the least important, namely, that his only enemy in the country should be entrusted with commissions from the Stone ranch and be carrying packages for Dickie Dunning. It was Sinclair's trick to do things for people, and to make himself so useful that they must like first his obligingness and afterward himself.

Sinclair, McCloud knew, was close in many ways to Lance Dunning. It was said to have been his influence that won Dunning's consent to sell a right of way across the ranch for the new

bridge was sent back for feed and water by my orders. It has all been taken care of. You should have been notified, certainly; it is the business of the stock agent to see to that. Let me inquire about it while you are here. Mr. Dunning," suggested McCloud, ringing for his clerk.

Dunning lost no time in expressing himself. "I don't want my cattle held at Point of Rocks!" he said, angrily. "Your Point of Rocks yards are infected. My cattle shouldn't have been sent there."

"Oh, no! The old yards where they had a touch of fever were burned off the face of the earth a year ago. The new yards are perfectly sanitary. The loss of the bridge has crippled us, you know. Your cattle are being well cared for, Mr. Dunning, and if you doubt it you may go up and give our men any orders you like in the matter at our expense."

"You're taking altogether too much on yourself when you run my stock over the country in this way," exclaimed Dunning, refusing to be placated. "How am I to get to Point of Rocks—walk there?"

"Not at all," returned McCloud, ringing up his clerk and asking for a pass, which was brought back in a moment and handed to Dunning. "The cattle," continued McCloud, "can be run down, unloaded, and driven around the break to-morrow—with the loss of only two days."

"And in the meantime I lose my market."

"It is too bad, certainly, but I suppose it will be several days before we can get a line across Smoky Creek."

"Why weren't the cattle sent through that way yesterday? What have they been held at Point of Rocks for? I call the thing badly managed."

"We couldn't get the empty cars up from Piedmont for the transfer until to-day; empties are very scarce everywhere now."

"There always have been empties here when they were wanted until lately. There's been no head or tail to anything on this division for six months."

"I'm sorry that you have that impression."

"That impression is very general," declared the stockman, with an oath, "and if you keep on discharging the only men on this division that are competent to handle a break like this, it is likely to continue!"

"Just a moment!" McCloud's finger rose pointedly. "My failure to please you in caring for your stock in an emergency may be properly a matter for comment; your opinion as to the way I am running this division is, of course, your own; but don't attempt to criticize the retention or discharge of any man on my pay roll!"

Dunning strode toward him. "I'm a shipper on this line; when it suits me to criticize you or your methods, or anybody else's, I expect to do so," he retorted in high tones.

"But you cannot tell me how to run my business!" thundered McCloud, leaning over the table in front of him.

As the two men glared at each other Rooney Lee opened the door. His surprise at the situation amounted to consternation. He shuffled to the corner of the room, and while McCloud and Dunning engaged hotly again, Rooney, from the corner, threw a shot of his own into the quarrel. "On time!" he roared.

CHAPTER VIII.

The Misunderstanding.

No attempt was made to minimize the truth that the blow to the division was a staggering one. The loss of Smoky creek bridge put almost 1,000 miles of the mountain division out of business. Perishable freight and time freight were diverted to other lines. Passengers were transferred; lunches were served to them in the deep valley, and they were supplied by an ingenious advertising department with pictures of the historic bridge as it had long stood, and their addresses were taken with the promise of a picture of the ruins. The engineering department and the operating department united in a tremendous effort to bring about a resumption of traffic. Glover's men, pulled off construction, were sent forward in trainloads. Darning's linemen strung arc lights along the creek until the canyon twinkled at night like a mountain village, and men in three shifts worked elbow to elbow unceasingly to run the switchbacks down to the creek bed. There, by cribbing across the bottom, they got in a temporary line.

McCloud spent his days at the creek and his nights at Medicine Bend with his assistant and his chief dispatcher, advising, counseling, studying out trouble reports, and steadying wherever he could the weakened lines of his operating forces. He was getting his first taste of the trials of the hardest worked and poorest paid man in the operating department of a railroad—the division superintendent.

To these were added personal annoyances. A trainload of Duck Bar steers, shipped by Lance Dunning from the Crawling Stone ranch, had been caught west of the bridge the very night of the fire. They had been loaded at Tipton and shipped to catch a good market, and under extravagant promises from the livestock agent of a quick run to Chicago. When Lance Dunning learned that his cattle had been caught west of the break and would have to be unloaded, he swore up a horse in hot haste and started for Medicine Bend. McCloud, who had not closed his eyes for 60 hours, had just got into Medicine Bend from Smoky Creek and was sitting at his desk buried in a mass of papers, but he ordered the cattleman admitted. He was, in fact, eager to meet the manager of the big ranch and the cousin of Dickie. Lance Dunning stood above six feet in height, and was a handsome man, in spite of the hard lines around his eyes, as he walked in; but neither his manner nor his expression was amiable.

"Are you Mr. McCloud? I've been here three times this afternoon to see you," said he, ignoring McCloud's answer and a proffered chair. "This is your office, isn't it?"

McCloud, a little surprised, answered again and civilly: "It certainly is; but I have been at Smoky Creek for two or three days."

"What have you done with my cattle?"

"The Duck Bar train was run back to Point of Rocks and the cattle were unloaded at the yard."

Lance Dunning spoke with increasing harshness: "By whose order was that done? Why wasn't I notified? Have they had feed or water?"

"All the stock caught west of the

bridge was sent back for feed and water by my orders. It has all been taken care of. You should have been notified, certainly; it is the business of the stock agent to see to that. Let me inquire about it while you are here. Mr. Dunning," suggested McCloud, ringing for his clerk.

Dunning lost no time in expressing himself. "I don't want my cattle held at Point of Rocks!" he said, angrily. "Your Point of Rocks yards are infected. My cattle shouldn't have been sent there."

"Oh, no! The old yards where they had a touch of fever were burned off the face of the earth a year ago. The new yards are perfectly sanitary. The loss of the bridge has crippled us, you know. Your cattle are being well cared for, Mr. Dunning, and if you doubt it you may go up and give our men any orders you like in the matter at our expense."

"You're taking altogether too much on yourself when you run my stock over the country in this way," exclaimed Dunning, refusing to be placated. "How am I to get to Point of Rocks—walk there?"

"Not at all," returned McCloud, ringing up his clerk and asking for a pass, which was brought back in a moment and handed to Dunning. "The cattle," continued McCloud, "can be run down, unloaded, and driven around the break to-morrow—with the loss of only two days."

"And in the meantime I lose my market."

"It is too bad, certainly, but I suppose it will be several days before we can get a line across Smoky Creek."

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The angry men turned. "What's on time?" asked McCloud, curtly.

"Number One; she's in and changing engines. I told them you were going west," declared Rooney in so deep tones that his fiction would never have been suspected.

Dunning, to emphasize, without a further word, his disgust for the situation and his contempt for the management, tore into scraps the pass that had been given him, threw the scraps on the floor, took a cigar from his pocket and lighted it; insolence could do no more.

McCloud looked over at the dispatcher. "No, I am not going west, Rooney. But if you will be good enough to stay here and find out from this man just how this railroad ought to be run, I will go to bed. He can tell you; the microbe seems to be working in his mind right now," said McCloud, slamming down the roll-top of his desk. And with Lance Dunning glaring at him, somewhat speechless, he put on his hat and walked out of the room.

It was but one of many disagreeable incidents due to the loss of the bridge. Complications arising from the tie-up followed him at every turn. It seemed as if he could not get away from trouble following trouble. After 40 hours further of toil, relieved by four hours of sleep, McCloud found himself, rather dead than alive, back at Medicine Bend and in the little dining room at Marion's. Coming in at the cottage door on Fort street, he dropped into a chair. The cottage rooms were empty. He heard Marion's voice in the front shop; she was engaged with a customer. Putting his head on the table to wait a moment, nature asserted itself and McCloud fell asleep. He woke hearing a voice that he had heard in dreams. Perhaps no other voice could have wakened him, for he slept for a few minutes a death-like sleep. At all events, Dickie Dunning was in the front room and McCloud heard her. She was talking with Marion about the burning of Smoky Creek bridge.

"Every one is talking about it yet," Dickie was saying. "If I had lost my best friend I couldn't have felt worse; you know, my father built it. I rode over there the day of the fire, and down into the creek, so I could look up where it stood. I never realized before how high and how long it was; and when I remembered how proud father always was of his work there—Cousin Lance has often told me—I sat down right on the ground and cried. How times have

changed in railroad, haven't they? Mr. Sinclair was over just the other night, and he said if they kept using this new coal in the engines they would burn up everything on the division. Do you know, I have been waiting in town three or four hours now for Cousin Lance? I feel almost like a tramp. He is coming from the west with the stock train. It was due here hours ago, but they never seem to know when anything is to get here the way things are run on the railroad now. I want to give Cousin Lance some mail before he goes through."

"The passenger trains crossed the creek over the switchbacks hours ago, and they say the emergency grades are first-rate," said Marion Sinclair, on the defensive. "The stock trains must have followed right along. Your cousin is sure to be here pretty soon. Probably Mr. McCloud will know which train he is on, and Mr. Lee telephoned that Mr. McCloud would be over here at three o'clock for his dinner. He ought to be here now."

"Oh, dear, then I must go!"

"But he can probably tell you just when your cousin will be in."

"I wouldn't meet him for worlds!"

"You wouldn't? Why, Mr. McCloud is delightful."

"Oh, not for worlds, Marion! You know he is discharging all the best of the older men, the men that have made the road everything it is, and of course we can't help sympathizing with them over our way. For my part, I think it is terrible, after a man has given all of his life to building up a railroad, that he should be thrown out to starve in that way by new managers, Marion."

McCloud felt himself shrinking within his weary clothes. Resentment seemed to have died. He felt too ex-



"Oh, Mr. McCloud, Is It You?"

hausted to undertake controversy, even if it were to be thought of, and it was not.

Nothing further was needed to complete his humiliation. He picked up his hat and with the thought of getting out as quietly as he had come in. In rising he swept a tumbler at his elbow from the table. The glass broke on the floor, and Marion exclaimed: "What is that?" and started for the dining room.

It was too late to get away. McCloud stepped to the portieres of the trimming room door and pushed them aside. Marion stood with a hat in her hand, and Dickie, sitting at the table, was looking directly at the intruder as he appeared in the doorway. She saw in her pleasant acquaintance of the wreck at Smoky Creek, whose name she had not learned. In her surprise, she rose to her feet, and Marion spoke quickly: "Oh, Mr. McCloud, is it you? I did not hear you come in." Dickie's face, which had lighted, became a spectacle of confusion after she heard the name. McCloud, conscious of the awkwardness of his position and the disorder of his garb, said the worst thing at once: "I fear I am inadvertently overhearing your conversation."

He looked at Dickie as he spoke, chiefly because he could not help it, and this made matters hopeless.

She flushed more deeply. "I cannot conceive why our conversation should invite a listener."

Her words did not, of course, help to steady him. "I tried to get away," he stammered, "when I realized I was a part of it."

"In any event," she exclaimed, hastily, "if you are Mr. McCloud I think it unparadonable to do anything like that!"

"I am Mr. McCloud, though I should rather be anybody else; and I am sorry that I was unable to help hearing what was said: I—"

"Marion, will you be kind enough to give me my gloves?" said Dickie, holding out her hand.

Marion, having tried once or twice to intervene, stood between the firing-lines in helpless amazement. Her exclamations were lost; the two before her gave no heed to ordinary intervention.

McCloud flushed at being cut off, but he bowed. "Of course," he said, "if you will listen to no explanation I can only withdraw."

He went back, dinnerless, to work all night; but the switchbacks were doing capitally, and all night long trains were rolling through Medicine Bend from the west in an endless string. In the morning the yard was nearly cleared of west-bound tonnage. Moreover, the mail in the morning brought compensation. A letter came from Glover telling him not to worry himself to death over the tie-up, and one came from Bucks telling him to make ready for the building of the Crawling Stone line.

McCloud told Rooney Lee that if anybody asked for him to report him dead, and going to bed slept 24 hours.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)