

The Florence Tribune

VOL. II.

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No. 7

VETERANS MEET HERE

The Douglas County Veterans Association is so well pleased with their treatment here last year that they decide to hold their annual encampment here this year the week of August 16 and committee is hard at work to make things better than last year if possible.

Again Florence wins. The Douglas County Veterans association have decided to hold their annual encampment in Florence again this year and have selected the week of August 16 as the most suitable date. They were so well pleased with their treatment here last year that they could not resist coming again this year.

The committee of Florence citizens who will look after the veterans comfort is the same as last year.

F. S. TUCKER, Chairman.
R. F. GOLDING,
L. F. IMM,
W. B. PARKS,
HENRY ANDERSON,
E. L. PLATZ, Committee.

This committee held a meeting with a committee of the veterans this week and made most of the arrangements.

The two committees will meet again July 26 at Mayor Tucker's office to arrange the final details.

It is expected that the main speaker of the week will be William Jennings Bryan, although the matter of speakers has not been definitely settled.

The committee at the present time is devoting its attention to the securing of a line of first class attractions and concessions.

ROCKPORT

Fireworks.—Hemping Drug Co.

Mrs. Ekwall just returned from a month's visit with friends and relatives in Lincoln.

Mrs. Harlan of Beaver Crossing, Neb., has been the guest of Mrs. Newell Benton the past week.

Get your fireworks of Hemping Drug Co.

Mrs. Mann and daughter arrived Sunday for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tucker.

Miss Ida Miller, a former teacher in Florence schools, is visiting Florence friends this week.

Celebrate the glorious Fourth by getting your fireworks of Hemping Drug Co.

M. L. Endres of Omaha spent Wednesday evening visiting Florence friends.

Lubold & Pascale have started work on the new cement sidewalks up State street.

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

Billy Peebst has come to spend the summer with Mr. and Mrs. Paul Haskell.

Miss Desmond of Denver, Colo., was the guest of Mrs. D. F. Kelly Wednesday.

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

Dr. Pollard and children of Omaha were the guests of the Brisbins Sunday.

Fireworks of all kinds.—Hemping Drug Co.

Mr. Kruse of Culbertson, Neb., was the guest of Newell Burton Sunday.

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

But Not Frank. It is idle in you to expect a vision from that girl. She is a box of chocolate.

NEWS FROM FORT CALHOUN

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

W. H. Woods was in Florence as a guest of Charles Plein, the artist, and together they visited the large Parker collection. Frank Parker, cashier of the Farmer's State bank, brought Mr. Woods home in his automobile.

J. H. Skow, a leading farmer, has great faith in the farmers uniting interests like trades have done and is trying to get canvassers to push the work in this county.

"Grandfather" Retwisch of Wayne and his daughter, Mrs. Chris Rohwer, of Blair were here at the old home.

Mrs. Gilmore of Lincoln was on a visit to Mrs. Marr.

The carpenters are still at work on the summer home here of Dr. Allison of Omaha. The two main floors contain about thirty rooms, halls and closets with brick and cement basement under the whole house; a sun parlor and 196 feet of a 14-foot porch around the building. Hans Brekenfeld of Omaha is the foreman in charge of the building.

The Fort Calhoun Woman's club drove out to the club house on the William Allen farm in school district No. 8 for its annual June picnic.

Fort Calhoun wishes it known that it is preparing for the biggest Fourth of July celebration ever held in the old town and the whole United States is invited.

Samuel Hallen and wife of Blair were at Art Beals', where the two old timers were telling each other how they helped to end the civil war.

Mrs. Henry Ohrt has gone to Plattsmouth to see a brother and sister.

Frank Curtis of Blair has been here sick, in the care of his son, the doctor.

Miss Olerman of Blair has applied for a position as teacher in the schools.

TEACHING THE YOUNG WIVES

City Grocers, with an Eye to Their Own Interests, Show Them How to Arrange Icebox.

"Even grocers are taking a hand in the education of young housewives," said the pretty New York woman. "I did my first marketing last week. The grocer knew I was green. When I had finished buying he said:

"Now, do you know how to arrange things in your icebox to the best advantage?"

"I said I was afraid I didn't. He called a young man from the rear of the store.

"James," he said, "when you deliver this basket of things will you show the lady the most economical arrangement of her refrigerator?"

"Fifteen minutes later white-aproned James was turning my ice chest upside down. He made a place for everything and said it ought to be kept there, no matter how small the icebox. The meats, for example, should always come between the milk and butter and the fruit and salads. When he finished my refrigerator held about twice as much as I had been able to get into it. Another wondrous phase of the situation was that James refused a tip.

"We make it point," he said, "of showing customers the proper arrangement of an icechest."

Another Food Boycott.

When an olive-colored touring car as big as a coal gondola drew up in front of a stall at the market house there was some lively stepping by the marketeers. The man at the wheel wore a huge bearskin coat that must have set him back \$300; the female occupant was attired in a seal-skin that was the exact duplicate of a thousand-dollar bill, while every bark of the big machine proclaimed that it took \$7,000 to pry it loose from its makers. The woman approached the stall.

"How much are strawberries?" she inquired.

"Seventy-five a basket," replied the market man.

"Seventy-five a basket!" gasped the woman. "Well! It's simply outrageous the way food products stay up."

And an instant later the seal-skin and the bearskin, and the olive-colored car had flounced around the corner in a vanishing cloud of gasoline vapor, and another food boycott was on.—Pittsburg Times-Gazette.

Mexican Beer is Sweet.

"The Mexican is as fond of sweet things as he is of hot and spicy dishes," says Raymond V. Platt of Mexico City. "Even their beer is sweet."

PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL

City Council Passes the Ordinance Levying a Tax of Twenty-three Mills for the Coming Year and Set Aside \$9,500 in the Various Funds for Use During the Coming Year. Spend Most of the Time Either Spilling Hot Air or Listening to it.

The meeting of the council Monday evening was a long drawn out affair and despite the excessive heat much hot air was spouted and many heated remarks were made.

Owing to the clerk's books being in court on the paving case, no minutes of previous meetings were at hand, which, perhaps is just as well, everything considered.

G. J. Hunt, who owns the property on State and Bluffs street, sent a communication to the council saying that year before last he had to pay for a walk along Bluff street in front of his property, one full block; last year a half block on the north side and this year a half block on the south side. However, he did not object to doing so but desired the council to build the walk on State street so it would miss his big trees. The council will do as he requests and lay the walk over one or two feet.

M. C. Coe entered a vigorous protest against animals running at large over people's lawns and gardens and the council instructed the marshal to impound all such animals in the future.

W. R. Wall sent in three checks to pay the occupation tax for the fire insurance companies he represents.

Mayor Tucker announced the appointment of Dr. R. S. Horton as the city physician and the appointment was confirmed.

The clerk was instructed to get a list from the assessor to make up the poll tax.

John Grant was ordered to repair all the sidewalks that were defective, laid by him some three years ago.

Upon motion by Councilman Feldhusen Ordinance 276, establishing the grade of Bluff and other streets was laid over until next meeting.

Ordinance 278 by Charles H. Allen, levying a tax of 23 mills for the coming year, was introduced, read the second and third times and passed.

Ordinance 279 appropriating monies for the different funds was introduced by J. H. Price and went the same route.

Ordinance 277 for permanent sidewalks received its second reading and will be disposed of at the next meeting.

Representatives of the Consolidated Engineering Company wanted the council to throw out the engineering bids and let them in on them. It is probable the council will do so although Feldhusen made a motion to do so but could receive no second.

The following bills were allowed:
Anderson & Hollingsworth.....\$22.70
Larry Fay 28.00
F. A. Luddington 55.00
Wm. Smith 15.00
D. W. Kingery 15.00
G. W. Paris 5.00
C. M. Cottrell 13.12
School District 40.64
Geo. Craig 8.00
Total \$202.46

The bill of Anderson & Hollingsworth was for groceries furnished Henry Wilson last winter. The bill of F. A. Luddington was for \$60 for grading but Mayor Tucker made a roar and it was reduced to \$55. J. P. Crick's bill of \$180 was referred back to him to have all paving items listed separately.

The balance of the evening was taken up discussing the Finkelkeller sidewalk and the difference of opinion between C. H. Allen and Mr. Paris on the dumping of dirt on lower Main street.

Trial by Ordeal in Japan.

Trial by ordeal still exists in some parts of Japan. If a theft takes place in a household, all the servants are required to write a certain word with the same brush. The conscience is supposed to betray its workings in the waves of the ideographs written. Tracing an ideograph involves such an effort of muscular directness and undivided attention that this device often leads to the discovery of the guilty party. The test is, at all events, more humane than the ordeal by boiling water, to which accused persons were formerly submitted in Japan.

The Easiest Way.

"Give me a chance—just one more chance!" pleaded the girl, with a wistful entreaty which should have melted the heart of a stone.

But the man, with set, pale face, merely shook his head and passed on. So it is that men, even the best of them, are unwilling to give a woman the chance she begs for.

That is, when it is at a charity bazaar.

MAY TRY TO FLY OVER STATE

Glenn H. Curtiss to Be Asked to Make the Trip From Omaha to Hastings by Way of Lincoln.

An aeroplane trip across Nebraska is being discussed by those in charge of the Mid-West aviation meet with a strong probability of Glenn H. Curtiss flying from Omaha to Hastings and return by Lincoln.

This proposition has come to the Aero Club of Nebraska through the Hastings Republican, and with favorable weather there is little doubt but what the trip will be made.

Such a trip will be one of the features of the aviation meet to be held under the auspices of the Aero Club of Nebraska in Omaha, July 8 to 14.

Already a number of automobile drivers are arranging to race with the aeroplanes and one Omaha dealer has challenged Curtiss for a race.

With these plans put into execution Nebraskans will see a novel performance—not only one or more aeroplanes flying over the corn fields, where only a few years ago the prairie schooner was the means of travel, but a score or more of automobiles will drive beneath the aeroplanes at record making speed.

The starting place for aeroplanes has not been selected as yet, the matter being left in the hands of the managers of Mr. Curtiss.

ROCKPORT

Mrs. Schraeder was a caller at Mrs. Nels Jensens Sunday.

Mr. M. Kelly of Garryowen was a visitor Sunday at M. Krenzer's.

Miss Clara Russell was a caller Tuesday at Miss Snoderly's.

Miss M. Krenzer was a caller at Mrs. Nels Jensen's Wednesday.

Mr. Fairbrass and family were business caller in Omaha Saturday.

Hemping Drug Co., successor to Bell Drug Co.

Mr. Adams and daughter were business callers in Omaha Saturday.

Mr. Charlie Velceck was calling on Oliver Fairbrass Thursday evening.

Miss Mildred and Mr. Edward Krenzer visited at Mr. Fairbrass' Sunday.

Mr. Henry Specht was out boating on dry land one night of last week.

Mr. Joe Hipp has been visiting friends in Blair and Walthill a couple of weeks.

Mrs. Johnson of Omaha, formerly of Rockport, is spending a few days at Mr. Carl Holst's.

Mr. Edward Krenzer and sister Mildred were pleasant callers on Miss Mable Fairbrass Sunday afternoon.

Mr. Hans Jespersen and family and Mr. Christensen and family of Ponca spent Saturday fishing at Kelly's Lake.

Mr. Will Bena was out riding in his two-wheel cart with a big box in it looking for the bite he lost while fishing on the Missouri river.

Mrs. Hans Jespersen entertained at a luncheon Friday. Covers were laid for Mesdames Burman of Omaha, Spetch, Jespersen, Brodersen; Misses C. Jensen of Denmark who is visiting Mrs. Brodersen, M. Krenzer and C. Russell.

LITTLE GIRL BURNED TO DEATH.

Three-Year-Old Daughter of George Norish Playing With Matches Sets Clothing Afire, Burns to Death.

Her clothing ignited by matches, the little three-year-old daughter of George Norish, a farmer living about a mile north of Florence, was burned to death Wednesday night. The child was discovered in a pillar of flames and was rolled in blankets by neighbors. Dr. A. B. Adams was called and although he did everything in his power to save her his efforts were in vain, and she died within two hours.

Primitive Philosophy.

Animism is the name of a theory originally propounded by Stahl, about 1707. It asserts that the soul is the vital principle and only cause of life, and that the functions of plant and animal life depend upon this principle of vitality, and not mere mechanical and chemical action. As the word is now used, it denotes the general doctrine of spiritual beings. It is not itself a religion, but a sort of primitive philosophy.

JUST IDLE CHATTER

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

Miss Boudesson and Miss Victors were guests at the Rod and Gun club Monday evening.

Fireworks.—Hemping Drug Co.

Miss Effie Taylor is visiting Benson friends.

Mrs. Kate Remington of Omaha was a Florence visitor Wednesday evening.

Miss Houston was the guest of Miss Armstrong of Omaha Sunday and Monday.

John F. Nicholson, a Florence saloonkeeper, has been sued for divorce by Mrs. Pearl B. Nicholson, who charges him with dragging her through the streets last Fourth of July, beating her, tearing off her waist and threatening to kill her.

Mrs. J. Weber, Jr., entertained the Literary club at luncheon, Wednesday. Those present were Mesdames Aiken, Barker, Huntington, Naile, Edwards, Partridge, Gould, James of Omaha, Victors of Portland, Ore. and J. B. Brisbin, H. Brisbin, Griffin and Nichols of Florence.

Mrs. J. B. and H. Brisbin will entertain the Bridge club Friday.

Miss Dorothy Teul of Omaha is the guest for a few days of Miss Ollie Houston.

Misses Alice Huntington, Herberta Barker and Master Johnathan Edwards of Omaha were guests of Florence friends Wednesday.

Miss Alice Walker, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Edward Walker and Mr. Ernest Wilson of Long Pine, Neb. were married Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's parent north of town. Rev. George Sloan, pastor of the Florence Presbyterian church, performed the ceremony.

Mr. Daniel Ryan is very low and it is not expected he will recover.

Mr. and Mrs. William Odberg of California were guests at the Tracy home Wednesday. In the evening they attended the Wilson-Walker wedding.

All the grocery and butcher shops in Florence closed Thursday to take in the grocers and butchers picnic.

Try our ice cream.—Hemping Drug Company.

There is something there you are interested in.

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

Delicious ice cream sodas at Hemping Drug Co.

Mr. and Mrs. Brown of Ft. Madison, Iowa, and Mr. and Mrs. Duncan of Little Sioux, Iowa, are visiting their sister, Mrs. Ida Cooper.

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

Mr. Willie Russell of Blencoe, Iowa, spent Sunday with his mother, Mrs. Ida Cooper.

Mrs. M. L. Endres is visiting her parent in Rochelle, Ill., and other eastern points and intend to be gone probably three or four weeks.

The Honorable Newell Burton has aged considerably the past week and all because he became a grandpa, a son having been born to Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilson.

George Gamble has made arrangements with the Western Union Telegraph company to run a special wire to his place to receive the Jeffries-Johnson fight by rounds July 4.

A. H. Griffin of Omaha was the guest of John Lubold Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Wilson are happy over the arrival of a boy at their home.

Mrs. B. F. Reynolds, Miss Helen Reynolds and Mr. J. M. Griffith were guests of the Brisbins Sunday.

NEW AMUSEMENT PARK OPENED

Fred Hartman Leases the Storz Park and Opens a Summer Resort With Numerous High Class Shows.

The Coney Island Amusement Park has been opened in Florence, Fred Hartman, the manager, having leased the Storz Park on Main street and put the park in first class shape.

Moving pictures will be shown nightly free of charge and numerous other shows of various character will help the patrons while away the time. Only soft drinks will be sold.

It is the intention of the management to put on only high class attractions and to do everything possible to make the patrons have a good time.

ROCKPORT

Don't fail to read the want ads.

Robert Olmsted left Monday for Arlington to spend the week fishing.

Miss Florence Olmsted returned Tuesday from Chicago where she spent a few weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. W. B. Parks spent Sunday at Arlington.

Mr. E. C. Wilson of Long Pine, Neb., is visiting his father W. A. Wilson.

W. R. Wall and M. B. Thompson took a 96-mile ride around Douglas county Saturday.

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

The Monmouth Parks and Americans will be the opposing teams at the ball park Sunday and a good game is looked for.

Mrs. Albert E. Parmelee and daughters, Pauline and Dorothy, are at Lake Winnipeg, Canada, where they expect to remain two months.

Eam Peterson started to work Monday fixing the 25-foot well on Ted Beecher's place north of town.

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

The Machinery Exhibit at the coming State Fair, Sept. 5th to 9th, will be another record breaker and already all of the lots, except three, are reserved in this section of the fair. Each exhibit will be greatly increased over that of last year, when the greatest show ever made on Nebraska soil was held.

Hemping Drug Co., successor to Bell Drug Co.

Mr. Charles Frost and Miss Katherine Evans of Omaha were guests of the Mandy Lee Poultry farm Sunday.

C. G. Steele of Sioux City was the guest of D. C. Lonergan Tuesday.

Miss Helen Johnston of Omaha is the guest of Miss Elizabeth Platz this week.

Miss Goldie Tuttle was operated on Monday for abscess and at the last account was doing nicely.

Moth balls at Hemping Drug Co.

Masters Harry and Lansing Brisbin and Miss Zerlina Brisbin returned Saturday from Kansas City where they spent the week visiting relatives.

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

The Billikens gave an enjoyable picnic at Wuerth's Sunday. Besides the club members there were present Mr. and Mrs. Fred Hoyer and family, Mr. and Mrs. Lee Bridges and family, Mr. and Mrs. Henry Kessler and family, Mr. and Mrs. Harry White, and Mr. and Mrs. Nels Anderson. An enjoyable time was had and all voted the picnic a big success.

Miss Mathias Wuerth of Des Moines, Iowa, is the guest of her brother, J. M. Wuerth.

John N. Westberg of Omaha was the guest of John B. Brisbin Tuesday.

The best fireworks that can be bought.—Hemping Drug Co.

The Ladies Aid and Missionary society of the Presbyterian church will meet at the home of Mrs. H. Anderson Wednesday, June 29. All ladies invited.

The Island of REGENERATION

By
CYRUS TOWNSEND
and
BRADY
ILLUSTRATIONS BY **RAY WALTERS**

SYNOPSIS.

A young woman cast ashore on a lonely island finds a solitary inhabitant—a young white man, dressed like a savage and unable to speak in any known language. She decides to educate him and mold his mind to her own ideals. She finds evidence that leads her to believe that the man is John Reval Charnock of Virginia, and that he was cast ashore when a child. Katharine Brenton was a highly specialized product of a leading university. Her writings on the sex problem attracted wide attention. The son of a multi-millionaire becomes infatuated with her and they decide to put her theories into practice. A few days on his yacht reveals to her that he only professed lofty ideals to possess her. While drunk he attempts to kiss her. She knocks him down and leaves him unconscious and escapes in the darkness in a gasoline launch. During a storm she is cast ashore on an island. Three years' teaching gives the man a splendid education. Their love for each other is revealed when he rescues her from a cave where she had been imprisoned by an earthquake. A ship is sighted and they light a beacon to summon it. Langford on his yacht puts in. The woman recognizes the yacht and tells her companion that a man on board had injured her in the greatest way. Langford recognizes Katharine. He tells the man that she had been his mistress and narrowly escapes being killed. An American cruiser appears. Officers near the whole story and Langford asks Katharine to marry him. Katharine declares that she will marry no one but her island companion. The latter says he still loves her but that the revelations have made a change. Katharine declares her intention of remaining alone on the island, saying Charnock had failed when the test came.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

And then he discovered that he wanted her more than he had ever desired her before; that she was more necessary to him than ever he had dreamed she would be; that there was no question of honor or duty, indeed, but of love, overwhelming, obsessing. And then he admitted that she was purity, even holiness itself; that he had behaved to her like a cur; that he had been neither grateful, nor kind, nor tender, nor loving. He began to wonder fearfully if, after having failed so egregiously and terribly, there was any possible chance that she could ever care for him again. Fate had brought her into intimate contact, he realized, with two men. One had treated her outrageously in the beginning and had nobly made amends. He hated Langford, and yet his sense of justice forced him to admit that he had played the man at last, while he, the islander, had treated her outrageously and in the end had played the fool. Was there a chance that she would forgive him?

The desire to see her, to plead with her, to beg her forgiveness—not a low desire or a base one, he thanked God—was so great that he could no longer sustain it. He rose to his feet and looked out of the open port hole. The dawn was graying the east. Attired as he was in the loose shirt and trousers in which he had lain down, which were not unlike the tunic that he habitually wore, save that they were of soft, luxurious silk, he opened the door of the cabin, stepped out through the silent ward-room—he had the natural savage art of treading without a sound—ran lightly up the companion ladder and stepped upon the deck. The officer of the watch and his midshipman did not notice him. Their eyes were elsewhere. He ran swiftly across the deck and stopped at the gangway. A marine stood there and started forward as he approached.

"That's my island," said the man. "I'm going to swim off to it, and I don't wish to be followed."

"It's a long swim, sir," ventured the marine, scarcely knowing what to do. He stepped fairly in the gangway as if to bar the exit.

"It is nothing to me," said the man. "Stand aside."

"Mr. Hopkins!" called the marine, turning toward the officer of the deck.

"Aye, aye," came from Mr. Hopkins as he turned and started forward to the gangway.

The next moment the man had seized the marine in a grip which left him helpless, lifted him gently out of the gangway, dropped him carelessly upon the deck and had flashed through the air into the water.

By the time Mr. Hopkins reached the gangway the half-dazed marine had risen to his feet.

"What is it?"

"Why, it's the castaway, sir, the wild man that we brought ashore today."

"Well."

"He said he wanted to swim to the shore and did not want to be followed."

"Why didn't you stop him?"

"I did try, sir, but he picked me up as if I had been a baby and threw me aside and went overboard."

The officer was in a quandary. He had received no orders to prevent the man from going out of the ship. He was not quite sure what his duty was. At any rate, he turned to the boat-swain's mate and bade him call away a crew for the cutter swinging astern. He directed the coxswain to bring the boat to the gangway and then sent the midshipman of the watch below to report the matter to the captain and ask his orders.

Capt. Ashby, as it happened, was awake. He came on deck immediately in his pajamas and received confirmation of the midshipman's extraordinary story from the watch officer. It was light enough now for the waters and

the shore clearly to be seen. The captain stared over the side. He could make out the man's head swimming through the opening in the barrier. He could see the splash that he made in his rapid progress through the quiet seas.

"Mr. Hopkins," he said, after a moment's thought, "tell Mr. Cady—the midshipman of the watch—to take the boat and follow after. If the man gets safely to the shore, they are not to disturb him but to come back and report to me. If, on the contrary, he needs help, they are to take him aboard and bring him back to the ship."

So much time was lost in these various maneuvers, however, that when the order was carried out the boat had scarcely reached the entrance to the barrier when they saw the islander stepping through the shallow waters to the beach. There was, therefore, nothing for Mr. Cady to do but come back and report the matter to the captain. When he reached the deck of the cruiser he found the executive officer with the chaplain and the surgeon who had been summoned from their berths in consultation with the captain. By Mr. Whittaker's advice, he and the chaplain were immediately sent ashore to see what had happened and what was to be done.

There was considerable anxiety in the minds of the quartet who had been dealing with the affair heretofore as to what conditions might be. They did not know the man. They did not know what he might be doing, or to what danger the woman, whom they all pitied most profoundly, might be exposed. Of all with whom he had come in contact, the lieutenant-commander and the chaplain were those who would have the most influence over the man of the island, hence they were dispatched to the island.

Another boat crew was therefore called away and the two gentlemen were rowed ashore. It was not yet sunrise but still sufficiently light to enable them to proceed. They were at a loss at first what to do, for they had not yet had opportunity for exploring the island. They had learned that the cave in which the woman dwelt was upon the other side and that hills rose between the landing place and her abode. They knew, of course, that they could get to it by following the shores of the island, but they had a reasonably accurate idea of its size and they knew that that would take a great deal of time. Time was precious. They were becoming more and more fearful with every moment.

They decided, therefore, to chance a direct march over the hill and across the island. By great good fortune they stumbled into the path which was now sufficiently defined in the growing light to enable them to follow it. They climbed the hill as rapidly as was consistent with the strength of the chaplain, who was a rather old man, and then having reached the top went down the other side almost at a run.

As they broke out from under the palm trees, they saw a dark object in the gray dawn lying upon the sands at the water's edge. It was a human being undoubtedly. As they ran toward it with quickening heart beats they recognized it as the man. He was lying motionless as if he had been struck dead. In a brief space they reached him. The lieutenant-commander knelt down by his side and turned him over upon his back. He was as senseless as if he had been smitten with a thunder bolt.

"Is he alive?" asked the chaplain, bending over him.

Mr. Whittaker's hand searched his heart.

"It beats feebly," he said. "He seems to have fainted, collapsed in some strange way. I wish we had brought the surgeon. I wonder what can be the cause of it?"

"Look!" said the chaplain.

He pointed to a little heap of something dark on the sands a foot or two away.

"What is it?" asked the officer.

The chaplain stepped over to it.

"It is the clothes of the woman," he said in an awe-struck voice, "and that Bible we were to take away with us with the other things but which she said she would give us in the morning."

"Great heaven," exclaimed Mr. Whittaker, "you don't think—"

At the same instant the same thought had come to both men.

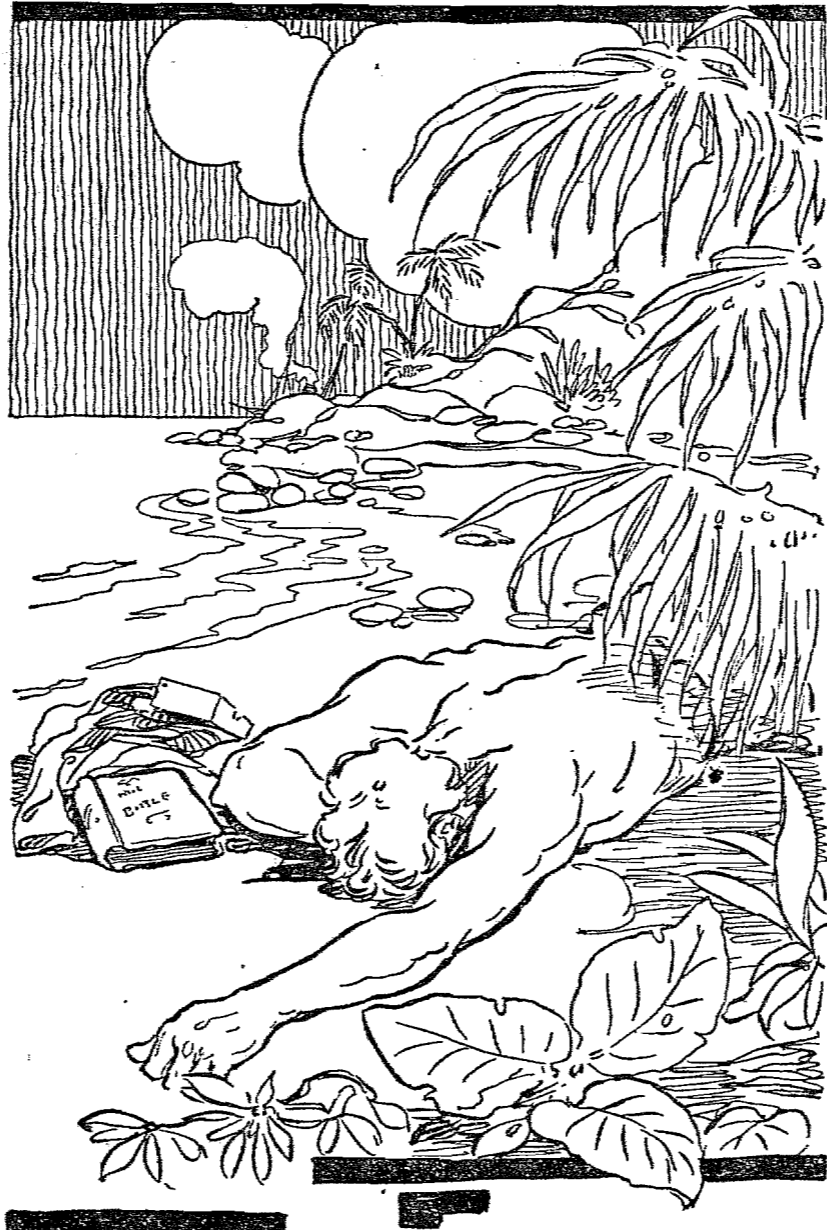
"It looks like it," said the chaplain with bated breath. "Poor woman, may God help her!"

"That is what is the matter with him," returned the lieutenant-commander. "He has sought her in her cave and has not found her. He has discovered these things and he knows that she is gone. The shock has almost killed him."

"What is to be done now?"

Here the man of action interposed. "Do you watch by him, chaplain," said the lieutenant-commander, rising. "I will go back to the landing upon the other side and send for the doctor. Then we will bring a party ashore and search every foot of the island. It is a bad business. To think of that woman offering herself to this man in vain. The fool!"

"Don't," said the chaplain. "He is not much more than a child in spite of all that he has learned. We must make allowances for him. He did love her, evidently. Look to what her loss has brought him. Perhaps stricken by the hand of God his soul has gone out to meet hers."



Lying Upon the Sands.

"Well, we must fight for his life anyway. Do you stay here. I will be back in a short time."

The lieutenant-commander rose to his feet and started back across the island without another word.

The chaplain composed the members of the stricken man, putting him in a comfortable position on the warm sand, then knelt down and began to pray. It seemed a long time to the waiting priest before his shipmate returned, and yet but a short time had elapsed. He came up panting from the violence of his exertions.

"I have sent the cutter back for the surgeon. I told the men to row for their lives. I gave the midshipman in charge an account of what we had found and begged the captain to send parties ashore to search the island. What of the man?"

"He breathes still," said the chaplain. "I should think he was in some kind of syncope. His heart evidently was affected. He has had no preparation for such violent strains. The things which are usual and ordinary with us and which, I take it, indurate us to the greater things of life have been conspicuous by their absence in his case and he has not been able to bear up under the sudden shock."

"Those clothes, have you examined them?"

"No," said the chaplain, "it has been too dark in the first place, and—"

"I will look at them," said Mr. Whittaker. "Perhaps we may find some new clew in them."

The lieutenant-commander stooped over the pathetic little heap of worn garments. There were the blouse, the skirt, the stockings, and the worn and torn white shoes. The Bible lay upon them as if to weigh them down, and they had been placed well above the reach of the highest tide. The tide was then just coming in to the island. The Bible had been opened and laid face downward on the clothes. Mr. Whittaker lifted it up reverently. He observed as he did so that his own pencil, which he had left, he now remembered, with the woman, lay beneath the open book. On the blank leaves between the Old and New Testaments something was written. No mention of any writing had been made in the affidavit of the night before. He lifted it, turned his back toward the east where the sun was just on the verge of rising, and studied it out.

"Do you find anything?" asked the chaplain.

"There is writing on this page," said the younger man. "I can just make it out."

"Man," he read slowly, studying each word in the dim light. "I loved you. In one sense, in your sense, I was unworthy of you, perhaps, but not in mine. You alone had my heart. The past was a frightful mistake for which I should not be blamed, but for which I must suffer. I tried you with the world by your side. The world was kind, but you were not. You broke my soul and killed something within me which I had thought dead, but which you had revived. No power could revive it again. I cannot marry Langford, for I do not love him. I will not marry you, for you do not love me. I will not go back to the world now. I have no desire to do so and I cannot live alone with you upon the island. You will not go without me, and so I will go first by myself alone. You will think of me, I know, in the great world. Perhaps you will judge yourself harshly, but I do not judge you at all. You did not know, you did not

understand. It came too suddenly upon you. You cannot forget me, but do not repine over me and remember to the very last that I loved you. Good-by. May God bless you, and may he pity me!"

Underneath she had written the impersonal name which he had loved to call her, "Woman."

So characteristic was the letter that that superscription was supererogatory thought Mr. Whittaker. Only a woman could have written it. She had gone out of his life, because with her in it there was no solution of it for him, because—how pitiful it sounded there in the gray of that morning in that lone island to those two men!—because he did not love her. And she had gone out of it with excuses for him on her lips and love for him in her heart. No wonder that, divining this which he had not seen, realizing only that she was gone, he had been stricken as he was.

The doctor arrived presently. He ordered the man, still unconscious, to be taken back to the ship where he would do what he could toward reviving him and pulling him through this great and terrible crisis that had come upon him. The chaplain went with him, conceiving his duty to be in attendance upon the living rather than searching for the dead.

The captain, with the other officers, brought 100 men to the shore. The island was systematically searched. It was all open. There was no place of concealment, but not a foot of it was left unvisited. Again and again the men traversed the island. They found nothing, absolutely nothing. The woman had vanished and left no trace.

In the search, and made quite frantic by the necessity of it, Langford joined. Indeed, he would not be persuaded that the woman he had treated so badly, whom he had hunted so determinedly, whom he had loved so truly, who had rejected him finally, was dead, but even he gave up at last.

Taking with them the evidence to substantiate the woman's affidavit and to establish, if so be it were possible, the man's claim, and taking with them also the bones of his mother, not forgetting what remained of the faithful dog, which the captain caused to be exhumed from the ruined boat, as night fell the Cheyenne steamed away to the northeast, followed not long after by the Southern Cross. The two vessels went slowly, as if the souls that animated them were reluctant to leave the gemlike island where they had chanced upon so much that was idyllic, so much that was romantic; and where they had seen so great a tragedy of misfortune and despair.

Below in the cabin, under the care of the surgeon and chaplain, lay the islander in the frightful throes of a racking fever of the brain. He babbled of the woman and knew not where he was or whether he was being borne.

CHAPTER XXI.

The Resurrection.

The little island lay quiet and still under the rising sun. No footfall pressed its bosky glades, beneath the shadows of its spreading palms, no human being sought shelter from the sun's fierce rays, no words were echoed back from its jutting crags, no figures flashed across its shaming sands. Soundless it lay save for the cry of the bird and the rustle of the gentle wind across its hills. For well-nigh 30 years it had not been so

abandoned. Two days past it had resounded with the cries of men scaling its heights, crashing through its copices, calling a name, beseeching an answer. Two days before great ships had drifted idly under its lee. It had been the center and focus of great events. Now it lay desolate, alone.

On that morning the tide which had drawn away from it through the long night had turned and was coming back. The force of the water spent itself upon the barrier. Within the lagoon it lay placid, rising gently inch by inch in mighty overflow. A watcher, had there been one, would have seen at sunrise the still water of the lagoon broken by a ripple, a keen eye might have noticed at the base of the cliff where it ran sheer down into the blue, a dark object moving beneath the surface. The eye could scarcely have become aware of its presence before the waters parted. A little splash and a head rose dark crowned, white faced. There was a sidewise wave and shake of the head and a pair of eyes opened. The blue of the water was lightened by flashes of white arms. As the body rose higher under the impetus of strokes, vigorous yet graceful, it could be seen that it was that of a woman.

With ease and grace the figure swam along the base of the cliff until it was joined by a jutting spit of sand which widened and widened into a great strip of beach that ran around the island. Upon this sand presently the shallowing of the water gave the swimmer a foothold. Progress ceased. With eyes haggard, yet keenly alert, the sea, the shore, the beach, the cliffs, the trees were eagerly searched. The long glances revealed nothing. Then the head was turned and the ear listened for sounds and heard nothing. The look of apprehension faded into one of dull relief.

Walking now, the woman in the water made her way toward the sand. Very white she gleamed in the full warm light streaming from the risen sun against the background of the dark black rock. The water dripping from her exquisitely graceful limbs, she looked a very nymph of the sea as she stepped out at last above the high tide line and stood poised as if for flight upon the hard and solid shore. Again she threw about her that quick, apprehensive look. Again she paused to listen. Reassured in that she heard and saw nothing but the bird's song, the wind's sigh, the wave's splash, she ran swiftly toward a blacker opening in the dark rock. She gleamed whiter still in the entrance for a moment and then disappeared. She came forth presently still unclothed, a look of disappointment on her face.

She had many things to do, much to occupy her mind, but the first duty that lay to her hand and the first instinct which she followed was that her nakedness should be covered.

Still warily watchful, still keenly alert, still fearful apparently of interruption or observation, she ran across the beach, her movement as free, as graceful, as rapid as she had been atalanta herself, and disappeared under the trees. The whirr of birds disturbed might have marked her passage.

After some time she appeared on the top of the high bare hill that crowned the island. She had improvised for herself a covering out of three or four great fern leaves, soft and pliable, which she fastened with palm fibers from shoulder to knee on either side, her bare shoulders rising from the rich greenness like white corolla from its verdant calyx. She went more assuredly, now, partly because of the fact that she was clothed and partly because her first rapid survey of the horizon revealed the fact that the ships were gone. She was glad that this was so, and yet when the realization came upon her, she flung herself down on the grassy crest and gave way to voiceless agony. Sometimes there is nothing so terrible, she realized, as prayer granted, as desire accomplished, as undertaking brought to conclusion. The awfulness of success was upon her in that hour. Her ruse had worked. Her object had been attained, yet the achievement gave her no pleasure.

Her own acts had parted her irrevocably forever from the world and the one man in it who was the world for her. He was gone. She who had made him had sent him forth among his fellows. She had sacrificed herself, buried herself alive for him. She felt as a mother might who experiences birth pangs and knows that with every throeb of tearing anguish her own life ebbs away, passes into the new life which she ushers into the world and gives to men.

She had long hours for thought in those two days in that cave whose mouth the waters hid. She had schooled herself to face light and life without him when she emerged from her cunning hiding place. She had waited the long period in order to make absolutely certain that they would be gone. And yet, despite herself, a little gleam of hope, a bare possibility that he might be there still, had lingered in her soul and leavened the awfulness of her grief. Now it was gone. It had sunk beneath the horizon even as the ships had disappeared. She had been bitter against him. Her soul had revolted because he had failed. She had told herself that he was not worthy of her. She forgot these things in that profound and desolate moment. She knew only that she loved him. When she could think of other things than he, the



mere bodily presence of the man, the look of him, the sound of his voice, the pressure of his lips, the clasp of his arms, she began to realize that as he grew older, unless she was so absolutely mistaken in him as to make all estimate of him mockery, he would realize the falsity of his view, the littleness of his action, and if he were in truth the man whom she could rightly love, his years would be one long regret that he had failed. What would happen when he realized that, when he came to the knowledge that she was indeed all that she had seemed and that he had been nothing that he should? She knew, as she had written, that the man would never, could never, forget her; that wherever he went and whatever he did, she would be present with him; that she had stamped herself too indelibly upon his heart for any attrition with humanity, however close and persistent, to erase the image. He would come back perhaps.

"O God!" she knelt down and stretched out her arms, "bring him back," she prayed—a few short, broken words, lacking the eloquence of long and studied petition, the appeal of the heart every throeb of which is a prayer—"bring him back to me!"

She thought that she would have had him back on any terms. She said that she had been mad, a fool, not to have taken him, not to have gone to him, not to have married him in any way, with any conditions, under any circumstances. All her thoughts were merged in one great passionate longing to be with him.

For the first time in her life the pangs of jealousy tore her breast. She thought of him in the world with other men, with other women, young, handsome, a perfect godlike form and face of man, rich, the wildest romance with its charm and mystery to attract. His story could not be hid, neither could hers. The man would be courted, sought after, made much over, beloved. It would be enough to turn the head of a saint. How would he stand it? Would the recollection of her make him strong? Would that God in whom he and she both had trusted until the crisis came, lead him in the straight path? Would her purity, her sweetness—stop! would he think her thus dowered and possessed? Not now, certainly, but every hour that took him farther from her would add to his knowledge and would tell him the truth and these would help him.

She pictured him, not happy away from her, overwhelmed by her death surely, saddened beyond present comfort it must be, yet so occupied that insensibly his grief would be lightened by the only thing after all that makes life bearable in certain contingencies, and that is work. Work! She, too, had work to do.

She rose to her feet doggedly as she thought of that and considered what she could do. Her eyes fell upon the ashes of the signal fire. She contemplated it as the specter of some Hindu woman whose body had been burned upon such an affair might look upon her pyre. It was she who had lighted the beacon. Her hand had called the world to her side. She thought how he had begged her not to do so, how he had declared himself content and happy to live with her alone—the world forgetting, by the world forgot! For the first time she broke down completely. She buried her face in her hands, her body reeled and shook with sobs, the tears trickled through her fingers.

She must make another beacon, she thought. And then it came to her that they had taken away the flint and steel. She had no means of lighting it. That realization developed other thoughts. Her Bible was gone; her clothes were gone; her toilet articles, her scissors, her watch, her knife. They had taken everything. They had left her nothing, absolutely nothing.

CHAPTER XXII.

Unavailing Appeal.

She slept late the next morning. In the first place being upon the western side of the island, there was no flooding burst of sunlight through the open door to disturb her quiet slumber. In the second place she was so worn out and exhausted, she had had so little sleep in the past three days that imperative nature forced her into rest. She might have slept longer indeed, but that she was awakened by a great cry, a human voice calling her name. She opened her eyes and saw within the dimness of the cave a human figure, vaguely white in the darkness. For one fleeting instant she imagined that it might be he, but that hope was dispelled as quickly as it had been born. She recognized the voice it was Langford's.

"Kate," he said approaching her more nearly and bending over her "are you alive then?"

He reached down and touched her hand where it lay across the fern leaves on her breast. His touch summoned her bewildered faculties to action. Brushing his hand aside she

"It is I," she

"Y—"

A Protection Against the Heat.
When you begin to think it's a personal matter between you and the sun to see which is the hotter, buy yourself a glass or a bottle of Coca-Cola. It is cooling—relieves fatigue and quenches the thirst. Wholesome as the purest water and lots nicer to drink. At soda fountains and carbonated in bottles—5c everywhere. Send 2c stamp for booklet "The Truth About Coca-Cola" and the Coca-Cola Baseball Record Book for 1910. The latter contains the famous poem "Casey At The Bat," records, schedules for both leagues, and other valuable baseball information compiled by authorities. Address The Coca-Cola Co., Atlanta, Ga.

According to Her Count.
"Yes," said the young wife, "Phillip and I have lived together a whole year, and we've never had the slightest quarrel."
"What are you talking about! You and Phillip were married seven years ago!"
"To be sure we were, but you forget that he's a traveling salesman."

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.
F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.
WALDEN, KIRKMAN & MARTIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Not Transferable.
Miss A. had on a skirt of delicate fawn color, which the others coveted.
"Do bequeath that skirt to me, Miss A.," said one friend; "it matches a waist of mine exactly."
"I don't see what you want of this old skirt," Miss A. replied. "It's on its last legs now."—Success Magazine.

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

Right Name at Last.
"Let me show you our latest novelty," said the clerk in the haberdashery. "Here is the 'north pole' collar button. Named in honor of Cook and Peary."
"By Jove!" laughed the humorous customer. "They couldn't find a better name for a collar button."
"Why not?"
"Because it is so hard to locate."

Good Scheme.
"It's a shame," commented the friend of the restaurant proprietor.
"What's a shame?" asked the restaurant man in surprise.
"Why, that you should give that pretty waitress all the tough steaks for the patrons at her table."
"Oh, I pay her extra for that. You see she is so pretty not one man would kick if the steaks were so tough they pulled his teeth out."

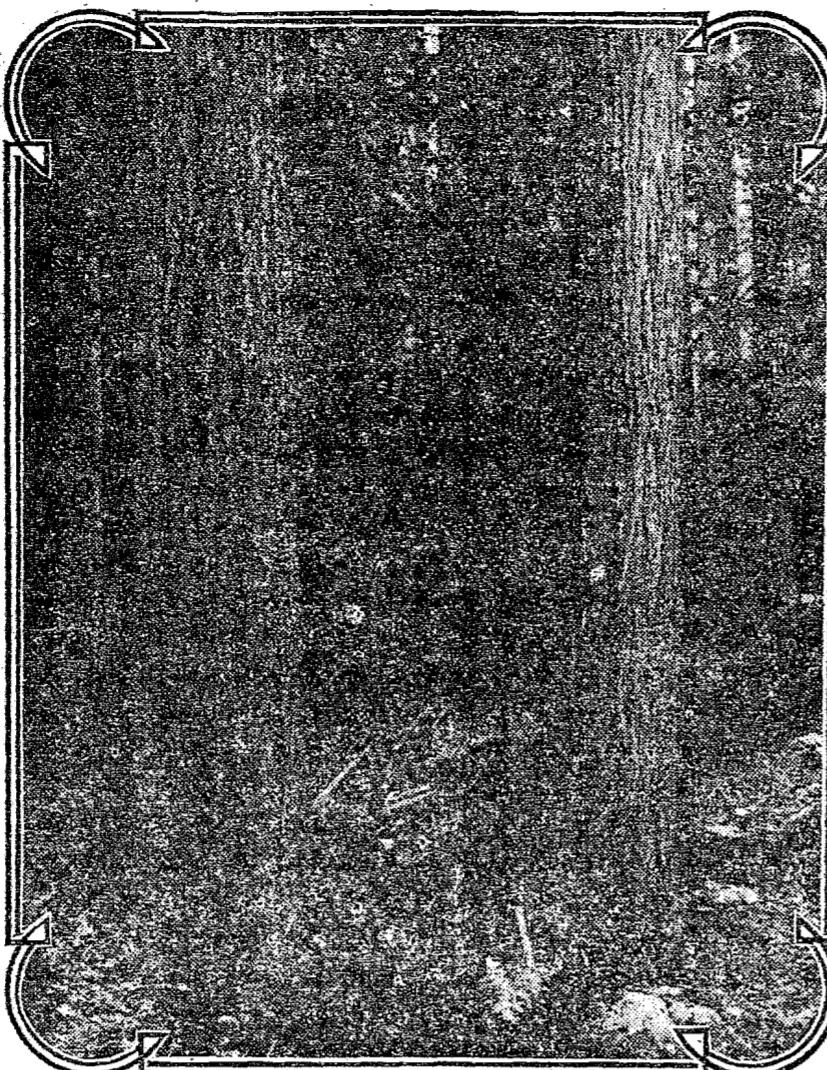
Why He Whitewashed.
A country doctor tells a story of a man who moved into a dilapidated old cottage, and was found by the doctor busily whitewashing it inside and out.
"I'm glad to see you making this old place so nice and neat," said the physician, "it's been an eyesore in the neighborhood for years."
"Tain't nothing to me about eyesores," was the reply. "The last couple what lived here had twins three times, and I hope whitewash is a good disinfectant. Ye see we've got ten children."

Honored by the Governor.
Effusive compliments have been paid to Governor Marshall many times, but it remained for an old Irish woman to cap the climax.
The governor met her at a funeral which he attended the other day and she was full of reverence for the Indiana executive.
"Ah," she said, "an 'tis the gov'nor," and she swallowed up the governor's slim right hand in her own right hand, made large and muscular by many days of toil. "Yis, 'tis the gov'nor, an' it's glad I am to see ye, gov'nor, an' indade the corpse is honored by your princine."—Indianapolis News.

The Major's Value.
Gen. W. H. Lemon of the Grand Army of the Republic was recounting at a dinner at Lawrence, Kan., tales of the Civil war.
"Major Bunks," he said, smiling, "was a pompous chap. The boys had a good deal of fun once over his exchange.
"It seems that on a very dark night a stalwart confederate took the major prisoner. This fact, together with the narrative of the prisoner's return to camp, was signaled to headquarters tersely.
"Major Bunks, captured during night march, exchanged later for two plugs tobacco."

Missions as a Commercial Investment.
Missions are the greatest investment that can be made to bring returns in material as well as spiritual things. The United States holds over one-third of the total banking power of the world; \$25,000,000,000 is in the hands of Christians, and \$50,000,000 would not be too much to give yearly to spreading the Gospel in the far east. Every missionary sent to the foreign field pays back a thousand fold. There is no trade-opener equal to the Gospel. If boards of trade and chambers of commerce would finance the presentation of the Gospel to heathen lands, it would pay enormously.—Christian Herald.

LITTLE KNOWN DISTRICT



CALIFORNIA STAGE ROAD

IN THE quiet succeeding the uproar until recently emanating from the camps of Nevada, there becomes audible a modest plea for recognition from a comparatively unknown region of northern California.

One of the most promising of these districts is that comprising the western fourth of Siskiyou county, the adjacent portions of Humboldt and Del Norte and the northern part of Trinity, a compact area approximately 2,500 square miles. The Klamath, the Scott, the Salmon—the north and south forks of the last named—and the New rivers traverse this territory, and with their numerous tributaries constitute its drainage system.

To the professional, as to the casual mining operator, it will appear as a surprising fact that approximately half of this great area, or 1,200 square miles is virgin ground to the miner—unprospected and unappropriated public land. That this unknown area is rich in mineral is beyond question, since those regions, north, south, east and west, so far explored, are uniformly and heavily mineralized.

Geographically, this district divides itself into three sections—the "Klamath," the "Salmon," the "New river." Mineralogically there are but two sections, the "Klamath" and the "Salmon," the "New river" lying immediately south of and its formation being identical with that of the "Salmon."

In the Klamath, the base ores—iron, copper and cinnabar—predominate, in the "Salmon" occur free milling gold ores almost exclusively, with no base; and to the writer's knowledge but one complex ore has been encountered, a high-grade \$700 telluride accompanying very rich "specimen" gold.

The "Salmon," properly so-called, extends from the Salmon mountains summit to the east approximately thirty miles west into Humboldt county, and from just north of the North fork of the Salmon river south 20 miles to the Trinity mountains' summit, where the "New river" section begins. This great, heavily mineralized area, including "New river," has mostly been merely scratched over, only a very small portion has been fairly prospected. In no case has anything approaching intelligent and systematic underground exploration been carried out.

The prevailing rocks are those of California's mother lode, and of Nevada county—metaphoric and auriferous slates (including mariposite) granite, porphyry and diorite. The quartz, with few exceptions constituting the vein matter, is identical in character, structure and contained matter with that of the last regions named, where deep workings have demonstrated the permanency of such veins in these enclosing rocks, and also the important fact that the ore's free milling character persists to great depth. The ores of the "Salmon," as has been said, are almost wholly free milling, usually carrying one to three per cent. of high grade concentrates in the form of iron pyrites, galena and zinc blende.

Many veins of this section are blind, or nearly so, cropping only at intervals and then to no great extent, which accounts, somewhat, for the retarded development. In the nature of things this condition is to be expected. The surface is exceedingly rugged, heavily timbered and brushy. The precipitous slopes usually carry a heavy over-burden of talus and soil. All this has its ultimate advantages, as it implies unlimited timber supply,

WASHINGTON GOSSIP



Strange Inventions at Patent Office



WASHINGTON.—Labor-saving devices are always in demand; the thousand inventors of this country are all devoting 90 per cent. of their time to producing such things, each in the hope of winning for himself fame and fortune, cash and credit," said a patent attorney the other day in Washington.

"One of the strangest of these schemes to lighten the world's work is a patent recently obtained by an ingenious person in Des Moines, Ia. It is called the self-tipping hat, and is designed to save the popular person from the fatiguing labor of removing his hat every time he meets one of the fair sex with whom he is acquainted.

"Much valuable energy is utilized in tipping the hat repeatedly," says the inventor, "and my device will relieve one of it and at once cause the hat to be lifted from the head in a natural manner." It is a novel device, in other words, "for effecting polite salutations by the elevation and rotation of the hat on the head of the saluting party, when said person bows to the person saluted, the actuation of the hat being produced by mechanism within it, and without the use of the hands in any manner."

"No truly rural person ever could

have been responsible for the invention of eyeglasses for chickens, which was protected by United States patents recently. The glasses are modeled much after the fashion of grandpa's "specs," the nose rest being enlarged to go over the chicken's head, while the ear hooks are joined in the back.

"No claim is made that the chicken's eyesight is poor, or that magnifiers ever are needed that it may the better discover the reluctant worm or the elusive bug, but the inventor does say that the glasses are designed to prevent chickens pecking out each other's eyes." The inventor's attempt to enforce all chickens to wear the device by legislative action in Kansas did not succeed, I may say.

"Members of secret societies, who sometimes may be put to much trouble to secure a sufficiently irascible goat for the purpose of initiating new members to their respective lodges, will be glad to learn that the inventive genius of America has come to their assistance. The device is a mechanical goat, which can be put in the closet when not needed; that requires no feeding and practically no care. Also, it may be handled by its keeper without fear of consequences.

"The candidate, blindfolded, is led to the side of the animal, and on it he takes his seat, placing his feet in stirrups on either side. As the goat is pushed about the lodgeroom a series of wheels and rods, geared to the wheels on which it runs, causes the animal to buck and rear in a fearful manner, keeping the candidate in continual danger of being shaken off.

How One Senator Viewed the Comet



"I HAD no particular interest in Halley or his comet," says Senator Simmons of North Carolina, "but Mrs. Simmons had. Every morning while the papers were full of the phenomenon, we would get up at two or three o'clock. Then Mrs. Simmons would lead me to a window and point out a dark line in the sky. It didn't look much of a comet to me, but she insisted that it was, and I took her word for it.

One morning we went through our regular performance. The more I looked then the less I was convinced that we had seen the comet at all. At length, after an investigation, I discovered that our 'comet' was the dim outline of a church steeple against the sky. Nice performance for a dignified senator to rise every morning to look at a steeple."

All of the members of the house are not acquainted with each other, and this often leads to funny mistakes.

Oklahoma Kids See Sights of Capital



THE unusual privilege of the floor of the house of representatives was granted to Louis and Temple Abernathy, sons of United States Marshal "Jack" Abernathy of Frederick, Okla., a few days ago. The boys, who are nine and six respectively, rode their ponies from their home in Oklahoma to New York, where they were to meet their friend, Colonel Roosevelt. On their way they stopped in Washington for a few days.

"Uncle Joe" Cannon was responsible for the appearance of Louis and Temple on the floor. They wore their sombreroes and long cowboy pants tucked into boots, and the six-year-old had upon the front of his top piece a deputy United States marshal's badge. They were the breeziest things in the juvenile line to have struck Capitol hill recently. The congressmen gasped

Millionaire Soldier Causes Big Stir



THEY are fussed up out at Fort Myer, where the cavalry has its headquarters. Recently a Washington youth, who got tired of his ways and the ways of the world in general, and who had sufficient money to go those ways swiftly, decided to enlist. He did so in the ordinary manner. Then one day when he had leave an automobile was drawn up outside of the fort and the recruit sauntered out and got into it. The officers saw him driven away, and their amazement was considerable. The lines are definitely drawn at the fort. There are several streets with square houses

and neat lawns in front. In these houses the officers live. The privates mess together in the big main building in the inclosure. The officers couldn't quite see a private coming to and from headquarters in a machine, because he was entitled to certain leaves, and when he got them he was at liberty to ride in a balloon if he so chose.

Then, to cap the climax, one night there was a ball at a swagger downtown hotel. It was given by members of the "set" in which the young soldier had been wont to move. He was invited and he went. The officers cast many icy stares his way, but he let them go. So far there has been a lot of talk in officers' row at Fort Myer, but there has been no action. It is saddening to a glib-brad man's heart to see a thing like this and to be able to do nothing about it.



Libby's Vienna Sausage

is distinctly different from any other sausage you ever tasted. Just try one can and it is sure to become a frequent necessity.

Libby's Vienna Sausage just suits for breakfast, is fine for luncheon and satisfies at dinner or supper. Like all of Libby's Food Products, it is carefully cooked and prepared, ready to serve, in Libby's Great White Kitchen—the cleanest, most scientific kitchen in the world.

Other popular, ready-to-serve Libby Pure Foods are:

- Cooked Corned Beef
- Peerless Dried Beef
- Veal Loaf
- Evaporated Milk
- Baked Beans
- Chow Chow
- Mixed Pickles

Insist on Libby's at your grocer's.

Libby, McNeill & Libby
Chicago

WESTERN CANADA

What J. I. Hill, the Great Railroad Magnate, Says About Its Wheat-Producing Power



Upwards of 125 Million Bushels of Wheat

were harvested in 1909. Average of the three provinces of Alberta, Saskatchewan and Manitoba will be upwards of 23 bushels per acre. Free homesteads of 160 acres, and adjoining pre-emptions of 160 acres (at \$5 per acre, are to be had in the choicest districts. Schools, convenient, climate excellent, soil the very best, railways close at hand, building lumber cheap, fuel easy to get and reasonable in price, water easily procured, mixed farming a success. Write us to best place for settlement, settlement, low railway rates, descriptive literature "Last Best West" sent free on application, and our information, to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to the Canadian Government Agent.

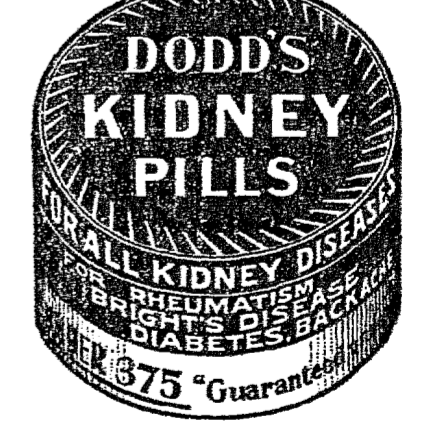
W. V. BENNETT
Room 4 Box 512, Omaha, Neb.
(Use address nearest you).

Not a Musician.
"What is a man called who plays a saxophone?"
"You mean what does he call himself or what do his hearers call him?"

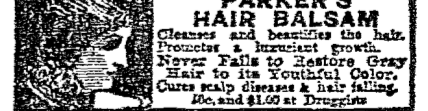
Wanted to Know the Worst.
"Well, doctor, boy or girl?"
"My dear sir, you are the father of triplets."
"Sure you haven't missed any in your hurried count?"

Constipation causes and seriously aggravates many diseases. It throws nerves out of Dr. Pierce's Peppermint. Tiny sugar-coated granules.

Search others for their virtues, and thyself for thy vices.—Fuller.



It afflicts with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water



30 ft. Bowels—
Biggest organ of the body—the bowels—and the most important—It's got to be looked after—neglect means suffering and years of misery. CASCARETS help nature keep every part of your bowels clean and strong—then they act right—means health to your whole body.

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City Clerk.....John Bondeesson
City Treasurer.....George Siert
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....John Lubold
City Marshal.....Aaron Marr
Councilmen.
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Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

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second Monday evening in each month.
Ludwig Imm, President; C. E. Kelly,
Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A.
Golding, Chief.

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



Florence, Nebr., Friday, June 24, 1910

BRAIN STORMS

It's too hot to work anyway.

This is the open season for circuses

Satisfy your wants with a Tribune
want ad.

Don't kick about it being hot. Just
go fishing.

This must be the good old summer-
time you were wishing for.

Cheer up, the fourth will soon be
here and you can shoot off all you
want.

In the meantime it might be a good
thing to cut the weeds along the
streets and sidewalks.

The action of the council in enforcing
the impounding of animals or-
dinance is a step in the right direc-
tion.

Now let everybody turn in and help
make the Veterans enjoy their annual
encampment here in Florence in
August.

When Florence does a thing she
does it right and that is why the
veterans are again coming here for
their annual encampment.

A want ad is a very nifty thing but
there is no question as to it doing
the business and if you have a want
satisfy it with a Tribune want ad.

If everyone in Florence would put
in a good word for the city every
time they get a chance it wouldn't be
long before we would double in popu-
lation and wealth.

Fort Calhoun is to celebrate the
Fourth of July and promises a good
time to all who come. Well, Florence
will send a party up that will help
wake things up.

The sight of the James B. McPherson
navigating the Missouri river re-
called to old timers the time when
many boats went up and down the
river. The time is coming when there
will be many boats on the river.

Fred Bruening has filed for county
commissioner. This is the same Bru-
ning who promised to vote for the
fixing of the roads around Florence
and then voted against it when the
matter was up for official disposition.

Just as word comes from the Com-
moner office that sufficient pledges
have been made to pass the initiative
and referendum law Governor Shallen-
berger says he will not call a special
session of the legislature. What's
the answer?

The fatal automobile accident in
Omaha Tuesday demonstrates the wis-
dom of making autoists observe the
speed limit. Especially should this be
done on the Calhoun road and Daven-
port street where one of the most
dangerous curves in the country is lo-
cated.

Cracklin' Bread.
In a divorce case at Mexico the
plaintiff criticised his wife's cooking
and complained that she put "cracklin'
bread" before him to eat. His lawyer
was laying great stress upon this point
and was particularly severe with the
wife for serving this homely yet savory
bread, which is peculiarly palatable to
native Missourians, when Judge Bar-
nett interrupted him with the ques-
tion:
"Mr. Attorney, did you ever eat
"cracklin' bread?"
"No, sir," came the prompt and
somewhat emphatic reply.
"I thought not," said the judge, and
there was a ripple of laughter all over
the courtroom, which showed that
"cracklin' bread" was not foreign to
the appetites of those present, inclu-
ding the court.

MAN'S DAYS FULL OF SORROW

According to Pessimistic Writer, His
Troubles May All Be Traced to
One Source.

Man born of woman is of few
days—days full of women.
In his infancy, women trot him upon
their knees when he wisheth to lie in
his cradle and think. They give him
hugs and kisses when he thirsteth for
milk. And lo, when he hath grown
lusty and strong and his soul craveth
paressees, they give him the merry
ha ha!

In the days of his childhood he
riseth to be spanked by a nurse. At
eventide he saith his prayers in the
shadow of a slipper upheld by the
hand that rocketh the cradle.
The days of his youth are darkened
because many women give him the
mitten; and the years of his manhood
are embittered because one woman
did not.

He goeth forth in the morning—to
be sued for breach of promise.
At high noon, still a man though
sadly harried, he seeketh refuge on
the altar; and behold, he emergeth
from the sanctuary but the half of a
woman.

He seeketh his bed at night, and
lo, how the woman with the serpent's
tongue stingeth his ear!
He acquireth a mistress by mar-
riage, and loseth her by divorce.
By toil he accumulath a pile, and
hath it halved by alimony. This he
repeateth many times until he think-
eth: "Verily, it were better to wed a
rich grass widow and feed upon the
succulent green herbage all the days
of my life."

But lo, the widest pasture hath a
fence, which soon becometh an of-
fense.
Like a caged gamecock, he panteth
for freedom—and flieth the coop—
Terrell Love Holliday, in Smart Set.

Like a caged gamecock, he panteth
for freedom—and flieth the coop—
Terrell Love Holliday, in Smart Set.

SERMONS FOR THE CHILDREN

Brooklyn Pastor Seeking to Make
Services Attractive to His
Smaller Auditors.

Rev. Dr. Robert MacDonald, pas-
tor of the Washington Avenue Baptist
church, began Sunday a series of eight
children's sermons, covering the Sun-
days of May and June. Doctor Mac-
Donald thus explains how the idea
came to him: "This decision is based
upon a very sweet and touching in-
cident. A few Sabbaths ago a little boy
of five years was induced by his
mother to attend church. He being
fond of having stories told him, was
influenced toward the church service
by the statement that Pastor MacDon-
ald was going to tell a story. The lit-
tle fellow paid strictest attention 20
minutes, then looking up into his
mother's face, said: 'Mamma, his
story is pretty long.' After the 30-
minutes sermon he came across the
church where the minister was speak-
ing to one of the congregation, ex-
claiming: 'Hulloa, Mr. MacDonald, I
like your story.' Noticing the little
chap at church the following Sabbath,
we crowded the sermon into 25 min-
utes, and going to him said: 'Well,
how did you like it? To which he
answered: 'That story was all right.'
It has dawned upon the pastor that a
10-minute story would please that
bright boy and a good many other
bright boys and girls. We will try
our hand at this difficult problem next
Sabbath morning. Bring your chil-
dren and be sure they remain to tell
the minister after the service how
they liked the story.'—Brooklyn
Eagle.

ORDINANCE NO. 278.

Introduced by Councilman C. H. Allen,
June 20, 1910.

An ordinance levying a tax for all
purposes in the City of Florence, Ne-
braska, for the fiscal year commencing
on the first Tuesday in May, 1910, and
ending the first Tuesday in May, 1911.
BE IT ORDAINED by the Mayor and
Council of the City of Florence:
Section 1. That a tax of ten mills on
the dollar of the taxable property of
the City of Florence, Nebraska, be and
the same hereby is levied on the tax-
able property of said city for gen-
eral purposes, for the fiscal year com-
mencing on the first Tuesday in May,
1910, and ending on the first Tuesday
in May, 1911.

Section 2. That a tax of 6 mills on the
dollar of the taxable property of the
City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the
same is hereby levied on the tax-
able property of said city for water
fund and hydrant rentals for the fiscal
year commencing on the first Tuesday
in May, 1910, and ending the first
Tuesday in May, 1911.

Section 3. That a tax of 5 mills on the
dollar of the taxable property of the
City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the
same is hereby levied on the tax-
able property of said city for city
lighting purposes for the fiscal year
commencing on the first Tuesday in
May, 1910, and ending on the first
Tuesday in May, 1911.

Section 4. That a tax of 2 mills on the
dollar of the taxable property of the
City of Florence, Nebraska, be and the
same is hereby levied on the tax-
able property of said city for park
fund for the fiscal year commencing
on the first Tuesday in May, 1910, and
ending on the first Tuesday in May,
1911.

Section 5. This ordinance shall take
effect and be in force from and after
its passage.
Passed and approved this 20th day
of June, 1910.

F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
Attest:
JOHN BONDEESSON, City Clerk.
J 24 J

ORDINANCE NO. 279.

Introduced by Councilman J. H. Price,
June 20, 1910.

An ordinance making appropri-
ations of money for the current ex-
penses of the City of Florence, Ne-
braska, for the fiscal year commencing
the first Tuesday in May, 1910,
and ending on the first Tuesday in
May, 1911.

BE IT ORDAINED by the Mayor and
Council of the City of Florence:
Section 1. That there is hereby ap-
propriated from the public moneys of
the City of Florence, Nebraska, for
the fiscal year commencing on the
first Tuesday in May, 1910, and ending
on the first Tuesday in May, 1911, for
the following purposes, the sums of
money hereinafter specified in figures
to-wit:

For street and alley fund.....\$3,560
For city water fund.....1,000
For electric lighting fund.....1,200
For officers salaries.....1,690
For park fund and for miscel-
laneous purposes.....1,300

Total.....\$9,550
Sec. 2. This ordinance shall take
effect and be in force from and after
its passage.

Passed and approved this.....day of
June, 1910.

F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
Attest:
JOHN BONDEESSON, City Clerk.
J 24 J



One Foot of Good Lumber

is worth two of the other kind.
Think of that fact when you
require any material

For Building or Repairing
Don't stop at anything either.
Put your thought into practical
use by getting you lum-
ber at the place where only
the good kind is handled.

That place is right here.
Once you find the way you
won't have to be told again.
Your experience with our
lumber will never be for-
gotten.

Minne-Lusa Lumber Co.
FRANK GLEASON, Mgr.
Phone Florence 335

Florence
Express & Drayage Co.
CARL LARSON, Prop.

Light and Heavy Hauling Between Omaha and
Florence.
Household Moving a Specialty.
TLL. FLORENCE 330

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FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER
At Henry Anderson's Florence

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CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian
Church.

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

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

Church Services Swedish Lutheran
Ebenezer Church.

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

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

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal
Order of Eagles.

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

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

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

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

Court of Honor.
Past Chancellor.....
.....Mrs. Elizabeth Hollett
Chancellor.....John Laugenback
Vice Chancellor.....Mrs. Ennis
Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson
Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor
Luide.....Clyde Miller
Guard.....Clarence Leach
Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant
Physician.....Dr. Adams
Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Pe-
tersen, Mrs. E. Hollett.
Meets Tuesdays in Pascale's Hall.

NOTICE.
NOTICE is hereby given that there
will be a special meeting of the Mayor
and Council of the City of Florence,
Nebraska, at the City Hall in Flo-
rence, on Tuesday, July 5, 1910, at
eight o'clock in the evening, for the
purpose of equalizing sidewalk taxes
and assessments and levying special
assessments to pay for the cost of
constructing artificial stone sidewalks
by G. Mancini in front of the follow-
ing described real estate.
Following is a description of the
lots to be assessed and the amount

proposed to be taxed against each lot
respectively:
South side of Madison street.
Lot. Block. Proposed Tax.
1 103 \$170.22
2 103 41.23
3 103 40.98
4 103 40.98
5 103 40.98

North side of Briggs street.
7 87 105.86
8 87 106.11
7 88 96.50
8 88 112.92

South side of Adams street.
1 69 111.74
2 69 124.03
1 96 102.20
3 96 44.48
4 96 44.48
5 96 41.73
6 96 41.48

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

A TOUCHING APPEAL

is sometimes made in behalf of
some publication that "ought to
be supported."

The Florence Tribune asks
for patronage on the ground
that it would be profitable to
the advertiser.

We do not expect it other-
wise.
Phone 315.

FLORENCE TRIBUNE

We Are Now Closing Out Our 1910 Spring Patterns
of Wall Paper at 25 per cent. Discount

Now is the time to pick up a bargain. We still have some of the best patterns
left. Come in; we are always glad to show what we have; don't forget we also
carry the best line of PAINT, VARNISHES, LIQUID and PASTE FILLERS.
Come in and talk over the painting of your new house, we probably can help you
in doing the work yourself.

M. L. ENDRES, 2410 Ames Ave.
Phones: Bell, Web. 2138. Ind. B-2138

NEW POPULAR SONGS HAYDEN BROS., Omaha.

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

Bank at Home

Where the small account receives the same
good attention as the large one

Our Facilities are the Best

4% On Time Certificates of
Deposits

BANK OF FLORENCE

PHONE FLO. 310.

H. A. WOOD

Contractor
and Carpenter

Estimates Cheerfully Furnished
Phone Florence 397 Florence,

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted
McCoy & OLMSTED

Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law
652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16

Young Women

coming to Omaha as strangers
are invited to visit the Young
Women's Christian Associa-
tion building at St. Mary's Av.
and Seventeenth St., where
they will be directed to suit-
able boarding places or other-
wise assisted. Look for our
Traveler's Aid at the Union
Station.

PARIS GREEN

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

ORRIS S. HULSE C. H. RIEPEN
Res. D. 3576 Res. Red 4497

Telephones:
Douglas—Bell 1226. Ind. A-2266.

HULSE & RIEPEN

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

ASK FOR METZ FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

THE HOME OF LUXUS HANS PETERSON
Krug's Famous Beer, Wines, Liquors and Cigars
Opposite Postoffice Tel. 243

Storz Blue Ribbon Beer
Ludwig F. Imm
Just North of Bank of Florence

Florence Real Estate, Rental and Collection Agency
George Gamble, Manager
Rentals and Collections of All Kinds
1411 Main St. Phone 215

Florence Building & Real Estate Co.
Building of every description, Plastering, Paper Hanging, Foundations, in fact a contracting business of every kind.
Tele. Flor. 443 1502 Main Street

FRESH MILK
DELIVERED ANYWHERE IN FLORENCE
WILL LUBOLD
Telephone Florence 165

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

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

COUSIN FANNY'S HOUSE PARTY

By EDITH S. SPEED

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Helen Stevens was not surprised to be the only person in the car who was going to Sunny Craig, the summer home of Mrs. Howard Milebanke. The others, she told herself, were in the forward coaches. Such opulent traveling, however, was not for her, a teacher in a Newburg public school. She was very happy, for she was going to a house party. Four days of gaiety were to be hers; she counted them over on her fingers to be sure that not one had escaped her—Thursday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday.

When she descended from the train in the thick blur of the February twilight and the fast falling snow she had a moment's misgiving to discover that she was still the only possible guest for Sunny Craig. Helen had never been to a house party, but she was positive that the stout woman with many bundles, who dropped one at every step, and the tall man with a red muffler were not of the house party type. Helen hastened through the station to find the carriage which she was sure her cousin Fanny would have sent for her. The street was empty. The girl nervously consulted the ticket agent, who informed her that here he was a stranger, having taken charge of the station that afternoon. He advised her to get a sleigh at the hotel.

Helen was soon being driven up the steep, snowy five mile road to Sunny Craig. She grew chilled as the cold east wind howled about, blinding them with large flakes of snow. But she would not complain. Cousin Fanny was a lovely woman to have given her poor cousin such a joyful opportunity—a house party and 20 young people! Helen began to hum the air of her favorite waltz.

"We are gittin' there," observed the driver, making a turn from the highway to a private road.

Before them, through the mist of snow, Helen could see a large, old-fashioned house; but from not one of the many windows did a mellow light of welcome shine. The sleigh stopped. The driver passed the reins into the girl's hands and stumped his way across the large piazza to the obviously inhospitable front door. No answer rewarded his pounding.

"I'll go and stir up Jim Drake and his wife," he remarked, disappearing around the side of the house.

After what seemed to Helen an interminable wait, Jim Drake, followed by the stout, shawled Mrs. Drake, appeared in the wake of the driver.

"Well, I never!" exclaimed the astonished woman. "If this isn't one of the house parties! Didn't you hear? There isn't going to be a party. Mrs. Milebanke wired yesterday that her baby had diphthery and that she had let all the guests know. Such a night to come way out here! My, my, my!"

Mr. Drake interrupted the exclamations of his valuable wife. "There isn't any train until tomorrow," he said, "but the house is warm, for I started the furnace before I heard the baby was sick. The pantries are full food; so we will be able to make you comfortable."

Helen got stiffly out of the sleigh, ready to go any place that was warm.

"I wonder why cousin Fanny didn't let me know," pondered the girl, as she made herself comfortable. The room was pretty with its old-fashioned rose wreathed paper, its mahogany furniture, delicate muslin curtains and silver. Helen was a Sybarite at heart, despite her small room in a boarding house, and all the pretty things filled her with delight.

Removing her traveling suit, she arrayed herself comfortably in a pink negligee that she had hoped her cousin would admire.

"Miss Stevens."

The shrill voice penetrating through the door aroused Helen from her musings.

Hastily going to the landing she looked down into the hall. At the foot of the stairs stood Mrs. Drake and a tall, snow-covered man staring upward.

"Another one of your party," announced Mrs. Drake tersely.

"Oh, didn't you hear, either?" she said.

"Not until Mrs. Drake told me," answered the man. "I am Billy Crofton, a friend of Stephen Milebanke," he continued, "and I have just come from the west. That is why I did not get a telegram. It is probably at my hotel in New York. Won't you come down and be sociable?"

"Presently," said the girl.

In a few minutes Mrs. Drake knocked at her door.

"You will have dinner with Mr. Crofton, won't you?" she asked. "He is such a nice young man. He was here last summer with his girl, the one he is going to marry. Oh, I forgot my biscuits!" And off the talkative woman flew to the kitchen.

"So Mr. Crofton is engaged," mused Helen as she dressed.

Never to any one did ham and eggs, fried potatoes, hot biscuits and coffee taste better than they did to those two house party derelicts. After dinner they drew up their chairs before the cheerful blaze of the open grate and chatted merrily.

"I wonder," said Helen to herself as she softly closed the door connecting her room with Mrs. Drake's, "what Mr. Crofton's fiancée is like? He is so nice and congenial.

Mr. Crofton was down stairs before her the next morning and was joy-

ously staring out upon a world or blinding whiteness when she made her appearance.

"It is a blizzard," he cried happily, "a good, old-fashioned blizzard! Talk of trains—"

The slow-falling flakes of the evening before had become a working snowstorm later in the night. The storm continued steadily until Saturday, when it ceased to fall; but the wind still blew and the station agent thought a train would go through the next day.

The snowbound pair made great strides toward intimacy. They made mad journeys to Drake's cottage, the barns and the henneries. They took constitutional on the piazza; they read; they shoveled paths. Helen played the piano and her companion sang some songs, which greatly amused Mr. and Mrs. Drake, who chaperoned the pair with great care.

On Saturday afternoon, after luncheon, Helen had an inspiration to build a snow man. Hooded and mittened and with Mrs. Drake's overshoes on her feet she was an amusing little figure, as she worked. The man watched her small fingers as they deftly wielded the large lumps of snow. Surprised at his lack of energy, she rolled a soft snowball and deliberately threw it at him.

"Oh, you will, will you?" he cried, bounding toward her. She threw another ball as she retreated. For a few minutes she eluded him, and finally stumbled in a drift. She gasped, spluttered and struggled, but she could not get away. Her rosy face was thoroughly washed with snow. Helpless, she stared up at him. Suddenly the arm that held her shoulder tightened. "You dear," he whispered as he kissed her; then, stupefied by his audacity he released her.

Blundering to her feet, she looked at him with eyes full of scorn and anger, and marched into the house.

"She will never forgive me," he muttered to the snow man, "and I don't blame her. What a cad I have been, when she was up here all alone!"

Upstairs, Helen was washing her face thoroughly, striving to rub off the kiss; but her cheek still burned. He came into the house and called her, but she did not answer; then she heard him pace back and forth across the hall.

"He may walk forever, but I shall not leave my room until I go for my train," she said angrily. Later she heard the front door slam and through the window watched him stalk with long strides over the drifts down to the Drake cottage.

Humiliated and angry she lay upon the couch dully contemplating the ceiling.

"It is my fault," she sobbed bitterly. "I should have gone to the hotel." Then she thought of the girl to whom he had been disloyal and she pitied her.

"If she knew what he has done," she whispered, "she would never marry him."

An hour later a loud knocking at her door aroused her.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"It is Crofton. Please open the door; I want to speak to you."

She confronted him.

"I don't want you to think me a cad as well as a coward, Helen," he said.

"Miss Stevens, if you please," she said coldly.

"Mrs. Drake has just told me," he continued easily, "that you think I am engaged. The girl to whom I was so attentive last summer was my sister-in-law. It was wrong, however, to do what I did but somehow I could not help it."

A dull red mounted her cheeks and her heart began to beat madly.

"Won't you forgive me and come downstairs?" he pleaded. "It is so lonely."

"Maybe," she answered slowly, striving to control her voice.

Later, when she made her appearance, he met her at the foot of the stairs and handed her a slip of paper.

"This is a telegram I am going to send," he said. "Please read it."

"Hope baby is better. Had a delightful time at Sunny Craig. Am madly in love with Helen Stevens. I intend to make her marry me. Bill Crofton."

"That isn't truthful," stammered the girl, "and you convey an utterly false impression. Cousin Fanny will think that you expect to have difficulty in persuading me to marry you and you know perfectly well—"

She turned toward him smiling, radiant; but with a soft hint of tears back of her brightness. The foolish bit of paper fluttered to the floor between them, as he took her in his arms.

Intruder in Roman Villa.

The Roman villa at Brading, near Sandown, Isle of Wight, feature of great interest to antiquaries, was broken into on Easter Sunday. The offense was committed by a visitor from Holland, and was explained in the following note which he left behind him:

"I wanted to see and appreciate that famous Roman art. I was so unfortunate to come here from Holland on Sunday. You refused me to enter on account of it being Sunday. I did everything I could to convince you in vain.

"Nothing was left to me than to see it in a manner which is not the regular one. I climbed on the roof, but could not see through the windows. So then I broke this window. I give the sixpence (price of admission) to a poor of the isle.—Excuse me, "BONLAF."

The authorities are still searching for the offender and have heard of no one who received the sixpence.

SEEK TO PREVENT DIVORCE

Attempt at Reconciliation Always Precedes Court Action in Switzerland.

Switzerland has an unusual way of managing her divorce cases. In every town there is a sort of official paper known as the Feuille d'avis, says the New York Sun, in which one may read daily announcements like this:

"M. and Mme. X., who are in instance of divorce, are requested to appear privately before the judge or with their lawyers, in order to come to a reconciliation if possible."

Before the beginning of every divorce case in Switzerland this notice is published and sent out to the parties concerned, leaving them free to attend before the judge or not, as they wish. Sometimes the wife, anxious to state her wrongs before a kindly judge, appears and the husband stays away, sometimes it is the other way, and very often the couple meet.

Although there are no statistics published on the subject, a leading lawyer of Geneva, whose specialty is divorce cases, said recently that at least 30 per cent. of these cases are settled by the advice of the judge at meetings out of the court. In fact, Swiss lawyers will not definitely take up a divorce case until it has passed through the reconciliation process.

When one of the couple does not attend this means that the affair is to be fought out, but in any case Swiss divorces are not expensive. The usual cost in a contested case is \$200, but sometimes it is as low as \$100, while when both parties are agreed the matter can be settled for \$10 or \$15.

IN BOTH THEIR MEMORIES

Long Separation Had Not Caused Forgetfulness of Last Day the Two Were Together.

A Chicago traveling man was telling a story illustrative of how accustomed to long separations a traveling man and his wife may become.

This man's work takes him from coast to coast, and not infrequently he is gone from home for five and six months at a stretch.

The last time he went away, according to the man's story, he was obliged to leave home right in the midst of a meal in order to make the train he wanted.

"You ought to wait another day and have your suit pressed," remarked his wife. "I hate to have you go looking so ill groomed."

"I'll have it done within a day or two—or at the first chance," promised the husband. "Wish I could stay, though, for a piece of that apple pie you were making. Save me a piece, won't you?" he added with a grin.

Well, she went to the train with him and bade him a fond goodby. Just five months and ten days later he returned.

His wife was again at the train, dutifully. "I see you kept your promise and had your suit pressed," were her first words as she threw her arms around his neck.

"Yes," he said, "but, by the way, did you save me that piece of apple pie?"

Cannon and the Hearing.

A writer in recent number of La Nature, M. Ghastung, gives some interesting facts with regard to artillery practice in the French navy, and shows an inclination to favor the supposition, which we do not remember to have seen mentioned before, that in many instances injury to the auditory apparatus from the discharge of cannon is really due rather to aspiration than to concussion.

It seems that on the schoolship as many as from 700 to 1,000 charges are fired at a seance, presumably in rather quick succession. Thus an immense amount of gas generated by the combustion of the powder is produced, and this (in some way that does not appear clear to us) leads to such rarefaction of the air of the deck that it is suction instead of impact that injures the ear. The author finds support for this supposition in the fact that plugs of cotton inserted into the auditory canal are often found to have been wholly or in part withdrawn by the firing.

He admits, however, that persons standing very close to the gun are injured by concussion, as has commonly been supposed.

Forgot the Church for the Moment.

A Manchester (Eng.) clergyman once displayed his prowess in the same way as the minister of Corstorphine who recently knocked a footpad senseless. Bishop Fraser wrote to the fighting parson a letter of reproof, pointing out (among other things) that, exposed as the Church of England was to much criticism on all hands, her ministers ought to be very careful in their demeanor. The offender replied by saying: "I must regretfully admit that being grossly insulted, and forgetting in the heat of the moment the critical position of the Church of England, I did knock the man down." Fraser, according to Mr. Bryce, who tells the story, possessed more than the average bishop's share of humor, and was so delighted at this turning of the tables that he invited the clergyman to stay with him.

A Long Story.

"I read in your face," said the man about to give alms, "the story of a misspent life."

"Not de whole story, governor. What you see dere is only de last installment."—Birmingham Age-Herald.

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STUDY IN CONTRASTS

The Brahmins of Boston and Benares Compared.

WHERE SWAMIS FOREGATHER

Comparisons Between Two Headquarters of Brahmins Soon Exhausted; Contrasts Endless—Benares Product of 20 Centuries of Hinduism.

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

I have not chosen my title simply because of the faint alliteration involved, but because of certain resemblances and contrasts which are worth noting between the city on the Charles and the city on the Ganges. Boston is often spoken of as the headquarters of the New England Brahmins; Benares is certainly the headquarters of the Indian Brahmins. American transcendentalists have foregathered about Boston; Hindu

The juxtaposition of Satan and a god stirred the risibles of our author, and he makes the most of it.

But to return to Benares and Boston, the comparisons are soon exhausted, but the contrasts are endless. Boston, in spite of its vagaries and its many religions, is the product largely of its Puritan and Pilgrim fathers, who set their seal so early upon its history, and whose ideals are still regnant in many quarters.

Benares is the product of 20 centuries of Hinduism. Here it has built its most gorgeous temples and palaces. Here all the three and thirty millions of gods of the Hindus are worshiped. Here the wealthiest Hindus build their most beautiful houses, and from here, if they die and their dust is scattered on the waves of the sacred Ganges, they go, according to their theology, straight to Paradise, or at least enjoy a comfortable reincarnation.

What is the difference between this typical Hindu city and a typical American or European city, for to point the contrast, we might take any other city as well, as Boston, New York, Chicago, Cleveland, St. Louis, London, Berlin, all show the same contrast with Benares.

Benares, in the valley of the Ganges, lies in one of the garden spots

are exposed at the street corners, are the lingams, such representations of parts of the human body as would bring the police of any American or European city about the ears of priests and vendors alike. The Neopauline temple, though containing some fine carvings, is so covered with obscene figures that European ladies are no longer allowed to enter, and European men, unless coarse and vulgar, would blush to be seen by any of their kind there.

When one comes to the banks of the Ganges, he sees Hinduism in its most characteristic guise, for here to its holy waters come tens of thousands of pilgrims every year to wash away their sins. They bathe in it, they throw it over their heads in ecstasy, they dip beneath its waves in holy glee, they drink its horrible mixture of water and dirt at the mouth of the city sewers, and then they shiveringly stand upon the steps of the bathing ghat and put on their strips of dry cloth.

Many of the pilgrims are old men and women, who have journeyed hundreds of miles, and whose tottering steps will hardly support them to the bank of the sacred stream and out again. But no matter, their sins have been washed away in its dirty water, and near by is the burning ghat where, in a few days or weeks at most, their poor old bodies will be laid on a pile of blazing sticks, while curious tourists look with morbid eyes and hear "the old thing sizzle," as I heard one man express it. No reverence, no solemnity, no respect for the dead is inculcated by such a disposition of the bodies in the most sacred spot in all Hinduism. Cremation is very well, but such cremation!

The Monkey temple is another show place for all visitors, where grinning simians that vault and caper over the walls, and hang by their tails from the trees within the enclosure, are considered sacred and worshipped as gods. While the monkeys and cows are petted, the rest of the animal creation is hardly treated indeed. The little racks of bones, called horses, that drag around the Benares vehicles, are starved and beaten till they fall in their tracks, and then they are left to die in agony, for it is a sin in Hindu eyes to kill and put them out of misery.

Human animals are scarcely better treated. They live in squalid quarters, in filth and wretchedness, in comparison with which the worst purities in our most ill-governed cities would be comfort and decency. They live on eight cents a day, and their wages will average one-hundredth part of the worst paid laborers in America.

Yet these are the results of the philosophy and religion that are lauded in some quarters in Boston and other American cities; a religion that sends its missionaries to the west to be petted and adored by some foolish men and adle-pated women.

Compare such a city as I have described with any city in America, however much ashamed we may be of some of our municipalities. Compare Boston with Benares, and we have cleanliness instead of filth, stately churches instead of obscene temples, beautiful cemeteries instead of horrible public burning-ghats, universal education in place of almost universal illiteracy, fair day's wages for fair day's work instead of starvation for man and beast. To say the least, the contrast is not favorable to Benares. (Copyright, 1916, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

Unusual South Carolina Wedding.
A very unusual wedding was solemnized at the Mary Help Catholic church recently when Mary Glover and Joseph Williams, both colored, were married, Father Lannigan officiating. This was the first time that a colored couple had ever married in a white people's church in Aiken, and consequently it drew a large crowd both white and colored. Both parties to the match are well known Aiken colored people, and many of their friends were present to witness the ceremony.

The bride and her attendants were dressed neatly and becomingly in white, and the bridegroom and his attendants wore Prince Albert suits with white gloves. After the wedding the bridal party repaired to the home of the bride's mother, where a largely attended reception was held and where many presents, gifts of both white and colored people, were displayed.—Aiken Journal.

Prejudice Against Sleep.
Why can some men sleep at will and some nervous men too, while others, sometimes very "heavy" men, with apparently immovable nerves, are tortured by insomnia? Why too do some men seem to obtain sufficient rest with five hours' sleep, while others require nine? Do some men "sleep slow," as Mr. Smedley jocularly argued in one of his amusing stories, or do they actually require more sleep?

The popular prejudice against sleep works an infinity of mischief. There are plenty of sluggards even among the cultivated class, but the sleep sluggard is in that class a very rare specimen. The tendency of the educated is to wakefulness, and the man who does intellectual work and exhibits what his friends think a disposition to oversleep is obeying a healthy instinct. Sleep recuperates him and he knows it.—Family Doctor.

Her Handicap.
"You say you won your husband wearing a \$2 graduating gown?"
"I did."
"How romantic! I suppose you are very happy?"
"Oh, yes. But the \$2 gown was an awful precedent to establish, I've found."

HONOR FOR WOMAN DOCTOR

Bertha von Hoosen of Chicago Writes Paper Which is Read in Medical Congress.

Chicago.—Out of several hundred papers submitted to the international congress, the one of a woman doctor of Chicago, Dr. Bertha von Hoosen, was chosen to be read before the association at its meeting in Budapest. It was one of two written in the English language that were chosen, the other being the production of an eastern doctor of distinction. Just as soon as she was informed of her honor, Dr. von Hoosen hastened abroad, taking her mother, who is more than eighty years old, with her. Besides this honor, she has been at-



Dr. Bertha von Hoosen.

tending clinics in Paris, which are said to have been closed to women until just a few years ago, and she has performed a number of operations.

She is acknowledged by the men of her profession to be a surgeon of great skill. St. Luke's operating room is the place where she does much of her work, and she has been known to perform five operations in a morning and maintain her steadiness of hand throughout.

In appearance Dr. von Hoosen is not what the professional woman has erstwhile been considered to be. She is small and plump and she has quantities of golden hair. Her face is youthful and her eyes are bright and sympathetic. She dresses with style and taste.

RICH "COP" STILL ON BEAT

Policeman Neely of Pittsburg Has \$100 Daily Income, But Holds His Job.

Pittsburg, Pa.—Despite the fact that an oleaginous stream of wealth is flowing into his coffers at the rate of \$100 a day, Harry Neely of the Pittsburg police force is content to continue swinging his nightstick and "pounding a beat."

Neely, who is 35 years old and a patrolman attached to the Allegheny police station, had as his heritage a small sandy farm, in Sandy Creek, Pine township, 15 miles from Pittsburg, which until recently was productive of little besides rocks and stumps.

Then an agent of John D. Rockefeller came along and scented oil underlying the bleak acres. Today four "gushers" are pouring forth a united stream of wealth and semi-annually there comes to Patrolman Neely a check drawn on the Standard Oil company and approximating \$100 a day as Neely's share of the proceeds.

The field is being further developed and Neely bids fair to become a very



Harry Neely.

rich man. He is investing his money in brewery stock as fast as the checks come in.

"Meanwhile," says Neely, "three dollars a day merely for swinging a club and wagging an occasional sleep-still looks good to me."

A Fashionable Malady.
"Yes, Mrs. Gayleigh has found it necessary to go west and remain there for some time."
"Pulmonitis?"
"No. Rheumatism."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Little Weight.
"That chap used to be a champion lightweight."
"What! A boxer?"
"No. A grocer."—London Opinion.

RECOGNIZES A GOOD WORK

Ex-President Roosevelt Pays Enthusiastic Tribute to Mission Hospitals.

In Uganda, Mr. Roosevelt responded to an invitation to open a new addition to the Mengo C. M. S. hospital. Mr. Roosevelt said:

"Long before I came here I had known of the work that was being done in Uganda, and felt particularly anxious to see it. Here you have a particularly intelligent native race, which has already developed a very interesting culture of its own, a culture both political and social. And the great work must of necessity be to try to help that race onward, and to try to do it in a practical fashion, and to do it so that the doing of it shall be primarily a benefit to the race, and, secondly, a benefit to your own people from whom you come.

"I have the strongest feeling as to the good that is being done by the medical missionary. There must be some visible fruit in the life and work of the man who preaches if his preaching is going to have a very great effect upon those to whom he preaches. That visible fruit can be shown in many different ways, and one of the most efficient ways of showing it is by just such work as is being done in connection with this building, which it will naturally be a source of peculiar pride to myself to have my name associated with, and which I now take pleasure in declaring to be open."

IN A SERIOUS CONDITION.

A Case of Terrible Kidney Trouble.

Henry Palmer, Cole and Walnut Sts., Barnesville, O., says: "My kidney trouble was caused by hardships and exposure in the army. The awful pains



across my back gradually became more severe until I was in constant misery. My feet and hands were swollen to twice their natural size. The kidney secretions were in a terrible condition—for months I voided what seemed to be clear blood. I became so dizzy everything seemed to whirl. My condition was alarming when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills. Before long I improved and was soon strong and well."

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

Didn't Know the Purpose.

Mark Twain, as an example of unconscious humor, used to quote a Hartford woman who said one day in the late spring:

"My husband is the dearest fellow. 'Jim,' I said to him this morning, 'are you very hard up just now?'"

"I certainly am hard up," he replied soberly. "This high cost of living is terrible. I don't know what I'm going to do."

"Then, Jim," said I, "I'll give you all I thought of going to the country for July and August this year."

"But the dear fellow's face changed, and he said:

"Indeed, then, you won't, darling. I thought you wanted to buy a hat with an algrette or some such foolishness. No, no, my darling—Jim can always find the money to let his dear little wife go to the country."

An Almost Universal Prayer.

"Among the late Bishop Foss' anecdotes about prayer," said a Philadelphia Methodist, "there was one concerning a very original Norristown preacher.

"This preacher, in the course of a long prayer one Sunday night, recounted the many misfortunes and evils that had befallen him in the course of his long life. Then, sighing heavily, he prayed:

"Thou hast tried me with affliction, with bereavement, and with sorrow of many kinds. If thou are obliged to try me again, Lord, try me with the burden of wealth."

To make pleasures pleasant, shorten them.—Buxton.

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

Candor is ever the brightest gem of true criticism.—Disraeli.

There are imitations, don't be fooled. Ask for Lewis' Single Binder cigar for 5c.

Goodness is the only investment that never fails.—Thoreau.

A Clean Man

Outside cleanliness is less than half the battle. A man may scrub himself a dozen times a day, and still be unclean. Good health means cleanliness not only outside, but inside. It means a clean stomach, clean bowels, clean blood, a clean liver, and new, clean, healthy tissues. The man who is clean in this way will look it and act it. He will work with energy and think clean, clear, healthy thoughts.

He will never be troubled with liver, lung, stomach or blood disorders. Dyspepsia and indigestion originate in unclean stomachs. Blood diseases are found where there is unclean blood. Consumption and bronchitis mean unclean lungs.

Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery

prevents these diseases. It makes a man's insides clean and healthy. It cleans the digestive organs, makes pure, clean blood, and clean, healthy flesh.

It restores tone to the nervous system, and cures nervous exhaustion and prostration. It contains no alcohol or habit-forming drugs.

Constipation is the most unclean uncleanliness. Dr. Pierce's Pleasant Pellets cure it. They never gripe. Easy to take as candy.

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YOUR BACKACHE WILL YIELD

To Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Bloomdale, Ohio.—"I suffered from terrible headaches, pains in my back and right side, and was tired all the time and nervous. I could not sleep, and every month I could hardly stand the pain. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound restored me to health again and made me feel like a new woman. I hope this letter will induce other women to avail themselves of this valuable medicine."—Mrs. E. M. FREDERICK, Bloomdale, Ohio.

Backache is a symptom of female weakness or derangement. If you have backache don't neglect it. To get permanent relief you must reach the root of the trouble. Nothing we know of will do this so safely and surely as Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. Cure the cause of these distressing aches and pains and you will become well and strong.

The great volume of unsolicited testimony constantly pouring in proves conclusively that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, has restored health to thousands of women.

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

Make the Liver Do its Duty

Nine times in ten when the liver is right the stomach and bowels are right.

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress After Eating. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. GENUINE must bear signature:

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

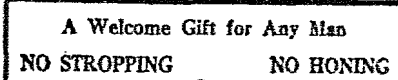
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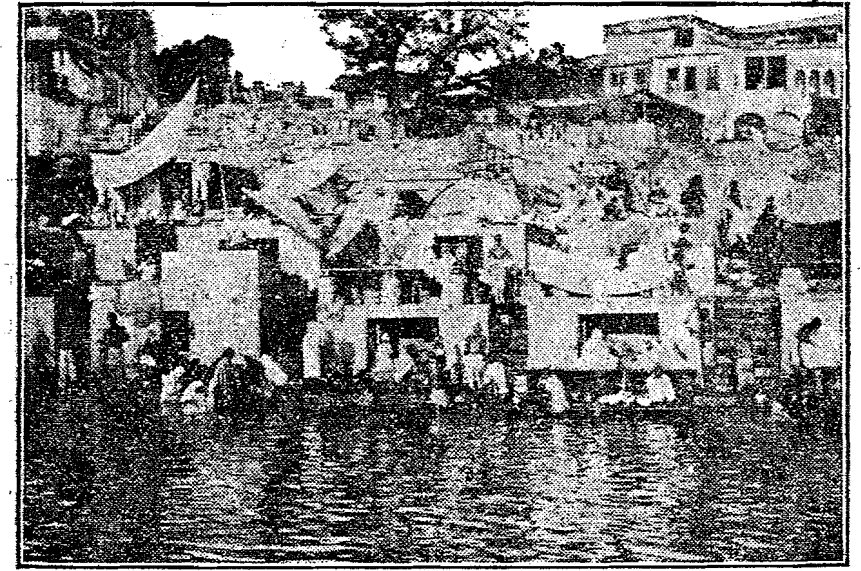


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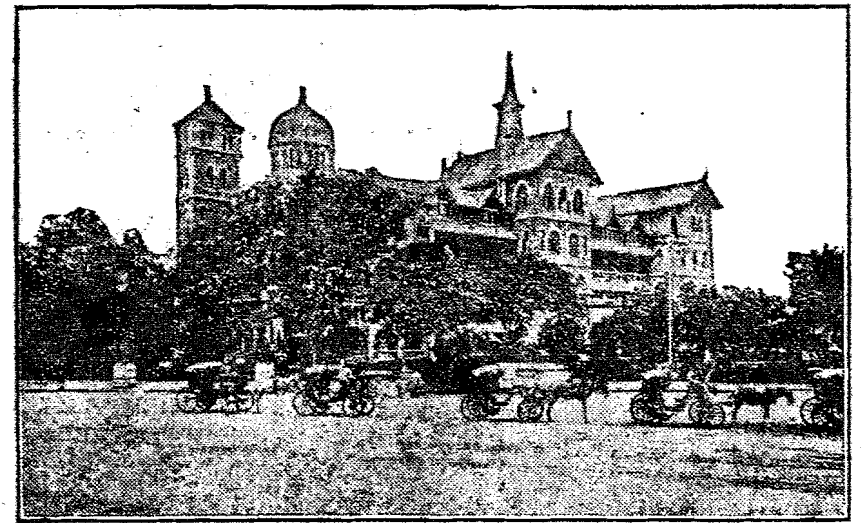
A Bathing Ghat at Benares.

transcendentalists (the shades of Emerson and Alcott forgive me!) have tried to realize their astral bodies in Benares more frequently than in any other place.

Moreover, Boston has been more hospitable to the Indian Swamis and high priests than any other city, if these same Swamis are to be believed, for one of them, a fat Swami or god in a yellow robe, whose turban was several sizes too small for his swelled

of the world. Well irrigated fields stretch away on every side. No American city has better advantages from a material standpoint. Moreover, the wealth of a hundred generations of devotees has been poured into Benares, and many villages and cities all over India have been impoverished that Benares might be enriched.

But what do we see to-day? Probably the filthiest city of its size in the world, barring one or two in China



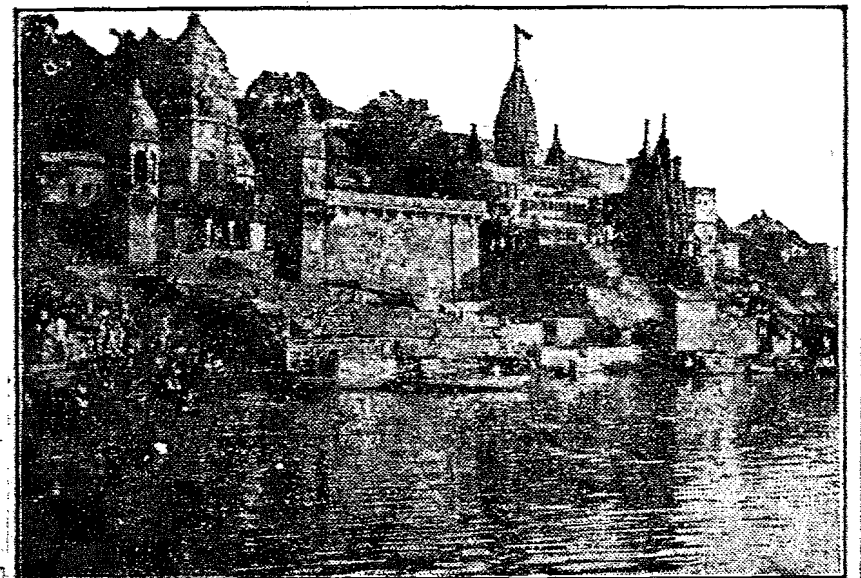
Police Headquarters at Bombay.

head, told me the other day that he had five thousand converts to Hinduism in America, many of whom lived in Boston.

Moreover, he declared that his school in Huntington Chambers was thronged with the cultured people of Boston, and that he hoped soon to go back to the Hub to make more converts.

We must take his statements, however, with several grains of salt, and his own culture can be gauged by a

and Turkey. The nearer you get to the holiest places, the fouler grows Benares. Narrow lanes, slimy with holy water, offal of cows and the tramp of thousands of dirty feet, lead to the Golden Temple and the Cow Temple, and when you get within their sacred precincts the nastiness is indescribable. From stagnant tanks, filled with decaying flowers and other offerings to the gods, eager pilgrims quaff the poisonous water as though it were the nectar of the gods, as in-



Some of the Temples at Benares.

statement in a little book he has recently published, to the effect that Mark Twain is "the greatest author in the world," and that his "Following the Equator" (notably his poorest book of travels) is his most interesting work.

Doubtless the Swami is fond of "Following the Equator" because the genial humorist alludes to "his godship" in that volume, and chaffs him in a good-natured way, which he is too obtuse to understand. In this chapter Mark tells how "Satan," his servant, introduced the "god" to him, and afterwards showed him out of the room.

deed it is to them. If the Hindus, through centuries of inoculation, were not microbe-proof, cholera, dysentery, smallpox and plague would claim their millions throughout India, as they do now their tens of thousands every year. The marble floors are often inches deep in manure from the sacred cows, which, aside from the monkeys, are the only peaceful, petted, well-fed creatures in Benares.

Hideous idols abound everywhere, stone bulls and grotesque and horribly distorted images of Siva and Vishnu. Most common of all, in every temple and shrine, while thousands of them

Want Ad Department

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

TERMS—One (1) cent per word. Nothing run for less than 25 cents out cash in advance. Count your words and send in your ad. with the cash. A 10 word ad run three weeks costs only 30 cents.

WANTED AT ONCE—A good soaking rain. Apply Any Farmer. (7)

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

WANTED—A few more cases to fight against the city. Council please take notice. - W. E. T. (7)

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

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

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

FOR SALE—My safe sure way of catching fish. Guaranteed. Will Bena, R. R. 2, Florence. (7)

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

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

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

Fireworks at Hemping Drug Co. (7)

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

See J. H. Price' ad on last page.

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

LOST—Pair black shoats about six weeks old. Weight about 35 pounds. Inquire Will Bena, Jr., Rural Route 2. (7)

NOTICE.

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

JOHN BONDESSON,
City Clerk.

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

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

If you want fresh fish delivered to you every week, drop a postal card to T. F. Adams, Route 2, Florence, and he will deliver any kind of fresh fish. (7)

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

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

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

Florence Lumber & Coal Co.

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Florence, Neb.

Phone 102

AS THE WINDS DO BLOW

By Martha McCulloch Williams

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"Louisiana-Loo—there's a ring around the moon," Billy called to his big sister.

"What if there is? It's got two stars inside it—that means it won't rain for two days," she retorted.

"And the lawn fete comes off day after tomorrow! Say Lou—whatever did set you women goin' such a crazy-tazy gait? Plain English and plain eating are good enough for plain folks."

"You'll always be plain folks if you never try to be anything else, Louisiana said, loftily, her chin high.

Her mother smiled, a gentle worried smile. "I wish there was a building handy," she said. "Of course, I know the old weather sign—and the Barber lawn is an ideal place. But since all the buildings burned, you can't shelter anywhere, if, by ill luck, there come up a shower."

"Treason, Mamsy! High treason!" Louisiana cried, running to pat her mother's cheek. "Our fete's going to be splendid—just like a book. Oh, you don't know how fine it will look, with the flags, and rugs and cushions scattered all through the green. The shrubs are in full flower—snowballs, syringa, lilac, and everything; the early yellow roses will be out likewise, and the grass!—you never saw anything so rich and green-velvety as it is since the boys mowed it yesterday."

"Well! You don't get my blanket—that's sure as shooting," Billy said, solemnly, but with twinkling eyes.

Louisiana made a face at him—she knew how to take Billy. He disapproved all she did upon general principles—and worked like a Trojan to make whatever she undertook a howling success.

Spring had come late that year, but with a rush at the last. Late May was as warm as midsummer, so everything promised more than fairly. Her whole heart was in the fete—she and her chum Grace Watson had incited it, planned it, and carried it through by sheer force of will. It had an object, of course—help for the Orphans' home. Tickets had sold like the proverbial hot cakes.

"Five hundred tickets sold. Think of it!" Louisiana ran on. "You know there isn't a place in town to hold half that number—except, of course, the churches—which are out of the question. All the folks may not come—but we have their money safe, so must have room for them. Pray for a fine day, Mamsy—that's all we need."

Next day was fine—too fine, indeed, the humid, hot and forcing day that farm folk call a weather breeder. Louisiana went out into it smiling to watch the skies. She came home a little later, chilled and drooping, her roses fed, her eyes troubled, though she tried hard to look as usual. Her mother wisely asked no questions—she had never forced her daughter's confidences. Billy coming in three hours later carelessly gave her the cue.

"O Lou! Jack Ramsom's home—and got the dandiest girl with him," he called to his sister up the stairs. "His cousin, you know—he had her out driving—that's how I saw them. He actually stopped and introduced me. Maybe he wanted me to break the news to mother. She's a looker, all right—and talks! My! Her voice is like a bird. You just as well put up the shutters, honey—sure's I'm your big buddy, your cake's all dough."

"It can't be. I never had any Ramsom cake," Louisiana called back, gallantly. Her voice was even, but the mother ear caught the strained note in it.

Billy had plunged into the pantry and stood with his hands behind him contemplating the good things in wait on its shelves.

"Lordy!" he murmured, "to think of folks that ain't hungry eating such things. I call it tragedy. But won't I come in on the fragments!"

Eleven o'clock was the hour for assembly; at 12 the breakfast was to begin. People came in shoals despite a lowering sky with fitful sunshine breaking through the clouds. The women were as gay and springlike as the shrubs, the children likewise ruffled in white and ribbons. Even the soberest among the men had flowers in the buttonhole. Altogether, the throng was in holiday mood, no less than holiday attire.

Louisiana, in pale blue, had never looked more beautiful. Grace, in pale pink, made a charming pompadour contrast. The other girls wore white. They fitted, spritlike, about the grounds, welcoming, marshaling, talking gayly to everybody. Eunice Ramsom, in scarlet silk, looked at them with a scowl that marred her beauty, and said petulantly to her aunt:

"Why, I thought this was to be a real function."

"It is—for us, dear," gentle Mrs. Ramsom answered.

Jack had rushed away the minute they were safely seated on the softest cushion to be found.

"If only we get them fed, now they are here," Grace murmured to her mate as the last two autos honked away after leaving its load.

"If only!" Louisiana echoed.

She had got back her color and her spirit, but still a hint of shadow lay in her eyes. It had deepened when she turned from Jack after a gaily indifferent greeting. Grace seized upon him and set him to work among the

tiny children. Jack had a way of winning the shyest—which perhaps explains why he had won Louisiana's love without ever asking for it.

She had agonized over the knowledge for some time, but acquitted him, in her own mind, of either cowardice or double dealing. True, he had looked love—but he had never spoken it. She had known all along it was the family plan to marry him to his cousin, but until she saw the girl, it had all seemed vaguely impossible. Now that she saw it not only possible, but actual, she would wear no willow, but go along as usual.

"I want to help with the tables—you never saw such a waiter as was lost in me," Jack said suddenly at her elbow.

She smiled and shook her head. "There'd be a strike," she said. "Billy's bossing that job—he and his chum are making it a union affair. You know they have a play union at school and are simply pining for a pretext to strike."

"H-m—; doesn't that let you out? Come along with me," Jack persisted.

Again she shook her head. "I have to be busier than a hive of bees," she said. "If you want to help truly, do see that your mother and Miss Eunice have the very best of everything."

As the town clock struck 12 the sun burst out in power and brilliance. There were still cloud banks, black and threatening, but with a big rift between. As the crowd ranged itself and the waiters began dashing about with laden trays, Louisiana sighed with deep relief. In another hour the strain would be over—folk full fed with gossip, no less with dainties, would hurry from the threat of the skies.

The breeze, as fitful as the sunshine, suddenly hushed. A dead breathless calm, thick and stifling, fell. The sun rays burned through it so fiercely people shifted uneasily under them. But the gay talk and laughter rose in well-bred chorus. Everybody was happy, and grateful to the good fairies who made the occasion.

Then, in a twinkling of an eye, winds raged, lightning flashed, cloud banks rushed together overhead with a sound of rending and grinding! Tree tops snapped in the wind like whiplashes, or were twisted and rent. Before people more than got to their feet, starting affrightedly one at another, rain came, with hail behind it, big, pelting stones that left marks where they struck.

Through the wildest rush and scurry Louisiana did not blanch. Billy cried to her: "Run! Run home!" But she went about instead marshaling the panic stricken through the gates nearest shelter, saying little ones from being trodden down, helping the level headed to save those who had lost their heads.

She did not know it, but Jack was at her elbow. He had hurried his mother and cousin into their waiting carriage. Gently, strongly, wisely he untangled snarls of vehicles, bundling in people until they could hold no more, and waving them off. Still the storm raged. But it was safer almost anywhere than among the overgrown barber trees. Half of them lay prostrate, and lightning had struck more than one. The place lay high, so it was the very heart of the storm. The wind tore words from the lips unspoken and blew away the wild, crying of the frightened mass.

Louisiana did not try to speak—only guided or led instinctively. The work was almost done. The dragged, miserable line had thinned to ragged clumps when all the winds of heaven gathered and blew at once. Round and round and round they blew. Louisiana felt herself clutched in the whirl and taken off her feet. Then a sense of suffocating heat made her faint. She knew no more until the dash of rain in her face revived her a few hundred yards from where she had stood. As she sat up weakly something stirred beside her—Jack, prone and pallid, his lips blue with pain.

"I am all right; only my arm is broken, I think," he said, trying to smile at her.

It was his right arm. But his left hand groped for hers, and when it found it he said: "The storm knew—it blew us away together. Darling, we will stay together always."

Beggar's Saying Proved True. Riches beget wantonness, and wantonness is the parent of poverty. This was the experience of a woman of Weitmosen, in the Valley of Gastein. Dressed in gorgeous garments and hung with jewels, she went one day through the Klamm, a gorge leading to Gasten. There she met a poor woman who asked alms of her. The rich, proud woman refused to give anything and called the poor woman a shameless beggar. "Ah," said the latter, "no one knows what may not happen between today and tomorrow. Anyone may have to appeal to his fellow creatures for help." Then the Weitmosen woman took a precious ring off her finger, threw it into the Ache, which roars and rushes through the gorge, and said: "It is more likely that this ring will be recovered than that a Weitmosen woman should have to go begging." And, lo and behold! next day a fisherman brought a fish, and when it was opened there was the ring.

So says the legend, and indeed the race of the Weitmosen soon began to degenerate, and today only the house is shown where they lived, and stories are told of the great riches they owned. But the race itself has died out.

Definition of a Bore. A bore is a man who wishes to keep talking about himself when I wish to talk about myself—Exchange.

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