

**It Is Well**  
to test all things and to hold  
fast only that which is good.  
The Tribune as an advertis-  
ing medium can stand the test.  
Its Readers are Buyers and Its Rates are Right

# The Florence Tribune

"Them Fellers Is Doing the  
business," says Bill Sticker,  
in a hot argument with Deacon  
Tubbs. "Why? Because they  
advertise big." Moral: To do big  
business, advertise big in the Tribune

VOL. II.

PUBLISHED BY E. L. PLATZ

FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 25, 1910

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No. 29

## A TRIP TO APPLE SHOW

The Editor Goes to the Bluffs in Search of Information Accompanied by Nine Experts Who Are Kept Busy All Evening Answering His Questions and When They Returned to Florence Held Up Their Hands and Solemnly Swore "Never Again."

Did you ever go out for an evening of pleasure with a crowd of men and have your whole evening spoiled by one man acting the role of the human interrogation point?

There are nine men living in Florence who went over to the apple show in Council Bluffs with a man whose sole vocabulary the whole evening through consisted of but one word, "why," and that man was the editor of the Tribune.

Its like this. The editor was born and raised in the city but at the present time has a few acres of ground on which he is trying to raise fruit and so when the opportunity came to learn something on that line he improved his opportunity.

It takes a great many men to answer all the questions that an editor can ask and therefore he was accompanied to the apple show by Messrs. Henry Anderson, Andrew Anderson, Edward Walker, Thomas Walker, D. Deyo, John Brisbin, Harry Brisbin, August Prochnow and C. A. Grigg. By the time these gentlemen reached Omaha they were cognizant of the fact that the editor could ask more and varied questions than a person would be able to dream of in a month of Sundays. They were all mighty glad to get back to Florence and cease hearing that eternal "why."

A more pleasant evening was never spent by the editor in the quest of information and he was exceedingly fortunate that he had with him such well informed gentlemen, each a specialist in his line. Of apples and fruits the editor takes his hat off to Mr. Deyo for his clear, concise and intelligible manner in which the information was given.

Everyone had a good time and the apple show was an immense success and well repaid anyone for the time spent in visiting it. The corn show part of the exposition can be termed only on one word, rotten. There was only a little shown and that too not of the quality that one expected to see after the national corn exposition had awakened an interest and intelligence on the subject.

The apple show demonstrated one thing very clearly and that is that apples are not confined to any one section of this country but that they can be raised almost anywhere and that the quality depends more on the raiser than it does on the locality.

The entire party, however, joined in asking the question of "papa," and they all had a hearty laugh on the man with the "wooden money."

Another question the entire party wanted answered was, "How did the editor get those apples to eat?"

P. S.—The editor has been home sick ever since.

### THANKSGIVING DAY 1910.

(Special to The Tribune)

Today is mine—but whose tomorrow? Shall it be filled with joy or sorrow? Shall hope be crushed, or shall it be a day of thankfulness for me? I do not ask but just today. As mine—Day's swiftly pass away, And soon are lost in that great sea Of boundless, vast eternity.

Today should I not thank be? For all the mercies shown to me? For heaven's gift of strength and health? For surpassing rank and wealth? For friends who come to cheer my life And share with me the daily strife? As down life's broad highway we tread, 'Till we are numbered with the dead, God grant that when our days are gone, That we may hear Him say, "Well done."

F. M. SMITH

W. H. Woods visited the families of Henry Fleege and George Resor, Editor Sutherland of the Burt County Herald, Congressman-elect Latta and Lieutenant Governor Hopewell were all feeling good over the election. The \$30,000 addition to the high school is nearly all ready and the building, now 72x150 feet, all brick and two full stories, makes a fine structure. Henry Fleege presented his guest with an ox shoe found near Tekamah, six inches long and over two wide.

John Iverson and William Hindrickson were here from Plattsmouth. Superintendent Cook of the High school gave a reception to about 25 of his pupils.

Will Smith has bought his farm east of the old fort, back from James Shenick.

Dr. Ross of Florence has bought 150 tons of alfalfa and several hundred bushels of corn of Chris Lundt to feed his 1,500 sheep on his Fort Calhoun farm.

McCormack & Koopman, of Blair, and Wallie McMillan of Fort Calhoun presented their Thanksgiving compliments to W. H. Woods and a barrel of the apples they brought from Kansas.

Mrs. William Craig, now of Bancroft, was here at an Eastern Star meeting.

Thomas Kelly, of Blair, came down to see his daughter's family.

## SIX ICE HOUSES BURN DOWN

Fire Saturday Evening Produces Some Startling Things That Start People to Talking.

The ice houses of the Omaha Ice and Cold Storage company located on the north market square burned to the ground Saturday evening entailing a loss of about \$9,000. Mr. Leightly lost approximately fifty cords of wood, the railroad three damaged cars and the barn adjoining the ice houses was scorched pretty badly but saved. Such is the story of the fire Saturday night as far as a news item is concerned, but—

When the fire bell tolled out its awful message the officials of the fire department were in Omaha and so the company left the house without any organization. With a shout and a yell they sped down Fifth street past a hydrant within one block of the fire, past the fire one block and then turned west to Main street where they hitched to a hydrant. The wrench to open the hydrant was missing and some time lost getting one that would fit. After the water had been turned on the fire everyone not connected with the department yelled out orders and shouted in derision at the efforts of those who were trying against odds to put out the fire.

The fire broke out shortly before ten and by 12 was practically out but some of the volunteers remained the rest of the night playing a stream on the glowing embers. Along in the forenoon even these left to get a little to eat and a much needed sleep. At 4 o'clock Sunday afternoon the fire bell was rung again to call out the department to wash up the hose and put the things in shape but evidently a great many were aware of what was wanted and did not show up, leaving the work to the few who did.

Despite all the confusion of the firemen and their acting without a head they did good work in saving the barn and keeping the fire from spreading any more than it did.

The lesson to be learned from the fire is that the equipment of the company should be kept up in a first class manner and subleaders elected to take charge when the regular leaders are not present. The need of a chemical wagon is another necessity. Another is that the firemen should be drilled in their respective positions and should learn the location of all the hydrants in the city, should see that they are in working order and that proper wrenches to do the work are always at hand.

## Ft. Calhoun

Frank Curtis, a veteran of the civil war, came from Blair to bid his son's family good-bye before leaving for Battle Mountain sanitarium, S. D.

William Krugre has 250 sheep, making over 2,000 within about a mile of the postoffice.

Henry Frahm has voted here 52 years. Allen Craig, Nicholas Rix and Aut Beales each 53 years.

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Henry Frahm, 83 years old, over 52 in Washington county, had his an-

## AS TOLD THE EDITOR

In Which is Told What the Neighbors Are Doing and What They Propose to Do as Set Down by Our Chroniclers for the Edification of All Who Are Interested in the Doings of People of Florence and Vicinity.

Sunday a party of Florence enjoyed a motor trip to Herman and a dinner with Mr. and Mrs. John Cameron, cousins of the Misses Morgan. Those forming the happy party were Mr. Frank Parker, Mr. Timothy Murphy, Miss Hazel Nelson, Miss Ester Dugher, Miss Norma Morgan and Miss Eleanor Morgan.

The ladies of St. Philip Neri church gave a very successful and well attended card party at Wall's hall Monday evening.

School let out Tuesday evening for the Thanksgiving holiday and the children were all saying they had something to be thankful for.

Croup is most prevalent during the dry cold weather of the early winter months. Parents of young children should be prepared for it. All that is needed is a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Many mothers are never without it in their homes and it has never disappointed them. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Full head rice, 5 pounds, 25 cents. Thos. Dugher.

Otto Egman and J. T. J. Adams report the killing of six big Canada geese on a sandbar in the river. They weighed about twelve pounds each.

There has been much complaint the past week of hunters from Omaha shooting chickens and then making off with them. They evidently have solved the problem of the high cost of living but if caught will think the cost is abnormally high.

Lame back comes on suddenly and is extremely painful. It is caused by rheumatism of the muscles. Quick relief is afforded by applying Chamberlain's Liniment. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brisbin and Mr. and Mrs. Harry Brisbin spent Thanksgiving the guest of Col. and Mrs. Akin in Omaha.

W. R. Wall subbed at the depot the first of the week while Mr. Marr was away getting a life partner. Wall said he had been through the same experience once before and therefore was willing to run the railroad again for a few days.

annual banquet and a large number of friends last week. Among others were his sister, "Grandma" Kumph, of Omaha, Banker Fred Mathiesen and wife, of Blair, and Mrs. Thomas Price of Weimerville.

The cream station now sends over 250 100-pound cans of cream to Omaha each month.

Otto Frahm sold eight cows and a bull from his herd of Herefords to Fritz Jahneal of Tekamah.

Miss Ella Rohmer, assistant superintendent of the Sunday school, was elected full superintendent for the remainder of the year.

"Grandma" Ketchmark held her 78th birthday anniversary last week. Her daughter and two grandchildren came up from Omaha. "Grandma" is one of those grand German wives and mothers, who, in the fatherland and in America, were a companion and helpmate to their husbands. Besides thirteen children of her own, she reared three grandchildren and made the last years of her aged mother bright and cheerful.

Fred Frahm is building a new warehouse back of the City hall, 24x36 feet.

R. Bloomquist, instead of going back to Blair, has moved over to the Henry Schmidt shop and a Mr. Taylor, of Blair, has his former place in the Clausen shop.

The West Calhoun business men, with the help of several Omaha firms, have organized a corn show for the townships of West Calhoun and DeSota. All entries from these townships will be free and farmers can take their corn home again. There are 21 prizes—corn sheller, sewing machine, feed grinder, bull calf, 16-inch plow, etc. Admission will be free. The dates are Dec. 15 and 16.

## TWO CLUBS MEET TUESDAY

Ponca Improvement Club and Florence Improvement Club Hold Joint Meeting at City Hall.

Tuesday evening at the city hall will occur the meeting of the Ponca Improvement club with the local club to hear the further reports from the committee on the basket factory and other matters that were referred to them. Undoubtedly the subject of the river road will be taken up and plans mapped out for its betterment and the commissioners elect be informed of the situation at the present time.

At the last meeting of the two clubs held in Florence the Ponca club turned out about fifty members and the local club about 30. At the Ponca school house two weeks ago the local merchants were well represented and the Ponca club so pleased with the showing that they are determined to again outnumber the Florence men.

Great good can come from these meetings if the local people will turn out and lend a willing hand to the various phases of work the two clubs are trying to accomplish to their mutual good.

Let everyone turn out to the meeting at the City Hall Tuesday night.

## News-Town

Mr. and Mrs. Robert Olmsted entertained at dinner Monday evening at their home in honor of their twenty-first wedding anniversary. Covers were placed for: Mr. and Mrs. F. L. McCoy, Mr. and Mrs. W. F. Denny, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Clarke, Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Baum, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Fitzgerald, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Stout, Mr. and Mrs. Robert Olmsted.

Three cans corn, 25 cents. Thos. Dugher.

When a cold becomes settled in the system, it will take several days' treatment to cure it, and the best remedy to use is Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. It will cure quicker than any other, and also leaves the system in a natural and healthy condition. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Miss Bertha Anderson is spending her vacation at Elm Creek, Neb.

Best patent flour for \$1.30 at Thos. Dugher's.

A persistent rumor about town the past week is the divorce of a prominent young lady who was married not so long ago. It is said the charge will be non-support.

The old, old story, told times without number, and repeated over and over again for the last 36 years, but it is always a welcome story to those in search of health—There is nothing in the world that cures coughs and colds as quickly as Chamberlain's Cough Remedy. Sold by Geo. Siert.

The Eneeroff club gave its regular dance last Friday night and it was a most enjoyable affair, everyone present reporting a good time. Will Crosby's Orchestra furnished the music and played to the satisfaction of all. A large crowd was in attendance and the hall was comfortably filled. The next dance will be given on Friday evening, December 2nd.

Three cans of peas for 25 cents. Thos. Dugher.

R. H. Brown has bought of J. C. Brown lot 6, block 82, paying \$1,000 for it.

Eight bars of any kind of laundry soap, 25 cents. Thos. Dugher.

Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Olmsted and Master Robert Olmsted were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Stout in Omaha for Thanksgiving.

Mr. and Mrs. George B. Eddy were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Platz Sunday.

Will lady who saw street car accident at 24th and Ames, 7 o'clock evening, October 6, kindly call D. 5848, 638 Bee building.

19 pounds of sugar for \$1.00. Thos. Dugher.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Pettit of Creston, Ia., and Mr. I. W. Marr, the station agent, occurred Monday at Creston, Ia. They returned to Florence Monday evening and were served with a wedding supper at the Parkside, after which they were escorted by their friends to their new home in Mrs. Deland's house. Mrs. Marr is a niece of Mrs. Logan. The young couple are being showered with congratulations from their many friends.

## PROCEEDINGS OF COUNCIL

A Meeting That is Characterized for its Burning Oratory on the Subject of Fires, Fire Departments, Fire Limits and Fiery Words, and the Sad Part of it is There were Only Two or Three Visitors Present to Hear and See the Show.

Again the populace was not there and again they missed hearing the rip-roaring speeches or rather roasts on those who profess to belong to the fire department.

It was not in terms usually employed, either, that this gentle flow of words went echoing down the corridors of time, hurling from mouth to mouth as one after the other took up the refrain and added a little more to it.

And it was too bad that such an opportunity to hear our public officials in a forensic war was missed by almost everyone as there were only three spectators present, and none of them belonged to the fire department and so, they, too, took their rap. And rap it certainly was. It was done with a big stick, and when the vocabulary of the one speaking was exhausted he resorted to actions for actions speak louder than words. It was a merry evening all right, all right.

Councilman Price started the ball rolling when he introduced a fire limit ordinance and said that he understood there was an old shack of barn in Omaha that some people were figuring on moving to Florence and locating on Main street and he thought the lesson of the fire Saturday night was such that no one should object to passing an ordinance that would prevent the erection or moving in of any wooden buildings on Main street from State street to Fillmore street. He said that if the fire of Saturday evening had occurred on the west side of Main street nothing could have prevented the wiping out of the town.

Mayor Tucker said that he hoped the next time there was a fire there would be some kind of a decent effort to put it out and not have a gang of crazy people grab hold of the fire cart and run past hydrants and hitch up on a hydrant away from the fire and then have to wake people up to get a wrench to open the aforesaid hydrant, the one belonging to the company having been mislaid or lost. Also when the hose was coupled together it should be done right so all the water could be used on the fire. But what was even more essential, he said was a head to the department when the chief was not present. Saturday night he said everybody had something to say and no one minded anyone else but went on and did as he pleased which generally was shouting for some one else to do the work. As late as one o'clock Sunday afternoon the hose was still thrown around on the streets and if a fire had broken out the town would have been at the mercy of the flames as the time necessary to gather up the hose would have allowed the fire such a start the company would have been useless. He said the city was paying enough for fire protection to have something better than play.

J. V. Shipley chimed in on the poor hose, poor connections and lack of organized work at the fire. He said the hose still laid in the street as late as 4:30 Sunday afternoon. He said there was no satisfaction in buying the boys toys when they treat them in this manner. And so the work of roasting went on but as the columns of the Tribune wouldn't tell all that was told the subscribers will have to be content with this much.

The ordinance that Mr. Price introduced was read the first time and then he moved that rule six be suspended but none of the other councilmen saw any reason to second the motion as Allen wanted it amended in several places. Craig wanted the limits to include both lumber yards. Kierle thought that it should be changed so a man could erect a stable on the back end of the lot, or if he wanted to a frame house.

Councilman Price reported that lot 7, block 96 had been left out of the other board of equalization meeting and consequently the tax for the laying of the sidewalk had never been levied. The matter was referred to the street and alley committee to look up and report at the next meeting.

The same committee will look into the matter of putting a road in front of the place owned by Sam Hoff in Florence Heights.

The following bills were allowed at a bill of \$2 for Dr. Horton had been rejected:

Joe Miller	.....\$2.00
H. Barnes	.....\$5.00
J. P. Cooke & Co.	.....\$1.80
J. Bondesson	.....\$6.70
Earl Cosner	.....\$3.00
L. Fay	.....\$65.00
J. P. Crick	.....\$100.00

On the latter bill Councilman Price voted no.

## TWO BIG EVENTS OF THE WEEK

Better Street Car Service and Free Delivery of the Mail Are Promised to People of Florence.

It has been persistently rumored the past week that the street car company would put on a new schedule the first of the month that would give the people a ten-minute service all the time. The change contemplates the sending of all the west side cars to Florence instead of the east side at present, the latter going as far as Fort and Thirtieth streets.

Should this rumor prove true, and the source of it is such that one has every reason to believe that it will, it will prove a boon to the people of Florence and should result in the bringing of many more people out here to live, that being the sole objection heretofore.

Advices from Washington received this week are to the effect that the department has taken up the matter of free delivery of mail and that an inspector who was here about two weeks ago has reported favorably, saying that everything required by the department had been complied with, but that more sidewalks would be a great help. The report is at present before the department for action and it will either be acted on favorably or else on the condition that more walks are laid.

These two events of the past week ought to make the people of this vicinity sit up and take notice and then put their shoulders to the wheel and push for a bigger and better Florence.

## Idle Chatter

Frank Broadfield of Omaha was the guest of Florence friends Thursday afternoon and evening.

Many school children suffer from constipation which is often the cause of seeming stupidity at lessons. Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are an ideal medicine to give a child, for they are mild and gentle in their effect, and will cure even chronic constipation. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Standard oil, 10 cents a gallon. Thos. Dugher.

Mr. O. B. Nash of Kansas City was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Brisbin the fore part of the week.

The election of officers of the Odd Fellows will occur tonight.

Miss Clara Pilant, who has been visiting relatives at Maskell, Neb., returned Monday.

Wilbur Nichols, who is working for the Union Pacific at Gothenburg, spent Thursday and Friday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Nichols.

The Rebeckahs will elect officers at their meeting Monday.

The twentieth annual ball of Hose Company No. 1 was given Thursday evening at Cole's hall when over 150 couples enjoyed the full program of twenty dances. The grand march of the firemen about the middle of the program was a feature of the evening, the firemen being all in uniform and going through many evolutions. The editor's experiences will be given next week as he has not sufficiently recovered to write it up in the style it deserves before then. The programs, which were remarked on as being very tasty and an acceptable souvenir, were furnished by the Tribune.

Lucian Thompson and Will Thompson are home from the university of Nebraska to spend the Thanksgiving holidays.

Mrs. Babson, Mrs. Allen and the Misses Sfish of Omaha were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. R. A. Golding Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. Leonard of Omaha were the guests of L. R. Griffith Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. P. A. Haskell were guests of Omaha friends Thursday.

Mrs. Angelina Tucker entertained at a family reunion Thursday afternoon. After a bounteous dinner a group photograph was taken of the participants. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Thompson, Mr. and Mrs. Walter Van Plank, Mrs. and Mrs. C. J. Kierle, Mr. and Mrs. L. F. Imm, Mr. and Mrs. O. K. Tucker, Mr. and Mrs. F. V. Tucker and daughter of DeSota, Mr. and Mrs. E. K. Turner, Mrs. Mann and daughter, Mr. Clifford Kierle, Mr. William Tucker, and Mrs. Angelina Tucker.

## Card Tray

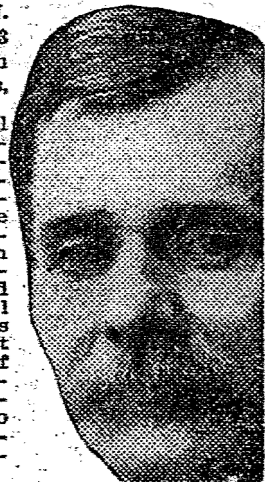
Three cans tomatoes, 25 cents. Thos. Dugher.

Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Mullen of Omaha spent Thursday visiting Florence friends.

# DOCTORS FAILED

Suffered Several Years With Kidney Trouble, "Peruna Cured Me."

Mr. John N. Watkins, 3133 Shenandoah Ave., St. Louis, Mo., writes: "Among the great medicines for kidney and bladder trouble there is nothing which equals Peruna. I suffered for several years with this trouble, spent hundreds of dollars on doctors and medicine and all to no purpose until I took Peruna."



"One bottle did me more good than all Mr. John N. Watkins, the others put together, as they only poisoned my system. Peruna cured me. I used it for four months before a complete cure was accomplished, but am truly grateful to you. The least I can do in return is to acknowledge the merits of Peruna, which I take pleasure in now doing."

**Bladder Trouble.**  
Mr. C. B. Newhof, 10 Delaware street, Albany, N. Y., writes: "Since my advanced age I find that I have been frequently troubled with urinary ailments. The bladder seemed irritated, and my physician said that it was catarrh caused by a protracted cold which would be difficult to overcome on account of my advanced years. I took Peruna, hardly daring to believe that I would be helped, but found to my relief that I soon began to mend. The irritation gradually subsided, and the urinary difficulties passed away. I have enjoyed excellent health now for the past seven months. I enjoy my meals, sleep soundly, and am as well as I was twenty years ago. I give all praise to Peruna."

**ROOSEVELT'S GREAT BOOK "African Game Trails"**  
Needed—a man in every place to sell this famous new book. Bring it to the families in your locality. We give you monopoly of field and high commission. Take this great chance. Write for prospectus. Charles Scribner's Sons, 152 (N. E.) Fifth Ave., New York.

**OLD SORES CURED**  
Allen's Ulcerine cures Chronic Ulcers, Bone Glands, Scrofulous Ulcers, Varicose Veins, Inflammatory Hemorrhoids, White Swelling, Milk Leg, Fever Sores, and all sores. Putties in All. By mail 50c. J. P. ALLEN, Dept. A, St. Paul, Minn.

If afflicted with eye troubles, use **Thompson's Eye Water**

**UNCLE CALHOUN SPOKE OUT**

Answer No Doubt Truthful, but by No Means What the Orator Desired.

Booker T. Washington, congratulated by a New York reporter on the success he had made of his life, said with a smile:

"I suppose I must be modest and declare that luck has had more to do with my progress, or otherwise I'll be in Senator Dash's shoes."

"Senator Dash of Tallapoosa prided himself on his rise from the bottom, for Senator Dash in his youth had worked with the colored people in the cotton fields."

"Boasting at a political meeting about his rise, the senator singled out Uncle Calhoun Webster among his audience and said:

"I see before me old Calhoun Webster, beside whom, in the broiling southern sun, I toiled day after day. Now, ladies and gentlemen, I appeal to Uncle Calhoun. Tell us all, uncle, was I, or was I not, a good man in the cotton field?"

"Yo' wuz a good man, senatuh," the aged negro replied; "yo' wuz a good man, fo' a fack; but yo' sut'ny didn't work much."

Not a Harmless Sport.  
Friend—You fought bareheaded?  
French Duelist—Yes, and got a fine sunstroke.—Journal Amusant.

You can't administer punishment and forgiveness at the same time.

The Chinese may adopt a compromise. When they stop pinching the feet of their girls they may put on their hobble skirts.

A German banker spent eight months in America and did not marry. He is rich, so there must be some other reason.

Dunning by postal card has been forbidden by the post office department. Hereafter the dunnings must use two-cent stamps.

A Russian military balloon went up over 20,000 feet the other day. That is enough to get out of range of any ordinary Japanese fleet.

We have grown as a people this year 5,275,000,000 bushels of corn, oats, wheat, barley and potatoes, and no one should go hungry.

One woman of the "400" paid \$11,000 in duties on her gowns recently. The "400" has ceased to practise smuggling except at odd times.

Everything seems to indicate that it will be several years yet before the science of aviation can be considered entirely out of its infancy.

# MARKS HERO'S TOMB

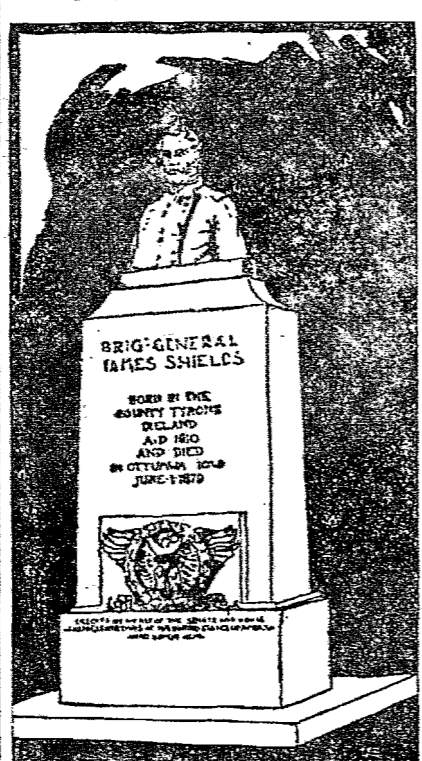
Monument Now at Gen. Shields' Long-Neglected Grave.

He Fought With Distinction in Two Wars, Served Three States as Senator and a Fourth as Governor.

Carrollton, Mo.—To have served as senator from three states and as governor of a fourth is a distinction that has come to only one man in the history of the United States. And yet for nearly 30 years that man, Gen. James H. Shields, whose military record was even more illustrious than his record as a statesman, lay in an almost forgotten and unmarked grave. He was the first territorial governor of Oregon, he served a full term as senator from Illinois, he was one of the first two senators from Minnesota and he served out an unexpired term as senator from Missouri. He went into the Mexican war a brigadier general and served with such distinction that his sword found ready acceptance and he was commissioned a brigadier general at the outbreak of the Civil war.

General Shields served four states and his adopted country (he was Irish born) both faithfully and well, and doubtless had public attention been called earlier to the neglect of his grave in St. Mary's cemetery here, Congress would have been quicker to show, by a monument, its appreciation of his services. However, when Representative Rucker, of Missouri, introduced a bill at the last session of congress to appropriate \$3,000 for that purpose, it was quickly passed and the monument was recently unveiled.

General Shields was one of the many young Irishmen who came to America in the generation that preceded the Civil war and gave their adopted country cause to feel proud of them. He was born in County Tyrone, December 12, 1810. About the age of 16 young Shields emigrated to the United States and finished his education. He studied law and began practice at Kaskaskia, Ill., in 1832. He rapidly achieved professional dis-



Monument to General Shields.

ting and having entered politics was elected to the legislature in 1836. In 1839 he was elected state auditor and in 1843 was appointed judge of the Supreme court of Illinois. He held the latter office two years and resigned to accept the appointment of commissioner of the general land office in Washington.

Served in Two Wars.  
At the outbreak of the Mexican war Shields was given a brigadier's commission and commanded, first a brigade of Illinois troops, later commanding a brigade composed of marines and New York and South Carolina volunteers. He served under Gen. Zachary Taylor, Gen. Winfield Scott and General Wool and was wounded at Cerro Gordo and in the storming of Chapultepec. For gallantry in the latter action he was breveted a major general. General Shields was mustered out of service in 1848 and shortly afterwards was appointed the first territorial governor of Oregon.

While serving in that office he was elected senator from Illinois and served out his full term. After quitting the senate he moved to Minnesota, where he speedily became prominent in politics and, on the admission of that state, he was elected senator for the short term, serving two years from 1857 to 1859. Quitting the senate again he went to California and engaged in mining, and was thus engaged when the Civil war broke out. Promptly he offered his sword and was commissioned a brigadier general. He commanded a division under Gen. Nathaniel P. Banks in the Shenandoah Valley and directed the initial movement at the battle of Winchester, where he was severely wounded.

At his own request he was relieved of his command in the army and went to California, where he remained until the close of the war. He then chose Missouri as his home, settling in Carroll county, living on a farm a few miles east of Carrollton in peaceful retirement until 1874, when he was chosen to represent the county in the legislature. In January, 1879, he was chosen by the Missouri legislature to fill the unexpired term of Senator L. V. Boggs, which expired March 4, 1879. He died at Ottumwa in 1879.

Mixing His Dates.  
There is a story of a man who was so transported with joy as he stood up at the altar rail to be married, that his thoughts reverted to a day when he stood up at the prisoner's bar in a court of justice to plead "guilty" or "not guilty" to a criminal charge. So powerfully did that, the most painful event of his life, obtrude itself upon his mind, that when the clergyman put the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" and so on, the poor distracted bridegroom answered with startling distinctness, "Not guilty, so help me God!"—From Tuckerman's "Personal Recollections."

**DISTEMPER**  
In all its forms among all ages of horses, as well as dogs, cured and others in same stable prevented from having the disease with SPOHN'S DISTEMPER CURE. Every bottle guaranteed. Over 600,000 bottles sold last year \$2.50 and \$1.00. Any good druggist, or send to manufacturers. Agents wanted. Spohn Medical Co., Spec. Contagious Diseases, Goshen, Ind.

Only on Great Occasions.  
"How are you, Mr. Tyte-Physt? I hope there is nothing wrong with that set of teeth I made for you a few weeks ago."  
"No, they're all right; but, great Scott, Doc, I paid you \$30 for them teeth. You don't s'pose I'm going to wear 'em for everyday use, do you?"

Ten Beautiful Christmas Cards Free  
To quickly introduce the biggest and best farm journal in the West, we make this special 30 day bargain offer: Send 10 cents for trial 3 months' subscription and we will give you free our collection of 10 very finest Gold Embossed Christmas post cards. Nebraska Farm Journal, 319 Range Building, Omaha, Neb.

Women seem to live faster than men. Many a man has lived to flirt with the daughter of the woman he came near marrying.

What Marine Eye Remedy Does to the Eyes is to Refresh, Clearse, Strengthen and Stimulate Healthful Circulation. Promoting Normal Conditions. Try Marine in your Eyes.

It is better to inherit a fortune than to marry one.

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

Good luck likes to visit people who are not expecting it.

**THE KEYSTONE TO HEALTH IS HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS**

If you want a medicine that will give you the greatest satisfaction in cases of Indigestion, Constipation, Biliousness, Colds, Grippe and Malaria take none but the Bitters. Its reputation is established.

Roasted Spanish Onions.

Wash well in cold water as many onions as are required to roast. Do not peel them; put them into a saucepan with enough cold water to cover them. Stand them over the fire and let them simmer gently for two hours; then lift them one at a time from the water with a skimmer; place them in a baking dish, pull the skins off, season them with a light sprinkling of red pepper and plenty of salt. Put a tablespoonful of butter on top of each onion, cover them well with fine bread crumbs and stand them in a quick oven and let them roast until a rich brown on the top; then serve in the dish in which they are roasted.

Walnut Stain.  
Walnut hair stain may be made by breaking the hulls into a jar and filling the latter loosely. Over the hulls must be poured grain alcohol, the jar lid served down tight and let stand overnight. In the morning the alcohol is poured off, squeezing the hulls. The hulls are then covered with cold water and slowly brought to a boil to simmer until the hulls are mushy. The liquid thus obtained is strained off and when cold is added to the alcohol.

The hair must be washed and thoroughly dried before putting on the stain with a brush. The application must be repeated.

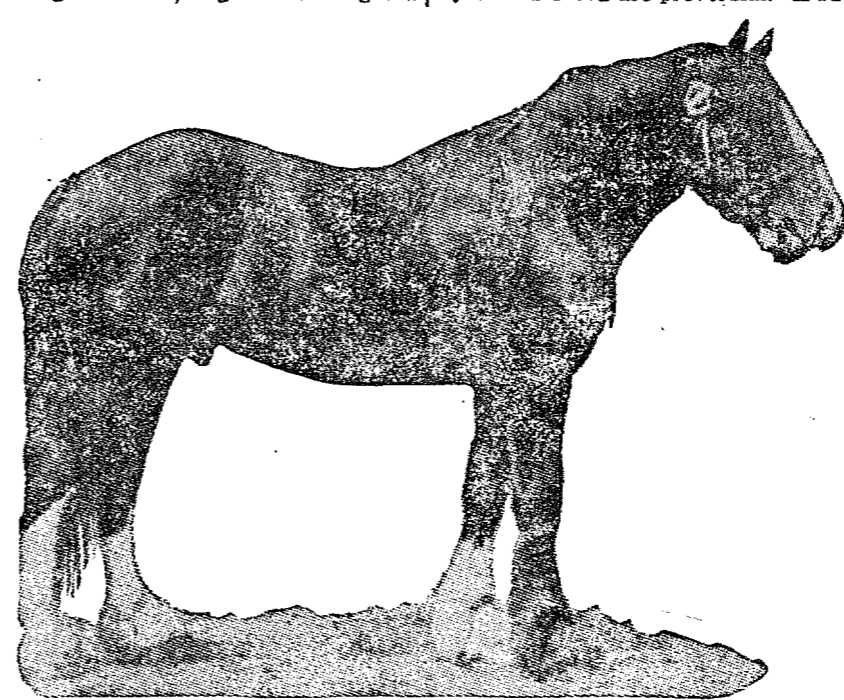
Pot Roast.  
Wipe four pounds of beef from the rump or best part of the round. Put it into a hot frying pan and sear all sides. Put it then into pot with two cups of water and simmer gently. If the water boils away too much add just enough more to keep it from burning. Have it covered closely, serve with a garnish of boiled carrots. Thicken with a little flour (the gravy left), wet with a little water, let it boil up a few minutes and serve in a gravy boat.

Ham Pattie.  
Make a cream sauce of one tablespoon of butter, one tablespoon flour, one cup milk. Roll eggs hard and drop. Place in pudding dish a layer of chopped boiled ham, then a layer of eggs moistened with the cream sauce. Repeat until the dish is full, then cover with breadcrumbs and dot with bits of butter and bake in oven a few minutes.

# BREEDING PEDIGREE STOCK IS HIGHLY PROFITABLE

Man Must be Lover of Animals and Possess More Than Ordinary Amount of Patience if He is to Become a Prosperous Breeder.

Perhaps of all branches of farming breeding pedigree livestock is the most interesting, and, in addition, it has the further recommendation that when properly conducted it is profitable. I know that many persons have dropped money, and some large amounts, over pedigree stock; but I could name several tenant farmers who have weathered bad times and are today in a prosperous condition, thanks mainly to this industry. A man must be a lover of animals and possess a more than ordinary amount of patience if he is to become a prominent breeder, says a writer in Country Life. Furthermore, unless he is able to place a large amount of capital in the business he must be prepared to lock his money up for some years. Those who can afford to buy the best-bred and most typical animals of any breed as foundation stock, and who are content to pay good salaries and wages to competent men to take charge of them, ought soon to get a



Champion Clydesdale.

good return for their investment. Persons with limited means must be satisfied to start with a few animals less perfect in type and conformation or with aged individuals which can be picked up for comparatively little money, and then gradually breed up a stud herd or flock. The latter plan, unless one is a good judge of stock and a practical farmer, is the one I should advise. Clever and experienced breeders are apt to make mistakes in buying, mating and rearing their stock and a novice is sure to purchase his experience very dearly if he starts breeding on too large a scale.

The situation and soil of one's farm should govern, to a great extent, the variety of stock which it is decided to keep. Lincoln sheep, for instance, would not pay to rear on the mountains where the Scotch black-faced mountain or the Herdwick breeds exist. Or, again, the hardy Southdown thrives on the short, scanty herbage that grows on his native hills, where larger sheep would starve. Many breeds of livestock appear to be specially adapted to the locality in which they are born, and one always runs a risk when introducing a fresh variety of animals into any county.

Not only does it take some time for a breed new to the district to become acclimated, but it is always difficult to dispose of one's surplus stock in a

perabundance of hair on a Clydesdale's legs is not considered necessary, as it is on those of the Shire; this can be seen by glancing at the illustration of Royal Guest, the champion Clydesdale stallion at this year's Royal. The Suffolk horse is preferred when quite clean-legged, i. e., with no long hair on his legs. It is a very active, quick animal, with any amount of pluck and endurance, and no breed is better suited for farmwork. Suffolks, like Clydesdales, are also suitable for working in towns, where strong, quick-moving horses are needed. Suffolk horses have been known to live to a great age, and longevity is claimed to be a special feature of this breed.

**Horseflesh Consumption.**  
Horseflesh is very generally advertised in the German newspapers, especially in those of the large industrial centers, and most German cities have at least one market which makes it a specialty, claiming for it a higher percentage of nourishment than that of either beef, veal, mutton or pork.

**Water Sprouts.**  
Do not neglect to cut off the water sprouts on the trunks of young apple, pear and plum trees.

# SEVERAL KINDS OF LEGHORN



Of the several breeds of Leghorn, the white is the most popular and the brown next, says the Farm Poultry. The Buff Leghorns of the best strains have about all the good qualities of the white variety and are fast gaining popularity, the color being more attractive to some tastes. The Black and Dominique Leghorns also have their advocates. Each of the Leghorns, although naturally having single combs, are bred also with rose combs. The rose comb is obtained by introduction of Hamburg blood, and the result is in general a tendency to smaller bodies and smaller eggs in the rose comb varieties. The single combs vary greatly in size and weight, according to strain. Some of the larger strains are almost equal in size to the average of some of the medium weight breeds, and it is claimed that the size is not obtained at the expense of laying powers. The Leghorns, like most of the breeds, need to be bred with care to prevent the tendency to smaller sizes. Small bodies, pinched or cramped in shape, are considered undesirable, as tending to small eggs and lack of constitution.

Eight or ten years ago Leghorn cockerels were in considerable demand for crossing. The Leghorn and Brahma cross, Leghorn and Wyandotte, or Leghorn and Plymouth Rock were preferred by many poultrymen to breed crossbred chickens for broilers and roasters, and of late years the tendency of the poultry plants seems to be toward the use of one or another of the pure breeds. Cross breeding is more trouble and results less uniform than from the pure breeds.

# HUMOR IN THESE VERDICTS

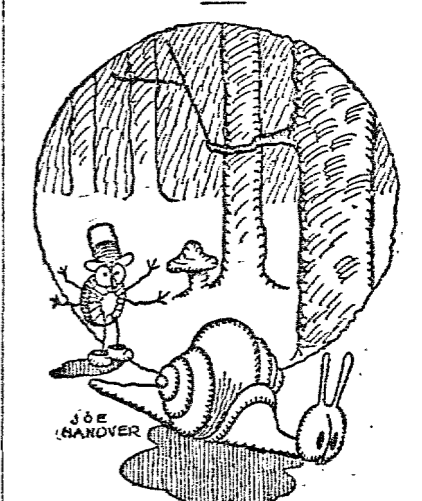
Quaint Ideas and Expressions Recorded as Having Been Rendered by Coroner's Juries.

Referring to a verdict recently given by a coroner's jury that death was "caused by the medical evidence," the British Medical Journal says: "This verdict may be added to those cited in the report of the select committee on death certification, where Dr. Ogle is quoted as saying: 'One verdict came before me a little time ago which was this: "A man died from stone in the kidney, which stone he swallowed when laying on a gravel path in a state of drunkenness." That was given as a verdict. I thought some joke had been played, and I wrote down about it, and found it was an absolute fact. Another one is like this: "Child three months old, found dead, but no evidence whether born alive." These novel judgments recall that an up-state newspaper not long ago spoke of taking a murdered man's "post-mortem" statement.

# UNSIGHTLY COMPLEXIONS

The constant use of Cuticura Soap, assisted by Cuticura Ointment, for toilet, bath and nursery purposes not only preserves, purifies, and beautifies the skin, scalp, hair and hands, and prevents inflammation, irritation and clogging of the pores, the common cause of pimples, blackheads, redness and roughness, yellow, oily, mothy and other unwholesome conditions of the complexion and skin. All who delight in a clear skin, soft, white hands, a clean, wholesome scalp and live, glossy hair, will find Cuticura Soap most successful in realizing every expectation. Cuticura Soap and Ointment are admirably adapted to preserve the health of the skin and scalp of infants and children, and to prevent minor blemishes or inherited skin humors becoming chronic, and may be used from the hour of birth. Cuticura Remedies are sold throughout the civilized world. Send to Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., sole proprietors, Boston, for their free Cuticura book, 32 pages of invaluable advice on care and treatment of the skin, scalp and hair.

# NO TIME TO LOSE.



Bug—Hey! Wait a minute, Mrs. Snail.  
Mrs. Snail—I can't stop now; I am going to town to do some Christmas shopping, and it's November now!

# STOMACH MISERY VANISHES

Indigestion, Gas, Sourness and Dyspepsia Go and Your Stomach Feels Fine in Five Minutes.

If your meals don't tempt you, or what little you do eat seems to fill you, or lays like a lump of lead in your stomach, or if you have heartburn or a sick, sour, upset or gassy stomach, that is a sign of indigestion. Ask your Pharmacist for a 50-cent case of Pape's Diapepsin and take a little just as soon as you can. There will be no sour risings, no belching of undigested food mixed with acid, no stomach gas or heartburn; fullness or heavy feeling in the stomach; Nausea, Debilitating Headaches, Dizziness or Intestinal griping. This will all go, and besides, there will be no undigested food left over in the stomach to poison your breath with nauseous odors.

Pape's Diapepsin is certain cure for out-of-order stomachs, because it prevents fermentation and takes hold of your food and digests it just the same as if your stomach wasn't there. Relief in five minutes from all stomach misery is waiting for you at any drug store here in town.

These large 50-cent cases of Pape's Diapepsin contain more than sufficient to thoroughly cure any case of Dyspepsia, Indigestion, Gastritis or any other stomach disturbance.

**Reason for Strange Names.**  
A little colored girl appeared on one of the city playgrounds the other day, accompanied by two pickaninies, who, she explained, were cousins of hers, visitors in Newark. "What are their names?" asked the young woman in charge of the playground. "Aida Overture Johnson and Lucia Sextette Johnson," the girl answered. "You see, their papa used to work for an opera man."—Newark News.

Pneumonia and Consumption are always preceded by an ordinary cold. Hamlin's Wizard Oil rubbed into the chest draws out the inflammation, breaks up the cold and prevents all serious trouble.

A bachelor girls' club is an association of women who think they are more likely to get husbands by pretending not to want them.

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

It isn't every ball player who can make a hit on the stage.



Florence, Neb., Friday, Nov. 25, 1910

Brain Storms

SOCIALISM. A subscriber sends us a marked copy of the Christian Socialist with a marked article on "Why Fear Socialism?" There is no need to fear socialism. The article is very cleverly written but like all socialist literature starts out with an assumption as a basis of fact. All socialists base their belief on the premises that society is indebted to the individual instead of the individual to society.

SOCIALISM. Socialism bases all values upon a labor basis and all commodities will be purchased with labor of an equivalent value. That there would have to be some profit on the labor value of each is readily seen when one takes into consideration that a person may become sick or injured or disabled and therefore unable to produce anything and yet have to be supported. The socialists answer that the government will take care of them. But how can they if each one does not give a profit on his or her labor to the government or, rather, society, for if socialism in its entirety were in force there would be no need of government and under our present system government is but the wishes of society (true sometimes perverted but nevertheless its wishes either active or passive).

SOCIALISM. The socialists say that the evil of our present system is competition. And yet if it were not for competition why should one farmer strive to raise better and bigger corn, or apples or anything else. If it takes the same amount of work to produce a good article as it does an inferior one under socialism the value of both would be identical instead of as now the better commanding a premium. However there is just enough of the utopian, or that for which we are all striving for in socialism to make it very attractive.

SOCIALISM. Everybody will admit there are many defects in our present body politic and almost everyone has a panacea for its ills. That the remedies offered have some merit no one will deny but that any one panacea will cure all the ills is just as preposterous as that any one medicine will cure all the physical ills.

FLORENCE TRIB- GALS FIVE The Tribune realizes, however, that it is futile to argue this question for should it devote its entire eight pages to arguments pro and con for the next ten generations neither would be converted to the belief of the other.

Right now let us remark, the problems that today confront us and seem so enormous and so awful will be righted and will work themselves out. The world is getting better, and if each one of us in our everyday life would live up to the golden rule, if each one of us would pass on one bright, cheery word, smile a smile and make someone else smile a smile we would be nearer a utopian existence than socialism or any other ism or ology could bring us and we would soon see what a good old place this world was after all.

A Letter of Appreciation. Omaha, November 19, 1910. The Florence Tribune, Florence, Nebraska. Gentlemen: I wish to thank you and through

you the people of Florence and of this congressional district for the splendid vote I received on election day. The official canvass indicates that Mr. Lobeck has been elected to congress by a plurality of 115 votes, and considering the handicap of the machines in Douglas county I feel highly complimented by the large vote I received, and inasmuch as I cannot see each one of my friends personally I take this method of thanking them for their work in my behalf.

Sincerely yours, A. L. SUTTON. Florence, Nov. 21, 1910.

Editor of the Tribune: Herewith find an essay on newspapers written by a boy that I think applies to the Tribune. Don't you? "Newspapers are sheets of paper on which stuff to read is printed. The men look it over and see their names in it. I don't think God does. The Bible says nothing about editors, and I never heard of one being in heaven. The first editor I heard of was a fellow who wrote up the flood. He has been here ever since. Some editors belong to the church and some try to raise whiskers. All of them raise Cain in their neighborhood. Sometimes the paper dies and then people feel glad, but some one starts it up again. Editors never went to school because editors don't get licked. Our paper is a mighty poor one but we take it so ma can use it on her pantry shelves. Our editor don't amount to much, but ps says he had a poor chance when a boy. He goes without underclothes in winter, wears no socks and has a wife to support him. Pa has not paid his subscription in five years, and don't intend to."

Unprecedented Opportunity. One of the most valuable features of the International Live Stock Exposition at Chicago this year, and which takes place on the dates of November 26th to December 3rd, inclusive, is that it occurs at the same time at which the "Land Show" and "Apple Show" are held. These great exhibitions, presented at the same time in the great city of Chicago, that wonderful metropolis of the West, and the food depot of the world, offers an unprecedented opportunity to everyone who is interested in farming, breeding, the development of land, and the apple-growing industry, such as has never occurred before, to pay a visit to Chicago at this time. Apart from the pleasures of the trip, they will be able to kill three birds with one stone, as well as do their shopping and domestic purchasing at the most interesting season of the year, when the stores are filled with everything that appeals to everybody, in addition to taking away with them a fund of practical knowledge that will be of incalculable value in after years.

GUMPTION ON THE FARM.

Don't let the apples or potatoes freeze. Sort out the rotten ones. Don't speculate. Calculate, regulate, hesitate, migrate if you think you must, but never speculate. Time is saved by doing now much of the work usually done in the busy spring, such as hauling stones, clearing away trees and brush, fixing the grape arbor, etc. Leave the job of climbing the windmill to some one who is level-headed and strong in limb. Many a serious accident has happened from not living up to this rule. Be thankful every day; don't pile your gratitude all on to one day. The man who is thankful only when the Governor says he must, never is very thankful any day. Are all the tools, from screw-driver to thrashing machine, snugly housed for the winter? They should be, but if not it is not too late to bring them in yet. Better do it now. Look after the pits where potatoes and the like are stored, and make sure that there is enough earth or litter on them to protect the contents from the coldest weather. Neglect may cause serious loss. A tank heater for heating drinking water for live stock will pay for itself, time and again, in one winter, in the saving of extra feed required to restore the animal heat lost through taking in the drafts of icy water. Provide a stout sled, warm clothes, and let the children slide; but keep them off the roads. It is fun, and you know it, or ought to; and far more healthful for mind and body than a dime novel in the barn loft. It takes a smart man to wait patiently for dinner when the hour comes. His wife can wait for him a month of Sundays, but if she is not right on the tick when he come in, there will be trouble right along. Most things have two sides to them. Isn't this one of them?

THE GREATER YOUTH'S COMPANION.

Since its enlargement by the addition of an amount of reading in the year equal to four hundred ordinary magazine pages, The Youth's Companion can offer even a wider range of wholesome entertainment than ever before; but the character of the paper's contents remains the same, and the subscription price, \$1.75, is unchanged. Every boy will eagerly look for the articles on skill in sports and pastimes and how to develop it. The girls will find many novel and practical suggestions which will be helpful in their daily life. For the family in general, hints for the profitable occupation of winter

evenings, for increasing the happiness and comfort of the household. This reading is all in addition to the ordinary treasury of stores, articles by celebrated men and women, the unequalled miscellany the invaluable doctor's article, the terse notes on what is going on in all fields of human activity. It will cost you nothing to send for the beautiful Announcement of The Companion for 1911, and we will send with it sample copies of the paper. Do not forget that the early subscriber for 1911 receives free all the remaining issues of 1910, including those containing the opening chapters of Grace Richmond's serial story, Five Miles Out. The new subscriber receives also The Companion's Art Calendar for 1911, lithographed in twelve colors and gold. The Youth's Companion, 144 Berkeley St., Boston, Mass. New subscriptions received at this office.

A SHOW OF THE WEST.

Realizing the benefits of a mid-winter educational show of western agricultural products, Nebraskans will not let the national corn show idea die out, but now propose to replace it with an exhibit of all the farm and orchard products of the west. Limited as it is to the exhibits of states west of the Missouri river, such a show is aimed to better serve the purpose of boosting the western country by giving a graphic lesson under one roof of the possibilities of the lands between the river and the Sierra Nevadas. The idea of the promoters of this latest of western enterprises is to bring together such honest representative exhibits from western states and districts as will give a visitor a clear idea of what is possible on western lands without necessity of traveling thousands of miles to see irrigation projects, new farm lands, dry farming regions and old well developed farms in Nebraska, South Dakota and Kansas. The Western Land Products exhibit will be sort of a panorama of the country west of the Missouri river with such displays of products as will give anyone an intelligent idea of each section of the country where farming or fruit growing is the principal industry. Does a farmer or investor want to know Nebraska without traveling over the state? Look at the Nebraska exhibit. Inquirers about a certain valley in Idaho or the products of the great Salt Lake basin, may be answered by visiting the exhibits brought together for this honest purpose. The Western Land products exhibit will be held in Omaha January 18 to 28 in the Auditorium, which has 19,000 square feet of exhibit space.

Bank of Florence (The Old Bank) Deposits, Aug. 25, '10 - \$81,853.26 Deposits, Nov. 10, '10 - \$100,005.28 A gain of more than 22 1-2 per cent in 2 1-2 months - which speaks well for our town and country.

YOUR DOLLAR Will come back to you if you spend it at home. It is gone forever if you send it to the Mail-Order House. A glance through our advertising columns will give you an idea where it will buy the most.

ORDINANCE NO. 282.

Introduced November 11, 1910, by Councilman J. H. Price. AN ORDINANCE requiring the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company to pave with concrete or vitrified brick block between its tracks and rails and one foot beyond its outer rails on a part of Main street south of Briggs street in the City of Florence. BE IT ORDAINED BY THE MAYOR AND COUNCIL OF THE CITY OF FLORENCE: Section 1. That the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway Company be and it is hereby required, on or before January 1, 1911, to pave between its tracks and rails and to one foot beyond its outer rails, that part of Main street in the City of Florence from the south side of Briggs street south to the point where the concrete pavement now extends on the east side of said Main street, and that said street railway company so adjust its tracks there so that the tracks will be on a level with the pavement on both sides of said part of said Main street. Said paving to be done by the said Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway Company to consist of either concrete paving or vitrified brick block paving. Sec. 2. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage. Passed and approved this 11th day of November, 1910. Attest, F. S. TUCKER, Mayor. JOHN BONDESSON, City Clerk.

Church Notes Presbyterian

The Ponca Sabbath school has gone to work in earnest. Last Sabbath, we had 22 in attendance, officers were elected and teachers chosen. Everything looks as though we were going to have a good school this winter. Prayer meeting and bible study will be held on Thanksgiving evening as usual. Mr. Sloan enjoyed dinner at the home of Mr. Yoder on Sunday. Mr. Allison, Mr. Carlson, Mr. Haskell, and Mr. Sloan attended the Presbyterian men's banquet at the German Presbyterian church in Omaha on Monday night. Remember that the annual bazaar and chicken pie supper will come off on the evening of December 8. Plans are being made to hold it in the south part of Mr. Price's new store. The pastor took supper with Andr. Anderson on Thursday. Next Sabbath's topics: Morning, "Service as Seen in Men's Lives." Evening, "A Vision of the Future." Some do not know the exact hours of the different services. They are: Sabbath school, 10 a. m.; Christian Endeavor, 6:45 p. m.; preaching services, morning 11 and evening 8. Communion will be held on the second Sabbath in December. The Young people of the choir have proven very faithful. Miss Sophia Anderson as organist is always at her post. The Hamann boys come all the way from the country both to practice and to church. We were glad to have Miss Emma Babbit back last Sabbath. It was evident that Miss Taylor put in some time in preparation for the C. E. meeting last Sabbath. We are sorry that there was not a larger attendance. Our subject, "Thanksgiving," is a good one. The piece that Mrs. Yoder spoke for us was worth coming out to hear. For Minor Heiresses. "Have you a copy of Burke's 'Peerage' you could loan me?" "I believe there's an old copy kicking around. What do you want with it?" "Just a little scheme. I'm thinking of compiling a mail-order catalog of bargain dukes."

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D. C. PATTERSON, Attorney, Omaha, Neb.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska. Provident Real Estate Company, Plaintiff vs. Albert Bacon, et al., Defendants. To Albert Bacon, Charles F. Collins, Hannah Robert, Charles E. Nason, Bridget Mahon, John M. Burns, defendants, and the unknown heirs and devisees of the above named defendants and the unknown heirs and devisees of William W. Thompson, deceased. You are hereby notified that on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1910, the Plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, Doc. 111, No. 282, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree that the Plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee simple of the title to Lots Thirteen and Fourteen (13-14) in Block One (1) in Thornton Place, Lot Twelve (12) in Block Sixteen (16) in Omaha View, Lot Four (4) in Block Two (2) in Pruyn Park, Lot Twelve (12) in Block Twenty (20) West Side, Lot Twenty-three (23) in Block Four (4) in Shriver Place, and Lot Twenty-four (24) in Block Three (3) in Pruyn Park, all being additions to the City of Omaha, and all being in Douglas County, Nebraska. That you, Albert Bacon, and the unknown heirs and devisees of Albert Bacon, have no title to or interest in Lots Thirteen (13) and Fourteen (14) in Block One (1) in Thornton Place, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Clara F. Collins, Charles J. Roberts and Hannah Roberts, and the unknown heirs and devisees of Clara F. Collins, Charles J. Roberts and Hannah Roberts, have no title to or interest in Lot Twelve (12) in Block Sixteen (16), Omaha View, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Charles E. Nason, and the unknown heirs and devisees of Charles E. Nason, have no title to or interest in Lot Four (4) in Block Two (2) in Pruyn Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Bridget Mahon, and the unknown heirs and devisees of Bridget Mahon, have no title to or interest in Lot Twelve (12) in Block Twenty (20) West Side, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, John M. Burns, and the unknown heirs and devisees of John M. Burns, have no title to or interest in Lot Twenty-four (24) in Block Three (3) in Pruyn Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, the unknown heirs and devisees of William W. Thompson, deceased, have no title to or interest in Lot Twenty-four (24) in Block Three (3) in Pruyn Park, an addition to the City of Omaha, all above described property being located in Douglas County, Nebraska. That the title of the Plaintiff in and to said Real Estate be forever quieted in it and that the Plaintiff have such further and other relief in the premises as it may be entitled to. You are required to answer in the said action on or before the 5th day of December, A. D. 1910. Provident Real Estate Company, Plaintiff. By D. C. Patterson, its attorney. Dated this 18th day of October, A. D. 1910.

D. C. PATTERSON, Attorney, Omaha, Neb.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska. John Gerlach, Plaintiff, vs. Honora Sullivan, et al., Defendants. To Honora Sullivan, Julia Sullivan, Kate Gerlach, Mary Gerlach, Nellie Duffie, Mary Sullivan, Daniel Sullivan, Patrick Sullivan, John Sullivan, Defendants, and the unknown heirs and devisees of said defendants in the above entitled matter. You are hereby notified that on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1910, the plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, Doc. 111, No. 333, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree that the plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee simple of the title to Lot Four (4) and the East Six (6) feet and one-fourth (1/4) of Lot Five (5), all in Block Three (3) in Boyd's Addition, an addition to the City of Omaha, surveyed, platted and recorded in Douglas County, Nebraska. And that you have no title to or interest in said property. That the title of the plaintiff in and to the above described property be forever quieted in him and that the Plaintiff have such further and other relief in the premises as he may be entitled to. You are required to answer in the said action on or before the 5th day of December, A. D. 1910. John Gerlach, Plaintiff. Dated this 18th day of October, A. D. 1910.

D. C. PATTERSON, Attorney, Omaha, Neb.

NOTICE.

In the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska. D. C. Patterson, Trustee, Plaintiff, vs. Catherine Walsh, et al., Defendants. To Catherine Walsh, R. C. Finney, first real name unknown, W. L. Abbott, first real name unknown, Rufus B. Clark, Kay Bridge, Johannes Jessen, Edward A. Creedon, Martha A. Gregg, Hugh H. Baxter, Mary E. Burke, Henry W. Pennock, R. J. Ferguson, George H. H. Farmer, Belle M. Baker, Jennie Graves, Annie Brown, A. Q. Elger, first real name unknown, Fannie V. Dillrance, John Hourihan and William P. Spaford, defendants in the above entitled matter. You are hereby notified that on the 15th day of October, A. D. 1910, the Plaintiff filed in the District Court of Douglas County, State of Nebraska, a petition against you, Doc. 111, No. 334, the object and prayer of which petition is to obtain a judgment and decree that the Plaintiff is the owner and seized in fee simple of the title to Lot Seven (7) in Oak Hill, Lots Three (3) and Four (4) in Block Fourteen (14) (except roads) in Central Park, Lot One (1) in Block One (1), First Addition to Central Park, Lot Eleven (11) in Block One (1), First Addition to Central Park, Lot Thirteen (13) in Block One (1), First Addition to Central Park, Lot Six (6), Seven (7) and Twelve (12) in Block Two (2), First Addition to Central Park, Lot Fourteen (14) in Block Two (2), First Addition to Central Park, Lot Fifteen (15) in Block Two (2), First Addition to Central Park, Lot Sixteen (16) in Myers, Richards and Tilden's Addition, Lot Ten (10) in Block Three (3) in McCormick's Second Addition, all being additions to the City of Omaha, and all being in Douglas County, Nebraska. That you, Anders Jensen, and the unknown heirs and devisees of Anders Jensen, have no title to or interest in Lot Twenty-six (26) in Oak Hill, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Sarepta S. Dillrance and Allen B. Dillrance, have no title to or interest in Lots Three (3) and Four (4) in Block Fourteen (14) (except roads) in Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Frederick G. Leisenring and James M. Swetnam, have no interest in or title to Lots One (1) and Two (2) in Block One (1), First Addition to Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Thomas M. Hodgman and the unknown heirs and devisees of Thomas M. Hodgman, have no interest in Lot Eleven (11) in Block One (1), First Addition to Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, S. M. Shaw, first real name unknown, and the unknown heirs and devisees of S. M. Shaw, first real name unknown, have no title to or interest in Lots Five (5), Six (6), Seven (7) and Twelve (12), in Block Two (2), First Addition to Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Chester A. Franklin, and the widow of George F. Franklin, deceased, have no title to or interest in Lot Fourteen (14) in Block Two (2) in Koster's Addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Lucy P. Darrow and the unknown heirs and devisees of Lucy P. Darrow, have no title to or interest in Lot Seven (7) in Block Sixteen (16) in Myers, Richards & Tilden's Addition, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Fannie V. Dillrance and the unknown heirs and devisees of Fannie V. Dillrance, have no title to or interest in Lot Thirteen (13) in Block One (1), First Addition to Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Sarepta S. Dillrance and Allen B. Dillrance, have no title to or interest in Lot Thirteen (13) in Block One (1), First Addition to Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, S. M. Shaw, first real name unknown, and the unknown heirs and devisees of S. M. Shaw, first real name unknown, have no title to or interest in Lots Five (5), Six (6), Seven (7) and Twelve (12), in Block Two (2), First Addition to Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Chester A. Franklin, and the widow of George F. Franklin, deceased, have no title to or interest in Lot Fourteen (14) in Block Two (2) in Koster's Addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Lucy P. Darrow and the unknown heirs and devisees of Lucy P. Darrow, have no title to or interest in Lot Seven (7) in Block Sixteen (16) in Myers, Richards & Tilden's Addition, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Fannie V. Dillrance and the unknown heirs and devisees of Fannie V. Dillrance, have no title to or interest in Lot Thirteen (13) in Block One (1), First Addition to Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Sarepta S. Dillrance and Allen B. Dillrance, have no title to or interest in Lot Thirteen (13) in Block One (1), First Addition to Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, S. M. Shaw, first real name unknown, and the unknown heirs and devisees of S. M. Shaw, first real name unknown, have no title to or interest in Lots Five (5), Six (6), Seven (7) and Twelve (12), in Block Two (2), First Addition to Central Park, an addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Chester A. Franklin, and the widow of George F. Franklin, deceased, have no title to or interest in Lot Fourteen (14) in Block Two (2) in Koster's Addition to the City of Omaha. That you, Lucy P. Darrow and the unknown heirs and devisees of Lucy P. 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# CALUMET

## The BAKING POWDER

That Makes the Baking Better

Failures are almost impossible with Calumet.  
We know that it will give you better results.  
We know that the baking will be purer and more wholesome.  
We know that it will be more evenly raised.  
And we know that Calumet is more economical, both in its use and cost.  
We know these things because we have put the quality into it—we have seen it tried out in every way. It is used now in millions of homes and its sales are growing daily. It is the modern baking powder.  
Have you tried it?  
Calumet is highest in quality—moderate in price.  
Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.



### BABY'S GIFT FROM HIS PAPA

Inheritance for Which Mother Did Not Seem to Be in Any Great Degree Thankful.

Richard Harding Davis, at a football game in Philadelphia, praised the voices of the young undergraduates shouting their weird college yells.

"It makes me think of a Locust street bride," said Mr. Davis, smiling. "She turned to her husband one night at dinner and remarked:

"My dear, the first time I saw you was at Franklin Field. Your head's thrown back, your mouth wide and your face was very red—were yelling your college yell." "Yes, I remember," said the young

And I noticed," she continued, "at a remarkable voice you had."

"Yes, you spoke of it at the time," said he. "But what makes you think of it now?"

"Oh, nothing," said the bride. "Only I wish the baby hadn't inherited it. That's all."

On the Senators.

The wit of Bishop Seth Ward amuses Nashville frequently. Bishop Ward, in company with two senators, came forth from a Nashville reception the other day and entered a motor car.

"Ah, bishop," said one of his companions, "you are not like your master. He was content to ride an ass."

"Yes, and so should I be," Bishop Ward answered, "but there's no such animal to be got nowadays. They make them all senators."

Got Out of the Habit.

"I see you have got a young man stenographer?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think a pretty girl stenographer adds a great deal to the attractiveness of an office?"

"I suppose she does, but I can't dictate to a woman somehow. I s'pose it's because I have been married so long."

Somewhat the average mother doesn't think she is doing her duty unless she spoils her children.

The sky man is the man of the century.

Aviation is, after all, less dangerous than football.

The freak hat is doomed, we are told. Ah, but which freak hat?

Don't keep your mouth open when looking at airships. It is a bad habit.

Boozing is somewhat like tobogganing, but the walk back is more fatiguing.

It is just as fatal to be killed in a football game as in an aeroplane catastrophe.

Perhaps the hobble skirt is the cause for the new fashion of large pedal extremities.

The man-bird should not attempt at this stage of the game too many shuffles in the air.

When a man lives in a boarding house he lets somebody else worry about the price of coal.

# The Skeleton in the Closet

## A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY  
Former Chief U. S. Secret Service



HAD MET the judge frequently and felt quite well acquainted with him. He was a politician of note and a member of the president's cabinet. Because of his prominence and his one-time important connection with the government, I shall forbear the mention of his name. It would be familiar to every reader.

One day I received a message from him requesting me to call at his office at my earliest convenience. Presenting myself I was given a private interview. After a little preliminary conversation the judge said that he wanted to talk to me in regard to a personal matter. He needed my assistance in an affair of much concern to himself and wife. He then related at some length the history of his family troubles. There was a skeleton in his closet. He had sent for me believing that I might be able to devise some measure of relief.

"My wife," he said, "is very much worried and quite prostrated with grief. She is in such a nervous state of mind I fear she will break down altogether." His eyes filled with tears as he explained the cause of their great trouble. "She was a widow with an only son when I married her. This son, notwithstanding his moral training and tender care, has turned out to be an unmitigated villain and a constant menace to our peace of mind. He seems to be heartless and devoid of decency and respect for our position. Besides, he is a thief. Only a short time ago he was arrested in Chicago, taken to Baltimore and charged with committing a robbery in a house of ill repute. I was compelled to settle the case or suffer the disgrace of an exposure. Wine and women are his hobbies. He is reckless in the use of money and will resort to any means to obtain it. Even now I am furnishing the money wherewith to gratify his vicious appetite. God knows what he will do next! We are living in constant fear that he will do something to publicly disgrace us. Now, if there is any way that he can be got out of the country without publicity, if you can devise any plan to get rid of him without killing him or sending him to the penitentiary, it will meet with my approval. I think it is a case where severe measures would be entirely justifiable. Just think of it! The scapegrace has gone so far in his depravity as to escort a woman of known bad character to his mother's reception."

My sympathies once aroused and a promise made, I felt bound to take some action. It appeared a difficult undertaking. The fellow was to be got rid of, but just how was the question that puzzled my brain. I had read of many strange disappearances of persons who were never afterwards heard of, but the manner of their disappearance was not always clear. It may have been a voluntary act, mental aberration or the result of a crime. I prided myself upon my skill in devising ways and means to accomplish an end, but the case in hand, after some deliberation, appeared somewhat like perpetrating a wrong deed for the purpose of accomplishing a good result.

If the story told by the judge was true, there would be but little difficulty in landing the rascal in the penitentiary for the crimes he was committing almost daily; but a measure of this kind would mean exposure and disgrace. To put him away by foul means was out of the question. He may have deserved a sharp medicine, and the world may have been better off without him, but there was no thought of doing him bodily harm. The idea was to dispose of him and slide him out of the country tenderly. The judge wanted to get rid of him, but could suggest no way. It was a delicate case to handle. I knew that the judge was a conscientious and humane man and that he meant no wrong, and it was difficult for me to understand the course I could safely pursue.

As I turned to leave the judge's office his wife entered the room. I was introduced, and cast my eyes upon her face. It did not appear quite new to me. Could I be mistaken? Had I met her before? As the possible recognition did not appear mutual I was unable to place her.

The judge turned away to converse with his disburser clerk. The wife, who had evidently been informed in regard to the purpose of my interview with the judge, requested me to be seated. Placing her hand upon my arm she smiled pleasantly, while assuring me of her faith in my ability to do something to help them out of the deep trouble they were in. She spoke bitterly of her son and of the many indignities he had heaped upon her. She wanted to be freed from him. The manner in which he was to be disposed of did not seem to give her much concern. She wished him banished in some far-away country; if he were dead, she would feel relieved.

While relating her troubles she chanced to mention the name of her first husband. On the instant I recognized her as an old acquaintance. I had known her when she was a rosy-cheeked young woman some twenty-five years before. She was then living with her husband in a little town in northeastern Ohio. This was before she became the wife of the judge. Her first marriage was said to be a runaway match. She was a remarkably beautiful woman then, but there was a cloud hanging over her life. I cannot say what it might have been that caused gossiping women to shake their heads and whisper as she passed by. Shortly after she gave birth to a son she left the village. I do not know just where she went, but it was shortly afterwards rumored that she had been granted a divorce.

She was now cutting a large figure in society and often spoken of as the handsomest woman in the capitol city. Her husband, the judge, was up to this time quite successful in political life. Possessed of considerable brain force and much amiability of character, he might have risen still higher had not the intrigues set on foot by his ambitious wife contributed to pull him down. She planned schemes to exalt him and to acquire wealth. In making these efforts she aroused the jealousies of others and made the judge quite unpopular with the leading politicians. Her misdirected zeal not only crushed the political prospects of her husband, but finally resulted in expelling her from Washington society.

I was furnished a photograph of her profligate stepson. He was a fine-looking young man, with wavy hair, keen blue eyes and rosy cheeks; in fact, much like his mother in her

make big hauls." The judge's stepson took to a suggestion of this kind like a duck to water and was highly elated on account of the proposed trip. He no doubt imagined a broader field for the exercise of his own peculiar talent. On their arrival at New York they registered under assumed names at the Merchants' hotel on Courtland street.

For several days following they strolled about the city, taking in the sights and waiting for something to turn up. While walking along Broadway, near the old Astor hotel, they chanced to pass a middle-aged man who was gazing about in an uncertain sort of way. His dress and manner gave him the appearance of a green one from the rural districts, presumably from some place out west.

"Here," said Reed in an undertone, "is the very fellow we are looking for. Let us try a hand on him. I will make him think I have met him before." Reed now stepped up and accosted the green one with an air of assumed familiarity. Seizing him by the hand he said: "How do you do, Mr. Glick? I am so glad to see you." The verdant man responded: "You are mistaken, sir; my name is Jones, and I live at Fort Wayne, Indiana." "Never mind the name," said Reed, "I got the names mixed, but I remember now where I met you. You used to run a livery stable at Kokomo."

"Yes, I did."

"Then of course you remember me. I am the man that sold pumps and kept my team at your stable. You



youth. His face was indicative of criminal tendencies. I was told that he was a difficult man to approach, that he did not care for the companionship of men. This being the case I was at a loss to determine how to reach him. It was necessary to introduce a stranger in order to carry out the plot I had in view.

After pondering over the matter for some days I hit upon an expedient that I believed would dispose of the young man without public exposure or resorting to crime. There was in my employ at this time a man whom I shall call Reed. If ever there was a born confluence man he was the one; an actor that could assume a part, live it and play it through with a face as solemn as the graveyard; never vicious, but ever apparently in earnest while practicing a deception for misleading only those who ought to be misled. I had found him on all occasions to be a valuable assistant in furthering the ends of justice.

Reed hailed from the south, had just arrived in the city and was in quest of a private lodging place. The judge's stepson was now occupying an elegant suite of rooms in a fashionable location. He was so completely captivated by Reed's assumed manners and apparent wealth that he was delighted at the opportunity afforded to secure a roommate. The detective accepted the offer made by his new friend and soon found himself in quite a novel and dangerous situation. He was the companion of a thief whose exploits were liable to involve both in trouble.

He had led his roommate to believe that he was himself engaged in questionable transactions and that New York was the place to operate in. "There," said he, "are chances to

less enough, but somehow lacked the nerve to perform. Step by step Jones became drowsy. The stepson strove to rally him to his senses. Jones closed his eyes. What might have been a phantom of overheated imagination now became a fearful reality. The stepson was now almost paralyzed with fear as Jones slipped from his chair to the floor.

Was he dead or alive? He uttered a low and suppressed moan as his lank and livid body was laid upon the bed and stripped of all its valuables. The stepson, thoroughly in earnest, wanted to take Jones' overcoat, but Reed said it would be dangerous, as it might lead to detection.

I now leave the horrors of this occasion to the imagination of the reader. The two survivors suddenly left the hotel and crossed over to Jersey City and took lodging at Taylor's hotel, where they registered under assumed names, as they had done previously at the Merchants'. It was late in the evening when they went to bed.

They had left the Merchants' hotel late in the afternoon. Jones, the supposed drugged countryman, was not quite as dead as the judge's stepson thought him to be. He, too, was a skilled pretender.

Soon after his entertainers had taken their departure he, possum-like, came to life, got up and took a drink from the brandy bottle that was left upon the table, and made his way at once to the government secret service office, where he told the story of his adventure and received further instructions. This so-called Jones was a detective of marked ability. He could assume almost any character and deceive the best educated criminal, yet withal an honest, faithful servant to the government.

At an early hour on the following morning at Taylor's hotel Reed pretended to be taken suddenly sick with a cramp in his stomach. He left his roommate and went below. A short time afterwards he rushed back into the bedroom and informed the judge's stepson with a trembling voice that they must get out of the place in a hurry or they would be arrested. Reed said that while downstairs he had torn a slip from a newspaper. He handed it to the judge's stepson, who, on glancing at it hastily, at once sprang out of bed.

It was a sensational article and bore the appearance of having been clipped from a newspaper. As a matter of fact, however, it had been printed at the New York Tribune job office. It was a nice piece of deception and read as follows:

### A Brutal Murder and Robbery.

Another of those outrageous and dastardly murders which have so recently startled the community occurred in this city yesterday afternoon, the particulars of which are as follows: It appears that shortly after dark last evening a well dressed man, apparently thirty-five years of age, was found by the police lying near the foot of Courtland street in an insensible condition. He was taken to the police station, where restoratives were administered, and when he had revived sufficiently he stated that his name was P. R. Jones and that he was from Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mr. Jones was removed to the city hospital last evening, where he became delirious and died about nine o'clock. The police are on the track of the murderers, who are supposed to be from Baltimore or Washington, as the clerk at the hotel states that they came in just after the arrival of the Washington train. The clerk is positive he can identify them.

A frightful ghost had risen and was standing in its most horrible form before the now half-crazed stepson. The rope of the hangman was looming up before his eyes. He did not even take time to wash his face, so great was his anxiety to leave New York behind him. Even the very air he breathed seemed tainted with the foul odor of his crime. It was thought to be dangerous to travel by rail at first, and they started away on foot, and finally concluded to make their way to New Orleans.

Reed was, of course, the ruling spirit and was carrying out the plan they had agreed upon. They doubled back and forth with the object of putting imaginary pursuers off the track. Reed was seeking delay for the purpose of gaining time. When the pair arrived at New Orleans about the first thing that met their eyes was a handbill posted in the depot describing the fugitives and offering a reward for their arrest and conviction. Staring at the bill with beads of perspiration starting upon his brow the judge's stepson nearly collapsed. He was careworn, downhearted and ready to speed away as swift as steam could carry him. In the course of time the fugitives arrived at Brownsville, Tex. From this point I received a note from Reed saying that they intended to cross the Rio Grande and work their way to the City of Mexico.

To the minds of the detectives who played their part in this case the whole affair appeared a farce. After a time Reed returned from Mexico. He had given his companion the slip and was quite positive in his opinion that the judge's stepson would never dare show his face in the United States. He declared the man was about the greatest coward he had ever met with.

Reed was correct in his opinion, as the fugitive, so far as I know, has never been heard of. He certainly did not appear in Washington to further annoy the judge and his wife. He may still be running from a Nemesis that will never overtake him. (Copyright, 1910, by W. G. Chapman.)

### DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Backache is usually kidneyache. There is only one way to remove the pain, you must reach the cause—the kidneys. No better kidney remedy exists than Doan's Kidney Pills. They permanently cure all kidney ills. Mrs. M. C. Morris, 546 Pacific Ave., Alameda, Cal., says: "For twelve years I suffered from kidney trouble. My back ached so intensely I did not receive one good night's rest. The kidney secretions were suppressed and the bladder burned and pained. Fifteen physicians treated me without benefit. Then I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was relieved from the first. Continued use cured me."

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

Note From Basswood Bugle. Somebody took the rope off the bell in the fire engine house to use for a clothesline, and now, when there is a fire, the constable has to climb up into the tower and ring the bell with a hammer. Somebody took the hammer the other day, and when Hank Purdy's corncrib ketcher fire, the constable had to hurry down to Hilliker's store for to borrow a hammer. Hilliker had lent his hammer to Deacon Renfrew, who lives four miles out in the country, and by the time the constable had got there and hunted around in the barn for the hammer and got back to the engine house, the angry elements had done their worst and Hank's corncrib was a mass of smoldering ruins.—Judge's Library.

### Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, it has a tendency to close, and hearing is impaired; and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and the tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces. We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circular, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c. Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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Irate Father—Wretch! I saw you stealing kisses from my daughter. Young Man—I admit it, but I am quite willing to give them back to her.

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Relieves tired, congested, inflamed and sore eyes, quickly stops eye aches. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

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"What's the sweetest kind of success?" "That which you achieve by acting contrary to the advice of your friends."

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How would you like an unbossed and lobbyless legislature for a change?

### ANOTHER BUMP FOR GENIUS.



The Amateur Poet—Whatever I do I do with my whole soul. His Wife (s sadly) I know you do dear, but it would be such a help if you'd give it up and do things with your hands.

### AN EFFECTIVE HOME MADE KIDNEY AND BACKACHE CURE

Easily Prepared Medicine Which is Said to Regulate the Kidneys and End Backache.

To make up enough of the "Dandelion Mixture" which is claimed to be a prompt cure for Backache and Kidney and Bladder trouble, get from any good Prescription Pharmacist one-half ounce fluid extract Dandelion; one ounce Kargon Compound and three ounces Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

Those who have tried it say it acts gently but thoroughly on the Kidneys and entire urinary system, relieving the most severe Backache at once.

A well-known medical authority recommends the prescription to be taken the moment you suspect any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary disorder or feel a constant dull Backache, or if the urine is thick, cloudy, offensive or full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a scalding sensation; or for too frequent urination during the night.

This is a real harmless vegetable mixture which could not cause injury to anyone and the relief which is said to immediately follow its use is a revelation to men and women who suffer from Backache, Kidney trouble or any form of Urinary disorder.

This is surely worth trying, as it is easily mixed at home, or any druggist will do it for you, and doesn't cost much.

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Should be celebrated with a special birthday cake. Why not let us make it as it should be made? Our long experience is warranty of its being good.  
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PHONE FLORENCE 303

**THE MAN BEHIND**  
By JENNIE O. LOIZEAUX

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Is the dot large?  
Oh, no! The dot is small as a pin-head, yet you see the dot on this whole page because it is very conspicuous!

Does the dot say anything? Oh, no; it's only a dot. What a pity to put a senseless dot where a good ad read by everybody would be worth something!

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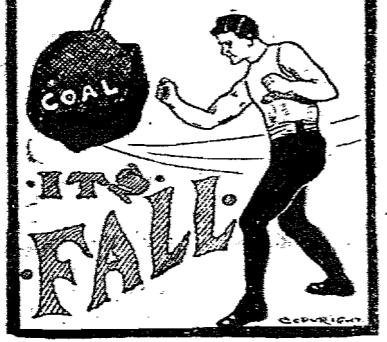
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the fact that it's Fall and high time you were filling your coal cellar. This is no time to take chances on the weather so let us have the order today to

DELIVER YOUR WINTER COAL. We'll start filling it at once so that a cold storm will not find you unprepared. But if you delay ordering we must delay sending the coal and delays are dangerous at this season. Do it today.

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

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Free of the office for the whole afternoon, James Portland, after a hasty lunch, swung down the street, rejoicing in the fall splendor of the day and the thought that if he could find Anne he would take her for a walk in the woods. He had been unable to get her on the telephone, but as the phone system was out of order, he concluded to go out and see her.

It was not so far a jaunt to the funny old tree-beset place which she and her father loved and would not for the world have modernized, and as the young man strode thitherward he approved their taste. He approved, in fact, of everything, about or connected with Anne—her father, who liked him, her conservative bulldog who was impartial, old Macy, the cook, who detested him because he was a suitor for Anne's pretty brown hand—and, very especially, Anne herself, who was airy and firmly friendly, but whose real heart's opinion of him was evidently not to be come by easily.

There was, however, an item in the surroundings of Anne, which he very thoroughly hated. This was Mr. John Mackintosh, who was apparently in the lead of the girl's not brief procession of lovers.

As James Portland neared the house, he saw that which made him stop suddenly and swear beneath his breath. Out of the driveway came Mackintosh with his blue car; and beside him, trim in the blue suit that



Beheld That Same Hated Blue Car.

agreed with her eyes, laughing and pleasure bent, sat Miss Anne. Again Portland knew himself to be the man behind.

He walked bitterly on past the house, not caring now what became of his precious afternoon. It had been going like this all summer. He had always been too late; try as he would, she was either not there to be asked to go with him, or already promised to some one else—usually Mackintosh. It would have been funny had it not been so tragic—and at twenty-three tragedy is—tragedy.

But now things had come to the point where he had to do something. He wondered if he was a conceited donkey to feel down in his heart that something in her answered to his appeal? Though frank and free and laughing—it was as if she held him off; she seldom let a silence fall between them; once she had blushed like any rose when suddenly her glance met his adoring gaze in a moment when he had been off guard. He was not a man to wear his heart on his sleeve.

Then, as he walked alone into the autumn splendor of the woods, he began to wonder whether he had made such a devoted fool of himself that he had no chance with her? His sister had told him that no girl wanted what she could trample under foot. He had tried not to be servile, obedient, worshipping—the hardest task in the world! What should he do? Was the fact that they had been playmates from childhood against him? Was she too used to him? He felt that the old, sweet friendship had been rather lessened and nothing given him in its place.

To increase the trouble of his loneliness, the wooded paths were not for him alone; men and maids in twos met or passed him, gay, lifting glances to each other, scarcely seeing him. He was even shamed at being alone.

He turned into the woods and cut across a pathless space. Then he sat down, and for comfort put his head against a big birch while he thought it out, closing his eyes to the light which filtered itself to greater yellowness through the leaves above.

What should he do about Anne? Here he had been dangling for years—all his life. She knew he adored her—and she trained constantly about with a fellow like Mackintosh who had known her less than a year. He denied in Mackintosh anything good save mere brute strength and a disbustingly big bank account. The man was mere "idle rich"—though everybody seemed strangely to like the fellow! Why was it? Then the young architect fell into a half-dream

of the house he would build for Anne—supposing she would let him. Then—perhaps he slept. He must have for he thought bees were murmuring about him, and then he woke gradually and knew it was a human voice—a girl's.

He opened his eyes, but did not move. But the stranger lovers had not seen him. How could they, considering that they were leaning on each other, searching each other's faces? The man was saying:

"And the three years we've wasted when we might have been happy like this!"

The girl broke in, her voice tense with feeling:

"Your own fault! Could I ask you to—marry me? Could I tell you—I cared—when you didn't ask me? Men are such—geese!"

Then they passed on, and James Portland sat up straight and considered himself in a new light! He was worse than a goose—he was a fool, a blithering idiot of an imbecile! Here he had been shadowing Anne like a ghost—and as silent! Come to think of it, he had not for ages said he loved her. She had then thought herself too young—had he ever asked her straight out to marry him? No he had not!

On this thought, he rose and brushed the yellow leaves from his hair and clothes, and the cobwebs from his mind. He struck back towards the paths. She was out with Mackintosh—all right, he, James Portland, would go and camp on her porch and then claim her on sight. His courage rose so high that he considered taking, rather than asking for, the girl! He would at least put things to the test and get out of his misery.

He struck along the winding path, eager and alert, until he reached the highway through the woods, a hard smooth, fine road for Mackintosh's machine, for instance. And as he walked down it, back toward town, he suddenly turned a corner and beheld that same hated blue car. But it was standing still; and in it sat a girl—alone evidently. Probably Mackintosh was on his back under the thing—he hoped ardently for that sight. Then he quickened his gait that he might the sooner be sympathetic and helpful. Anne's back was toward him and she sat leaning listlessly against the side of the seat not hearing him until he came around the car, and close enough to touch her, had he dared.

"Oh!" she said, and started. "You!"

"Where's Mackintosh," he demanded, peering beneath the machine.

"Come to telephone for help—thing's beyond tinkering. I stayed here," she finished a little lamely, and flushed, for there was a new something in the gaze of the man who looked straight into her eyes. Was it—intention, mastery? It was certainly something that would not be denied.

The girl made haste to laugh away the thing that began to grip her.

"Amuse me, Jimmy," she said suddenly. "Have you any marbles or a jack knife? We used to play mumblety peg—remember?"

But he would not be manipulated into distance, mental or actual. He held up a hand to help her.

"Get out a minute, Anne. I'm going to say something that I won't have you answer in—his machine. Come!"

She laughed again, but began slowly to obey him as he held her by one hand to steady her.

When she stood safely beside him under the crimson and brown oak by the roadside, he was still holding to that hand. She pulled.

"When you're—quite through with it, Jimmy, I'd really like to push in some hairpins. It's my hand, you know—and besides somebody might."

"Let them come! It's—my hand, Anne! I take it—I want it—I ask for it, Anne. Please, dear—please, Anne, I've loved you long enough."

"Of course—if you feel that way you might—stop it," she murmured but his voice was stern.

"I mean I've loved you long enough in silence! I'm not dumb, Anne, you know, and I wouldn't mind asking you from the house-tops. Do you love me or not?"

She seemed to consider.

"Come, Anne. Yes—or no—will answer my question!"

But Anne was yet a woman—she knew the way around. This was what she said:

"Why—didn't—you ask me before?" and then he began to kiss her.

Of course, being blind, they could not see Mackintosh as he approached, but the young Scotsman's eyes began to bulge. And as his heavy shoe struck a stone, they jumped like guilty things and turned just in time to come face to face with him. Anne clung to Portland's arm, as if danger threatened her the while, hardly knowing what he said, the lover remarked inanely:

"We're—engaged, we—"

The other man's face was white but he managed to laugh, and he removed his cap almost reverently.

"I—gather as much," he said stiffly. "And—if you're not good to her—I'll," he turned on his heel, his throat unfinished.

Then he crawled under his car and began to tinker. And the two went up the road to the crooked little path to the birch tree.

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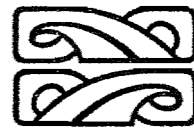
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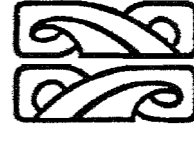


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### BABY'S GIFT FROM HIS PAPA

Inheritance for Which Mother Did Not Seem to Be in Any Great Degree Thankful.

Richard Harding Davis, at a football game in Philadelphia, praised the voices of the young undergraduates shouting their weird college yells.

"It makes me think of a Locust street bride," said Mr. Davis, smiling. "She turned to her husband one night at dinner and remarked: 'My dear, the first time I saw you at Franklin Field. Your head's thrown back, your mouth wide and your face was very red—we were yelling your college yell.' Yes, I remember," said the young

And I noticed," she continued, "at a remarkable voice you had."

"Yes, you spoke of it at the time," said he. "But what makes you think of it now?"

"Oh, nothing," said the bride. "Only I wish the baby hadn't inherited it. That's all."

On the Senators.

The wit of Bishop Seth Ward amuses Nashville frequently.

Bishop Ward, in company with two senators, came forth from a Nashville reception the other day and entered a motor car.

"Ah, bishop," said one of his companions, "you are not like your master. He was content to ride an ass."

"Yes, and so should I be," Bishop Ward answered, "but there's no such animal to be got nowadays. They make them all senators."

Get Out of the Habit.

"I see you have got a young man stenographer?"

"Yes."

"Don't you think a pretty girl stenographer adds a great deal to the attractiveness of an office?"

"I suppose she does, but I can't dictate to a woman somehow, I suppose it's because I have been married so long."

Somewhat the average mother doesn't think she is doing her duty unless she spoils her children.

The sky man is the man of the century.

Aviation is, after all, less dangerous than football.

The freak hat is doomed, we are told. Ah, but which freak hat?

Don't keep your mouth open when looking at airships. It is a bad habit.

Reasoning is somewhat like tobogganing, but the walk back is more fatiguing.

It is just as fatal to be killed in a football game as in an aeroplane catastrophe.

Perhaps the hobble skirt is the cause for the new fashion of large pedal extremities.

# The Skeleton in the Closet

## A TRUE STORY OF THE SECRET SERVICE

By COL. H. C. WHITLEY  
Former Chief U. S. Secret Service

HAD MET the judge frequently and felt quite well acquainted with him. He was a politician of note and a member of the president's cabinet. Because of his prominence and his one-time important connection with the government, I shall forbear the mention of his name. It would be familiar to every reader.

One day I received a message from him requesting me to call at his office at my earliest convenience. Presenting myself I was given a private interview. After a little preliminary conversation the judge said that he wanted to talk to me in regard to a personal matter. He needed my assistance in an affair of much concern to himself and wife. He then related at some length the history of his family troubles. There was a skeleton in his closet. He had sent for me believing that I might be able to devise some measure of relief.

"My wife," he said, "is very much worried and quite prostrated with grief. She is in such a nervous state of mind I fear she will break down altogether." His eyes filled with tears as he explained the cause of their great trouble. "She was a widow with an only son when I married her. This son, notwithstanding his moral training and tender care, has turned out to be an unmitigated villain and a constant menace to our peace of mind. He seems to be heartless and devoid of decency and respect for our position. Besides, he is a thief. Only a short time ago he was arrested in Chicago, taken to Baltimore and charged with committing a robbery in a house of ill repute. I was compelled to settle the case or suffer the disgrace of an exposure. Wine and women are his hobbies. He is reckless in the use of money and will resort to any means to obtain it. Even now I am furnishing the money wherewith to gratify his vicious appetite. God knows what he will do next! We are living in constant fear that he will do something to publicly disgrace us. Now, if there is any way that he can be got out of the country without publicity, if you can devise any plan to get rid of him without killing him or sending him to the penitentiary, it will meet with my approval. I think it is a case where severe measures would be entirely justifiable. Just think of it! The scapegrace has gone so far in his depravity as to escort a woman of known bad character to his mother's receptions."

My sympathies once aroused and a promise made, I felt bound to take some action. It appeared a difficult undertaking. The fellow was to be got rid of, but just how was the question that puzzled my brain. I had read of many strange disappearances of persons who were never afterwards heard of, but the manner of their disappearance was not always clear. It may have been a voluntary act, mental aberration or the result of a crime. I prided myself upon my skill in devising ways and means to accomplish an end, but the case in hand, after some deliberation, appeared somewhat like perpetrating a wrong deed for the purpose of accomplishing a good result.

If the story told by the judge was true, there would be but little difficulty in landing the rascal in the penitentiary for the crimes he was committing almost daily; but a measure of this kind would mean exposure and disgrace. To put him away by foul means was out of the question. He may have deserved a sharp medicine, and the world may have been better off without him, but there was no thought of doing him bodily harm. The idea was to dispose of him and slide him out of the country tenderly. The judge wanted to get rid of him, but could suggest no way. It was a delicate case to handle. I knew that the judge was a conscientious and humane man and that he meant no wrong, and it was difficult for me to understand the course I could safely pursue.

As I turned to leave the judge's office his wife entered the room. I was introduced, and cast my eyes upon her face. It did not appear quite new to me. Could I be mistaken? Had I met her before? As the possible recognition did not appear mutual I was unable to place her.

The judge turned away to converse with his disbursing clerk. The wife, who had evidently been informed in regard to the purpose of my interview with the judge, requested me to be seated. Placing her hand upon my arm she smiled pleasantly, while assuring me of her faith in my ability to do something to help them out of the deep trouble they were in. She spoke bitterly of her son and of the many indignities he had heaped upon her. She wanted to be freed from him. The manner in which he was to be disposed of did not seem to give her much concern. She wished him banished in some far-away country; if he were dead, she would feel relieved.

While relating her troubles she chanced to mention the name of her first husband. On the instant I recognized her as an old acquaintance. I had known her when she was a rosy-cheeked young woman some twenty-five years before. She was then living with her husband in a little town in northeastern Ohio. This was before she became the wife of the judge. Her first marriage was said to be a runaway match. She was a remarkably beautiful woman then, but there was a cloud hanging over her life. I cannot say what it might have been that caused gossiping women to shake their heads and whisper as she passed by. Shortly after she gave birth to a son she left the village. I do not know just where she went, but it was shortly afterwards rumored that she had been granted a divorce.

She was now cutting a large figure in society and often spoken of as the handsomest woman in the capitol city. Her husband, the judge, was up to this time quite successful in political life. Possessed of considerable brain force and much amiability of character, he might have risen still higher had not the intrigues set on foot by his ambitious wife contributed to pull him down. She planned schemes to exalt him and to acquire wealth. In making these efforts she aroused the jealousies of others and made the judge quite unpopular with the leading politicians. Her misdirected zeal not only crushed the political prospects of her husband, but finally resulted in expelling her from Washington society.

I was furnished a photograph of her profligate stepson. He was a fine-looking young man, with wavy hair, keen blue eyes and rosy cheeks; in fact, much like his mother in her

make big hauls." The judge's stepson took to a suggestion of this kind like a duck to water and was highly elated on account of the proposed trip. He no doubt imagined a broader field for the exercise of his own peculiar talent. On their arrival at New York they registered under assumed names at the Merchants' hotel on Courtland street.

For several days following they strolled about the city, taking in the sights and waiting for something to turn up. While walking along Broadway, near the old Astor hotel, they chanced to pass a middle-aged man who was gazing about in an uncertain sort of way. His dress and manner gave him the appearance of a green one from the rural districts, presumably from some place out west.

"Here," said Reed in an undertone, "is the very fellow we are looking for. Let us try a hand on him. I will make him think I have met him before." Reed now stepped up and accosted the green one with an air of assumed familiarity. Seizing him by the hand he said: "How do you do, Mr. Glick? I am so glad to see you." The verdant man responded: "You are mistaken, sir; my name is Jones, and I live at Fort Wayne, Indiana." "Never mind the name," said Reed, "I got the names mixed, but I remember now where I met you. You used to run a livery stable at Kokomo."

"Yes, I did."

"Then of course you remember me. I am the man that sold pumps and kept my team at your stable. You

and I have taken many drinks together."

"Oh, yes," drawled Mr. Jones; "what on earth are you doing in New York?"

"Just looking around and having a good time. Let's go and take something."

"Come along, Jones. Let us go around to our hotel," said Reed. The trio went to the Merchants. Jones accepted an invitation to go to the room of his friends.

"What is your favorite drink?" asked Reed.

"Plain brandy," said Jones.

"I will go down and bring up a bottle." As Reed moved away he winked slyly to the judge's stepson. After an absence of some thirty minutes or more Reed returned with the brandy. He pulled the cork. While Jones was looking out of the window he slipped a small vial out of his pocket and, giving his partner an opportunity to see it, he turned the contents into the bottle of brandy. He gave the bottle a shake and set it down on the table. The judge's stepson's face flushed and there was a tremor in his voice. He seemed to comprehend the noxious power of the venomous ingredient that had been poured into the bottle. Reed appeared self-possessed and proficient in the art of deceiving and bold and had enough to commit any crime, while the young man was evidently greatly frightened—not because of any compunctions of conscience, but for the reason that he was, as afterwards shown, a natural born coward. He possessed none of the elements and rugged force of an assassin. He seemed to have a nervous apprehension that he was wading in water too deep and dangerous. He was heart-

less enough, but somehow lacked the nerve to perform.

Step by step Jones became drowsy. The stepson strove to rally him to his senses. Jones closed his eyes. What might have been a phantom of overheated imagination now became a fearful reality. The stepson was now almost paralyzed with fear as Jones slipped from his chair to the floor.

Was he dead or alive? He uttered a low and suppressed moan as his lank and livid body was laid upon the bed and stripped of all its valuables. The stepson, thoroughly in earnest, wanted to take Jones' overcoat, but Reed said it would be dangerous, as it might lead to detection.

I now leave the horrors of this occasion to the imagination of the reader.

The two survivors suddenly left the hotel and crossed over to Jersey City and took lodging at Taylor's hotel, where they registered under assumed names, as they had done previously at the Merchants'. It was late in the evening when they went to bed.

They had left the Merchants' hotel late in the afternoon. Jones, the supposed drugged countryman, was not quite as dead as the judge's stepson thought him to be. He, too, was a skilled pretender.

Soon after his entertainers had taken their departure he, possum-like, came to life, got up and took a drink from the brandy bottle that was left upon the table, and made his way at once to the government secret service office, where he told the story of his adventure and received further instructions. This so-called Jones was a detective of marked ability. He could assume almost any character and deceive the best educated criminal, yet withal an honest, faithful servant to the government.

At an early hour on the following morning at Taylor's hotel Reed pretended to be taken suddenly sick with a cramp in his stomach. He left his roommate and went below. A short time afterwards he rushed back into the bedroom and informed the judge's stepson with a trembling voice that they must get out of the place in a hurry or they would be arrested. Reed said that while downstairs he had torn a slip from a newspaper. He handed it to the judge's stepson, who, on glancing at it hastily, at once sprang out of bed.

It was a sensational article and bore the appearance of having been clipped from a newspaper. As a matter of fact, however, it had been printed at the New York Tribune job office. It was a nice piece of deception and read as follows:



HIS LANK BODY WAS LAID UPON THE BED AND STRIPPED OF ITS VALUABLES

THE FIRST THING THAT MET THEIR EYES WAS A BILL OFFERING A REWARD FOR THEIR ARREST

A Brutal Murder and Robbery.

Another of those outrageous and dastardly murders which have so recently startled the community occurred in this city yesterday afternoon, the particulars of which are as follows: It appears that shortly after dark last evening a well dressed man, apparently thirty-five years of age, was found by the police lying near the foot of Courtland street in an insensible condition. He was taken to the police station, where restoratives were administered, and when he had revived sufficiently he stated that his name was P. R. Jones and that he was from Fort Wayne, Ind.

Mr. Jones was removed to the city hospital last evening, where he became delirious and died about nine o'clock. The police are on the track of the murderers, who are supposed to be from Baltimore or Washington, as the clerk at the hotel states that they came in just after the arrival of the Washington train. The clerk is positive he can identify them.

A frightful ghost had risen and was standing in its most horrible form before the now half-crazed stepson. The rope of the hangman was looming up before his eyes. He did not even take time to wash his face, so great was his anxiety to leave New York behind him. Even the very air he breathed seemed tainted with the foul odor of his crime. It was thought to be dangerous to travel by rail at first, and they started away on foot, and finally concluded to make their way to New Orleans.

Reed was, of course, the ruling spirit and was carrying out the plan they had agreed upon. They doubled back and forth with the object of putting imaginary pursuers off the track. Reed was seeking delay for the purpose of gaining time. When the pair arrived at New Orleans about the first thing that met their eyes was a handbill posted in the depot describing the fugitives and offering a reward for their arrest and conviction. Staring at the bill with beads of perspiration starting upon his brow the judge's stepson nearly collapsed. He was careworn, downhearted and ready to speed away as swift as steam could carry him. In the course of time the fugitives arrived at Brownsville, Tex. From this point I received a note from Reed saying that they intended to cross the Rio Grande and work their way to the City of Mexico.

To the minds of the detectives who played their part in this case the whole affair appeared a farce.

After a time Reed returned from Mexico. He had given his companion the slip and was quite positive in his opinion that the judge's stepson would never dare show his face in the United States. He declared the man was about the greatest coward he had ever met with.

Reed was correct in his opinion, as the fugitive, so far as I know, has never been heard of. He certainly did not appear in Washington to further annoy the judge and his wife. He may still be running from a Nemesis that will never overtake him.

(Copyright, 1919, by W. G. Chapman.)

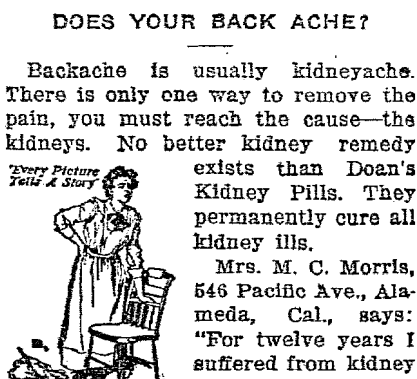
DOES YOUR BACK ACHE?

Backache is usually kidneyache. There is only one way to remove the pain, you must reach the cause—the kidneys. No better kidney remedy exists than Doan's Kidney Pills. They permanently cure all kidney ills.

Mrs. M. C. Morris, 546 Pacific Ave., Alameda, Cal., says: "For twelve years I suffered from kidney trouble. My back ached so intensely I did not receive one good night's rest. The kidney secretions were suppressed and the bladder burned and pained. Fifteen physicians treated me without benefit. Then I began using Doan's Kidney Pills and was relieved from the first. Continued use cured me."

Remember the name—Doan's.

For sale by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.



Note From Basswood Bugle.

Somebody took the rope off the bell in the fire engine house to use for a clothesline, and now, when there is a fire, the constable has to climb up into the tower and ring the bell with a hammer. Somebody took the hammer the other day, and when Hank Purdy's corncrib ketcher fire, the constable had to hurry down to Hilliker's store for to borrow a hammer. Hilliker had lent his hammer to Deacon Renfrew, who lives four miles out in the country, and by the time the constable had got there and hunted around in the barn for the hammer and got back to the engine house, the angry elements had done their worst and Hank's corncrib was a mass of smoldering ruins.—Judge's Library.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

by local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remedies. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian tube. When the tube is inflamed you have a rumbling sound or imperfect hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever; nine cases out of ten are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness (caused by catarrh) that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. Send for circulars, free.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Penitent.

Irate Father—Wretch! I saw you stealing kisses from my daughter.

Young Man—I admit it, but I am quite willing to give them back to her.

Pettit's Eye Salve for 25c.

Relieves tired, congested, inflamed and sore eyes, quickly stops eye aches. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Sweetest Success.

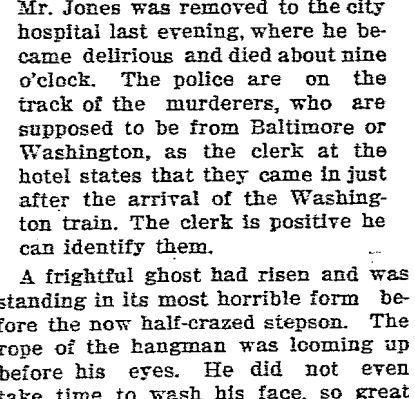
"What's the sweetest kind of success?"

"That which you achieve by acting contrary to the advice of your friends."

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.

For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

How would you like an unbossed and lobbyless legislature for a change?



ANOTHER BUMP FOR GENIUS.

The Amateur Poet—Whatever I do I do with my whole soul.

His Wife (sadly)—I know you do dear, but it would be such a help if you'd give it up and do things with your hands.

AN EFFECTIVE HOME MADE KIDNEY AND BACKACHE CURE

Easily Prepared Medicine Which is Said to Regulate the Kidneys and End Backache.

To make up enough of the "Dandelion Mixture" which is claimed to be a prompt cure for Backache and Kidney and Bladder trouble, get from any good Prescription Pharmacist one-half ounce fluid extract Dandelion; one ounce Kargon Compound and three ounces Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla. Shake well in a bottle and take in teaspoonful doses after each meal and again at bedtime.

Those who have tried it say it acts gently but thoroughly on the Kidneys and entire urinary system, relieving the most severe Backache at once.

A well-known medical authority recommends the prescription to be taken the moment you suspect any Kidney, Bladder or Urinary disorder or feel a constant dull Backache, or if the urine is thick, cloudy, offensive or full of sediment, irregular of passage or attended by a scalding sensation; or for too frequent urination during the night.

This is a real harmless vegetable mixture which could not cause injury to anyone and the relief which is said to immediately follow its use is a revelation to men and women who suffer from Backache, Kidney trouble or any form of Urinary disorder.

This is surely worth trying, as it is easily mixed at home, or any druggist will do it for you, and doesn't cost much.

# OWES HER LIFE TO

## Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound

Chicago, Ill.—"I was troubled with falling and inflammation, and the doctors said I could not get well unless I had an operation. I knew I could not stand the strain of one, so I wrote to you sometime ago about my health and you told me what to do. After taking Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Blood Purifier I am today a well woman."—Mrs. WILLIAM A. HENRY, 888 W. 21st St., Chicago, Ill.

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases of any similar medicine in the country, and thousands of voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration. Every such suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

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

## The Farmer's Son's Great Opportunity

Why wait for the old farm to become your inheritance? Begin now to prepare for a future of prosperity and independence. A great opportunity awaits you in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta where you can secure a Free Home-Steud or buy land at reasonable prices.

**Now's the Time**—not a year from now, when land will be higher or the profits secured from the abundant crops of wheat, oats and barley, as well as cattle raising, are causing a steady advance in price. Government returns show that the number of settlers in Western Canada from the U. S. was 50 per cent larger in 1910 than the previous year.

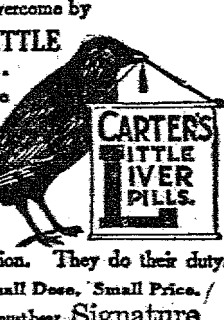
Many farmers have paid for their land out of the proceeds of one crop. Free homesteads of 160 acres and pre-emptions of 160 acres at \$5.00 an acre. Fine climate, good schools, excellent railway facilities, low freight rates, wood, water and lumber easily obtained.

For pamphlet "Last Best West," particulars as to suitable location and low settlers' rates, apply to Dept. of Immigration, Ottawa, Can., or to Canadian Gov't Agent, W. V. BENNETT, 801 New York Life Bldg., Omaha, Nebr. Use address nearest you. 57

## The Wretchedness of Constipation

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

Purely vegetable—most sure and gentle on the liver. Cure Bilemness, Headache, Dizziness, and Indigestion. They do their duty. Small Pill, Small Dose, Small Price. Genuine number Signature.



**LIVE STOCK AND MISCELLANEOUS**

### Electrotypes

IN GREAT VARIETY FOR SALE AT THE LOWEST PRICES BY

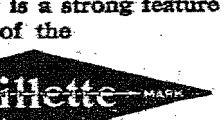
WESTERN NEWSPAPER UNION  
554 W. Adams St., Chicago

## Constipation—Nearly Every One Gets It

The bowels show first sign of things going wrong. A *Casarex* taken every night as needed keeps the bowels working naturally without grip, gripe and that upset sick feeling.

Ten cent box, week's treatment. All drug stores. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

Its simplicity is a strong feature of the



KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

**PATENTS** Watson E. Coleman, Wash. D.C. Bookkeeper, High class references. Best results.

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 48-1910.

# John Henry Entertains Friends

By GEORGE V. HOBART

Clara J. and I had taken possession of our cute little den in the middle of an imposing stone pile with a Pullman car moniker, and for two weeks we roamed among the furniture stores measuring chairs and things to see if they were small enough to go in the flat.

Finally, however, the toy home was ready, and we moved in.

Clara J.'s delight was boundless when mamma and papa and Tacks came up that first evening and took dinner with us.

It's true we all had to sit edge-on at the table and get our meat cut in the kitchen so as to avoid hitting each other on the funny bone, but the idea was good, nevertheless.

Surely it makes a chap's heart swell up and beat faster when he realizes that for the first time in his life he's paying house rent for himself and a good man's daughter, even if the house isn't any bigger than a minute.

Our first experiment in the kitchen was a colored lady named Malvina. She cooked entirely by hand, and talked by machinery.

As a conversationalist she was a faster tongue trotter than the janitor, although his assortment of words would probably get him the decision on points.

Malvina was inclined to be stout, and every time it was her cue to come in and wait on the table I got up and left the room, so that she could move about without injuring our guests.

In the first round Malvina spilled a bowl of hot soup over father's cowlick, which showed a pretty anxiety on her part to make his visit a memorable one.

Papa expressed a desire to swear, so I led him out to the kitchen, put his head in the dumbwaiter shaft, and told him to cut loose.

He fractured the walls and stopped every clock in the house, but it made him feel better.

During the third round Malvina came in with the lamb chops, slipped

tioned the name of a place that I'd permit him to go to.

Then the man sent the janitor after me. I told the janitor that this is a free country, and he replied: "Maybe it is, but you can't prove it."

So we started to cut out the music and started a quarter limit game of poker.

The players were Jim Nelson and his wife, Charlie Payne, Fred Parsons, Clara J., and myself.

Jim Nelson thinks that when it comes to poker he's about the warmest little bundle of nerves that ever tapped a Jack. To hear him talk you'd think he wrote the game. He's one of those fluffs who whistle for the police when they lose 80 cents and get the frosted Tribbles when they win a dollar ninety.

Charlie Payne plays them close to his shirt studs and always forgets to ante. His bad memory has saved a lot of money for him.

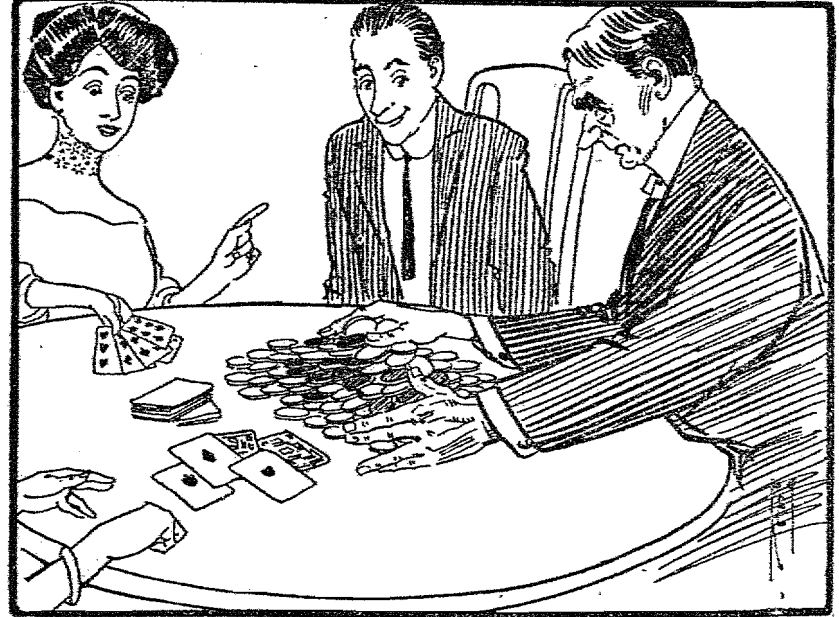
Fred Parsons is one of those loud players. Every time he wins a pot he bubbles all over like a seltzer water going in a glass. When he loses he hits the table and says: "Damma-luck! Why didn't I throw away the other card?"

I wasn't wise to the abilities of the others, although I had a strong suspicion that Clara J. would put up a regular Cherry Sister game. I had never heard her speak of cards, and I was prepared to hear her ask any minute if the king of trumps beat a four flush.

We played along for half an hour without anything painful happening. Clara J. handled her cards as though they were perfect strangers to each other and she was a trifle nervous, but she trailed along with the bunch.

For Jim Nelson they were coming in carriages. He must have been six dollars in, and, consequently, he was bursting with an inward joy.

Then came a jack-pot, which went around three or four times, and was finally opened by Jim. We all stayed



"Jim Framed His Face in the Sickliest Smile I Ever Saw."

on the soup-painted floor, and handed the whole plateful of hot meat to Tacks.

He reached for one chop with his left eye and took the rest in his lap.

Malvina rushed out in the kitchen, crawled behind the gas range, and refused to be comforted. She declared that some one had "cernly conj'ahd" her, and then she raised her voice in lamentation and didn't stop talking for three mortal hours.

Otherwise our first dinner party passed off very pleasantly. Mother expressed herself as charmed with our entourage, and papa said that with the exception of our facilities for landing soup at the right wharf we were all to the good.

The next day Clara J. suggested that we give a house-warming to our friends.

"I'm for it," I agreed, "but you must remember that we have quite a bulky bunch on our list, and as we can only get a sprinkling of them in here at one time we'll have to give a continuation."

Clara J. undertook to arrange that detail, and shortly thereafter we gave our first public performance.

Eight friends arrived at the appointed hour, and as there was only room for six of them in the flat we stood the surplus out in the main hall and told them to hold an overflow meeting.

During the first half hour we entertained each other by getting wedged in the sitting-room so tightly that Malvina had to pry us out.

After that we made a solemn compact never to try to enter any room in which four people had already assembled. This plan probably saved the lives of many present.

After a time my wife started to play the piano, and two minutes later the man who lived in the flat above us sent down word that his kid was asleep, and if we didn't stop beating the music box he'd have us all pinched.

in, and after the draw it was just beginning to look cheerful, when Clara J. said eagerly, "Oh, John, do sixes beat fells?"

Everybody present dipped up a titter, and the poor girl looked ready to faint.

"Sure!" I said, just to bring her back to earth, and the game went on.

Jim bet his quarter and Charlie Payne raised him. Clara J. was next, and she hoisted them both, to my painful surprise.

The rest of us dropped out, and so did Charlie on the next lap.

It was Jim and Clara J. for it, and I had to sit there and watch her being dragged to the shambles, powerless to help her.

Every time Jim said his little speech she was back at him with a raise.

I could see a whole month's household expenses traveling home in Jim's pocket.

During those few terrible moments I'll bet Mrs. Jim bought two new hats and a tailor made with the spoils her robber husband was going to haul in.

It was cruel.

I tried to give Clara J. the bugle to cease firing, but she never once looked in my direction.

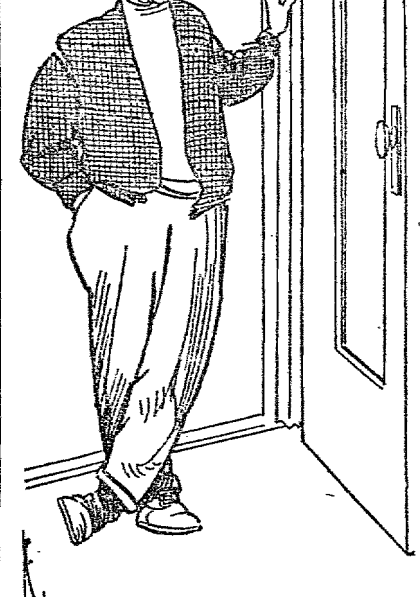
the table—four sixes and a seven-spot! Stung!

Jim framed his face in the sickliest smile I ever saw, and Mrs. Jim awoke from her dry goods dream with a start that nearly upset the table.

Clara J., the bunco girl! Did you hear her say, "John, do sixes beat fells?" Isn't she a wonder, though?

After that the game seemed to drag, and finally, when it broke up, Jim was so much to the bad that Mrs. Jim had made up her mind to discharge their servant girl as soon as she reached home.

When the company was gone I said to Clara J.: "Where did you get tha'?"



"Maybe it is, but You Can't Prove it."

fourth six, and who taught you the game?"

"Oh," she answered with a smile, "I just picked it up!"

"Which," I said, "the game or the six?"

She never did answer me.

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## ARTIFICIAL EYEBALL OF GOLD

Surgical Feat That Is the Most Difficult Performance Known to the Profession.

Gold, for the first time in the history of ocular science, has been substituted for the natural jellylike substance in which an artificial eye is ordinarily set. In an operation at the Jefferson hospital at Philadelphia gold was used to form the eyeball, with the result that the glass eye has all the appearance of a real eye.

The fixed and stony stare which follows the insertion of a glass eye is replaced by the life and light associated with the sparkling eye of nature. This surgical feat, one of the most difficult of performance known to the practise, is considered by specialists as unique in the annals of marvelous operations.

William Senseman, a fifteen-year-old boy of Buffalo, is the person who is now carrying gold in his eye with the same composure as he might carry that precious metal in his teeth.

Ten days ago he was playing in the basement of his home. With a hatchet he struck the concrete flooring. The cement was shattered and one of the bits flew into his eye. The tiny bit of cement pained his eye for a time, but as the pain soon vanished, the boy and his parents thought that the particle had been naturally dislodged.

Unfortunately, the sight of that eye grew fainter and fainter. Then one day the boy realized that blindness, total blindness, had set in.

The boy and his parents came to the Jefferson hospital. The X-ray failed to locate the particle. Mathematical methods were then employed, and the exact position of the bit of cement was determined.

Then an incision was made, so that the magnet could be used to draw it out. But the magnet had no attraction for the cement and that plan failed. Blood poisoning was feared, and it was necessary to remove the whole eye.

To this the boy and his parents objected on the ground that a glass eye was so conspicuous. Thereupon the surgeons were inspired to attempt the daring operation by which the golden eyeball was set in the empty socket. Then the glass eye, or pupil, was fitted carefully into the golden ball.

The trained observation of the specialist would be required to detect the real from the false eye.

This Cat Hard to Kill.

When threshing operations were in progress at a farm in Sherwood Forest, near London, England, a few days ago, two workmen heard a faint mewling proceeding from the inside of the stack—built seventeen days previously—and presently discovered the farmhouse cat that had been missing during that interval. It was emaciated, but soon recovered.

Would Still Be Work.

Rusty Rufus—Say, Tom, wouldn't it be great of youse could git all de eat an' drink youse wanted by jist pressin' a 'lectric button?

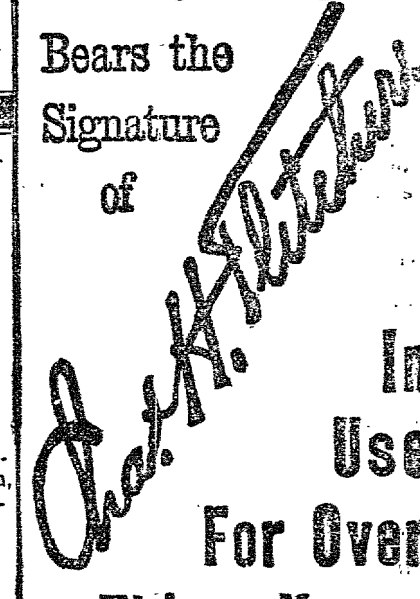
Tired Thomas—It shore would—ef I hed somebody ter press de button fer me.

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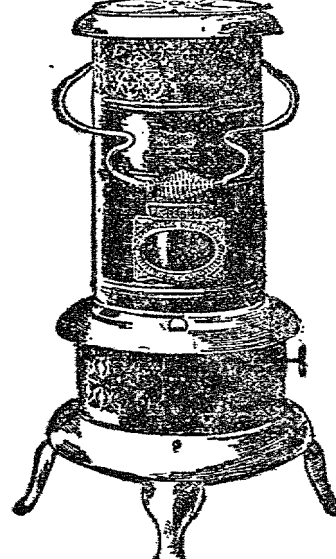
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## Dry Your Clothes on a Wet Washday With a New Perfection Oil Heater



When clothes can't be hung outside, and must be dried in a room or cellar, the New Perfection Oil Heater quickly does the work of sun and air. You can hang up the wet clothes, light your Perfection Oil Heater, open the damper top, and the heat rises and quickly dries the clothes.

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It has an automatic-locking flame spreader, which prevents the wick from being turned high enough to smoke, and is easy to remove and drop back, so the wick can be quickly cleaned. Burner body or gallery cannot become wedged, because of a new device in construction, and can always be easily unscrewed for reworking.

An indicator shows the amount of oil in the font. Filler-cap does not need to be screwed down, but is put in like a cork in a bottle, and is attached to the font by a chain. Finished in Japan or nickel, strong and durable, well-made, built for service and yet light and ornamental. It has a cool handle and a damper top.

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W. L. Douglas \$3.00, \$3.50 and \$4.00 shoes are positively the best made and most popular shoes for the price in America, and are the most economical shoes for you to buy.

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You will be pleased when you buy my shoes because of the fit and appearance, and when it comes time for you to purchase another pair, you will be more than pleased because the last one wore so well, and gave you so much comfort.

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

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

**STOLEN**—A black pony, weight 950 pounds; one ear split, white spot in forehead, one white foot behind, spavin on right hind leg; \$25 reward. Telephone any information of same to Florence 165. (28)

**WANTED**—Everyone in Florence and vicinity to read the opening chapters of the new serial by Robert W. Chambers in the November number of Cosmopolitan Magazine. It is the greatest novel of the year and is illustrated by Charles Dana Gibson.

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

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## IN A FAR COUNTRY

By Temple Bailey

(Copyrighted, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

Over her cakes and coffee Cynthia admitted her homesickness. Paris was the place of her dreams. She had thought her little home town dull, but it was nothing to this dreary waste of cathedrals and art galleries, with every one speaking a strange language.

Everett Batcheller had told her how it would be, but Cynthia had had her mind set on a year abroad, and she had scraped and saved, and had at least attained the fulfillment of her desire.

But, in her planning, she had forgotten to provide for friendships. Cynthia was a friendly little soul, and all her life she had had neighbors and church associates who carried her off to meetings, and club colleagues who consulted her about things. At home she was a very much occupied and rather important person.

But here she was nothing. The people at the boarding house turned up their noses at her, and an English girl had openly insulted her on the Fourth of July.

Cynthia had written to Everett of the latter incident.

But Everett was not entirely sympathetic. "You know that wherever you go the eagle screams, Cynthia," her told her. "You ought to stay in your own country, and among your own people, if you want to be happy."

"Her own people!" That sentence stayed in Cynthia's mind long after



"Look Here, Let's Go Around Together a Bit."

she had tucked away the letter in her trunk for safekeeping.

"I'd rather see a familiar face than all the portraits in the Louvre," she mused forlornly.

As if in answer to her wish, a form darkened the doorway of the pastry shop, a halting voice asked in very bad French for cakes and coffee, and with a hesitating step a very large lady came and sat down at the next table to Cynthia.

Cynthia, eyeing her with some curiosity, decided that she was an American. There was an unmistakable air about her clothes; there was less finish than in the attire of a Frenchwoman, and more of style than is possible for an Englishwoman.

There was tragedy in the face, and when the coffee came and the cakes, a sigh made Cynthia bold.

"May I come over and talk to you?" she asked frankly. "I'm awfully homesick, and I'm pretty sure you are an American."

The face beamed. "My dear," she said, "you have saved my life. I think I should have died if I had had to string out another French sentence. My tongue aches with twisting it."

Cynthia laughed. "Going abroad isn't all it is cracked up to be, is it?" she asked. "I have been homesick ever since I landed."

"Have you really?" the stranger confided. "Well, it's the same with me. I'm used to having my friends about me—but after my husband died and his mines turned out so well, everybody said I ought to travel—to broaden my mind. But I wasn't made to broaden my mind; I was made to sit on my front porch and fan on hot days, and to go in my kitchen and bake better buns than these on the cool ones."

Cynthia laughed. "I feel that way myself. I just long to bake a pot of beans or a clam chowder, and sometimes when I've been visiting toms and things I'd give anything for a cup of my own tea."

"Now that's just the way I feel," said the other. "Look here, let's go around together a bit. Maybe things would be better if we had somebody to talk it over with."

Things went so well that, on the second day, the two took a small apartment together, with a tidy servant in charge; and together they went the rounds of sightseeing, finding a certain satisfaction in their common complaint against this very foreign town, and in their common enthusiasm over the home country.

"But I wouldn't tell Everett for anything," Cynthia confessed to her friend. "He told me how it would be, and I wouldn't believe him. I thought it would be like fairyland, but I didn't understand that fairyland would be lonely without friends."

"Yes, it would. But who is Everett?"

"Everett is the man who wants to marry me," Cynthia said, with knitted brows. "But I'd rather teach."

"Goodness gracious," cried the other woman, "why don't you marry him? Any woman can teach, but it isn't every one who has a man to love her."

Cynthia laughed. "I believe I'm half in love with him. But he isn't broadminded. He's perfectly content to stay in that little town and stagnate."

"There are worse things," said the wise companion, "than stagnating. Think twice before you turn Everett down."

"I am perfectly contented as I am," said Cynthia, "and since I met you I am beginning to enjoy the toms and the Tulleries."

"It's the same with me; but you are young, and shouldn't feel that way."

In the midst of their satisfaction, the elder woman fell ill, and, in querulous fashion demanded home cooking.

Cynthia, rising to the occasion, dismissed the French maid, and, after some difficulty, found an English girl who agreed to follow American recipes. By means of much dependence on canned goods and dried products, a menu of baked beans and clam chowder, of codfish cakes and corn bread was made possible.

The days were cool, and, with the magazines from home, and some simple sewing, the two aliens spent their days happily.

"I don't seem to care for art galleries and things," said Cynthia; "it is so nice here under the lamplight."

In her letters to Everett, however, she still kept up her semblance of sightseeing enthusiasm. "I'm not going to let him crow over me," she decided.

But he did not crow over me, for suddenly his weekly letters ceased and Cynthia began to realize, after a month of silence, that it had been his letters that had kept her content.

"I can't understand," she said one night, "what has become of Everett." "He has probably found somebody else. No man is going to stand being treated as you have treated him."

Under cover of darkness Cynthia wept a little. She began to understand what Everett had really meant to her. She knew now that the vision of her future had always shown her in a circle of friendly faces in her home town, with Everett by her side.

He was so much in her thoughts that when he walked one morning into the Paris apartment, she met him without surprise.

"Oh, dear, I have wanted you so," she said.

"I knew it," was his sympathetic response. "You and I belong to each other, Cynthia, and even the seas couldn't really separate us."

After the first raptures, Cynthia introduced him to her companion.

"I have had her in training," the matron stated. "I wish you could see the way we live. We saw and read and eat American dishes, and if it wasn't for the fact that we can see Notre Dame from our windows instead of the Baptist church spire, we wouldn't know whether we were in Paris or in Pike's Corners."

"Why—so we wouldn't," Cynthia cried. "I don't believe I am as broadminded as I thought, Everett."

"Well, you are broadminded enough for me," Everett stated. "And now, if you don't mind, Cynthia, we will get married, and continue this foreign tour together."

"And I'll go home and get things ready for you," said the other. "I wanted an excuse and this is the best ever, and I guess Cynthia and I will have more fun talking over our experiences on your front porch than in living them in a far country."

### TEACHING A CROW TO TALK

If His Tongue Is Split Straight Down the Middle Lengthwise He Can Speak Better.

"You know, of course," said the man in the mackintosh, "that you can teach a crow to talk."

Silence gave negation to this proposition.

"It's so, anyhow," he persisted; "but if you slit his tongue straight down the middle, lengthwise, he can talk a good deal better. Why, I've seen that thing tested. A neighbor of mine, a college professor, had a crow that could speak several words. He had its tongue slit, and when the tongue got well the bird could say almost anything the professor wanted it to say."

"Did it perch upon the bust of Pallas, just above the—"

"Cut that out! I'm telling you something that actually took place."

"Did the bird talk itself to death?"

"Did it talk the professor to death?"

"Did it sing two parts?"

"Did it use words that had a double—"

"Gentlemen," interrupted the man in the mackintosh, "you make me intensely weary. The professor, it is true, gave the bird away. A bartender has it now."

"What was the trouble?" inquired the man with the green goggles.

"He couldn't make it talk grammatically. It split its infinitives."

### Sometimes Happens.

"He's been around the world and yet you never hear him tell about his experiences."

"Maybe he was chased around the world by detectives."



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Doem—It is owing to others.

Why Not?  
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"After clay pigeons."

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Hinks—Well, even at that it costs more than it's worth.

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