

FARMER BESTS LAWYER ON THE DIAMOND

FRED T. CLARKE.



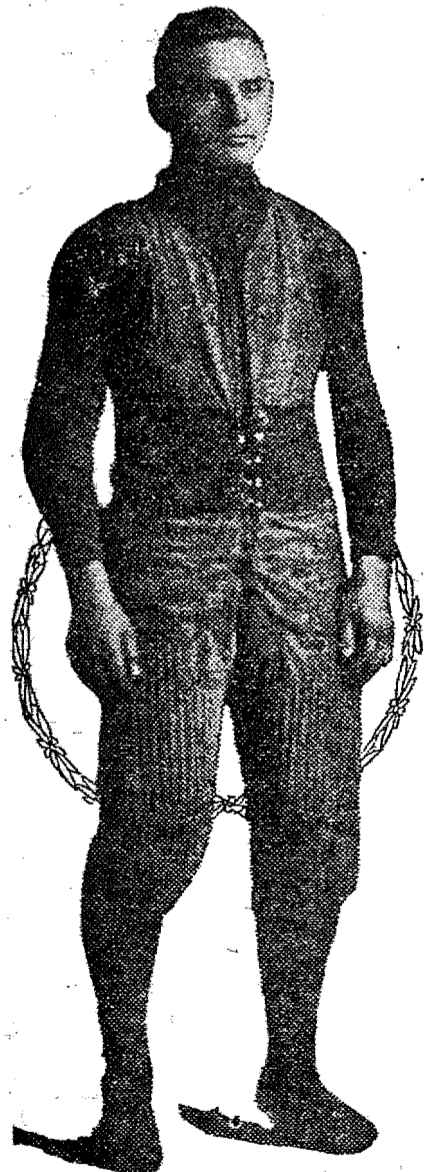
Fred T. Clarke, manager of the Pittsburg team, is a native of Kansas, where he was born 38 years ago. He was reared on a farm. He first played ball with the Mascottes of Des Moines, Ia., back in 1892. His showing then was so good that he was the next year engaged by the Memphis club of the Southern league, from which he was secured by the late William Barnie, who was then manager of the Louisville club. He made good in fast company from the start, and soon became the star and chief attraction of the Louisville team, with which team he remained exclusively until transferred by President Dreyfuss to Pittsburg, where in 1900 he was entrusted with the team's success as manager-captain. He not only in this trying position kept up his fine personal work, but produced the greatest possible results, coming in second in 1900 and landing the pennant three successive seasons—thus achieving the triple distinction of giving Pittsburg her first pennant, giving the west her first pennant since 1887, and giving the league the first champion playing-manager since 1886. Aside from his fine executive ability, Clarke is a grand ball player, excelling as ground coverer, fielder, batman and base runner. He is five feet ten inches high, weighs 165 pounds and is wonderfully fast on his feet. In 1904 he became disabled in midseason, which was a large factor in the team's failure to win a fourth consecutive pennant. Since 1905, under Clarke's management, the Pittsburg team has always been a great factor in the National league races; last season the team was a pennant possibility the last week of the season, finishing tied with New York for second place; and this season the team has been a comparatively easy pennant-winner. Manager Clarke now has the distinction of being the only manager in active service who has won four National league championships. He is reputed to be worth \$150,000 and there is talk that he will not play next season.

HUGH JENNINGS.



Hugh Jennings was born April 1, 1870, at Pittston, Pa., and first played professionally during the latter part of the season of 1890, when he caught for the Allentown team of the Eastern league and had an excellent record, both in fielding and batting. Jennings commenced the next season as catcher of the Lehigh (Pa.) club, and while with this team he distinguished himself to the extent that Manager Jack Chapman signed him for the Louisville club, then of the American association. He started as Louisville's first baseman and made a good impression. When Harry Taylor returned to the team Jennings was shifted to short field and here, too, he made good. In 1893 Jennings was traded, along with Taylor, by Louisville's new manager, Billy Barnie, to the Baltimore club, which had just come under Hanlon's control. Jennings fitted in well with the hustling, ambitious team Hanlon had gathered and he, McGraw, Kelley and Keeler formed the famous quartet which was the backbone of the champion Baltimore team for three seasons. During the years 1894-95-96 Jennings played wonderful ball and was rated in point of dash, speed, brains, strong batting and base running the greatest short-stop the game has yet produced. In 1899 he was transferred to Brooklyn when the Baltimore and Brooklyn clubs were consolidated. He injured his arm to such an extent that he had to give up short field and play first base. In 1901-02 he played with the Philadelphia team as first baseman and captain and manager. In 1903 he retired from the National league and went back to his first love, Baltimore, whose Eastern league teams he managed in 1903-04-05-06. In between times he studied law and three years ago was admitted to the Maryland bar. He had intended retiring to devote himself to the practice of law, but the Detroit club made him so tempting an offer that he could not refuse. Jennings has saved a large part of his earnings.

LEADER OF MICHIGAN TEAM



Capt. Allerdice of the Wolverines has been playing a star game this season. He showed up especially strong in the battle against Ohio university. He brought about nine of the 33 points scored by kicking field goals and made possible two of the touchdowns by making two runs of 45 yards each.

This Is Butchery, Not Sport.

They have a queer idea of sportsmanship in France, if reports from that country are to be credited. Over there they entice pheasants to get accustomed to coming out along certain trails to eat the corn which is put there for the purpose of having these poor, innocent birds repeat when royalty or prominence come along with a shotgun. In other words they inveigle these birds into a trap where they are ruthlessly slaughtered by the hundreds and perhaps thousands by men who call themselves sportsmen.

"BABE" ADAMS TELLS HOW HE BEAT THE TIGERS

Pittsburg Pitcher Who Won Three Championship Games Says Slow Ball Did It.

Charles (Babe) Adams, explaining how he defeated Detroit three times in the world's series, said:

"My success in pitching can be attributed to the slow drop ball. I discovered in the first game that Detroit could not hit this kind of ball to any extent. When they would connect it would be a short hit to the infield, and Pittsburg has an infield which can take care of such hits.

"The slow drop I alternated, first out and then in. It went to the outside of the plate, beyond the reach of the batter, but if the batsman was within hitting distance the ball was low and its slowness caused a false estimate of the strength required from the batter. In such a quick feat as batting a false estimate is a dangerous thing for the batting side. The ball which went inside the plate and dropped at the same time was the most effective I used. Detroit could do nothing with that at all.

"But I did not overwork the drop ball. To do that would have been to lack control. Gibson sized up the batters and we knew when it was safe to put them straight over the plate. Detroit has a good batting aggregation and it was necessary to take every precaution with them. The Tigers' rallies in several games demonstrated this. To lose control during one of these rallies would have meant the loss of the game. The most trying times while I was pitching was when Detroit showed one of those famous spurts of strength at bat. I worked harder than ever and was fortunate enough to hold control. The balls that went straight over the plate were generally hit by Detroit. Occasionally one was walloped to good effect, but in the main we knew when there was to be a hit and the infield and outfield acted accordingly."

Tries to Score with Broken Leg.

Joe Green, a player of the Leland Giants, gave a display of gameness seldom equaled on the diamond in one of the post-season games with the Chicago Cubs. His leg was broken as he slid into third base. Moran, the Cub catcher, threw the ball to left field in trying to catch him and Green attempted to score by hopping on one foot. He was within three feet of the plate when put out.

Danville Gets Decatur Team.

The One Hundred Thousand club of Danville purchased the franchise of the Decatur team in the Three league and Cedar Rapids was dropped because it fell below the minimum attendance figures.

HUNTING BIG GAME IN NORTHWEST

AT THIS season of the year hardly a train leaves any of the railroad stations of a great city but what it bears half a dozen enthusiastic sportsmen in search of the thrills to be found only in the woods of the far north and northwest. Thousands of dollars are spent for the purpose of securing a chance to shoot an antlered buck as he roams over his native heath. Preparations for these trips are made long in advance. As an old friend said one time about fox hunting, "Half the fun in the sport is getting ready, hacking to the meet and the long ride home with plenty of good tobacco." So are the days spent on the trail, getting into the big game country, nearly always from 90 to 200 miles from the end of the railroad.

didn't cross the divide before the snow came, we never would. Therefore we planned to start the following morning, but when morning came we found our tent entirely covered with drifted snow, the wind blowing a gale and the air full of blinding, cutting snow.

It was a hard task to catch 17 horses and ponies and pack them in the snow and rain, so it was noon before we were on the go, while the cold



WHAT'S IN A NAME, ANYWAY?

Pompous Young Lawyer Is Set Down by Unpolished Squire.

To a certain southern town, on legal business, came a most pompous young lawyer, who, notwithstanding his name was McNaught, had an excellent opinion of himself. He found it necessary to talk with Squire Gardner, an unpolished justice, who had



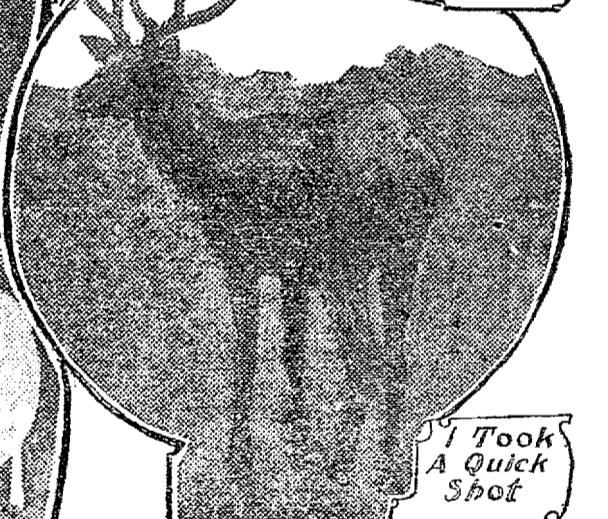
Thompson as usual led the train



We followed them for three days



Hard to Hit



I Took A Quick Shot

After making camp in the open along the Yellowstone river on one of these nights, supper being over, and Thompson, our guide, starting one of his Indian tales with Gen. Miles and himself as the heroes, two cow punchers rode up with a pack horse and asked if we objected to them making camp with us, saying several others were coming later with some cattle. Several others did come and with them 6,000 head of cattle, so we slept with the herd surrounding us on all sides; some grazing, while others would stand over one and look at the fire, while the cowboys were continually riding around the herd to keep tab on the stragglers.

By breakfast time all were gone and our party was also in the saddle by six o'clock, making for the game country.

After three more days of traveling we made camp near the foot of saddle mountain, on Bannock lake and about 15 miles from the national park line, a line at times quite hard to discover, as it may run from the top of one mountain to a bronze plate in a rock some six or eight miles away.

After resting a day in camp we started for the hunting ground with Thompson and had gone only a couple of miles when we came to some fresh elk tracks, which we followed cautiously for some time, until we could see far below us in a park (a small clearing with long grass, on which elk are fond of feeding), a small band of elk, three bulls and six cows. Getting within range noiselessly was no easy matter, owing to the dry condition of the forests, but after an exciting crawl on hands and knees, we found ourselves within about a hundred yards and unseen by the elk. I picked my bull and took a shot for the near shoulder, while my guide shot the next largest; both bulls dropped, but mine was up an off again immediately, following in the rear of the herd as best he could with a broken shoulder and a bullet in his lungs. He was going slowly and easy to follow and another shot some 500 yards further on, in very dense timber, ended his roving career. The remainder of that day was spent in skinning and cutting up the meat and hanging it high above the ground, out of reach of prowling animals at night. For dinner that evening we had elk's liver and steak and quite a celebration over our early success. Packing the meat, hides and heads back to camp consumed the next day and kept the three of us busy.

As my companions from the east shot a fine bull several days later on, we took a rest from hunting and devoted some time to fishing. Trout rose well, so all were satisfied and on returning to camp on one of these days I had a quick shot from my pony at a coyote that was galloping across the brow of the hill. It always seemed to me to have been more good luck than good marksmanship, for these little things are always hard to hit, but his skin now lies over the back of a chair before my fireplace.

After hunting without any luck for perhaps a week, we finally came on some rather fresh sheep tracks and decided immediately to go after them. It was quite the hardest climbing and hunting I ever did without any success, but we followed them for three days and at times must have been within a couple of hundred yards of them, although we never had a shot.

Menacing clouds had been gathering for some days, with little snow flurries, and Thompson said a good deal about getting back to the ranch, which was a two days' trip, and as he said if we

made the train hard to manage and keep in line; one pony especially tried to buck the elk head off that was packed on him. He did manage to get it twisted around so the prongs of the antlers stuck him in the side, and such capers as he cut then I have never seen, besides delaying the outfit for nearly an hour. The divide had to be crossed by daylight, but on reaching it a dense fog settled over the whole country, which, added to the snow, made it impossible to see more than 10 feet in front of one. Thompson, as usual, led the train, and after going on the narrow ridge that formed the divide, stopped to call and see if all were following, when there was a great scrambling and crashing of branches and one of the horses disappeared over the precipice, which was anywhere from 600 to a thousand feet deep on either side and only about 30 feet on top. After counting noses we found he was an unruly fellow that we had not been able to pack, but was following the others all right until he started to do a little reconnoitering on his own account. Undoubtedly he was dead long before he reached the bottom of the precipice, so we felt our way along very cautiously and anxiously until suddenly the cloud we were in lifted, when the going was moderately fair until we made camp for the night, all very thankful that we had not encountered more serious disaster.

Later, several short excursions were made from the ranchhouse, on one of which I shot a good blacktail deer, and another time a young bull elk, with only spikes. The blacktail was standing in the snow with three does, sheltered behind a clump of scrub pines, and he had evidently seen me first, for I was then attracted by the does running off. I took a quick shot and the buck made a tremendous leap of at least 30 feet, but it was his last, as my first-sof-nosed bullet had mushroomed considerably on going through the shoulder and completely torn his lungs away.

The spike elk was much harder to kill, or our marksmanship was poor, owing to our having to run across a valley and up the side of a mountain to head him off. At any rate it took four of my guide's 45-70's and three of my 30-30 bullets to bring him down. Every ball had hit him, but none in a vital spot until the last.

Sage hen shooting and coursing jack rabbits with a greyhound and a collie dog offer good sport for the hunter in this country.

no good opinion of anything, and especially of anyone who had a good opinion of himself. The squire had never heard of his visitor till he called and he was a poor hand at remembering names, but he was an expert in human measurements. The young lawyer proceeded promptly to say what he had to say, the squire listening, but watching. Presently he thought it was time for him to say something.

"Hold on, Mr. McCipher," he began. "My name is McNaught," the lawyer stiffly corrected him.

"Excuse me, excuse me," apologized the squire and finished his remarks.

It was not long until the squire again felt called upon to speak.

"Well, now, Mr. McZero," he started in. "I said my name was McNaught," the lawyer interrupted sharply.

Again the squire apologized, apologized profusely, and the lawyer concluded his consultation. He was not feeling very kindly toward the squire, but he thought it wise not to manifest his feelings and said goodby with a fair degree of politeness.

"Goodby, Mr. McNothing," said the squire as innocent as a lamb, and as the visitor walked pompously out of the office the squire chuckled.

PINEAPPLE AS A CURATIVE.

It has long been known that the pineapple is one of the healthiest of fruits, but its real medicinal qualities probably have never been realized. In Hawaii experiments have been made to determine something of these properties. It has been found that the fruit of the pineapple contains a digestive principle closely resembling pepsin in its action, and to this is probably due the beneficial results of the use of the fruit in certain forms of dyspepsia. On the casein of milk pineapple juice acts as a digestive in almost the same manner as rennet and the action is also well illustrated by placing a thin piece of uncooked beef between two slices of fresh pineapple, where in the course of a few hours its character is completely changed.

In diphtheritic sore throat and croup pineapple juice has come to be very largely relied upon in countries where the fruit is common. The false membranes which cause the closing of the throat seem to be dissolved by the fruit acids and relief is almost immediate.

Concrete Buildings in China.

The construction of houses and walls of concrete in China was instituted several centuries ago, and is peculiarly common and extensive in Swatow, where it originated in the building of a chapel by a French priest. The absence of any brick structures or walls gives ample proof of the stability of the concrete.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

The Imogen club held its second meeting yesterday.

Mrs. Akin of Omaha was the guest Mrs. J. L. Houston Monday.

The council will meet Monday to open bids for grading.

Sale—A milk cow soon to be sold. Address J 2, care Tribune.

A practically new range for sale. Telephone Florence 340.

Mrs. Lucy Hayes of Brooklyn, N. Y., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Grebe.

For Sale or Trade—A typewriter in good shape to use. Apply G. 4 Tribune.

Mrs. Mullison of Sioux Falls, S. D., the guest of Mr. and Mrs. William Parks.

Wanted to Trade—A lot in Omaha for a horse. Address E 3, care Tribune.

Pete Christenson fell from the street car last week and broke his arm.

Do you need a stove. I have them all kinds. Prices right. J. H. Price, tel. 3221.

For Rent—Seven-room house. Inquire of David Andrews. Telephone Florence 307.

Hans Peterson broke his shoulder Wednesday of last week by a fall from the street car.

For Sale—A Riverside steel range, six griddles, good as new; cheap for cash. Call Florence 462.

The only complete line of hardware in Florence. Full line of guns and shells. J. H. Price, tel. 3221.

Thursday evening at the church parlors the Presbyterian church celebrated its fourteenth anniversary.

An inexcusable mistake on our part resulted in our failing to mention that a girl had been born to Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Roth.

Harriet Ingersoll and Mr. M. Kinnon of Kansas City were led last Thursday.

For Rent—Five-room house, modern except furnace, \$15. W. H. Thomas. Telephone Florence 369.

The latest and best method of teaching the piano is given by Mrs. E. F. Reynolds on Fifth street.

To trade for hay or oats, one silver steel range, six griddles, all in good condition, or will sell cheap for cash. Telephone Florence 462.

Judge Leslie has ordered the Tri-City Printing company sold Saturday. J. A. Woods will do the selling. This winds up the business of the Florence Gazette in Florence.

The Florence police notified the police of Omaha to be on the lookout for Edward Connors on the charge of shooting the bird dog belonging to Randall Folkack. The shooting took place last week.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Margartte Breneman, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Breneman, to Mr. Oswald Herzog will take place at the home of the bride, Fourth and Willet streets, Thursday evening.

Willis Barber and Harold Reynolds returned from a two weeks' shooting trip up the river Saturday. They did not get enough ducks to get a write-up, only being able to shoot twenty. This is a mighty poor record.

Jim Orton and Emil Hansen of Florence pleaded not guilty in county court to whipping and prodding Charles Lomenagan with these celebrated implements of war and statecraft and were bound over to the district court.

Miss Carrie Parks gave a very enjoyable Halloween party at her home Friday night. Games appropriate to the season were played, after which refreshments were served. Those present were: Misses: Mabel Cole, Hazel Nelson, Helen Nichols, Dora Purcell, Jennie Peterson, Esther Hansen, Pauline Sorenson, Alice Pataz, Sylvia Breneman, Mamie Wood, Norma Morgan, Ethel Ayres; Messrs: Floyd Johnson, Arnold Herold, Carl Crabtree, Carl Peterson, Raymond Keaton, Knight Brilleck, Willie Doy, Clifford Wood, Walter Peterson.

The Altar society of St. Philip Neri's church gave a mighty good dinner in Wall's hall on election day. That the dinner was appreciated the large number who partook of it will testify. Some twenty ladies of the church gave up their time on that day and served it. I thought that it was only Methodists who knew how to cook chicken, but I take it all back as these ladies are just as adept in the art and insisted in filling both the business manager and editor so full that they had a hard time to navigate to the polls to vote afterward. It was quite a relief to be treated to a dinner on election day instead of a Cremona cigar and a handshake.

Dave Myers' baby is ill.

The Literary club met at the residence of Mrs. John Brislin Wednesday afternoon.

J. Laurie Wallace of Omaha was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Brislin Wednesday.

James Nicholson left Thursday for Kalspell, Mont., to prove up on his Flathead claim.

Prof. McLane left Wednesday for Lincoln to attend the state teachers' meeting. He will return Saturday.

The first masquerade ball of the season will be given by the Court of Honor November 29 at Pascale's hall.

The pupils of Fairview school will hold a box social at the school house November 17. An interesting program is being prepared and everybody is welcome.

The gypsy camp in the big pasture near Spring street is a busy place these days, as big preparations are being made for a wedding to take place there shortly.

Last Friday the Court of Honor gave a surprise party on Miss May Peate. A delightful evening was spent in dancing, after which refreshments were served.

The Progressive club of the Court of Honor will give a get acquainted dance at Pascale's hall on Saturday night. Hangover's famous orchestra will furnish the music.

Pete Peterson is a very popular man. Ever since Hans Peterson broke his shoulder Pete has been working all tricks and Hans says he will testify that he is popular.

If anyone has any old plows, wagons or other old junk that they want to dispose of they can do so by addressing Haskell and Lubold, who, the marshal says, will buy anything.

The 8-year-old son of Rolla Rich met with a bad accident Wednesday. He was catching on behind an automobile and was riding on the automobile of A. T. Root when he fell on the hard ground in front of True Shipley's place and was rendered unconscious for over an hour. William Meyers was the chauffeur. Dr. Akers attended the case and reports the boy as doing nicely, although too early to say definitely.

For Sale.
3 horses for all work.
3 milch cows, fresh in January and February.
1 good bull, 3 years old.
Various farm implements.
Inquire at Bank of Florence.

Mrs. M. B. Thompson has been on the sick list this week.

Miss Emma Anderson has returned from Blair, where she has been visiting for the past ten days.

The Court of Honor installed their new officers Tuesday evening of last week as follows: Past Chancellor, Mrs. Elizabeth Miller; chancellor, John Langenback; vice chancellor, Mrs. Emils; recorder, Mrs. Gus Nelson; chaplain, Mrs. Harriet Taylor; guide, Clyde Miller.

Mrs. A. S. Ruth of Benson entertained at luncheon Friday afternoon in honor of Mrs. Stuart of Lincoln, who is house guest of Mrs. L. Fay of Florence. Covers were laid for Madames Shattuck, Fay, E. F. McSwaney, Lee Van Camp, E. J. McArdie and Miss Margaret Winger.

Mrs. Lewis, sister of Mrs. W. R. Wall has removed from the western part of the state to Florence, taking the residence of Dr. Akers during Mrs. Akers' absence in California.

Charles Lomenagan wanted to find out who was the boss on the curbing job last Thursday. He runs out to his sorrow, as he has been under the care of a physician ever since. Emil Hansen, the contractor, used a kick axe to demonstrate the fact that he was boss. It is safe to say Mr. Lomenagan is satisfied with the information he received and will not make any further inquiries.

The personal recollections of General Charles F. Manderson are announced for publication this fall in the Omaha Excelsior—conductor of the Civil war, of early days in Omaha of the United States senate—a fascinating and valuable contribution to our columns, taken by Mr. Chase in the course of personal conversation. While giving to society helps the cause they are fairly entitled to the Excelsior has become the medium of historical information as to Omaha and the Trans-Missouri country through contributions by leaders of thought and action in Nebraska. It also reflects each week the commercial life of the metropolis.

The Halloween social which was given by the Christian Endeavor society of the Presbyterian church of Florence at the beautiful home of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thompson Saturday evening, October 30, was a pleasurable event. The Halloween spirit seemed everywhere present. The entire house was decorated for the occasion. Jack o' lanterns furnished a dim light in which the ghostly figures seemed weird. In the attic Miss Frances Thompson, tastefully costumed for the part of the fortune teller, was kept busy by the anxious crowd who wished to learn their fate. Several other modes of fortune telling were in evidence, one

of the most entertaining being the ghostly shadow man, conducted by Mr. C. Briggs. An unexpected pleasure of the evening was the appearance of the guests of a party which was being held at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Brislin. These, being costumed in keeping with Halloween offered much merriment. Mrs. Pine arrived in a beautiful Indian costume of red leather, soft Indian prince, the proceeds of which were generously donated to the Christian Endeavor society. The Christian Endeavor should be delighted with the company of amiable people who attended. All present spent a delightful evening and expressed their appreciation of the kindness and hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Thompson.

Mrs. C. H. Cornell held the first monthly recital at her home Saturday afternoon for her smaller scholars. It is planned to hold one of these recitals the last Saturday of each month during the coming year. Those taking part were Lucille Thomson, Pauline Nesbit, Ethel Ling, Florence Price, Essene Green, Carrie Christensen, Christina Christensen, Kate Anderson, Rosa Dickins, Nellie Schrier, William Anderson, William Gusto, Ralph Taylor, Eugene Smith.

A progressive Halloween party was given by Miss Margaret Gordon, Miss Mabel Anderson, Miss Mildred Allison, Miss Emma Griffin Monday evening. All came dressed as ghosts and it was a very ghostly sight. No one spoke for twelve hours; all was still until the spirit moved and then they did speak and did hear and did move, and it was all so much fun that they did not stop until nearly midnight. The ghost list for Miss Ghos' Allison's and there one of the photos did play the part of hero and they did act and snare, springing to go to Miss Ghos' Gordon's and they did go and unravel the mysteries and they did see and spoke, saying it is now the element from her up to Miss Ghos' Anderson's and they did go and out of the fold of Pluto and drink of the nectar of the gods. The ghostly present were Miss Mildred Allison, Miss Mabel Anderson, Miss Emma Anderson, Miss Margaret Gordon, Miss Ethel Westlund, Miss Ethel Breneman, Miss May Dasher, Miss Nellie Dasher, Miss Esther Dasher, Miss Amelia Griffin, Miss Margaret Smith, Miss Mabel Cole, Miss Margaret Long, Miss Della Falkhusen, Mr. Irving Allison, Mr. John Gordon, Mr. Martin Herold, Mr. Oswald Herzog, Mr. Joe Dasher, Mr. James Surtis, Mr. Fred Public, Mr. William Long, Mr. Cyril Kelly, Mr. Lloyd Rogers, Mr. Amor Cottrell, Mr. Charles Cottrell, Mr. Fay Kelly, Mr. Leo Dasher.

Miss Mable Cole and Miss Esther Larson were the guests of Miss Helen Nichols Sunday.

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THE DIVA'S RUBY

By **F. MARION CRAWFORD**
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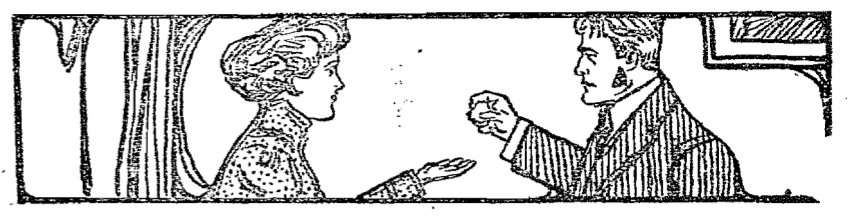
SYNOPSIS.

Baraka, a Tartar girl, became enamored of a golden bearded stranger who was prospecting and studying herbs in the vicinity of her home in central Asia, and revealed to him the location of a mine of rubies hoping that the stranger would love her in return for her disclosure. They were followed to the cave by the girl's relatives, who blocked up the entrance, and drew off the water supply, leaving the couple to die. Baraka's cousin Saad, her betrothed, attempted to climb down a cliff overlooking the mine, but the traveler shot him. The stranger was revived from a water gourd Saad carried, dug his way out of the tunnel, and departed, deserting the girl and carrying a bag of rubies. Baraka gathered all the gems she could carry, and started in pursuit. Margaret Donne (Margaria da Cordova), a famous prima donna, became engaged in London to Konstantin Logotheti, a wealthy Greek financier. Her intimate friend was Countess Leven, known as Lady Maud, whose husband had been killed by a bomb in St. Petersburg, and Lady Maud's most intimate friend was Rufus Van Torp, an American, who had been a cowboy in early life, but had become one of the richest men in the world. Van Torp was in love with Margaret, and rushed to London as soon as he heard of her betrothal.

"It'll be a sort of souvenir of the old Nickel Trust," said her friend, watching her with satisfaction.
 "Have you really sold out all your interest in it?" she asked, sitting down again; and now that she returned to the question her tone showed that she had not yet recovered from her astonishment.
 "That's what I've done. I always told you I would, when I was ready. Why do you look so surprised? Would you rather I hadn't?"
 Lady Maud shook her head and her voice rippled deliciously as she answered:
 "I can hardly imagine you without the Nickel Trust that's all! What in the world shall you do with yourself?"
 "Oh, various kinds of things. I think I'll get married, for one. Then

I mean. You taught me to say "better, didn't you?"
 Lady Maud tried to smile.
 "Of two, yes," she answered. "You are forcing my hand, my dear friend," she went on very gravely. "You know very well that I trust you with all my heart. If it were possible to imagine a case in which the safety of the world could depend on my choosing one of you for my husband, you know very well that I should take you, though I never was the least little bit in love with you, any more than you ever were with me."
 "Well, but if you would, she ought," argued Mr. Van Torp. "It's for her own good, and as you're a friend of hers, you ought to help her to do what's good for her. That's only fair. If she doesn't marry me, she's certain to marry that Greek, so it's a forced choice, it appears to me."
 "But I can't—"
 "She's a nice girl, isn't she?"
 "Yes, very."
 "And you like her, don't you?"
 "Very much. Her father was my father's best friend."
 "I don't believe in atavism," ob-

answered the millionaire, almost humbly. "You see I don't always know. I learnt things differently from what you did. I suppose you'd think it an insult if I said I'd give a large sum of money to your charity the day I married Mme. Cordova, if you'd help me through."
 "Please stop," Lady Maud's face darkened visibly. "That's not like you."
 "I'll give a million pounds sterling," said Mr. Van Torp slowly.
 Lady Maud leaned back in her corner of the sofa, clasping her hands rather tightly together in her lap. Her white throat flushed as when the light of dawn kisses Parian marble, and the fresh tint in her cheeks deepened softly; her lips were tightly shut, her eyelids quivered a little, and she looked straight before her across the room.
 "You can do a pretty good deal with a million pounds," said Mr. Van Torp, after the silence had lasted nearly half a minute.
 "Don't!" cried Lady Maud, in an odd voice.
 "Forty thousand pounds a year," observed the millionaire thoughtfully. "You could do quite a great deal of good with that, couldn't you?"
 "Don't! Please don't!"
 She pressed her hands to her ears and rose at the same instant. Perhaps it was she, after all, and not her friend who had been brought suddenly to a great cross-road in life. She stood still one moment by the sofa without looking down at her companion; then she left the room abruptly, and shut the door behind her.



the vast extent of his wealth, and in an age of colossal fortunes she had often heard his spoken of with the half-dozen greatest. "You can do quite a great deal of good with forty thousand pounds a year."
 Van Torp's rough-hewn speech rang through her head, and somehow its reckless grammar gave it strength and made it stick in her memory, word for word. In the drawer of the writing table before which she was sitting there was a little file of letters that meant more to her than anything else in the world, except one dear memory. They were all from rescued women, they all told much the same little story, and it was good to read. She had made many failures, and some terrible ones, which she could never forget; but there were real successes, too; there were over a dozen of them now, and she had only been at work for three years. If she had more money, she could do more; if she had much she could do much; and she knew of one or two women who could help her. What might she not accomplish in a lifetime with the vast sum her friend offered her—the price of hindering a marriage that was almost sure to turn out badly, perhaps as badly as her own!—the money value of a compromise with her conscience on a point of honor which many women would have thought very vague indeed, if not absurd in such a case. She knew what temptation meant, now, and she was to know even better before long. The prima donna had said that she was going to marry Lo-

is squeezing the life out of it. She called Margaret her "chickabiddy" and spread a motherly wing over her, without the least idea that she was rearing a valuable lyric nightingale that would not long be content to trill and quaver unheard.
 Immense and deserved success had half reconciled the old lady to what had happened, and after all Margaret had not married an Italian tenor, a Russian prince, or a Parisian composer, the three shapes of man which seemed the most dreadfully immoral to Mrs. Rushmore. She would find it easier to put up with Logotheti than with one of those, though it was bad enough to think of her old friend's daughter marrying a Greek instead of a nice, clean Anglo-Saxon, like the learned Mr. Donne, the girl's father, or the good Mr. Rushmore, her lamented husband, who had been an upright pillar of the church in New York, and the president of a trust company that could be trusted.
 After all, though she thought all Greeks must be what she called "designing," the name of Konstantin Logotheti was associated with everything that was most honorable in the financial world, and this impressed Mrs. Rushmore very much.
 Logotheti was undoubtedly considered honest, and Mrs. Rushmore made quite sure of it, as well as of the fact that he had an immense fortune.
 At Versailles, with its memories of her earlier youth, the prima donna wished to be Margaret Donne again, and to forget for the time that she was the Cordova, whose name was always first on the opera posters in New York, London and Vienna.

CHAPTER II.—Continued.

Lady Maud laid her left hand affectionately on the man's right, which was uppermost on hers, and her voice rippled with happiness.
 "If you had only said a lark instead of a hen, Rufus!" she laughed.
 "We could get along a lot better without larks than without hens," answered her friend philosophically. "But I'll make it a nightingale next time, if I can remember, or a bald eagle, or any bird that strikes you as cheerful."
 The terrible mouth had relaxed almost to gentleness, and the fierce blue eyes were suddenly kind as they looked into the woman's face. She led him to an old-fashioned sofa, their hands parted, and they sat down side by side.
 "Cheerful," he said, in a tone of reflection. "Yes, I'm feeling pretty cheerful, and it's all over and settled."
 "Do you mean the trouble you were in last spring?"
 "N—no—not that, though it wasn't as funny as a Sunday school treat while it lasted, and I was thankful when it was through. It's another matter altogether that I'm cheerful about—besides seeing you, my dear. I've done it, Maud. I've done it at last."



"What a Beautiful Color!"

"What?"
 "I've sold my interest in the Trust. It won't be made known for some time, so don't talk about it, please. But it's settled and done, and I've got the money."
 "You have sold the Nickel Trust?"
 Lady Maud's lips remained parted in surprise.
 "And I've bought you a little present with the proceeds," he answered, putting his large thumb and finger into the pocket of his white waistcoat. "It's only a funny little bit of glass I picked up," he continued, producing a small twist of stiff writing paper. "You needn't think it's so very fine! But it's a pretty color, and when you're out of mourning I daresay you'll make a hatpin of it. I like handsome hatpins myself, you know."
 He had untwisted the paper while speaking, it lay open in the palm of his hand, and Lady Maud saw a stone of the size of an ordinary hazel nut, very perfectly cut, and of that wonderful transparent red color which is known as "pigeon's blood," and which it is almost impossible to describe. Sunlight shining through Persian rose-leaf sherbet upon white silk makes a little patch of color that is perhaps more like it than any other shade of red, but not many Europeans have ever seen that, and it is a good deal easier to go and look at a pigeon's blood ruby in a jeweler's window.
 "What a beautiful color!" exclaimed Lady Maud innocently, after a moment. "I didn't know they imitated rubies so well, though, of course, I know nothing about it. If it were not an impossibility, I should take it for a real one."
 "So should I," assented Mr. Van Torp quietly. "It'll make a pretty hatpin anyway. Shall I have it mounted for you?"
 "Thanks, awfully, but I think I should like to keep it as it is for a little while. It's such a lovely color, just as it is. Thank you so much! Do tell me where you got it."
 "Oh, well, there was a sort of a traveler came to New York the other day selling them what they call privately. I guess he must be a Russian or something, for he has a kind of an off-look of your husband, only he wears a beard and an eyeglass. It must be about the eyes. Maybe the forehead, too. He'll most likely turn up in London one of these days to sell this invention, or whatever it is."
 Lady Maud said nothing to this, but she took the stone from his hand, looked at it some time with evident admiration, and then set it down on its bit of paper, upon a little table by the end of the sofa.

"I'll take a rest and sort of look around. Maybe something will turn up. I've concluded to win the Derby next year—that's something anyway."
 "Rather! Have you thought of anything else?"
 She laughed a little, but was grave the next moment, for she knew him much too well to believe that he had taken such a step out of caprice, or a mere fancy for change. He noticed the grave look and was silent for a few moments.
 "The Derby's a side show," he said at last. "I've come over to get married, and I want you to help me. Will you?"
 "Can I?" asked Lady Maud, evasively.
 "Yes, you can, and I believe there'll be trouble unless you do."
 "Who is she? Do I know her?" She was trying to put off the evil moment.
 "Oh, yes, you know her quite well. It's Mme. Cordova."
 "But she's engaged to Mons. Logotheti—"
 "I don't care. I mean to marry her if she marries any one. He shan't have her anyway."
 "But I cannot deliberately help you to break off her engagement! It's impossible!"
 "See here," answered Mr. Van Torp. "You know that Greek, and you know me. Which of us will make the best husband for an English girl? That's what Mme. Cordova is, after all. I put it to you. If you were forced to choose one of us yourself, which would you take? That's the way to look at it."
 "But Miss Donne is not 'forced' to take one of you—"
 "She's going to be. It's the same. Besides, I said 'if.' Won't you answer me?"
 "She's in love with Mons. Logotheti," said Lady Maud, rather desperately.
 "Is she, now? I wonder. I don't much think so myself. He's just clever and he's obstinate, and he's made her think she's in love, that's all. Anyhow, that's not an answer to my question. Other things being alike, if she had to choose, which of us would be the best husband for her?—the better,

served the American, "but that's neither here nor there. You know what you wrote me. Do you believe she'll be miserable with Logotheti or not?"
 "I think she will," Lady Maud answered truthfully. "But I may be wrong."
 "No; you're right. I know it. But marriage is a gamble anyway, as you know better than any one. Are you equally sure that she would be miserable with me? Dead sure, I mean."
 "No, I'm not sure. But that's not a reason—"
 "It's a first-rate reason. I care for that lady, and I want her to be happy, and as you admit that she will have a better chance of happiness with me than with Logotheti, I'm going to marry her myself, not only because I want to, but because it will be a long sight better for her. See? No fault in that line of reasoning, is there?"
 "So far as reasoning goes—" Lady Maud's tone was half an admission.
 "That's all I wanted you to say," interrupted the American. "So that's settled, and you're going to help me."
 "No," answered Lady Maud quietly; "I won't help you to break off that engagement. But if it should come to nothing, without your interfering—that is, by the girl's own free will and choice and change of mind, I'd help you to marry her if I could."
 "But you admit that she's going to be miserable," said Van Torp stubbornly.
 "I'm sorry for her, but it's none of my business. It's not honorable to try and make trouble between engaged people, no matter how ill-matched they may be."
 "Funny idea of honor," observed the American, "that you're bound to let a friend of yours break her neck at the very gravel pit where you were nearly smashed yourself! In the hunting field you'd grab her bride if she wouldn't listen to you, but in a matter of marriage—oh, no! It's dishonorable to interfere." She made her choice and she must abide by it, and all that kind of stuff!"
 Lady Maud's clear eyes met his angry blue ones calmly.
 "I don't like you when you say such things," she said, lowering her voice a little.

"You can do a pretty good deal with a million pounds," said Mr. Van Torp, after the silence had lasted nearly half a minute.
 "Don't!" cried Lady Maud, in an odd voice.
 "Forty thousand pounds a year," observed the millionaire thoughtfully. "You could do quite a great deal of good with that, couldn't you?"
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Van Torp got up from his seat slowly when she was gone, and went to the window, softly blowing a queer tune between his closed teeth and his open lips, without quite whistling.



Went to the Window, Softly Blowing a Queer Tune.

"Well—" he said aloud, in a tone of doubt, after a minute or two.
 But he said no more, for he was much too reticent and sensible a person to talk to himself audibly even when he was alone, and much too cautious to be sure that a servant might not be within hearing, though the door was shut. He stood before the window nearly a quarter of an hour, thinking that Lady Maud might come back, but as no sound of any step broke the silence he understood that he was not to see her again that day, and he quietly let himself out of the house and went off, not altogether discontented with the extraordinary impression he had made.

gotheti chiefly because he insisted on it.
 The duel for Margaret's hand had begun; Van Torp had aimed a blow that might well give him the advantage if it went home; and Logotheti himself was quite unaware of the skillful attack that threatened his happiness.

CHAPTER III.

A few days after she had talked with Lady Maud, and before Mr. Van Torp's arrival, Margaret had gone abroad, without waiting for the promised advice in the matter of the wedding gown. With admirable regard for the proprieties she had quite declined to let Logotheti cross the channel with her, but had promised to see him at Versailles, where she was going to stop a few days with her mother's old American friend, the excellent Mrs. Rushmore, with whom she meant to go to Bayreuth to hear "Parsifal" for the first time.
 Mrs. Rushmore had disapproved profoundly of Margaret's career, from the first. After Mrs. Donne's death, she had taken the forlorn girl under her protection, and had encouraged her to go on with what she vaguely called her "music lessons." The good lady was one of those dear, old-fashioned, kind, delicate-minded and golden-hearted American women we may never see again, now that "progress" has got civilization by the throat and

she was losing no time; and Margaret laughed again, though she put her head a little on one side with an expression of doubt.
 "I can't refuse to see him," she said, "though really I would much rather be alone with you for a day or two."
 "My darling child!" cried Mrs. Rushmore, applying another embrace, "you shall! Leave it to me!"
 Mrs. Rushmore's delight was touching, for she could almost feel that Margaret had come to see her quite for her own sake, whereas she had pictured the "child," as she still called the great artist, spending most of her time in carrying on inaudible conversations with Logotheti under the trees in the lawn, or in the most remote corners of the drawing room; for that had been the accepted method of courtship in Mrs. Rushmore's young days, and she was quite ignorant of the changes that had taken place since then.
 Half an hour later, Margaret was in her old room upstairs writing a letter, and Mrs. Rushmore had given strict orders that until further notice Miss Donne was "not at home" for any one at all, no matter who might call.
 When the letter already covered ten pages, Margaret laid down her pen and without the least pause or hesitation tore the sheets to tiny bits, linking her fingers in the process because the last one was not yet dry.
 "What a wicked woman I am!" she exclaimed aloud, to the very great surprise of Potts, her English maid, who was still unpacking in the next room, the door being open.
 "Beg pardon, ma'am?" the woman asked, putting in her head.
 (TO BE CONTINUED.)

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The Madness of Sari

By Prince Vladimir Vantatsky

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"Natural!" Dicky Monvell laughed, as the punkah waved lazily over his head. "Natural! it's so natural that I can remember everything that happened back in those hazy days. That is, they were hazy until I reached here yesterday."

From the time of his arrival, 24 hours before, Dicky had attracted the attention of the dwellers in the Fort—which is English Bombay—almost, in the entire presidency of Bombay. The Times of India spoke feelingly of his return to Bombay, and the deputation of oilskin-capped Parsee gentlemen waited upon him with an elaborate address of welcome.

"Rum place, Bombay," sententiously remarked one of the men.

"Eh?" queried Dicky, with an abstracted air. And the man who spoke thought Dicky's mind had wandered back to London. But Dicky, had he been asked, would have told that his thoughts were of the Bombay of ten years ago. His eyes wandered out over Bombay harbor, where the lights of innumerable vessels twinkled, and where a blaze of deck light and white sides proclaimed the presence of a foreign man-o-war.

"She's an American cruiser on her long way to the Asiatic station," remarked one of the men in a conversational tone. "There is an Admiral Blank on her—he's going out to take command. We'll just have him over—eh?—for an exchange of courtesies."

"Charmed," returned Dicky, with his mind yet back in the dead past—out along the road to Poona, a little native house, and a Hindu girl, and a voice thrilling with the love-songs that lured him.

Then when at the Royal Yacht club Sir Richard met the American admiral it was to hear him exclaim in his hearty tones:

"Monvell, Monvell!"

"Sir Richard Monvell," explained one of his old friends of a decade past.

"Oh, yes, Monvell," ruminated the American admiral, regardless of the title. "There was a chap of that name—a sub-lieutenant in the gun-room of the Lieutenant of her majesty's navy when I was a midshipman on the Quinnebaug these many years ago. Know him?"

"Right-o," cried Dicky, "that was my dad!"

"Well, do you take after him?" asked the admiral, with a quizzical smile.

"Of course, I can't touch the old boy in anything," loyally replied Dicky.

"In those days," said the admiral, "he was rather—well, wild. No offense intended, you know."

"Wild, was he? He was always in trouble over women and things like that," and Dicky smiled genially at the thought of his father's gayeties. Those of us who take pride in family are even proud—in a way—of our family vices."

"And you, eh? You are a chip off the old block?" The American admiral smiled broadly and chuckled at the remembrance of some of Dicky pere's capers.

"That isn't for Sir Richard to say," interrupted Fitz John, with a laugh that set the glasses tinkling. "But when we knew him ten years ago he was pretty constant to a—a girl he'd picked up in some manner; a deucedly fine—"

"Ah, there, stow it!" cried Dicky. Then he turned to the admiral. "Oh, I haven't let the family reputation for wildness suffer."

The admiral rose.

"I'm expected up at Government house for a sort of a song and dance act. Suppose I'll see you there. Here's an A. D. C. who was to meet me and take me up to Malabar hill. Glad to have met you, Sir Richard." The admiral held out his hand and turned to meet the governor's aide-de-camp.

"What's going on?" Dicky asked, as he watched, for the second, the stalwart back of the American admiral, with the gold on his uniform aglitter as he passed from the Royal Yacht club. "I've had a bid—do you still call them 'commands' out here?"

"Well, yes, rather," replied Fitz John, "but they're beastly bores and put one in a nasty humor with the present governor. He goes in for engaging native talent. Fancy! When he first came out he had us all up to see a troop of native magicians. Usual old stunts—cobra and all that sort or rot. Just fancy!"

"That the bill for to-night? If it is—"

"No, oh, no. This time it is a wonderful contralto—chocolate color, of course. She's a Bombay Hindu woman who has had some experience with Europeans. Some musical artist found she possessed a voice, and the result was Marchesi, La Scala, Dresden, and the rest. Woodhull has heard her. Say, there, Woody, any voice?"

"Ripping!" answered Woodhull; "never realized her power until she sang her last song—a Hindu love song—queer stunt. Made me feel lumpy around the throat, though I'm reputed to have whiteleather for a heart."

"Then I'll go," said Dicky, "so that his excellency will not consider that I have slighted him."

The trio sidled inside and took some chairs in an obscure corner. Sir Rich-

ard Monvell glanced over the people with an indifferent gaze. He looked at the singer, who was standing in an affected pose waiting for the accompaniment to begin. She was of good figure, but a hideous dress of orange-colored satin gave the powder and rouge that lay thickly on her dusky cheeks a disgusting accentuation, and made her even more hideous.

The key-note fell. And she sang, in a deep, rich contralto—with an accent that brought Dicky to wondering—a French chanson of the seventeenth century. So marvelous were her intonations that Dicky could see the brocades of La Belle Marquise. Then he split his tight, white gloves applauding.

"She'll sing that Hindu love song now," said Woodhull, who had just joined the trio and had helped in the applause.

In its expectation the ballroom became deathly silent.

Then she sang—sang until Dicky felt the world swimming before his eyes—sang until Dicky's throat closed as though a strong hand had gripped it. Then he remembered a little house far out on the white road to Poona and a Hindu girl. That was her song. The song she had made for him out of the fullness of her love, out of the joy of life, out of the breath that came from the nostrils of love. But how came this hideous creature to sing it? Then Sir Richard was no longer the man of importance, the wearer of titles and honorable names, but the subaltern, the Dicky who was snubbed by Molly Burke, and the Hindu girl again sang like the bulbul to him of her love.

It was over. The applause brought many white gloves to the beggars, split.

After the affair Sir Richard went to meet her with the spirit of Dicky, the subaltern, hungering for the Hindu girl's song of love. He went half willingly, half unwillingly.

Then, beneath the rouge and powder, apart from the hideous gown of orange and black, Dicky—who was now the subaltern—saw the little Hindu girl. She acknowledged the introduction with a peculiar grace. Her voice was low and musical.

Later when Sir Richard reached his chambers he was not surprised to find a note awaiting him. It was hastily scrawled on Government house paper.

"If you will ask for me at the Taj Mahal," it ran, "you can see me to-night." But the signature was a queer little thing in Hindustanee. Ah, how familiar!

When Sir Dicky had walked feverishly over the few feet of ground between the club chambers and the Taj Mahal hotel he found himself asking, in a queer, throaty voice, for Mme. Martinez.

"Sir Richard Monvell? Madam Martinez sent word that you were to be shown into her private parlor."

Dicky found himself alone in the room. He looked around it. Autographed photographs of Melba, Eames, Flancon, Chaminade and Paderewski were there, but in a great frame of carved Burmese silver there was a photograph of the Dicky Monvell of ten years ago.

Then, like a whirlwind, a native woman came into the room. Her bare, dimpled knees and slender, graceful ankles showed beneath native garments.

"Dicky!" she moaned, and fell sobbing at his feet. Her golden anklets were almost the color of her brilliant skin, and the heavy bracelets that clinked about her wrists were the same for which Dicky had borrowed money of the Parsee to pay. But her throat, her beautiful, statuesque throat, was bound, as it had been that evening at Government house, in a swathing of chiffon and glittering sequins.

Dicky succumbed. All the thoughts of ten years ago came back with her sobbing voice, her bewildering presence. He took her in his arms—the sharp edge of a bracelet cut his hand. The Hindu girl laughed.

"See, Dicky, I have cut mine, too." She laughed again as she drew the bracelet across her other hand.

"Foolish!" he cried, and he lifted the cut hand to his lips. She snatched it away. But her smile was the smile of the blessed ones. Then she seized his hand and placed her lips to the scratch and drew from it the blood that ran.

When the morning came Dicky bent over her. Her face was flushed with fever, her irregular breathing startled him. He called her:

"Sari! Sari! Are you ill?"

She smiled in a dazed way.

"Dicky, I shall die to-day—or tomorrow, perhaps. See!" She tore the fanciful conceit of chiffon from her neck. The beautiful throat was horribly swollen.

"I knew you would be at Government house last night. And there I sang my Schwanlieder. I knew I should meet you." She caught him convulsively to her breast. "Oh, Dicky! Dicky! what did I do in my madness? Tell me, it is not in your blood too!"

"What does it matter?" Dicky asked as he bent over and kissed her.

"Tiens!" exclaimed Prince Euxine. "Bombay! It is horrible! It is a horrible place there! They have the plague—the bubonic plague—and the finest singer of the Indies died of it. And my best friend, Lord Dicky, is lying below with my doctors hovering over him. No, it is not the plague he has—no, not quite—we got him away in time to save him. I would not go there again for twenty million rubles. If No, not I."

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Young America. James, aged six, after having had his first ride on a scenic railway, described his feelings thus: "It made me feel just like I was gone but my soul, and that was almost tickled to death."—The Delineator.

Youthful Genius. At 21 Beethoven was famed as a musician, Alexander stood at the head of his army on the plains of Thessaly and Tasso had begun his immortal poem of "Jerusalem Delivered." At 22 Paul Potter painted "The Young Bull," now in the museum at The Hague, said to be one of the finest animal pictures on canvas. At the same age Campbell wrote his "Pleasures of Hope," the work on which his fame as a poet rests.

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