

The Florence Tribune

VOL. I.

LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1909

Subscription, \$1.00 a Year.

No. 22

OH GIRLS WHO IS IT?

Some Girl in This Neighborhood is Engaged to be Married and Has Four Engagement Rings Which She is Wearing Alternately, While the Young Man in the Case is Bewailing His Awfully Hard Luck and is Thinking of Calling it Off.

Oh, girls. Which one of you did it? For a whole week the editor has been looking closely at the hands of girls.

But, alas, while on quite a few he has seen diamond rings, yet it is always the same one and he has about given up the quest of finding out alone who she is, so he is going to get the readers of The Tribune to help him.

Not long ago he rode down to Omaha in the car with a well known Florence man who was looking about as dejected as he possibly could. The young man was talking to another Florence man and here is what he said:

"It is a horrible situation to be in," complained the young man, "and the worst of it is that I cannot see any light ahead.

"I thought when the girl promised to be mine that all my troubles would over. But it seems they have only commenced.

"I don't dare to think of the money I have spent on flowers and candy. I was always held up by the hope that it would end some day, and I would enter upon the reward of my perseverance.

"Maybe I am to blame for carrying the idea that I had money to burn; but I had to keep up appearance somehow, or her father would never have allowed me inside the house.

"I have tasted pleasure unalloyed in my time, but it wasn't when she was thanking me for flowers that took my last cent and left me wondering where my next meal was coming from. But I was always cheered by the thought that my suit was progressing, and that it was only a question of a short time when I would be able to ask the all-important question.

"Well, when at last I thought it would be safe to ask the girl, and she said she would be mine, I was the happiest man alive until I noticed her gazing meditatively at her third finger.

"That infernal engagement ring! I had forgotten all about it.

"Well, the situation had to be met, and by selling my wheel and wearing my last winter's overcoat, I managed to raise enough to buy a ring that was worthy of the girl.

"I started out to buy the real thing; but when I saw how closely they were imitated by inferior goods, I had an idea. I picked out two genuine rings as well as two that were merely imitations, and sent them up to the girl's house for her to pick out the one that she liked best, trusting to luck that she would pick out one of the cheaper kind.

"I have just received a note from the girl saying that they are all perfectly lovely; that she is unable to pick out the one that she liked the best, so she has concluded to keep them all, wearing them alternately and thus setting a new style in regard to engagement rings.

"Hang the style! Hang the girl! Hang everybody! I'd hang myself if I had the price of a rope!"

Now, girls, which one of you is the one?

STREET CARS GO THROUGH

Commencing Today Cars Will Only Run to Willet Street and Will Not Go Through to Omaha.

Mayor F. S. Tucker, tiring of the delay of the street car company in beginning work on the double tracking of its line, visited the offices of the company Wednesday and demanded that they begin work.

As a result of this conference the street car company agreed to begin hauling ties that day and to begin construction of the track on Friday at which time they would discontinue the through service and maintain a stub service to Willet street, thus allowing them to put in both tracks and switch north of Willet street.

As soon as the double tracking is all completed the regular through service will be resumed and on a better schedule than at present.

If the people of Florence desire to catch a car they must remember that they will not run north of Willet street.

CARD OF THANKS.

We wish to thank the kind friends who so kindly assisted us in our sad bereavement, the loss of our son and brother. Also for the beautiful floral offerings.

MR. and MRS. M. W. KIMBALL and family.

A LETTER FROM CALIFORNIA

J. M. Whitted, Who Has Removed to That State, Writes of What He Sees and Finds There.

The following letter from J. M. Whitted who removed from Florence to California recently will be of interest to many of our readers.

Lake City, Calif., Oct. 18.
Editor Tribune:—

"As there may be some of my friends in Florence that would like to hear from me I would say that I got to Alturas, Calif., on Saturday the 16th which is the end of the railroad and in Malack county. Lake City is thirty-five miles east and I am located here and will be for some time. I like the country first rate. This is called Surprise Valley, is sixty miles long and averages ten miles wide. Lake City is an old looking place and the people seem to be happy and contented.

It has the appearance of being a very fertile country and everything is plentiful and they certainly have the finest apples I have ever seen and peaches galore. I have certainly struck it fine here, nothing but kindness since I started.

The mountains surrounding this valley are covered with snow and gives it a fine appearance. Living is about the same as in Florence. There is no saloon in this valley and as far as I can see the people are satisfied with their condition. I expect to go in a few days across another range of mountains, thirty-five miles away to Long Valley on the edge of Nevada. It is being boomed at present and there are many herds of horses and sheep there. They live out on the edge of the mountain all winter without hay or a very little. Please mail the Tribune to me at Lake City as I like the paper very much.

Yours truly,
J. M. WHITTED.

Reaching Life's Goal.

If you want to be somebody in this world you must assert your individuality and assert it in the right direction, so that it may lead to a goal of honor for yourself and be an example for others. Find out what you ought to do, says to yourself: "I must do it," then begin right away with "I will do it," and keep at it until it is done.

The American Cat-Tail.

The cat-tail of the American swamps is almost exactly the same plant as the Egyptian bullrush. It is no longer used for making paper, as it once was, but from its root is prepared a stringent medicine, while its stems, when prepared dry, are excellent for the manufacture of mats, chair-bottoms and the like.

Population of the Continents.

Asia comprises 32 per cent of the total land surface of the globe, and has a population of 820,000,000. America comprises 29 per cent, population, 125,000,000. Africa, 22 per cent, population, 130,000,000. Europe, 7 per cent, population 350,000,000. Australia, 6 per cent, population, 5,000,000.

On General Principles.

A little miss of five who had no brother and who did not like the boys at school who teased her, especially a boy named John, remarked at home: "I wish John was my boy. Do you know, if he belonged to me, I'd lick him whether he needed it or not."—Exchange.

Perfect Faith.

He was a candidate for the ministry, and extremely anxious to pass. On being asked by his examining bishop to write out the Nicene creed he wrote with a faith entirely too vast: "I believe in all things, visible and invisible."

For the Good of Humanity.

"I had a doctor in my car who had been called from a party to attend a dying man," was the defense of a motorist summoned the other day for exceeding the speed limit. The case was withdrawn.—Home Chat.

The Reason.

The Dominie—How is it, my young friend, that your mother always does the carving when you have company to dinner? Freddie—"Cause dad always says things while he's doing it."—Fuck.

Need No Defense.

Mothers-in-law are much abused, says a Washington jurist, and many of the things said about them are slanders. The same is true of many things; why bother to defend them?

Some Words of Wisdom.

"It may be true," said Uncle Eben, "dat riches don't bring happiness. But dat ain't no good argument foh gub'n' to de yuther extreme an' wrestlin' wif debts."

Peculiar Orchestra.

Vienna possesses a unique orchestra. All the members, from the honorary president, the acting president, the conductor, to the executants, are doctors of medicine.

PAUL DIVORCE CASE EXPLAINED

A Correspondent Takes Us to Task for Not Having Anything in Our Paper About This Celebrated Case and We State Our Position Fully and Freely, Believing That Our Readers Will Agree With Us When They Read This.

Last week the celebrated divorce case of Paul vs. Paul was on trial in the district court and as both are well known here a correspondent takes us to task for not saying a word about it. Following is his letter:

Florence, Oct. 24, 1909.
Editor Tribune:

While you have been getting out a good paper so far and I have enjoyed greatly reading it, I think you must have been asleep or something akin to it last week as there is not one word in your paper about the Paul divorce case. You say you give the local news and if that is not news what is? Wake up. Yours truly,

In reply we wish to say that we do not consider such matter as being fit to print in The Tribune, and as the case is being fully exploited in the daily papers sufficient is being done to give it publicity.

Maybe he is right in his accusations. Maybe she is right in her accusations.

Maybe both are right. Maybe neither is right. Anyway, we do not care one way or the other and don't believe there are very many who do.

Neither do we think our readers are interested in the mud slinging and insinuations and innuendoes of the trial. Our position is better stated by A. J. Waterhouse in his poem: "Had You Known His Black Temptation," as follows:

When you see a man or woman who has left the narrow way,
Who has danced at rout or revel till the fiddler asks for pay;
When you see one clad in sapphire, while another weeps in black,
For the day of love and glory that will nevermore come back,
Then, of course, your condemnation is a thing that you proclaim,
(Must we not, to show our virtue, darkly scowl on sin and shame.)
And I also frown, my brother, yet one question makes its plea:
Had I known his black temptation what were now the case with me?

There is blood, some one has told me,
That is turbulent and wild.
All the passion of dead fathers running riot in the child.

In your veins, my worthy madam or my highly honored sir,
Is the blood all calm and placid, that no storms of passion stir;
Therefore wrap your cloak of virtue closely to you in disdain.

For the ones who pluck red blossoms hedges about with thorns of pain.
You are good and unco' holy; throw 'a rock, the sinner's due—
Had you known his black temptation, what were now the case with you?

Oh, I know the lying tempter that has lured me off to stray,
And I know the good, white angel urging me to duty's way.

In my bosom wages battle evermore 'twixt Wrong and Right,
And I walk, by God's own mercy, o'er the chasm of the night;

If I fall, as I have fallen, you who miss the tempter's lure,
Should you look in loathing on me, thanking God your way is sure?
Nay, look deeper, till His pity whispers you from heights of blue:

"Had you known his black temptation, what were now the case with you?
Oft I cry my mea culpa to the One above the stars,
And I deem his answer floateth down the heaven's misty bars:

"As you know your strength is ever by your weakness held at bay,
So 'tis yours to give your pity to my little ones who stray.

Ay, though they be mire-bespattered and in filthy tatters stand,
You are but their errant brother; reach to them a helping hand."
And my heart, all shamed and broken, maketh answer to His plea:
"As I deal with these, my brothers, may He also deal with me."

EXCLUSIVELY MEATS.

We do not sell hardware, groceries dry goods and coal oil with our meats but sell first class meats at the lowest possible prices. Buy your meats in a meat market where the entire time is given to buying and selling of good meats.—I. W. Brown, the Meat Man.

Worth Thinking About.

It is a dark day in the life of any young man when he passes up a good housekeeper in order to marry an expert shopper.—Dallas News.

COUNCIL ORDERS CROSSWALKS

At Meeting Friday Evening They Approve Bond and Contract of G. Maucini for New Crosswalks.

The council held a short session Friday evening and decided to put in several crosswalks. In the north ward they will put in four alley crossings and two street crossings, the latter at Fifth and Jackson and Fifth and Pacific. The alley crossings all go east of Main street.

The same number will go in in the south ward and will be designated by the councilmen from that ward after they have gone over the ground more thoroughly to acquaint themselves with the need.

Larry Fay and Mr. Robinson of Omaha were appointed as inspectors on the new paving by Mayor Tucker and their appointment was confirmed by the council, Craig voting in the negative.

Considerable discussion took place and once or twice the short and ugly word was used, but all passed over and the dove of peace settled down. They will hold their regular meeting at the city hall Monday evening.

... IDLE CHATTER ...

Mr. and Mrs. Barker of Omaha were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston Sunday.

Mrs. Overgard was a Florence visitor Monday looking over her property west of town.

The Royal Neighbors of America will hold a meeting in Wall's hall Monday evening.

Wanted—Woman to clean house. Mrs. Keaton, Parkside hotel. Phone Florence 311.

For Sale—A good medium size base burner in good condition. Telephone Florence 202.

The school board holds its regular monthly meeting at the school house Tuesday evening.

The Baraca club of the Presbyterian church met at the residence of Amos Cottrell this week.

The altar society of St. Philip Neri church will give a dinner at Wall's hall Tuesday, election day.

For sale—Two Durham bulls. Inquire of J. F. Wuerth, Florence, Neb. Telephone, Florence 1504.

W. A. Davis, who is known to the amusement world as Ash Davis, was the guest of E. L. Platz Saturday.

James Nicholson, who was lucky enough to draw a claim in the Flathead district, expects to go on it and prove up.

Prof. E. J. Bodwell of Norfolk, who is in attendance at the Paul divorce case, visited with Florence friends this week.

Dr. E. C. Smith of Ainsworth, Neb., who is in attendance at the Paul divorce case, visited with Florence friends this week.

Harold Reynolds and Willis Barber, who have been up the river hunting the past two weeks, are expected home the latter part of this week.

Uncle Ezra Says: "The man who puts a button on the countrybawton plate would give his shirt jest ez quick pervidin' it wouldn't be noticed."

Lived Long with Broken Neck. A Rugby (England) laborer named John Rimmer is stated to have gone about with his neck broken for more than three months.

Which? Stout Party (who has dropped cigar)—Now, which can I afford to lose—my cigar or my back button?—London Opinion.

Expression of Disapproval. When a Japanese audience wishes to express disapproval of a play it turns its back to the stage.

ED. L. LAWLER. Ed. L. Lawler, democratic candidate for register of deeds at the November election, needs no introduction to the voters of Florence. Mr. Lawler has been prominent in amateur baseball circles for fifteen years, and is still actively engaged in the national pastime. He has been employed by the National Refining Co. for many years, and if their recommendations were all that were necessary, Mr. Lawler would take his seat in the court house immediately. Mr. Lawler's friends urged him to get into this race on account of his peculiar fitness for the position he seeks.

FOR HOLLOWE'EN ENTERTAINMENT

A Full and Complete Description of One Way to Entertain Your Friends on this Old Festive Occasion That Will Delight and Please Them as Well as Being Entirely Out of the Ordinary Way of Entertaining on this Anniversary.

"Wi' many songs, and friendly cracks,
I wat they did na weary,
And unco tales, and funny jokes, their sports were cheap and cheery.
Till buttered so'ns, wi' fragrant lunt,
set a' their gabs a-steerin,
Syne wi' a social glass o' strunt they parted off careerin';
Fu blythe that night."
—Robert Burns.

The invitations for this affair were painted in watercolor and represented a black witch seated on a yellow half-moon, ready to sweep the cobwebs from the sky. On the reverse side was written, "The Witches will convene at the home of Mr. and Mrs. E. C. Blank on the evening of October thirty-first, at eight o'clock. Come, learn your fate and bring a large handkerchief."

The color scheme adopted for the occasion combined the autumn colors, red, green and yellow. The apartments were dimly lighted and hideous jack-o'-lanterns cut out of pumpkins and containing lighted candles were half hidden in the dark corners. The electric lights were shaded with lanterns made of hat and shoe boxes, the sides of which had been cut out in designs of cats' heads and lined with green, red, and yellow paper. Autumn leaves were used profusely; portieres of acorns, buckeyes or osage oranges swung in the doorways; and autumn leaves with osage oranges in pyramids, banked the mantels, under which burned open fires. Ears of corn, long necked squashes, etc., filled the wall spaces. On the front door, tied to the knocker, was a bunch of osage oranges, which jangled musically as the guests knocked.

In response to the knocking, the doors silently opened and out of the dim recesses of the hallway appeared two figures—a witch and a ghost. In silence they pointed up the stairway and the guests went up. Coming down, the ghost and witch met the guests at the foot of the stairway and shook hands, at which the girls screamed and even the men winced—all due to an old kid glove which had been filled with wet bran; a stick stuck in it and laid on the ice.

The witches' costume is very easily arranged with a black shawl and skirt, the hair hanging loose and pulled over the ears, spectacles, a tall conical hat of black cardboard, a little black smeared on the face and black sticking plaster stuck on the front teeth to make the gums look empty. A sheet and a pillow case with holes cut in it for eyes, will do service to represent the ghost.

The guests seated themselves on the floor, true Arabic style, and each was given a small paper bag which had been blown up and tied tightly with ribbons. Inside, when it had been popped on the hand, were little pictures or articles foretelling the future—a ring, thimble, etc., or a picture of a train, meaning a journey, or a paper doll, meaning a new conquest, etc.

The guessing game of the evening consisted of words beginning with c-a-t, and was called: "A QUEST FOR QUEER CATS."

1. A place for the burial of the dead. (Catacomb.)
2. A swoon. (Catalepsy.)
3. What is this book? (Catalogue.)
4. A well known domestic animal. (Cat.)
5. An ancient engine used for throwing stones. (Catapult.)
6. A raft with a sail. (Catamaran.)
7. Niagara Falls. (Cataract.)
8. A cold in the head. (Catarrah.)
9. A calamity. (Catastrophe.)
10. To seize with the hand. (Catch.)
11. A sauce. (Catsup.)
12. To question. (Catechise.)
13. A well known plant. (Cat-nip.)
14. One of the funny tribe. (Cat-fish.)
15. A book used in Sunday School. (Catechism.)
16. A large church. (Cathedral.)
17. A violin string. (Catgut.)
18. A whip. (Cat-o-nine-tails.)
19. A dupe. (Cat's-paw.)
20. A plant. (Cat's-foot.)

POOL TOURNAMENT.

There will be a pool tournament at the pool hall of George Gamble Thursday, Friday and Saturday nights of next week. The player securing the highest percentage will receive a box of cigars. The following are the entries: eGeorge Siert, George Craig, Ray Rush, Will Tucker, Elmer Taylor, Earl Cosner, Howard Guy, John Ryan, Peter Peterson, Ed. Brabelson, C. Hoel and J. Mason. Four games will be played by each contestant each night.

TESTS BASE OF THE PAVEMENT

City Attorney Is Now Authority on the Cement Base for New Pavement But Is Still Hungry.

City Attorney Olmsted was hungry Monday night so he hid himself to the store and purchased some nice fat, delicious oysters.

With a mind full of the anticipated feast he made tracks for home. He made the tracks both literally and figuratively.

In his haste to get the vivalves in his interior he started to cross Main street right where the paving gang had left off.

Into the concrete he sank over his shoe tops and he says he can swear there was an eight-inch base at the point he stepped.

But his troubles did not end there. Extricating himself from the concrete he set his oysters down and proceeded to rid his shoes of as much concrete as possible.

Completing the task he turned to pick up his oysters only to find them gone and now the question is: "Is there oysters in the base of the new paving?"

ELECTION DAY IS NEXT TUESDAY

Every Voter in This Precinct Should Get Out on That Day and Go to the Polls and Vote.

Tuesday is election day. Every voter in this precinct should go to city hall on that day and vote.

It makes no difference what your politics are, get out and cast your ballot for the man you think best fitted to hold the office and the one who will give the best returns in that office.

Remember it is your money he is paid for doing the work, therefore make sure that he is the man that will most ably represent you in that office.

Remember the day—Tuesday.

JOHN A SCOTT.

The people of Douglas county will make no mistake in electing John A. Scott county commissioner. He is a man of the highest integrity and his ability is here a long experience in the business world. He has handled real estate and other lines of business for the past eighteen years in Omaha and Douglas county, and is particularly well versed on taxes and real estate values. Has had much experience in the handling and apportionment of funds and in constructing large buildings, which experience will be of value to the county of Douglas while constructing its new court house. He cannot be fooled on buildings or materials. He has made a success of his own business and that of others entrusted to his care, and, if elected, can be depended upon to take great interest in the business of the county.

Mr. Scott is a lover of country life, having been born on a farm and served an apprenticeship on the farm until 18 years of age, so that he appreciates the conditions of farm life. He is a firm believer in the betterment of rural conditions, especially good roads.

He belongs to the U. V. U. and Sons of Veterans, his father having served in the civil war.

W. A. YODER.

Superintendent W. A. Yoder is entitled to reelection as county superintendent of schools. He is an active member of the National Educational Association, vice president of the State Teachers' Association, president of the East Nebraska Association and, in short, is generally known as one of the most prominent and efficient school men of the state. Mr. Yoder is both a normal and a university graduate and understands thoroughly all grades of school work. His experience and success as teacher, principal, and superintendent tell us plainly that he deserves our votes.

FORT CALHOUN NEWS

Louis Clason, for a number of years the most prominent blacksmith and implement dealer in the city and the strongest man, physically, a member of the school board and city council, died last Thursday morning after an operation the previous Sunday for appendicitis, aged 52 years. Mr. Clason was born and learned his trade in Germany, and after working in France, England and Ireland and various parts of the United States, he went to Blair, where he worked two years, and then to Fort Calhoun, nineteen years ago. He leaves a wife, two married daughters in other parts of the state, and five children at home, one a grown son. There are very few people hereabouts who had more friends than Louis Clason.

Miss Blanch Cray and Miss Alberta Perrier are in the World-Herald contest for the automobile from this city.

THE DIVA'S RUBY

By F. MARION CRAWFORD
AUTHOR OF "SARACINESEA," "ARETHUSA" ETC., ETC.
ILLUSTRATIONS BY A. WEIL
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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 rescued from a water gourd Saad carried.

CHAPTER I.—Continued.

It was a long time since she had heard any sound from the cave; she went to the entrance and listened, but all was quite still. Perhaps the traveler had fallen asleep from exhaustion, too tired even to drag himself out into the air when he could work no longer. She sat down in the entrance and waited.

An hour passed. Perhaps he was dead. At the mere inward suggestion Baraka sprang to her feet, and her heart beat frantically, and stood still an instant, and then beat again as if it would burst, and she could hardly breathe. She steadied herself against the rock, and then went in to know the truth, feeling her way, and instinctively shading her eyes as many people do in the dark.

A breath of cool air made her open them, and to her amazement there was light before her. She thought she must have turned quite round while she was walking, and that she was going back to the entrance, so she turned again. But in a few seconds there was light before her once more, and soon she saw the dry sand, full of her footprints and the traveler's, and then the hollow where the mine was came in sight.

She retraced her steps a second time, saw the light as before, ran forward on the smooth sand and stumbled upon a heap of earth and stones, just as she saw the slit through an irregular opening on the level of her face. Scarcely believing her senses she thrust out her hand towards the hole. It was real, and she was not dreaming; the traveler had got out and was gone, recking little of what might happen to her, since he was free with his treasure.

Baraka crept up the slope of earth as quickly as she could and got out; if she had hoped to find him waiting for her she was disappointed, for he was nowhere to be seen. He had got clear away, with his camel-bag full of rubies. A moment later she was lying on the ground, with her face in the stream, drinking her fill, and forgetful even of the man she loved. In order to deprive them of water the men had dug a channel by which it ran down directly from the spring to the ravine on that side; then they had blocked up the entrance with stones and earth, believing that one man's strength could never suffice to break through, and they had gone away. They had probably buried or burnt Baraka's clothes, for she did not see them anywhere.

She ate some of the dates from the dead man's wallet, and a bit of the dry black bread, and felt revived, since her greatest need had been for water, and that was satisfied. But when she had eaten and drunk, and had washed herself in the stream and twisted up her hair, she sat down upon a rock; and she felt so tired that she would have fallen asleep if the pain in her heart had not kept her awake. She clasped her hands together on her knees and beat over them, rocking herself.

When nearly an hour had passed she looked up and saw that the sun was sinking, for the shadows were turning purple in the deep gorge, and there was a golden light on the peaks above. She listened then, holding her breath; but there was no sound except the tinkling of the tiny stream as it fell over a ledge at some distance below her, following its new way down into the valley.

She rose at last, looked upward, and seemed about to go away when a thought occurred to her, which afterwards led to very singular consequences. Instead of going down the valley or climbing up out of it, she went back to the entrance of the cave, taking the wallet with her, dragged herself in once more over the loose stones and earth, reached the secret hollow where the pool had been, and made straight for the little mine of precious stones. The traveler had broken out many more than he had been able to carry, but she did not try to collect them all. She was not altogether ignorant of the trade carried on by the men of her family for generations, and though she had not the least idea of the real value of the finest of the rubies, she knew very well that it would be wise to take many small ones which she could exchange for clothing and necessities with the first women she met in the hills, while hiding the rest of the supply she would be able to carry in the wallet.

When she had made her wise selection, she looked once more towards the quicksand, and left the place for ever. Once outside she began to climb the rocks, as fast as she could, for very soon it would be night and she would have to lie down and wait many hours for the day, since there

was no moon, and the way was very dangerous, even for a Tartar girl who could almost tread on air.

High up on the mountain, over the dry well where Baraka and the stranger had been imprisoned, the vulture perched alone with empty claw and drooping wings. But it was of no use for him to wait; the living, who might have died of hunger and thirst, were gone, and the body of dead Saad lay fathoms deep in the quicksand, in the very maw of the mountain.

CHAPTER II.

There was good copy for the newspapers on both sides of the Atlantic in the news that the famous lyric soprano, Margarita da Cordova, whose real name was Miss Margaret Donne, was engaged to Mons. Konstantin Logotheti, a Greek financier of large fortune established in Paris, and almost as well known to art collectors as to needy governments, would-be promoters, and mothers of marriageable daughters.

The engagement was made known during the height of the London season, not long after they had both been at a week-end party at Craythorpe, Lord Creedmore's place in Derbyshire, where they had apparently come to a final understanding after knowing each other more than two years. Margaret was engaged to sing at Covent Garden that summer, and the first mention of the match was coupled with the information that she intended to cancel all her engagements and never appear in public again. The result was that the next time she came down the stage to sing the Waltz Song in "Romeo and Juliet" she received a tremendous ovation before she opened her handsome lips, and another when she had finished the air; and she spent one of the happiest evenings she remembered.

Though she was at heart a nice English girl, not much over 24 years of age, the orphan daughter of an Oxford don who had married an American, she had developed, or fallen, to the point at which very popular and successful artists cannot live at all without applause, and are not happy unless they receive a certain amount of adulation. Even the envy they excite in their rivals is delicious, if not almost necessary to them.

Margaret's real nature had not been changed by a success that had been altogether phenomenal and had probably not been approached by any soprano since Mme. Bonanni; but a second nature had grown upon it and threatened to hide it from all but those who knew her very well indeed. The inward Margaret was honest and brave, rather sensitive, and still generous; the outward woman, the prima donna whom most people saw, was self-possessed to a fault, imperious when contradicted, and coolly ruthless when her artistic fame was at stake. The two natures did not agree well together, and made her wretched when they quarreled, but Logotheti, who was going to take her for better, for worse, professed to like them both, and was the only man she had ever known who did. That was one reason why she was going to marry him, after having refused him about a dozen times.

She had loved another man as much as she was capable of loving, and at one time he had loved her, but a misunderstanding and her devotion to her art had temporarily separated them; and later, when she had almost told him that she would have him if he asked her, he had answered her quite frankly that she was no longer the girl he had cared for, and he had suddenly disappeared from her life altogether. So Logotheti, brilliant, very rich, gifted, gay, and rather exotic in appearance and manner, but tenacious as a bloodhound, had won the prize after a struggle that had lasted two years. She had accepted him without much enthusiasm at the last, and without any great show of feeling.

"Let's try it," she had said, and he had been more than satisfied.

After a time, therefore, they told their friends that they were going to "try it."

The only woman with whom the great singer was at all intimate was the Countess Leven, Lord Creedmore's daughter, generally called "Lady Maud," whose husband had been in the diplomacy, and, after vainly trying to divorce her, had been killed in St. Petersburg by a bomb meant for a minister. The explosion had been so terrific that the dead man's identity had only been established by means of his pocket-book, which somehow escaped destruction. So Lady Maud was a childless widow of eight-and-twenty. Her father, when he had no prospect of ever succeeding to the title, had been a successful barrister, and then a hard-working member of parliament, and he had been from boyhood the close friend of Margaret's father. Hence the intimacy that grew up quickly between the two women when they at last met, though they had not known each other as children, because the lawyer had lived in town and his friend in Oxford.

"So you're going to try it, my dear!" said Lady Maud, when she heard the news

She had a sweet low voice, and when she spoke now it was a little sad; for she had "tried it" and it had failed miserably. But she knew that the trial had not been a fair one; the only man she had ever cared for had been killed in South Africa, and as she had not even the excuse of having been engaged to him, she had married with indifference the first handsome man with a good name and a fair fortune who offered himself. He chanced to be a Russian diplomatist, and he turned out a spendthrift and an unfaithful husband. She was too kind-hearted to be glad that he had been blown to atoms by dynamite, but she was much too natural not to enjoy the liberty restored to her by his destruction; and she had not the least intention of ever "trying it" again.

"You don't sound very enthusiastic," laughed Margaret, who had no misgivings to speak of, and was generally a cheerful person. "If you don't encourage me I may not go on."

"There are two kinds of ruined gamblers," answered Lady Maud; "there are those that still like to watch other people play, and those who cannot bear the sight of a roulette table. I'm one of the second kind, but I'll come to the wedding all the same, and cheer like mad, if you ask me."

"That's nice of you. I really think I mean to marry him, and I wish you would help me with my wedding gown, dear. It would be dreadful if I looked

Then he suggests going to Constantinople and getting it done by the patriarch, who is his uncle. Really, that would be rather smart, wouldn't it?"

"Distinctly," assented Lady Maud, "But if you do that, I'm afraid I cannot help you with the wedding gown. I don't know anything about the dress of a Fanariote bride."

"Konstantin says they dress very well," Margaret said. "But of course it is out of the question to do anything so ridiculous. It will end in the chapel-of-ease, I'm sure. He always has his own way. That's probably why I'm going to marry him, just because he insists on it. I don't see any other very convincing reason."

Lady Maud could not think of anything to say in answer to this; but as she really liked the singer she thought it was a pity.

Paul Griggs, the veteran man of letters, smiled rather sadly when he met her shopping in New Bond street, and told him of Margaret's engagement. He said that most great singers married because the only way to the divorce court led up the steps of the altar. Though he knew the world he was not a cynic, and Lady Maud herself wondered how long it would be before Logotheti and his wife separated.

"But they are not married yet," Griggs added, looking at her with the quietly ready expression of a man



Went to the Entrance and Listened.

like Juliet, or Elsa, or Lucia! Everybody would laugh, especially as Konstantin is rather of the Romeo type, with his almond-shaped eyes and his little black mustache! I suppose he really is, isn't he?"

"Perhaps—just a little. But he is a very handsome fellow."

Lady Maud's lips quivered, but Margaret did not see.

"Oh, I know!" she cried, laughing and shaking her head. "You once called him 'exotic,' and he is—but I'm awfully fond of him all the same. Isn't that enough to marry on when there's everything else? You really will help me with my gown, won't you? You're such an angel!"

"Oh, yes, I'll do anything you like. Are you going to have a regular knock-down-and-drag-out smash at St. George's? The usual thing?"

Lady Maud did not despise slang, but she made it sound like music.

"No," answered Margaret, rather regretfully. "We cannot possibly be married till the season's quite over, or perhaps in the autumn, and then there will be nobody here. I'm not sure when I shall feel like it! Besides, Konstantin hates that sort of thing."

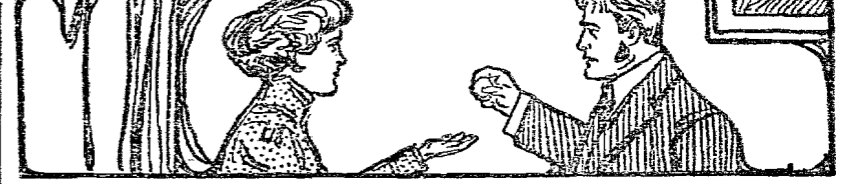
"Do you mean to say that you would like a show wedding in Hanover Square?" inquired Lady Maud.

"I've never done anything in a church," said the prima donna, rather enigmatically, but as if she would like to.

"Anything in a church," repeated her friend, vaguely thoughtful, and with the slightest possible interrogation. "That's a funny way of looking at it!"

Margaret was a little ashamed of what she had said so naturally.

"I think Konstantin would like to have it in a chapel-of-ease in the Old Kent Road!" she said, laughing. "He sometimes talks of being married in tweeds and driving off in a hansom!



groundless gossip about him and Lady Maud, which had very nearly become a scandal. The truth was that they were the best friends in the world, and nothing more; the millionaire had for some time been interested in an unusual sort of charity which almost filled the lonely woman's life, and he had given considerable sums of money to help it. During the months preceding the beginning of this tale, he had also been the object of one of those dastardly attacks to which very rich and important financiers are more exposed than other men, and he had actually been accused of having done away with his partner's daughter, who had come to her end mysteriously during a panic in a New York theater. But his innocence had been proved in the clearest manner, and he had returned to the United States to look after the interests of the Trust.

When Griggs heard the news of Margaret's engagement to Logotheti, he immediately began to wonder how Mr. Van Torp would receive the intelligence; and if it had not already occurred to Lady Maud that the millionaire might make a final effort to rout his rival and marry the prima donna himself, the old author's observation suggested such a possibility. Van Torp was a man who had fought up to success and fortune with little regard for the obstacles he found in his way; he had worked as a cowboy in his early youth, and was apt to look on his adversaries and rivals in life either as refractory cattle or as dangerous wild beasts; and though he had some of the old-fashioned ranchero's sense of fair play in a fight, he had much of the reckless daring and ruthless savagery that characterize the fast-disappearing western desperado.

Logotheti, on the other hand, was in many respects a true oriental, supremely astute and superlatively calm, but imbued, at heart, with a truly eastern contempt for any law that chanced to oppose his wish.

Both men had practically inexhaustible resources at their command, and both were determined to marry the prima donna. It occurred to Paul Griggs that a real struggle between such a pair of adversaries would be worth watching. There was unlimited money on both sides, and equal courage and determination. The Greek was the more cunning of the two, by great odds, and had now the considerable advantage of having been accepted by the lady; but the American was far more regardless of consequences to himself or to others in the pursuit of what he wanted, and, short of committing a crime, would put at least as broad an interpretation on the law. Logotheti had always lived in a highly civilized society, even in Constantinople, for it is the greatest mistake to imagine that the upper classes of Greeks, in Greece or Turkey, are at all deficient in cultivation. Van Torp, on the contrary, had run away from civilization when a half-educated boy, he had grown to manhood in a community of men who had little respect for anything and feared nothing at all, and he had won success in a field where those who compete for it buy it at any price, from a lie to a life.

Lady Maud was thinking of these things as she disappeared from Griggs' sight, for she was a little afraid that she had made trouble. Ten days had passed since she had last written to Rufus Van Torp, and she had told him, amongst other things, that Mme. de Cordova and Logotheti were engaged to be married, adding that it seemed to her one of the most ill-assorted matches of the season, and that her friend the singer was sure to be miserable herself and to make her husband perfectly wretched, though he was a very good sort in his way and she liked him. There had been no reason why she should not write the news to Mr. Van Torp, even though it was not public property yet, for he was her intimate friend, and she knew him to be as reticent as all doctors ought to be and as some solicitors' clerks are. She had asked him not to tell any one till he heard of the engagement from some one else.

He had not spoken of it, but something else had happened. He had cabled to Lady Maud that he was coming back to England by the next steamer. He often came out and went back suddenly two or three times at short intervals, and then stayed away for many months, but Lady Maud thought there could not be much doubt as to his reason for coming now. She knew well enough that he had tried to persuade the prima donna to marry him during the previous winter, and that if his passion for her had not shown itself much of late, this was due to other causes, chiefly to the persecution of which he had rid himself just before he went to America, but to some extent also to the fact that Margaret had not seemed inclined to accept any one else.

Lady Maud, who knew the man better than he knew himself, inwardly compared him to a volcano, quiescent just now, so far as Margaret was concerned, but ready to break out at any moment with unexpected and destructive energy.

Margaret herself, who had known Logotheti for years, and had seen

him in his most dangerous moods as well as in his best moments, would have thought a similar comparison with an elemental force quite as truly descriptive of him, if it had occurred to her. The enterprising Greek had really attempted to carry her off by force on the night of the final rehearsal before her first appearance on the stage, and had only been thwarted because a royal rival had caused him to be locked up, as if by mistake, in order to carry her off himself; in which he also had failed most ridiculously, thanks to the young singer's friend, the celebrated Mme. Bonanni. That was a very amusing story. But on another occasion Margaret had found herself shut up with her oriental adorer in a room from which she could not escape, and he had quite lost his head; and if she had not been the woman she was, she would have fared ill. After that he had behaved more like an ordinary human being, and she had allowed the natural attraction he had for her to draw her gradually to a promise of marriage; and now she talked to Lady Maud about her gown, but she still put off naming a day for the wedding, in spite of Logotheti's growing impatience.

This was the situation when the London season broke up and Mr. Van Torp landed at Southampton from an ocean greyhound that had covered the distance from New York in 5 days 12 hours and 37 minutes, which will doubtless seem very slow traveling if any one takes the trouble to read this tale 20 years hence, though the passengers were pleased because it was not much under the record time for steamers coming east.

Five hours after he landed Van Torp entered Lady Maud's drawing room in the little house in Charles street, Berkeley Square, where she had lived with the departed Leven from the time when he had been attached to the Russian embassy till he had last gone away. She was giving it up now, and it was already half dismantled. It was to see Van Torp that she was in town in the middle of August, instead of with her father at Craythorpe or with friends in Scotland.

London was as hot as it could be, which means that a New Yorker would have found it chilly and an Italian delightfully cool; but the Londoners were sweeter when Van Torp arrived, and were talking of the oppressive atmosphere and the smell of the pavement, not at all realizing how blessed they were.

The American entered and stood still a moment to have a good look at Lady Maud. He was a middle-sized, rather thick-set man, with rude hands, sandy hair, an over-developed jaw, and sharp blue eyes that sometimes fixed themselves in a disagreeable way when he was speaking—eyes that had looked into the barrel of another man's revolver once or twice without wavering, hands that had caught and saddled and bridled many an unridden colt in the plains, a mouth like a carpet-bag when it opened, like a closed vice when it was shut. It was not a handsome man. Mr. Rufus Van Torp, nor one with whom any one short of a prize-fighter would meddle, nor one to haunt the dreams of sweet 16.

It was not for his face that Lady Maud, good and beautiful, liked him better than any one in the world, except her own father, and believed in him and trusted him, and it was assuredly not for his money. The beggar did not live who would dare to ask him for a penny after one look at his face, and there were not many men on either side of the Atlantic who would have looked forward to any sort of contest with him without grave misgivings.

"Well," he said, advancing the last step after that momentary pause, and taking the white hand in both his own, "how have you been? Fair to 'idding? About that? Well—I'm glad to see you, gladder than a sitting hen at sunrise!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Ruskin on Railways.

One can imagine perhaps the feelings with which Ruskin had been alive, would have heard the news that a new Alpine railway is now in course of construction. His most withering sarcasms were directed against those "travelers through the Alps by tunnels" who "go to balls in Rome, or helms at Monaco." And he was vehemently opposed to all attempts to beautify the railway station. "The railroad," he writes, in "The Seven Lamps of Architecture," "is in all its relations of earnest business, to be got through as soon as possible. It transmits a man from a traveler into a living parcel. For the time he has parted with the nobler characteristics of his humanity for the sake of a planetary power of locomotion. Do not ask him to admire anything. You might as well ask the wind. Carry him safely, dismiss him soon—he will thank you for nothing else."

Real "Home Body."

Miss Harriet Nicklin, whose funeral took place at Folehill, England, recently, had never, during the 62 years of her life, passed a night out of the house in which she was born, and slept for 14,000 nights in the same bedroom

Seeing France with Uncle John

By ANNE WARNER

YVONNE to Her MOTHER

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Paris. Dearest Mamma: Well, we are arrived! It is Paris at last! But I thought we should surely die in transit. I don't know what uncle would have said if he had known that Lee was in Rouen; he was dreadfully upset over Mrs. Braytree's telling him that she saw Lee in Havre.

We arrived last night, and the only drawback is that Mrs. Clary isn't here. She left a note, and M. Siblet's wife is his mother, and has a place out at Neuilly, and they were invited there for three days. She will be back tomorrow, and she left word for us to go straight to the Bon Marche and look at the white suits; so we did so. We told uncle it was all right for us to go alone, and he had just gotten his mail, so he only said "Hum!" and we went. Just as we were taking the cab, who should we see but Mr. Chopstone. It was so lovely to see him again, and he got into the cab and went with us. We went to the Bon Marche, but it wasn't much fun with a man, so we came out after a little, and he proposed taking the subway and going to the Trocadero. Just then we met a man that Mr. Chopstone knew, and he had red hair and eye-glasses. Mr. Chopstone introduced him, and invited him to go along; but he said it was no use, because it was the wrong day and we couldn't get in when we got there. By this time we were down in the subway, and Mr. Chopstone suggested that we go to the Bois, so as not to have to go back up the stairs again. While we were talking the train came and went in a terrible hurry, and we got aboard in between. After we were off we found that Mr. Chopstone wasn't on. We didn't know what to do, because, of

to go and see the balloon ascension. They didn't invite the elderly French lady, and she protested about "comme il faut"—but Betty said, "Ou est Fakir?" and, if you'll believe me, that little beast was gone again, and poor madame dashed off in pursuit. Betty made short work of bidding us good-bye then, and at once got into the automobile, and was off.

We came slowly along back with the red-haired man, and at the Arc de Triomphe we ran into Mr. Chopstone. It seems he went a station too far because he met some people he knew in the car behind us, and he says we must all go to the Chateau with him to-night to make up. He said "uncle, too," so we accepted. Then we took a cab and came back to the hotel, where we found our beloved relative with his feet on the center-table, reading the Paris Herald. He looked over the top at us and announced that he'd "done the Louvre." I think we must have looked startled, for he went on to say at once that he knew that it was something that had got to be done, and that he shouldn't enjoy, and so he had thought it best to go at it the first thing on the first morning and get it off his mind at once. He was very pleased with himself, because he says the "Baedeker" says that it takes two hours and a half to walk through, and he was only gone from the hotel two hours in all. Edna asked him if he spent much time looking at the pictures, and he said: "Young lady, if you'd ever been in the place, you'd never ask that question. Why, the whole thing is lined with pictures. I bet I dream of gilt frames for a week."

We had to go to lunch, and uncle doesn't like the food very much; he

don't want any martyrs in the dining-room, you know," and her husband said, "Yes, yes, he understands; and he says he'll find a Susanna to fit your bath, too." Mrs. Merrilegs stood up then with a very audible groan, and they both shook hands with us in a way that quite wrung our hearts. Then they limped away with the little Frenchman spinning gaily about them, and we went on alone.

In the very next room we met Mr. Chopstone. He was awfully glad to see us, and said, with our permission, he'd join us; but as he seemed joined anyway, we didn't even dream of refusing. He asked if we'd told uncle about the Chateau, and then we remembered that we had forgotten. He said he was so glad, because he couldn't get any seats except baignoires, and they looked queer, because no one can see you. He asked if we would like to go to the opera instead, and we were just discussing it when we turned a corner and ran right on to Betty Burleigh and the red-haired man. His name is Potter, and did you ever! They looked so upset that it can't have been an accident, their being together. But how could they have arranged it? If they didn't arrange it, why did they look upset? Betty had on a bright green cloth dress and a violet hat, and the red-haired man heightened the general effect so much that we moved on as quickly as possible. Mr. Chopstone said very roundly: "You'd better fight shy of her, I think," and Edna said dryly: "Of him, too, don't you think?" I waited a minute, and then I said it seemed droll to think that if we were all English, we'd be pleased to call poor Betty a typical American.



We Found Our Beloved Relative.

We came home when the Louvre closed and found uncle back with his feet on the center-table. He had had a big fire built, for he said it gave him chills to look at the nymph over his bed. He had put in a true Merrilegian afternoon, having been to the Palais de Justice, Sainte-Chapelle, Notre Dame, and driven by the Hotel de Ville and around the Opera house—"completely around." He says there won't be a thing left for him to look at by Monday. He says if he was pressed for time he'd hire a cab for one whole day and lump the business; but that, seeing that we have the time, it really doesn't seem necessary.

Mrs. Clary will be back to-morrow, and we're very glad, for uncle is awful peppery and tartary, and says "Hum!" when we least expect it. Edna sent Mr. Chopstone a petit-bleu, asking him please not to ask us to go anywhere to-night. Mr. Edgar sent me some violets, but I had time to give them to the chambermaid before uncle came in. It doesn't seem possible that uncle could really care for Mrs. Clary; but he's so cross if she talks to any one else that I almost wonder if he doesn't.

We talk Italy and mark Brittany every chance we get, but uncle says "Hum!" to Italy the same as he does to everything else these days. I'm sure I don't see what we'll do if he takes the rest of Europe as hard as he does this much. But of course I don't mean that we're not having a lovely time, and we never forget for a minute how kind he was to bring us.

A Lawn Barber. A major in a certain regiment has a great contempt for incapacity of any kind and is somewhat impatient. A sergeant complained to him that he could get no man to undertake the duty of barber to the company. "Is there no gardener in the company?" asked the major, testily. "See if you can find out, and send him to me."

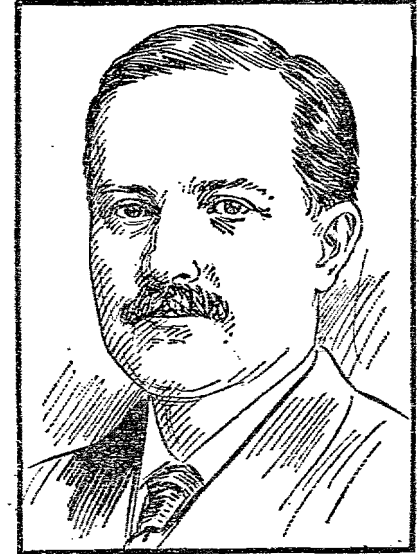
The man was duly sent, but on receiving orders to act as barber ventured to expostulate. "Great guns!" cried the major, "if you can cut grass you can cut hair. Go and do it!"—Oakland Tribune.

CHICAGO'S NEW LIBRARIAN

Henry E. Legler of Milwaukee Assumes New Position at Salary of \$6,000 Annually.

Chicago.—Freer use of books and better facilities for getting them are two of the reforms which book lovers may expect to follow shortly upon the advent of Henry E. Legler, who has entered upon his new duties as public librarian of Chicago. The former Wisconsin newspaperman, who is the administrative head of Chicago's public library, lost no time in going to work to earn the \$6,000 salary the board voted him. Arriving in Chicago on an early morning train from his home in Milwaukee, Librarian Legler hurried at once to the beautiful building on Michigan avenue which is to be his workshop and began at once to knuckle down to his task.

The new librarian consented to outline his plans only after expressly



Henry E. Legler.

providing that nothing he should say might be construed as criticism of his predecessor.

"The principal aim of a librarian is to get the books under his charge into the hands of the people who want them with the greatest degree of facility commensurate with proper preservation of the books themselves," declared Librarian Legler.

"As rapidly as the finances will allow I believe in extending the free-delivery stations. The number of branch libraries ought also to be increased. Free home delivery has been tried in a few cities, but it is not yet necessary for Chicago and does not compare with other and more urgent needs for what money Chicago has to expend on its public library. With the help of the school officials it is our hope that the circulation of books in the juvenile department may be increased to a great extent."

"More liberal privileges, it would seem to me, may be extended to card holders. Elsewhere it is not an unusual custom for patrons of public libraries to be allowed the right of taking out two or three, or even more, books at one time on one card, providing they do not attempt to monopolize books for which there appears to be widespread demand. Here, I am told, the holder of a card may take out only one book at a time. I think that system may be changed with due regard for the convenience of all concerned."

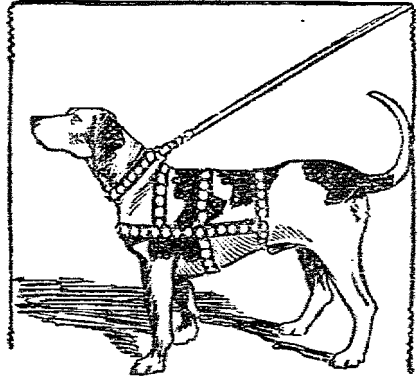
"The general trend everywhere also appears to be toward increasing the freedom of admission to book stacks. However, I want to make it clear that whatever changes I recommend will be only after careful consideration and after obtaining the consent of the trustees."

Recently Mr. Legler refused an offer to take charge of the St. Louis public library and he also refused an offer to become New York state librarian. He was for many years a newspaper reporter, then became secretary of the Milwaukee school board, and for five years has been in charge of Wisconsin's state library commission, which handles hundreds of traveling libraries.

DOGS ON POLICE FORCE

Oak Park, Chicago's Fashionable Suburb' Is Guarded by Two Canine Thief Catchers.

Chicago.—Oak Park, the fashionable western suburb at Chicago, is guarded by dog police. Daring robberies in the village are responsible for the



One of the Police Dogs.

addition of the dogs to the force and it is a noticeable fact that since the two dogs, "Nick Carter" and "Jesse James" have been on the force that hold-up men and burglars have not been so busy. The dogs are trained to follow a trail over any kind of a road, whether it be an oiled thoroughfare or a common country road. H. G. Strumpler of Hammond, Ind., is the owner of "Nick" and "Jesse." He says they will rid Oak Park of crooks. Old policemen, however, are skeptical.

A Money Tree

WITH DOLLARS ON EVERY LIMB.

THAT'S WHAT GOOD ADVERTISING IS

It was shown recently in a legal proceeding that the output of a great concern engaged in making soda crackers had been enlarged thirteen hundred per cent within a period of three years, and almost entirely this increase had come through the use of printers' ink. The business of a certain shoe manufacturing company has grown one thousand per cent since it went into the use of printers' ink four years ago. Wearing apparel of all kinds and descriptions is now advertised on the most liberal scale, and the result, according to statistics recently compiled, has been to increase the sale in certain lines all the way from three hundred to eight hundred per cent. And this has been done without increasing the cost to the consumer or reducing the profits of the manufacturer. On the contrary, it has been the general experience that the retail prices of standard goods have been decreased on the whole, that the quality has been elevated, and that the manufacturer, through his enormously increased sales and the cutting out of the middleman, had made greater profits with less effort than ever before. The most ordinary articles of everyday consumption are being advertised, and almost invariably with success.—Saturday Evening Post.

You may neither manufacture shoes nor soda crackers, but if the one will show a gain from advertising of one thousand and the other a gain of thirteen hundred per cent—if consistent, thorough advertising can boom the sales of wearing apparel three to eight fold—surely we may assume that the same methods that added to this prosperity will enhance yours, whatever your line may be.

The Florence Tribune

TELS. 315 AND 165.

FLORENCE, NEB.

TRADE WINDS IN TWO OCEANS

Peculiar Action of Air Currents Most Noted in the Atlantic and Pacific.

Constant winds are usually called trade winds. When the surface heated is, roughly speaking, a whole zone, as in the case of the tropics, a surface wind will set in toward the heated tropical zone from both sides, and, uniting, will ascend, and then separating will flow as upper currents in opposite directions. Hence a surface current will flow from the higher latitude toward the equator, and an upper current toward the poles. If, then, the earth were at rest, a north wind would prevail in the northern half of the globe, and a south wind in the southern half. But these directions are modified by the rotation of the earth on its axis from west to east. In virtue of this rotation objects on the earth's surface at the equator are carried round from the east at the rate of 17 miles a minute. But as we recede from the equator, this velocity is continually diminished; at latitude 60

degrees it is only eight and a half miles per minute, or half of the velocity at the equator, and at the poles it is nothing. A wind, therefore, blowing along the earth's surface to the equator is continually arriving at places which have a greater velocity than itself. Hence the wind will lag behind, that is, will come up against places toward which it blows—i. e., will become an east wind. Since, then, the wind north of the equator is under the influence of two forces—one drawing it west—it will, by the law of composition of forces, flow in an intermediate direction, that is, from northeast to northwest. All observations confirm this reasoning. From the great services that these winds render to navigation they have been called the trade winds. It is only in the Pacific and Atlantic oceans that the trade winds have their full scope.

Rapid Telegraphy.

In recent trials of the Pollak-Virag high-speed telegraph between Berlin and Koenigsberg, a distance of 430 miles, 2,500 distinctly recorded words were transmitted in five minutes.

To Do His Will.

"Lo, I come to do thy will, O, God."—Heb. x. 9.

This is an utterance of the soul that gives life at once the highest unity and consistency, power and joy, peace and fruitfulness. The smallest task feels its dignity, the noblest calling becomes the more ennobled. The trying and disagreeable and wearisome things are seen in a new light and borne with a high hue. It is like work in a splendid building. Digging and cutting are no longer the stone

and mortar and scaffolding, all belong to a great purpose and push its fulfillment.—Rev. Malbie D. Babcock.

There is only one key to success, and that is perseverance. Let nothing daunt you, and if really in earnest and resolved to conquer, you must win.—De Sales.

Skill to do comes of doing, knowledge comes by eyes always open and working hands, and there is no knowledge that is not power.—Emerson.

TREASURE OF ZUYDER DEE

English Company Seeks to Recover Millions of Money Lost with Sunken Ship.

The Dutch await with curiosity the results of a work undertaken in the Zuyder Zee. On October 9, 1799, the English ship of war Lutin sank in Dutch waters carrying with it to the bottom thirty millions of gold and silver in bars that the British cabinet was sending to Hamburg to help at a financial crisis in the Hanse towns. The cargo, insured for nearly twenty-five millions, was entirely lost.

The Dutch government, urged by France, tried to recover the wreck, but a violent storm covered the ship with such a thickness of sand that it had to be given up. After the restoration of European peace the king of Holland abandoned his rights to his English colleague, who ceded them to the company of Lloyd.

The company made a new attempt in 1826 and its efforts were not successful, for they drew from the ship 188 bars of silver and 1,200 ingots of

gold, a total value of \$2,500,000. Probably francs are meant.

The company of Lloyd has entered into a contract with another society which has undertaken the work with the help of a new apparatus invented by an engineer named Lake. The apparatus is composed of a floating bridge, at the heel of which are fixed the instruments for diving. They consist of a number of pipes which can pump up in 24 hours 40,000 tons of sand. At the extremity of these pipes one finds the room of the divers, all built of metal. This chamber rests in indented wheels placed in action by a motor of a particular system, in such a manner that the divers can remove their room like a carriage, and roll it at the bottom of the sea, which makes the work easier and quicker.

Time's Ravages.

"It is not so many years since the people were laughing at the telephone," said the earnest inventor.

"That's true," answered Mr. Sirics Barber. "Now, instead of laughing at it, we lose our tempers."—Washington Star.



"She Took Hold of Our Hands as if She's Been Our Long-lost Mother for Years."

course, it was he that we knew, and not the red-haired man. The red-haired man said he would do whatever we pleased, and Edna thought we had better get right off; but I thought we ought to go right on. We didn't know what to do, and so we kept on to the Bois.

The Bois was just lovely—all automobiles and babies; and who do you think we met? Betty Burleigh. We were so surprised, for I thought she was in California for her lungs; but it seems that she's been in Dresden for her music all winter, and now she's here for her clothes. She was with an elderly French lady, and I don't think that the elderly French lady liked to have her stop and talk to us. I thought at first that perhaps it wasn't proper on account of the red-haired man, but in a second I saw the real reason. Betty glanced around and said, "Oh, madam, ou est Fakir?" Whereupon the elderly French lady looked absolutely terrified and tore madly off. We had quite a long talk before she came back with the most awful little black dog, which they evidently had no string to. She put him down and began to look displeased again, and Betty just glanced about and said calmly, "Oh, madam, ou est Fakir?" He had absolutely vanished again, and the elderly French lady sort of threw up her eyes and rushed wildly away. The red-haired man said, "Why don't you buy a chain for him?" Betty shrugged the Frenchiest kind of a shrug and said, "I don't have to chase him." The red-haired man said, "I should think she would buy the chain then!" and Betty shrugged a much Frenchier shrug, and said: "I wouldn't allow it. While she is running after him I can do as I please." The red-haired man laughed. Poor madame came panting up with the creature just then, and Betty said sweetly, "Laissez-lui courir," so she had to put him down; but I could see that she meant to keep a sharp eye on him. Betty wanted us all to come to the Palais and lunch with her; but of course we refused, because you wouldn't have liked it, and, anyway, we had to go back to uncle. She wanted the red-haired man to stay, any how, and was quite put out when he declined. Just then two men in an automobile came up and asked her

says it strikes him as "flummery," and he is really very much vexed over Mrs. Clary's being at Neuilly. Edna is vexed because Harry is there, too, and I'm very much vexed indeed because she thoughtlessly gave uncle the letter at lunch, and when he read about Monsieur Siblet's wife being his mother he was more put out than ever. He said we could look out for ourselves this afternoon, as he had to go to the bank. Edna suggested that we go to the Louvre, and he said yes, that would be wise, because then we would all be free to enjoy ourselves. Uncle speaks of the Louvre exactly as if it were the semi-annual siege at the dentist's. But he was kind enough to offer to leave us there on his way to the bank, and when we took the cab, he arranged with the cabman and the hotel-porter exactly what the fare was to be, and held it in his hand the whole way.

Edna and I were mighty glad to get to the Louvre without uncle, especially with the way he feels to-day, and we were wandering along in a speechless sort of ecstasy when all of a sudden I heard some one calling my name. I whirled around, and if it wasn't Mrs. Merrilegs, in a state of collapse on one of the red-velvet benches. We went to her, and she took hold of our hands as if she'd been our long-lost mother for years. She looked very white and tired and almost ready to faint, and we sat down on each side of her in real sincere sympathy, and she held our hands and told us how it was. It seems that they left home the last of last month, and they've been all through the British Isles, Denmark, Holland, and Belgium, and they are going to finish Europe and be home the first of next month. She could hardly speak for tears. She says Mr. Merrilegs made out the itinerary before they sailed and that they have lived up to it every day except just one, when he ate some lobster crossing the Irish sea, and they lost a day that night. She says they drive a great deal, because they can hardly walk any more, and that she doesn't believe that there will be a museum or palace in Europe that they won't be able to say that they have driven by when they go home. She said they had come to the Louvre to see what

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at
POSTOFFICE NEWS STAND
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.

LUBOLD & PLATZ, Publishers.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor. Tel. 315
JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr., Tel. 165

Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.

Entered as second-class matter June 4,
1909 at the postoffice at Florence, Ne-
braska, under Act of March 3, 1879.

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

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

Fire Department.

HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DE-
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.
Andrew Anderson, President; Wilbur
Nichols, Secretary, W. B. Parks, Treas-
urer; George Gamble, chief.

SCHOOL BOARD.

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



Florence, Neb., Friday, Oct. 29, 1909.

Tuesday is election day.

The Amazons of old carried spears
but nowadays it is Shakespeare.

It's not too early to begin your
Christmas shopping.

Don't forget to go to the city hall
Tuesday and vote for the best man
that is up for office.

Lest we forget, we say it yet—Tues-
day is the day to cast your vote at
the city hall.

That Baraca club formed in Flor-
ence last week can make itself felt
if the members will go about it right.

The melancholy days have come
when the editor and business man-
ager have nothing else to do but
count money and—oh, what's the use?

The editor would be glad to credit
any one with a year's subscription to
the Tribune who would send him a
ton of hard coal. So would the busi-
ness manager.

Did you ever get out of a warm bed
into a cold room in the wee, small
hours of the morning and chase down
stairs to answer the telephone only
to find it was the wrong number?

The discoveries of Dr. Wallace, profes-
sor of the Nebraska State Universi-
ty, of so much new information
about Shakespeare should give added
impetus to the work of the Imogen
Study Club of Florence.

After reading the testimony in a
certain divorce case I hereby serve
notice that I will refuse all invita-
tions to dine with the opposite sex unless
there is a stenographer and three wit-
nesses present, so govern yourselves
accordingly.

If you patronize the advertisers of
the Tribune you patronize home in-
dustry, help the merchants, help us
and help yourself besides contributing
to the upbuilding of the city.

If you do not vote you shirk your
most important duty of citizenship.

PROSPECT OF FEAST.

Once upon a time there was an
editor so hungry he could eat any-
thing, who had been boat riding all
day in anticipation of a feast the good
ladies of the town had promised him
at their bake day. But, like Mother
Hubbard, when he went to the post
office he found it all gone—the baking
not the hunger.

Now the ladies are again talking
of holding another bake day and they
will set aside twelve mince pies, three
cakes, one dozen buns and one dozen
cinnamon rolls for the editor who will
eat all of it in plain sight of the
populace present to see him do it. The
ladies will give one ticket free to each
purchaser at their bake day and the
ticket will be good for one admission
to see him dispose of the entire lot
in 30 minutes. Watch this paper for
further announcement and in the
mean while save up your money for
this great and only event.

If you are not satisfied with what
you buy the editor will also eat that
for the good of the cause.

One dear old sweet lady remarked
on learning of the generous offer of
the editor, "No wonder he is thin,
bald headed and stoop shouldered if
that is the way he eats every day."

ELECTION DAY.

Election day is the day you are sup-
posed to vote.

To vote you go to the polls, not
poles and get a Cremona cigar and a
handshake and are told how nice this
man is and how nice that man is.

Then you go into a room full of
smoke and give your name, address,
year you were born, baptised, first
smoked, school you went to, girls you
courted, married and other useful in-
formation to some men sitting around
looking wise.

They give you a big piece of paper
with lots of names on and you go
into a stall—just like a cow—and
proceed to make your work on the
ballot.

It makes no difference whether you

THE COUNTY TICKETS.

Take Your Choice. Election Tuesday,
November 2.

Republican Democrat
FOR SHERIFF
E. F. Brailey Peter G. H. Boland
FOR COUNTY JUDGE
Charles Leslie George Holmes
FOR COUNTY CLERK
D. M. Haverly Al E. Atten
FOR COUNTY TREASURER
Frank A. Furay M. L. Endres
FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS
Frank W. Bandle E. L. Lawler
FOR CORONER
W. C. Crosby P. C. Heafy
FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT
W. A. Yoder F. C. Hollingsworth
FOR SURVEYOR
George McBride John P. Crick
FOR COMMISSIONER (Long Term)
John A. Scott C. L. Van Camp
FOR COMMISSIONER (Short Term)
John Grant

FOR ROAD OVERSEER

L. B. Ritter
The following were nominated on
the socialist ticket: For sheriff, E. T.
Morrow; for county clerk, F. A. Bar-
nett; for county treasurer, Chas. S.
Duke; for county commissioner (long
term), J. N. Carter.

can write or not they only allow you
to make your mark.

Then you walk out and get a frozen
face and no cigar and wait for the re-
turns.

If the men you voted for are elected
you swell up with pride.

If they are defeated you sneak
around the corner and wonder how so
many fools could pick out the wrong
man.

But, then, women can't vote any-
way, as they don't smoke nor shake
hands in the same way as do men.

All hail election day.
P. S.—The day after is too sad to
describe.

A MATTER OF SELECTION.

Said a vulgar little girl, who was
sneering at another
In accents that were very far from
mild,
"You ain't got no father, you ain't got
no mother—
You ain't nothin' but a horrid 'dopt-
ed child."

"I'm quite as good as you," came the
answer from the other,
"I was carefully selected from a lot;
But only look at you—your father and
your mother
Had to keep you if they wanted to
or not." —Boston Globe.

A GOOD EXAMPLE TO FOLLOW.
Blackford, Idaho, Oct. 17, 1909.
The Florence Tribune.
Gentlemen:—The enclosed clipping
would melt a heart of stone, so here-
with find the dollar. Yours truly,
ADAM KUNDERT.
The Clipping.
"If you like the Tribune why don't
you send us a dollar for it for one
year?"
Thanks, brother, and here's hoping
there are more like you.

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

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

LODGE DIRECTORY.

JONATHAN NO. 225 I. O. O. F.
Hayes Lowery..... Noble Grand
C. G. Carlson..... Vice-Grand
W. E. Rogers..... Secretary
Meets every Friday at Wall's hall.
Visitors welcome.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal
Order of Eagles.
Past Worthy President...Hugh Suttie
Worthy President...James Stribling
Worthy Vice-President...Paul Haskell
Worthy Secretary...M. B. Thompson
Worthy Treasurer...F. H. Reynolds
Worthy Chaplain...E. L. Platz
Inside Guard...Nels Bondesson
Outside Guard...Wm. Storms, Jr.
Physician...Dr. W. A. Akers
Conductor...L. R. Griffith
Trustees: W. B. Parks, Dan Kelly,
John Lubold.
Meets every Wednesday in Wall's
hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.
Venerable Consul...J. A. Fox
W. A.....C. J. Larsen
Banker...F. D. Leach
Clerk...W. R. Wall
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday
of each month in Wall's Hall.

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of
America.
Past Oracle...Emma Powell
Oracle...Carrie Taylor
Vice Oracle...Alice E. Platz
Chancellor...Mary Nelson
Inside Sentinel...Rose Simpson
Outside Sentinel...Elizabeth Hollett
Recorder...Mrs. Newell Burton
Physician...Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James
Johnson.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday at Wall's
Hall.

If you desire to have men in office
who are competent and are time-ried
and experienced vote the Republican
ticket straight.

Carefully consider these men and
their records and you will have to ad-
mit they are the men you want to rep-
resent you.

FOR SUPREME JUDGE.
Judge Samuel Hopkins Sedgwick
Judge J. B. Barnes Judge Jacob Fawcett

Not One An Experiment, But All Time-Tried
FOR REGENTS OF STATE UNIVERSITY.
C. S. Allen W. G. Whitmore

FOR SHERIFF
E. F. Brailey
FOR COUNTY JUDGE
Charles Leslie
FOR COUNTY CLERK
D. M. Haverly
FOR COUNTY TREASURER
Frank A. Furay
FOR REGISTER OF DEEDS
Frank W. Bandle
FOR CORONER
W. C. Crosby
FOR COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT
W. A. Yoder
FOR SURVEYOR
George McBride
FOR COMMISSIONER (Long Term)
John A. Scott
FOR COMMISSIONER (Short Term)
John Grant
FOR ROAD OVERSEER
L. B. Ritter
FOR ASSESSOR
Charles Cottrell

Election Tuesday, November 2nd
CITY HALL, FLORENCE

A Business Man for a Business Job

I am a business man and the office of County
Commissioner is a business job. The county of
Douglas spends, through its board of county com-
missioners, through its board of county com-
missioners, upwards of half a million dollars a
year and in addition is erecting a new court house
to cost a million dollars. To handle this business
properly calls for business ability, which I believe
my experience and standing in the business com-
munity warrants me in claiming to possess.

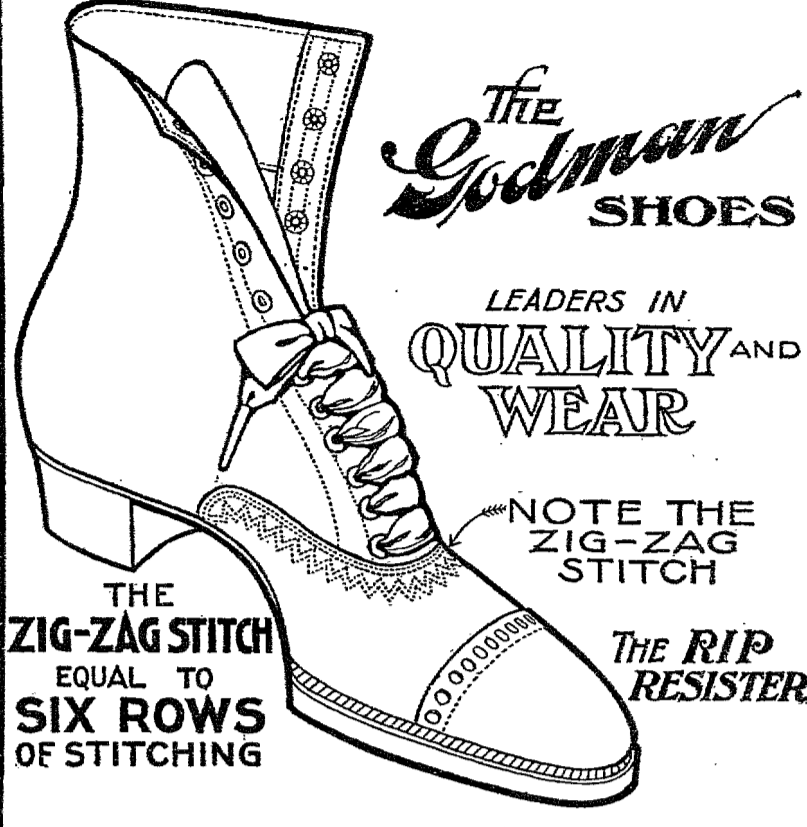


If elected County Commissioner no Special Interests will have strings
on me. My sole aim will be to see that the county's business is run open
and above board and on a business basis, and that everyone having busi-
ness with the county gets fair and equal treatment. I will not favor specially
any interest or tax payer at the expense of any other. I will give the mer-
chant the same consideration as the real estate owner and the home owner
and farmer just as good treatment as the big corporation.
I respectfully solicit your vote.

JOHN A. SCOTT
Republican Candidate for
COUNTY COMMISSIONER
LONG TERM

SCHOOL SHOES THAT WON'T RIP

Are yours that kind; or are they the kind that after you
wear them awhile the stitches all pull out and the shoe
spreads out and loses its shape?



THE
ZIG-ZAG STITCH
EQUAL TO
SIX ROWS
OF STITCHING
THE RIP
RESISTER
McCLURES 2 Phones Flor. 440, Florenc
WE SELL EVERYTHING

MINNE-LUSA CEMENT BLOCK CO.
CEMENT BLOCKS
Tel. Florence 140
Plant on Main St. and R. R. Tracks

THE NEW POOL HALL
G. R. GAMBLE, Prop. Tel. 215.
Cigars, Soft Drinks, Lunch, Candies.
EVERYTHING NEW.
Fresh Buttermilk Every Day.

W. H. HOLLETT
Bakery, Restaurant, Candies
Cigars, Fresh Roasted
Peanuts
We Make a Specialty of Fine Cakes

Some people do not care to open an
account with a bank because they
have not a large amount to deposit.
For this reason you need not hesitate
or delay starting an account with us.
All accounts—large or small—are wel-
come.
We do a general banking business—
sell you drafts good anywhere—Fire
insurance.
DIRECTORS—Thos. E. Price, J. B.
Brisbin, C. J. Keirle, Irving Allison,
H. T. Brisbin.

BANK OF FLORENCE
PHONE 310 - FLORENCE, NEB.

Election: November 2, 1909
DON'T FORGET TO VOTE
... for ...
Ed. L. Lawler
Democratic
Candidate for
Register of Deeds

Florence Drug Store
GEORGE SIERT, Prop.
WINDOW GLASS.
School Supplies of all kinds.
A fine line of Fresh Candies.
Telephone Florence 1121.

C. A. BAUER
PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING
Repairing Promptly Attended to.
2552 Cumings St. Omaha, Neb.
Tel. Douglas 3034.

MEALS
The best in the city for
the price.
Cooper's Over Henry Anderson's
GIVE US A CALL

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

MARK HAMBOURS
CSAINT-SAENS
EMIL SAUER
TERESA CARRENO
EUGEN CALBERT
BERNHARD STAVENHAGEN
F. ISCHAKOVSKY
L. W. SCHARWENBERG
DR. HANS von GILSON
ALFRED GRUNFELD

·:· IDLE CHATTER ·:·

If you like the Tribune why don't you send us a dollar for it for one year?

Walter C. Van Ness of Irvington and Miss Ella M. Richards of Florence were married Monday.

For Rent—Five-room house, modern except furnace, \$15. W. H. Thomas. Telephone Florence 360.

Mr. and Mrs. Patterson, who have been living on the Overgard place, have moved back to Omaha.

Dr. Sorenson, the dentist, expects to move into his new building in about three weeks. The building will be used exclusively as a dental office for his growing practice.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hunt entertained at dinner Thursday evening at their home, Minne-Lusa Lodge, in honor of Mrs. Rutherford of Magazine, Ark., who will spend Thursday and Friday as their guests. Mrs. Heald of Osceola and Mrs. Patterson of Sioux City were also honor guests.

Mrs. T. B. Olmsted and Misses Mary and Eloise Olmsted of Chilo, O., who have been visiting their son and brother, R. H. Olmsted and family, for the past few days, left Wednesday for Salt Lake City, Denver and other western cities. They expect to spend the winter with Mr. Olmsted's brother, Thomas, at Dillon, Mont.

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

Mrs. A. B. Hunt entertained the state officers of the W. C. T. U. at dinner Tuesday evening at the Rome Hotel in Omaha. Those present were: Mrs. Frances B. Heald of Osceola, Mrs. Sterritt of Central City, Mrs. Nesbit of Pawnee City and Mrs. Hunt.

Miss Marie Tzschuck of Omaha is the guests of Miss Florence Olmsted.

W. H. Thomas and Charles Thompson spent Sunday in Lincoln trying the Salt Springs.

Mrs. Mabel Maum, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. F. S. Tucker, expects to leave the coming week for her home in New Orleans.

J. E. Kelby of Omaha spent Wednesday visiting Florence friends.

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

Frank Bandle, republican candidate for Register of Deeds, spent Wednesday campaigning in the city.

On Thursday evening, November 4, the Presbyterian church of Florence will celebrate, in the church auditorium, the 14th anniversary of its organization. An interesting program has been arranged, which will be followed by light refreshments. All members and friends of the church are cordially invited to be present.

J. R. Truesdale of New York City spent Wednesday visiting Florence friends.

Carl Larson is on the sick list this week.

Sheriff Brailey spent Wednesday campaigning in Florence.

For Sale or Trade—A typewriter in good shape to use. Apply G. & F. bunn.

Phillip Craig, son of Councilman Robert Craig, started to work Wednesday for the street railway company.

St. Mary's Guild has secured Pascale's hall for a Hallowe'en party Saturday night.

Miss Rena Maude Yost of Omaha was a guest at the home of Mrs. Sarah E. Tracy on Tuesday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Carlson returned Tuesday evening from their extended western trip.

The Altar society of St. Philip Neri's church will give a dinner Tuesday, election day, at Wall's hall. All are welcome and assured of a good meal. Tickets from any of the ladies.

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

Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Nichols and family spent Sunday with Mr. and Mrs. John Kimbal of Omaha.

Mrs. J. Weber, Jr., and Miss Bondeson were the guests of Mrs. J. L. Houston, Wednesday evening.

Miss Maggie Gleeve of Valley Junction and Miss Corienne Armstrong of Omaha are guests of Miss Allie Houston.

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

Mr. G. A. Guggs returned Saturday from a week out in the sandhills. He only made a small bag of game owing to the warm weather. Mrs. Griggs who has been visiting in Illinois for two weeks, returned Wednesday.

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

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brisbin will entertain a Hallowe'en party Saturday evening.

Mrs. Estill entertained Monday afternoon in honor of her mother, Mrs. George J. Hunt of Morrill county, Nebraska.

The Minne-Lusa Cement Block Co. has secured the contract for furnishing cement blocks for W. R. Wall's new house.

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.

Lost—A gold locket and chain. Reward for return. Telephone Florence 165. Bertha Rogers.

Mrs. J. Weber, Jr., and Mrs. F. B. Nichols were the guests of Mrs. J. J. Cole for dinner Tuesday evening.

The Young People's Society of Christian Endeavor will give a Hallowe'en party at the residence of Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thompson Saturday evening. Hobgoblins, ghosts and other Hallowe'en features will furnish the fun. All are welcome.

For Sale—A No. 7 Mann bone cutter, extra set of knives. Inquire of P. H. Peterson. Tel. Florence 201.

Miss Vera Keaton, Miss Emma Bueget, Miss Frances Thompson and Miss Florence Olmsted are in the World-Herald contest for the automobile and all had 1,000 votes the last time we looked at the list.

The paving on Main street is progressing very fast, the grading on the east side of the street being all done and the base of the paving laid for about half the distance as well as the double tracking of the street car line being pushed.

Miss Prudence Tracy returned Friday from a visit out in the state. She came in part of the way in a hog train—at least the train hogged a day from her. She says it was an accommodation train and was very accommodating to all but its passengers. Never mind, Prudence, you didn't lose your smile and we are glad to see your back—I mean your face, again.

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

The Imogen club is booked for a meeting next week.

Miss Anna J. Moore has returned from an extended trip through the Big Horn basin. She had a very pleasant visit and her health has improved very much.

Mr. and Mrs. Orin Nesbit are happy over the arrival of a girl last Thursday. The baby cannot talk yet but, if like the rest of its sex, will make up for it later.

Mrs. Andrew Christensen, Milton and Hannah Christensen of South Omaha were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Platz Sunday.

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

The city council will hold its regular meeting at the city hall Tuesday evening.

Mr. Harry Brisbin has been ill all the week.

A practically new range for sale. Telephone Florence 340.

The Bank of Florence is repairing and fixing up its building.

Miss Bertha Goff is the guest of Miss Allie Houston this week.

The Court of Honor held a dance and social at Pascale's hall Tuesday evening.

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

The next meeting of the Ponca Improvement club will be Sunday, November 7.



VOTE FOR
JOHN P. CRICK
Democratic Candidate for
COUNTY SURVEYOR

Uneeda Biscuit

are made from the finest flour and the best materials obtainable—

That Makes them an ideal

Food

Uneeda Biscuit

are baked in surroundings where cleanliness and precision are supreme—

That Makes them

Pure

Uneeda Biscuit

are touched only once by human hands—when the pretty girls pack them—

That Makes them

Clean

Uneeda Biscuit

are sealed in a moisture proof package—

That Keeps them

Fresh



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY

5c

VOTE FOR

The most popular man in Douglas County.

Edwin F. Brailey

Republican Nominee for

Sheriff

SECOND TERM

ELECTION NOVEMBER 2

WILLIS C. CROSBY



ELECTION TUESDAY, NOV. 2

Republican Candidate for

County Coroner

The Florence Tailor

is now open for business, and all kinds of cleaning and repairing will receive prompt attention. The latest style in men's and ladies' clothing at prices you can afford to pay.

1518 MAIN STREET
Florence

LEGALNOTICES

D. M. PATTERSON, Attorney, Sheriff's Sale.
By virtue of an order of sale issued out of the District Court of Douglas County, Nebraska, and in pursuance of a decree of said Court in an action therein indexed at appearance docket 74, page 223, execution docket 12, page 402, wherein James L. Brown was plaintiff and Jeremiah C. Wilcox et al. defendants, I will, at ten o'clock A. M. on Monday the 1st day of November, A. D. 1909, at the east front door of the Douglas County Court House, in the City of Omaha, County of Douglas, State of Nebraska, sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, the property described as follows, to-wit: Lot four (4) in block twenty-three (23) in Wilcox Second addition to the City of Omaha, Douglas County, Nebraska; to satisfy plaintiff in the sum of \$65.27 with interest from May 6, 1901 at 10% per annum; to satisfy the sum of \$25.10 costs and the accruing costs, all as provided by said order and decree. Dated at Omaha, Nebraska, September 28, 1909.

EDWIN F. BRAILEY,
Sheriff of Douglas County, Nebraska.
Oct 1, 8. 15. 22. 23

VOTE FOR



M. L. ENDRES

Democratic Candidate for

City and County

Treasurer

ELECTION TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 2, 1909

KIERLE ICE CO.
Reservoir Ice
TEL. FLORENCE 203 and 347

Frank McCoy R. H. Olmsted
McCOY & OLMSTED
Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law
652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16

Henry Anderson
THE SCHLITZ PLACE

Finest Wines and Liquors and Cigars. Sole agent for celebrated Metz Bros. Bottled Beer for Florence and vicinity.

Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 111.

BLACKSMITH SHOP

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

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor

Benson Well Boring Co.

ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY
Phone Benson 287 BENSON, NEB.

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

Telephones:
Douglas-Bell 1225. Ind. A-2266.

HULSE & RIEPEN

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

Successor to
HARRY B. DAVIS

709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

ASK FOR

METZ

FAMOUS BOTTLED BEER
At Henry Anderson's Florence

THE HOME OF

LUXUS

HANS PETERSON

Krug's Famous Beer, Wines, Liquors and Cigars
Opposite Postoffice. Tel. 243.

Subscriptions for Any Magazine or Paper Taken.

FLORENCE NEWS CO.

CHAS. COTTRELL, Prop.

Magazines, Papers, Stationery, Candy and Cigars.

1515 MAIN STREET.
POSTOFFICE BLDG.

ABSTRACTS

The Guarantee Abstract Co.

INCORPORATED—BONDED

Room 7, Patterson Block, Omaha, Nebraska.

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BETZVILLE TALES

Pilgath Gubb's Auto-House

By *Ellis Parker Butler*
Author of "Pigs is Pigs" Etc.
ILLUSTRATED BY PETER NEWELL



As Soon as the Rain Slackened a Bit He Took a Look Around, and He Saw the House About Twelve Miles Out on the Prairie Revolving in Circles.

Among the citizens of Betzville Pilgath Gubbs stands out pre-eminently or thoughtfulness, and it is largely because he once had a grandfather. That grandfather of his is why Pilgath is so far-seeing. In every action of Pilgath's life he remembered his grandfather, and many of us would be better off if we did the same.

The reason Pilgath dug his well right alongside of his barn was because he remembered that once his grandfather had fallen off the barn and had broken his arm, and Pilgath figured that if he should happen to fall off his barn he might break his arm, too, but that if he had a good, deep well alongside his barn and fell off the barn into the well instead of onto the hard ground, the water would break the fall. It was 30 feet from the top of the barn to the ground, and the well Pilgath dug was 40 feet deep, and so, one day, when Pilgath did fall off the barn into the well, he went down 30 feet into the water, and was so nearly drowned that it took five hours and three quarts of whisky to bring him to. He saw immediately that if he fell off the barn into the water a few more times he would be totally drowned to death, so he fixed that by pumping all the water out of the well and plugging up the spring in the bottom. After that there was no danger of his being drowned, but the next time he fell off the barn he fell clear to the bottom of the well, 70 feet, and broke two arms and a collar bone. Pilgath was a very thoughtful, foresighted man.

When Pilgath got married and started to build a house he remembered that his grandfather had once built a house, and then had sold the lot the house was on and had moved his house onto another lot, and that moving the house was a lot of work. So Pilgath, being a thoughtful, foresighted man, decided he would have no trouble of that kind, and that he would build his house so that if he ever wanted to move it he could move it without any trouble at all. The only way he could think of to do this was to have the house mounted on wheels, and have a good, strong automobile engine built under the front porch, with a tank of gasoline in the attic over the girl's room. He saved quite a sum on the wheels by using eight old millstones that he had inherited from his grandmother on his father's side, and he got a fine old storage battery at less than cost from Aunt Rhinocollura Betts, who had used it for her rheumatism. There wasn't any electricity in the battery, but Pilgath figured he could get it filled when moving time came. The crank, to crank up the engine, stuck out at one side of the porch, and was soon covered with Virginia creepers, so the house looked like an everyday house. No one would have thought it was an autohouse.

The last person in the world to think it would have been Pilgath's second wife. Her name was Arbutus Ann, and she was a timid little thing, and crawled under the bed every time it thundered. She was so afraid of thunder that she crawled under the bed every time a wagon rumbled across the Two Mile bridge, and when traffic was heavy, at fair time, she staid under the bed permanently, and Pilgath had to bring her meals to her on a tray.

Last Wednesday at four o'clock a terrific thunder storm struck Betzville, and Arbutus Ann went under the bed. Pilgath was in the barn, but he started for the house on a run, for he knew how frightened Arbutus Ann would be, but when he was half way to the house there was a tremendous stroke of lightning that almost blinded him. At that he sprinted harder than ever, although the rain was pouring down so that he could not see a yard in front of his nose. He ran swiftly, but in a few minutes he began to get scared, for he had not reached the house, and he let out a few more laps of speed. And still he did not reach the house. Then he was certainly frightened.

A very simple thing had happened. The lightning had hit the chimney and had knocked off a brick, and the brick had fallen on the crank handle and had given it a turn, which cranked up the engine, and the lightning had at the same instant buried itself in the storage battery, filling it with electricity, so that it began to spark regularly and explode the gasoline in the cylinders, and the house had moved away from where it had been. The house had an excellent engine, and it was geared high. It was geared to run about 50 miles an hour on the first speed.

As soon as Pilgath realized this he doubled his speed, for he was afraid the house might meet with an accident. He felt perfectly secure as to the wheels, for it is harder to puncture millstones than rubber tires, but he had an inkling that a frame house traveling at 50 miles an hour should have some one at the steering wheel.

As soon as the rain slackened a bit he took a look around, and he saw the house, about 12 miles out of the prairie, revolving in circles, and he started for it with his tongue hanging out, but just before he reached it the house took a new tack and started south by west at 50 miles an hour, and in two minutes it was out of sight over Reynold's hill. Pilgath said he never was so proud of anything in his life as the way that autohouse took that hill on first speed. When he got to the top of the hill he could only see a cloud of dust in the southwest, about 52 miles away. He said that cloud of dust assured him that the storm had been merely local.

Pilgath wants to announce that if anyone finds a house running around loose, with a wife under the bed in the first bedroom at the top of the stairs, to the left as you go up, that wife is his. He says any doubt on the subject may be removed by making a sound like thunder. Hammering on a tin waiter will do. If, at the sound, the wife backs so far under the bed that she can only be reached with a broom, there need be no doubt that her name is Arbutus Ann Gubb. The finder will please feed her until called for.

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

Easy.

"George Washington never told a lie."
"Aw, that was easy; there wasn't no ball games then days."

It is unworthy of a man to set himself a task and then give in when the brunt of the battle is upon him. There is but one way and that is—forward—
—Dr. Nansen.

GREAT LOVE STORIES OF HISTORY

By ALBERT PAYSON TERHUNE

VIRGINIA AND ICILIUS

(Copyright by the Author.)

A 15-year-old girl in 449 B. C. brought liberty to Rome. The price she paid was her own life. The girl was Virginia. Her fate forms one of the most romantic, dramatic love stories in all history.

Rome was in those days swayed alternately by two great political parties, the wealthy aristocrats known as "Patricians," and the plain people, who called themselves "Plebeians." Appius Claudius, a patrician, had persuaded the Romans to elect as their rulers a Decemvirate (council of ten men), with himself at its head. This council had crushed the liberties of the people. The plebeians had formerly been represented (and protected), by two elected officers, called tribunes. But the office of tribune had been abolished. Appius Claudius and his favorites were allowed to misgovern the city to suit themselves.

Some miles outside the walls one of Rome's two armies was encamped. In this army was a brave plebeian named Lucius Virginius, who had risen to the rank of centurion (captain). He had one daughter, Virginia, whom he adored, and who, in her father's absence, remained at the centurion's house at Rome under care of her old nurse. Young as she was, Virginia had already fallen

A Schoolgirl's Lover.

In love with her father's friend, the brilliant young orator, Icilius. The two were betrothed, although Virginia was still a schoolgirl.

Appius Claudius had seen Virginia passing to and from school and resolved to make her his slave. He dared not seize her openly. So he told Marcus Claudius, one of his hangers-on, to claim that she was one of Marcus' own slaves, stolen from his house in early childhood. The case was to be brought before Appius, who would give judgment in favor of Marcus and later receive the slave from him as a gift. Accordingly one morning, as Virginia was hurrying to school, Marcus and his servants arrested her. Icilius rushed to his frightened sweetheart's rescue. By his fiery eloquence he stirred up the anger of the townsfolk against Appius. A mob threatened the tyrant, forcing him to modify his first plan of deciding for Marcus. He agreed, plausibly, to postpone the hearing of his case until the next day, so that Virginius could be present to testify in his daughter's behalf. Then Appius sent secretly to the army, ordering its generals to prevent Virginius from

leaving camp. But a messenger from Icilius reached the father first, and Virginius hastened to Rome. Next morning he and Icilius brought Virginia before Appius.

In vain the father and lover appealed for justice. Appius, without waiting to hear the evidence, decreed that the weeping girl was Marcus' slave. The people clamored against this wicked decision and attacked the man who made it. Appius summoned his guard to beat back the crowd. Virginius saw he could hope for no redress either by force or by law. One thing alone could save Virginia from a life of slavery. The father's resolve was quickly taken.

During the confusion Virginius drew his daughter to one side, clasped her to his breast and whispered words of tender farewell. He kissed her again and again and—stabbed her to the heart! Brandishing the reeking knife, he strode across to Appius Claudius, crying:

"On your head be the curse of her blood!"

Icilius, wild with grief, snatched his dead love's body in his arms and held it aloft that all might see. The mob went mad with rage. They brushed aside the guards and charged the tyrant's judgment seat. Appius fled to his own house for safety. Meantime, Virginius, still gripping the red knife, hurried to the army and told what had occurred. Icilius mounted a fleet horse and galloped to where Rome's other army was encamped. Lashing the troops to fury by his passionate oratory, he led them back to Rome. There they joined the army which Virginius had aroused.

People and soldiery alike took possession of the city. The Decemvirate was overthrown and its members imprisoned. The old popular government was resumed, with Icilius and Virginius as tribunes. Appius Claudius was thrown into jail. There (whether by execution or suicide is not known), he met his death. Virginia was avenged.

The Clamor for Vengeance.

The pretty, harmless little girl who had been slain on the very threshold of life and love did not die in vain. From her blood sprang liberty and the people's rights. Yet the pathos of the sacrifice so far overshadows the benefits that it has kept alive the memory of Virginia, in song, story and drama for nearly twenty-five hundred years.

ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA

The banks of the River Cydnus, at Tarsus, were lined with a gaping crowd one day in 41 B. C. All eyes were centered on a barge that slowly made its way upstream. This vessel's like had never been seen. The hull was covered with beaten gold. The oars were of silver, and swayed in time to the soft throbb of music. The sails were of purple silk and so richly perfumed that their fragrance reached the shore. On a divan, under a cloth-of-gold canopy that covered part of the deck, lay a woman, red-haired, decked out in priceless jewels and arrayed to represent Venus Boys, dressed as cupids, tanned her. On either side of her divan reclined courtiers, apparelled like mermaids, demigods and other mythical personages. The red-haired beauty on the divan was Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt. She was sailing to Tarsus to confront a stern judge—Mark Antony, ruler of half the world.

Rome had grown mightily since the days of the early kings. It had now long been a republic. Julius Caesar had strengthened and enlarged the state, making himself dictator of most of the civilized earth. He had been slain by assassins. Mark Antony, his closest friend, had formed a league with Octavius (Caesar's nephew), and together they had punished the assassins and made themselves masters of Rome. Antony, the stronger of the two, seemed about to oust the young Octavius and seize the reins of world-empire for himself. But while he was in the east something happened

The "Judge" Turns Lover.

his splendid career. Cleopatra, queen of Egypt, was accused of having aided Caesar's slayers. Antony, at Tarsus, sent for her to come to trial on that charge. Knowing Antony's weakness where women were concerned, she came, not like a prisoner, but as a goddess. At sight of her as she sailed up the Cydnus Antony forgot his resentment, his office as judge, his hopes of world mastery. From that moment he was the red-haired queen's abject slave. Turning his back on Rome, he went with her to Egypt.

There the man who had won deathless renown as general, statesman and orator entered on a life of luxury and wild extravagance. He not only pardoned Cleopatra, but proclaimed her his wife (despite the fact that he already had a wife at Rome), lavished his fortune upon her, and gave her rich provinces and kingdoms that belonged by right to the Roman republic. The two lovers held feasts that were the scandal of the world. At one of these Cleopatra dissolved and drank a million-dollar pearl. They wandered (disguised as workman and

chambermaid) into the slums by night. They pretended to be a god and goddess and made their flatterers adore them as such. Antony's enemies at Rome, headed by Octavius, made the most of all this to weaken the former hero's power. Once or twice Antony was roused from his lethargy and, returning to Rome, tried to forget Cleopatra. But always he hurried back to her. His wife was dead and he married the sister of Octavius. But he soon deserted her and rejoined Cleopatra.

Finally Octavius, seeing that the once mighty leader was no longer to be feared, declared war on him and Cleopatra. Then for a moment Antony's former martial genius flared up. He met Octavius in a great sea battle off Actium. Cleopatra sailed out to witness the fight. As the two fleets clashed Antony's skilful tactics seemed about to defeat his foes. But suddenly Cleopatra, for a mere whim, ordered her galley to leave the battle as if she were in panic flight. Antony left his warships to take care of themselves and hurried after her, fearing she might be wounded. His fleet, being leaderless, was easily put to rout by Octavius. Antony's last chance was gone. He realized what a fool he had made of himself. For three days he sat alone in despair, his head in his hands, and none dared come near him. Then he crept once more to Cleopatra for consolation.

The fickle queen saw that Antony's cause was lost. So she wrote to Octavius secretly, offering to make peace with him. Octavius answered that she could best please him by killing Antony. She knew Antony's character and his wild, weak worship for herself. So instead of murdering him outright, she had word sent to him that she was dead.

Antony has lost all for love of her. Now he thought he had lost her, too. So he stabbed himself. Dying, he was carried to Cleopatra and breathed his last in her arms, whispering vows of eternal devotion. Cleopatra tried next to capture Octavius' heart. But Caesar's nephew was shrewd and cold-blooded. The charms that had so easily won Antony had no effect on him. He declared he would make Cleopatra walk in chains behind his chariot through Rome. Sooner than do this, the unhappy woman killed herself by poison, forcing a deadly serpent to sting her arm.

Octavius relented to the point of allowing her to be buried by the side of the man who had thrown away honor, fame, power and life itself for her worthless sake.

An international weather code will soon be in use the world over.

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MOUNT VERNON

SHRINE of AMERICAN PATRIOTISM

BY EDWARD B. CLARK



WASHINGTON AND HIS FAMILY

WASHINGTON.—In the novel of "Ivanhoe," Isaac the Jew tells the knight that he knows it is the custom of the Christians to put on pilgrims' garb and to walk barefooted for miles to worship dead men's bones. There is something of a sneer in Isaac's tone and Ivanhoe rebukes him with a truly heroic, "Blasphemer, cease!" I don't know how many thousands of Americans go yearly to Mount Vernon to pay a visit to the repository of a dead man's bones, but the number is something enormous.

If George Washington never had lived at Mount Vernon, never had visited there, never had died there, and had been buried in the antipodes there would be excuse enough for the visits to the place of seventy times seven the number of the pilgrims who go yearly down the Potomac to stand on the towering hill and to look off down the valley.

It is with an utter shame that it is confessed that after four years' residence in Washington one man American born and with some lurking pride of patriotism in his make-up never until recently went to the place where the father of his country and the exponent of the American school teacher's ideal of truth lies buried.

Mount Vernon is the ultimate object of the voyage down the Potomac. There are other objects every paddle-wheel stroke of the way, for the hills on either side are hills of rare beauty crowned with trees that saw the revolution and that in the fall are wearing the raiment which belongs to the kings of the forest.

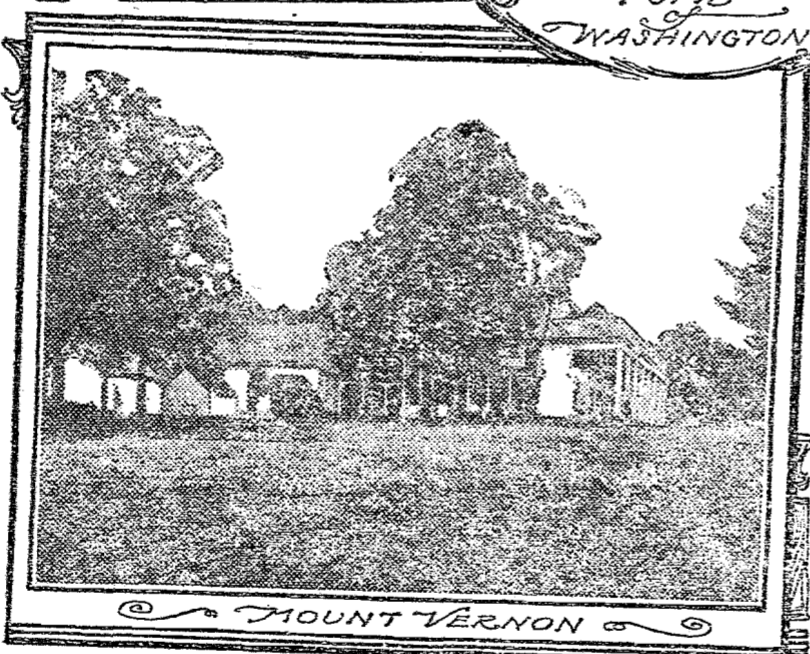
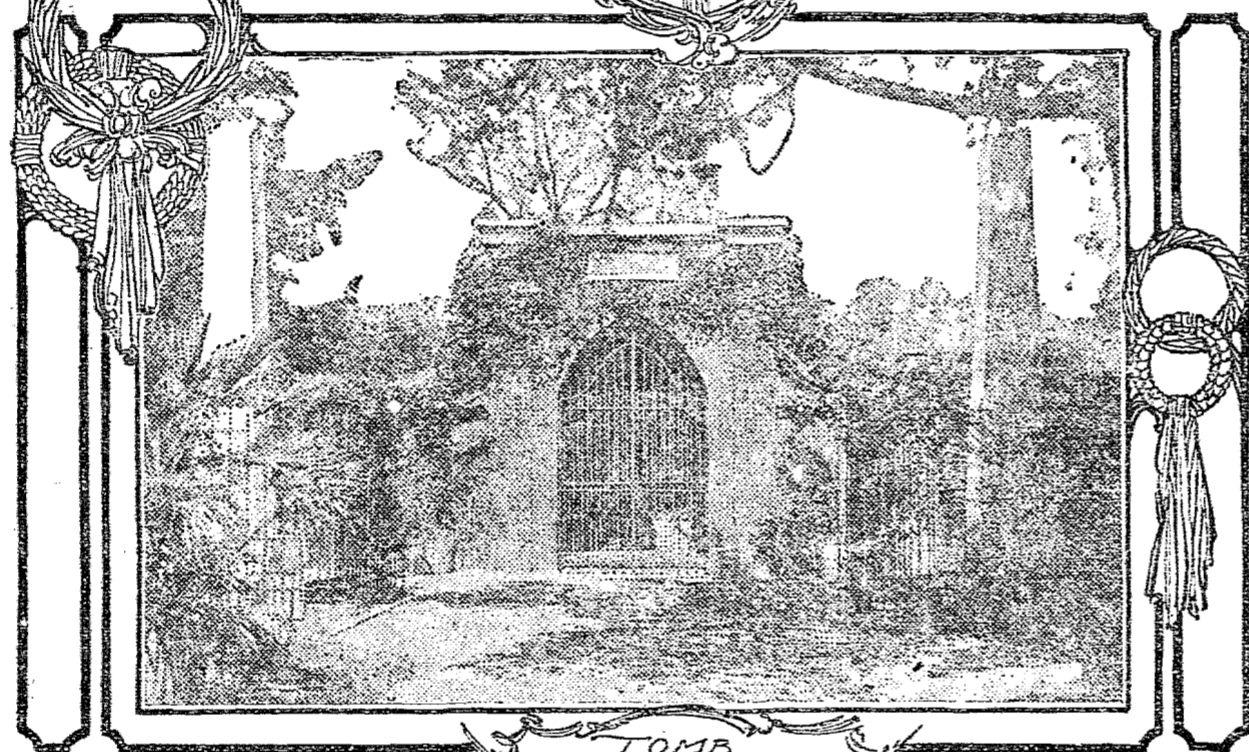
On the boat going down there was a young German gentleman, who had married an American wife. He was much more interested in the beauty of the Potomac's banks and in the history of the country beyond the banks and in the life history of George Washington than was she. The German asked his American wife if George Washington was born at Mount Vernon. She answered that he was; which he wasn't, not by many miles. He asked her many other questions, to each and every one of which, but with unerring inaccuracy, she made answers. This was a traveled American girl. There is a fairly well-grounded belief that she met and captivated her German husband while she was doing Europe in an automobile or was rhapsodizing on the Rhine.

Some day, perhaps—very likely, in fact—she will go back to her husband's land and will listen to his telling of his American trip, and in the enthusiasm of the nature which he made manifest on the Potomac he will tell the "historic truths" concerning George Washington which he learned from his American wife.

It may be that some of the Germans who know something of the life of the American general who was the friend and fellow soldier of Steuben will come to think, as some Americans have come to think before this, that a little American history might be included in the course of study of the average American girl, and that not a dollar should be spent on her passage money to Europe until she knows without stopping to think whether it was George Washington or Abraham Lincoln who crossed the Delaware, and who, something later, forced the surrender of Cornwallis at Yorktown. This may seem to be a matter that is beside the mark, but, while the listener had none too thorough a knowledge of American history, there were some things said on the boat plying down the Potomac that if they had been said by an eighth-grade school-boy ought to have brought him a flogging.

Mount Vernon has been written about by pretty nearly everybody who has seen the place. It hasn't fallen to the lot of everybody to see it in the fall. It is a fine place, a fitting resting ground for the first American.

It seldom falls to man's lot to see such heroic trees. There is a giant oak which stands sentinel over the first burial place of Wash-



ton. The body was removed from the base of the oak about 75 years ago. It never should have been removed.

It is said that Washington selected the place where his body now lies and left instructions that one day the charge of sepulcher should be made. The oak which guarded the first grave must have been standing for three centuries. The view from the place is inspiring enough to enkindle the eyes of a dead man. The view from the raw tomb is fine in its way, but it is as nothing to the grand sweep of river, billtops and forests which moves before the eye from the place where Washington slept for 30 years.

Hundreds of visitors go to Mount Vernon daily. They peer into the tomb and then straightway go to the house. There is an interest, of course, which must attach to any of the belongings of Washington, but it seems to be a legitimate matter of regret that of the thousands who go to Mount Vernon the interest in the mirror which Washington used when he shaved and in the spoon with which he ate his porridge, if he ate porridge, is far greater than in the forest trees under which he walked and in the garden whose hedges of formal cut were planted with his own hand.

Indoors at Mount Vernon everything is dead; outdoors everything is alive. The forest and garden are instinct with Washington; the contents of the house are as dust.

There is a real interest, however, in the library of the old home. In the main the books are simply copies of those which were on the shelves in Washington's time. The originals, as I understand it, are in several libraries of the country. There are two originals, however, which are open at the title page, so that if the light be good, one may read Washington's name written in his own hand and the title of the book

which he thought worthy enough to buy.

The light wasn't good on the afternoon in mind and all that one pilgrim could make out of a book's title, above which was written Washington's name, was the

word "Sentimental." The wonder was, and the poor light was responsible for its remaining a wonder, if the father of his country had not in his quiet hours been reading "A Sentimental Journey." If the gentle Martha had peeped into the pages and had approved George because of what she saw there one can imagine his ready answer that the book was written by a holy priest of her own chosen church.

The man with the megaphone on the Washington "rubberneck" wagons tells his audience of passengers as they roll by the Metropolitan club house: "This is the club of the nobles." In another minute, as the big sight-seeing bus passes another clubhouse the megaphone man says: "And this is the club of the cranks."

"The club of the cranks," as this information howler calls it, is the Cosmos club, and a most interesting organization it is. Its membership is composed of scientists, some physicians and clergymen, a few lawyers and two or three newspaper men. The scientists are in the great majority.

It costs a pretty penny to join the Metropolitan club and to pay the dues and to live the life of the organization. The initiation fee at the Cosmos club is rather small, and the dues are light, but there are scores of members of the Metropolitan club, "the club of the nobles," who willingly would pay twice or thrice the Metropolitan's initiation fee and the Metropolitan's dues if the expenditure could gain them admission to the club where the "cranks" foregather.

Every Monday night is called "social night" at the Cosmos club. Of course the clubhouse is open at all times, but on Monday evening the members make a special effort to be present and there is always a large gathering in the great, sweeping rooms of the house where once lived Dolly Madison.

They don't intrude "shop" upon you in the Cosmos club. The members are a genial body of men and they have many guests from all parts of the world. They find out what the guest likes to talk about and then some one who knows the subject is promptly introduced to him. There are few world subjects upon which you cannot get an expert opinion in the Cosmos club.

The members, of course, have their hobbies and they ride them. In one corner of a room there will be an astronomical group, and there will be another corner with a fish group and another corner with a bird group and another corner with, it may be, a mushroom group. It isn't all science, however, in the Cosmos club. The members play billiards and pool and bridge, and they have a fine time of it generally and at no great expense, for it is one of the hard facts of earth that men devoted to science have little money. Learning doesn't bring high pay in the market.

CHAMPIONSHIP TO PITTSBURG TEAM

PIRATES WIN THE DECIDING GAME OF THE WORLD'S SERIES.

PITCHER ADAMS THE HERO

Youngster Takes Three of the Four Games for Smoky City Team—Mullin Wins Two for Detroit—Cubs Beat Sox.

Pittsburg, 8; Detroit, 0. These four words tell how the world's baseball championship for 1909 was won by Fred Clarke's Pirates in the seventh game of the series after each team had won three games.

When baseball history is handed down to our grandchildren the name of Adams will find its place among the Adamases of the early days of America, for it was the pitching of Adams, a youngster of the Pirate crew that did much, if not all, toward landing the championship for the Smoky City team. Admirers of the Pittsburgs shuddered when it was announced that Adams was to pitch the first game. They thought an older man should be put into the box. But the crafty Clarke knew what he was about as the score of 4 to 1 proved.

Then came the fifth game and again Adams upheld the judgment of Clarke. With the series tied, three to three and victory in the seventh meaning the highest honors in baseball for the winner, Adams was again called upon. He allowed only six hits and with errorless ball behind him scored a shutout as the crowning glory of one of the most exciting baseball battles ever witnessed on a diamond.

The hitting, fielding and general playing of Clarke, Wagner and Leach contributed no small part to the Pittsburg victory in winning the championship as it did in landing the pennant of the National league.

Detroit will have to be content with calling itself champion of the American league. Hughie Jennings, the manager who has led the team to four successive pennants in the league, put up the best fight he knew how. Two of the three games won by the Tigers were due mostly to the pitching of George Mullin. "Wild Bill" Donovan won the other, which was the second of the series.

Jennings selected Donovan to pitch the final and deciding game, but the veteran was not equal to the task. Then Mullin was sent to the box to relieve him, but he had last his terror for the Pirate crew.

While he played a faultless game in the field, Ty Cobb, the champion batsman of the world for 1909, did little damage with his stick in the world's series. When it became known that Pittsburg and Detroit were to fight for the championship there was much speculation concerning the batting that Cobb and Wagner, the latter having the highest average in the National league, would do. Wagner won the honors, whether by superior hitting ability or the quality of pitching of the opposing slabmen, the dopesters of the game will figure out later on.

All in all it was the most exciting championship series played between the leaders of the rival leagues. The games were played in all kinds of weather, the temperature during one of them being 35 degrees above zero at Detroit. Three of the first six games were played in each of the cities. Detroit won the toss up and had the advantage of playing the deciding contest at home, but was unable to grasp the opportunity.

All records for attendance and receipts were broken during the first four games of the series. The total receipts of the four games were more than those of the Cubs-Sox series in 1906, in which six games were played. The average attendance for the four days was 24,001, a record-breaking figure in itself. Each of the Pittsburg players got a little more than \$2,000 and the Detroit players received more than \$1,200 each. The money for the remaining three games was split by the national commission and the owners of the two clubs.

While Pittsburg and Detroit were fighting for the world's championship the Chicago Cubs and Chicago Sox were battling for the championship of that city. It took only five games to decide the issue, the Cubs taking four of them and the Sox one.

The New York Giants of the National league and the Boston Red Sox of the American league played an inter-city series and the Giants, including the great Christy Mathewson, went down to defeat.

It's Up to Jeffries Now.

Now that Jack Johnson, the heavy weight champion, has defeated Stanley Ketchel, king of the middleweights, in such easy fashion, it is agreed among all fight critics that Jeffries is the only man who has a chance to dethrone the Texas negro. Jeffries has returned from Europe in good condition and says he will be ready to fight in three months. Johnson may keep the former champion waiting, as he has an opportunity of making good money on the stage. That the giants finally will clash, however, there seems little reason to doubt. It ought to be some fight.

"Al" Smith Claimed by Death.

"Al" Smith, one of the best-known sporting men in the country, died in New York at his rooms in the Gisey house. Smith was the backer of John L. Sullivan, Dan O'Leary and many other pugilists and athletes.

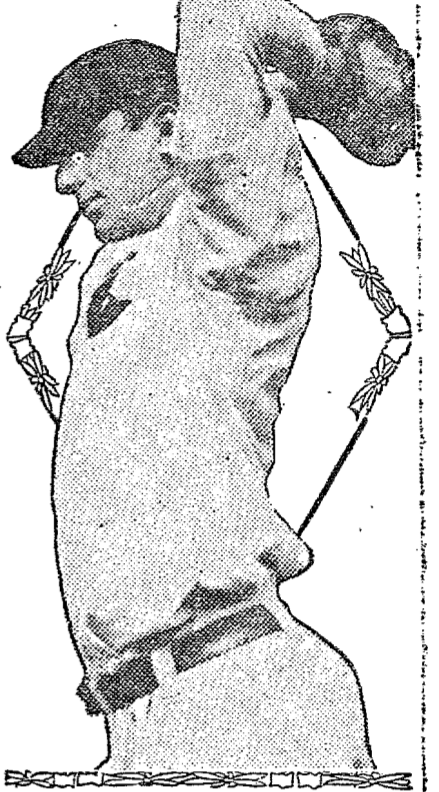
REULBACH'S NOSE LOSES GAME FOR CHICAGO CUBS

Umpire Calls Balk When Pitcher Wipes Protociscs and a Sox Tally Counts.

Ten thousand eyes were on him as he rubbed his hands with dirt. Ten thousand tongues applauded when he wiped them on his shirt.

"Casey at the Bat." The pitcher who struck out the immortal Casey henceforth will have to share some of his renown with Ed Reulbach, who forced home the winning run in the third of the city championship games between the Chicago Cubs and White Sox by wiping his nose on his shirt. His action was interpreted to be a balk by Umpire O'Day, and 10,000 Sox tongues applauded when they saw Altizer ordered home from third.

The Sox supporters asserted the ruling was all right, as it is not consid-



Edward Reulbach.

ered good form to wipe one's nose with one's shirt-sleeve, while a philosophical adherent of the Cubs consoled himself with the remark: "It's a good job he didn't blow his nose and breeze three runs across the plate." It was not a hard matter to make a joke with some point to it under the circumstances.

Reulbach's nose hereafter will occupy as prominent a spot in the pages of baseball history as that gained by Eddie Hahn's protociscs in the last previous series between Sox and Cubs in 1906. And the tall Cub pitcher earned his glory at the cost of a personal defeat, while Hahn acquired his fame and a new nickname at the cost of a broken nose, requiring artificial bone to reproduce its beauty.

Hahn, it will be remembered, struck his nose into one of Jack Pfeister's corkerew curves in the third game of the 1906 world's battle and had to take the wreck to the hospital for repairs. That feat filled the bases with Sox and preceded a three-base hit by Rohe which counted three runs and won the game.

Drake to Resume Racing.

John A. Drake has decided to re-enter the racing game and has sent Enoch Wishard, the trainer, to Kentucky to gather his yearlings and take them to Sheepshead Bay, where they will be put into condition for next year's racing campaign on the local tracks. Drake disposed of his racing stable during the hard times of 1907, and since then has not taken much interest in turf matters.

SPORTING ITEMS

Billy Papke put it all over Billy Lewis in a six-round go the other night at Duquesne garden in Pittsburg. Papke knocked Lewis down four times, but couldn't put him out. The fat man has no place in the football of to-day.

Harvard, Yale, Princeton and Annapolis had to develop quarterbacks this fall.

Phil King, who was the star of the Tiger team sixteen or seventeen years ago, is again at Nassau looking over the football men.

By an odd coincidence the first games played in the world's and post season series were won by four runs, Pittsburg beating Detroit 4 to 1; the Cubs shutting out the Sox 4 to 0, and New York Giants defeating the Boston Sox 4 to 2. Incidentally, it was a great day for the National league.

The National Sporting club in London has invited Abe Attell to box 20 rounds with Jim Driscoll, but it is understood that Attell has demanded that the club post a \$10,000 guarantee. The Belmont park race meeting did not show a financial loss, but it is said that the profit will hardly more than offset the loss incurred by the spring meeting at that track. Next year many of the big stakes will be reduced in value.

The new California and Los Angeles clubs have posted issues and there is little likelihood that races will be held at the Arcadia track, Los Angeles, this winter. Racing will begin at the Emeryville track November 29.

The Northwestern league of professional baseball clubs at a meeting in Seattle re-elected W. H. Lucas of Portland president. Mr. Lucas was also appointed delegate to the meeting of the national association at Memphis, Tenn., in November.

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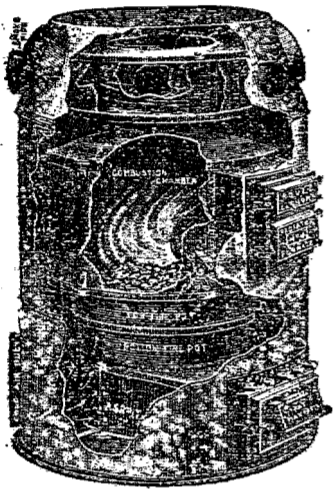
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The Method of Cross-Eyed Moses

BY MARVIN DANA

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I had thought it hot in Missouri; I realized my mistake when I got to Kansas, for that summer the plains were one long torrid torment.

Besides, in Missouri I had had a little money; in Kansas I had none. Money will assuage, to some extent, the sufferings of almost any situation, and now I was without a penny.

My one relief was the distraction offered by Moses' eyes. Our mutual misfortune as to funds drew us together the first day we met in the rude village that afterwards developed into Topeka, and at once I found a weird fascination in those eyes. Moses was the most cross-eyed man I ever saw. His protruding blue orbs were miracles of askewness. I am thus emphatic in reference to Moses' eyes because their peculiarity helped to save us in a crisis.

One day, when I was hungry and hopeless as usual, Moses spoke forlornly:

"It's the bones for us, Waite."

At first I misunderstood him. "You mean, we're to go bone-gathering?" I asked.

"That's it," Moses replied. Then silence fell on us.

At that period in the history of Kansas bones in abundance were strewn over the prairies, relics of herds caught in the relentless clutch of winter blizzards or summer drouths, and, too, of the innumerable single victims of the inevitable death.

Big Mike, who ran the largest saloon in the town, was always ready for any business venture that offered a quick profit, and the opportunity for traffic in these bones had appealed to him. Already he had dealt in them, and had shipped several carloads gathered for him by the impetuous. Now, we found him ready to make us a liberal offer. He agreed to provide us with a wagon and oxen, and to give us board and lodging during the period of the work, with a cash payment for the lot when we were done. The payment, \$250, would be due only when we had collected the number of carloads required.

These preliminaries completed, we began the work. For weeks we lived through the same monotonous drudgery of suffering day after day. We drove the lumbering, patient yoke of oxen afar over the prairie, loaded the great wagon with a motley assortment of bones; then, as evening drew on, returned to the town, and unloaded the mass on the ground beside the railroad track at the freight station. Often it was midnight before we had finished our labors.

"Another week'll finish it," Big Mike had said, at last, after an inspection.

Now that week had passed. It was eight o'clock on Saturday night, and we had just returned to our lodging after unloading the last of the bones.

I had completed my toilet, which consisted of a bath and putting on again the clothes I had taken off Moses, who had stopped for a pipe before changing in like manner, called to me:

"I say, Waite!"

"Well, what is it?" I asked.

"You slip over to Mike's and get our money," Moses directed. "By the time you're back I'll be ready, and then we can catch the train going east."

"All right," I agreed. There was the usual Saturday crowd in the saloon when I entered. A long line of thirsty men touched elbows at the bar, behind which the proprietor and his single helper were hurrying to and fro in anxious effort to satisfy all demands. I made my way to that end of the bar nearer Big Mike, and awaited an opportunity to attract his attention.

Presently he came close to me, and I spoke to him.

He turned at once, and answered sharply:

"What is it? Hurry up. I'm busy." I was angered at his tone, but I have learned not to take offense needlessly. I replied quietly:

"I've come for the money for the bones. We want to get the train east."

Big Mike came a little closer to me. There was a savage scowl on his face.

"Say that again," he cried.

I grew angry at that, angry and vaguely alarmed. But I restrained myself from any display of emotion and repeated my statement.

"I've come for the money for the bones for Moses and me—\$250."

By this time the crowd in the bar had fallen silent; every man was peering and listening. On me, even as I spoke, an unutterable dread descended—a dread as awful as my hope had been high.

Big Mike thrust his face at me, and it was red with fury.

"Get out, you!" he roared. "Don't try any of your games on me. Get out!" And he added a string of curses.

"Games!" I repeated, helplessly, for my head was whirling. "But I want our money for getting the bones."

Big Mike broke in on me:

"Your money!" he shouted. "I don't pay twice, young man. I've paid your money to you once, and that's enough!" He cursed me again, long and foully.

"Where's your receipt?" I demanded, goaded to rage. "Where's your receipt, you liar?"

I found myself looking into the barrel of a huge Colt's that Big Mike

had drawn from beneath the bar.

"Throw up your hands!" he commanded. "I reckon this is about all the receipt I need with your sort."

Instinctively I had obeyed his order, and now, as I reflected for a moment, I saw how desperate was my case. For the moment, at least, I had no means of redress. The man was in his own place, surrounded by friends, admirers, dependants; my life was at the mercy of his finger-touch on the trigger. I had no choice but to submit.

"Turn around and walk out of here," he bade me. "And keep your hands up!"

Trembling with mingled wrath, shame, and despair, I stumbled from the place.

Once outside, I set forth on a run for our lodgings, to rehearse my tale of disaster to the waiting Moses.

My appearance at once prepared him for evil tidings, and he listened to me without signs of great emotion. "I didn't think he was that sort," was the sole comment, when at last I paused for lack of breath.

Then he fell into a brown study, while I sat panting and staring at him. But after a little he suddenly sprang to his feet. He drew his tall gaunt form erect, and his eyes flashed.

"We've earned that money," he said, softly, but with a curious sternness in his voice, "and we're going to have it!"

"No, Waite, I ain't going to tell you anything except just what you've got to do. But what I do tell you, you've got to do right on the nail. Understand?"

"The clock downstairs has just struck nine," Moses continued. "At nine-twenty the train east is due, and it's usually on time. You just hustle back to Big Mike's, go in, and up to the bear, and tell him you've come for that \$250."

"But—I began.

"Don't talk," Moses interrupted. "When he gives you the money chase yourself to the depot lickety-split for that train. You've got to catch it. I'll meet you there."

"But he won't give me the money," I objected.

"Never you mind about that," Moses retorted, "you do as I say. That's my part of the business. Come on. I'm going 'most there with you."

The saloon was more crowded even than before, more clouded with tobacco smoke, and none took heed of me as I pushed open the door and crossed to the bar. I reached it and leaned against it, quite unobserved. Big Mike was in the center of the open place behind the bar, taking change from the money drawer. His back was turned to me, as I called out to him in my loudest voice. A desperate bravado possessed me, and I spoke in stern command.

"I've come again for that \$250; hand it over!"

Sudden silence fell. Big Mike whirled and faced me.

"Why, you damned little fool," he roared, "I told you not to come here again. I'll bore—"

He had whirled, and would have reached under the bar, but he was startled from his purpose by a great crash. By a common instinct all turned a look in the direction of the sound.

We heard and saw a rain of splintered glass from a window set high in the back wall of the saloon, made thus aloft in order to clear a low out-house in the rear. Through the shattered window frame leaned the lank body of Moses, and in his hands two forty-fours circled slowly.

"Up with your hands, Big Mike!" came the ringing cry, and the saloon-keeper's arms shot upward.

"Up with your hands—you—and you—and you! I've got my eye on you!"

Every man stood with hands held high.

"Remember, I've got my eyes on you!" repeated the ominous voice; and every man in the room believed with all his heart that he was the one to whom Moses particularly spoke his threat, and each covered in dread of the deadly circling muzzles.

For, indeed, the eyes of Moses perched aloft seemed everywhere. Huge, blazing, those mismatched orbs darted here and there, and no man knew the object of their malevolent stare.

"Turn around, Big Mike," the cold command came, "and be quick about it." The voice waxed more savage. "Take your right hand down, but keep it in sight—unless you want a bullet through you. Reach that hand into your money-drawer, and count out \$250. I've got my eye on you!"

Humbly, the burly villain obeyed. In a moment he had laid out a heap of \$5 and \$10 bills. I kept the tale of them as he counted them, and I knew that the amount was correct. "Hand them to Waite, there," came the harsh order, and again Big Mike obeyed.

As for me, I obeyed orders, and got out of the saloon within a second from the time my fingers touched the money. I could hear the trail rolling into the station as I jumped into the street. At the sound I thrust the bills into my breast-pocket and set off at top speed. The station was an eight of a mile away, and I dare swear I made it in less than thirty seconds.

As I reached the platform the train was just moving out. I caught wildly at a passing hand-rail; some one grasped me by the coat collar, and I was hauled aboard. As I entered the car, I saw Moses advancing towards me from the other end.

"And just to think," Moses remarked an hour later, while the train rolled swiftly eastward. "I almost sold those forty-fours once, when I was starving."

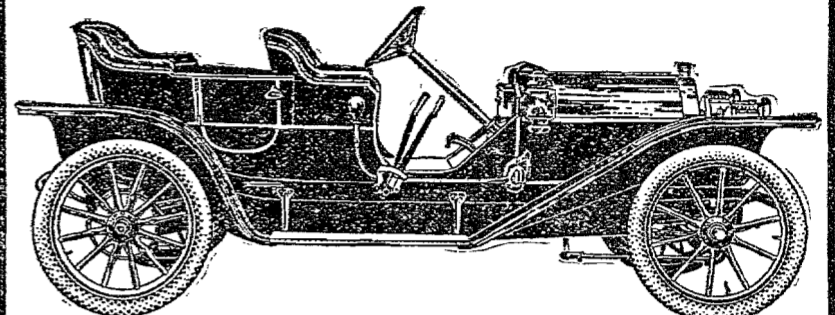
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