

The Florence Tribune

VOL. I.

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No. 15

OLD ORCHARD MADE NEW

The Story of How an Old Played Out Orchard Was Made to Come to Life and Bear Big Crops of Fruit, and the Orchard Told About is Right Here Where Anyone Can Go and See it and Learn the Secret at First Hand.

Land around Florence is capable of producing apples of as fine quality as can be grown anywhere. This is abundantly demonstrated in the Park View orchard, seven miles north of Florence. The Park View orchard is a resuscitated orchard of twenty-two acres, owned by I. Sibbersen of Omaha, who bought it three years ago as a summer home. The trees of the orchard had up to this time been permitted to struggle along as best they could, and the entire orchard was in a dilapidated condition generally. Many of the trees were broken down, and but few of them bore any fruit at all, and that of a scrawny, stunted variety.

Mr. Sibbersen, being of a practical turn of mind and a knowledge of fruit capabilities, saw at once that the location of the orchard was an ideal one, with east, west and north slope and that the trouble with the trees did not lie so much with generic barrenness as with neglect. Mr. Sibbersen went to work at once to have the trees trimmed up, the decayed trees removed and to give the orchard a chance. The orchard responded at once. The trees began to brighten up. The process of spraying was adopted and the first year of Mr. Sibbersen's ownership of the orchard, from a product of practically nothing for some years previous, about thirty bushels of excellent apples were produced; but the chief feature was the brightening up of the trees and their manifest willingness to respond to care.

The work of restoring the orchard was necessarily one of patience and persistence and the following year the trees began showing a renewed energy, recovering from the severe trimming of the previous year made necessary by the decayed and broken limbs, and while the product of the orchard was not large, yet double the amount of fruit, all of superior quality, was harvested in 1908.

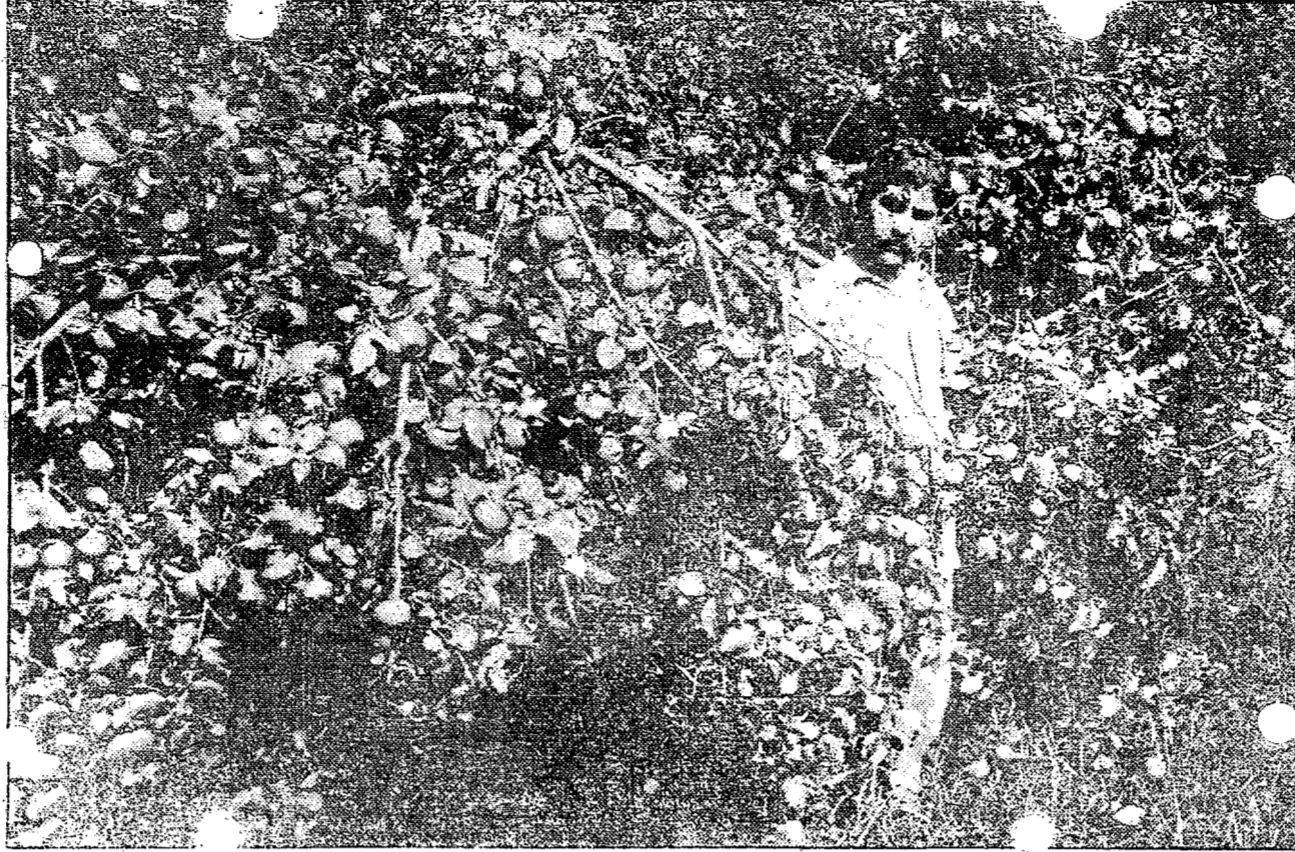
Spraying was resorted to again during that year with most encouraging results. The trees all showed vigorous, thrifty life and were getting themselves in readiness for a bumper crop in 1909.

Frank Koslowsky, a practical orchard man, was put in charge of the orchard last year, and given carte blanche to see what he could do. He is an ardent believer in the efficacy of spraying and every tree in the orchard was given its spray bath when needed. The bloom of the present spring showed that the orchard was bent on making a record, just simply to demonstrate that eastern Nebraska can do as much in the big red apple line as any other locality on earth if given half a chance. The location of the orchard and the vigor of the resuscitated trees reduced the likelihood of winter killing to a minimum and the fruit began forming with a remarkable uniformity, throughout the orchard. Spraying was again resumed and the result is now manifest in the perfected and perfecting fruit and the production of over 2,000 bushels of late summer and early fall apples, to say nothing of the winter varieties.

The varieties of apples in the Sibbersen orchard include all those best adapted to this latitude and include the Duchess, Red Astrakan, Wealthy, Winesap, Genitan, Jonathan, Ben Davis and a few other varieties of summer and early fall apples, with a few Russets, Crabs and Greenings and other of the winter varieties.

Just at this time the orchard is a marvel of beauty. The trees look like monstrous bouquets of flowers with their burdens of fruit of red, purple and yellow among the rich healthy green of the leaves. The long aisles of fruit laden trees are veritable fairy bowers and the fragrance of the ripening fruit adds to the beauty of the scene. So heavily burdened are the trees with fruit that the limbs are fairly bent to the ground. Braces have had to be put under the heavier laden limbs and with the continued growth of the apples these braces are bending under the weight of the fruit. In spite of the care to preserve the trees, many of the large limbs have broken down under their fruit loads.

As an example of the prolificness of the trees, 400 bushels of apples have been gathered from sixteen trees thus far this season, not including the windfalls. The picking season is now at its height, under Mr. Koslowsky's superintendence. Then boys are almost constantly employed in the work. The apples are picked direct from the trees, tall ladders being utilized for the work. The apples are all selected and are carefully barreled in the orchard and hauled direct to the



VIEW OF A FLORENCE APPLE ORCHARD

AMERICANS DEFEAT HOLLYS

Base Ball Game at Florence Park Last Sunday Was a Mighty Good One and Enjoyed by Crowd.

The Americans took the deciding game from the Hollys Sunday at Florence park by the score of 11 to 6. The Hollys looked like winners at the start, getting two runs in the first inning on a hit, a walk, and a sacrifice, but Brodbeck settled down after that and was invincible, striking out nine men.

The Americans scored two in the second, two in the fourth, and four in the seventh, by bunching all of their hits. In the seventh they got one single, two two-baggers and a home run, made by Williams.

Falconer relieved Kelly in the eighth and finished the game in fine style.

The features of the game were the pitching of Brodbeck and the batting of Williams, who got two singles and a home run, out of five times up. Fox also made a running catch of a liner in the eighth at a critical moment.

Americans.				
	AB.	H.	O.	A. E.
McLean, 3b	6	2	2	1 0
Rapp, 2b	3	1	3	0 0
Farley, 1b	4	2	4	0 0
Fox, lf	5	1	3	0 0
Denny, cf	5	2	2	0 0
Dennison, lf	2	2	0	0 0
Smith, ss	2	1	1	0 0
Williams, c	5	3	9	0 0
Brodbeck, p	4	0	1	3 0
Totals:	41	15	27	6 1

Hollys.				
	AB.	H.	O.	A. E.
Falconer, cf, p	4	2	0	0 0
J. Kelly, 3b	5	0	3	2 0
Gibson, 3b	3	1	2	2 0
Gibson, c	5	1	6	0 0
G. Doughy, lf	5	0	2	0 0
J. Doughy, 1b	5	0	13	0 2
McAndrews, rf	4	2	0	0 0
Murphy, ss	3	2	0	4 0
P. Kelly, p	5	0	1	7 0
Totals:	36	8	27	15 2

Americans 2 0 2 0 0 4 3 0—11
Hollys 2 0 0 0 0 0 2 1—5

Two base hits: McLean, Farley (2), Denny, Smith, Gillham, Gibson, Murphy. Home run: Williams. Stolen bases: Fox, Smith, Gillham, Gibson. Sacrifice hits: Rapp, Brodbeck, Falconer, Gillham, Murphy. Bases on balls: Off Kelly, 2; off Falconer, 1; off Brodbeck, 4. Struck out: By Brodbeck, 8; by Kelley, 3; by Falconer, 3. Time: 1:35. Umpires: Kissane and Roach.

railroad station. Most of the product has thus far been shipped to a commission house at Blair and thence to Minnesota and northern Iowa points. The average product per tree is about twenty-five bushels, though some of them will produce even a greater quantity. The windfalls will be fed to the hogs, though some of the better specimens will be made into cider and vinegar.

A noticeable thing in connection with this orchard is the absence of low grade, stunted or wormy apples. Over thirty trees were examined in various parts of the orchard and not a bad apple could be discerned on the trees. All of them bore the appearance of perfect development.

The trees all have a healthy appearance, few or no dead or dying branches or leaves being manifest. Most of them are of the maximum bearing age, some being twelve or fifteen years old. There is a noticeable absence of gnarled or misshapen trees, neither is there any evidence of attempt to preserve only the most symmetrical trees. The real secret of the healthy appearance of the orchard and its fruitfulness is the intelligent system of cultivation and spraying

CONTRACTS LET FOR PAVING

City Council Awards the Contract for Paving Main Street to M. Ford at a Special Meeting Tuesday Evening and Everything is signed, Sealed and Delivered so Work Can Be Started Within Ten Days and Completed Before January 1, 1910.

At Last! The contract for the paving of Main street was awarded to M. Ford at a special meeting of the city council Tuesday evening.

The meeting was called to order promptly at 8 o'clock with all officials present and a dozen spectators. The following call was read:

Florence, Neb., Sept. 7, 1909.
To Councilmen J. H. Pierce, Robert Craig, C. H. Allen and D. F. Kelly.

Gentlemen:—You, and each of you, will please take notice that there will be a special meeting of the mayor and council of the City of Florence, Neb., this evening at 8 o'clock at the city hall in Florence, for the purpose of considering the bids heretofore received and awarding contracts for the paving, curbing and guttering and otherwise improving part of Main street and for the purpose of rejecting all checks to bidders and approving contracts and bonds for said improvements and for the purpose of transacting any and all other business that may come before said meeting at which meeting you will each be present.

F. S. TUCKER, Mayor.
The city engineer then presented a tabulation of all the bids submitted. Councilman Allen moved that M. Ford be awarded the contract to pave Main street with vetrified brick block, class B, cement grouting and that a bond of \$10,000 be furnished and that work start in ten days and be completed before January 1, 1910.

The motion was seconded by Councilman Price and the vote was: Price—yes. Craig—yes. Allen—yes. Kelly—no. Councilman Price moved that all other bids be rejected and certified

that has been carried on. The trees were sprayed four times this year. It is simply an illustration that the Nebraska orchards are readily responsive to care, and that as fine a quality of fruit can be produced from Nebraska orchards as anywhere in the country. The flavor of the fruit from this particular orchard surpasses any of the irrigated products. The apples are almost universally symmetrical, plump and juicy, and have every indication of long keeping qualities.

Incidentally, Mr. Sibbersen has had blackberry, raspberry and gooseberry patches planted in parts of the orchard where the old trees were grubbed out. Eighty crates of raspberries have been taken from that patch this year, as well as many crates of gooseberries and a considerable quantity of small-berries. The production of the smaller fruits has been a secondary consideration in view of the greater work in caring for the orchard.

That fruit growing can be made a success in Nebraska is pretty well shown in this instance, where a small orchard of but twenty-two acres can be made to produce 2,000 bushels of marketable apples in one season.—Omaha Bee.

checks returned to bidders. All voted yes.

Contract and bond was read and Councilman Price moved they be approved, seconded by Craig, and all voted yes, except Kelly.

The contract was then signed by Ford and Mayor Tucker and seal of city put on by city clerk and the deed was done.

This paving contract has had an interesting career. Early in the spring the first steps were taken and an ordinance introduced, was read three times in one evening, but a vote disclosed a deadlock, two of the councilmen voting yes and two no. The mayor cast the deciding vote and bids were called for. Mr. Ford was the lowest bidder, but before a contract was signed an injunction was issued. Before the injunction was heard the council repealed the ordinance, rejected the bids and passed another ordinance unanimously. Another injunction was issued, but was fought out in the courts, the city winning out, leaving them free to let the contract last night. Approximately \$60,000 is involved in the contract.

Less than a dozen people were present at the meeting. The regular meeting of the council was called to order promptly at 8 o'clock Monday evening and adjourned promptly at 9 o'clock.

Fire Inspector Gamble submitted his report which was placed on file. Sanitary Officer Marr reported having condemned the plumbing and a cistern at the residence of J. S. Paul, and ordered it fixed in twenty days.

Ordinance 251 was read the third time, and Allen moved its passage. All voted yes except Craig. Ordinance 253 was placed on its third reading, but did not pass. Price and Craig voting no, and Kelly and Allen yes.

Councilman Kelly said he couldn't understand why it was turned down when there are trees whose limbs are less than four feet above the ground and it was positively dangerous. Ordinance 253, on its third reading, got the same fate, but the vote was reversed from the preceding one.

Treasurer's report was read and placed on file.

The following bills were allowed:

Electric Light Co.	\$95.57
J. Morton & Son	1.90
F. H. Reynolds	106.00
F. D. Leach	10.00
Crane & Co.	47.90
Brailey & Dorrance	5.00
Tribune	14.12
M. E. Clemmons	38.50
A. Marr	67.75
J. W. Riley	2.00
Oscar Mills	2.00
E. Schmidt	10.00
J. E. Marr	26.75
L. Courtright	1.75
Tom Cluck	2.75
J. E. Miller	27.40
R. Carleton	6.00
J. H. Price	25.73
Kemper, B. & H.	3.50
Total	\$492.82

The mayor was instructed to see that the city engineer set all stakes for the sidewalks at once.

Councilman Price said Emil Hanson, the sidewalk contractor, was buying all his supplies in Florence. A motion that the council sit as a board of equalization on October 4, for the purpose of equalizing the tax for sidewalks already laid, was carried and the council adjourned.

Grating on Others' Nerve.

There are a host of ways by which we try each other's nerves and sound each other's mettle without realizing it. Not the least telling of these is that of relating and interpreting our dreams at breakfast or harping on little superstitions.

THE CITY TREASURER'S REPORT

W. H. Thomas Makes His Monthly Statement to the City Council Showing Condition of Funds.

The following report of City Treasurer Thomas was presented to the council Monday night. It shows collection of \$22 in poll tax fund and \$172 in general fund with no expenditures in any fund.

Here is the report in detail:
Aug. 2, bal. in Gen. Fund.....\$ 8.04
Aug. 7, rec'd from 4 saloons... 140.00
Aug. 7, rec'd from G. Gamble... 32.00
Aug. 7, transf'd from Dog F'd... 50.00
Aug. 7, transf'd from Poll Tax... 28.00

Sept. 1, bal. Gen. Fund.....\$258.04
Aug. 2, bal. in Water Fund.....\$57.60

Sept. 1, bal. in Water Fund...\$57.60
Aug. 2, bal. in Sidewalk Gr. F'd...\$98.19

Sept. 1, bal. Sidewalk and Gr...\$98.19
Aug. 2, bal. in Dog Fund.....\$50.00
Aug. 15, transferred to Gen F'd...\$50.00
Aug. 2, Bal in Poll Tax Fund...\$ 6.00
Aug. 7, rec'd from City Clerk... 12.00
Aug. 7, rec'd from City Clerk... 10.00

\$28.00
Aug. 15, transferred to Gen. F'd \$28.00

Sept. 1, bal. in all funds....\$413.83
W. H. THOMAS,
City Treasurer.

FIRE INSPECTOR MAKES REPORT

G. R. Gamble Submits to the Council His Findings After Inspecting Various Places in City.

Florence, Neb., April 6, 1909.
To the Mayor and Council of the City of Florence:

Gentlemen:—Comes now the undersigned, appointed by your honorable body as Fire Inspector during the year 1908, and begs to report that since his appointment as such Fire Inspector he has inspected all buildings and places that, in his judgment, needed inspection to prevent fire, and begs further to report that the citizens and property owners generally have assisted the undersigned in his duties by prompt obedience to my orders and suggestions. And I beg further to report that as far as I am aware the laws and ordinances that are now in force have been complied with as far as they apply to my duties as such Fire Inspector.

Respectfully submitted,
G. R. GAMBLE.

BRIGGS NEWS

Mr. S. Anderson of Blair was calling on his sister-in-law, Mrs. J. Stull, also for the reunion.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Bruce and daughters of Omaha and Mrs. Kingery, sons and mother-in-law were the guests at the Welcome fruit farm.

Miss Bessie Thompson of Omaha was a visitor at Stulls Sunday.

Mr. Rudolph Yak was helping Koren's pick up apples last week.

Mr. J. Stull, Misses Bessie Thompson, Hattie Stull and Aizina Stull were callers at Sawbills Sunday.

Mrs. M. Metzinger and daughters returned from Omaha last Sunday.

Miss Aizina Stull was visiting her sister a few days last week.

PONCA FARMERS GET TOGETHER

Meet Last Sunday at the School House to Discuss Advisability of Forming an Improvement Club and So Interesting Does the Meeting Become That They Accomplish the Formation of the Club.—Editor of Tribune is Present and is Happy to Meet so Many Live Ones.

Sunday, September 5. Mark it down on your calendar as a red-letter day.

That was the day some forty or fifty farmers of that section of the country lying north and west of Florence met at the Ponca school house and organized a club for the improvement of that section.

Think what that means some of you city chaps who kick on a half block walk to attend a meeting of a club whose sole object is your benefit.

The editor never enjoyed anything more than he did attending this meeting and seeing what a bunch of live ones can do when they set out to do a thing.

The meeting was called to order by D. Deyo, who stated the object of the meeting was to secure the organization of an improvement club.

A temporary organization was then formed with D. Deyo as president and J. J. Smith secretary, thirty-three of those present signing the roll.

Mr. Deyo then called on E. L. Platz, editor of the Tribune, to explain the workings of improvement clubs as he has had a great deal of experience along those lines.

J. F. Wuerth stated one of the things wanted was tarvis on the Calhoun road; also the paving of the Loup road and the fixing up of all side roads leading to these roads.

Mr. Smith explained that he might make his home in Omaha this winter and therefore another secretary should be chosen. Mr. Wuerth was given the honor.

Others who addressed the meeting were J. J. Smith, D. Deyo, August Prochnow, A. C. Christianson and J. F. Wuerth.

A temporary organization was formed with these officers: President, D. Deyo; secretary, J. F. Wuerth. A committee of three was formed to draw up a constitution and by-laws to present at the next meeting, when the organization will be perfected and officers chosen. This committee consists of J. F. Wuerth, A. C. Christianson and August Prochnow.

One of the first moves to be made will be the putting of the roads in good shape. The next meeting will be held Sunday, when each man present last Sunday will attend and bring a neighbor with him.

In case of rain Sunday the meeting will be held the following Sunday. Everybody is invited to come and join the club.

Charter No. 1056.
Report of the condition of the FARMERS' STATE BANK of Florence, Neb.

Incorporated in the state of Nebraska, at the close of business August 31, 1909.

RESOURCES.	
Loans and discounts	\$15,219.87
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured	19.08
Banking house, furniture and fixtures	500.00
Due from nat'l, state and private banks	4,342.75
Currency	\$ 650.00
Gold coin	40.00
Silver, nickels and cents	196.17 216.17
Total	\$20,997.97

LIABILITIES.
Capital stock paid in

Undivided profits
Individual deposits subject to check 7,617.96
Time certificates of deposit 3,010.00
Cashier's checks outstanding 210.00

Due to national, state and private banks 10,837.96
Total \$20,997.87
State of Nebraska, County of Douglas, ss:

I, W. R. Wall, president of the above named bank, do hereby swear that the above statement is a correct and true copy of the report made to the state banking board.

W. R. WALL,
Attest: F. A. PARKER,
Director.

R. H. OLMSTED,
Director.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 7th day of September, 1909.
J. P. BROWN, Notary Public.



SYNOPSIS.

Murray Sinclair and his gang of wreckers were called out to clear the railroad tracks at Smoky Creek. McCloud, a young road superintendent, caught Sinclair and his men in the act of looting the wrecked train. Sinclair pleaded innocence, declaring it only amounted to a small sum—a treat for the men. McCloud discharged the whole outfit and ordered the wreckage barred. McCloud became acquainted with Dickie Dunning, a girl on the road, who came to look at the wreck. "Whispering" Gordon Smith, told President Bucks of the railroad, of McCloud's brave fight against a gang of crazed sinners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his office. McCloud arranged board the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair, the ex-foreman's deserted wife. Dickie Dunning was the daughter of the late Richard Dunning, who had died of a broken heart shortly after his wife's demise, which occurred after one year of married life. Smoky Creek bridge was mysteriously burned. President Bucks notified Smith that he had work ahead. A stock train was wrecked by an open switch. Later a passenger train was held up and the express car robbed. Two men of a posse pursuing the bandits were killed. "Whispering" Smith approached Sinclair. He tried to buy him off, but failed. He warned McCloud that his life was in danger. McCloud was carried forcibly into Lance Dunning's presence. Dunning refused the railroad a right-of-way, he had already signed for. Dickie interposed to prevent a shooting affray. Dickie and McCloud on a lonely trail to warn him his life was in danger. On his way home a shot passed through his hat. A sudden rise of the Crawling Stone river created consternation. Dickie and Marion suggested to McCloud for help. Whispering Smith joined the group. McCloud took his gun to fight the river. Lance Dunning welcomed them cordially. McCloud succeeded in halting the flood. Dickie and Marion visited Sinclair at his ranch. He tried to persuade his deserted wife to return to him. She refused. He accused Whispering Smith of having stolen her gun from him. A train was held up and robbed, the bandits escaping. Smith and McCloud started in pursuit. At Baggs ranch Du Sang killed old Baggs. Whispering Smith befriended his ten-year-old son. They came to Williams Cache. Smith was certain the bandits were there. He implored Rebstock, "king of the cache" to give up Du Sang. Rebstock refused. Smith declared he would clean out the whole gang, including Rebstock. Smith came upon the bandits. Du Sang among them. Single-handed he routed them all. He set in pursuit of the other two being hopelessly wounded. Du Sang died of his wounds. The party started for home. Medicine Snake heard the news of the capture. McCloud's love match with Dickie prospered favorably.

CHAPTER XXX.—Continued.

"What can give me the number and let me telephone?" asked a voice behind him. They turned in astonishment and saw Whispering Smith. "I am surprised," he added, calmly, "to see a man of your intelligence, George, trying to broil a steak with the lower door of your stove wide open. Close the lower door and cut out the draft through the fire. Don't stare, George; put back the broiler. And haven't you made a radical mistake to start with?" he asked, stepping between the confused couple. "Are you not trying to broil a roast of beef?"

"Where did you come from?" demanded McCloud, as Marion came in from the dining room. "Don't search me the very first thing," protested Whispering Smith.

"But we've been frightened to death here for 24 hours. Are you really alive and unharmed? This young lady rode in 20 miles this morning and came to the office in tears to get news of you."

Smith looked mildly at Dickie. "Did you shed a tear for me? I should like to have seen just one! Where did I come from? I reported in wild over the telephone ten minutes ago. Didn't Marion tell you? She is so forgetful. That is what causes wrecks, Marion. I have been in the saddle since three o'clock this morning, thank you, and have had nothing for five days but raw steer garnished with sunshine."

The four sat down to supper, and Whispering Smith began to talk. He told the story of the chase to the Cache, the defiance from Rebstock, and the tardy appearance of the men he wanted. "Du Sang meant to shoot his way through us and make a dash for it. There really was nothing else for him to do. Banks and Kennedy were up above, even if he could have ridden out through the upper canyon, which is very doubtful with all the water now. After a little talk back and forth, Du Sang drew, and of course then it was every man for himself. He was hit twice and he died Sunday night, but the other two were not seriously hurt. What can you do? It is either kill or get killed with those fellows, and, of course, I talked plainly to Du Sang. He had butchered a man at Mission Springs just the night before, and deserved hanging a dozen times over. He meant from the start, he told me afterward, to get me. Oh, Miss Dunning, may I have some more coffee? Haven't I an agreeable part of the railroad business, don't you think? I shouldn't have pushed in here to-night, but I saw the lights when I rode by awhile ago; they looked so good I couldn't resist."

McCloud leaned forward. "You call it pushing in, do you, Gordon? Do you know what this young lady did this morning? One of her cowboys came down from the Cache early with the word that you had been killed in the fight by Du Sang. He said he saw you drop from your saddle to the

ground with Du Sang shooting at you. She ordered up her horse, without a word, and rode 20 miles in an hour and a half to find out here what we had heard. She 'pushed in' at the Wickiup, where she never had been before in her life, and wandered through it alone looking for my office, to find out from me whether I hadn't something to contradict the bad news. While we talked, in came your dispatch from Sleepy Cat. Never was one better timed! And when she knew you were safe her eyes filled again."

Whispering Smith looked at Dickie, quizzically. Her confusion was delightful. He rose, lifted her hand in his own, and, bending, kissed it.

They talked till late, and when Dickie walked on the porch McCloud followed to smoke. Whispering Smith still sat at the table talking to Marion, and the two heard the sound of the low voices outside. At intervals Dickie's laugh came in through the open door.

Whispering Smith, listening, said nothing for some time, but once she laughed peculiarly. He pricked up his ears. "What has been happening since I left town?"

"What do you mean?" asked Marion Sinclair.

He nodded toward the porch. "McCloud and Dickie out there. They have been fixing things up."

"Nonsense! What do you mean?"

"I mean they are agazed."

"Never in the world!"

"I may be slow in reading a trail," said Smith, modestly, "but when a woman laughs like that I think there's something doing. Don't you believe it? Call them in and ask them. You won't? Well, I will. Take them in separate rooms. You ask her and I'll ask him."

In spite of Marion's protests the two were brought in. "I am required by Mr. Smith to ask you a very silly question, Dickie," said Marion, taking her into the living room. "Answer yes or no. Are you engaged to anybody?"

"What a question! Why, no!"

"Marion Sinclair wants to know just one thing, George," said Whispering Smith to McCloud, after he had taken him into the dark shop. "She feels she ought to know because she is in a way Dickie's chaperone, you know, and she feels that you are willing she should know. I don't want to be too serious, but answer yes or no. Are you engaged to Dickie?"

"Why, yes. I—"

"That's all; go back to the porch," directed Whispering Smith. McCloud obeyed orders.

Marion, alone in the living room, was waiting for the inquisitor, and her face wore a look of triumph. "You are not such a mind-reader after all, are you? I told you they weren't."

"I told you they were," contended Whispering Smith.

"She says they are not," insisted Marion.

"He says they are," returned Whispering Smith. "And, what's more, I'll bet my saddle against the shop they are. I could be mistaken in anything but that laugh."

CHAPTER XXXI.

A Midnight Visit.

The lights, but one, were out. McCloud and Whispering Smith had gone, and Marion was locking up the house for the night, when she was halted by a knock at the shop door. It was a summons that she thought she knew, but the last in the world that she wanted to hear or to answer. Dickie had gone to the bedroom, and standing between the portieres that curtained the workroom from the shop, Marion in the half-light listened, hesitating whether to ignore or to answer the midnight intruder. But experience, and bitter experience, had taught her there was only one way to meet that particular summons, and that was to act, whether at noon or at midnight, without fear. She waited until the knocking had been twice repeated, turned up the light, and going to the door drew the bolt; Sinclair stood before her, and she drew back for him to enter. "Dickie Dunning is with me to-night," said Marion, with her hand on the latch, "and we shall have to talk here."

Sinclair took off his hat. "I knew you had company," he returned in the low, gentle tone that Marion knew very well, "so I came late. And I heard to-night, for the first time, that this railroad crowd is after me—God knows why; but they have to earn their salary somehow. I want to keep out of trouble if I can. I won't kill anybody if they don't force me to it. They're scared nearly all my men away from the ranch already; one crippled-up cowboy is all I have got to help me look after the cattle. But I won't quarrel with them, Marion, if I can get away from here peacefully, so I've come to talk it over once more with you. I'm going away and I want you to go with me; I've got enough to keep us as well as the best of them and as long as we live. You've given me a good lesson. I needed it, girlie—"

"Don't call me that!"

He laughed kindly. "Why, that's what it used to be; that's what I

want it to be again. I don't blame you. You're worth all the women I ever knew, Marion. I've learned to appreciate some few things in the lonely months I've spent up on the Frenchman; but I've felt while I was there as if I were working for both of us. I've got a buyer in sight now for the cattle and the land. I'm ready to clean up and say good-by to trouble—all I want is for you to give me the one chance I've asked for and go along."

They stood facing each other under the dim light. She listened intently to every word, though in her terror she might not have heard or understood all of them. One thing she did very clearly understand, and that was why he had come and what he wanted. To that she held her mind tenaciously, and for that she shaped her answer. "I cannot go with you—now or ever."

He waited a moment. "We always get along, Marion, when I behaved myself."

"I hope you always will behave yourself; but I could no more go with

I don't want to live without you. If you make me do it, you're to blame for the consequences."

She stood with wide-open eyes, but uttered no word.

"You won't touch it—then you care a little for me yet," he murmured.

"No! Do not say so. But I will not do murder."

"Think about the other, then. Go with me and everything will be all right. I will come back some evening soon for my answer. And until then, if those two men have any use for life, let them keep in the clear. I heard to-night that Du Sang is killed. Do you know whether it is true?"

"It is true."

An oath half escaping showed how the confirmation cut him. "And Whispering Smith got away! It is Du Sang's own fault; I told him to keep out of that trap. I stay in the open; and I'm not Du Sang. I'll choose my own ground for the finish when they want it with me, and when I go I'll take company—I'll promise you that."



"Here! Use it on Me!"

you than I could make myself again what I was years ago. Murray. I wish you nothing but good; but our ways parted long ago."

"Stop and think a minute, Marion. I offer you more and offer it more honestly than I ever offered it before, because I know myself better. I am alone in the world—strong, and better able to care for you than I was when I undertook to—"

"I have never complained."

"That's what makes me more anxious to show you now that I can and will do what's right."

"Oh, you multiply words! It is too late for you to be here. You are in danger, you say; for the love of heaven, leave me and go away!"

"You know me, Marion, when my mind is made up. I won't leave without you." He leaned with one hand against the ribbon showcase. "If you don't want to go I will stay right here and pay off the scores I owe. Two men here have sinned this country up too long, anyway. I don't care much how soon anybody gets me after I round them up. But to-night I felt like this: You and I started out in life together, and we ought to live it out or die together, whether it's to-night, Marion, or 20 years from to-night."

"If you want to kill me to-night, I have no resistance to make."

Sinclair sat down on a low counter-stool, and, bending forward, held his head between his hands. "It oughtn't all to end here. I know you, and I know you want to do what's right. I couldn't kill you without killing myself; you know that." He straightened up slowly. "Here!" He slipped his revolver from his hip-holster and held the grip of the gun toward her. "Use it on me if you want to. It is your chance to end everything; it may save several lives if you do. I won't leave McCloud here to crow over me, and, by God, I won't leave you here for Whispering Smith! I'll settle with him anyhow. Take the pistol! What are you afraid of? Take it! Use it!

Good-night, Marion. Will you shake hands?"

"No."

"Damn it, I like your grit, girl! Well, good-night, anyway."

She closed the door. She had even strength enough to bolt it before his footsteps died away. She put out the light and felt her way blindly back to the workroom. She staggered through it, clutching at the curtains, and fell in the darkness into Dickie's arms.

"Marion, dear, don't speak," Dickie whispered. "I heard everything. Oh, Marion!" she cried, suddenly conscious of the inertness of the burden in her arms. "Oh, what shall I do?"

Moved by fright to her utmost strength, Dickie drew the unconscious woman back to her room and managed to lay her on the bed. Marion opened her eyes a few minutes later to see the lights burning, to hear the telephone bell ringing, and to find Dickie on the edge of the bed beside her.

"Oh, Marion, thank heaven, you are reviving! I have been frightened to death. Don't mind the telephone; it is Mr. McCloud. I didn't know what to do, so I telephoned him."

"But you had better answer him," said Marion, faintly. The telephone bell was ringing wildly.

"Oh, no! he can wait. How are you, dear?" I don't wonder you were frightened to death. Marion, he means to kill us—every one!"

"No, Dickie. He will kill me and kill himself; that is where it will end. Dickie, do answer the telephone. What are you thinking of? Mr. McCloud will be at the door in five minutes. Do you want him in the street to-night?"

Dickie fled to the telephone, and an excited conference over the wire closed in seeming reassurance at both ends. By that time Marion had regained her steadiness, but she could not talk of what had passed. At times, as the two lay together in the darkness, Marion spoke, but it was not to be answered. "I do not know," she

murmured once wearily. "Perhaps I am deflag wrong; perhaps I ought to go with him. I wish, oh, I wish I knew what I ought to do!"

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Call.

Beyond receiving reports from Kennedy and Banks, who in the interval rode into town and rode out again on their separate and silent ways, Whispering Smith for two days seemed to do nothing. Yet instinct keener than silence kept the people of Medicine Bend on edge during those two days, and when President Bucks' car came in on the evening of the second day, the town knew from current rumors that Banks had gone to the Frenchman ranch with a warrant on a serious charge for Sinclair. In the president's car Bucks and McCloud, after a late dinner, were joined by Whispering Smith, and the president heard the first connected story of the events of the fortnight that had passed. Bucks made no comment until he had heard everything. "And they rode Sinclair's horses," he said in conclusion.

"Sinclair's horses," returned Whispering Smith, and they are all accounted for. One horse supplied by Rebstock was shot where they crossed Stamped creek. It had given out and they had a fresh horse in the willows, for they shot the scrub half a mile up one of the canyons near the crossing. The magpies attracted my attention to it. A piece of skin a foot square had been cut out of the flank."

"You got there before the birds."

"It was about an even thing," said Smith. "Anyway, we were there in time to see the horse."

"And Sinclair was away from the ranch from Saturday noon till Sunday night?"

"A rancher living over on Stamped creek saw the five men when they crossed Saturday afternoon. The fellow was scared and lied to me about it, but he told Wickwire who they were."

"Now, who is Wickwire?" asked Bucks.

"You ought to remember Wickwire, George," remarked Whispering Smith, turning to McCloud. "You haven't forgotten the Smoky creek wreck? Do you remember the tramp who had his legs crushed and lay in the sun all morning? You put him in your car and sent him down here to the railroad hospital and Barnhardt took care of him. That was Wickwire. Not a bad fellow, either; he can talk pretty straight and shoot pretty straight. How do I know? Because he has told me the story and I've seen him shoot. There, you see, is one friend that you never reckoned on. He used to be a cowboy, and I got him a job working for Sinclair on the Frenchman; he has worked at Dunning's and other places on the Crawling Stone. He hates Sinclair with a deadly hatred for some reason. Just lately Wickwire set up for himself on Little Crawling Stone."

"I have noticed that fellow's ranch," remarked McCloud.

"I couldn't leave him at Sinclair's," continued Whispering Smith, frankly. "The fellow was on my mind all the time. I felt certain he would kill Sinclair or get killed if he stayed there. And then, when I took him away they sprang Tower W on me! That is the price, not of having a conscience, for I haven't any, but of listening to the voice that echoes where my conscience used to be," said the railroad man, moving uneasily in his chair.

Bucks broke the ash from his cigar into the tray on the table. "You are restless to-night, Gordon—and it isn't like you, either."

"It is in the air. There has been a dead calm for two days. Something is due to happen to-night. I wish I could hear from Banks; he started with the papers for Sinclair's yesterday while I went to Oroville to sweat Karg. Blood-poisoning has set in and it is rather important to us to get a confession. There's a horse!"

He stepped to the window. "Coming fast, too. Now, I wonder—no, he's gone by."

Five minutes later a messenger came to the car from the Wickiup with word that Kennedy was looking for Whispering Smith. Bucks, McCloud and Smith left the car together and walked up to McCloud's office.

Kennedy, sitting on the edge of the table, was tapping his leg nervously with a ruler. "Bad news, Gordon."

"Not from Ed Banks?"

"Sinclair got him this morning."

Whispering Smith sat down. "Go on."

"Banks and I picked up Wickwire on the Crawling Stone early, and we rode over to the Frenchman. Wickwire said Sinclair had been up at Williams Cache the day before, and he didn't think he was home. Of course I knew the Cache was watched and he wouldn't be there long, so Ed asked me to stay in the cottonwoods and watch the creek for him. He and Wickwire couldn't find anybody home when they got to the ranchhouse and they rode down the corral together to look over the horses."

Whispering Smith's hand fell help-

lessly on the table. "Rode down together! For God's sake, why didn't one of them stay at the house?"

"Sinclair rode out from behind the barn and hit Wickwire in the arm before they saw him. Banks turned and opened on him, and Wickwire ducked for the creek. Sinclair put a soft bullet through Banks' shoulder—lore it pretty bad, Gordon—and made his getaway before Wickwire and I could reach the barn again. I got Ed on his horse and back to Wickwire's, and we sent one of the boys to Oroville for a doctor. After Banks fell out of the saddle and was helpless Sinclair talked to him before I came up. 'You ought to have kept out of this, Ed,' he said. 'This is a railroad fight. Why didn't they send the head of their own gang after me?'—naming you." Kennedy nodded toward Whispering Smith.

"Naming me?"

"Banks says: 'I'm sheriff of this county, and will be a long time yet!' I took the papers from his breast pocket," continued Kennedy. "You can see where he was hit." Kennedy laid the sheriff's packet on the table. Bucks drew his chair forward and, with his cigar between his fingers, picked the packet up and opened it. Kennedy went on: "Ed told Sinclair if he should land him himself that he knew a man who could and would before he was a week older. He meant you, Gordon, and the last thing Ed told me was that he wanted you to serve the papers on Sinclair."

A silence fell on the company. One of the documents passing under Bucks' hand caught his eye and he opened it. It was the warrant for Sinclair. He read it without comment, folded it, and, looking at Whispering Smith, pushed it toward him. "Then this, I guess, Gordon, belongs to you."

Starting from a reverie, Whispering Smith reached for the warrant. He looked for a moment at the blood-stained caption. "Yes," he said, "this, I guess, belongs to me."

CHAPTER XXXIII.

Duty.

The stir of the town over the shooting of Banks seemed to Marion, in her distress, to point an accusing finger at her. The disgrace of what she had felt herself powerless to prevent now weighed on her mind, and she asked herself whether, after all, the responsibility of this murder was not upon her. Even putting aside this painful doubt, she bore the name of the man who had savagely defied accountability and now, it seemed to her, was dragging her with him through the slough of blood and dishonor into which he had plunged.

The wretched thought would return that had she listened to him had she consented to go away, this outbreak might have been prevented. And what horror might not another day bring—what lives still closer to her life be taken? For herself she cared less; but she knew that Sinclair, now that he had begun, would not stop in whichever way her thoughts turned, wretchedness was upon them, and the day went in one of those despairing and indecisive battles that each one within his own heart must fight at times with heaviness and doubt.

McCloud called her over the telephone in the afternoon to say that he was going west on the evening train, and would not be over for supper. She wished he could have come, for her loneliness began to be insupportable.

Toward sunset she put on her hat and started for the post-office. In the meantime, Dickie, at home, had called McCloud up and told him she was coming down for the night. He immediately canceled his plans for going west, and when Marion returned at dusk she found him with Dickie at the cottage. The three had supper. Afterward Dickie and McCloud went out for a walk, and Marion was alone in the house when the shop door opened and Whispering Smith walked in. It was dusk.

"Don't light the lamps, Marion," he said, sitting down on a counter-stool as he took off his hat. "I want to talk to you just a minute, if you don't mind. You know what has happened. I am called on now to go after Sinclair. I have tried to avoid it, but my hand has been forced. To-day I've been placing horses. I am going to ride to-night with the warrant. I have given him a start of 24 hours, hoping he may get out of the country. To stay here means only death to him in the end, and what is worse, the killing of more and innocent men. But he won't leave the country; do you think he will?"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

A True Southerner.

Senator Beveridge was praising the savoir-faire of a southern congressman.

"His savoir-faire," said the senator, "never deserts him. I once sat next him at a banquet. Suddenly there was a clattering fall, and a clumsy waiter spilled a plate of clear soup down his back. He just bit his lip."

"It was thick soup I asked for," he said, in a slightly reproachful voice, to the man."

WHO'S WHAT & WHY

CHICAGO'S POLICE CHIEF



Le Roy T. Steward is the newly appointed general superintendent of police in Chicago. In the public understanding he is chief of police, but, in fact, he will be business manager. Chicago abandoned the idea of having a military police or a body of old style sleuths when she picked Chief Steward to head the department, and started the first business regime in a police force. Chief Steward does not even wear the uniform of his office. The city provided an outfit of gold braid and gold buttons, gold epaulettes and a gold belt, but he would not even look at it. When he was sworn into office some days ago he wore a business suit, and when the badge of office was pinned to his vest as he took the oath of office he unpinned it and put it in his pocket.

Chief Steward is a poet, scholar, athlete, a student of system and a master of men. In 30 years he has done nothing but handle men. He does not believe in military rule, although he is a stern disciplinarian. He is an organizer, and he was made chief of police so that his talent might bring order into the Chicago force. This many-sided person is perhaps the one man in Chicago who had never been in a police station until the day he was made chief.

"I never needed the police," he said, "and so I kept out of their way. As a matter of fact I don't know much about them. I wish it understood that I am not to be the head policeman, but the business manager. The police force costs the city, I am told, \$7,000,000 a year. There are 5,000 men, and they need a boss. I'll be the boss and the manager. I'll let the police do the policing."

Chief Steward has held two jobs in 30 years. He was born in Dayton, O. When he was 17 he went to Chicago to seek his fortune. He was a big boy, used to outdoor life, and could easily pass for a full grown man. He was made superintendent in the Wilson Bros. factory at that time a small firm. He grew with the firm and helped to make it grow. He handled the many employees of the factory with a skill and understanding of human nature that has finally made him chief of police at a salary of \$8,000 a year.

Twelve years ago the Chicago postoffice found that it had several thousand mailcarriers who weren't being well drilled, bossed or treated. Those in charge had heard of Steward. They sent for him and made him superintendent of delivery. He was a success. That was the second job given him in 30 years.

Chief Steward admits he likes poetry and that he has written "verse," but he has never published any. Maeterlinck is a favorite of the chief. Tennyson, Wordsworth, Burns, Walt Whitman, the out-of-door poets, he likes best. Lavafer and Lombroso he had on his shelves, although he said that as a matter of fact he had never read much of them, but would now.

BELIEVES IN "JURY TRAILING"



Arthur Dehon Hill, district attorney of Suffolk county, in which Boston is located, is a terror to the municipal grafter and incidentally—perhaps not incidentally—he is an advocate of the much-debated system of having detectives watch talesmen and jurymen before and during the trial of a case. The district attorney began this system of "jury trailing" when a jury in the case of George Battis, Republican politician accused of the larceny of \$300 which he drew from the city treasury to purchase prizes for Fourth of July athletic contest winners, disagreed. He has kept it up ever since and Boston folk say conviction has followed conviction since.

Hill, who scarpely looks the part of a prosecutor, having come of a Back Bay family of scholars, bookworms and blue-bloods (his father was professor of rhetoric at Harvard university for 25 years), has been a terror to the municipal grafter. He sent Michael J. Mitchell, purchasing agent of the city, to prison for a year for mulcting the city out of \$13,000 on a flagstone deal and along with him managed to send Thomas F. Maher, the contractor-briber. Maher will serve the same term. Leo M. McCullough, Democrat, former president of the common council, Hill sent to prison for two years for larceny. James T. Cassidy, attorney-briber in this case, went to prison for one year. Thirteen big steel firms Hill had indicted for robbing the city. Four pleaded guilty and paid fines aggregating \$6,000. The other cases are still to be disposed of. Alfred J. Porter, a district fire chief, found guilty of mistreating little girls, was sent to prison from four to seven years by Hill. Now Hill says he intends to clean up the town.

Hill is just 40. He was born in Paris while his father and mother were there on a visit. He first sprang into prominence when he called John B. Moran, who formerly held down the district attorney job and ran for governor of the state afterward, a "four flusher." Moran was spectacular, just the antithesis of Hill, and got indictments, but not convictions. He didn't have the juries in important cases watched, Hill says.

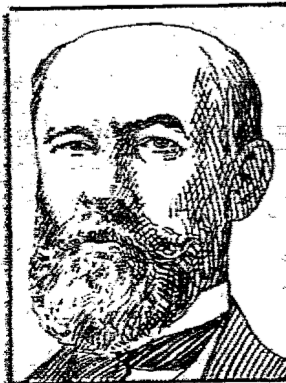
PRESIDENT TAFT'S "TRAINER"



Dr. Charles E. Barker of Madison, Wis., is the Prof. "Mike" Donovan of the Taft administration. The president, nowadays, it seems, must have a trainer, just like a professional prize fighter, to keep him in condition for the grind. Former Senator John C. Spooner of Wisconsin introduced Dr. Barker to the president while he was secretary of war. Dr. Barker at that time prescribed a course of exercises and diet for Mr. Taft and succeeded in reducing his weight. When Taft became president he sent a hurry call for his trainer, Dr. Barker, just as President Roosevelt sent a hurry call for "Mike" Donovan.

Daily now at Beverly, Mass., the president's summer home, Dr. Barker, who is an amateur middleweight of 158 pounds, boxes with the president, who weighs about 300 just now and consented to the chest weights every morning and other stunts of a similar nature. Dr. Barker in brief is complete boss of the Taft physical welfare. He tells the president what he "dassen't" eat and prescribes all his exercises for him. And the president meekly submits to his dictation.

WILL STUDY CHILDREN

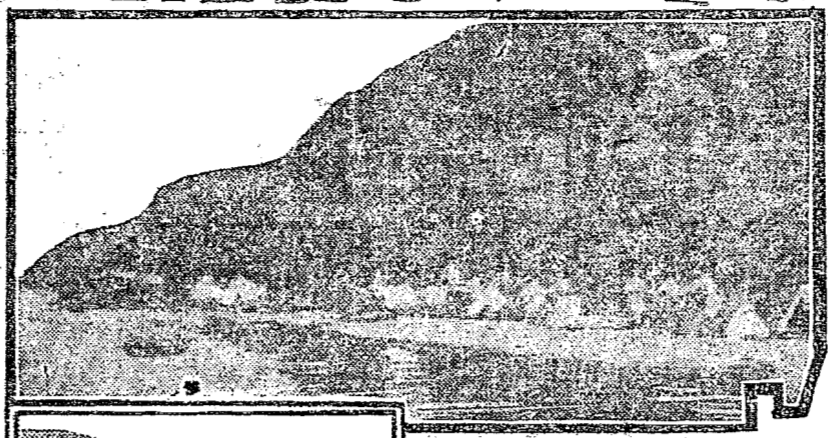


Dr. G. Stanley Hall, president of Clark university, Worcester, Mass., has decided to crystallize the entire child welfare movement by inaugurating a new department for the study of the child in his institution this fall. Dr. Hall, who is now in his sixty-fourth year, is considered by many to be the greatest American authority on the subject of the child in all his relations to the rest of mankind. In his book, "Adolescence," he explains the often amazing conduct of bad, bad boys and girls by declaring that the child in its few years before reaching manhood passes through the entire struggle of the human race from the dawn of history in the epitome. The child has its stone, flint and bronze ages, etc., Dr. Hall says, and all of its cruelties and vagaries can only be explained by this hypothesis.

Dr. Hall dislikes the idea of whipping children. He declares that if the parent understood the child as he should he could better direct its energies in another direction.

Dr. Hall's new department will be a sort of clearing house for scientific information about children, and it is the first one of its kind in the country. The department will include the study of child anthropology, child lore, customs, belief, gangs, etc., and hygiene, backward children, and the fascinating problems of juvenile vice and crime.

HUDSON RIVER CAMPS



A CANOE CAMP

THE TENT VILLAGE

New York has but recently discovered a new summer resort right within the metropolitan district, and it is only just beginning to utilize it. This is the Palisades park, which belongs jointly to the states of New York and New Jersey and stretches for miles along the western bank of the Hudson. The ground from the top of the cliffs to low water mark and several places at the top of the cliffs were acquired five years ago in order partly to stop the destruction of the Palisades by stone quarriers and partly to prevent this, the choicest spot around New York, from getting into the hands of real estate dealers, and so being cut up into building lots and thus taken away from the general public.

A commission, consisting of 10 New York and New Jersey business men, was appointed to look after it and one or more of these visit the park every day.

New Yorkers have just discovered what an ideal spot this is for camping. All along the shore are tents, in which boys and men and often women, too, are living close to nature. The debris washed down from the Palisades by the waters of the ages has formed a beach, sandy and smooth in some places, rocky and overgrown with trees in others. Upon this beach any one may pitch a tent, except in a few choice spots, where a small fee is required, but it is necessary for all to obtain a permit from the commission and also to obey the rules that are laid down by it.

The beach is reached by boat easily, but one can walk along the shore from the Fort Lee ferry, or, better still, take a trolley car to the turn at Main street, Fort Lee, and then walk about a mile along the road in a northwesterly direction and down a flight of primitive stone steps. There are also other points further north at which one can descend the cliffs. Along this stretch of beach the campers may be found. Their tents and fires are visible from the far upper west side of Manhattan, say from about One Hundred and Seventy-second street up to Spuyten Duyvil. In some tents are whole families, the father going to and coming from business in a motor boat and rowing across to and from Manhattan or walking to and from Fort Lee or Coytesville, N. J. In others are parties of young men. In one group is a band of volunteer life savers, who keep a beacon burning at night and encourage the boys of the other camps to learn to swim and dive. There are boats that may be hired by the day, week or month. There is excellent fishing for eels and crabs; the water, while not quite as salty as the sea, is more than brackish and the river in many places is so shallow that at low tide one may walk half way across to New York.

Franklin Hopkins, the broker, of No. 25 Broad street, is one of the most active men on the commission that has charge of this strip of park and has really made it his hobby. A few days ago he took the writer in a motor boat for a tour of the camps.

"Two years ago these hills were in a very, very bad condition," he said, as he pointed out their beauty. "Campers used to come over in whole families, set up great tents and take in boarders. The sanitary conditions were appalling and the conditions of morality were little better. There was really a canvas tenement district here in the woods and a vandalism that showed only too plainly that there would be few natural beauties along the shore left if these people were permitted to go their own way. To stop this it was made a law that a camping permit must be obtained and that no tent could remain up for more than four weeks out of any year. If certain rules and laws were violated the campers must go, permit or no permit.

"We have picked six men who have lived under the Palisades nearly all their lives to do the patrolling and the work here."

At sight of a thin spiral of smoke rising from amid the trees the captain rowed ashore.

"That," said Mr. Hopkins, "is not permitted; fires may be built on the shore, but not on the hills or under trees. You see, we have learned that eternal vigilance is the price of parks. Often in the summer and always in the fall it is difficult to keep fire out of the hills."

The captain returned and reported two fires extinguished in the woods. They had been made by canoeists whom we presently saw coming down the rocky sides of the hill and preparing to make their fire on the beach. Mr. Hopkins, taking up the megaphone, called a pleasant "thank you" over the water and was answered by a wave of the hand and a cordial nod of the head.

"That's the thing we try to encourage," he said, pointing to a picnic party on the rocks; "those young people come over in the morning and have a bully time all day, healthy and good, and return to town with a picture other than of brick streets in their mind's eye. Suppose we run in and see them."

Going ashore, it was discovered that the men of the party were the big fellows of the traffic squad, happy, healthy, having a royal good time.

"Have you found the water, boys?" asked Mr. Hopkins.

"No, and we've needed it, too," said one of the men.

"Well, right up there about a block you will find a cold spring. And right up there," pointing to the woods, "a path that is mighty pleasant to take an after luncheon walk on, not too strenuous a path, either."

The water pipes of the Palisades are especially good; there are nine springs and wells that have been supplied with piped barrels. These are cleaned out twice each week and kept in absolutely sanitary condition. On a beautifully clean beach, set aside for canoeists, Dr. and Mrs. William McAndrews, of the Washington Irving high school, were found at their afternoon meal, happy and having a perfect rest.

In a sail of several miles up the Hudson many instructions to the boating parties were called through the megaphone. Fires were moved, tents were changed from a forbidden ground to suitable spots and water was located for the campers.

WOMAN WAS A SOLDIER

Tablet to Honor Barbara Ann Duravan, Who Died in Prison.

Captured by union soldiers as a confederate spy and imprisoned in Alton during the civil war, it was not known until death that B. A. Duravan was a woman, that she was Barbara Ann Duravan, and that she had come from Tennessee. On one of the tablets of the big shaft now being erected in memory of the 2,600 confederate soldiers in the confederate cemetery in Alton, the St. Louis Republic says, will appear the name of the only woman buried in the cemetery.

An old citizen of Alton recalled the story, the discovery that the prisoner was a woman creating much excitement at the time.

With a big batch of soldiers brought in to be incarcerated in the prison was a frail little creature who gave the name of B. A. Duravan. Duravan had been where the bullets had been flying thick and fast, had been in the long marches with Lee's army, had slept out in the open when only the snow that fell served as a cover to keep the little soldier warm.

Comrades had a warm spot in their hearts for Duravan. The little soldier was strong in the belief of the southern cause, eager to bring about the defeat of the unionists.

One morning Duravan was found dead in the prison cell and then it was learned for the first time that the pale little soldier was a woman.

Two days ago the story of the brave woman who had donned man's clothes to go to war was revived and her name will be especially emblazoned on the bronze tablet that will mark the resting place of the soldiers.

A Sad Story.

"Haven't you a home?" asked the sympathetic citizen.

"Yes," answered Plodding Pete. "I had a nice home, but the first thing I knew it had a woodpile and a garden and a pump. And den it go so much like a steady job dat I resigned."—Washington Star.

What a Man Says.

"You can't say one of the philosophers, 'tell what a man knows by what he doesn't say.' But you can generally tell by what he says what a man doesn't know."

THE AMERICAN HOME

W. A. RADFORD
EDITOR

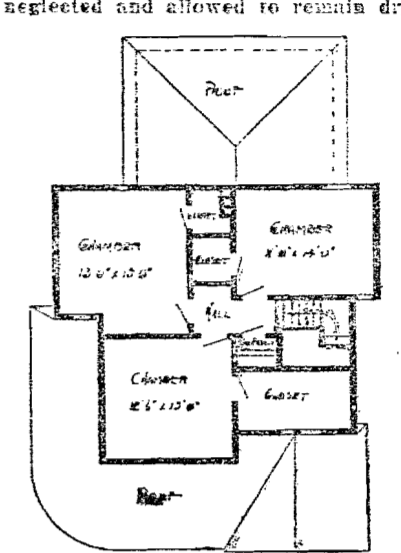
Mr. William A. Radford will answer questions and give advice FREE OF COST on all subjects pertaining to the subject of building for the readers of this paper. On account of his wide experience as Editor, Author and Manufacturer, he is, without doubt, the highest authority on all these subjects. Address all inquiries to William A. Radford, No. 124 Fifth Ave., Chicago, Ill., and only enclose two-cent stamp for reply.

For certain reasons it is sometimes desirable to have a bedroom and bathroom on the ground floor. There are people who do not like to sleep upstairs, there are others who cannot well climb the stairs, and a good many old persons are not able to go up or down, but in houses as ordinarily built they have not the necessary accommodations on the first floor. In many instances old people are denied comforts that they are rightly entitled to, because the house is not arranged in their interests. This plan is designed to meet just such requirements.

There is a bedroom on the first floor with a liberal clothes closet on one side and a bathroom on the other side, and there are plenty of windows to make the room bright and cheerful. I like to see old folks made comfortable. They have spent their best days working for the younger members of the family, and it is no more than right that they should have the very best possible care and attention in their declining years.

An arrangement of this kind is appreciated by some families where there are no old persons. The woman of the house prefers to sleep downstairs, and she wants conveniences to make her work as light as possible. There are thousands of combinations of rooms, some of which are easily made sufficient to meet the needs and requirements of every one, all that is

winter from 60 to 70 than it does from 20 to 60 degrees. It requires very little fire in the furnace to keep the temperature up to 60 or 62 degrees, even in cold weather. Experiments show that 62 degrees is as comfortable when the air contains 55 per cent. of moisture as 70 degrees is when the air is as dry as it is ordinarily from furnace heat when no water is being evaporated. Most furnaces are provided with a water tank for this purpose, but it is often neglected and allowed to remain dry

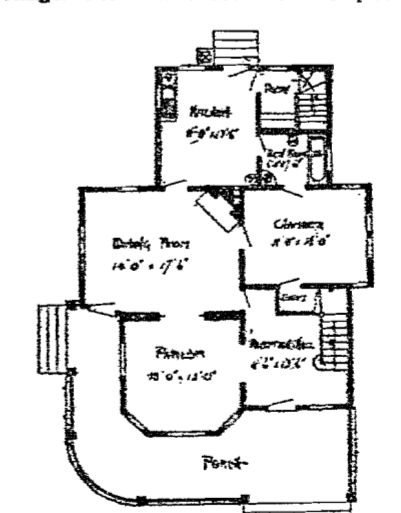


For hours and days. For this reason the tea kettle is one of the best house warmers we have. Moist air is necessary for health. There is no heating plant in existence that will warm the temperature in our houses to 70 degrees in freezing weather, without driving the moisture out of



necessary is careful painstaking study of the many different plans offered to select something that is suitable in any and every instance. The average American family consists of five persons. It is well enough to bear this in mind when building a house, because it may be necessary or desirable to sell the property at some future time. If the size is right for the majority of prospective customers, it is much easier to effect a sale. In this plan there are four bedrooms so arranged that all the members of a family of five may be accommodated without crowding any one.

There is something about the arrangement of this house that requires



First Floor Plan

careful arrangement of the heating plant. There should be a small furnace in the cellar placed near the center of the front part of the house with registers in the lower rooms and hall as near the furnace as possible. Pipes from the furnace to the upper rooms must be as nearly perpendicular as possible, so that each room in the house may receive both heat and ventilation from the furnace, with the exception of the kitchen.

With this arrangement a small furnace that would burn six or eight tons of coal during the winter would keep the whole house comfortable every day with a little help from the grate and the warmth from the kitchen.

The warmth from the kitchen is more valuable than is generally realized, from the fact that most persons like to hear the tea-kettle sing, and this means that moisture is being rapidly evaporated. It takes 25 per cent. more coal to raise the temperature in

the air to the danger point. The winter months are synonymous with pneumonia. Our dry, super-heated house air is responsible for more pneumonia than any other cause. I like to see heating plants laid out with the greatest possible care. I don't like to see heating air supplied from a cold air register in the hallway or in any other part of the house. Some furnace men claim that there is economy in using the air over and over again, but I could never see it that way. Once heated is sufficient to drive out most of the moisture, and twice and thrice heated is enough to ruin any air for breathing purposes.

The extra dryness of twice-heated air makes it necessary to raise the temperature to 75 degrees, to render it comfortable. This requires more coal than to heat fresh air directly from the outside to 65 or 70. When you add to this the value of ventilation secured by taking all the air that passes through the furnace directly from outdoors, the saving from outside air is greater than the saving in reheating the air that has already lost its vitality.

There are persons who seem to prefer second-hand articles. They are patrons of the second-hand stores and cheap stuff everywhere, but the world is improving and such people are becoming more scarce all the time. Pure, wholesome air is necessary for good health. When you feel well it is easy to do 25 per cent. more work with less effort. If a person in poor health is able to earn two dollars per day, by feeling right the same person can earn two dollars and a half per day. It is by observing the rules of health that the extra 50 cents is made, and made easier than the first two dollars. We often see strong, robust looking men and women break down in middle life. One of the principal causes is the breathing of foul air. It is better to burn an extra ton of coal than to give that amount to the doctor in fees or the patent medicine vender for proprietary medicines, but by proper ventilation and the addition of moisture, a house may be made perfectly comfortable and be well ventilated without extra cost. It is all in making the right arrangement and following the right plan with careful supervision every day. Eternal vigilance is the price of good health and comfort.

The size of this house is 33 by 43 feet, exclusive of the porch, and it may be built for \$1,800 to \$2,000, according to circumstances.

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.
Office at
POSTOFFICE NEWS STAND
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.
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E. L. PLATZ, Editor.
JOHN LUBOLD, Business Mgr.
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 Craik
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 Suttle.....Secretary

Florence, Neb., Sept. 10, 1909.

Whose move is it now?
Main street has been paved for over
a week now—with mud.

Now that winter is approaching
what has become of the summer
wages?

"Back to Omaha," is the answer to
the question, "Where does Editor
Hicks reside?"

If the farmers can organize and
secure many good things why can't
the merchants of Florence do like-
wise?

What's the matter now? The council
used to draw full houses at its
meetings, but that is now all over.
Hardly anyone present.

"You can't slide down my cellar
door," said two councilmen to the other
two Monday. "Ditto," was the reply.

"Put that ordinance in the waste
basket," was the way an ordinance
was disposed of Monday. And that is
where it went, but a little later it had
company.

There is one thing that Florence
does not want and that is the North
pole, 117 degrees below zero being
too much of a good thing with coal
\$10 a ton.

"He is buying" all his materials in
Florence," said councilman Price
Monday, speaking of the sidewalk
contractor. That certainly sounds
mighty good. We wish we were able
to say that of everybody.

Ponca Improvement Club.
There is only one way nowadays to
forge to the front and that is by or-
ganization and the movement in-
augurated last Sunday by the farm-
ers north of town at the Ponca school
house is bound to result in much good
not only to the farmers themselves
but to the citizens of Florence.

In order to induce the farmers to
visit this city good roads are of the
utmost importance and to the farmers
good roads mean hauling larger loads
to the city in a shorter time and at
less expense. If the farmer can get
his produce to market in a shorter
time he has just that much more time
to devote to his work.

Good roads, however, is not all that
can be had, as the meeting of each
other and the exchange of ideas is
bound to result in much good.
The women folks also should benefit
by the movement, and, if the men
do not or will not, invite them to
some of the meetings, they, too,
should organize and if they do, I
predict they will be a mighty power
for good in that vicinity. One of
the great drawbacks to the contentment
of life on a farm is just this lack of
some kind of an organization where
all can meet and exchange ideas.

As to the advisability of using the
school house for a meeting place
much can be said on both sides, but
a very simple solution to that matter
is the erection of a building for all
meetings of the citizens of that sec-
tion. Such a building could be erected
for \$500 and if every farmer would
give \$1.00 toward the building, the
ladies will easily raise as much and
the neighborhood will be greatly ben-
efited by having such a place and using
it for all of their entertainments and
amusements.

The Tribune feels sure the Improve-
ment club will accomplish much good
and wants to assure the club of its
hearty support in any movement for
the uplift and improvement of that
section of the county.

Gossip
A neighboring town furnished an
illustration of the damning results
often resulting from gossip. A young
girl died of typhoid fever and the gos-
sips began to whisper that she died
as the result of disgrace. It reached
the point where the coroner felt com-
pelled to empanel a jury, have the
remains exhumed and a post-mortem
held to prove the girl's virtue. Gos-
sip is a practice which becomes al-
most criminal in too many commu-
nities.—Lyons Sun.
Think of it!
Think of the anguish caused the

relatives and friends of this girl
whose sold body had been consigned
to its last resting place and her name
to the tongues of irresponsible gos-
sippers!

Why is it a girl can't be vivacious
and full of life without some of these
critics coupling her name with insinua-
tion and rumors?

Is charity of thought a forgotten art
or are we merely getting more care-
less?

Nine times out of ten, too, the gos-
sip is started by some one of her own
sex and for reasons no man can
fathom. But the men are not far be-
hind and pass on the gossip with a
little more added as it leaves each
mouth.

If this gossip be about a man it
does not hurt as much as if it is
against a girl, for a girl's good name
is her all in all and will be pre-
served with her life if need be in the
majority of cases.

Why not think twice before passing
on that choice bit of gossip; it may
not be true and in that event you
would not want to pass it on.

Be charitable and do not put a
wrong construction on actions or talk
but always give them the benefit of
the doubt.
Stop gossiping.

Men and Women.
When a man is left with a lot of
motherless children on his hands, he
usually scatters them among his rela-
tives. If it is the woman who is left
with fatherless little ones she keeps
them together and earns a living be-
sides. Women develop great energy
when left without a man. In fact, all
the widows we know are getting
along a great deal better than the
married women.—Atchison Globe.

Coffins Made of Paper.
Some undertakers, whose custom-
ers are poor people, are using coffins
made of paper. The coffins are made
in all styles of pressed paper pulp,
just the same as the common paper
buckets. When they are varnished
and stained they resemble polished
wood, and in point of durability it is
claimed they are much better than
wooden ones.

Nerve-Ridden Generation.
We are a nerve-ridden generation,
and the infection spreads with alarm-
ing rapidity. One nervous person in a
household is like the proverbial un-
sound apple in a barrel of fruit.—Lon-
don Lady's Pictorial.

At Least.
At least one might refrain from
showing others wherein they are mis-
taken in their grounds for being
thankful.

NOTICE.
To Whom It May Concern:
Notice is hereby given that the corpo-
ration known as the Parkway Real
Estate Company has amended its Articles
of Incorporation to read as follows:
Article IV. The authorized capital stock
of this corporation shall be \$10,000, divid-
ed into shares of \$100.00 each, subscribed,
issued and to be paid for in cash or other
property as may be determined by the
Board of Directors.
Article VI. The Board of Directors
shall consist of three directors from
whom shall be elected a President, Vice-
President, Secretary and Treasurer.
Dated June 21st, 1909.
D. C. PATTERSON, President.
83-10-17-24

NOTICE.
To Whom It May Concern:
Notice is hereby given that the corpo-
ration known as the Prudential Real
Estate Company has amended its Articles
of Incorporation to read as follows:
Article IV. The authorized capital stock
of this corporation shall be \$10,000, divid-
ed into shares of \$100.00 each, subscribed,
issued and to be paid for in cash or other
property as may be determined by the
Board of Directors.
Dated June 21st, 1909.
D. C. PATTERSON, President.
83-10-17-24

NOTICE.
To Whom It May Concern:
Notice is hereby given that the corpo-
ration known as the Provident Real
Estate Company has amended its Articles
of Incorporation to read as follows:
Article IV. The authorized capital stock
of this corporation shall be \$10,000, divid-
ed into shares of \$100.00 each, subscribed,
issued and to be paid for in cash or other
property as may be determined by the
Board of Directors.
Dated June 21st, 1909.
D. C. PATTERSON, President.
83-10-17-24

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that there will
be a special meeting of the Mayor and
Council of the City of Florence, Nebraska,
on Monday, September 20, 1909, at eight
o'clock in the evening for the purpose
of equalizing the cost of constructing the
lateral sewer in Sewer District No. 2 in
the City of Florence and levying special
assessments to the lots specially benefited
thereby in said district for the cost of
constructing said sewer. That the fol-
lowing is the proposed plan of assess-
ment and is a description of the lots to
be assessed and the amount proposed to
be taxed against each lot respectively.
Lot.....Tax
1.....36.....\$12.65
2.....29.....12.65
3.....38.....12.65
4.....38.....12.65
5.....31.....12.65
6.....36.....12.65
7.....36.....12.65
8.....36.....12.65
9.....36.....12.65
10.....42.....25.50
11.....42.....25.50
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100.....42.....25.50
Given by order of the Mayor and Coun-
cil of the City of Florence, Nebraska,
this 21st day of August, 1909.
CHARLES M. COTTRELL,
City Clerk.
a27-83-10-17

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.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal
Order of Eagles.
Past Worthy President...Hugh Suttle
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.
Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of
America.
Past Oracle...Emma Powell
Oracle...Blanche Thompson
Vice Oracle...Harriet Taylor
Chancellor...Mary Nelson
Inside Sentinel...Rose Simpson
Outside Sentinel...Elizabeth Hollett
Recorder...Mrs. Newell Burton
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, Elmer
Taylor.
Meets 1st and 3rd Monday at 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.

KIERLE ICE CO.
Reservoir Ice
TEL. FLORENCE 208 and 347

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

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

ED ROWE, Mgr. JAS. WOOD, Contractor
Benson Well Boring Co.
ALL WORK GUARANTEED TO BE SATISFACTORY
Phone Benson 287 BENSON, NEB.

JOHN C. RENNIGER, BARBER SHOP
First-class work with an up-to-date
shop
Main Street Florence, Neb.



We Have the Largest List
of
LOTS
in FLORENCE
\$175 TO \$300

**\$5.00 Down and
\$5 a Month on the
cheaper lots and \$10
Down and \$10 a
Month on the higher
priced lots. Be sure
to see us before you
buy. We write
FIRE INSURANCE**

Hastings & Heyden
1614 Harney St.

James Nicholson
BLUE RIBBON GARDEN

At the end of the car line.
Storz Celebrated Artesian Well
Water Beer.

The New Drug Store
BELL DRUG CO.


Prescriptions carefully com-
pounded. Toilet Goods, Per-
fumes, Patent Medicines. Try
our Soda. It's good.
MAIN STREET. TEL 378.

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

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

Farmers' State Bank

CAPITAL, \$25,000.00
Does a General Banking Business
on a Conservative Basis. 4 per
cent on Time Deposits.
Phone Florence 303.
1513 Main St.



Fall Announcement

You will be interested in knowing
that we have received our line of new
Fall woollens for men's made to order
clothes sent to us by the famous tailoring
firm of
Strauss Brothers
Master Tailors Chicago

whose exclusive local agency we have the
privilege of controlling. We shall find
great pleasure in displaying this line to
you because of its exceptional merit.
Every pattern is of approved quality.
The variety is practically endless. All
the latest ideas in grays, browns, olives,
drabs are at your service. The fashions
represent the authoritative thought of
the country's leading designers. The
workmanship of the clothes could not be
any better because the pick of the nation's
tailors are employed by Strauss Brothers.
Prices are remarkably low considering the
great values you receive. We shall deem
it a privilege to show you through the line
whether you decide to order or not. It
will be well worth your while to spend a
few minutes with us.
McCLURE'S BIG STORE
Tel. 119 Florence, Neb.

PATTERN====STYLE====QUALITY

of material, excellence of workmanship, and fit being superior, the
impression prevails that custom tailored clothes are very expensive.

CLOTHES WE MAKE

are not only within your reach, but they satisfy completely, and
outwear average clothing two to one.

YOU'LL APPRECIATE

the strength of our argument by letting us make your Fall Suit
or Overcoat. SUITS \$25.00 AND UP.

DRESHER THE TAILOR 1515 Farnam
OMAHA, NEB.
Open Evenings. Too Busy Making Clothes to Close.

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

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

Did you ever stop to think that a
cancelled check was the best receipt
you could have.
Open an account with us and see
what it does for you. We do a gen-
eral banking business. Pay interest on
deposits, sell you drafts good in all
parts of the world, the best way to
send money. We insure your store or
house in good companies.
BANK OF FLORENCE
PHONE 310.

John Lubold
Real Estate
Fire and Tornado Insurance,
Loans
The Largest List of Florence and
Suburban Property on the Best
Terms.
Florence, Neb. Tel. Florence 165.

DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS
WHO HAVE USED AND ENDORSED!

THE KNABE PIANO
ON THEIR AMERICAN TOUR



.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Try one of Hollett's meals when you are in town. They are fine.

Mrs. Fred Patterson of Sioux City, Iowa, was the guest of Mrs. A. B. Hunt this week.

Miss Mabel Anderson is teaching in the Farnam school in Omaha.

Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Fowler spent Thursday and Friday in Lincoln at the state fair.

Mr. and Mrs. Fred Cosgrove and family of Omaha, Mrs. Julian and son of Fort Wayne, Ind., and Mr. and Mrs. W. R. McFarland and children of Omaha were guests of Mr. and Mrs. Fowler at Hillcrest Sunday.

James Sullivan has received word from his son, Ralph, who is in the navy, that he will sail for China Sunday, stopping at the Hawaiian islands en route.

B. C. Andrews of Des Moines, Ia., is visiting his parents, David Andrews and family. Mr. Andrews is employed by Orchard & Wilhelm at Des Moines.

Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Hunt entertained at dinner Monday at their home at Minne-Lusa in compliment to relatives from Washington, D. C. The honor guests were Mrs. Ellen Farnham and Mrs. J. E. Webster of Washington, Mrs. Fred Patterson of Sioux City and Mrs. Roy Tremaine. Summer flowers brightened the table and ten guests were present.

Miss May Green, daughter of Dan Green and John Bradley of South Omaha were married last Saturday.

Mrs. Griffin and Miss Weber left Monday to visit Mr. and Mrs. Darnell at Winterset, Ia., for a few weeks.

Miss Kate Remington visited with Florence friends Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Thomas returned Monday from a week-end visit at Des Moines.

Miss Frances Thompson is teaching at the Park school in Omaha this year.

Miss Lillian Bondesson is teaching at the Omaha View school this year.

Mrs. Joseph Scott, who has been ill with appendicitis at her parent's home, in Seattle, is much improved.

Miss Mae Green, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Dan Green, was married to John Bradley of South Omaha Friday.

Scott King of South Omaha was the guest of Harold Reynolds Tuesday.

Have you tried the dinners at the Parkside hotel yet?

Miss Mary Lepanti, who has been living north of Florence, was married to Domenik Rolli of Anselmo, Neb., Wednesday. They will make their home in Anselmo.

Prof. W. A. Yoder is superintendent of the girls' department at the Douglas county fair, to be held September 29 to October 9, in Omaha.

Newell Burton has been confined to his home this week with the grip.

Mr. and Mrs. Robert H. Olmsted returned Saturday from Lake Minnetonka.

Invitations have been received in Florence announcing the marriage of Edward Thompson, brother of William H. Thompson, to Miss Mabel Brube at Bay City, Texas, September 20.

W. B. Parks, who has been very ill, is now able to be up and about, although not able to work.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Sears and Miss Salome Sears, who were guests of Mr. and Mrs. E. L. Platz, left Monday for their home in Denver.

John Mackin has rented one of Charles Baughman's new houses and will move here from Omaha.

D. Deyo and J. H. Koll spent Tuesday evening in Florence, visiting friends.

W. R. Wall and Frank Parker took an auto ride to Fort Calhoun Monday.

Fred Gitter, a Florence dairyman, has been fined \$15 and costs on the charge of selling milk without a license in Omaha, Wednesday. Health Commissioner Connell asserted that Gitter had not been granted a permit to sell milk because Gitter's dairy was unsanitary and some of his cows were diseased. The case has been appealed to the district court. I. Newman, another Florence dairyman arrested on the same charge, is to have a hearing next Wednesday.

There will be big crowds in Florence next week attending the Eagles' convention, one day of which, Wednesday, is to be put in here and our merchants should all decorate their stores in honor of the visitors.

Miss Hilma Swanson has returned from a visit at Seattle, Wash.

M. L. Endres spent Wednesday night with Florence friends.

The Eagles have secured Henry Anderson's new building as headquarters for entertaining the Eagles who will be in Florence next week.

Mrs. Blanche Thompson has resigned as Oracle of the Royal Neighbors of America.

The Orchard & Wilhelm Carpet Co.'s ball team will play the Miller, Stewart & Beaton ball team at the Florence ball park Saturday and they promise to handle the ball quicker than they do furniture and if they break the bats will use chairs and chiffoniers. Any way it will be a good game.

J. N. Jones of Des Moines was the guest of L. C. Griffith at the Mandy Lee poultry farm last Sunday.

Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Brisbin will entertain Dr. and Mrs. Akin of Omaha Sunday.

Wednesday is the day the Eagles will visit Florence. Everybody should decorate for the occasion.

The best pool hall in the city is run by George Gamble. Go in and play a game of pool.

Miss Mildred Allison and Mr. Irving Allison entertained a house party of about twenty young people Monday afternoon and evening.

Miss Hazel Weber and Miss Amelia Griffin are spending a few days at Winterset, Ia., the guests of their cousins, Mr. and Mrs. George Darnell.

A surprise party was given Walter Peterson Thursday evening by a number of his friends.

One of the most disgraceful scenes ever enacted was that which occurred Sunday afternoon in the fight in which "Bud" Taylor and young Marr attempted to whip W. H. Hollett in his own store. The language used was of the worst billingsgate and could be heard for blocks. Hollett swore out warrants for their arrest and the trial occurred Thursday, too late for this week's paper.

James Kindred has sold his residence to John A. Krie of Concord, Neb.

W. R. Wall is building a residence for his own use on lot S. block 42.

Henry Asher of Omaha visited Florence friends Wednesday.

For Sale—D. E. Smith double barrel shotgun. W. R. Wall.

The young son of Frank Taylor is laid up with a bad toe.

Mr. and Mrs. A. Minardi entertained relatives from Cincinnati, O., Monday evening.

To Uneeda Biscuit

Hunger makes me think of you;
Thought of you makes me hungry.
Between the *thought* and *sight* of you,
Indeed I'm *always* hungry.

But with appetite awaiting—
a nickle in hand and *you*
in store—who could wish
for anything more?



NATIONAL BISCUIT COMPANY



Residence of Dr. R. E. Lamoreaux, Near Thirty-third and Woolworth, Omaha.

Are you going to do any building? If so, don't fail to investigate Cement Blocks as a building material, and don't overlook us when you want estimates on any work. We have on hand always a complete line and assortment to select from. Oldest Cement Stone Yard in Omaha. Have built six cement residences in Florence. Are now building the J. J. Cole block.

COME AND SEE US OR TELEPHONE US YOUR WANTS,
PROMPT DELIVERY AND GOOD WORK

Omaha Concrete Stone Co.

FRANK WHIPPERMAN, Manager.

28th AVE. AND SAHLER ST., OMAHA, NEB.

Office Phone Web. 886, Ind. B-3018

Residence Phone Web. 4231

Exploding Dynamite

Carries with Equal Force in All Directions

By G. WELLESLEY BRABBIT



DYNAMITE explodes with equal force in all directions. This is in response to a query by E. B. Barnard. That force, however, is manifested, as are all other forms of force, in the direction of least resistance. As Mr. Barnard says, "the popular belief is that it explodes with greater force downward." Like most popular beliefs, it is founded on experience wrongly interpreted. By an explosion we mean, speaking physically, the rapid transformation of a comparatively small mass of liquid or solid into an enormous mass of gas. A cubic inch of gunpowder, when ignited, is changed into many cubic yards of gas; a cubic inch of dynamite, when vibrated or given a shock (such as comes from a detonating cap) is transformed into a tremendous volume of gas. Dynamite placed on top of a slab of rock and then exploded will blast the rock; gunpowder similarly placed (untamped) will have little if any effect on the rock. The reason lies in the difference in time necessary to effect the change from the solid (or liquid) form to the gaseous. The elements in gunpowder (whose combination causes the change of state from solid to gaseous) come from different molecules in the mass and therefore require a comparatively long time to cause the "explosion." In dynamite (or nitroglycerin) the combining elements—carbon and hydrogen—are in the same molecule, hence the suddenness and violence of the explosion.

The reason the slab is shattered by dynamite and not by gunpowder is that the slab offers less resistance to the sudden explosive force than does the air above the slab. When we stop to consider the weight of the atmosphere at ordinary altitudes we can see that the exploding dynamite must do one of two things—either lift with almost instantaneous suddenness the whole of the air pressure above it or else break the slab. It does the latter. With gunpowder the comparative slowness of combustion makes it an easier task to push, as it were, the atmosphere away than to break the rock. The principle involved can be illustrated by attempting to lift very suddenly a palmleaf fan in a direction at right angles to the plane of the leaf, i. e., lift it "flat-wise." The handle of the fan will snap, due to the resistance offered by the air. The same fan can be lifted more slowly, however, without injuring it.

This explains why the force of dynamite is "exerted downward." In scientific parlance, the inertia of the atmosphere is greater than the cohesiveness of the rock.



The Marriage Vow

MATCHES AND MATCHMAKERS

BY VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER.

The matchmaker rushes in where angels fear to tread. And yet she is no fool. And her lot is not an easy one. She is suspected by the world-wise, tolerated by the young and uninitiated, and frequently ashamed of herself. Still she exists and continues to make matches.

In one of the Gypsy Brenton books, dear to the childish heart of a quarter-century ago, the small boy says that God made matches, but that "He used the burning brimstone from the bad place to put on the tips." Later a well-known author makes her heroine remark: "Matches may be made in heaven, but they sometimes serve to light the fires of—well—the other place, very effectually." The fact that the two characters mentioned referred to different kinds of matches does not alter the truth that may be drawn from both remarks. This truth is applicable to the match with which we have to do more than to the innocent little wood and brimstone article of commerce.

It is not difficult to understand why the devoted mother attempts to have a hand in the settling of her daughter's marriage. She takes it for granted that she will marry—most women do—and no woman knows true happiness until she is a beloved and loving wife and a joyful mother. Is it strange, then, that the elderly woman in whose power the happiness or unhappiness of her child cannot always rest longs to play destiny for her darling and establish her in life as she thinks will be most conducive to her future welfare? To this end she wants her girls to marry a gentleman, and—here she is the rock upon which many a mother and child split—a man with enough money to support his family in comfort.

Love must be the keynote of a happy marriage, but the keynote alone does not make a "grand, sweet song."

This is not pessimism; it is truth. The mother knows it is truth, and frowns upon penniless John's suit, knowing that if he is accepted the pretty girlish hands must wash dishes, perhaps make fires. At best, there must be the turning and twisting of ways and means, the counting of every five-cent car fare, the making over of last year's dresses, the lying awake far into the night wondering how the forthcoming bills of doctor and nurse are to be paid.

We may, therefore, pardon the mother who tries to make a "good match" for her child. If she sometimes sets aside the child's wishes, incites her to a cold, practical consideration of marriage that is to be deplored, we must remember that her over-zeal is due to a great love, and

condone the error for the motive that actuates it.

We cannot say as much of the married woman who sees a possible engagement and marriage in every couple that she, or chance, has thrown together. One is almost tempted to wonder if there is a matchmaking microbe that attacks such matrons.

Since, as has been said above, the perfection of bliss is to be found in a happy union, the converse is also true. No greater misery is known than that brought about by an unhappy marriage. To be tied for life (unless one rushes with an eagerness worthy of a better cause into the divorce court) to an uncongenial mate, to live under the same roof, to eat at the same table, to share the same income, to consider the tastes and distastes, to receive the reproaches, to obey the behest of such an one, to humor his or her whims—is a foretaste of that locality from which the small boy declared the tips of matches were made.

Knowing all this, our matchmaker continues upon her way, playing providence or fate to many a young couple who were better left apart. Or, if not better apart, they will seldom appreciate the fact that they were brought together by a well-meaning friend, and if she calls their attention to her efforts in their behalf they will resent her suggestion. The idea! Were they not meant from all eternity for each other? Could she, or any one else, be instrumental in bringing together two persons whose affinity was a foregone conclusion? Verily, she has her reward!

If, on the other hand, the marriage is an unhappy one, both parties to the unpleasant contract will remember with disagreeable distinctness her instrumentality in bringing about the lamentable result. The wife will bitterly regret the intimacy that was woman-made, not the result of the leadings of providence; the man, while saying little, will inwardly consign the officious meddler to the match-tipping locality.

All these things being true, it is strange that the matchmaker exists. It is to some of us incomprehensible. If she is happy herself, let her thank heaven and take courage to live out her own happy life, letting the power that shaped her destiny shape others. If she is wretched, let her hesitate a long time before pointing out to others a pathway in which many fall, some stumble and few run.

She may receive the appreciation and thanks she seeks in a better world than this; she seldom receives them here.

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MARITAL WOES OF RICH

BY GERTRUDE ATHERTON.

I am not prepared to say, as an unqualified assertion, that there is more marital infelicity among the rich than in other classes of society. But there are many reasons which might go toward bearing out the claim.

For one thing, people who are very rich are often prominent socially. When such couples fall out the newspapers, eager for gossip and knowing the interest the world at large takes in the wealthy, stir up the dissension.

Foremost, however, among the reasons for especial matrimonial unhappiness among the rich (if such unhappiness really exists to a greater degree than among the poor) is the "marriage of convenience." Among people composing the wealthy set in our large cities marriages are oftener matters of policy and desirability than the mere outcome of mutual affection. There is, in many cases of this sort, no real love from the very outset. Women marry men of great wealth and social position because their families are ambitious and desire to see them well placed in the world.

It is but natural under such circumstances that more or less jar and lack of congeniality should ensue. Nothing but an unusual degree of tact can avert such friction.

Such people are, after all, but human, and a woman, who is forced by her family's ambition to marry a man for whom she has no natural inclination or affection, is not unlikely later to meet a man with whom she falls seriously in love. This is a condition which might perhaps have been wholly avoided had she been born in a less exalted financial sphere and allowed to choose a husband for herself. Family fortunes are thus maintained or raised, sometimes at a cost far greater than mere money involves.

Another cause is the manner of life led by so many of the very rich. They have little of real interest to occupy their attention. Their lives become idle and vapid. There is too much leisure. Where a poorer woman would be too busily occupied with her home and family the woman whose home cares are reduced to a minimum by money has time to become bored by her husband or to yearn for other interests.

I have an old-fashioned belief that a husband and wife should be real helpmates; that a husband's business

cares and perplexities should be understood and shared by his wife; that his business losses should be her losses and his triumphs her triumphs.

Oftentimes among the rich this is not the case. The wife, brought up to wealth and luxury, cares not in what way the riches that surround her are gained.

She knows little and cares less about her husband's business affairs. She has no real sympathy with him in his hardships and trials, and in consequence he is sometimes apt to go elsewhere for appreciation and advice. Should his fortune be swept away his wife, who knows nothing of his frantic efforts to keep that fortune together for her sake, blames him for careless management. If her own money is also involved in the crash she has still less sympathy for the man to whom she attributes the misfortune. All she realizes is that the one attraction which made him bearable has been removed. And she looks elsewhere for the happiness she has lost.

There are, of course, countless exceptions to this rule. There are many happy marriages among the rich, many luxurious homes where as true affection reigns as in less splendid dwellings.

Still another cause of uncongeniality among the rich is the absence of family life. In ordinary homes the husband, wife and children meet daily at table and elsewhere and the sweet old-fashioned home relations maintain.

In many rich families, however, the children are put out of sight, in a nursery with a governess or at some fashionable boarding school, and are thus deprived of any knowledge of what home life in its truest sense really is. A multitude of social engagements, too, rob the husband and wife of much of each other's society. How can home exist in such circumstances? The wife is absorbed in the duties that through the path of a woman of fashion. The husband's time and thought are taken up by his business or his club. Absorbed in diametrically different interests, they naturally drift apart.

I think there will in time be a reaction from this sort of empty, idle, vain existence. People will tire of it, will see how little it amounts to, and will return to the home idea.

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BETZVILLE TALES

Mr. Pethcod Scroggs' Identical Twins

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

Mr. Pethcod Scroggs, of our village, has almost more trouble than any other man in Betzville, his twins are so identically alike. It makes it all the worse that both twins are identically the same age, for it would be easier to tell them apart if one was a few years older than the other. Pethcod says he does not often complain about the ways of nature, but that if he had had the inventing of twins, he would have left an interval of, say, four or eight years between them, or, if they had to be of the same age, he would have sort of distributed them into two different families. He says he considers two twins at once in the same family as almost a personal insult.

Last Wednesday one of Pethcod's four-year-old twins wandered away from the house and got lost in the big woods back of Uncle Jed Freeman's farm, and it worried Pethcod and Mrs. Scroggs nearly crazy. It was about five o'clock when he had a feeling that maybe one of the twins was lost, but he didn't know whether it was John or Joe. He went out

important, and that a petition ought to be drawn up, petitioning the chairman to appoint a searching-committee to search the woods and find Joe as quickly as possible, but it was too late by that time to get the petition ready, so the meeting adjourned, to meet the next night, and Pethcod was instructed to have the petition all ready.

He went home feeling a lot better in his mind, since he had got matters moving along in the right direction, and the only thing that troubled him much was John, who interfered with the regular household affairs the next day. Pethcod had tied him to the pump in such a way that the handle of the pump was tied in with him, so the family could not pump any water, and Pethcod was so busy drawing up the petition that he had no time to untie John. Our duty to a lost child should always be foremost.

When the meeting met the next night the petition was accepted and a resolution to get up a search committee to find Joe in the big woods



She Went Leaping Through the Big Woods, Yelling as Loud as She Could.

into the yard, and there was one of the twins, scooting around as lively as could be, and then Pethcod ran around to the other side of the house, and there was the other twin—or at least it seemed so—but he couldn't be sure, the twins are so lively. Pethcod says he ran around the house for over an hour, and sometimes he thought it was both twins and sometimes he thought it was only one, moving from place to place, but at last he got so puzzled that he took the twin and tied it to the pump, and then when he went around the house he saw that there was no other twin there, and he knew the other twin must have wandered into the big woods and got lost.

It was getting on toward dark by then, and Pethcod knew that the only thing to do was to get up a search party and search the woods, and he would have done it immediately, but he couldn't decide which twin it was that was lost. He stood and looked at the twin that he had tied to the pump, and sometimes he thought it was John, and sometimes he thought it was Joe, but he couldn't be positive, and until he could be sure he wasn't going to start a search party, for it would be plumb foolish to start out a search party to find a twin that wasn't lost.

About the time he was getting perfectly discouraged Mrs. Scroggs came out and he told her what was the matter, and she stood awhile and looked at the captive twin, and then she spoke right up.

"That's John!" she said positively. "All right then," said Pethcod, and he went right down to the post office and gave the alarm that Joe was lost in the big woods, and Uncle Ashdod Clute immediately got on a box and organized a public meeting to consider the best thing to do. The first thing he did was to nominate himself chairman of the meeting, and he appointed Pethcod secretary, and named a vice-chairman and a second vice-chairman. So that got things started all right, and Pethcod wrote a letter to himself, stating that Joe was lost, and then he read the letter to the meeting, and it was the unanimous opinion that the matter was

went through with a rush, and in less than three hours the search committee had got its torches and lanterns and was on its way into the big woods to find Joe.

Just about then Mrs. Pethcod Scroggs became so thirsty her tongue hung out, and she simply had to have a drink of water, so she went out to the pump, but the minute she saw John she gave a scream, for it was not John at all, but Joe. She knew by the way he snored that she must have been mistaken when she thought he was John, and she was so chagrined and startled that she forgot all about being thirsty and started at full whoop after the search committee. She went leaping through the big woods yelling as loud as she could, and just as she came up with the search committee the committee had found Joe, and were singing a song of triumph that Dave Higgins' boy had thoughtfully written for the occasion to the tune of John Brown's body. It went like this:

Joe, Joe Pethcod, he is found and he is found.
Joe, Joe Pethcod, he is found and he is found.
Joe, Joe Pethcod, he is found and he is found.

They had just finished the first verse when Mrs. Pethcod ran up screaming:

"Stop! Stop! Stop finding Joe!" she cried. "It is John that is lost!"

But she was already too late, for they had found Joe. So there was nothing to do but to call a meeting of the committee, and the committee decided, quite properly, that as they had started out to find one twin and hadn't found him, the whole list of parliamentary rules were broken by finding the other, and that there was nothing to do but go home and start over again the next day. So they told John to stay where he was and they would come out and find him the next day, properly and in his right name. Then they passed a resolution of censure against Mrs. Pethcod for giving wrong information and went home, and they would have found John properly the next day, only the little skeeicks tagged along behind them all the way home.

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Where Cheaters Are Given No Mercy

By A. R. HOFFMEYER

States government service, but had lost his position and, forming the acquaintance of a westerner who was an expert cheater, the pair journeyed to Europe for the express purpose of preying upon people who were in quest of such excitement as high play at poker and bridge confers.

The ex-government employe was of an exceedingly winning personality. Affable and entertaining, he could rattle off capital yarns, and every one who met him voted him delightful company. It was no trouble for him to introduce his friend (a wealthy cattle baron from Montana), and it did not take the precious pair of rascals long to get the money. The bogus cattle baron did the actual cheating; the other merely did the roping. But their greed to make a big haul was their undoing and after robbing a young blood from Chicago of \$40,000 he informed on them, with the result that shortly after the complaint was lodged they were occupying prison cells.

In this country it is an easy matter to get out of jail if the accused has some cash, but it is different in Europe. Nobody came forward in behalf of the sharpers, and though they offered all sorts of cash bond the authorities would not accord them liberty. They stayed in prison a year before they were liberated and were warned if ever they came back to Naples they would be taught what real punishment was. Broken in health and spirits, the former employe of the government (who was of a fine southern family) got back to his old home eventually, only to take to his room, from whence he never stirred till he was conveyed to the cemetery.

Opium Smuggling Never Ceases

By Capt. A. H. CHENNEVILLE

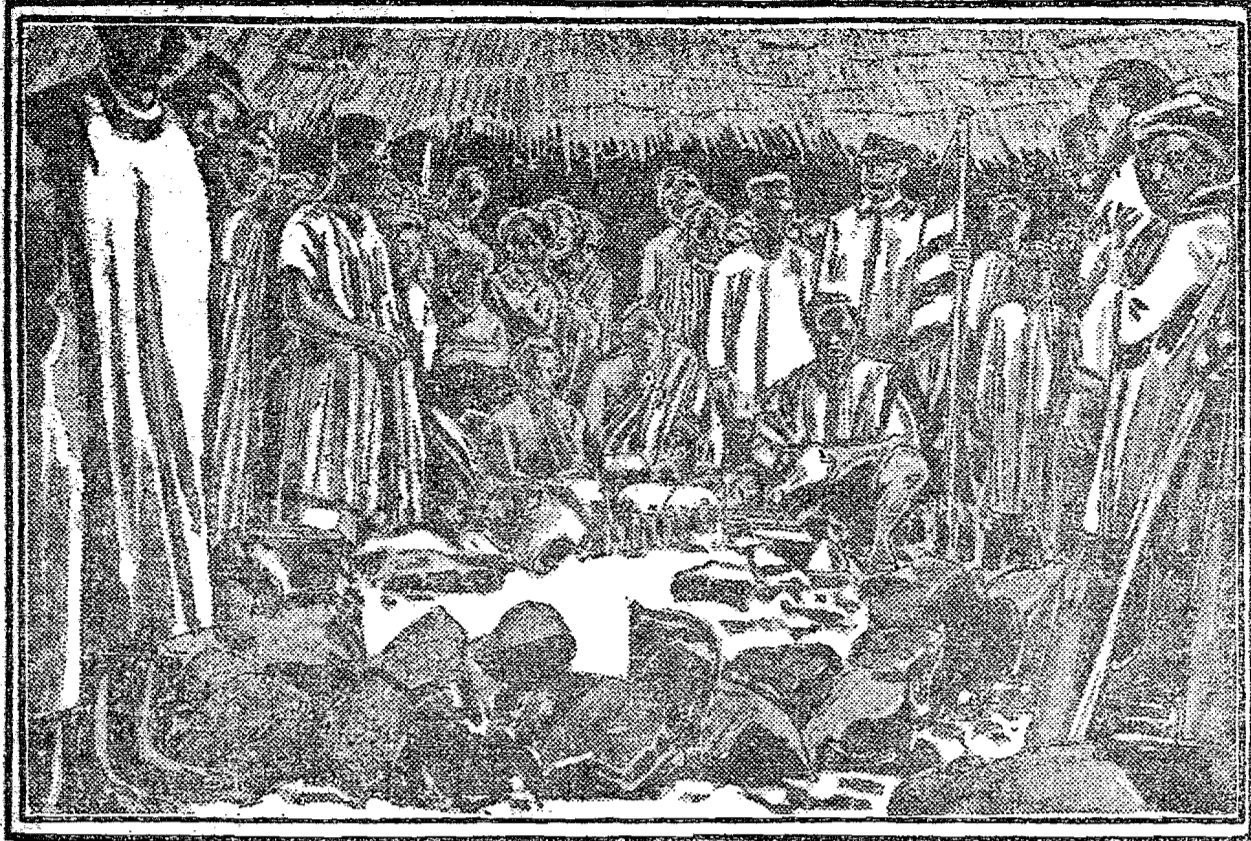
Although the United States government has a force of shrewd agents constantly on the watch for opium smugglers at oriental ports as well as in American cities, the wily Chinks are forever bringing the drug into the United States without paying a cent of the tremendous duty—about 100 per cent—imposed on it by our tariff law.

A pair of Chinese sailors were caught in my town the other day who had several hundred dollars' worth of smuggled opium which they had brought over in a freight steamer from Canton. As this boat had making regular trips to New Orleans for months, it is easy to see how many thousands of dollars had been cleaned up by the promoters of the game. A Chinese sailor gets very low wages, but if he can hide a few tins of the poppy product and dispose of it in the first American town he reaches he will soon amass a fortune. After the stuff gets into the hands of a local dealer he finds a ready sale for it.

The users buy it in the form of cards that contain enough for one smoke at a cost of 25 cents. Opium fiends will consume four or five of these cards a day when they have the price, and they will commit any crime in the calendar to get the wherewith for the indulgence of a consuming passion.

WEIRD FUNERALS OF AFRICA'S KINGS

BY GERALD A. RODERICK



FUNERAL RITES

THE old king of Totoquelli was dead. It was in the Liberian hinterland, four days back from Monrovia, a region where the government levies no taxes, where the native African chiefs reign supreme, where the only statutes are the laws of the bush. A couple of English prospectors, an English rubber trader and an American missionary compose the foreign population all the way back to the French frontier. There is no part of the west coast of Africa so lightly touched by the white man, for even the occasional government officials who visit the region are black. In all the towns the babies yelled at my approach and the children fled in terror if I walked toward them.

While King Wobeh's star was in the ascendency death came out of the bush and laid its hand upon him. A famous mullah was called to make incantations and the "sand cutter" brought out all his paraphernalia of divination and peeped impressively into the future. That which Wobeh really needed, a good physician, does not exist in that region. The mullah and the "sand cutter" gave an unfavorable prognosis, so the suffering king was prepared for his departure in the manner prescribed by the law of the bush.

Secretly and in the dead of night he was carried back into the bush to an obscure "half town" called Goomah, no woman being allowed to know his whereabouts. Courtesy to the mullah and the "sand cutter" demanded that Wobeh should promptly pass into the unknown, but the old man held on to life with his characteristic tenacity. It was several weeks before the news was quietly brought to Totoquelli that its founder was dead. The information was passed on to Boporo and King Sow came over to take charge of the town until all its palavers were settled.

The funeral of an African chief follows the law of the bush implicitly, but the details vary in different parts of the west coast. The proceedings in this case extended over a period of about three weeks.

First Wobeh's body was removed from the hut where he had died and placed in an open kitchen in Goomah. These kitchens are merely large huts without walls, or, rather, with walls about three feet high. The roof is of thatch and the floor of clay. In the center of one of these kitchens a shallow grave was dug. Then the feet were bound together, the arms were extended down the body and the hands bound together by means of a strong stick placed between hands and feet, the body was placed in the grave and lightly covered. After it had lain there for two days it was taken up by night and carried to Totoquelli, where it was again placed in a shallow grave, but in a hut where no woman could bring ill luck by looking upon it. The law of the bush shuts out all women from any approach to the dead. Then the family and the town began to make ready for the obsequies, formal notices were sent out to all the big kings within two days' walk, in order that they might come (with gifts) and assist Wobeh's spirit into rest.

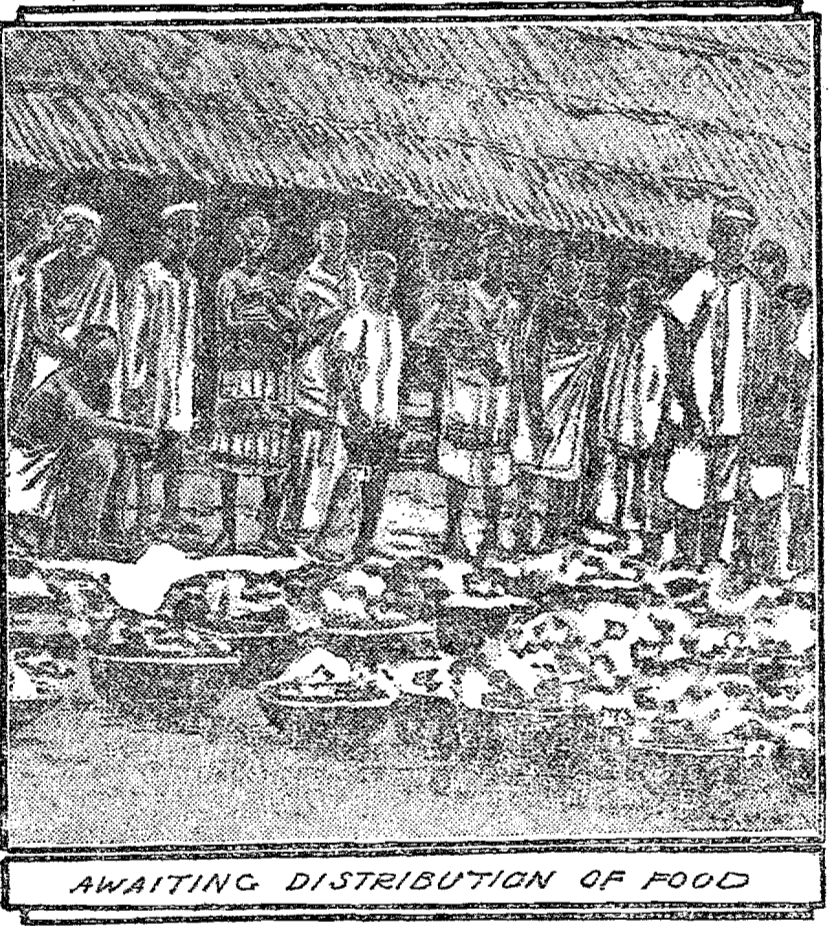
The funeral continued for eight days. First the body was again lifted from the grave and "laid out" in an open kitchen carefully screened. The king's women were then segregated in another kitchen and intrusted with the duty of making great lamentation. Then the head of the "devil bush"—he is a great functionary in West Africa—came into the village to announce the king's death—a performance on a par with the formal notification given to a presidential nominee by a committee from a national convention. The "devil bush" is a sort of combination of secret society and a boys' boarding school. It is a collection of huts hidden away in the bush which women must avoid or pay the penalty of death. Here are collected most of the boys of the community and they remain in seclusion for a period varying from three to six years, being taught some sense and much nonsense. The grip of superstition is so strong that the head of the bush becomes a great man in the tribe and death is the penalty for any woman who looks upon his face. Totoquelli's "devil" preceded his entrance into the town by an unearthly yell, which was the signal for all the women and girls (and every man not a member of the "devil bush") to secrete themselves. Then with a series of ventriloquist yells he came into the center of the town, announced the death of Wobeh, ordered the funeral to proceed and vanished into the bush. Then the real noise began.



TWO AFRICAN PRINCES

Wobeh's women and children reassembled in their kitchen and resumed their mournful chant. This is a performance in which the women of West Africa are very accomplished and Wobeh's family was

had held out. Before eating it he made certain promises relative to peace in the family. Each of the relatives was called out in turn and required to go through the same performance. Old King Sow kept his ears open and whenever he was not satisfied with a given promise he arose and cross questioned the relative like a country lawyer until he made him promise what he wanted. Parts of this ceremony were exciting; at times there were outbursts of laughter at one of Sow's



AWAITING DISTRIBUTION OF FOOD

large enough to be heard. Meanwhile for two days and nights the men of the town made it lively for the spirits of evil that were supposed to be hovering in the bush that surrounds the village. Guns heavily charged with powder were fired at intervals throughout the entire time, causing the evil shapes to take to flight. Most of the night was given over to the beating of drums, the women and younger men dancing in procession all over town.

When night closed in on the scene and the moon began to shed its soft light through hazy clouds the night's dancing began. There was no undercurrent of sadness in it; everybody was literally out for a good time. The dancers were drummed up in groups, the drummers shuffling all through the town to organize a procession. A second crowd was gathered under the leadership of a man with a string instrument made from a calabash, and eventually a third group shuffled along to the tune of a calabash strung with iron rings, the sound being that of a gourd half filled with dried peas.

The succeeding day was one of the most eventful of all. Before sunrise the men of the town brought large stones to the grave and walled it in, making an inclosure about six feet wide and 10 feet long. Dozens of empty gin bottles were brought and placed all around the grave—a very common custom on this coast. The mound was then leveled down and the entire inclosure covered with stones and wet sand. At the head they placed a couple of small ivory tusks, a rice bowl containing Wobeh's silver ring and some kola nuts, two pitchers and a small brass kettle. Across this was laid an unsheathed sword. The fixing of the grave was not completed until they had brought a small jug of rum and poured a little of it into each vessel. The thirst of Wobeh's spirit was apparently more easily quenched than had been that of the man in life—and this enabled the men about the grave to put the greater part of the rum to better use.

After the grave had been properly arranged the town assembled to witness the significant ceremony of killing the white chicken. The principal nephew of the late king knelt on the grave and held the chicken's head above Wobeh's head. King Sow made a long speech and then different members of Wobeh's family gave the chicken messages to take to his spirit. This part of the ceremony was very solemn and impressive. It was clear that they implicitly believed that their messages would reach their destination.

Then the nephew pulled off the chicken's head and threw the body down on the grave. Curiously enough, the headless chicken fluttered around until it reached the head of the grave and then seemed to be trying to bore its way down to the king. It then fluttered away, the

through crowding each other in their efforts to watch every movement. When it finally ceased its struggles there was a chorus of "Ah!" followed by some excited talking. It was explained to me that when a chicken dies with its feet in the air it is a sign that the nephew has been true to the king and has not meddled with his women. In this case the chicken had died on its side.

Then another chicken was brought for another nephew to kill. It likewise died on its side and there was another chorus of excited grunts. A third chicken was killed by a niece, with the same result; but the fourth, killed by another niece, stopped with its feet in the air. The crowd went wild, caught up the girl and marched around the town with her on their shoulders. Wobeh had one relative that had been true.

This ceremony was followed an hour or two later by that of eating the chickens, together with rice cooked in yellow palm oil. The food was placed at the head of the grave and Wobeh's head wife presided over the pot. All the children squatted about on the grave and the other relatives were assembled around it. King Sow had a good many remarks to make before he called up the eldest son and motioned for him to take the palmy of rice which the widow

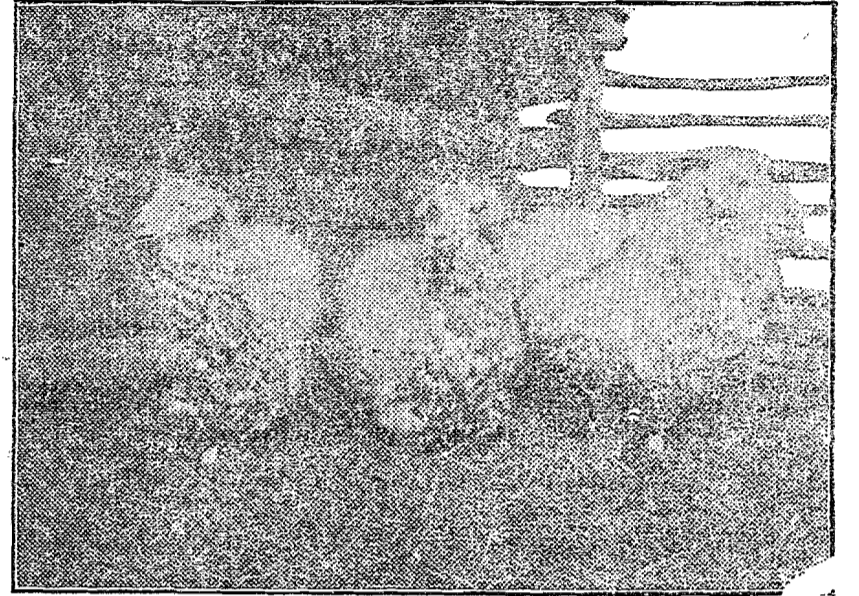
PROFITABLE RETURNS FROM ANGORA GOATS

Probably the Most Pronounced and Useful Trait of the Animal Is Its Ability to Clear Pasture of Weeds and Brush.

Probably the most pronounced and useful trait of the Angora goat is its ability to free pastures of weeds and brush. A bulletin of the department of agriculture claims that 40 goats will clean as much land as a man with a mattock, and do it much better, writes J. H. Harpster in American Agriculturist. A member of the Iowa state board of agriculture is authority for the statement that the Angora goat has added \$1,000,000 to the value of Iowa land in the last ten years, by freeing it of brush and weeds. There are millions of acres of land in the United States, the value of which could be more than doubled by the

do not know how to jump. Any good fence will turn them; they are more apt to crawl under than jump over, but when they once learn to jump they are good at the job. A woven wire fence three feet high is an ideal goat fence. One with square meshes is preferable, with stay wires not closer than 12 inches apart.

Angora goats breed but once a year and usually bring forth their young in late winter or spring, usually one, but sometimes twins. The kids are delicate when first born, but when once filled with mother's milk will stand lots of exposure. The fall is the best season to buy goats,



Angora Buck and Does.

raising of these animals for a few years, at practically no cost to the farmers, as the goat will pay for its keep and a handsome profit besides.

The goat is the only animal that will take the job of clearing our land and pile a great portion of the brush and weeds in his shed as manure and ask nothing for doing it. All he asks is a dry place to sleep, which he will go to himself, and some feed when it is too wet for him to go out. For this he gives up a fleece of hair, worth from one dollar up, and each year another grubber, in the form of a lustrous kid.

as then you can see the mohair and it has not added much to the price. If you buy in the spring you must buy the fleece, as well as the goat. Shorn goats all look alike to me, and no one can tell with absolute surety a good haired goat after it is clipped.

The fleece of the Angora goat is called mohair, and they shear from one and one-half to twenty-one pounds. The average for this country is between three and five pounds for one year's growth, and it is from three to twenty-two inches long, the average being somewhere between.

The price of mohair varies as much



Angora Kids.

The goat will eat any feed that any other animal will eat and a great deal that no other animal will touch, but it must be clean. In summer he will eat all kinds of brush and weeds and leave the grass for the other animals. In the winter he will eat the tops of all the weeds to get the seeds and the twigs and ends of all brush and briars and the bark from a great many saplings, peeling them up six feet high.

Western goats are not hard to fence, as they have never been in any inclosure, except a corral, and hence

as the weight of the fleece, and ranges from 14 cents to \$6.50 per pound, the former price for six-months-old goats of poor hair, and the latter the price paid a Montana firm for two fleeces that weighed 42 pounds. The goat that took the premium at the St. Louis world's fair clipped 19 pounds of hair and sold for \$4.50 per pound. Tom Wedgewood of New Mexico had a buck that sheared 16 pounds of hair, ten pounds of which sold for five dollars per pound. Mrs. Armour of New Mexico had a doe fleece that weighed 14 pounds and sold for \$42.

FERTILIZER FOR USE IN THE FALL

Advantage of Buying Highest Grades is Shown by Comparison of Analysis.

By A. J. LEGG, Albion, W. Va. It is generally conceded that either a superphosphate or a superphosphate and potash is the most economical fertilizer to use on wheat.

My experience here is that a good grade superphosphate alone gives better results than the superphosphate and potash when applied to wheat. I prefer it to the phosphate and potash if they cost the same money, but the potash added also adds from three to four dollars per ton to the price of the goods.

It may be that it will pay to buy the potash in some localities, but I feel sure that it does not pay here.

The superphosphate hastens the maturity of the crop and thus lessens the danger from loss by rust and other diseases which injure the wheat crop.

It helps to make nice plump grains, since the phosphoric acid is found principally in the grain of the crop. In comparing prices it is necessary

to consider the amount of available phosphoric acid in the goods.

If a certain brand shows ten per cent. available phosphoric acid and is offered at \$14 per ton, and we desire to compare it with a brand which shows an analysis of 16 per cent. available phosphoric acid at \$18 per ton, we call the per cent. pounds, since ten per cent. means ten pounds per hundred, and multiply it by the price per pound for phosphoric acid, which is usually calculated at from five to six cents per pound, and compare the results thus:

Ten pounds phosphoric acid at six cents per pound equals 60 cents.

Sixteen pounds phosphoric acid at six cents per pound equals 96 cents.

This shows the cheaper grade to be worth 60 cents per hundred and the higher grade 96 cents per hundred.

Sixty times 20 is \$12.

Ninety-six times 20 is \$19.20.

This shows that when 16 per cent. goods are selling at \$19.20 per ton the ten per cent. goods are only worth commercially \$12 per ton.

Picking Apples.

A packer declares that the cost of picking a barrel of apples on very large, high trees is 20 cents a barrel, while on low-headed trees the cost does not exceed seven cents.

Boy's School Shoes

UNCOMMONLY STRONG AND SERVICEABLE LEATHERS
STYLISH, PERFECT-FITTING AND COMFORTABLE SHAPES

Our Kirkendall Calf Shoes with wire quilted soles are especially intended for boys who can't be kept in ordinary shoes any time at all. They are strongly and substantially made from the best materials and will stand almost unlimited hard wear, besides pleasing the boy himself by their perfect fitting and comfortable shapes. They're remarkably stylish and handsome, too, and the prices are only

\$1.50--\$1.75--\$2.00

Fall underwear and all the needful things for children about to start in school.

Anderson & Hollingsworth FLORENCE, NEBRASKA.

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.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Grand Trustee Wm. Garland of Boston, Senator Brady, candidate for grand worthy vice president, and Past Worthy President Cogan of Cincinnati, O., visited the Florence Eagles Wednesday evening and the members present heard some fine oratory.

The Forgey farm has been sold to Garvin Bros. of Omaha.

Mr. Cyril Kelley has begun a course in the Omaha School of Pharmacy and Mr. Will E. Long has entered upon his second year at the Creighton Medical college.

Mrs. D. O. Hughes is visiting "home folks" in Tecumseh, Neb.

Miss Allison entertained a picnic party Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles G. Carlson left Wednesday for a two months' visit on the Pacific coast. Mr. and Mrs. Wilson are occupying their home.

Mrs. A. B. Hunt has returned from spending the summer at the northern lakes and has as her guest Mrs. Fred Patterson of Sioux City.

Miss Rose McLean has returned from a visit with her brother at Cody, Wyo., with whom she toured Yellowstone National park during her vacation.

Mrs. Wm. Kindred and daughter, Miss Vera, returned Monday from a week's visit with relatives in Luverne, Minn.

Miss Bertha Olsen of Silver Creek, Neb., returned home Tuesday after a two weeks' visit here among old friends.

Mrs. E. L. Cain of Omaha and sister, Mrs. J. L. Edwards, of Blair, were guests of their aunt, Sarah E. Tracy, Monday.

Congratulations are extended Miss Sigma Bondesson, who has already been honored with the establishment of a postoffice on her claim and is now postmistress at Ideal, S. D. The Crane Co. of Omaha, where Miss Bondesson had been employed for several years, presented her with a beautiful gold watch ere her departure.

Mrs. S. P. Wallace and children returned to her home in Freeport, Ill., after a two months' visit at the home of her mother, Sarah E. Tracy.

Rev. James Rayburn, a recent pastor of the Presbyterian church, but now pastor at Marshalltown, Ia., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Grigg Wednesday evening, en route home from evangelistic work in Colorado. Several members of the church were also invited to have a little visit with their old pastor.

Mr. A. J. Dial is enjoying a week's vacation.

High school opened Tuesday, but the other departments of the public schools will not commence until the 26th owing to the remodeling of the school building.

Fred Hartman returned Saturday from a trip overland in his touring car to Huron, S. D. Mrs. Hartman accompanied him and brought home with her her mother, Mrs. J. O. Van Syckle.

Miss Maude Grebe entertained a number of young lady friends last Thursday evening in honor of Miss Weber of Wayne.

The Ladies' Aid of the Presbyterian church had a very enjoyable meeting with Mrs. Fred Hartman Wednesday evening and decided to have a "bake day" Saturday, September 11th. Those desiring to purchase home baked stuff will find a tempting variety exhibited in the postoffice building.

Evening service was resumed in the Presbyterian church last Sunday evening, the regular mid-week service on Wednesday evening and "rally day" will be observed the first Sunday in October.

The Kiss of History.

The ancient Teutons observed the kiss solely as a symbol of love and friendship. With them, as with the Anglo-Saxon race today, the firm handshake was the usual form of salutation in public. In medieval times the kiss became the symbol of other sentiments. The vassal had to kiss the sword of his feudal lord. The "osculum gladij correcti" was the symbol of fealty. In courts of justice the crucifix on the Bible was kissed, a custom still extant.

Theory and Practice.

"My dear, you can go to school with the children; some one is going to lecture on the curse of alcohol. I'll wait for you at the Blue Rock over a couple of mugs of beer."—Fliegende Blaetter

True and Patient Work.

An idea arrives without effort; a form can only be wrought out by patient labor. If your story is worth telling, you ought to love it enough to work over it until it is true—true not only to the ideal, but true also to the real.—Henry Van Dyke.

FORT CALHOUN NEWS

Banker W. R. Wall of Florence has a copy of the Florence Daily Courier of January 13, 1858, with over two columns of the proceedings of the territorial legislature, then in session in Florence.

Young Alvena Hagestein had a birthday party last week.

Mrs. Mary Crouse thinks the Seaside exposition rather smaller than the Trans-Mississippi show.

Mrs. Fred Heise held a family reunion on the farm and her son, Fred, came from Bancroft.

Frank Wenninghoff was back from Benson on business.

President Wall and Cashier Parker of the new bank at Florence were here in their auto.

Mrs. Kirkendahl and Mrs. Crosby and children of Omaha were visiting Harry Rohwer and sisters on Moore's creek.

Mrs. George Rohwer, who has been laid up with inflammatory rheumatism, is much better.

Mr. Ellis, now of De Sota, was called over to Arlington to shoe thirteen horses for the Nebraska state fair.

John Ballard of Blair has cornstalks eighteen feet four inches high. The banks and stores are exhibiting fully matured ears of corn twelve and thirteen inches long and seven inches around.

Two firms have shipped over twenty cars of summer apples and are getting out nearly a car a day.

A man who has spent a whole month between Blair and Puget Sound says Washington county crops are the finest he has seen, and to still put the county on the top shelf the county jail is empty and the sheriff may have to hunt another job.

One of the Iverson twins became ill at Plattsmouth and "Grandma" Schumacher went down in a hurry. But it got better and "Grandma" came back. Mrs. Rosa Iverson will go down and spend the winter.

Felix Beyer, one of the progressive young business men of Blair, stopped off on his way to Omaha.

Edward Peck, the Omaha grain man, has got back to his summer home after a whole month autoing in the east. He visited the Gettysburg battlefield and found that over \$7,000,000 has been spent there for monuments alone.

The former Hiram Craig orchard, three years ago a tangled mass of weeds, vines and shrubbery, after cleaning and spraying, has this year yielded as high as twenty-five bushels hand-picked apples to the tree, besides windfalls and bruised fruit that was eagerly bought by shippers for the far northern markets.

Custer O. Nelson of Coffman brought his carriage and took the parson and family to his home for a big chicken dinner.

Pioneer David Neale and W. H. Woods were in Blair Saturday getting a petition signed to have government work done on the Missouri river, where it is encroaching on the farm lands.

Sam Haller of Blair, after a month's ramble in the west, says Nebraska for corn, and the specimens are twelve and thirteen inches long.

Great Grandparents Bigelow feel proud of their grandson, Dale Stough, librarian and law student at Creighton university, Omaha, who came to see them Sunday.

Monday was Labor Day, school day and rainy day, with a medicine show at night. A lot of grangers and city people went to the Wild West show at Omaha and the bank took a holiday.

Prepared for Death.

At the funeral recently of William Lakin, aged 90, in Staphenhill churchyard, Burton-on-Trent, England, it was found that he had bought his vault 30 years ago, and since then had personally bricked in his wife and daughter and other members of the family. He had lived within a stone-throw of the grave over 80 years.

An Egyptian Plumber.

"I think," said the professor, "from the utensils about him, that this mummy must have been an Egyptian plumber." "How interesting," mused his dreamy assistant, "could we but bring him back to life." The professor shook his head. "Too risky. Who's going to pay him for his time?"

Hoisting the Colors.

On a British warship the biggest ceremonial of the day is the hoisting of the colors at daybreak. Then the band plays the national anthem and the whole ship's company turns aft and salutes. The hauling down of the flag at sunset is a secondary ceremony.

PRICES ARE SLIPPERY THINGS



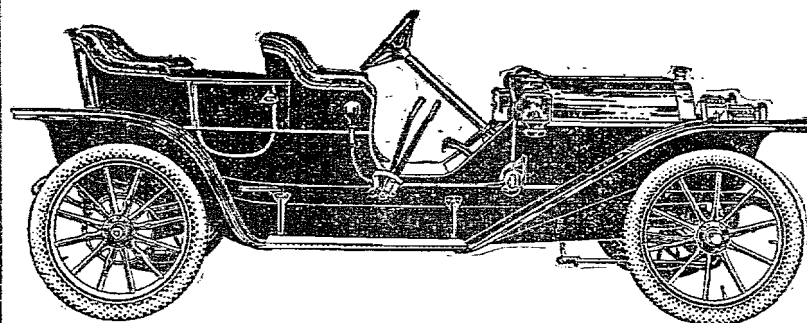
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