FLORENCE, NEBRASKA, FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1909

Subscription, \$1.00 a Year.

No. 17

PRICE KICKS

Monday's Meeting of the City Council Amounting to Over \$300 are Al- how healthful walking was. lowed and Ordered Paid, Besides Disposing of a Big Batch of Busi-

bills, \$303.50 in all.

The council first met in a special ing and men yelling. session as a Board of Equalization to equalize the taxes for sewer district No. 2.

After reading and approving the minutes of the last meting councilman Allen introduced Ordinance 257 calling for the construction of a lot more cement sidewalks.

Allen moved that rule six be suspended and the ordinance be placed on its second and third reading by title only which was seconded by Price and carried unanimously.

The ordinance was passed by the unanimous vote of the council and the mayor affixed his signature.

Mayor Tucker wanted to know if the finance committee was doing its duty and if any fines or license money was being collected, but received no answer to his query.

The following bills were read. F. H. Marshall \$ 26.00

r. 126.715	
Bee Publishing Co	. 48.00
G. R. Gamble	
Tom Check	. 1.50
I. E. Marr	. 13.25
Dan Carver	75
F. D. Leach	. 28.00
J. H. Miller	
H. Plant	
E. Allen	. 5.25
Hugh Suttle	. 15.00
H. Gibbs	. 2.00
The Charles of the Control of the Co	. 16.00
Florence C. & L. Co	. 111.25
Total	

Councilman Price questioned the bill of Marshall and engineer's assistant but upon explanation of the city engineer passed over his objection. He wanted to know about the bills of I. E. Marr and J. H. Miller. Said these two had bills in every meeting and wanted to know who hired them and what work was done.

Councilman Allen said the work was on the bridge and on various streets and if Price would wait until the marshall came in he could tell him exactly where the work was done.

Councilman Price said they were presenting mighty big bills each week but no one seemed to know who had hired them or what work they were doing and these bills should be itemized and an O. K. by the man authorizing the work.

Marshal Marr explained that their work was on the bridge, various streets and for hauling away "brush," but the tree is still waiting to be hauled away by contractor.

Allen moved that the bills all be

allowed which was seconded by Craig and the motion passed unanimously. City Attorney Oimsted spoke of the hill streets and said they should not be graded but should be planted to blue grass to prevent washing and referred to the work being done by M.

C. Coe in this respect. Councilman Price said every time it rained the mud washed down Clay street and buried the crosswalk with mud and he had shoveled it off on numerous occasions as had also the mar-

Mr. Feldhusen requested the council to fix up Monroe stret in front of the Episcopal church where the sidewalk was six to eight inches below the street and constantly filled with

Hugh Suttie spoke of the sewer on Fifth and Fillmore being buried so deep it could not be found and advocated putting in a new and larger pipe to carry off the water. He also said a crosswalk was badly needed

at this point. Mayor Tucker called the attention of the council to the fact that the contractor for the paving of Main street would have a lot of dirt to dispose of and if the council wanted Market square filled up the contractor would do so free of cost to the city.

SNAP.

New eight-room house in Florence, on street car line, house has electric light, good well, two acres of ground, strawberries, blackberries, grapes and some fruit. Chicken house, pigeon house, barn, cow shed, hog lot. Owner raised about \$200 in strawberries this year. Chances like this are few.

HASTINGS & HEYDEN, 1614 Harney St., Tel. Doug. 1606.

LOCAL STOREIS OF THE STRIKE FLORENCE AND

Scenes and Incidents of Street Car Strike as Observed in This Peaceful City of Ours.

Walking seems to be pretty good for some of our citizens as there has been a long line of them walking every is Enlived by a Discussion on the morning. Will Thomas tried it twice Payment of Bills, But Everything and was so delighted with it that is Finally Adjusted and All Bills thereafter he took the train and told $\Diamond \Diamond \Diamond$

A Florence farmer, bringing a wagonload of hogs to market bright and early Monday morning met with cries Monday's meeting of the council of "Hey, let me ride with you," from was just like clock work and a big a score of men waiting for some batch of business was disposed of means of transportation to take them until the payment of bills was to their work in town. The poor farmreached. Councilman Price started the er had as much of a load as it seemed fireworks by objecting to some of the two horses ought to carry, but he had bills and the rest all joined in, but to take on more. As many men as in Omaha. in the end ordered the payment of all could stick on that wagon boarded it and rode on into town, hogs squeal-

 $\Diamond \Diamond \Diamond$ Some one pulled a motorman off the front end of the car Saturday at the all dressed alike in white duck trousend of the line and stuck his head in the ground while a few others used belts and black necktie and each man him as a cuspidor. No more cars were sent out for some time after that.

 $\Diamond\Diamond\Diamond$

It was a harvest for the railroad as the majority waited and took the nine clock train in, returning on the six o'clock train. Old timers said it seemed very natural. $\Diamond\Diamond\Diamond$

Mrs. S. P. Johnson hitched up to a wagon to take her boys in, but it soon became known and many others rode down with her.

 $\Diamond \Diamond \Diamond$ Like all strikes the hardest part fell on the women who were compelled to stay home and were denied even the pleasure of entertaining their Omaha

 $\Diamond\Diamond\Diamond$ Mighty little in a social way occurred during the week as everybody was too tired from walking or talking about the strike.

 $\Diamond\Diamond\Diamond$

Strike breakers do not like to be called "scabs." Ernest Peterson, living at Main and Hanover, found this out to his sorrow early Wednesday morning and just because he called the motorman, George Cole, scab and small potatoes, he had to be taken to hospital for treatment.

Peterson sat in his yard, not deigning to ride on a street car operated by strike breakers, and when a car passed him he yelled "scab" at the proceeded on down town.

rant issued for Cole's arrest.

The Ponca Improvement club held another meeting last Sunday.

Work was commenced on the Ponca bridge. This will be a concrete bridge sixteen feet wide with a thirty foot span. We wish to thank the county commissioners for putting in a bridge of this kind as the travel at this point stantial.

00 Mr. J. F. Weurth gave a delightful party Saturday evening, September 18. The crowd dispersed at 6 a. m. "Nuff said."

The Ladies Aid gave a pie social at Mr. and Mrs. F. E. Price's. It was a decided success and everybody reported a good time.

00 The potato crop in this neighborhood is from medium to good.

00 Mrs. Amistrom was a South Omaha visitor this past week. 00

Mr. A. Neevey was a business visit or in Ponca this last week. 00

Mr. Erickson lost one of his borses Tuesday.

A Leading Question.

her minister to take snuff to keep answered briskly: "Why dinna ye put the snuff in the sermon, mon?"

Where It Goes.

"That man made an immense fortune out o fa simple little invention." 'Indeed! What did he invent?" "Invent? Nothing, you dub! He was the promoter!"

Restraint Best of All. Striking manners are bad manners. -Hall.

THE EAGLES

Fontanelle Aerie Presents Best Appearance in the Parade and Wins Two Prizes of \$50 Each, Besides Keeping Open House All the Week and Entertaining Eagles From Nineteen States from Maine to California and Michigan to Louisiana.

Going some?

Well, I guess yes! Fontanelle Aerie No. 1542 of the Fraternal Order of Eagles of Florence. Neb., did itself proud last week durng the convention of the grand aerie

Thursday, the day of the big parade, they pulled down a third prize of \$50 and a fourth prize of \$50 or \$100 for the effort of appearing in the parade.

They had ninety-two men in line, ers, white shirts and caps with black carried an American flag.

They marched four abreast and kept a straight line and kept i step thus presenting a fine appearance-in fact the bst of any of the entire parade.

They met at the Cole-McKay undertaking establishment to dress for the parade and just before starting were lined up and a photograph of them

But that is not the only way they distinguished themselves.

All during the week they kept open house in Henry Anderson's new store building and at all times a members was present to welcome visitors. The brunt of this work fell on C. H. Allen F. S. Tucker and Emmet Allen, who were present night and day, working hard to see that everybody had a good time.

Hugh Suttle and R. H. Olmsted were the delegates to the grand aerie and were enthusiastic supporters of the new administration which promises to eliminate all objectionable features of the order and build up a good organization.

The central theme of the new organization is "If you can't speak well of sugar mill at Sugar, Idaho. a man, don't speak ill of him."

The committee that had charge of the headquarters for the Eeagles was and veteran of the civil war, was takmade up of F. S. Tucker, C. H. Allen, en to Blair hospital last week. R. H. Olmsted, Winis Barber and Hugh Suttie.

crew. This epithet did not set well the Eagles' headquarters in Florence contains 1,330 dressing rooms and with Cole and he stopped his car, last week: Clarence Van Wie, Benson; can accommodate 2,000 bathers at jumped to the street and started in Ed. J. Hirdman, Benson; Henry Pepursuit of his villifier. He caught him terson. Benson; Emil Hanson, South after a run and gave Peterson such a Omaha; Ralph W. Sellman, Bloomingbeating that he had to be taken to St. ton, Ill.; Con Kane, Bloomington, Ill.; Joseph's for treatment. After his vin- Gus Walenzier, Bloomington, Ill.; W. dication Cole returned to his car and E. Gilchrist, Bloomington, Ill.; Geo. R. Lady, Galena, Ill.; J. W. Snodderly, Peterson said he would have a war- Council Bluffs, Ia.; Ted Wilson, Seattle. Wash.; Jos. C. Bush, San Francisco, Cal.; Henry Wallace, New York City; H. C. Eflang, Chicago; James O'Hara, Bloomington, Ill; Wm. A. O'Leary, Kansas City; George Uhl, Crawford, Neb.; W. L. Boellcher, Columbus. Neb.; L. L. Evans. Council Bluffs, Ia.; Geo. B. Green, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Wallace Benjamin, Council Bluffs, Ia.; W. H. Smith, Council Bluffs, Ia.; John T. Tanner, South Omaha; W. G. Lutz, Cheridan, Iowa; W. F. Shafer, Bethlehem, Pa.; J. Meyer, Omaha: R. J. Weber, Elwood, Ind.; J. H. O'Brien, Bangor, Me.; Narcisse Lanziere Biddleford, Me.; W. L. Chadwick, Rumford Falls, Me.; Edward J. Daly, Portland, Me.; F. G. Lawrence, Benton Harbor, Me.; Mr. is heavy and we need something sub- and Mrs. James G. Gray, McKeesport, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Wilford A. Sunrberger, Dover, N. Y.; Mr. and Mrs. M. H. Rosche, McKeesport. Pa.; eGorge /Porsall, Plattsmouth, Neb.; William F. Smock, Valley City, N. D.; W. E. Patterson, Dubois, Pa.; F. G. Schlimen, St. Marys, Pa.; George D. Cline, Sayre, Pa.; George T. Dubler, Winfield, Kan.; Dr. Jacob Shauer, W. Mineral, Kan.; W. D. Kramer, Arkansas City, Kan.; G. A. Krimmeyer, Leavenworth, Kan.; J. J. Brown, Leavenworth, Kan.; Richard Hurg, Leavenworth, Kan.; Ray Harp, Nevada City, Calif.; E. E. Endicott, Aurador. Calif.; V. M. Colt, Placerville, Calif.; A. A. Barber, Fruitvale, Calif.; Gus Johnson, Pt. Richmond. Calif.; Mr. and Mrs. George V. Hammond, Indianapolis, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. Prestor Loveland, Mt. Vernon, Ind.; Mr. and Mrs. A. D. Hagenstein, Minot, S. D.; William S. Shellak, Hastings. Neb.; Emil Polenske, Hastings, Neb.; F. J. Lindeman, Hastings, Neb.; Emil An old Scotswoman was advised by C. Schuck, Cameron, Mo.; Claus Hanoes. Sioux City, Ia.; Joe Tuerkon, herself awake during the sermon. She Verdigree, Mo.; F. L. McGrew, Pekin. Ill.; S. M. Crooks, Pekin, Ill.; Emil

WHEN WILL THE SCHOOLS OPEN Question That is Becoming of Great

Interest to All People of Florence Who Demand That They Open.

The great question of the day in Florence now is when the school opens.

The board makes no promises, but at the present time it looks as if it will be as late as the middle of October, although the board at a meeting Monday instructed its attorney to bring pressure to bear on the archi tect and contractor to have the building in shape to open October 1st.

If the board gives the full term of school the classes will not let out until late in June or July and the parents are opposed to having their children stay in school so late claiming they cannot study during the hot weather and the keeping of the classes so late will result in many of the pupils having to take the work over

again on account of failure. The board says same thing will hap pen if pupils are pushed to an extent that school could be out any earlier. Meantime parents are becoming in censed at the inexcusable delay in building the new school.

������������������ the boat and started. FORT CALHOUN NEWS

Samuel Miles has sold his farm on the road to De Sota and is building a him sing it with Haskell joining in barn. 28x50 feet, for Andrew Proach now and then when he could catch up.

R. C. McCandish, formerly of Omaha, was down from Blair.

George Hansen plowed a beaded buckskin moccasin out of an Indian house that he gave to W. H. Woods and Andrew Proch now gave him the iron grip and trigger of an old horse pistol that washed out of a ravine.

Attorney Fluery of Omaha is putting three cars of tile on the farm he recently purchased here.

August and Lewis Schwager and Otto Kruse are going to work in the

William Wulff writes from Redon-The following Eagles registered at da Beach, Cal., that the bath house once, with heated salt water.

> Mrs. Edward Wulff and baby were at Bigelow's.

2 Mrs. Fred Truelsen and son are at

Mrs. Elliott, with wife and baby of

00 Mrs. James Chase of Seattle is at Couchman's.

Claus Rohwer was 85 years old Saturday and had a nice party of friends and neighbors.

Master Albert Rohwer received a fine hunting dog from Philadelphia.

Superintendent Babbitt gave a party to the Sunday school class of Miss Edith Seirk for faithful attendance the past quarter.

Little Dorethea Curtis paid 8 cents birthday money at Sunday school. \sim

Five citizens have pledged over \$250 fer a lyceum course of five numbers next winter, beginning October 20.

LOST.

Six sheep, strayed or stolen from my place four miles northwest of Florence. Reward for any informa-

tion. Phone Florence 1542. S. C. PEDERSON.

No Excuse for Conceit. However much a man has done to be proud of, it isn't enough to war-

rant a swelled head. Particularly Scandal. There are people who believe every thing they hear, and a lot they don't.

Justice Not a Common Virtue. Of all human excellences, justice is the most uncommon.—Plutarch.

Neb.; W. P. Wells, Columbus, Neb.; George W. Clark, Columbus, Neb.; J. Hanson, South Omaha, Neb.; Miss L. E. Clark, Columbus, Neb.; Mrs. L. L Evans, Council Bluffs, Ia.; Mrs. H. G. Hanson, South Omaha, Neb.: C. Mc-Linke, Grand Island, Neb.; Wm. Sothman, Grand Island, Neb.; J. H. Brown. Andrews, Council Bluffs, Ia.: Mrs. C. D. Walters, Council Bluffs, Ia.; H B. Peabody, Mass.; John P. Barrett, Sa-Fleharty, South Omaha, Neb.; A. E. lem, Mass.; Cornelius J. Driscoll, Caufield, Great Falls, Mont.; George Salem, Mass.; C. V. Litchy, Lancaster, Witcomb, Hamilton, Mont.; C. Synker-Pa.; John D. Long, Lebanon. Pa.; son. Workington, Minn.; R. L. Smith, dore Harold Reynolds' fleet, enroute to Omaha, Commodore Reynolds, who John J. Nicholson, Joliet, Ill.; F. W. Workington, Minn.; Peter Haarman, Alter, Columbus. Neb.; Charles O. Workington, Minn.; S. C. Will, At-Miller, Aurora, Ill.; William Metzger, lanta. Ga.; W. P. O'Brien, Hamilton, Joliet, Ill.; Fred J. Platz, Columbus, Mont.

OLD MISSOURI

Street Car Strike Prevents Editor From Going to Omaha in Usual Way But Affords Him An Excellent Opportunity of Viewing the Glorious Scenery Along the Muddy Missouri and Enjoying a Day With a Motor Boat Ride.

Oh joy! Saturday was the day of woe for pany, but for the editor a day of joy.

Because he went joy riding on the old Missouri, famed far and near for its sandbanks and muddy water.

Saturday morning all the cars were stopped and on the corners stood various groups discussing how to get to Omaha, Harold Revnolds saved the day for some by offering to take them down in his motor boat. In the party were B. C. Fowler, W. A. Yoder, Paul Haskell, A. B. Hunt, M. B. Thompson, Miss McLean, Miss Shaw and the editor.

At nine o'clock we safely boarded

Talk about your joy rides. Well that certainly was it. Why at times I even felt like joining in with Fowler and singing that song he sang all the way down. That song is a gem. Here it is in full, but you ought to hear

A BUCCANEER CHORUS.

They say the Devil has fled from Hell To sail on the Spanish Main;-By the yoke of the Spell-the Folk say well

When they say that the Devil has fled from hell.

From out the Sea-Borne Sunset is cast a crimson tinge. With a Yo, and a Ho. from a Band

of Four-score Men,-The Gates of Hell yawn redly upon the World's grey hinge,

And we sail to the Postern to see the Devils cringe, With a Yo, and a Ho, from a band of

Four-score Men. Perry Blackwood, territorial pioneer | The Sea moans Dead Men's Dirges, Shapes muster Soul on Soul,

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-score Men.-There creeps a Cloud before us, and

ashen aureole-The Beast of Hell has littered, and Morgan is her foal! With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of

Four-score Men. And Life is but a Tavern, so let us stay and Sup,

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-score Men,-And Death is in the Taproom and Hell

is in the Cup, drink the potion up; With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of

Four-score men. For though Life is worth the Living,

when Life is on the Sea, With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-score Men,-

And it's worth the Devil's forfeit to let the arm swing free,

And show the Spanish Dastards what Men the Rovers be; With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-score men.

Come, Death, you royal Gamester, and have a final bout,

With a Yo, and a Ho, from a Band of Four-score Men.-For we are growing weary of the Revel and the Rout,

And while the Dice are rattling, go Snuff the Candle out, With a Yo and a Ho, from a Band of Fourscore men.

They say the Devil has fied from Hell To sail on the Spanish Main;-By the Thrice-sworn Spell-the Folk say well

When they say that the Devil has fled from Hell.

In one hour and ten minutes we landed at the foot of Douglas street and the editor started up town, but, like the proverbial cat, he came back.

It was too good to be true. He better in his life and only hopes he will have another occasion to take the trip. Here is what the Omaha Bee said of the trip.

O wireless message signifying "C. Q. D." or "P. D. Q." was flashed through the ambient atmosphere to the life-saving station that is to be built on top of the New York Life building early in the day from the Illinois Central bridge vicinity, where the Big Muddy flows swift and sure.

A second wireless brought the inswung around and hit the new-fangled tor boat for the voyage.

PONCA IMPROVEMENT CLUB

One of the Real Live Organizations Meet Sunday, October 3, to Listen to County Commissioners.

The Ponca Improvement club met at the school house last Sunday and took in some more new members.

Quite a discussion was indulged in about building a club house to use for meetings of all kinds, but action was deferred pending the action to be taken at the meeting of the school board next week.

The club decided to have their constitution and by-laws printed as well as letter heads.

The officers of the club were instructed to invite the county commissioners to attend the meeting Sunday afternoon October 3, at which time they expect to have out a full attendance of members.

Many other matters were discussed out action postponed for the present. Seven new members were initiated. A committee of three consisting of Thor Jorgenson, Oliver Dinken and Anton Bergeld was appointed to look

into the rural telephone system and

report at the next meeting.

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ୖ୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰୰ Mrs. Emil Rix of Omaha brought her mother, Mrs. Flecher of St. Louis. to visit her husband's folks.

00 Mrs. Rosa Iverson has gone to Plattsmouth for the winter. 00

The. Rev. Charles Arnold of St. Paul, Minn., brought his wife and babies to see "Grandpa" Couchman. 00

Master Russell Curtis, who gradu-

ated from the high school last sum-

mer, has gone to the new Omaha university and will board with the Rev. Robert Bell.

Miss Karbach of Omaha has ret Springs and revived turned fru... her musicales here.

assist former Sheriff Snyder of this county to make a new home. Superintendent Jensen of the Mutu-

Henry Ohnt has gone to Pa agon to

al Telephone company was looking over his lines here last week.

John Delaney, Frank Curtis and W. H. Epling of Blair were assessing damages for a new road to Douglas county, just west of Coffman.

00 Mrs. Sorenson and baby of Omaha are at P. Jensen's.

Mrs. Samuel Mundor of Blair is at Bigelow's, while her husband is picking apples here.

Miss Aimee Kenney of Blair, who was married to Lyman Peck, was a very much loved teacher in Fort Calhoun schools the past five years.

Miss Pauline Stargart, after two years with Mrs. Worline, has gone to her parents at Millard.

Mrs. Richards of Phillips is home on a visit. A car of apples left Kennard for

battle mast bridge—and the jar had

Texas.

blown out a cylinder head. The direct confusion aboard ship, which began to list heavily in the threatening seas, and the captain's voice was heard through the trumpet thundering "Cut away the mast and all of you lubbers cut for

Wading wasn't good and the passengers and Commodore Reynolds determined to go down with the ship. But just as about the last hope was gone the stoker got the cylinder head screwed on again and the good ship began riding the waves like a thing of life and the journey to Omaha was finished without the loss of any of

the crew or passengers. The City of Peoria was about ready to go to the rescue of the Florentinue spent the entire day with Captain barque and was just tuning up her Reynolds and never enjoyed anything siren whistle to give cheer to the shipwrecked Florentines, when Commodore Reynolds appeared around the bend, standing proudly on the bridge of his good ship and with him the crew and passengers in thankful attitudes, because they had been so vali-

antly s-a-v-e-d. It was a thrilling moment. The passengers are thinking of making up a purse for the heroic stoker and commodore for their salvage.

The trouble originated on account of the street car misunderstanding and, formation that the flagship of Commo- as the Florentines didn't care to walk from Florence to Omaha, had en-knows about water through his concountered a heavy sea off Y. M. C. A. nection with the Omaha Water comlake point and the forward turret had pany, tendered his good battleship mo-



Murray Staclair 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 burned. McCloud became acquainted with Dicksie Dunning, a girl of the west, 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 miners and that was the reason for the superintendent's appointment to his office. McCloud arranged board at the boarding house of Mrs. Sinclair, the ex-foreman's deserted wife. Dicksie 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 handits 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. Dicksie interfered to prevent a shooting affray. Dicksie met 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. Dicksie and Marion appealed to McCloud for help. Whispering Smith before and Marion appealed to McCloud succeeded in halting the flood. Dicksie and Marion appealed to 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 and McCloud started in pursuit for the pu

CHAPTER XXXV.—Continued.

While the Johnsons were laughing, Smith walked into the Blackbird. He had lost 30 minutes, and in losing them had lost his quarry. Sinclair had disappeared, and Whispering Smith made a virtue of necessity by taking the upsetting of his plans with an unruffled face. There was but one thing more, indeed, to do, and that was to eat his supper and ride away. The street encounter had made so much talk in Oroville that Smith declined Gene Johnson's invitation to go back to the house. It seemed a convenient time to let any other ambitious rustlers make good if they were disposed to try, and Whispering Smith went for his supper to the hotel where the Williams Cache men made their headquarters.

When he rode away in the dusk his had told him why Sinclair dodged Smith was again heading on a long, hard ride, and after a man on a better herse, back to the Crawling Stone and wants to see first or you'd have no trouble in talking business to-day. You nor no other man will ever get knew that

"See that he doesn't get you alive. Rebstock," was his parting retort. "if he finds out Kennedy has got the me-that I will never do. Ed, before Tower W money, the first thing he does will be to put the Doxology all

CHAPTER XXXVI.

A Sympathetic Ear.

When Whispering Smith rode after Sinclair, Crawling Stone ranch, in common with the whole countryside, had but one interest in life, and that was to hear of the meeting. Riders across the mountain valleys met with but one question; mail-carriers brought nothing in their pouches of interest equal to the last word concerning Sinclair or his pursuer. It mountains that it would be a difficult there; Tower W-nothing would do matter to overhaul any good man riding Sinclair's steel-dust horses, but with Sinclair himself in the saddle, unless it pleased him to pull up, the chase was sure to be a stern one. Against this to feed speculation stood one man's record—that of the man creek and brought Chuck Williams out on a buckboard.

Business in Medicine Bend, meantime, was practically suspended. As big railroad town was likewise the diers to and from the fort, stage drivers and cowmen, homesteaders and as ever lived." rustlers, discussed the apprehension of Sinclair. Moreover, behind this effort to arrest one man who had savagely defied the law were ranged all. hatreds of the high country, and practically the whole population tributary to Medicine Bend and the Crawling hounded me what I think of him be-Stone valley were friends either to fore I leave. I'm going to give my clair were nearly all the cattlemen, go with me. She's been poisoned not alone because he was on good against me I know that; but if she terms with the rustlers and protected does what's fair and square there'll be his friends, but because he warred no trouble—no trouble at all. All I

IISPERING SMIT By Trank H. Spearman. ILLUSTRATIONS BY ANDRE BOWLES BY CHAS SCRIBNER'S SONS COPYRIGHT .

range interests, as a rule, were openly | against him were the homesteaders. the railroad men, the common people and the men who everywhere hate cruelty and outrage and the making of a lie.

Lance Dunning had never concealed his friendliness for Sinclair, even after hard stories about him were known to be true, and it was this confidence of fellowship that made Sinclair, 24 hours after he had left Oroville, ride down the hill trail to Crawling Stone ranchhouse.

The morning had been cold, with a heavy wind and a dull sky. In the afternoon the clouds lowered over the valley and a misting rain set in. Dicksie had gone into Medicine Bend on the stage in the morning, and, after a stolen half-hour with McCloud at Marion's, had ridden home to escape the storm. Not less, but much more, than those about her she was alive to the situation in which Sinclair stood and its danger to those closest to her. In the morning her one prayer to Mc-Cloud had been to have a care of himself. and to Marion to have a care of herself: but even when Dicksie left them it seemed as if neither quite felt the peril as she felt it.

In the afternoon the rain, falling steadily, kept her in the house, and she sat in her room sewing until the light failed. She went downstairs. Puss had lighted the grate in the living room, and Dicksie threw herself into a chair. The sounds of hoofs aroused her and she went to a window. To her horror, she saw Sinclair walking with her cousin up to the front door. She ran into the dining room, and the two men entered the hall and walked into the office. Choking with excitement, Dicksie ran through the kitchen and upstairs to master her agitation.

In the office Sinclair was sitting down before the hot stove with a tumbler of whisky. "Lance,"—he shook his head as he spoke hoarsely-"I want to say my friends have stood by me to a man, but there's none of them treated me squarer through thick and thin than you have. Well, I've had some bad luck. It can't he helped. Regards!"

He drank, and shook his wet hair again. Four days of hard riding had left no trace on his iron features. Wet to the bone, his eyes flashed with fire. He held the glassful of whisky in a hand as steady as a spirit-level and tossed it down a throat as cool as

"I want to say another thing, Lance: I had no more intention than a child of hurting Ed Banks. I warned Ed months ago to keep out of this fight, and I never knew he was in it face was careworn. John Rebstock till it was too late. But I'm hoping he will pull through yet, if they don't there were others whom Sinclair kill him in the hospital to spite me. I wanted to meet first; and Whispering never recognized the man at all till it was too late. Why, one of them used to work for me! A man with the whole railroad gang in these moun-Medicine Bend. "There's others he tains after him has got to look out for himself or his life ain't worth a glass of beer. Thank you, Lance, not any more. I saw two men, with their him alive." But Whispering Smith rifles in their hands, looking for me. I hollered at them; but, Lance, I'm rough and ready, as all my friends know, and I will let no man put a drop on I ever recognized him, raised his rifle; that's the only reason I fired. Not so full, Lance, not so full, if you please. Well," he shook his black hair as he threw back his head, "here's to better luck in worse countries!" He paused as he swallowed, and set the tumbler down. "Lance, I'm saying good-by to the mountains."

"You're not going away for good, Murray?"

"I'm going away for good. What's the use? For two years these railroad cutthroats have been trying to put something on me; you know that. They've been trying to mix me up with that bridge-burning at Smoky was commonly agreed through the creek; Sugar Buttes, they had me but I was there, and they've got one of the men in jail down there now. Lance, trying to sweat enough perjury out of him to send me up. What show has a poor man got against all the money there is in the country? I wouldn't be afraid of a jury of my own who had ridden alone across Deep neighbors the men that know me, Lance any time. What show would I have with a packed jury in Medicine Bend? I could explain anything I've done to the satisfaction of any reasonthe center of all telephone lines the able man. I'm human, Lance; that's all I say. I've been mistreated and center of all rumors. Officers and sol- I don't forget it. They've even turned my wife against me-as fine a woman

Lance swore sympathetically. "There's good stuff in you yet, Mur-

"I'm going to say good-by to the of the prejudices, sympathies, and mountains," Sinciair went on grimly, "but I'm going to Medicine Bend tonight and tell the man that has Sinclair or to his pursuer. Behind Sin- wife a chance to do what is right and

Dicksie with her pulses throbbing at | such thing," he growled, curtly. or covertly friendly to Sinclair, while fever-heat heard the words. She stood half-way down the stairs, trembling as she listened. Anger, hatred, the spirit of vengeance, choked in her throat at the sinister words. She longed to stride into the room and confront the murderer and call down retribution on his head. It was no fear of him that restrained her, for the Crawling Stone girl never knew fear. She would have confronted him and denounced him, but produence checked her angry impulse. She knew what he meant to do-to ride into Medicine Bend under cover of the storm, murder the two he hated, and escape in the night; and she resolved he should never succeed. If she could only get to the telephone! But the telephone was in the room where he sat. He was saying good-by. Her cousin was trying to dissuade him from riding out into the storm, but he was going. The door opened; the men went out on the porch, and it closed. Dicksie, lightly as a shadow, ran into the office and began ringing Medicine Bend on the telephone.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

Dicksie's Ride.

When Lance Dunning entered the room ten minutes later Dicksie stood at the telephone: but the ten minutes of that interval had made quite another creature of his cousin. The wires were down and no one from any quarter gave a response to her frantic ringing. Through the receiver she it!" He pointed his finger at her.

can."

He stared without reply. "You heard him say so," persisted

Dicksie, vehemently. Lance crossed his legs and threw back the brim of his hat. "McCloud is nobody's fool. He will look out for

himself." "These fiendish wires to Medicine Bend are down. Why hasn't this line been repaired?" she cried, wringing her hands. "There is no way to give warning to any one that he is coming, and you have let him go!"

Lance whirled in his chair. "Damnation! Could I keep him from go-

"You did not want to; you are keeping out of trouble. What do you care whom he kills to-night!"

"You've gone crazy, Dicksie. Your imagination has upset your reason. Whether he kills anybody to-night or not, it's too late now to make a row about it," exclaimed Lance, throwing his cigar angrily away. "He won't kill us."

"And you expect me to sit by and fold my hands while that wretch sheds more blood, do you?" "It can't be helped."

"I say it can be helped! I can help it-I will help it-as you could have done if you had wanted to. I will ride to Medicine Bend to-night and help it."

Lance jumped to his feet, with a string of oaths. "Well, this is the lim-

wind.

No man could have kept the trail to they struck it they had but four miles the pass that night. The horse took it as if the path flashed in sunshine, and swung into the familiar stride that had carried her so many times over the 20 miles ahead of them. The storm driving into Dicksie's face cooled her. Every moment she recolmind all the aspects of her venture She had set herself to what few men on the range would have dared and what no other woman on the range They were already at the head of the underfoot, was falling into the long

reach; but the wind was colder. Dicksie lowered her head and gave Jim the rein. She realized how wet wet. Sheehad no protection but her skirt, though the meanest rider on Jim's neck, she mouned and cried to all her countless acres would not have him. When again she could hold her braved a mile on such a night without seat no longer, she fell to the horse's leather and fur. The great lapels of side, dragged herself along in the her riding-jacket, reversed, were but frozen slush, and, screaming with the toned tight across her shoulders, and the double fold of fur lay warm and self up into the saddle. dry against her heart and lungs; but her hands were cold, and her skirt this again-that if she did so she dragged leaden and cold from her waist, and water soaked in upon her chilled feet.

She became conscious of how fast she was going. Instinct, made keen by thousands of saddle miles, told Dicksie of her terrific pace. She was riding faster than she would have dared go at noonday and without of the sliding and the plunging down the long hill, the storm and the darkness brought no thought of fear for herself; her only fear was for those ahead. In supreme moments a horse, like a man when human efforts become superhuman, puts the lesser dangers out of reckoning, and the faculties, set on a single purpose, though strained to the breaking-point, never break. Low in her saddle, Dicksie tried to reckon how far they had come and how much lay ahead. She could feel her skirt stiffening about her knees, and the rain beating at her face was sharper; she knew the sleet as it stung her cheeks, and knew what next was coming-the snow.

There was no need to urge Jim. He had the rein and Dicksie bent down to speak to him, as she often spoke when they were alone on the road, had come in riderless. While Barnwhen Jim, bolting, almost threw her. Recovering instantly, she knew they bedside administered restoratives, were no longer alone. She rose alert in her seat. Her straining eyes could sudden and mysterious coming. Dicksee nothing. Was there a sound in the wind? She held her breath to lis heard all, but, unable to explain, ten, but before she could apprehend moaned in her helplessness. She Jim leaped violently ahead. Dicksie heard Marion at length tell the doctor screamed in an agony of terror. She that McCloud was out of town, and knew then that she had passed anoth- the news seemed to bring back her er rider, and so close she might have senses. Then, rising in the bed, while

touched him. wings to her horse. The speed be and, looking from one to the other, came wild. Dicksie knit herself to her told her story. When it was done dumb companion and a prayer choked in her throat. She crouched lest a voices at the door of the shop. She bullet tear her from her horse; but heard as if she dreamed, but at the through the darkness no bullet came, door the words were dread reality. only the sleet, stinging her face, stiffening her gloves, freezing her hair, had come out of the storm with a sumchilling her limbs, and weighting her | mons upon Marion and it was the surlike lead on her struggling horse. She geon who threw open the door and knew not even Sinclair could overtake her now-that no living man could lay

the rain beating her burning face and a hand on her bridle-rein-and sho "And to kill George McCloud, if he her horse leaping fearfully into the pulled Jim in down the winding hills to save him for the long flat. When

> to go. Across the flat the wind drove in fury. Reflection, thought and reason were beginning to leave her. She was crying to herself quietly as she used to cry when she lost herself, a mere child, riding among the hills. She lected herself better, and before her was praying meaningless words. Snow purred softly on her cheeks. The cold ranged themselves. She had set was soothing her senses. Unable at herself to a race, and against her rode last to keep her seat on the horse, the hardest rider in the mountains. she stopped him, slipped stiffly to the ground, and, struggling through the wind as she held fast to the bridle and the horn, half walked and half ran to could do. A gust drove into her face. start the blood through her benumbed veins. She struggled until she could pass, and the horse, with level ground drag her mired feet no farther, and tried to draw herself back into the saddle. It was almost beyond her. She sobbed and screamed at her helplessness. At last she managed to she was; her feet and her knees were climb flounderingly back into her seat, and, bending her stiffened arms to

> > pain of her freezing hands, drew her-She knew that she dare not venture could never remount. She felt now that she should never live to reach Medicine Bend. She rode on and on and on-would it never end? Then came a sound like the beating of great drums in her ears. It was the crash of Jim's hoofs on the river bridge,

and she was in Medicine Bend. A horse, galloping low and heavily, thought or fear of accident. In spite slued through the snow from Fort street into Boney, and, where it had so often stopped before, dashed up on the sidewalk in front of the little shop. The shock was too much for its unconscious rider, and, shot headlong from her saddle, Dicksie was flung bruised and senseless against Mari-

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

At the Door.

She woke in a dream of hoofs beating at her brain. Distracted words fell from her lips, and when she opened her swollen eyes and saw those about her she could only scream.

Marion had called up the stable, but the stablemen could only tell her that Dicksie's horse, in terrible condition, hardt, the railway surgeon, at the Marion talked with him of Dicksie's sie, lying in pain and quite co the surgeon and Marion coaxed her Fear froze her to the saddle; it lent to lie down, she clutched at their arms she swooned, but she woke to hear Sinclair had made good his word, and saw Sinclair standing in the snow, (TO BE CONTINUED.)



Dicksie Gave Jim the Rein.

and the harsh crackle of the wind. of this house to-night." Sometimes praying, sometimes fainting and sometimes despairing, she stood clinging to the instrument, ringing and pounding upon it like one frenzied. Lance looked at her in amazement. "Why, God a'mighty, Dicksie, what's the matter?"

He called twice to her before she turned, and her words almost stunned "Why did you not detain Sinclair here to-night? Why did you not arrest him?"

Lance's sombrero raked heavily to one side of his face, and one end of his mustache running up much higher on the other, did not begin to express his astonishment. "Arrest him? Arrest Sinclair? Dicksie, are you crazy? Why the devil should I arrest Sinclair? Do you suppose I am going to mix up in a fight like this? Do you think I want to get killed? The levelheaded man in this country, just at of trouble, and the man who succeeds, let me tell you, has got more than plenty to do."

Lance, getting no answer but a flerce, searching gaze from Dicksie's wild eyes, laid his hand on a chair, lighted a cigar, and sat down before the fire. Dicksle dropped the telephone receiver, put her hand to her girdle, and looked at him. When she spoke her tone was stinging. "You know that man is going to Medicine Bend to kill his wife!"

openly on the sheepmen. The big want, Lance is a square Coal. V/hat?" and returned her look. "I know no free and out under the black sky, with fall breaks on the edge of the road, tion.

could hear only the sweep of the rain | "Dicksie Dunning, you won't stir out

Her face hardened. "How dare you speak in that way to me? Who are you, that you order me what to do, where to stay? Am I your cowboy, to be defiled with your curses?"

He looked at her in amazement. She was only 18; he would still face her down. "I'll tell you who I am. I am master here, and you will do as I tell you. You will ride to Medicine Bend to-night, will you?" He struck the table with his clinched fist. "Do you hear me? I say, by God, not a horse shall leave this ranch in this storm to-night to go anywhere for anybody or with anybody!"

"Then I say to you this ranch is my ranch, and these horses are my horses! From this hour forth I will order them to go and come when and where I please!" She stepped toward him. "Henceforward I am mistress here. Do you hear me? Henceforward present, is the man who can keep out I give orders in Crawling Stone house, and every one under this roof takes orders from me!"

"Dicksie, what do you mean? For God's sake, you're not going to try to ride-"

She swept from the room. What happened afterward she could never recall. Who got Jim for her or whether she got the horse up herself, what was said to her in low, kindly words of warning by the man at Jim's neck when she sprang into the saddle, who the man was, she could not have told

Delight to Weary Traveler

Eye After Long Journey Through the Desert.

The chief attractions at Damascus mascus form the paradise of the Arab are the world-famed gardens which surround the city, the glimpse we get of oriental life as found in the bazars, fine streets, the shops, and last, but by no means of less interest, the fa-

mous mosque of Omciades. One hundred and fifty square miles of green lie in compact order round ty of scenery in a land where the sun about Damascus, spread out with all the profusion of a virgin forest. Orchards and flower gardens, parks, plantations of corn and of other produce pass before the eye in rapid and changeable succession. The natives claim that there are more than 3,000 miles of shady lanes in the gardens of Damascus through which it is possibriar rose and for a canopy the wal-

Green Gardens of Damascus Rest the and all this water and leafage are so lavish that the broken mud walls and slovenly houses have no power to vex the eye. These long gardens of Daworld. Making a pilgrimage to the city after weeks and months of dreary and desolate desert life, the running water is a joy to his sight and music to his ears, and it is something to walk through shady lanes, to admire the variety of landscape and the beaubeats down all day with unremitting force until the earth is like a furnace of iron beneath a sky of molten brass. -Biblical World

Queer Freak of Nature.

A picture of a young and beautiful woman, attired in the latest fashion, is the freak of nature that William ble to ride. On such a ride the visitor | Stevenson, living on one of Joseph J. passes orchards of figs and orchards White's cranberry bogs, near Hanof apricots. For hedges there is the over, N. J., has found in an ordinary egg. He is at a loss-to account for nut. Pomegranate blossoms glow the presence of the picture in the egg, through the shade; the vine boughs and all the scientists consulted thus Lance took the cigar from his mouth All she felt at last was that she was trail across the briars; a little water far have failed to give any explanaTEL. FLORENCE 208 and 347

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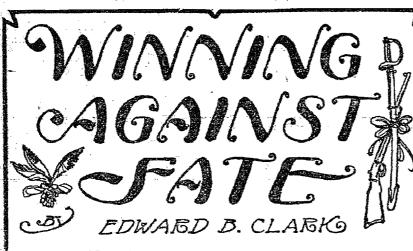
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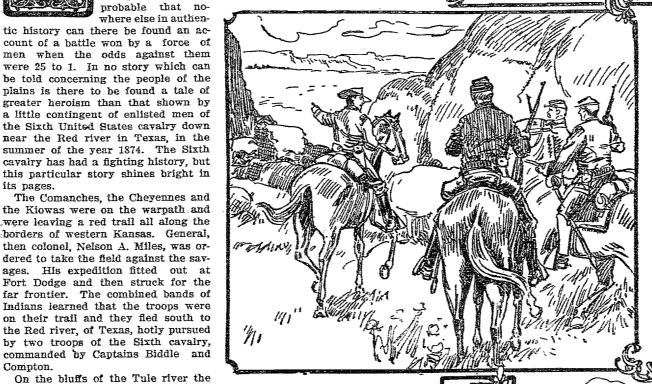
DEMOCATIC CANDIDATE

CORONER

Registration days: Oct. 5 and 23 Election: November 2, 1909.



blood. There is ASHINGTON.—In the war dedoubt that they killed partment in Washington is a more than double their letter written by Lieut. Gen. number, besides those Nelson A. Miles in praise of the they wounded. The simdeeds of five enlisted men. Gen. ple recital of the deeds Miles' letter is written as simply as becomes a soldier, but it of the five soldiers and is a pulse-stirring epistle. It is the mention of the odds



against which they fought, how the wounded defended the dying and the dying aided the wounded by exposure should have been overwhelming. The reds broke to fresh wounds after and fled "over the bluffs and through the deep the power of action was gone-these alone present a scene of cool courage, heroism and self-sacrifice which du-



forcements were needed and it was necessary as well, to inform the troops at a distance that bands of hostiles had broken away from the main body and must be met and checked.

allied braves made a stand. There were 600 war-

riors, all told, and they were the finest of the

mounted plains Indians. The meager forces of

the Sixth, under the leadership of their officers,

charged straight at the heart of a force that

precipitous canyons and out on to the staked

It became imperiatively necessary that couriers

should be sent from the detachment of the Sixth

to Camp Supply in the Indian Territory. Rein-

The whole country was swarming with Indians and the trip to Camp Supply was one that was deemed almost certain death for the couriers who would attempt to make the ride. The commanding officer of the forces in the field asked for volunteers and Sergt. Zacharias T. Woodall of I Troop stepped forward and said that he was ready to go. His example was followed by every man in the two troops, and that day cowardice

hung its head. The ranking captain chose Woodall, and then picked cut four men to accompany him on the vide across the Indian-infested wilderness. The five cavalrymen went northward under the starlight. At the dawn of the first day they pitched their dog tents in a little hollow and started to make the morning cup of coffee.

When full day was come they saw circling on the horizon a swarm of Cheyennes. The eye of the sergeant told him from the movements of the Indians that they knew of the presence of the troopers and that their circle formation was for the purpose of gradually closing in to the killing.

Sergt. Woodall and his four men chose a place near their bivouac which offered some slight advantage for the purposes of defense. There they waited with carbines advanced, while the red cordon closed in its lines. The Cheyennes charged, and while charging sent a volley into the little prairie stronghold. Five carbines made answer, and five Cheyenne ponies carried their dead or wounded riders out of range, for in that day mounted Indians went into battle tied to their

Behind the little rampart Sergt. Woodall lay sorely wounded and one man was dying. Let the letter of Gen. Miles tell the rest of the story.

"From early morning to dark, outnumbered 25 to 1, under an almost constant fire and at such a short range that they sometimes used their pistols, retaining the last charge to prevent capture and torture, this little party of five defended their lives and the person of their dying comrade, without food, and their only drink the rainwater that they collected in a pool, mingled with their own tion prompt us to recognize, but which we cannot fitly hon-

When night came down over the Texas prairie the Cheyennes counted their dead and their wounded and then fled terror-stricken, overcome by the valor of five American

soldiers. Heroism was the order in the old plains'

In the White River valley of Colorado a detachment of troops was surrounded by Utes, and for four days the soldiers, starving and thirsting, made a heroic defense against the swarming reds. Relief came from Fort D A Russell, whence Col. Wesley Merritt led a force to the rescue in one of the greatest and quickest rides of army his-

After Merritt's legion had thrashed and scattered the Utes it was supposed that none of the savages was left in the valley. Lieut. Weir of the Ordnance corps, a son of the professor of drawing at the Military academy, was on a visit to the west, and was in the camp of the Fifth cavalry. A tenderfoot named Paul Hume had wandered out to the camp to look over the scene of the great fight. He knew Weir and he suggested a

The ordnance officer agreed to accompany him and off they started after having received a warning not to wander too far afield. The hunters, eager for the chase, went farther than they thought, and soon they changed from hunters to

A young lieutenant of the Fifth cavalry, William H. Hall, now stationed in Washington with the rank of brigadier general, was ordered to take a party of three men with him and to make a reconnoissance, for it suddenly became the thought of the commanding officer that there might be savages lurking about. Hall and his men struck into the footbills and circled the country for miles. In the middle of the afternoon they heard firing to the right and front. It was rapid and sharp, and Hall led his men straight whence it came.

Rounding a point of rocks the troopers saw at a little distance across an open place in the hills a hand of Utes in war paint and feathers. There were 35 of the reds, all told, and they were firing as fast as they could load and pull trigger in the direction of a small natural fortification of boulders a quarter way up the face of a cliff.

From the rocks came a return fire so feeble that Hall knew there could not be more than two men behind the place of defense. In a trice he thought of Weir and Hume, and he believed that does.-New York Press.

ant thought quickly. He believed that if Weir and Hume could reach him, that the party of six, together, might make a retreat back to the camp. holding the pursuing reds in check. It was a desperate chance, but better than staying where they were to starve and thirst or to be surprised and killed in a night rush of the savages.

they were the besieged, and subse-

quent events proved that he was

Suddenly the Utes took to shel-

ter behind the rocks which were

scattered in the open. They had

lost one man from the fire of the

besieged. They were afraid to

charge, knowing that to sweep up

that slope, even with only two

rifles covering it, meant death for

Hall led his men to a position on

the flank of the savages and sent in four shots. The bullets were the

first notice that the reds had that

they had two parties to deal with.

They changed their position again

in a twinkling, and located them-

selves so that they were under cov-

er from both directions, but they

sent a volley in the face of the lit-

tle detachment that had ridden in

three men meant certain death to

Hall and his trooners. The lieuten

To charge the enemy with his

several of their band.

to the rescue.

Weir and Hume heard the shots of the troopers and knew that help, though it was feeble, was at hand. They saw the hovering smoke of the carbines, and thus located exactly the position of the troops. They started to do what Hall thought they would do. They made a dash for some rocks 20 yards nearer their comrades than were those behind which they were hiding.

The cavalry lieutenant knew that the path of Weir and Hume would be bullet spattered all the way, and that if they escaped being killed it would be because of a miracle. Then this stripling lieutenant did something besides think. The instant that Weir and his comrade made their break from cover, Hall stood straight up and presented himself a fair and shining mark for the Ute bullets.

The reds crashed a volley at him, ignoring Weir and Hume. The shots struck all around Hall, making a framework of spatters on the rock at his back, but he was unhurt, and Weir and his comrade were behind shelter at the end of the first stage of their journey.

Hall dropped back to shelter and then in a moment, after Weir and Hume had a chance to draw breath for their second dash, he stood up once more, daring the death that seemed certain. The hunted ones struck for the next spot that offered shelter the instant that the Ute rifles spat their volley at the man who was willing to make of himself a sacrifice that others might live. Hall came through the second ordeal of fire unburt, and once more he dropped back to shelter to prepare for the third trial with fate.

The Ute chieftain was alive by this time to the situation. He ordered his braves to fire, the onehalf at Hall and the other half at the two who were now to run death's gantlet.

Hall stood up. Weir and Hume dashed out. The reds divided their fire. Hall stood unhurt. Weir and Hume dropped dead within ten yards of the man who would have died for them.

Hall led his men back over the track that they had come, holding the Utes at bay. Aid came near the end of the perilous trail. Lieut, Hall is now in the military secretary's department at Washington with the rank of a brigadier general. His men told the story of that day in the White River valley, and a bit of bronze representing the medal of honor is worn by the veteran in recognition of a deed done for his fellows.

A woman never gets old enough not to think it isn't a shame for a woman wao is as old as somebody ease to dress the youthful way sha JOHN C. RENNINGER, BARBER SHOP First-class work with an up-to-date shop Main Street

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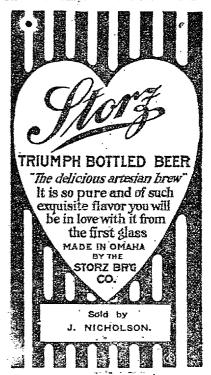
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Florence, Neb., Sept. 24, 1909.

The council met Monday evening and-the next day it rained.

Did it seem natural to not having street cars running? Many of the oldtimers said it did.

How would you like to own a horse and buggy these days of striking street cars?

Anyway the strike won't affect many people of Florence by cutting off dividends on their stock. Florence demonstrated one thing

during the strike and that is it has three modes of transportation to Omaha-street car, railway or boat. If a thing is worth while at all it

is worth boosting. Let's all take the pledge and boost this city of oursthe best on the map. The Ponca Improvement club mem-

bers talked over building a club house at their meeting Sunday. Talk about your live organizations!

Some day in the next century the river road will be fixed up and then it will pay one to ride over it to see how a poor road can be made good. It will only lack paving to make it

So hungry I couldn't see straight from a ride on the old Missou I went to the postoffice building to get the ladies aid in appeasing my appetite, but they had folded their tables and gone and I had to go home hungry. I wonder if those ladies know how hungry an editor gets?

BOOSTING.

Communities all over this broad land of ours are taking up the slogan of Boost and are having pledges signed to keep one in mind that he is always to boost. In fact, a revival Par like a temperance revival is sweeping the country and hundreds and hundreds signing the pledge.

Here is the most popular pledge: "On my word and honor, I hereby now declare that as long as I am a resident of this community it will be my constant aim to boost at all times and every time.

"I will do what I can for any public work that has the good of the community as its object.

"I will submit to and abide by majority rule and will not knock and howl my head off if things are not done my way.

"I will take no radical or extreme position on any question before the people, and will have due respect for the opinion of my friends and neighbors when their opinions are opposed to mine.

"I will always try to say something good about my town and my people, or I'll keep my bazoo shut and cut it out like a man.

"I realize that if this community is good enough to live in and make my money in, it is the proper place to spend my money in."

The Freeport (Ill.) Bulletin calls attention to a recent editorial in the Chicago Journal in which that paper pays a timely compliment to the newspapers throughout the state of Illinois. The influence of newspapers is acknowledged, but is rarely fully recegnized. The Journal, in a few words, calls attention very fairly to its con

timist. Otherwise he would be in some other business. Almost invariably he is fearless and unpurchasable. The influence for good which he exerts in the community is great even if his profits are small.

"Illinois newspapers are always as good, and frequently better, than the patronage they receive justifies. Many of those published in smaller cities of the state compare favorably with the dailies of outside cities of from 100,000 to 300,000 population. The advertiser who contributes to their support not only makes a profitable investment but helps to maintain an institution without which his own prosperity would be impossible.

"In summing up the advantages"

Bids are likewise invited for extra fraction to put as all sidewalks alsolewalks alsolewalks and the patronage in the cost of said sidewalks and the cost of said saidewalks complete, will not exceed 12½ cents per cubic yard.

As an evidence of good faith and that contract will be entered into and that contract will be entered into and that good and sufficient bond will be furnished for the faithful performance, and the faithful performance, and

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Given by order of the Mayor and Council of the city of Florence this 22d day of September, 1999.

CHAS. M. COTTRELL,

City Clerk.

calls attention very fairly to its contemporaries away from the big windy city. It says:

"In Illinois, as in many other western states, "Booster" clubs are becoming fashionable. Business men have discovered that time and money spent in exploiting advantages of their city and state are profitably invested.

"Sometimes, however, patriotic citi-mens neglect to give credit to one of their most valuable assets. Illinois cwes no small part of its supremacy to the superior quality and progressive spirit of its country press. Scarcely a town of any pretensions is without its daily or weekly newspapers, which are a consistent force in civic upbuilding. Collectively they constitute a tremendous power for progress, for honest fovernment and for promotion of the public interest.

"The country editor was the original "booster." He usually is an op-

repealed.
Section 5. This ordinance shall take effect and be in force from and after its passage.
Passed and approved this 20th day of September, 1903. F. S. TUCKER. Mayor.

Attest: CHAS. M. COTTRELL. City Clerk.

SEAL.)

NOTICE.
To Whom it May Concern:
Notice is hereby given that the corporation 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 \$10.006 airly ded 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 Itst. 1909.
D. C. PATTERSON, \$3-10-17-24
President.

NOTICE.

To Whom It May Concern: Notice is hereby given that the corpo-ration known as the Prudential Real

Meets every Wednesday in Wall's

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of America.

Past Oracle......Emma Powell Oracle......Blanche Thompson Chancellor......Mary Nelson Inside Sentinel......Rose Simpson Outside Sentinel....Elizabeth Hollett Receiver......Mrs. Newell Burton Recorder.....Susan Nichols Physician......Dr. A. B. Adams Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary

Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, Elmer Taylor.

Meets 1st and 3rd Monday at Wall's Hall.

THE NEW POOL HALL

G. R. GAMBLE, Prop. Tel. 215. Cigars. Scit Drinks, Lunch, Candies. EVERYTHING NEW. Fresh Buttermilk Every Day.



McCLURE'S BIG STORE

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

Tel. 119

few minutes with us.

Florence, Neb.

VOTE FOR

charles L. Van camp

Democratic Candidate for

County Commissioner

ELECTION:

Tuesday, November 2, 1989

When you build don't forget

J. H. PRICE FOR HARDWARE.

Special Prices to Contractors and Builders. Tel. 3221.

C. A. BAUER

PLUMBING AND GAS FITTING Repairing Promptly Attended to. 2852 Cuming St. Omaha, Neb

Tel. Douglas 3034.

MEALS The best in the city for

the price. Cooper's GIVE US A CALL

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

Some people do not care to open an account with a bank because they have not a karge amount to deposit. For this reason you need not hesitate or delay starting an account with us. All accounts—large or small—are welcome.

We do a general banking business-sell you drafts good anywhere—Fire Insurance. DIRECTORS-Thos. E. Price, J. B. Brisbin, C. J. Keirle, Irving Allison,

BANK OF FLORENCE

W. H. HOLLETT Bakery, Restaurant, Candies Cigars, Fresh Roasted

Peanuts We Make a Specialty of Fine Cakes

Florence Drug Store

GEORGE SIERT, Prop.

School Suppolies of all kinds. A fine line of Fresh Candles.

Talaphone Florence 1121.

he Parkside

MRS. KEATON, Prop. 1310 Main Street. Tel. Florence 31

Everything modern. Everything new. Werything in the market to eat. Every-ody welcome. All who come once come

State tarmers' Bank

CAPITAL. \$25,000.00

Does a General Banking Eusiness on a Conservative Basis, 4 per cent on Time Deposits.

Phone Florence 303.

1513 Main St.



Hugh Euttie, Newel Burton, Geo. Gamble, L. R. Griffith, James Nicholson, R. H. Olmsted and John Lubold were present at the state convention of Eagles at Benson last week.

The rains of the past week have put the river road in very bad shape.

Lucien Thompson left last week for Lincoln to attend the Nebraska state university.

One of the livest bunch of men that ever struck Florence was the Maine delegation to the Eagles' convention in Omaha. Wednesday of last week they spent two or three hours in Flor ence and will long be remembered They were Narcisse Lauziere, Biddleford; E. J. Daly, Portland; W. L. Chadwick, Rumford Falls; F. C. Law rence, Benton Harbor; John H. O'Brien, Bangor. They were accompanied by R. J. Weber of Elwood, Ind.

For sale-One Mandy Lee and one Sure Hatch Incubator, one brooder, one sewing machine, one wagon scale, black Minorca and white Wyandotte chickens and pigeons. Geo. Hadlock, Florence, Neb.

00 Lew plant was on the sick list last

Mrs. Emmet Allen left Saturday for Leon, Iowa, to visit relatives. She expects to be gone three weeks.

Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Gleave and daughter, who have been visiting Mrs. Gleave's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston, returned to their home in Chicago Tuesday.

James Nicholson and F. J. Ellison were arrested Sunday for fast driving in automobile and will have their trial September 29.

The Ladies Aid of the Presbyterian church held a very successful "bake day" sale at the postoffice building last Saturday, disposing of all their baking before four o'clock and netting a next sum for the church.

For Sale-D. E. Smith double barrel shot gun. W. R. Wall.

The Ponca school board will hold a special meeting next week.

Frank Brown attended the Ak-Sar-Ben Monday evening to see President Taft go through.

H. Thompson, was married at Bay lanta Constitution. City, Texas, to Miss Mabel Brube, av. September 20

Charles Baughman and Glen Mor-Main street under the name Minne-land Leader. Lusa Cement Block company.

The Royal Neighbors of America at Pascale's hall Monday evening.

L. W. Griffith and Mrs. Viola Pettit were the guests of Mr and Mrs. E. L. Platz Tuesday evening.

Charles Thompson has been on the sick list the past week.

Miss Agnes Shipley has resumed her old place at the postoffice.

P. C. Heafy, democratic candidate for coroner, has a new ad in this pa-

Don't forget that the Florence Drug Co. has a full line of school supplies of all kinds.

The Aitar society of St. Philip Neri church met at the residence of Mrs. Franklin Tuesday and had an enjoyable time. They decided to give a dinner at Wall's hall on election day.

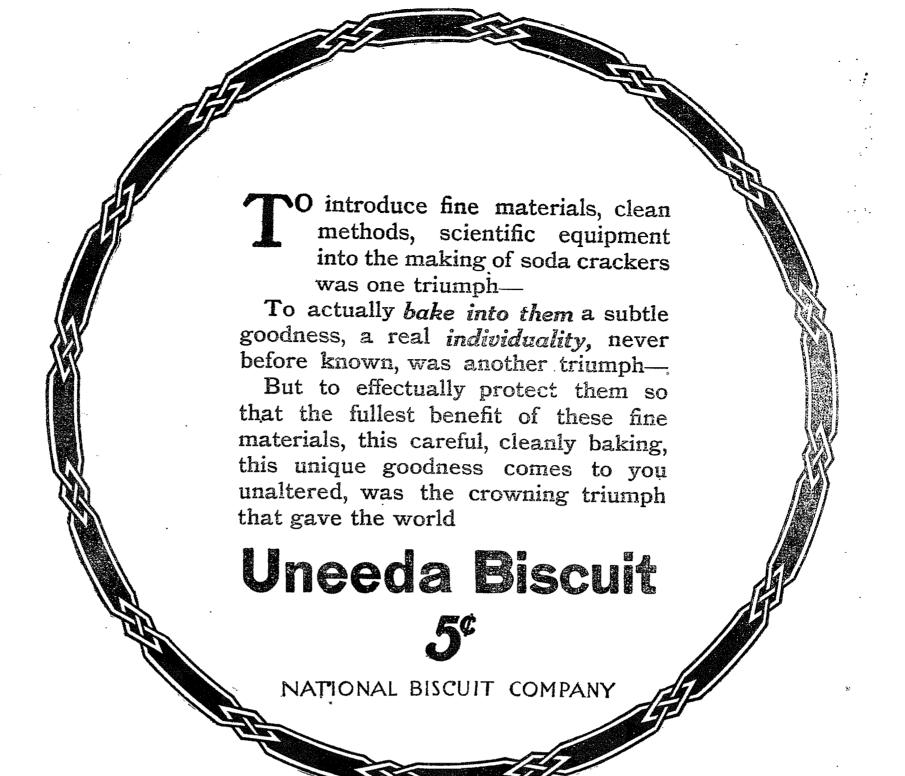
Mayor Tucker was called to Omaha Thursday to confer with mayors Omaha, Council Bluffs, South Omaha and Benson about the street car

George Witcomb of Hamilton, Mont., was so favorably impressed with Florence during his visit here last week with the Eagles that he invested in several pieces of real estate and expects to interest some of the home sure to bear on the subject." folks here also. He was accompanied by A. E. Caufield of Great Falls, Mont., who also was pleased with the city. They are both live wires.

20 For Rent-A seven room house. Inquire of David Andrews.

Mrs. Swobods and niece were the guests of Mrs. Charles Cottrell Tues-

Dinner at election day at Wall's hall by Altar society of Caurch of St. Philip Nerl.



Mr. Dodds, the rural carrier, is again on his route after a severe siege of blood poisoning caused by a bullnead he caught while on his vacation.

The rendevous of all society this week has been at the depot where over 150 took the train to Omaha. Every morning everybody had a visit with their friends.

A Primer of Life.

Only a dreamer asks Time and Tide to wait for him, when he might head them off, sell Time for money and Edward Thompson, brother of W. make Tide turn a mill wheel.-At-

"Your grandfather used to be my grandfather's hired man. "Yes, and gan have started a cement block fac- your grandfather died owing him a tory on the railroad tracks west of year's wages. Eh, what?"--Clave-

Feminine Finance.

The girl who has the least chance held a very pleasant social and dance of being trained is the one whose father takes unaction to himself in not Lothering his womenfolk" with his worldly affairs.-The Queen.

Why Gold Bricks Sell.

"De man dat answers a gold brick circular," says Uncle Eben. "makes de oid mistake. Instead o' tellin' Satan to git behind 'im, he thinks he kin git ahead o' Satan."

A Question.

Would it be permissible to refer to the bureau before which the modern society lady dresses herself as a bureau of fine arts?

Morals and Manners.

To have a respect for ourselves guides our morals, and to have a deference for others guides our man-

Not Particular.

Franco-Ceit Waiter (to rural customer in restaurant)—Shall Oi serve yez any ontraze? Rural Customer-Yes. If ye like kin bring the hull snack in on trays. Boston Courier.

Embracing the Subject. "Do you think that young fellow who is visiting our Nell is trying to persuade her to marry him?" "Well, from a glimpse I had of them last

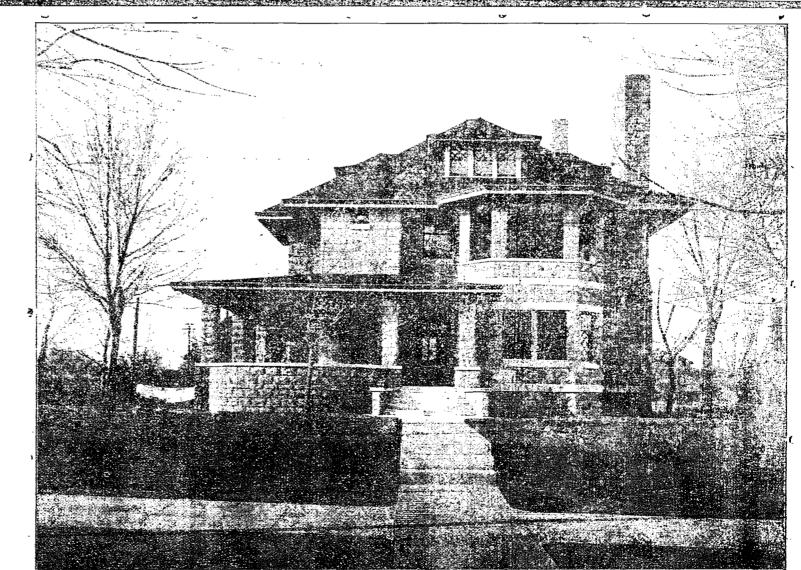
evening as I passed the parlor I

rather think he is bringing some pres-

A Social Mistake. "Bliggins seems unpopular in his neighborhood." "Yes," answered Miss Cayenne. "He was so anxious to make people like him that they concluded he couldn't amount to much

and was trying to butt in."

Form Your Own Character. A sunshine character is a glft of emperament. At the same time a sour person may become aweet by looking on the bright side and determining to be kind.



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

FRANK WHIPPERMAN, Manager.

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

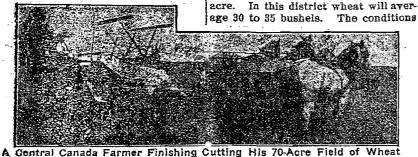
Office Phone Web. 886, Ind. B-3018

Residence Phone Web. 4231

WESTERN CANADA

Interest throughout the United States, us to the results when harvest is completed. These mean much to the thousauds of Americans who have made their homes in some of the three Provdomain, and are of considerable interest to the friends they have left behind.

The year 1909 is no disappointment The crops of wheat, oats and barley have been harvested and it is now sale to speak of results. Careful estimates place the yield of spring wheat | would yield 90 or 100 bushels to the



at 30 bushels per acre, winter wheat at were never better and throughout the over 40 bushels, and cats exceed 50 district the people are assured of a bushels per acre. Barley also has most prosperous year." proved an abundant yield. What will attract the reading public more than ticle without quoting from an expert volumes of figures will be the fact that crop-correspondent regarding the two those who have been induced through Battlefords in Central Saskatchewan, the influence of the Government to ac- on the line of the Canadian Northern cept of 160 acres of free grant land; Railway. Writing on August 18th of or, by the persuasion of friends to this year, he says: leave their home State of Dakota, Minnesota, Iowa, Illinois, Michigan, In-seven miles out of the town of North diana. Ohio, Nebraska or the other Battleford in order to see the best States from which people have gone, crops of the district. This morning I have done well. Financially, they are was driven about 20 miles to the in a better position than many of them north and west of the town and in all ever expected to be, and in the mat- the drive did not see a poor crop. I ter of health, in social conditions, they saw one wheat crop which the owner have dost nothing.

One person who has just returned acre, and I believe it." from a trip through the Lethbridge Diswhere winter wheat has a strong hold with farmers, GBYS:

"We saw some magmificent sights. The grops were, in fact, all that could be desired.

now these great plains over whose breadth for years roved hundreds of thousands of School



County

School

tie, tonowing are millions of buffaio of the river. This district has much that once grazed their grasses, will the best wheat crop prospect of any be a solid grain field covering a I have inspected this year, considterritory of over 30,000 square miles, ering sample and yield The weathand very little of it but what will yet er conditions for the wnole season be worth from \$40 to \$60 per acre. All have been ideal and the result is what ready the homestead and pre-emption might easily be termed a humper crop. lands are being well filled.

In the district of Calgary, south, east and north, which comprises Nanton, High River and other equally important districts, a correspondent of the Winnipeg (Manitoba) Free Press says: (Aug 21) "The grain in this district is going to make some money that the wheat will yield 36 bushels for the farmers this year. All the per acre. The cats will yield about crop is now crowding along and is good | 45 and barley 35 bushels per acre." on both irrigated and unirrigated lands."

There are to be found those who speak of a "pioneering" life in western Canada, but as one man said, "if

riod of the growth of the grain crop in wheat is diminishing today; but as it Western Canada, as well as throughout diminishes Canada's will increase; the cipening and garnering period, therefore, it is safe to predict that in a there is yearly growing an increasing few years from now a large part of the world will be looking to western Canada for its wheat supply, and especially will the United States. In many parts of western Canada it is possible to have a hundred-mile square of foces that form that vast agricultural wheat, without a break. A writer says: "We were driven west and north of Moose Jaw through 20 miles of dead ripe wheat, acres of stocks and wellworked summer-fallows. One of these fields would yield 40 bushels to the acre, and another man had oats that

It would be unfair to close this ar-

"It is necessary to drive about six or

estimates will yield 40 bushels per

and continues his report:

A sample sheaf brought in from the

farm of George Truscott was shown

farmer is said to have sixty acres

In stating an average for the dis-

trict of South Battleford I would say

A correspondent summing up a trip

over the Canadian Northern Railway,

from Dauphin to Battleford, says:

county, and is stout for his size, principally around the belt. He is known tar and near as the only man with nerve enough to wear a Prince Albert coat on week days, and is representative from our county in the state house. We all wish he lived in Betzville, but he comes down once in awhile, and the other day he came

> down in his automobile. Gustapher's automobile is small but nervy, being one of the vintage of seven years ago, with a curly dashboard and an exclamatory noise, and when Gustapher gets aboard he fills it so full of Gustapher that the springs slap together like castanets.

Betzville and he had a new honker

The Hon Gustapher Plogs is one | honker made a honk exactly similar of the most prominent citizens of our to the bleat of a calf and that the cow did not care a fig for him or his automobile-all she cared for was the low, pleading honk of his honker.

Gustapher Piogs and the Honk-Honk

By Ellis Parker Butler

Author of Pigs is Pigs Etc. ILLUSTRATED By PETER NEWELL

So Gustapher unscrewed his honker, and after he had studied the cow awhile he tied the horn on the cow's fore leg, and then he made her hist up her foot, and he tied the bulb on the bottom of her foot. Well, if you ever saw a joyous cow it was that one when she set her foot to the ground and the honker honked forth a low, calf-life honk. She practiced a few minutes, raising and lowering her foot, and in a little while she could honk as well as Gustapher himself. She was perfectly satisfied and hap-The other day he came down to py, and Gustapher went on into town, and did his business, and as he passed

· Peter Newell-

Every Time the Cow Would Moo Gustapher Would Have to Honk.

town are as good if not better than those w the north uttered a low moo of distress, and to me which spoke for itself. This

which will yield 45 buskels per acre. rise of the hill he saw the cow and the cow saw him, and he honked to warn the cow off his right of wav. but instead of getting out of the way she uttered a low cry of joy and sped toward Gustapher. So he honked again, and at that the cow fairly laughed with happiness and broke into a gallop straight toward Gustapher.

> act in just that way, and he didn't know what to make of it, so he brought his car to a stop and took hold of the bulb of his honker and honked at the cow for all he was worth. The cow stopped straight in front of him and looked at the automobile with a puzzled air, and when they had stood there for a minute or two she looked up at Gustapher with a wistful, pleading look in her eyes.

> For quite a while Gustapher did not know what the cow wanted. He thought maybe the heat had driven her insane, and the more so because she got madder and madder. Then he gave her a warning honk, and she immediately quieted down and resumed her puzzled but satisfied look, but when he didn't honk she grew angry. They stood there at least half an hour, mooing and honking back and forth. Every time the cow would moo Gustapher had to honk, and every time he honked the cow would moo, but you can't expect a state reprepresentative in a Prince Albert coat to sit all day in an automobile honking for the pleasure of a spotted cow. So he started his car slowly and kept up a steady low honking, and the cow trotted along at his side like a large coach dog.

about it the more he felt that it would not be dignified to enter town paced by a spotted cow, and as his old tearot of an automobile couldn't go as fast as the cow could lope, he hardly

tapher was at the state house, when he received a post card from Silas Prowse. It said: "I wisht if you can you would get the State Secretary of Aggiculture to tell what is the matter with my cow. Long about two months ago she had her calf took away, and she got peevish and started into a decline, but some vettinary tied a sort picked up again. But now the blamed foot business don't work, and she's peevish again and has a high temper-

As soon as the Hon. Gustapher Plogs read that post card he put on his hat and took the train for home, and got into his automobile and automobiled along the road to Betzville, and, sure enough, at the top of the Gratz Hollow road was the cow, looking steadily and hopefully in his direction, and as soon as she saw him she gave a whoop of joy and started for him, and when she reached the automobile she stopped and held up her foot.

Gustapher saw what was the matter right away-the cow had a puncture in the honker bulb. He jumped out of his automobile and got out his repair kit and mended the puncture, and the cow tried the honker gently and it honked all right! Well, sir, she went right up to Gustapher and kissed him on the left cheek, although she had always been a most modest cow. But she was that grate-

When he got back to the state house he wrote a letter to Silas Prowse and explained all about it, and he didn't hear any more from the cow for quite a while, and then he got word from Silas. "I wisht you would come and get your honker off my cow," the letter said. "She's got another calf, and don't need it, and between the honker and the new calf she's most distracted. She thinks she's got twins."

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To be a man is the simplest thing in

FOR WOMEN OF THE FARM

BY JESSICA E. BESACK. (Director Department of Domestic Scienand Art. National Corn. Exposition, Omaha.)

Young men of the farms are lear. ing to double the production in th fields, young women are beginning t study to eliminate all waste from th household; by careful selection (seed the men secure varieties adapte to almost any soil and climate and t the same care in the kitchen, th young women will be able to reduc the cost of living almost one-half ar the cost of dress by an amount whic will add millions to the wealth a the farming communities.

For instance the use of the "fireless cooker" is an economy. This device of Norwegian origin, has come to stay and is finding a place in nearly every modern kitchen.

Conservative housewives laughed at the so-called fireless cooker a few years ago. But it is like every other invention. It must pass through three stages: First, when everybody says it is impossible; second, when it is thought contrary to religion and third when everybody says it was known before.

All these the fireless cooker has passed and its use promises to be as universal as the "Dutch oven" of Colonial days.

The cooker is just as adaptable to cook a Christmas plum pudding as to cook a pot roast in July. It saves strength, time, fuel, heat, utensils, odors and temper. The cook need not fear her dinner will be spoiled by a few minutes' delay.

A cooker may be made of any tight box, old trunk or corner closet, pro-viding a secure packing of hay is secured and the whole affair made to fasten tightly. In this the food may be cooked in as many utensils as it will hold, but each must have a tight lid.

Only two rules are necessary to insure success in the use of the cooker: The food must be transferred from the stove to the cooker after it has been brought to and while it is at the boiling point, and the article to be cooked must be covered with water when it is placed in the cooker's receptacles. One failure should not be allowed to discourage the housewife, however. Try cooking beans or stewing a chicken. It will be the most thoroughly cooked pot of beans ever cooked and the most delicious chicken. Either dish may be put in the cooker in the early morning while the housewife may then do other work or go to the city and return to find dinner ready-no burning nor boiling

Enterprising manufacturers are making these cookers which are a great economy. Some have baking attachments which really bake.

This menu will serve as a suggestion for a fireless cooker dinner prepared in one of the devices with three compartments:

Tomato or Bean Soup. Egg Sauce. Stewed Chicken.
Riced Potatoes. Steamed Apple Dumplings. Coffee.

In almost all the short courses offered at farmers institutes; cora and grain shows or expositions, where a domestic science instructor is employed, a demonstration is given several times daily, in the use of the fireless cooker. The farmer's wife or daughter who sees how the cookers work and the things they accomplish, will not be without one another sea-

Limited Responsibility.

"Little Septimus had been very good and had recited 'The Boy Stood on the Burning Deck' with admilable feeling for the benefit of his Uncle Robert," said George W. Tasker of Phila-

"'He's a wonderful boy,' exclaimed that gentleman enthusiastically, 'and

he deserves to be rewarded.' "So saying, he plunged his hand into his bulging pocket and with much difficulty-for he was rather portlyextracted a penny, which he offered with great importance to his good little nephew. Remember, my boy, he said, 'that if you take care of the pennies the shillings will take care of themselves

"Poor little Septimus looked rather dubious. ' I do take care of the pennies. Uncle Robert,' he answered sadly, 'but as soon as they get to be shillings my pa takes care of them for me."-London Tit-Bits. . .

it Was All the Same.

In a Sunday school a little girl was questioned as to her repeated non-attendance.

"Why have you been absent so many times lately?" asked the teacher. "Please, teacher," answered the girl. mother thought I'd better not come to Sunday school, as my hat was

dirty." "But, my dear," objected the teacher gently, "it is not the outward appearance that we consider; it is the

inward." "I know that, teacher," was Maggie's reply; "but it's all the same: the lining was dirty, too."

In Class by Herself.

The American woman is in a category of her own. She is sui generis. Our national institutions, the air of liberty which we breathe, the character of our people have made her so. But that as a class she is deprayed, or plase, or hoydenish, or even spoiled, s not for a moment to be admitted. Iax O'Reil once said that the eyes of French country maiden are wide men like a daisy because her heart is ure. Will any one deny that the ime reason applies to the frank and onest gaze of the American girl?



riven me new suffered for ten years with serious female troubles, inremaie troubles, in-flammation, ulcer-ation, indigestion, nervousness, and could not sleep. Doctors gave me up, as they said my troubles were chronic. I was in despair, and did not

despair, and did not care whether Hived or died, when I read about Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound; so I began to take it, and am well again and relieved of all my suffering."—Mrs. GEORGE JORDY, BOX 40, Marlton, N.J. Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound made from native roots and

bytia E. Finkham's Vegetable Compound, made from native roots and herbs, contains no narcotics or harmful drugs, and to-day holds the record for the largest number of actual cures of female diseases we know of, and thousandsof voluntary testimonials are on file in the Pinkham laboratory at Lynn, Mass., from women who have been cured from almost every form of female complaints, inflammation, ulceration, displacements, fibroid tumors, rregularities, periodic pains, backache, indigestion and nervous prostration.

Every suffering woman owes it to herself to give Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound a trial.

If you would like special advice

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

From Overhead.

A canary hung directly over the big square table in the Hungarian restaurant.

"Once," said a woman who was dining there, "the bottom dropped out of the cage, the bird flew at the orchestra yonder, and we had bird seed in our soup. It was awful."

"That reminds me," said the crosseyed man, "of one time when we were having a little game of poker on the B. & O. You know how those trains roll. Well, just about the middle of the game down came all the grips and dress suit cases straight into the kitty and broke up the game. Money flew everywhere. We got so mixed we couldn't tell which had won or where the money was that whoever had won it won. Talk about bird seed!"

The Root of Altruism.

The three eternal roots of altruistic energy are these: First, the principle of justice; that there is a moral law before which all men are equal, so that I ought to help my neighbor to his rights. Second, the principle of charity; that I owe infinite tendernesa to any shape or kind of man, however unworthy or useless to the state. Third, the principle of free will; that I can really decide to help my neighbor, and am truly disgraced if I do not do so. To this may be added the idea of a definite judgment; that is, that the action will at some time terribly matter to the helper and the helped.-G. K. Chesterton.

His Size Was Known.

"I want some collars and neckties for my husband!" she snapped. "Yes, madam." The clerk offered her the latest

thing. "What size are these?" asked the lady.
"Why, twelve and a haif, madam!"

"How on earth did you guess that?" "Ah," replied the clerk, smiling. "gentlemen who let their wives select their collars and ties always take that

Provide plenty of ventilation for your hen house.

Proper feed and care is the secret of healthy chickens.

Cut out the old raspberry and blackberry cane and burn.

Relieve yourself and watch the other feliow for new ideas.

Soil washing is one of the great wastes which is robbing many Amer ican farmers.

Alfalfa hay must be well cured before stacking or it will be apt to heat and spoil.

A good dairy thermometer is quite necessary where much cream is handled. Test your cows.

Picnic lunch is fine, but don't forget the horses that haul you to the grove. Have feed for them, too.

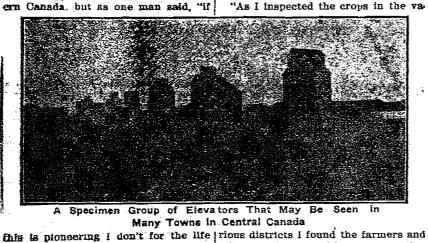
Alfalfa for seed should be cut when the greater portion of the seeds are hard, but not sufficiently ripe to shell.

Lots of chance for leaks on the farm. Look out for them. Stop them up as quickly as possible when found.

Wet ground can be successfully put down to red top and alsike clover. The plowing and seeding can be done during a very dry spell.

Know what your cows are doing for

you by using the scales in weighing their milk and the Babcock tester in determining the quality of the milk.



to carry one to almost the uttermost bushels per acre of barley." tificated teachers; the churches dred bushels to the acre. manned by brilliant divines; the clubs; It takes an army of men to handle

of me see what our forefathers had other citizens without exception to complain of." He didn't know, filled with expectant enthusiasm over though, for the pioneering of his fore this year's prospects. No district was fathers was discomfort and hardship, found which could not boast of fields The opening up and development of of 35 bushels per acre wheat, or 50 to western Canada, with its railroad lines 60 bushels per acre oats, and of 40

part of it, the telegraph line to flash | It is not an unusual thing in many the news to the outside world, the tel- parts of western Canada for a farmer ephone to talk to one's neighbor, the to have 10,000 to 30,000 bushels of daily and weekly mail service which wheat. In the Rouleau district it is brings and carries letters to the said that there are several farmers friends in distant parts; the schools who will have 20,000 bushels of oats headed by college bred and highly cer- any many fields will return one hun-

the social and festive life; what is the Western Canada crop, and it is esthere about any of this to give to the timated that 30,000 people have been man who goes there to make his home brought in this year to assist in the the credit of being a pioneer? Noth- great undertaking; there being excur ing! He might as well be in any of sions from the outside world nearly

katchewan river to the South on his car, and when he pressed the the cow on his way home she honked town, or Battleford proper, rubber bulb it gave forth a honk-honk at him joyfully. that was like a low wail of sorrow. "Conditions around the old He was coming into town along the Gratz Hollow road, honking every little while on general principles, last Wednesday, and thinking no evil, and at the same time Silas Prowse's cow was eating grass sadly and mourning the recent loss of her calf, which had become yeal a short time before. The cow was about a mile from Gustapher, but the moment she heard his honker she pricked up her ears, and

> started for Gustapher on the lope. When Gustapher came over the

> Gustapher had never seen a cow

But the more Gustapher thought the old middle west States. In other levery day for the past six weeks, each there was where he realized that his woman - The Australasian.

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

Being a Woman.

the world-he has only to be as nature has chosen. But the strenuousness of a girl's life begins when she is quite little. At all ages women must keep up appearances, but the ever-present necessity to be better looking than she really is and to maintain some illusion about herself is knew what to do about it. And right only one of the difficulties of being a

Elixirs Senna Cleanses the System

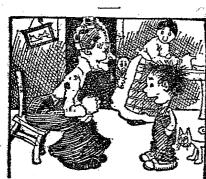
Effectually: Dispels colds and Headaches due to Constipation: Acts naturally, acts truly as a Laxative. Best for Men. Women and Child

ren-Young and Old. To get it's beneficial effects, always buy the Genuine.

manufactured by the CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.

SOLD BY ALL LEADING DRUGGISTS one size only, regular price 50t per bottle.

MISSED IT.



Aunt-Well, Johnny, I suppose you had a nice sojourn in the country?" Johnny-Um, well, I had lots of nice apples an' peaches an' watermelons an' things, but I guess them sojourn things wasn't ripe yet.

COVERED WITH HIVES.

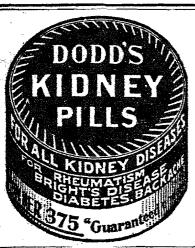
Child a Mass of Dreadful Sore, Itch-Ing, Irritating Humor for 2 Months -Little Sufferer in Terrible Plight

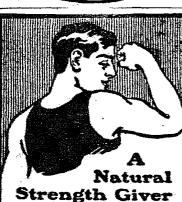
Disease Cured by Cuticura.

"My six year old daughter had the dreadful disease called hives for two months. She became affected by playing with children who had it. By scratching she caused large sores which were irritating. Her body was a complete sore but it was worse on her arms and back. We employed a physician who left medicine but it did not help her and I tried several remedies but without avail. Seeing the Cuticura Remedies advertised, I thought I would try them. I gave her a hot bath daily with Cuticura Soap and anointed her body with Cuticura Ointment. The first treatment relieved the itching and in a short time the disease disappeared. Mrs. George L. Fridhoff, Warren, Mich., June 30 and July 13, 1908."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Hoster The man who has the greatest command of language is the one who

knows when to keep quiet.





Ordinary tonics that merely. supply food material and give artificial strength by stimulation are never lasting in their effects because they do not remove the cause of the ill health.

A "run down" condition is generally due to the failure of the digestive organs to properly digest the food.

DR. D. JAYNE'S TONICVERMIFUGE

tones up the stomach and other digestive organs, and restores their normal, healthy condition. Then the digestive organs supply the body with its full share of nourishment, and in this way build up permanent health

> Sold by all druggists 2 sizes, 50c and 35c.

Br. D. Jayne's Expectorant is an invaluable medicine for Coughs, Colds, Bronchitis, Croup, Wheeping

Cough, Piculay, etc.

Syrup Figs The Marriage Vow

MANAGING TYRANNICAL HUSBAND

BY MRS. VIRGINIA VAN DE WATER.

What about the man who is masterful and domineering? How is his wife and that I would bear anything that to treat him?

are beneath the dignity of a refined woman.

Let the wife appreciate that she is her husband's equal, his friend, his partner-not his slave nor his toy. She must also have such love for him that when an issue of no import arises, and he asks in a kind, considerate way that he have things as he wishes them, she will gladly yield to his desires. It is a safe rule for married life that, except in a matter of principle, if one must yield it should be the wife. But let her do it through love, not through slavish obedience, and let it be only in matters in which the man has a right to make demands.

The main point is not what is asked by the man, but how it is asked. We have not so much to do with the matter of the demand as with the manner of it. Every dutiful wife has a right to exact a courteous manner and gentlemanly speech from her husband.

To attain this end she will discourage at the outset any rough language. One bride, within a month of her marriage, showed with gentle dignity that she would allow nothing but courteous treatment from her liege lord. They were entertaining a few friends in their new home. The bride made a statement which the husband contradicted. She hesitated a minute, then said, gently:

"John, I think that was the way that happened. I may, however, be mistaken.'

The savage, latent in every man sprang-as is frequently the case, without sufficient cause—to the front. "Mistaken! You are not only mistaken, but you are talking like a

fool!" The thoroughbred wife controlled all evidence of agitation except her rising color. Tactfully changing the subject, she chatted pleasantly on until the last guest had departed. Then, as her husband, forgetful of what had happened, and quite his usual goodnatured self again, turned to her with

a smiling remark, she said quietly: "John, dear, there is a little matter I want to talk to you about. Sit down, please, here on the sofa, by

And as he, wondering at her gravity, followed her suggestion, she con-

"Dear, you know that I love you, was necessary for you. But there is If she would not lose her own and one unnecessary thing that I cannot her husband's respect, she will ust promise to bear, and that is rudeness. quarrel, will not scold, will not nag. I am not used to it. I married a gen-She need not resort to means which tleman, not a boor. So, John, dear, you must not speak to me again as you did to-night, if I am to continue to love you and respect you. You and I are equals, husband and wife, not master and slave. I know you did not mean what you said. But you cannot say such things to me. I could not resent it where our guests were. But it cut me-and, dear, it disapointed me. I am sure, knowing this, you will not make that mistake again."

> But suppose he is, at heart, the beast above suggested. Only one course remains. When wifely tact, love and pleading, followed by judicious silence, have availed naught, let the wife systematically set about learning not to care.

> I see the shudder of shocked dismay with which the model matron meets this suggestion. But I still maintain my stand. When a wife has done her duty toward her husbandfailing in nothing that can make him happy and comfortable-and he still treats her brutally, complains continually, is perversely unjust to her, and eternally nags at her, let her summon all her tact to avoid occasions for "the enemy to blaspheme," continue to do her duty, and then gather up what is left of her life. There is something in life besides a husband and a husband's approval. Let our disappointed wife live for them and in them. Let her allow the side of her heart with which she would grieve over her husband's injustice be so full of that which is worth all of life that she cannot take time to brood over her great sorrow. She still owes the man her duty, her fidelity, and, if she be a good woman, she will pay what she owes to the uttermost farthing,

> Can she be happy? That depends upon the woman. If she be one of the women of whom the Irishman spoke as "three-halves mother," she will be almost content. The part of her that longs for husbandly sympathy, for the ideal understanding that may and does exist in some lives, will go to her grave hungering. Many widows know the same longing, the same heart-hunger. To the sensitive soul their lot may seem easier than hers. Ah, well! for both there is a world that sets this right!

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"MAKING UP" THE CURE

BY CHARLES FREDERICK GOSS. D. D. (Author of "The Redemption of David Carson," "The Loom of Life," Etc.)

I have heard married folks affirm | wrongdoer ever feels a true self-reple with any force of character and any strong convictions about life get along for a quarter of a century or more without some sort of clash that produces estrangement and altercation? They surely must be angelsor rabbits!

Fatigue brings on quarrels. So don't get overtired unless you have to. The whole world looks so dark to a woman when she has washed and ironed and baked, all in the same day. Every bone in her body aches. There is a numbness in the base of her brain. Her head throbs. The slightest noise goes through her nerves like the firing of a cannon. Poor old John! If he happens to forget the ovsters to-night he is liable to hear from it. For Mary isn't herself.

Worry brings on quarrels. If John has a note coming due, or has just received a hill which he had forgotten all about or has had a strike in his mill, he hardly knows the difference between a kiss and a cuff. So don't

A thousand other things bring on quarrels, and sometimes they just seem to come on of themselves. How hard it is for us to find another will running across our own like a millrace through a garden. How hard it is to deal daily with opinions and habits differing antipodally from those we have cherished longest. How hard it is to be always yielding and giving up to some one else. To what two people did life ever look the same? Who ever saw a couple whose opinion; did not often clash like swords? When you stop to think of it, nothing can be more wonderful or beautiful than the welding of two strong wills and the melting of two proud spirits into one.

It would be sublime if people never did quarrel; but they do-and therefore it is a matter of the gravest importance that they should know how to "make up" afterward. No quarrel is ever rightly "made up" without downright confession and whole-hearted forgiveness.

The confession of a wrong is a ne through confession and pardon. And cessity, both to the soul that perpetrates it and to the one which is its victim. You may wish it was not so. People wish they could escape toothache without filling or extraction, but deeply than you have loved before. nature has willed it otherwise. No

with great solemnity: "We never had spect without confession. He realizes a quarrel." But I always wonder if that he ought to admit his error and they do not mean a "fight." That is that nothing but obstinacy restrains easy enough, of course; but a "quarnot to do it, and he is ashamed of fice, are great friends. Nelson is now himself. This mortification must be repressed in order to insure mental rest, and so he puts on a bold front and bluffs it down, an act which stimulates his egotism and hardens his heart. He becomes proud, cold and brutal. All his finer feelings die.

Confession is also a necessity for the injured one. We are so made that injury hurts. The soul suffers as the body does. Pain is the fundamental element in self-preservation. If it did not hurt to be insulted and wronged we should become the passive victims of injustice and wrong. It does hurt, and this hurt has but a single healing lotion. We dream of relief through revenge, but it is only a dream. Revenge embitters and hardens. There is only one balm, and that is the acknowledgment of the wrong by the one who has inflicted the wound. Nothing is more mysterious and wonderful than the curative power of confession. It soothes the pain and draws the polson from the sore. It is water on fire and oil on water.

But forgiveness is as imperative a necessity as "confession." It is passing strange, but it is unequivocally true that a quarrel cannot be made up without a free pardon. The heart that has been hurt can be relieved and restored to its original state of good will only when that divine sentiment has exuded, as gums exude from wounded trees. The bitterness is drained out by the act of pardon. If you refuse to forgive you will feel unworthy and be unhappy. And as for the one who has acknowledged the fault, nothing is more certain than that he will be exasperated by your not forgiving him.

This spiritual "confession and pardon" is the most beautiful phenomenon in nature. It is the cure for all mental unhappiness. Hearts capable of performing these two sublime acts will love forever. The deepest and sweetest experiences of their lives will be "making up" their quarrels. Just as divided electric currents reunite when passing through two poles of a battery, their love will mingle so when you and John read this article by the fireside open your hearts' to each other. Confess the sin, forgive the wrong and you will love more

(Copyright, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

NEW STRENGTH FOR WOMEN'S BACKS.

How to Make a Bad Back Better.

Women who suffer with backache, bearing down pains, dizzy spells and that constant feeling of duliness and tired-



ness, will find hope in the advice of Mrs. Mary Hinson of 21 Strother St., Mt. Sterling, Ky. "Had I not used Doan's Kidney Pills, I be-

lieve I would not be living today," says Mrs. Hinson. "My eyesight was poor, I suffered with nervous, splitting headaches, spots would dance before my eyes and at times I would be so dizzy I would have to grasp something for support. My back was so weak and painful I could hardly bend over to button my shoes and could not get around without suffering severely. Doan's Kidney Pills helped me from the first, and I continued until practically well

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

JUST AS BAD.



Dobson-Can your daughter play the

Sububs (wearily)-I don't know whether she can or not, but she does.

FALL PAINTING.

The majority of property owners are under the impression that spring time is the only painting time. But the fall of the year offers several advantages to the painter. One of the most important is that surfaces are almost sure to be dry, and there is no frost or inner moisture to work out after the paint is applied.

Pure white lead-the Dutch Boy Painter kind-mixed with pure linseed oil (tinted as desired) gives a winter coat to a building that is an smor against the severest attacks of the winter rain, sleet, winds and snow.

National Lead Company, 1902 Trinity Bldg., New York city, makers of pure white lead, Dutch Boy Painter trademark, are offering to those interested a complete painter's outfit, consisting of a blow pipe and lead tester, book of color schemes, 'etc. State whether you want exterior or interior decorating.

Fooled Them Thirteen Years. Frank Nelson, former state superin-

tendent of public instruction of Kansas, and "Cap." Gibson, the veteran president of a Minnesota college.

When Nelson was still in the state house he and Gibson had a talk one day about teaching school. "I was once a school teacher," volunteered Gibson.

"Is that so?" asked Nelson, "How long?"

"Yes, I fooled 'em 13 years," re plied "Cap."

"How is that?" asked Nelson.
"Oh," said "Cap.," "I quit when teachers had to qualify."—Kansas City Journal.

\$100 Reward, \$100.

The readers of this paper will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive ours now known to the medical fratemity. Catarrh leing a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken to-termity, acting directly upon the blood and nuccous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer Ore Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to sure. Send for list of testimenia's Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Soid by all Druncists. 76c.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

No Shape in it. " Did she leave her business in good

shape?" "No; she couldn't. There is no shape in her business. She's a fash-

A little bottle of Hamins Wizard Oil is a medicine chest in itself. It can be applied in a larger number of painful ailments than any other remedy known.

ionable dressmaker."

A train of thought won't do you much good unless you get up enough steam to carry it through.

OF ALL HOT WEATHER ENEMIES cholera is the worst. Treatment must be prompt. UP Painkiller (Perry Davis) which overcomes all how troubles, like diarrhea, cholera morbus and dysense When a man is his own worst ene-

my he really doesn't need any others. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduction, alleys pain, cures wind colic. 25ca i

Out of a total of 18 south pole expeditions nive have been British.

Smokers find Lewis' Single Binder 5c cigar better quality than most 10c cigars. Brazil grows more coffee than any other country in the world.

Dr. Pierre's Pieasant Pellets first put up 40 years ago. They regulate and invigorate stomach, liver and bowels. Sugar-coated tiny granules.

A brain is worth little without a iongue.-French.

A New One About Napoleon. A "new" story about Napoleon is aecessarily doubtful; the probability is that it is simply so old that it has been forgotten. However, here is one that Arthur M. Chuquet prints in L'Opinion as never before published.

it relatesto Napoleon and Blucher. The emperor received the general at the castle of Finkenstein, while he was preparing for the slege of Danzig. He drew him to a window in an upper story and paid him compliments on his military gifts, and Blucher, going away deligated, described the interview to his aide-de-camp. "What a chance you missed!" exclaimed the

"You might have changed the whole course of history." "How?"

"Why, you might have thrown him out of the window."

"Confound it!" replied Blucher. "So I might! If only I had thought of it." -New York Evening Post.

Laundry work at home would be much more satisfactory if the right Starch were used. In order to get the desired stiffness, it is usually necessary to use so much starch that the beauty and fineness of the fabric is hidden behind a paste of varying thickness, which not only destroys the appearance, but also affects the wearing quality of the goods. This trouble can be entirely overcome by using Defiance Starch, as it can be applied much more thinly because of its greater strength than other makes.

Where Sitting Bull Was. Doane Robinson, head of the department of history of the state of South Dakota, says of Sitting Bull and the Custer massacre: "The Indians tell me that Sitting Bull was a medicine chief; that he was the greatest influence among the Sioux at that time by reason of his constant agitation against the whites, and that he did not personally engage in the fight against Custer, but that he was back on an elevation between the Little Big Horn and the Big Horn making medicine."-Indian School Journal.

Carnations Go to Sleep. Florists often suffer losses through a habit carnations have of sometimes "going to sleep" and never opening again. A series of experiments made 'n the Hull botanical laboratory and described in the Botanical Gazette nakes it seems probable that this 'sleep" is caused by the effect of iluminating gas, to which, even in very small quantities, these flowers are surprisingly sensitive.

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in 2 manner to enhance their textile bearly. Home laundering would be eque

y satisfactory if proper attention w. given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening. the goods. Try Defiance Starch and rou will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

its Troubles.

i e family skeleton complained. "I wouldn't mind being exhibited once in awhile," said the skeleton, articulating with difficulty through its set teeth, "but they air me so fremently in the courtroom, where the air is always notoriously bad."

But who ever thinks of looking at such exhibitions from the family skeleton's point of view?

important to Mothers.

Examine carefully every bettle of CASTORIA a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it Bears the Signature of Calffeliate In Use For Over 30 Years.

The Kind You Have Always Bought. The Old Man's Joke.

"Mary," called her father, "has that young man gone yet?" "No, pa," replied the maid. "But he's going right now." "Then ask him to empty the pail underneath the ice box before he goes, will you? I forgot it."

Her Bathing Suit. "Papa, the stuff I want my new bathing suit made of costs ten dollars a yard.

"Well, here's \$1.50-get what you want, my dear."

Lewis' Single Binder straight 5c eiger. You pay 10c for cigars not so good.

In India there are nearly 26,000,000

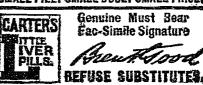
VOU'LL feel better for work, play or rest if you Quaker Oats least once day.





these Little Pills. They also relieve Distreas from Dyspepsia, indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Dizziness, Nhipsea, Drowsiness, Bad Taste in the Month, Coaped Tayrone Pala in the

ed Tongue, Pain in the Side, TORPID LIVER They regulate the Bowels. Purely vegetable. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.



Big Assets

Four hundred thousand people take a CASCARET every night -and -- up in the morning and call ed. If you don't belong to crowd of CASCARET as you are missing the greatest asset of your life.

CASCARETS me a box for a week's treatment, all druggists. Biggest seller in the world. Million boxes a month.

This Brand of Washington Red Cedar Shingles Is Different.

They are so well made-carefully graded-not over dry-they last, and cost no more to lay than ordinary brands. Insist on having this brand.



Register for Free Home

Only official map prepared by State Engineer, showing Standing Rock and Cheyenne lands with full information great land drawing, 20c silver. SOUTH DAKOTA IMMIGRATION & DEVELOP-MENT BUREAU, Pierre S. D. List 2.

Cheap Homes for the Million Along the Kansas City Southern Ry.

In Missouri, Arkansas, Okiahoma, Texas and Louisiana. Write for copy of "Oursent Events"
Gulf Coses Book, stell to

P.E. ROESLER, Land Commissioner, R.C.S. By. KANSAS CITY, MO

GOOD PATENTS staring we seem re and promote patents. Represent 15 manufacturing firms looking for improvements. SUES&CO., Patent Attorneys, 210 DS., Washington, D. C. No advance fee. Advide free.

COMA FARMS HASH AS A COMP THE PROPERTY OF T

W. N. U., OMAHA, NO. 39-1909.

Each of the chief or-

game of the body is no link in the Chain of

Life. A chain is no

stronger than its

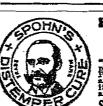


weekest link, the body so stronger than its weakest organ. If there is weakness of stomach, liver or lungs, there is neweak link in the chain of life which may snap at any time. Often this so-called weakness" is caused by lack of nutrition, the result of weakness or diseaso of the stomach and other organs of digestion and autistion. Diseases and weaknesses of the stomach and its allied organs are cured by the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. When the weak or diseased stomach le cured, diseases of other organs which seem remote from the stomach but which

other organs of digestion and nutrition, are cured also, The strong man has a strong stomach. Take the above recommended "Discovery" and you may have a strong stom-

have their origin in a diseased condition of the stomach and

ach and a strong body. Given Away .- Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser, new revised Edition, is sent free on receipt of stamps to pay expense of mailing only. Send 21 one-cent stamps for the book in paper covers, or 31 stamps for the cloth-bound volume. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



DISTEMPER Pink Eye, Epizoolio Shipping Fever & Catarrhal Fever

SPOHN MEDICAL CO.. Shemists and GOSHEN, IND., D. S. A.

A Foxy Suggestion.

"I wish you would give my clerks a talk on salesmanship, said the retail in getting high by calling down his dealer. "eBiter let 'em watch me boss. sellin gron a big bill, suggested the traveling man.-Louisville Courier

She Had Had Enough.

At the Unitarian church in Bever-If, a sweet little miss was at the serv ice with her mother recently. The lit tle one didn't seem to comprehend the sermon a little bit, although the pastor was her grandfather, and after a restless half hour she turned to her mamma and said in an audible whis- bination of part time apprenticeship per: "Why dont grandpa stop talking?"—Boston Journal.

A Day's Work.

One woman's work was done when Mrs. Grace Smith of Beverly, W. Va., dropped dead after sitting up all night with a sick child, doing the washing for three families, picking five galtons of berries and walking to town to buy sugar to preserve them. Nothing is said as to what she did between times to keep from being idle. —Pittsburg Press.

Professor oGt Results.

It is said a noted professor of chemistry, who is always experimenting. thought his three attractive children too lethargic, and so he administered a deit of yeast. The result has been prompt and effective. According to neighboring observations, the profes-

A Poor Way to Rise. It isn't often that anyone succeeds

Daily Thought. .

A man is not little when he finds it difficult to cope with circumstances, but when circumstances overmaster him.--Goethe.

Industrial Education.

For training the workman the technical school can never supplant the workshop. The system that is likely to give the best results is a comand compulsory attendance at technical schools.-London Electrical Re-

A Strong Guaranty.

you sure those eggs are fresh?" asked the woman, eyeing them suspiciously. "Yes, ma'am," replied the grocer, with emphasis; "I guarantee those eggs. If any of them aren't good, I'll make 'em good!"-Lippincott's.

Erratic Going.

"It is easy enough to hitch your wagon to a star," declared the theatrical manager. "Say on." "How to keep from being bounced out of the wagon is the question."-Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Chump.

"He is an awful chump, isn't he?" "Yes, he bought a ticket in an automobile raffle and then built a garage before the drawing came off. "Well, what do you know about that! Was he disappointed when the drawing it; he won the auto."--Houston Post.

Two Undred lun

By J. C. PLUMMER

(Copyright, by Daily Story Pub. Co.) "Two 'undred pun and all in favor of the widow and said widow without hincumbrances."

Bo'sun Joy spoke these words in an audible voice, although there was no one to hear him, he being the only occupant of the snug taproom of the Mariner's Compass. Bo'sun Joy was basking before a bright fire and glancing with approbation at a steaming glass of gin and water on the table

at his elbow. Mr. Joy was one of the survivors of the ill-fated bark Benefactor of Sunderland, which, as was told of in the newspapers and promulgated at opened and Mr. Thrifty came in. Lloyds, foundered in the South Atlantic while on a voyage to Callao. The boat containing Mr. Joy and the second mate, with three of the crew, was picked up by a vessel. The other boat, containing the skipper, chief mate and seven of the crew, was missing and had evidently been lost.

The bo'sun's audible soliloguy had reference to Mrs. Bent, wife of the chief mate of the Benefactor. Mr. Bent was evidently dead and Mrs. Bent was uncontrovertibly a widow. Mr. Bent's life was insured for £200 in favor of his wife and this latter fact caused Mr. Joy to speculate on the advisability of changing the mournful state of Mrs. Bent.

"There's them as is 'ansomer as to face and more hinticing as to figger," continued Mr. Joy, to himself, "but two 'undred pun kind of evens hit up. I'll do it."

He drank down his gin and water, turned up the collar of his pea jacket and sallied out into the crisp December wind that made the streets of Grimshy bleak and deserted that even-

A subdued light shone from the windows of the widow's house, as might befit the abode of grief, and Mr. Joy was meditating on the proper



"Who Was the Man?" She Asked Softly.

words of condolence when he marked another figure approaching the house from up the street.

The light from Mrs. Bent's window. while subdued, was sufficiently bright to enable Mr. Joy to recognize with alarm and disgust the features of Mr. Sydney Evening News printed the fol-Thrifty, second mate of the Bene-

factor. The greetings between the gentlemen were somewhat constrained and they looked askance at each other as Mrs. Bent admitted them into her domicile.

The widow had seen both men in the offices of the owners of the bark when the wreck was being reported and bade them take seats. "Hi've come on a visit of sympathy,"

said Mr. Joy. "So've I," chirruped Mr. Thrifty.

"It was a dispensation," said the widow, piously.

"So it was," exclaimed Mr. Joy. "Hevidently," added Mr. Thrifty. "My grief is deeper, gentlemen," continued the widow, "because John

was not a Christian.' "But he was, ma'am," cried Bo'sun Joy, "and it was 'is talk with me as made 'im one. The night afore we foundered 'e says to me, 'Joy, sing me a hymn,' and I sung 'im one, he hac-

companyin' me." "You make me so happy," murmured Mrs. Bent, regarding the bo'sun ten-

"What was the 'ymn?" demanded Mr. Thrifty.

Mr. Joy, taken unawares, was about to say "God Save the Queen," but he recollected in time that this classic is not ordinarily requested as a consolation in times of great danger.

"Hit was 'Rock of Ages," he replied. "Ow does it go?" asked Mr. Thrifty, with malevolent intention.

But Mr. Joy had steered a ship too many times in choppy seas to be thus caught. "Hit would wound my 'eart and the

eart of Mrs. Bent for me to sing that

'ymn now, Thrifty," he said, with sol-"You've lifted a weight from my heart," sobbed Mrs. Bent, "I almost feel that I've some interest in life."

You've a lot to live tor," said Mr. Joy, with a tender glance. Now this was extremely discomposing to Mr. Thrifty, who was also a candidate for the two hundred pound

widow. Joy was carrying all before

"Bent was werry serus durin' the gale," said Thrifty, "he and I was a walkin' up and down the deck one night a talkin' about 'ow to keep away | made a record by walking close to 20,from sin when he says, 'Thrifty, you're | 000 miles to perform his Sunday duties the only man I'd say this to. Hi've in the last 53 years.

a feelin' we're goin' to founder and Hi'm worried about my wife."

'Leave 'er to Providence.'" says I. "'Hi don't want 'er to stay single on my account,' says he, "hif I'm to be drowned.' 'e says, 'there's a certain man I'd like for her to marry." Mrs. Bent blushed.

"Who was the man?" she asked

softly. "Hi'll tell you some day in confidence," replied Mr. Thrifty, with an arch smile.

Mr. Joy had difficulty in concealing his uneasiness at the way his rival was laying his course, an uneasiness increased by overhearing Mrs. Bent ask Mr. Thrifty to call soon and disclose his secret. Both diplomats left at the same time, and Mr. Joy drank many hot gins and waters before hewas sufficiently composed to retire.

He arose late the following morning and was sipping a strong portion of spirits to prepare his stomach for breakfast when the taproom door "'Ow are you, bo'sun?" said he, cor-

dially. Mr. Joy responded with gruffness.

"Hi suppose," said Mr. Thrifty, in an easy conversational tone, "that you have some hidea of courting the widow Bent?"

Mr. Joy replied by eagerly asking what business that was of Mr. Thrifty.

"Just this," retorted Mr. Thrifty, hunder ordinary conditions Hi would say, has a friend. Nov. give it hup, for you've no chance at all has long as I'm against you. "Wot are you a drivin' at?" demand

ed Mr. Joy.

"Hif Widow Bent marries hanybody she'll marry me. She'll marry me to know who the man was that her 'usband wanted her to marry. And that remark of her 'usband is as true as is the singin of that 'ymm of yours, Mr.

Mr. Joy reddened. "Wot are you a drivin' at?" he again demanded.

"Two 'undred pun is a temptation. replied Mr. Thrifty, "but somehow I ates to settle down. Life bon the ocean wave for me and for ten pun I'll leave you the field hopen and go to Lunnon on the train.

Mr. Joy swallowed his spirits and his eyes gleamed.

"A pun and hit's done." said he, and he lay 20 shillings on the table.

Mr. Thrifty dropped the money into his pocket. "Hi'm doin' a thing that Hi'll repent of later on." he said, gloomily. "but hi allers was a rollin' stone. Good-by

and luck to you, Joy." Mr. Joy ate his breakfast with a

good appetite and with a satisfied expression on his face. He felt that

he picked up the Standard and began

to glance over the news. "The ship Menelaus has arrived at Valparaiso with Capt. Duckett, Chief Mate Bent and seven of the crew of the bark Benefactor, lost at sea. They will be sent home by the British con-

"Hif ever I meet Thrifty--" Bo'sun Joy's voice failed him but his fists were tightly clenched and there was a belligerent flame in his eyes.

DEVICES ON NATION'S FLAGS.

Emblems Are Very Largely of a Zoological Nature.

While the American fleet was in has become, perhaps, the most familiar object in Sydney and it is inter esting to recall one of the earliest designs for the flag. In 1776 South Caro lina adopted a flag with a rattlesnake on it of 13 rattles, the number having reference to the 13 revolting states Zoology figures very largely on the flags of different nations. On our own royal standard is the lion. It was royal unicorn and Australian emu and kangaroo, a fairly comprehensive col lection could be made from national

"To these may be added the white mouse, which has been adopted for the pennant of the submarine branck of the royal navy as a delicate compliment to the powers of white mice to detect escaping fumes from the petrol engines. It is a singularly unwarlike device for such a deadly service."

The American Voice.

I think myself that what, as much as anything else, laid the foundation of the American voice was the ner yous ill health, lasting over three or four generations, of the American woman. Up to the middle of the nine teenth century, and even beyond, for eigners were surprised when they came across a healthy looking woman The isolation of frontier life, the gen eral tension of the American climate malaria, bad diet and worse sanita tion, combined to turn one-half the nation into semi-invalids; and the thin, sharp, slovenly, staccato tones of the American women were as often as not the result of physical and nervous depression. I do not say that ill health was the sole cause, but it is undoubtedly the fact that as the health of Americans has improved so have their voices.-London Chronicle.

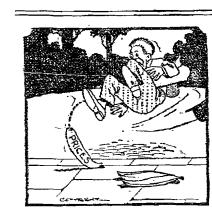
Sizing Them Up. Lawyer-Do you swear positively that you know more than half this

jury?

Witness-Yes, sir; and now that have taken a good look at 'em. I'll swear that I know more than all of 'em put together .- Detroit News-Trib-

Walked Far to Sunday School. Mr. Bennett, superintendent of the Congregational Sunday school at Money Bridge, Spalding, England, has

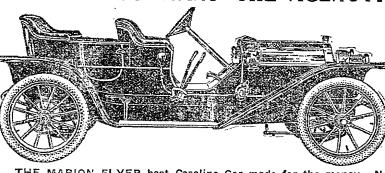
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sor will have to prescribe sedatives Just Walting. Every good-looking young woman intends to go on the stage some time if it becomes necessary for her to came off?" "oNt so you could notice

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