

The man who whispers down a well
About the goods he has to sell,
Won't reap the gleaming, golden dollars
Like one who climbs a tree and hollers.

The Florence Tribune

HOGS Are not entirely unlike human beings. More's the pity. Those who attend strictly to business get fat.
Moral: Advertise your own business and not that of your competitor.

VOL. II.

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No. 21

NEWS OF FERRY RESERVE

Lobelia Loper of Hillsboro Writes the News of This Most Interesting Suburb and Incidentally Tells of the Troubles Her Esteemed Father Has to Save Money and Still Have the Luxuries of Life During This Era of Prosperity and High Prices.

Dear Eddittur:—Again I takes my pen in hand to let you know of the news of this part of Florence only there aint any news except pap was reedin in the papers about both cabynets as being better'n medicine and said he was goin' to have one of them there contraptions and it would only cost a few measly cents, too.

He said jest because we was country foak we don't have to grow up in ignorance and suppersstition and with-out all the latest tools fer enjoyin' life and good health? Doant you know that in these days of ager and malary and other ailments that a bath cabynet is just as necessary to good health as quinine use to be? Ef you doant believe it jest read what that paper says about 'em:

"Doant take my word fer it but read what docters and scientists say. Sure-ly you doant think you know more than them whut has made a life study of the human annatummy, do you Lobelia? You kin laff and poo poo at me Lobelia but fer goodness sake doant go galavantin' around laffin at docters and scientists and showin yer ignorance to the world in jeneral, doant do it Lobelia."

"Pap," sez I, now you jest stop rite there, You know I wuzent makin' fun of docters and scientists, even ef most of em is durn fools and doant know it. I wuz only axin whut you wanted of a bath cabynet when you aint got no pertickalar ailment to speak of. Whut is the use of desecration the Sabbath by poundin around on a useless thing whut cood be made tomorry or when it is needed so fur as that concerned."

"Doant need it?" sez Pap, his voice risin loud like it always does when he gets riled. "Doant need it. Why darter there goes yer ignorance again. We need one every day, every hour and every minit, but you doant seem to realize it. You are jest like every woman, you doant want a thing till your nabor gets one. Ef Mrs. Purkypile had a bath cabynet you coodent hold still ner give me any peace until I got one too, and when you got it you would say that you coodent see how you lived so long without one, fer they are a sure cure fer most everything includin tiskick and mikrobes in jeneral.

With that he grabbed his tools and went off around behind the wood shed arguin and talkin to hisself and I shook my head fer I knowed he woud make a bath cabynet or bust.

After awhile I heerd a noise on the porch and lookin out I beheld Pap with his new fangled invenshion. He had took an old coal oil barrel and had knocked out both ends, and over one end he had nailed an old storm curtain which we used to use on the buggy. He had then cut a hole in this big enuff fer his neck and had sliced it back fer six inches er moar so he could git his head thru the openin and he had put his shoe string in the sliced place so the openin cood be drawed up tite around his neck. Thing was sartainly simple enuff and wood have worked like a charm ef let alone, but you know Pap aint never content with doin things like other foakes.

Well to make a long story short, Pap come in the house, undressed, and got inside his barrel bath cabynet and come out in the kitchen fer me to lace up his neck. I done so and then he had me set our big fancy hand-painted parlor lamp under the barrel while he set inside straddle of a soap box.

That lamp of ours can sartainly make heat when it tries and I think it sorter overdid itself a-Sunday mornin. Pap sat there with his head out that bari like a young chicken jest coming outen the shell and in a few minits the sweat begin popin outen his head like buck shot and his face turned the color of a red flannel undershirt.

"Say, but this is great, Lobelia," sez he. "I never had such pleasure runatiz a runnin out of my poores in my life. I kin fairly feel it like milk gravy outen a bowl. I kin hear great gobs of malary splatterin down around my feet, jest like bran mash fallin from a cow's mouth.

Well Pap kept up his braggin fer about ten minits and all at once he got real quiet, and I axed him ef he warnt enjoyin hisself and he sed he wuz, and I told him not to give up the ship unless the lamp exploded.

Now whatever made me think of that lamp explodin, I can't tell, it must have been a woman's permanishon, but it started pap to thinkin of what might be the consequences of the lamp shood blow up, and as he

BASE BALL AT FLORENCE PARK

Rangers and Ruffners Have Tilt on Sunday and Rangers Win Very Easy.

The Rangers defeated the crack Ruffner team at Florence Sunday afternoon by the score of 12 to 4. Lewis, the crack pitcher for the Rangers, was on the mound and was well supported by his team mates, especially at the bat.

Two-base hits seemed popular for the Rangers as Lewis got two, Langer three, Nystrom one and Hadley two. Pickett stole six bases.

Bankman, the Ruffner's no-hit pitcher, was landed on for about twenty hits and got worse support. The score:

Rangers 0 3 2 2 2 1 2 0 0—12
Ruffners 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 4 0—4
Hits—Rangers 21, Ruffners 6. Batteries—Rangers, Lewis and Nystrom; Ruffners, Bankman and Wanck.

was athinkin a stream of swet must he gone down his back bone and drapped kerplosh on top of that hot lamp chimley. I never heerd a lamp chimley creek so loud and pap was that skeert he never stopped to see what happened, but give a yell and went thru the kitchen door like a bat. He let out a war hoop and at every jump I heerd — "Oh save me. I'm burnin up alive. Help Water. Good-bye Lobelia your pap is a goner this time."

Arier I seed that the lamp hadn't exploded I blowed out the blaze and went to find pap feelin sure I woud find him at the crick coolen off, and sure enuff down at the edge of the willers was pap, mighty nigh ded from drownin. He was still in his bari which kept him from sinkin, but the blamed thing woudnt stay still and kept turnin around and around in the water like a top spinin sideways, and every time it turned over so pap's face wus up pap woud spout warter like a whale and holler for help. When he saw me he hollered, hurry Lobelia. I'm done fer, hur—but jest then he went under agin, and when he come up he sez, "I've been briled to a turn and my skin is a pelin from my neck down, and I look like a singed chicken. Don't look at me darter the sight will unnervue you. Remember your pap as he wuz not as he is. Tell Jack Lubold he can hev that jug of old crow which I hid in the east bin, tell—"

Jest then I grabbed pap by the leg an hauled him to shore—with my eyes shut. Then I ontied the lacin around his neck and started fer home. Pap seed he warnt burnt or hurt much, picked up his bari and followed me home, and sed: "Lobelia, ef you tell Jack Lubold that message I'll jest naterally disown you fer life and ef you tell the fellers about this cussed contrapshion of mine, I'll leave you and marry Mrs. Swaller. derned ef I don't. No, I'll marry her and bring her home to live with you and me. See ef I doant."

LOBELIA LOPER.
P. S. Pap has turned his bath cabynet into a shelter for a old hen and her chickens and he sez he is goin to quit takin farm papers of every kind except the Florence Tribune, cause all of em but it is printed fer durn fools in jeneral and they puts fool noshions in a smart man's hed. L. L.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

John Lubold returned Tuesday from his trip to Colorado. He spent some time in Denver and was there when Hastings & Heyden opened up their Denver office and sold 400 lots as a starter.

In honor of her eighth birthday Miss Verda Hollingsworth entertained about twenty-five of her young friends Sunday. Music and games were played after which refreshments were served.

Don't waste your money buying plasters when you can get a bottle of Chamberlain's Liniment for twenty-five cents. A piece of flannel dampened with this liniment is superior to any plaster for lame back, pains in the side and chest, and make cheaper. Sold by Geo. Siert.

W. H. Thompson expects to leave the first of the week for western Nebraska on a hunting trip.

Rev. Murphy of Presho, S. D., was the guest of Joe Thornton and family Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Beebe of New York are the guests of Mrs. Beebe's sister, Mrs. B. F. Reynolds.

Word was received Tuesday that the supreme court had overruled a motion for a rehearing filed by the railroad and therefore the Missouri Pacific will have to pay Gus Wallenberg \$6,000.

SEASONABLE EVENTS



(Copyright, 1910.)
Composite Picture of Several Florence Homes Last Monday, when Cool Wave Came Down Warning One of the Approach of Winter.

OVER THE TEACUPS

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

A son was born to Mr. and Mrs. Ed. Davis Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. Carl Feldhusen leave this week for St. Anthony, Idaho to make their residence. Mr. Feldhusen going into business there.

Glenn Marr was up from Kansas City this week to visit his mother. She will leave shortly to make her home there with him.

Mr. Roy Brown and children are visiting relatives and friends at Norfolk.

Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy is today the best known medicine in use for the relief and cure of bowel complaints. It cures griping, diarrhoea, dysentery, and should be taken at the first unnatural looseness of the bowels. It is equally valuable for children and adults. It always cures. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Henry Johns and family left this week for Lemon, S. D., where they will reside on a homestead.

Margaret Long is attending the state Normal at Kearney.

Mrs. J. S. Richards and daughter, Margaret of Three Lakes, Wash. who have been visiting friends and relatives in Florence left the latter part of the week for their home.

Mrs. Pilant was unfortunate enough Monday to run a nail in her foot.

The Rebeckas initiated two new members at their last meeting.

The cakes at the Johnson-Thiessen wedding on Wednesday were furnished by the German bakery.

Mrs. Viola Pettit is the guest of Mrs. Judge Good at Wahoo this week.

Henry Anderson has rented the Feldhusen house on Bluff street and will move into it the first of the week.

Your complexion as well as your temper is rendered miserable by a disordered liver. By taking Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets you can improve both. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Mrs. R. H. Olmsted and Miss Florence Olmsted were guests of Mrs. C. B. Coon in Omaha Monday afternoon.

Mrs. Keaton is painting and decorating the interior of the Parkside hotel, making quite an improvement.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Suttie and family attended the Goodlett-Wakeley wedding in Omaha Wednesday. Miss Goodlett is a sister of Mrs. Suttie.

Charles Norland, who is now living in the western part of Nebraska was visiting with Florence friends the fore part of the week and looking over the city with a view to locating here again. He at one time farmed the ground where the Forest Lawn cemetery is now located.

THIS IS WEEK OF WEDDINGS

Miss Myrtle Shipley and Eli Davis and Miss Laura Johnson and Henry Thiessen Are Married.

This has been a week of weddings in Florence. The first was celebrated last Saturday, that of Miss Myrtle Shipley, daughter of Jacob V. Shipley and Mr. Eli Davis, both of Florence, who were married by Rev. Charles W. Savidge Saturday afternoon at 4 o'clock. The attendants, Bert Shipley and Miss Ethel Shipley were brother and sister of the bride. The bride chose this date, Sept. 24, because it had been the marriage day of both her mother and grandmother. Mr. and Mrs. Davis went at once to their own new home in Florence.

Wednesday evening at the home of Mr. Samuel Johnson occurred the wedding of his daughter Laura and Mr. Henry Thiessen of Neola, Iowa. The ceremony was performed at 8 o'clock in the presence of about fifty guests. Rev. George S. Sloan officiating.

Miss Anna Thiessen, sister of George, acted as bridesmaid and Mr. Ezar Sarroy as groomsmen. Little Florence Nelson was ring girl. The bride was dressed in creme pongee silk, with net roke trimmed with gold braid. She wore a bridal veil and carried a bunch of white roses. The bridesmaid was dressed in blue mesaline silk trimmed with gold braid. She carried a bunch of pink roses. The rings were carried in the heart of a rose. After the ceremony the guests were seated to a sumptuous supper. The abundance furnished by the fatted calf, numberless chickens and lots of good things made it a feast indeed. The guests were many of them here from a distance. An aunt of the bride came all the way from California. The many friends of the bride and groom join in wishing them a life full of happiness.

Rumors of two or three other weddings floated around town during the week and were very persistent but as they could not be verified they are not given.

The wedding of Miss Mae Dugher and Mr. George McNamara of Wisner, Neb., will take place October 12.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Mrs. Howell of Sioux City and Mrs. Nalle of Omaha spent Tuesday as the guest of Mrs. Walter Riemer.

The Ponca Improvement club will meet Monday evening at the Fairview school house.

R. H. Olmsted spent Wednesday at Washington on business.

Mr. Joe Roth has been laid up the past week with the quinsy.

Mrs. Will Driscoll of Blair, Neb., has been visiting with her parents. Mr. and Mrs. Will Kindred, the last few days.

Mr. Vance Baker was a guest at the Holtzman home Sunday.

Miss Helen Holtzman celebrated her 18th birthday at the home of her parents. Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holtzman, Sunday evening. Only a few of her intimate friends were present.

Peter and Edward Carstenson of Davenport, Ia., who lived here a number of years ago visited Florence the first of the week but could not recognize many of their old acquaintances. C. L. Nethaway of DeSota has purchased the Ritchie farm and will settle on it soon.

DEATH OF MRS. WEBER

Aged Pioneer of Florence Passes Away at Her Home Early Tuesday Morning After a Long Illness Leaving a Family and a Host of Warm Personal Friends to Mourn Her Demise. — She Was Seventy-Eight Years Old and Came to Florence in 1856 and Resided Here Continuously.

Mrs. Amelia Weber, one of the oldest residents of this vicinity, passed away Tuesday morning at 8 o'clock in her home on Main street, aged 78 years. Mrs. Weber came to Florence in 1856.

She and her husband, Jacob Weber, sr., had been preceded here by two other Germans, Henry Grebe and George Haag, both dead some time. Mr. Weber is still living and with his son Jacob, jr., is operating a flour mill. Three other sons, Emil, Walter and William Weber are running a flour mill at Wayne.

Two daughters also survive. They are Mrs. Mary A. Griffith, who lives in Florence, and Mrs. Emeline Smith, whose home is four miles north of the city.

The funeral of Mrs. Weber, who was a German wife, mother and house-keeper of the old school was held Thursday morning from the family home at 10 o'clock to Forest Lawn.

Amelia Rottler was born in Wurtemberg, Germany, January 23, 1832. She left Wurtemberg and went to London, Ohio, in 1854 where she met and became acquainted with Jacob Weber whom she married in 1855. It was almost as a bride that she came to Florence having arrived here in 1856. In 1905 surrounded by their relatives and many friends they celebrated their golden wedding.

PAVEMENT AGAIN IN COURT.

H. B. Fleharty, Attorney for J. S. Paul and Others Ask to Have Tax Levy Declared Void.

Charging fraud against the mayor and the city council of Florence, in connection with their establishment of an improvement district and ordering pavement of Main street in that district, J. S. Paul and others, acting for many affected citizens as well as for themselves, began an action to avoid payment of any improvement assessment taxes in district court Wednesday afternoon. They filed a petition for a restraining order and a perpetual injunction to prevent George Siert, city treasurer of Florence, and D. M. Haverly, county clerk of Douglas county, from proceeding to collect the assessments by sale of abutting property.

The restraining order was refused; but a hearing on the temporary injunction was set for October 10.

The plaintiffs, J. S. Paul, L. Shipley, J. V. Shipley, J. P. Brown and A. F. Close, allege that the mayor and the city council fraudulently and wholly in violation of law ordered the establishment of the improvement district, ordered pavement of the street, awarded a contract for the work to one Ford without having duly considered bids for the contract, wrongfully and fraudulently charged the entire cost of the work to the owners of abutting property when by the terms of its franchise the Omaha & Council Bluffs Street Railway company must pave between its rails and 10 inches outside of each rail; and charged the owners of abutting property for the full contract price of the work when the contractor had saved money on it by making the concrete base but 3½ inches thick when the specifications required a thickness of 5½ inches.

The unwarranted and illegal action of the officials of Florence has cost the taxpayers about \$7,000, according to the allegations of the plaintiffs, a part of this sum going to the city council for compensation wrongfully taken by its members for sitting as members of a board of equalization.

H. B. Fleharty is their attorney and the case will come before Judge Day.

NOTICE.

The regular monthly meeting of the Ponca Improvement club will be held at the Fairview school house Monday evening, October 3. As matters of importance will be discussed all members are asked to be present.

J. F. WUERTH,
Secretary.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dugher entertained delightfully Monday evening in honor of Father Murphy of Presho, S. D. Musical selections were rendered by Father Barrett, the Misses Rugher, Tony Thornton, and James Dugher after which luncheon was served. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Thornton and family, Rev. Father Murphy, Rev. Father Barrett, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dugher and family.

FT. CALHOUN PERSONAL NOTES

Items of Interest From the Thriving Suburb to the North that Are of Interest.

Robert Hagenback and William Hindickson of Arlington were house decorating for Chris Lundt.

Fort Calhoun feels very proud of two of its former residents, Milton Glann, for several years an orphan school boy caring for an aged grandfather here in Fort Calhoun. He has a big store, and is a bank cashier in Butler, N. J., and has just been elected a director in a bank with \$100,000 paid up capital and surplus; and the Rev. William Nicol, a former pastor here, is now a professor in Bellevue college.

Albert Jones, living on the bottoms, seems so far to be the champion watermelon grower, and Urban Cathelan wins on onions and potatoes.

Chief Sergeant Walker of the Missouri Pacific railroad autoted to Fort Calhoun to bring his friend, Charley Steffen, home.

The Presbyterian church people have put in new cement steps and walks.

William Goldworthy and wife of Tilden, and brother Samuel, of Prescott, Ariz., were at the Marr's on their way home from town. They were both Englishmen, married to sisters, aunts of Mrs. Marrs. One of them fought in the civil war.

The Fort Calhoun railroad office in thirty years, has sold over 50,000 straight tickets to Omaha, besides thousands of excursion, half fares and returns, and hundreds to the street car line at Florence.

Passing Moore's lake, the writer saw one lone pelican, a reminder of the change of season.

Colonel Russell, treasurer of the state fair was born in this county, and says that the fair this year had the largest attendance ever.

E. C. Pierce of Ellettsville, Ind., opened the grave of an Indian chief here forty years ago, and found a brass barreled pistol, which is now in the museum at Newburgh, N. Y., a pipe and other things.

Mrs. Little came down from Tekamah and watched beside the sick bed of her mother, Mrs. W. T. Miller until relieved by her sister-in-law, Mrs. B. Miller of Irvington.

Miss Bertha Neale is teaching at Hooper. Her sister, Edith, and Clara Rohwer go to the state university.

Harvey Hulse is back from South Dakota.

W. H. Woods is having a resting spell in the care of the doctor.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

Miss Helen Nichols was the guest of her aunt, Mrs. A. O. Nichols at the Hamilton in Omaha, Monday.

Mrs. A. O. Nichols and daughter, Hazel were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. F. B. Nichols Sunday.

James Houston of St. Josephs, Mo., was the guest of his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston Sunday and Monday.

Prof. F. K. Dixon of Blair visited with Florence friends Saturday.

Mrs. Dr. Akers, who has been spending some time in California has returned.

Mrs. E. T. Enyeart is spending a few days the guest of Mrs. O. W. Nelson.

"Can be depended upon" is an expression we all like to hear, and when it is used in connection with Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy it means that it never fails to cure diarrhoea, dysentery or bowel complaints. It is pleasant to take and equally valuable for children and adults. Sold by Geo. Siert.

Ivan Marr has left Florence for Topeka, Kan., where he will spend the winter months.

Mrs. Elmer Clure will soon join her husband at Columbus where they will reside this winter.

Mr. Joe Roselno, who formerly resided at Philadelphia, and has been spending the summer at Florence departed the latter part of the week for San Francisco where he will join the U. S. Navy.

The COAST of CHANCE

by ESTHER
& LUCIA
CHAMBERLAIN
ILLUSTRATIONS by McKitterner
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SYNOPSIS.

At a private view of the Chatworth personal estate, to be sold at auction, the Chatworth ring, known as the Crow Idol, mysteriously disappears. Harry Cressy, who was present, describes the ring to his fiancée, Flora Gilsey, and her chaplain, Mrs. Clara Britton, as being like a heathen god, with a beautiful sapphire set in the head. Flora meets Mr. Kerr, an Englishman, at the club. In discussing the disappearance of the ring, the exploits of an English thief, Farrell Wand, are recalled. Flora has a fancy that Harry and Kerr know something about the mystery. Unseen, Flora discovers that he has met Harry somewhere, but cannot place him. \$20,000 reward is offered for the return of the ring. Harry admits to Flora that he dislikes Kerr. Harry takes Flora to a Chinese goldsmith's to buy an engagement ring. An exquisite sapphire set in a hoop of brass is selected. Harry urges her not to wear it until it is reset. The possession of the ring seems to cast a spell over Flora. She becomes uneasy and apprehensive. Flora meets Kerr at a party. She is startled by the effect on him when he gets a glimpse of the sapphire. The possibility that the stone is part of the Crow Idol causes Harry much anxiety. Unseen, Flora discovers Clara ransacking her dressing room. Clara refuses to give or sell the stone to Kerr, and suspects him of being the thief. Flora's interest in Kerr increases. She decides to return the ring to Harry, but he tells her to keep it for a day or two. Ella Butler tells Flora that Clara is setting her cap for her father, Judge Butler. Flora believes Harry suspects Kerr and is waiting to make sure of the reward before unmasking the thief. Clara seems to be intent about something.

CHAPTER XVII.—(Continued.)

Beyond the looming roofs as they descended the hill she saw white sails sink out of sight. All the panorama upon which she had looked down sprang up around her, large and living. He whistled to the car as he helped her down the last steep pitch, whistled and waved, and they ran for it.

This was never the car one went out the front door to take. This creaked and crawled low, taking the corners comfortably, past houses with all their windows blinking recognition. Hadn't it passed them so for 20 years? Old houses in long gardens, and little houses creeping back behind their yards, not yet encroached upon by fresher ties of living. Past all these and gliding down under high, ragged banks, green grass above with wooden stairways straggling up their naked faces; past these again; past lower levels; past little gray and cluttered houses; past loaded carts of vegetables; past children playing shrilly, bearing down always on the green square of the plaza wide, worn and foreign, and the Greek church "domed" with blue and yellow, bearing down as if it had fairly determined to make its course straight through this stable center. Then in the very shadow it swerved aside to clatter off in quite another direction along a wider street with whiter shops, and more glittering windows with gilded letters flashing foreign names, with more marked and brilliant colors moving in the crowd, with a clearer stamp on all of Latin living.

Then suddenly for them the sliding panorama ceased. The car had stopped and they had left it, and were standing upon the corner of a still street that came down from the high hills behind them and crossed the car track and climbed again a little way to curve over into the sky. Dingy houses two blocks above them stood silhouetted against the blue. They were walking upward toward this horizon, leaving color and motion behind them. With every step the street grew more empty, lonely and colorless. Many of the windows that glimmered at them, passing, were the blank windows of empty houses. Were they taking this way, this curious roundabout, out-of-the-world way, of dropping over into the shipping which lay under the hill? For all she knew this might really be his notion, for since they left the garden gate, though they had looked together at the light and color of the pictures moving past their eyes, they had not exchanged a word.

But all at once he stopped at the intersection of two dusty streets, and his eyes veered down the four perspectives like a voyageur taking his soundings. Elegant as ever and odd enough, yet he wasn't any odder here at the jumping off place of nowhere that he had appeared in the box at the theater or in the picture gallery. She had the clear impression all at once that he wasn't too odd for anything.

"Here we are!" he said, and indicated with his glittering stick straight before them a little house. It was low, as if it crouched against the wind, faded and beaten by the sun to the drab of the rock itself, and made so secret with tight-drawn curtains that it seemed to have shut itself up against the world forever. She wavered. She wasn't afraid of herself out here, out-of-doors under the sky, but she was afraid that those four walls might shut out her new unreasoning joy, might steal away his new tenderness, and bring her back face to face with the same ugly fact that had confronted her in her drawing room.

"Oh, no," she said, and put her hands behind her with a determination that she wasn't going to move.

"Oh, yes," he said, but he didn't smile. He looked at her quite gravely, reproachfully, and the touch of his

fingers on her arm was fine, was delicate, as if to say, "I wouldn't harm you for the world."

She blushed a slow, painful crimson. She hadn't meant that. She hadn't even thought of it; but, since he had, there was nothing for it but to go in. The door shut behind her sharply, with a click like a little trap; and she breathed such an atmosphere, flat, faint and stale, the mere ghost of some fuller, more fragrant flavor. In the little anteroom where they stood, whose faded ceiling all but brushed their heads, and in the larger little room beyond the Nottingham lace curtains, prevailed a mild shabbiness, a respectable decay. Curtains and table-cloths alike showed a dull and tempered whiteness as if the shadow of time had fallen dim across the whole. The little restaurant seemed left behind in the onward march of the city, and its faded, kindly face was but a shadow of what had been of the vigor and flourish of bourgeois Spain 30 years before. There was no one eating at the little tables, no one sitting behind the high cash-desk in the anteroom. Not a stir of human life in all the place.

"Hello," said Kerr among the tables looking around him, "we've caught them asleep." He rapped on the wall with his cane. Flora peered at him between the curtains, all her fascinated apprehension of what was to follow plain upon her face. "Shall it be a giant or dwarf?" he asked her. "There's nothing I won't do for you, you know."

The door opened and a little girl with a long black braid and purple apron came in.

"A dwarf," cried Flora. She laughed with a quick relaxing of her strained nerves. It might almost have been the truth from that old little swarthy face and sedate demeanor that hardly noticed them. The child walked gravely up to the desk and mounting to the high stool struck a faint-voiced bell.

"There," said Kerr, "ends formality. Now let the real magic begin!"

"Not black magic," Flora took up his fancy.

He had drawn out a chair for her. "That depends on you. I'm not the magic maker. I have no talisman."

She felt the conscious jewel burn in her possession. She looked up beseechingly at him, but he only laughed, and, with a swing, lifted the chair a little off the ground as he sat her up to the table, as if to show how easily he could put forth strength. There was nothing defiant in him. He was taking her with him—taking her upon the wings of his high spirits; but mischievously, obstinately, he would not show her where the flight was leading, nor let her listen to anything but the rustling of those wings. He was determined to make holiday, whatever was to follow. For the glimpse of blue through the dim window might be the Bay of Naples; and, ah! Chianti. Perhaps the sort one gets down Monte Video way, where France fades into Italy—perhaps, at least if her fancy could get the better of the reality.

"She wouldn't care if you jumped up and threw me out of the window," he affirmed. "That's why this hole is so harmless. Oh, isn't that harmless? What's more harmless than to let one alone? There's only one dangerous thing here," he grinned and let her take her choice of which.

She came straight at it. "You know I can't let you alone."

He laughed. "Well, isn't that why we're here at last—that you may dictate your terms?"

"I have. Didn't you get my letter?"

"Oh, indeed I did. Haven't I obeyed it? Haven't I kept away from your house? Have I tried to approach you?"

"Haven't you, though?" she threw at him accusingly.

"Ah," he deprecated, "you came to me. I was down in the garden."

She looked at him through his persiflage wistfully, searchingly. "But there were other things in that letter."

"There were?" He regarded her with grave surprise. Oh, how she mistrusted his gravity! "Why, to be sure there were things—things that you didn't mean—one thing above all others you couldn't mean, that you want me to drop out when the game is half done, to slink away and leave it all like this—abandon you and my idol to each other! My dear, for what do you take me?"

She burst out. "But can't you see the danger?"

He met it quietly. "Certainly. I have been seeing nothing else but the danger—to you. Do you think I've been idle all these days? Every line I have followed has ended in that. It's brought me finally to this." The gesture of his hand included their predicament and the dingy little room. "You'll really have to help me, after all."

"Oh, haven't I tried to? That is why I wrote. Don't you see your own danger at all?"

"No, but I'd like to." He leaned toward her, brows lifted to a quizzical peak.

"Oh, I can't tell you," she despaired. "But somehow I shall have to make you go."

"That will be easy," he said. Leaning back, nursing his chin in his hand, he watched her with a gloomy sort of brooding. "You know what it is I'm waiting for. You know I won't go without it." His words came sadly, but doggedly, with a grim finality, as

if he gave himself up to the course he was following as something he knew was inevitable. The faintness of despair came over her. Only the narrow table was between them, yet all at once, with the mention of the ring, he seemed a long way off.

"Do you care for it so very much?" she asked him, trembling but valiant.

"I care so very much," he repeated slowly, and after a moment of wonder: "Why, don't you?"

"Oh, not for that," she cried sharply. "Not for the sapphire!"

He stared. She had startled him clean out of his brooding. "In heaven's name, for what, then?"

Oh, she could never tell him it was for him! In her distress and embarrassment she looked all ways.

His quick white finger touched her on the wrist. "For Cressy?"

The abrupt stern note of his question startled her. She held herself stiff and still for a moment, then: "For every one in this wretched business. I have to."

"Ah," he sighed out the satisfaction of his long uncertainty, "then Cressy is in it."

"No, I didn't mean that—you mustn't think it—I can't discuss him with you!" She was hot to recapture her fugitive admission.

"Don't let that disturb you. You haven't given him away to me. I had all I'm likely to get from the man himself."

"He—he told you?" she faltered.

"He told me nothing. Don't you know that he misleads me? I got it out of him, by sleight of hand—where we had met before. Has he never told you anything of that morning when we left your house together?"

"Never." The admission cost her an effort.

He mused at her. "As I said, he told me nothing, but it occurred to me when he came in that we might be there on the same errand."

She paled. "You mean—?"

"I mean I thought it might be safer all around that you should not see him that morning; so I got him away. He hasn't asked you for it since?"

"The sapphire?" she faltered. "No!" The more her instinct warned that it had been the jewel Harry had returned for, the more she repudiated the idea to Kerr.

"Why should you think he came for that? What has he to do with it?" she murmured.

"My God! how you do champion him!" He leaned forward sharply across the table. "What is this man to you?"

He was going too far. He had no right to that question. "The man I have promised to marry." Her hot look, her cold manner defied him to command her here. Yet for a moment, leaning forward with his clenched hands on the table, he looked ready to spring up and force her words back on her. The next he let it go and dropped back in his chair again.

"Quite so," he said. "But I didn't believe it." He stared at her with a dull, profound resentment. "Yet it's most possible; since it isn't the sapphire it would be that." He mused.

"But, you extraordinary woman, why on earth—" he broke off, still looking at her, looking with a persistent, sharp, studying eye, as if she were the most puzzling of all, it came to her

gradually, the most dubious thing on earth.

"Then what are you doing here with the ring on you?" he demanded solemnly. "Why are you dealing with me? What do you think you'll get out of it? Great God! women are hideous! How can you betray the man you love?"

"Oh," she cried, with a wail of horror. She stood up trembling and pale. "I don't—I don't—I don't! I've kept it from them. I'm standing against them all. I shall never give it to them. When have I ever betrayed you?"

He drew back, away from her, as if to ward off her meaning, but she leaned toward him, her hands flung out, holding herself up to him for all she meant. He got up slowly and the creeping tide of red, dusky and violent, rising over his face, swelling his features, darkening his eyes, hung before her like a banner of shame.

"I didn't know, I didn't know," he repeated in a low voice. His eyes were on the ground. Then, with a sharp motion, as if merely standing in front of her was unendurable. "Oh, Lord!" he said, and, turning, walked from her toward the window. He went precipitately, as if he meant to go through it, but he only leaned against it and stood motionless; and from her side of the table, trembling, breathless, she watched his stricken silhouette black upon the gray, fading light.

The knowledge of how far she had gone, of how much she had betrayed herself, swelled and swelled before her mind until it seemed to fill her life, but she looked at it hardily and unabashed. All the decencies in the world should sink before he thought her a traitor. She came softly up beside him.

"Don't be sorry for what I told you."

"I'm not," he said. His voice sounded muffled. He did not look at her, only held out his arm in a mute sign to her to come. She felt it around her, but it was a mere symbol of protection. It lay limp on her shoulder, and he continued to stare through the window at the street. "I'm not sorry for what you said," he repeated slowly. "I'm glad; but, child, I wish it wasn't true."

"Don't, don't!" she besought him, "for I don't."

He gave her a look. "That's beautiful of you, but"—and he turned to the window again and spoke to himself—"it puts an awful face on my business. All along you've made me think for you, and of you, more than you deserve, more than I can afford."

The stare she gave this forced out of him a reluctant smile. "Why, didn't you know it? Do you think I couldn't have had the sapphire that first night I saw it on your hand, if it hadn't been—well, for the way I thought of you? I fancied you knew that then." He made a restless movement. His arm fell from her shoulder. "There's been only one thing to do from the first," he said, "and I don't see my way to it."

"Oh, don't take it! Leave it!" she pleaded. "Leave it with me! What does it matter so much? A jewel! If only you would leave it and go away from me!"

He whirled on her. "In heaven's name, a fine piece of logic! Leave the sapphire to people who can make no

better use of it than I? Leave you to go on with this business and marry this Cressy? Even suppose you gave me the sapphire, I couldn't let you do that!"

"If I gave you the sapphire," Flora said, "oh, he wouldn't marry me then!" She couldn't tell how this had come to her, but all at once it was clear, like a sign of her complete failure; but Kerr only wondered at her distress.

"Well, if you don't want to marry him, what do you care?"

"Oh, I don't, I don't care for that." She sank back listlessly in her chair again. She couldn't explain, but in her own mind she knew that if she lost the sapphire she would so lose in her own esteem; so fail at every point that counted, that she would never be able to see or be seen in the world again as the same creature. Even to Kerr—even to him to whom she would have yielded she would have become a different thing. She realized now she had staked everything on the premise she wouldn't have to yield; and now it began to appear to her that she would. His weakness was appearing now as a terrible strength, a strength that seemed on the point of crushing her, but it could never convince her. That strength of his had brought her here. Was it to happen here, that strange thing she had foreseen, the end of her? Was it here she was to lose the sapphire, and him?

She looked vaguely around the room, at the most impassive aspect of the place, as at a place she never expected to leave; the darkening windows, the fast-shut door, the child leaning on the desk, watching them with sharp, inquisitive eyes—this would be her niche forever. She would be left forever with the crusts and the dregs. And Kerr's figure in the twilight seemed each time it moved to be on the point of vanishing into the grayness. He moved continually up and down the narrow spaces between the tables. He troubled the dry repose of the place. Sometimes he looked at her, studying, questioning, undecided. Once he stopped, as if just there an idea had arrested him. He looked at her, as if, she thought, he were afraid of her. Then for long moments he avoided her, until, as though he had come at last to his decision, he walked straight up to her and stood above her. She rose to meet him. He was smiling.

"Don't you know that you could easily get rid of me?" he demanded. "Cressy would be too glad to do it for you; and there are more ways than one that I could get the sapphire from you, if I could face the idea of it—but really, really we care too much for each other. There's only one way out for you and me and the sapphire. I'll take you both."

Her clenched hands opened and fell at her sides. A great wave of helplessness flowed over her. Her eyes, her throat filled up with a rush of blinding tears. She put out her hands, trying to thrust him off, but he took the wrists and held them apart, and held her a moment helpless before him.

"Oh, no," she whispered.

"But I love you."

Her head fell back. She looked at him as if he had spoken the incredible.

"I love you," he repeated, "though God knows how it has happened!" The blood rushed to her heart.

He was drawing her nearer.

She felt his breath upon her face; she saw the image of herself in his eyes. She started to herself on the edge of danger, and made a struggle to release her wrists. He let them go. She sank down into her chair.

"Why not? Why won't you go with me?" she heard him say again, still close beside her.

"I can't, I can't!" She clung to the words, but for the moment she had forgotten her reasons. She had forgotten everything but the wonderful fact that he loved her. He was there within reach, and she had only to stretch out her hand, only to say one word, and he would cut through the ranks of her perplexities and terrors, and carry her away.

"Why not, if you love me?" he insisted. "Are you afraid of those people? Are you afraid of Cressy? He shall never come near you."

She shook her head. "No, it isn't that."

He stooped and looked into face.

"Then what keeps you?"

She looked up slowly.

"My honor."

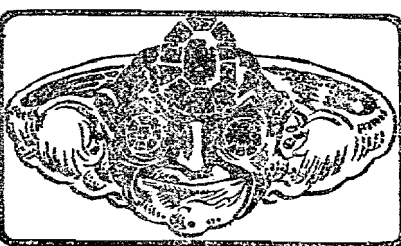
"Your honor!" For a moment her answer seemed to have him by surprise. He mused, and again it came dreamily back to her that he was looking at her across a vast difference no will of hers could ever bridge.

"Don't you see what I am?" she murmured. "Can't you imagine where I stand in this hideous business? It's my trust. I'm on their side; and, oh, in spite of everything, I can't make myself believe in giving it to you!"

He pondered this very gravely.

"Yes, I can see how you might feel that way. But is the feeling really yours? Are you sure they haven't put it on you? Might not my honor do as well for you, if you were mine?" It struck her she had never connected him with honor, and he read her thought with a flash of humor. "Evidently it hasn't occurred to you that I have an honor."

She looked at him sadly. "In spite of everything I'm on the other side. I belong to them."



"You belong to me." His hand closed on her. "Mine is the only honor you have to think of. Can't you trust that I am right? Can't you see it through my eyes? Can't you make yourself all mine?" His arm was around her now, holding her fast, but she turned her face away, and his kisses fell only on her cheek and hair.

"Oh," she cried, "if only I could!"

"Don't you love me?"

"Oh, yes, but that makes me see, all the more, the dreadful difference between us."

"You silly child, there is no difference, really."

"Ah, yes, you know it as well as I. You were afraid of it, too. All that long time you were walking around you were wondering whether you dared to take me."

He denied her steadily. "Never!"

She loved him for that gallant denial, for she knew he had been afraid, horribly afraid, more afraid than she was now; but that strange quality of his that gave to a double risk a double zest had set him all the hotter on this resolution.

He sat for some long moments thoughtfully looking straight before him. She, glancing at his profile, white and faintly glimmering in the twilight, thought it looked sharp, absorbed and set. She could see his great determination growing there in the gloom between them, looming and overshadowing them both.

"I see," he said at last. "I simply have to take you in spite of it." He turned around to her, and reached his hands down through the dusk. She was being drawn up into arms which she could not see. Her hands were clasped around a neck, her cheek was against a face which she had never hoped to touch. Her reason and her fears were stifled and caught away from her lips with her breath. She was giving up to her awful weakness. She was giving up to the power of love. She was letting herself sink into it as she would sink into deep water. The sense of drowning in this profound, unfathomable element, of shutting her eyes and opening her arms to it, was the highest she had ever touched; but all at once the memory of what she was leaving behind her, like a last glimpse of sky, swept her with fear. She made a desperate effort to rescue herself before the waters quite closed over her head.

She pulled herself free. Without his arms around her for the first moment she could hardly stand. She took an uncertain step forward; then with a rush she reached the white curtains. They flapped behind her. She heard Kerr laugh, a note, quiet, caressing, almost content. It came from the gloom like a disembodied voice of triumph. Her rush had carried her into the middle of the anteroom. At this last moment was there to be no miracle to save her? There was no rescue among these dumb walls and closed-up windows. The purple child gave her a sharp, bird-like glance, as if the most that this wild woman could want was "change." Flora looked behind her and saw Kerr, who had put aside the curtains and was standing looking at her. He was bright and triumphant in that twilight room. He was not afraid of losing her now. He knew in that one moment he had imprisoned her for ever! She saw him approaching, but though all her mind and spirit strained for flight, something had happened to her will. It tottered like her knees.

He stooped and picked up an artificial rose, which had fallen from her hat, and put it into her hand. A moment, with his head bent, he stood looking into her face, but without touching her.

"Sit down over there," he said, and pointed toward a chair against the wall. She went meekly like a prisoner. He spoke to the child in the purple apron, who was still sitting behind the desk. He put some money on the cash-desk in front of her. It was gold. It shone gorgeously in the dull surrounding, and the child pounced upon it, incredulous of her luck. Then he turned, crossed the room, soundlessly opened the door, and went out into the violet dark of the street.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

One Trip Nearly Paid for Schooner.

Dealers at T wharf were given a surprise when Capt. Horace Hillman of the 14-ton schooner Eliza Benner of Edgartown offered 20,000 pounds of fish to buyers at the exchange. No one believed that a schooner the size of the Benner would attempt rounding Cape Cod at this season so deeply loaded. But the captain had recently purchased the vessel and thought if he could reach Boston at a time of high prices he might be able to nearly pay her purchase price.

With five young men belonging on Martha's Vineyard Capt. Hillman took the schooner out on the ocean side of Nantucket and in a short time filled the craft to the hatches. The venture proved so successful that the crew earned about \$30 each and the Benner almost paid for herself.—Boston Herald.



"Are You Afraid of Cressy?"



YOURS

Yours for uniformity.
Yours for great leavening power.
Yours for never failing results.
Yours for purity.
Yours for economy.
Yours for everything that goes to make up a strictly high grade, ever-dependable baking powder.

That is Calumet. Try it once and note the improvement in your baking. See how much more economical over the high-priced trust brands, how much better than the cheap and big-can kinds.

Calumet is highest in quality—moderate in cost.

Received Highest Award—World's Pure Food Exposition.

I would say to all: Use your gentlest voice at home.—Ellihu Burritt.

Dr. Pierce's pleasant Pellets cure constipation. Constipation is the cause of many diseases. Cure the cause and you cure the disease. Easy to take.

The only certainty is principle; as new as today, and as old as the universe.—Horatio Stebbens.

Faith is not a blind, irrational asset, but an intelligent reception of the truth on adequate grounds.—Charles Hodge.

Local Enterprise.

Tourist—Why do you call this a volcano? I don't believe it has had an eruption for a thousand years!

Guide—Well, the hotel managers in this region club together and keep a fire going in it every year during the season.—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

Not That Meaning.

"The doctor said that Bill was drunk when we took the poor fellow to have his head attended to last night after he fell."

"Doctor never said anything of the kind!"

"Didn't I hear him? Said it was a jagged cut."

Worth Remembering.

"One of the delegates to the convention of the Negro Business Men's league in New York was worth \$4,000,000."

"Here's a pointer for the colored brother."

"Let's have it."

"That delegate didn't make his money shooting craps."

Speaking of Fires.

Roy Bone, a brother of United States District Attorney Harry Bone, several years ago was a reporter on the Wichita Beacon. In going to a fire one of the members of the fire department was thrown from a horse cart and killed. Bone wrote a head, with this as the first deck: "Gone to His Last Fire."

The piece got into the paper and Bone was promptly "fired."—Kansas City Journal.

Remember, while copiously watering your lawn, that many a faucet on the second floor is hoarsely muttering, "How dry I am!"

Remarks a woman writer: "The work of personal beautifying resembles that of a house decorator." In respect to calamine?

Chicago will be a good place for holding the world's brewers' congress, as the tornup streets have given a great impetus to the hop industry.

In some ways the preacher who looks for baseball in heaven is most conservative. When the home team wins baseball is heaven to the fan.

A new highball which costs \$1.20 is being sold in New York. Some of the sons of Pittsburg millionaires must be spending the summer in New York.

"There's no safe and sane way to fall out of an aeroplane," remarks the Toledo Blade. Pooh! There is no safe and sane way to fall out of bed.

Aviators are to huri dummy bombs at dummy war vessels at Garden City, N. J., and then maybe peace will find it easier to spread her dove-like wings.

What to Do Before the Doctor Comes

Burns

By DR. W. H. BAILEY
of the Kansas University Medical School at Rosedale

There are few people who at one time or another in their lives have not been present when some person was injured, or when some emergency case arose. It is unfortunate how few know what to do to aid the unlucky person until a physician can arrive.

A great amount of good can be done by the proper emergency treatment in saving the strength of the patient, lessening the duration and degree of his suffering and, in cases where the skin has been broken, in preventing the injured part from becoming more infected than it was at the time of the accident.

Although it is very necessary to know what to do in case of emergency, it is quite as important to know what not to do. It has often occurred that because of some ill-advised emergency treatment the injuries of the unfortunate person, which were serious enough at first, have been made more severe.

In Serious Cases Send for the Doctor.

Two points, which, although not a part of the treatment itself, in all serious cases at least should not be overlooked, are first, don't forget to send for the nearest physician at once so that he may be coming while you are proceeding with the treatment, and second, don't get excited or frightened but keep your wits about you, as you may do something in your haste that may add further to the injuries or suffering of the patient.

The seriousness of burns and scalds, of course, depends upon their extent and degree. Death is usually the result if two-thirds of the body's surface is affected by only a very slight burn or if one-third of the surface is affected by a burn that destroys the tissues below the skin. Other results of burns and scalds not fatal are deformities caused by destruction of the tissues and parts and the contraction of the scar tissue that is formed in healing, and infection of the part which may go on to a general blood poisoning.

Preventive Measures.

As in the treatment of all conditions we should study the preventive measures first. Here are a few points that should be mentioned. In all places, as laboratories and foundries, where fire is liable to occur, as from explosions of apparatus or from furnaces, large blankets made entirely of wool should be kept in easily accessible places to be used to throw over any person whose clothes may have caught fire. No persons, especially little children, should be allowed under any circumstances to cover their garments with

loose pieces of cotton or tinsel, as is often done at Christmas and other entertainments, and go near burning candles or unprotected flames of any kind.

Home Remedies.

In slight burns the pain may be lessened considerably by applying a cloth wet in a saturated solution of ordinary baking soda. Oil of any kind, as linseed oil, may be used in a similar manner to protect the parts from the air. Any simple ointment may be used, as petroleum (vaseline), cold cream, boric ointment, etc. Weak solutions of carbolic acid (phenol), one part of carbolic to fifty parts of water, or phenol sodique, one part to eight parts of water, or a saturated solution of boric acid are good, not only to relieve the pain, but are also antiseptic, and so tend to lessen the infection usually present.

If any blisters have formed, they should not be broken, but the liquid in them should be let out by puncturing them near the junction of the raised portion with the level skin by a large needle or other sharp instrument that has first been heated for a moment in a flame and then allowed to cool.

In extensive burns avoid applying any strong antiseptic, as bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate) or carbolic acid (phenol), as the amount absorbed may be enough to cause poisoning.

Importance of Cleanliness.

In applying any dressing do not use dirty rags or cotton waste as they are liable to carry germs that may infect the injured part, and infection is one of the conditions that we must try to avoid. When possible use clean cloths that have been washed and ironed, clean cotton, or best of all, sterile dressings which can usually be procured at any drug store. The systemic effect of burns is to cause a nervous shock and if at all severe, the patient must be immediately given stimulants. Sometimes artificial respiration is necessary, the method of which will be given when the treatment for drowning is considered. Avoid exposing the patient to cold while removing any of his clothes or applying dressings. Keep the body warm by covering it with warmed blankets or covers of any kind. Place around him hot water bottles, any bottle or fruit jar filled with hot water, or heated bricks, will do. Place these close to the body under the covers, but avoid having them come in too close contact with the body, as often severe burns have been caused by too close application of artificial heat by these means.

Frost Bites

The results of cold depend more upon the emergency treatment than do those of burns. Sudden chilling of the body, especially when overheated, may cause sudden death from a rapid lessening of the amount of blood in the brain. Death may also be caused by the slow effect of cold as in cases of freezing to death. The local effect of cold is to lower the resistance of the part and so favor inflammation and infection. In some cases where the tissues have been frozen for some time they are so nearly killed that gangrene follows and the part is destroyed.

In order to prevent freezing of the exposed parts of the body keep the blood circulating in them by continuous movement and friction by rubbing and slapping with the hands.

The severe local effect of cold is known as a frost-bite. The low temperature depresses or slows the circulation in the part exposed and if this continues until complete stoppage of the blood has occurred, the part may become white and freeze solid.

First Symptoms of Freezing.

The first symptoms of freezing are tingling and sharp stabbing pains, usually of short duration, then numbness and a sense of weight and lessened ability to movement. In the later stages we get less of all sensation, bleaching of the part and, finally, hardness of the tissues, and the part feels cold to the touch.

Restoring the Vitality.

In some cases, even after the part has been frozen for a considerable time, the vitality may be restored in it by proper care and treatment, and, on the other hand, cases where the parts have not been really frozen may terminate in gangrene on account of some unskillful or ill-advised treatment. The treatment of a frozen part is, of course, to thaw it out and restore the circulation of the blood in it. This must be done very slowly by gently rubbing the part with snow or ice or dipping the part in ice water. This should be done in a cold room, preferably some woodshed or barn, and under no consideration have the patient brought into a warm room or stand close to a fire. If the reaction becomes too great and the part is greatly swollen, red and hot to the touch, it should be wrapped in cloths wet with some rapidly evaporating solution as sugar of lead water and laudanum, or equal parts of alcohol and water, and held in an elevated position so as to lessen the amount of blood to the part.

General Effect of Cold.

The systemic or general effect of cold upon the body follows a very sim-

ilar course to its effect upon a single part. There is first pain and uneasiness, then drowsiness and numbness, and finally unconsciousness, which continues until death if the condition is permitted to progress.

Treatment of the effect of cold upon the whole body should follow the same general principles as when only a small part is affected. The temperature of the body must be raised very slowly and the circulation restored cautiously. As the reaction progresses stimulants, as black coffee or aromatic spirits of ammonia, etc., may be given in small quantities, but not repeated very often. Later, small quantities of liquid food, as broths and hot milk, may be given. Be sure to remember to keep the patient out of a warm room and away from any stove or fire until reaction has been well established.

A Good Politician.

The good politician rolls his logs in public, and is not ashamed of his job. He needs the help of others, and he knows that others need his help. When a hundred honorable men come together, each with a purpose of his own, each must expect to yield something if he is to gain anything. It is likely that more than one good measure will be proposed, and if one is skillful, good measures may be made to help one another. Here, without any sacrifice of honor, is a wide field for good fellowship and tolerance. The austere, uncompromising patriot, whose mind is impenetrable when it is once made up, who is incapable of sympathizing with other men's aspirations, and who insists on all or nothing, is an egotist who does great service when he happens to be right. Unfortunately it often happens that he is wrong, and then his private conscience must be overcome by the common sense of the crowd.—Samuel McChord Crothers, in the Atlantic.

Woman's Active Life.

If any one had written a seven ages of woman speech, surely most of the parts would have been played by Margaret Chanler Aldrich, who has been a prominent figure in municipal betterment movements and national causes for a good many years. Mrs. Aldrich has turned poet and is to issue shortly a volume of poems called "Sonnets for Choice." There are exactly 50 of these verse forms in the promised work and their subjects range from the varying aspects of nature in this part of the world at the different seasons to sonnets addressed to such men as Shelley, Agassiz and Pasteur, while the emotions also come within their scope.

A STUNNER.



Secke—Mrs. Swellington is a stunning woman, isn't she?
Weeks—I should think so. She hit me with her automobile the other day, and it was two hours before I woke up.

ARE YOUR KIDNEYS WELL?

The kidney secretions tell if disease is lurking in the system. Too frequent or scanty urination, discolored urine, lack of control at night, indicate that the kidneys are disordered.

Doan's Kidney Pills cure sick kidneys.

J. F. Haynie, 7th St., Forest Grove, Ore., says: "Doan's Kidney Pills saved my life. I was in bed for weeks, passed blood and was in terrible condition. Doan's Kidney Pills removed my trouble and I have not had an attack for over a year."

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

Red Cross Christmas Seals.
Arrangements for the sale of Red Cross Christmas seals for 1910 have been announced by the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis and the American Red Cross. "A Million for Tuberculosis" will be the slogan of the 1910 campaign. Two features of the sale this year are unique and will bring considerable capital to the tuberculosis fighters. The American National Red Cross is to issue the stamps as in former years, but this organization will work in close co-operation with the National Association for the Study and Prevention of Tuberculosis, which body will share in the proceeds of the sales. The charge to local associations for the use of the national stamps has been reduced also from 20 per cent. to 12½ per cent., which will mean at least \$50,000 more for tuberculosis work in all parts of the United States. The stamps are to be designated as "Red Cross Seals" this year and are to be placed on the back of letter instead of on the front.

\$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 cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous 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 One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials.
Address F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
Sold by all Druggists.
Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

Not Impregnable.

Horace Avery, K. C., just appointed a judge, is one of the mordant wits of the British bar. One day cross-examining a recalcitrant witness he asked:

"What are you?"

"A retired gentleman," proudly asserted the ex-cheesemonger.

"Well," snarled Avery, "when you achieved the position of gentleman, why did you retire from it?"

Important to Mothers

Examine carefully every bottle of CASTORIA, a safe and sure remedy for infants and children, and see that it bears the Signature of *Dr. J. C. Watson*. In Use For Over 30 Years. The Kind You Have Always Bought.

Hardly Worth While.

"Scientists state that the sun will continue to give out the present amount of heat for 30,000,000 years."

"That makes a two weeks' vacation look piffling, eh?"

A Failed Idol.

"What makes you so sure the American public is fickle?"

"The reception a player who used to be on the home team gets when he comes visiting."

Good for Sore Eyes.

For 100 years PETTIT'S EYE SALVE has positively cured eye diseases everywhere. All druggists or Howard Bros., Buffalo, N. Y.

Generosity does not consist in giving money or money's worth. We owe to man higher succours than food and fire. We owe to man, man.—Emerson.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. See a bottle.

There is genius and power in persistence.—Orison Swett Marden.

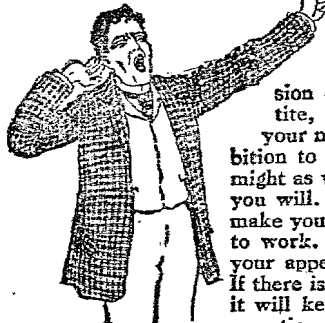
Lewis' Single Binder cigar. Original Tin Foil Smoker Package, 5c straight.

The gentleman exists to help; he has no other vocation.—T. T. Munger

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES

Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. **MORRIS DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.**

Do You Feel This Way?



Do you feel all tired out? Do you sometimes think you just can't work away at your profession or trade any longer? Do you have a poor appetite, and lay awake at nights unable to sleep? Are your nerves all gone, and your stomach too? Has ambition to forge ahead in the world left you? If so, you might as well put a stop to your misery. You can do it if you will. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery will make you a different individual. It will set your lazy liver to work. It will set things right in your stomach, and your appetite will come back. It will purify your blood. If there is any tendency in your family toward consumption, it will keep that dread destroyer away. Even after consumption has almost gained a foothold in the form of a lingering cough, bronchitis, or bleeding at the lungs, it will bring about a cure in 98 per cent. of all cases. It is a remedy prepared by Dr. R. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y., whose advice is given free to all who wish to write him. His great success has come from his wide experience and varied practice.

Don't be wheedled by a penny-grabbing dealer into taking inferior substitutes for Dr. Pierce's medicines, recommended to be "just as good." Dr. Pierce's medicines are of known composition. Their every ingredient printed on their wrappers. Made from roots without alcohol. Contain no habit-forming drugs. World's Dispensary Medical Association, Buffalo, N. Y.

THE Famous Rayo Lamp
Once a Rayo user, always one.

The Rayo Lamp is a high grade lamp, sold at a low price. There are lamps that cost more, but there is no better lamp made at any price. Constructed of solid brass, nickel plated—very clean, an ornament to any room in any house. There is nothing known to the art of lamp making that can add to the value of the RAYO Lamp as a light giving device. Every dealer everywhere. If not at yours, write for descriptive circular to the nearest agency of the **STANDARD OIL COMPANY (Incorporated)**

The ONLY Guaranteed Shoe on Earth!

500 Big Shoe Men Fighting Our Plan

We have started the nation with our Six Months' Guarantee offer on shoes! Never before have shoes been sold under a written, money-back guarantee! Never before has it been possible to make a shoe good enough to back such a guarantee. Shoe manufacturers enormous selling expenses has prevented it.

Our plan shatters the system that robs the public of Five Million Dollars a year—\$5,000,000 that is being spent on high-salaried traveling men and their outlandish expenses.

We have done away with this wholesale waste of money. We sell direct to dealers by letter, and make 6-cent stamps do the work of salesmen. The thousands of dollars saved has been spent on high grade foreign leathers and other quality materials that others can't afford. That's why "Six Months" shoes CAN be guaranteed.

\$4 ANY STYLE FOR MEN
Dress—Business—Work

Desnoyers "SIX MONTHS" Shoes

Guaranteed for Full Six Months' Wear

We send you to Switzerland and France for the hides from which we make these shoes. Our Swiss Sole is from Switzerland hides. The uppers are from Paris. These hides cost twice as much as ordinary hides, but they are the toughest and best raw materials procurable. Wonderful wearing qualities are added to the leather and it is made perfectly waterproof and flexible through our secret tanning process. We use Army Duck linings, cost twice as much as ordinary linings. The uppers are sewed together by lock stitch machines, using the very highest grade silk thread.

Lightest—Neatest—Most Stylish

Our "Six Months" shoes not only have wearing qualities that will surprise the hardest shoe wearer on earth, but they have a beautiful style and finish that will delight the most particular dresser.

Our Written Guarantee
If either the soles or uppers wear out within four months we agree to furnish a new pair of shoes entirely free of charge. If either the soles or uppers wear out during the fifth month we agree to refund \$2.00 in cash. If either the soles or uppers wear out during the sixth month we agree to refund \$1.00 in cash. In other words, if these shoes should not give full six months' wear we refund more than the proportion they fall short. Your dealer will make any redemption according to our guarantee. You don't have to send to the factory or deal with strangers.

Send for Dealer's Name and Style Book—No matter whether shoe, business shoe or work shoe, you will find the best styles and best values in a Desnoyers "Six Months" Shoe. Send postal for style book and name of our dealer in your town.

Desnoyers Shoe Company, 2234 Pine St., St. Louis, Mo.

Name Signs for Villages

The office window suggestion (writes a correspondent) that villages should be labeled with their names "fore and aft" is an excellent one. As a rule, the name of a village is discoverable if you happen to see the post office, which is usually labeled "So-and-so post office;" but, as often as not, the post office is hidden in creepers, or round a corner. In a few districts the name of the place is marked. If I remember rightly, for instance, some at least of the villages between Canterbury and Whitstable—where, as somebody remarked, "they make the oysters"—have their names conspicuously stuck up. If local councils won't do it, surely every village has some magnanimous inhabitant with a paint pot who would do it for mere honor and glory.—London Chronicle.

Nothing Can Replace Love.

Who cares for germs that lurk in kisses when the trees cast shadows over benches, and the moon, sympathetic creature, hides her beams among friendly clouds? Man may invent a flying machine which will send the now popular and ubiquitous automobile to the junk heap. Statesmen may be able to arrange a tariff which will reduce the cost of living to a normal scale. Physicians and surgeons may eliminate certain diseases and substitute good feelings for the Monday morning grouch. Inventors may utilize electricity in such practical fashion that all other motive forces will be discarded and forgotten. Tablets of rice, nutritive qualities and rarer flavor may eventually solve the servant girl problem. But what can take the place of love, real, all-wool-and-a-yard-wide love, the sort our grandmothers used to make?

If they have baseball in heaven, what will they do with the umpire?

When President Comiskey recently traded Frank Smith and Billy Purtell to the Boston Americans for Lord and McConnell, the latter, it is understood, was thrown in to "sugar" the deal. Up to the present time, however, McConnell has been showing up remarkably well. His batting has been good and he fields his position cleverly. It is not saying too much to state that McConnell has proven to be equally as good a player so far as Lord and that the White Sox did not lose anything on the deal.

The best investment possible is a **Gillette** razor.
KNOWN THE WORLD OVER

DEFIANCE STARCH—16 ounces to other starches only 12 ounces—same price and "DEFIANCE" IS SUPERIOR QUALITY.

MICA AXLE GREASE
Keeps the spindle bright and free from grit. Try a box. Sold by dealers everywhere.
STANDARD OIL CO.
(Incorporated)

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES
Color more goods brighter and faster colors than any other dye. One 10c package colors all fibers. They dye in cold water better than any other dye. You can dye any garment without ripping apart. Write for free booklet—How to Dye, Bleach and Mix Colors. **MORRIS DRUG CO., Quincy, Illinois.**

Want Ad Department

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

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

Krug's famous Luxus beer by the case. Hans Peterson. (9)

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

Old soles made new. Pascale, the shoe repair man. (9)

Storz famous Blue Ribbon beer by the case. L. W. Imm. (9)

WHITE Leghorn Eggs from prize stock for hatching. Phone Florence 162. (4)

Metz and Schlitz beer by the case. Henry Anderson. (9)

FOR SALE—Corner of Fourth and Monroe, small house, well, outbuildings, fruit trees. G. T. Jackson, Fourth and Harrison. (16)

MAN wants but little here below and he satisfies that want with a Tribune want ad. (5)

WANTED—Bright boys and girls to solicit subscriptions for The Tribune. Liberal inducements will be offered. This is a good chance to make some spending money during your vacation. See Mr. Platz or telephone him at 315. (6)

All kinds of Hay and Feed. Baughman & Leach. Telephone 213. (10)

Wanted to Buy—Good oat straw. Will pay Omaha prices. L. R. Griffith, Tel. Florence 162. (17)

For Sale—Work team, weight 1,050 each. W. H. Taylor. (17)

FOR RENT—Four rooms, modern, for rent. Joe Thornton at Thos. Dugher. (17)

Why not let me figure on that painting and paperhanging? M. L. Endres, 214 and Ames ave. (9)

George Foster. Plastering and bricklaying. Phone Flor. 307. (11)

One thousand people wanted to pay a year's subscription to Florence Tribune any time they can. (7)

ALL kinds of insurance written at Bank of Florence. (4)

All of the late magazines for sale. Also Omaha papers. Postoffice newsstand. (18)

It only costs one cent a word for an ad. in this column. Why not try and sell some of those things lying around you have no use for. (18)

FOR SALE CHEAP.—Yearling heifer, Durham calf. Mother Good Milk. 120 quarts a day when fresh. Telephone Florence 215. E. L. Platz. (19)

WANTED—Man to take half interest in Vacuum House cleaning machine run by gas engine. Call at Gamble's Pool Hall. (19)

FOR SALE—West 1/2 of lot 6 and all of lots 7 and 8, block 113, top of the hill. Finest view in Douglas county. Snap at \$1,000. Enquire of E. L. Platz. (8)

Old papers for sale at the postoffice newsstand. 5 cents a bundle. (18)

Subscriptions for all magazines taken at the postoffice newsstand. (18)

FOR SALE—Duroc Jersey boars for sale. Frank M. Beckley, Fort Calhoun, Neb. (17)

REASON NO. 8

Business men ask FIRST for a "VAN SANT GRADUATE." The reputation of the school is back of our graduates as capital. That is ONE MORE REASON why VAN SANT GRADUATES SUCCEED.

THE VAN SANT SCHOOL

Elizabeth Van Sant, Principal Ione C. Duffy, Proprietor Wead Building, Omaha, Nebraska

GOOD FOR COUNTRY

IMPROVEMENT OF WATERWAYS WILL DEVELOP RESOURCES OF EVERY SECTION.

FREIGHT CARRIED CHEAPLY

Make a Direct Saving in Cost of Transportation by the Water Routes, and Indirectly Serve to Lower Railway Carrying Rates.

The claim has been made in previous articles—and facts and figures given to support the claim—that waterways carry freight more cheaply than the railways do or can, and that they compel the railways to carry freight more cheaply than they otherwise would, making a saving of hundreds of millions of dollars a year, even under present conditions, and indicating a vast increase in that saving if all waterways should be improved. And then the surprising assertion was made that the surest way to enlarge the business and increase the profits of the railroads of the United States is to improve the waterways of the United States. The best guide to the future is the experience of the past, so let us see what has actually happened to railroads when waterways have been improved.

That the improvements in the channels and harbors of the lakes have been of great benefit, both to the railways which parallel their shores and to those which run from lake cities to the interior, is a fact so plain that it needs no argument to support it. There are no more prosperous and profitable roads in the country than those that serve the region tributary to the lakes. But no one questions the wisdom of continuing the improvement of the lakes, or of our ocean harbors. The real question is as to the improvement of our rivers, and if we wish to study the effect of river improvement, either on railway revenues or national development, we must go to Europe.

Results in Bohemia.

During the fifteen years that improvements were under way on the Elbe river, in Bohemia, the river traffic, as a natural result of the better channel, increased fivefold. But traffic on the competing railways increased still more largely and the dividends on the main line, from Teplitz, to Aussig, rose to 16 per cent. per annum.

Similar results followed the canalization of the River Main, from Mayence, on the Rhine, to Frankfurt, which was finished in the latter part of 1886. The river traffic, which amounted to only 156,000 tons in that year, began to grow and has kept on growing, being 1,273,000 tons in 1902. There are two railroads between Frankfurt and Mayence, one on each side of the river. What happened to them? Did their business show a serious falling off? Or were they forced into the hands of a receiver? On the contrary their traffic, which was 911,000 tons in 1886, also began to grow, and by 1902 had reached 1,909,000 tons, or more than double what it was when the railroads had a practical monopoly of the business of Frankfurt.

The mere statement of the increased tonnage does not tell the whole truth of the matter, for the tonnage was not only more than doubled in quantity, but greatly raised in grade, so that it could pay, and did pay, a much higher rate per ton per mile.

Fine German Waterways.

Practically all the railways of Germany are state owned and state operated. Out of a total of 35,000 miles, in round numbers, only about 2,500 miles are operated by private companies. Germany also has one of the finest systems of waterways in the world, and a study of the balance sheet of the German railway system shows that the results which followed the improvement of the River Main are not an exception, a mere coincidence, but are the natural outworking of a principle of general application. In the calendar year 1907, after paying for operation, maintenance, repairs, renewals, new equipment, interest on bonds, contribution to the sinking fund, and every other item which the most careful bookkeeping required to be charged up, the German railways turned \$164,000,000 of absolutely net revenues into the treasuries of the various states. This was \$5,050 per mile of line operated, while the corresponding figure on United States railways for the fiscal year 1906-7 was only \$1,967—a little over one-third as much.

Much the greater part of the total revenue of the German states is derived from their railways, 71 cents out of every dollar received by Prussia in 1907 being so obtained. Yet German statesmen keep on, year after year, spending money earned by their railways in building and improving waterways to compete with those same railways, on which they depend as the principal source of national income. In the light of the facts given above it will not do to say that these German statesmen do not know what they are about. On the contrary, they are acting, as has been well said, "in furtherance of a policy the wisdom of which time and experience have fully confirmed."

Always and everywhere the result is the same—the improvement of a waterway is a benefit to competing railways. For this result, as for any other, there is a good and sufficient reason, but it must be left for another time to tell what that reason is.

PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH NOTES

Prayer meeting Thursday evening. Last meeting was very well attended. If the prayer meeting is indicative, and it surely is, we are entering upon our winter's work with a spirit that is sure to win.

The Misses Thompson gave the Borachas and Phileas classes a very enjoyable evening at the Rod and Gun club last Saturday. Good boating and lots to eat. Of course Will couldn't keep Miss Emma from getting wet but he did keep her from drowning even if the water was a full two feet deep. Some of the girls are good oarsmen and they didn't mind getting a few blisters demonstrating the fact. Altogether we had a dandy time and extend a hearty vote of appreciation to Misses Francis and Grace Thompson.

Communion was observed Sabbath morning. Five united with the church. Little Ronald Yoder was baptized. We enjoy these times when we can gather at the Lord's table in Christian fellowship.

Next Sabbath morning the pastor will speak on the subject: "The Pioneer Missionary." He was raised in a pioneer home so will speak from knowledge gained by experience. Sabbath evening the theme will be "Heaven."

The Presbytery of Omaha, Neb., in the North church Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday. The pastor attended and is glad to say that the presbytery is much interested in Florence and expects much of us. They are coming to meet with us in April. I think they will be surprised to see what a fine little city we really have.

Mr. Paul Bordoye lecture on Tuesday evening was listened to by a somewhat larger audience this time. He gave us a very interesting talk.

Miss Emma Anderson lead a fine meeting of the C. E. Sabbath evening. It was well attended, and many very excellent thoughts were presented in short talks by the different workers. We will show some of our city societies that Florence young people are live workers and can run a good endeavor, too. Miss Emma Babbit leads next Sabbath.

Ladies Aid and Missouri society meets with Mrs. Johnson next Wednesday.

If you haven't been to church lately come on Sabbath. We will be glad to have you with us.

The new screens aren't on yet. But just watch the windows.—They will be soon.

Every teacher was in place last Sabbath. Seemed mighty good, too.

We are glad that Mrs. Haskell is much better. We miss her from the choir and hope she will soon be with us again.

BRIGGS NEWS

Mr. J. H. Stull and his bride spent Sunday at the home of his parents. They were accompanied by Mrs. B. Harris, Miss Kate Harris, Mr. and Mrs. Griswold, Messrs. Wear, Holmes, Earnest Shipley, James Vak, Joseph Korneck and Ben Sawhill. During the afternoon a croquet tournament was held and a watermelon contest, both of which were won by Mr. Wear. Every one thoroughly enjoyed themselves and left late in the evening for Omaha.

Mr. Myron Metzinger is now getting a second crop of strawberries from plants of his own hybridizing.

Miss Sylvia Gadoway and Mr. J. H. Stull were married at Blair, Neb. on Wednesday the 7th, none of their friends knowing of the event until later. Miss Gadoway is from Texas. J. H. Stull is a young man well known in this vicinity where he has lived for some time.

.. IDLE CHATTER ..

The big event, Wednesday, Sept. 21.

Mrs. J. H. Price who has been visiting her mother at Missouri Valley, Ia., has returned.

Wednesday, Sept. 21—25 cents.

Willis Barber was visiting with Florence friends Wednesday. Owing to an accident to his motor boat he did not make the fishing camp where he intended spending the evening. In this connection there is a story to be told by those who know.

The big event, Wednesday, Sept. 21.

Miss Allie Houston entertained informally Tuesday evening at a watermelon party.

Mrs. J. L. Houston spent Monday and Tuesday with Omaha friends.

Mrs. William Armstrong entertained the Literary society Friday. Those from Florence were Mesdames: N.

B. Nichols, J. L. Houston, Harry B. Mrs. S. W. Gleave of Chicago is expected the last of the week for a visit with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Houston.

The Cloverleaf club met with Mol. lie Suttie Wednesday afternoon to elect officers for the coming year. The big event, Wednesday, Sept. 21.

JUST A WORD!

We want your grocery business and, what's more, we want to merit it. We try hard to please, and know that only the best of everything will please permanently. Fresh vegetables and all the table delicacies of the season. You can trust our selection.

Phone us your order.

Sleepy Eye Chick Food, Cracked Shells, Mica Grit, Mashed Bone, etc.

ANDERSON & HOLLINGSWORTH

FLORENCE, NEB.

PHONE 257

\$25 Nebraska To California Points

where an all-the-year-round season and rich soil enables a man to earn a good living on one acre of ground.

Low One-Way Colonist Fares in Effect Daily from Oct. 1st to Oct. 15th, 1910

over the

Union Pacific

Electric Block Signals

Through trains—comfortable tourist sleepers—excellent dining car meals and service.

For tickets and general information, call on or address your local agent.

Read: "Arizona, the 47th Star"—by Gov. Richard E. Sloan. "Fremont and the Bear Flag War"—by William Simpson. In STANET MAGAZINE for September—now on sale at all news stands, 15 cents.



Storz

TRIUMPH BEER

"No better beer at any price"

STORZ BREWING CO.

FOR SALE BY JOHN NICHOLSON. LUDWIG IMM.

OMAHA NEBRASKA

STYLE

Style in clothes is that touch which gives them individuality and distinction. You will find it in the GOOD CLOTHES made to your measure by

Strauss Brothers
MASTER TAILORS

whose local agency we have. Let us show you what real clothes satisfaction means.

McCLURE'S

WE SELL EVERYTHING

An Evening of Joy

Wednesday, Sept. 21, 1910
EAGLES' HALL
Florence, Nebraska

Given by Fontanelle Aerie,
F. O. E. No. 1542

Music
Vaudeville
Comedy
Drama
Singing

The Best and Cleanest Entertainment
of the Season.

TICKETS 25 CENTS
For Sale by All Members

Come and Enjoy an Evening of Good,
Clean Fun.

MILADY OF THE FORTUNES

By PHILIP KEAN

(Copyright, 1910, by Associated Literary Press.)

The dust was thick on the long white road; sun and glare and heat held the noonday world in bondage. Even the birds were languid as they sat with drooped wings on the fence rails. On the grass by the roadside a woman lay asleep, half hidden by the bushes. Now and then a cart with a slow horse and drowsy driver rattled by. Nothing disturbed the woman, however, until there came from the distance the "honk, honk" of an automobile horn. At the unusual sound in this far country she sat up. When the big car reached the blackberry bushes in the fence corner, she was at the roadside, her hand held up. At her signal the car stopped.

"What do you want?" asked the man who sat beside the chauffeur.

"Let me tell your fortune." Her great eyes pleaded, supplementing the softness of her voice.

From the back seat came a protest. "Why should he stop here in the heat, Oswald?"

The man was studying the girl's face. "It will take only a moment," he said.

Again the feminine voice protested. "Give her some money and we will go on."

The girl by the roadside cast a



She Sat Up.

glance at the girl in the auto. "I do not take money for nothing," she said. "Let me tell your fortune."

An older feminine voice urged the necessity of going on. "Indeed, Oswald, you are inconsiderate to stop here in the heat."

The young man, still held by the eyes of the girl in the roadside, proposed a compromise. "Let's get out and eat our lunch back there in the woods. It looks cool under the trees."

The fortune-teller made an eager confirmation. "It is cool," she said. "and there is a spring among the rocks."

A murmur of distaste from the girl in the tonneau was followed by the older woman's decision. "We are all hungry, why not?"

The young man, questioning the girl by the roadside, appointed her their guide. "Show us the way into the wood and help us to find the spring."

She went ahead of them lightly, a picturesque figure—tall and slender with a mass of red gold hair in a faded gown of blue. Her wide hat was crowned by a wreath of wheat and a band of scarlet poppies drooped in her hand.

Even the girl who had protested was forced to admit the beauty of the spot upon which they finally came. It was a place of greenness and of dimness, of murmuring water and of crooning winds.

"There is actually a breeze," the older woman said. "One scarcely felt it in the sun." The chauffeur unpacked the lunch hamper, spread a white cloth on a flat rock and set thereon a feast fit for the gods. The eyes of the fortune teller followed every movement, but when Oswald filled a plate with good things and handed it to her she drew back. "Not unless you let me tell your fortune."

"Come, Oswald," an impatient voice interposed.

"In a moment, Sylvia. I am going to have my fortune told."

"Oswald!" This time it was the older woman's voice.

The fortune teller bent over his hand eagerly. She told him many trivial things at first, things at which Sylvia and her mother smiled. At last, however, she spoke of deeper matters, of business and of marriage and he gazed at her in wonder.

"How did you know these things?" he demanded.

"I know—" her voice was tremulous, but suddenly she lifted her head and her eyes flashed. "There are things—things that I cannot tell you now." She looked at the two women and he understood.

"Some other time, then?" he murmured.

She nodded. "Is it worth my lunch?"

"Indeed, yes," and he brought her all the delicacies upon which the

others were feasting, the roast fowl, the salad, the sandwiches, the cold sparkling drinks.

When she had finished, she stood up and said: "Good-by."

He followed her for a little distance and demanded:

"When will you tell me the rest of my fortune?"

A little troubled look fluttered across her face. "Somewhere, sometime," she said and fled.

He went back to find the blond Sylvia in a bad temper. She complained of everything, blaming the girl by the roadside for their stop in this lonely place. "Let's leave it as soon as possible," she argued.

It was a long drive before they reached the country house that was their destination. They were just in time to dress for dinner and Oswald came down to find waiting for him a tall, slender girl whose mass of red-gold hair lay against the ivory of her neck. Her filmy chiffon gown trailed behind her in snowy folds. The band of pearls that held her shining locks was matched by other pearls that fell in ropes almost to her knees.

He gazed in astonishment. "You?" he asked sharply.

Her face showed no sign of recognition. "I don't understand," she said.

He bowed, consenting thus to her deception.

Sylvia and her mother stared and gasped as they, too, recognized the personality of their fellow-guest. But only once during the dinner did the lady of the red-gold locks lose the air of fine unconsciousness that enveloped her. It was when she spoke of lunch. "You were not here," her hostess said, and the transformed fortune teller had the grace to blush and murmur that she had eaten it elsewhere.

"Later, Oswald made her confess.

"Why do you try to convince me that I do not know you?" he asked her when he had her safe on the moon-lighted porch. "My heart would know you anywhere." Then tremulously. "Perhaps you think I deserve them."

"It was all such a wild freak," she admitted later. "How was I to know that you were coming here? Last night we were talking of poverty, of what one might do to obtain a meal if one had not a cent in the world. It came to me then that I had never earned anything in my life and I had a fancy to see if I could do it. I had often told fortunes to my friends, so I put on a faded old gown and went down that quiet road and waited for some one to come. Then I fell asleep and it was your auto that waked me."

"It was fate," he interpolated.

"After I got into it I was humiliated, yet I went on to the end because I wanted to know what a girl would have to do who really had to earn what she ate. I thought that I should never see you again—and then to find you here!"

"It was fate," he repeated. "But you did not tell me the end of my fortune."

"How could I?" she said. "Your hand said that you must not marry a blond woman, and there was a blond young lady eating lunch with you. I could not tell such a rude fortune."

He looked blank. "Oh, Sylvia is just a friend—but I hope to marry a blond woman."

His tone was so significant that she blushed. "That is," he amended, "if red-gold hair can be called blond."

Her head went up proudly. "I think," she reproved, "that you are presuming."

He leaned toward her. "I have said it is fate. We cannot escape it. Do you wish to escape it, dear lady of fortunes?"

She shook her head. "I am not sure, and anyhow, it was a fake fortune—such things don't come true."

"You can't get out of it that way," he said. "You promised that I should marry. There is only one woman that I want. May I try to win her?"

And looking up into his eager eyes she promised, "Yes."

American "Slouchiness."

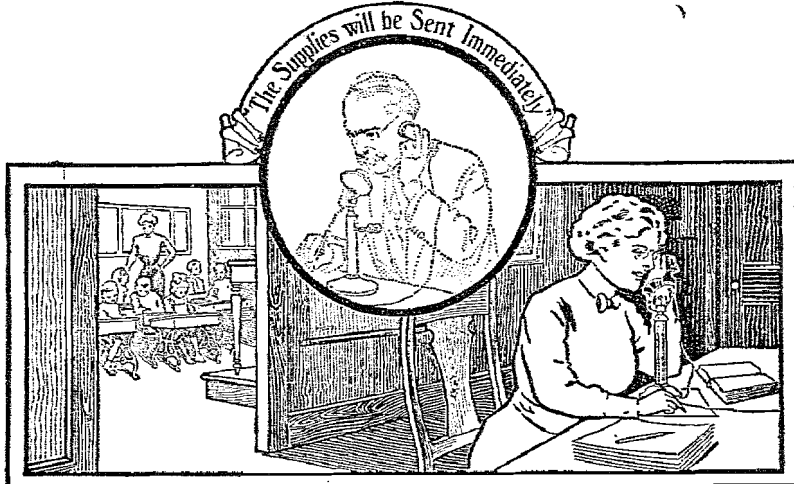
Public untidiness is a national fault. It is more noticeable in cities, by its massing there than elsewhere, but even the roadsides in the "sweet, pure country" are often terribly unkempt and have the air of being made a convenient dumping ground. H. G. Wells, when in this country, was much struck in his railroad journeys by the slovenly look of village streets and by the appalling amount of waste matter everywhere flung about. We have so long been used to having all outdoors in which to throw things that we are in danger of forgetting how much like the neighborhood of a Zulu kraal we often make our outlying regions appear. Travelers from abroad are invariably impressed by this, and not favorably, while many a returned American tourist, after a sojourn in neat France, for example, is painfully struck by what one patriotic youth called the "slouchy" appearance of his own land.

Town Crier.

A quaint survivor of colonial days is the town crier of Provincetown. This official, once found in every New England town, now survives only in Provincetown and in Nantucket. He is on the street almost daily in Provincetown announcing a show at the town hall, a cake sale at a church, grand bargains at the shops, or new reels at the motion picture show.

True Form of Charity.

The charity that thinketh no evil trusts in God and trusts in men.—Timothy Titcomb.



DURING THE LONG SCHOOL SEASON.

A SCHOOLHOUSE without a telephone would seem strangely isolated in these days of constant communication.

The Bell Telephone carries the same confidence into all the relations of life. Your friends are brought within reach of your voice by the universal service of the Bell System.

One great advantage of the Bell Telephone is its readiness to serve your sudden and unexpected needs.



Nebraska Telephone Co.

Every Bell Telephone is the Center of the System

Farmers' State Bank

CAPITAL \$10,000

4 PER CENT ON TIME DEPOSITS

Careful attention to all accounts. We sell Bank Money Orders good anywhere, cheaper than any other form of sending money by mail.

PHONE FLORENCE 303

Terms Reasonable Phone Fort Calhoun, Neb. at My Expense

FRANK M. BECKLEY

LIVE STOCK AUCTIONEER

Fort Calhoun, Neb.

Pedigreed Stock and General Farm Sales.

THE HOME OF

LUXUS

HANS PETERSON

Krug's Famous Beer, Wines, Liquors and Cigars

Opposite Postoffice Tel. 243

Storz Blue Ribbon Beer

Ludwig F. Imm

Just North of Bank of Florence

Florence Real Estate, Rental and Collection Agency

George Gamble, Manager
Rentals and Collections of All Kinds
1411 Main St. Phone 215

The Florence Tailor

Has removed to the Rose Building on North Main Street and will make a specialty of

Suits to Order \$25.00
Cleaning, Dyeing and Repairing

ASK FOR

METZ

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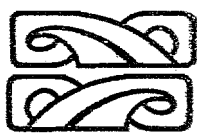
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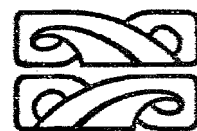


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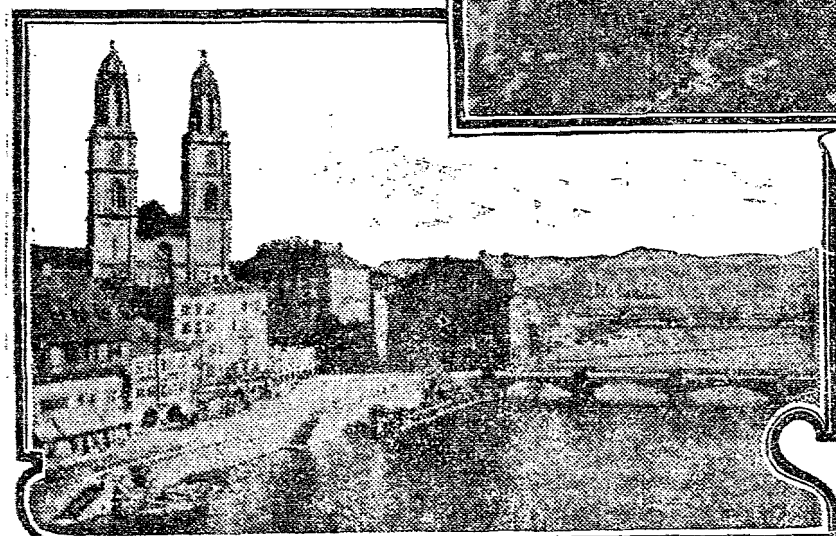
Florence, Neb.

Storm-Center of Swiss Reformation

ELIZABETH ANGELA HENRY

ONE thousand Zurich women have declared for universal suffrage. It is a recent movement there, though other Swiss cities have been interested for some time in the much mooted question. Altogether the little country has 17,000 advocates for giving women the ballot. Recently the women of Zurich canton petitioned the state for the right to act as jurors on a case in which a woman was the defendant. Their request was refused. Later, with characteristic Swiss bravery, they sent in another petition to the legislature asking the right to sit in judgment on special courts, such as are held in France for adjusting differences between mistress and maid, and other cases where differences arise between a woman employer and a woman employee. While this, too, was denied, Parliament admitted the sex's eligibility to such an office.

"We are not talking much about it," said the vice president of the Zurich Woman's Suffrage society, Fraulein Honneger, "lest publicity frighten the state into retarding the concession. It is not much of a gain, but," she added with true suffrage optimism, "it is a step forward. If we had made that demand ten years ago, when to speak of our having the ballot was to be laughed at as a dreamer, our petition would



WHERE ZWINGLI PREACHED IN ZURICH: THE GROSSMÜNSTER.

not have got past the porter's desk. But a city that was the first in Europe to open its university to women will not finally deny us our citizens' rights."

Switzerland has no women's clubs. But while the suffragists are engaged along one line, another body of women is working for philanthropy. A group of young women representing the foremost Zurich families has organized this year a practical training school where members study the needs of poor children and thereby help to better their unfortunate lot.

"We are endeavoring to interest our young girls of leisure and education in this work," said one of the promoters, Fraulein Fertz, herself a beautiful, earnest, and cultured young woman. The medical inspector of schools is assisted by this guild. Children of the poor receive two full meals gratis in Swiss schools, and if the mothers of these children be employed at outside work until a late hour the guild takes charge of the little ones.

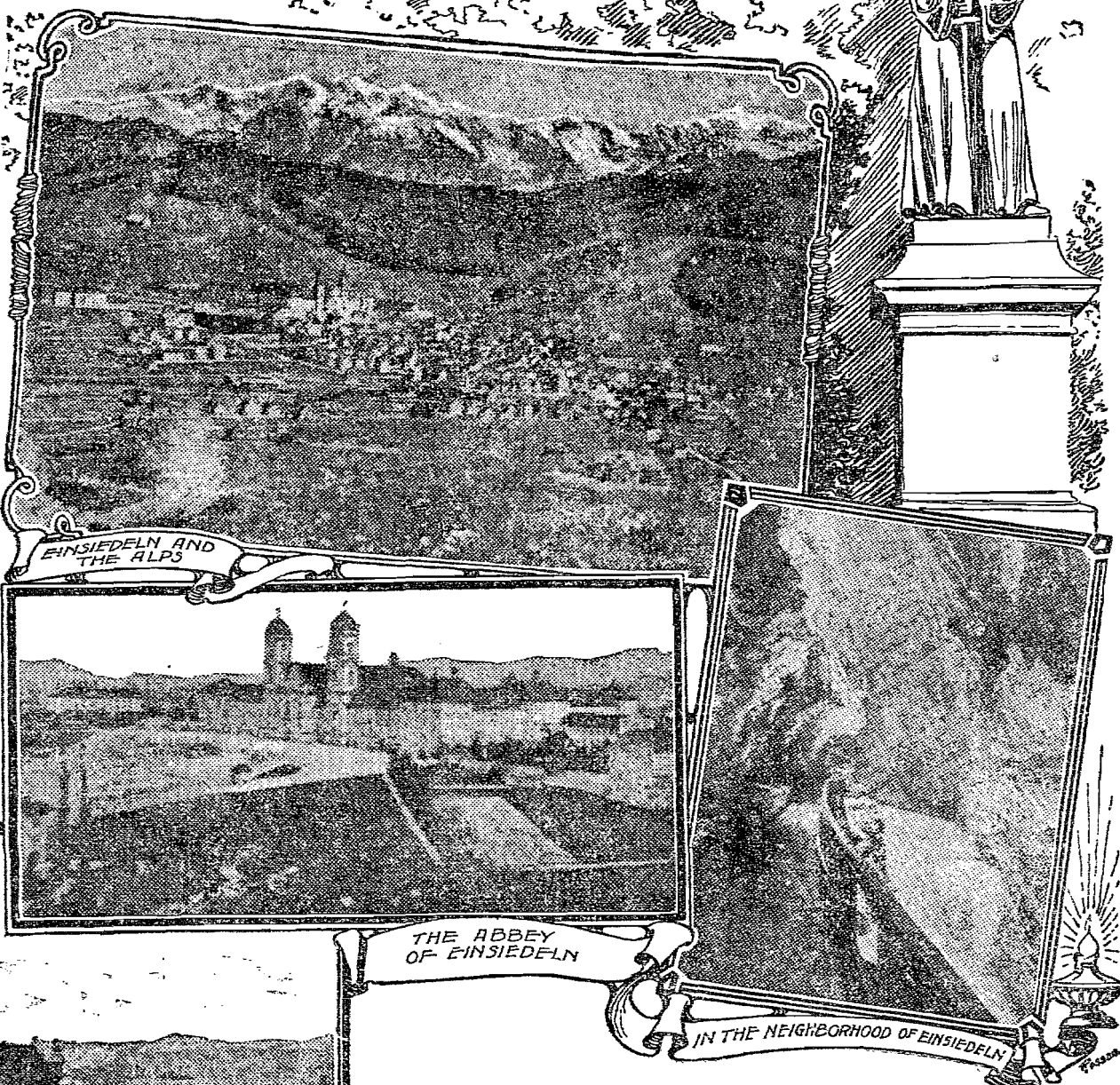
Through the influence of this guild a law was passed last year by which a guardian is appointed for illegitimate children and this guardian can compel the father of a deserted child to contribute to its support. If the mother be under age also she, too, becomes a ward of this guardian. A similar organization to the Zurich guild exists in German cities, and, by a similar state law, the absconder of moral obligations is traced easily and extradited. To women is due the large number of temperance restaurants existing in Switzerland. Frau Professor Orellie of Zurich is the originator of this movement.

Socialism is spreading in Switzerland; though how a country governed by the referendum system can be possibly more democratic passeth understanding. Made up of three races, German, French and Italian, socialists of these kindred nations have entered Switzerland and scattered broadcast seeds of discontent in the brave, beautiful little republic.

Zurich has led in every movement of its history. It was the storm center of the Protestant Reformation period in Switzerland. Zwingli's home is here. In the Grossmünster, whose tall towers have dominated the town for eight centuries, he preached the Protestant crusade and was the church's last Catholic pastor and its first Protestant one. High up in one of the towers is a quaint, seated figure of Charlemagne, the legendary founder of Grossmünster chapter. Back of the cathedral are the cloisters which now form part of a girls' seminary.

In an old chapel across the road is an interesting collection of articles relating to the Reformation, including letters written by Calvin, Luther and Zwingli, each remarkably distinct. There is also one by Lady Jane Grey; her penmanship is legible as print and she wrote the letter in Latin. Back of this little chapel, called the Water church, is a splendid bronze statue of Zwingli.

Zurich is the capital of the canton of Zurich and is situated at the north end of Lake Zurich. It is the largest city in Switzerland. The old, traditional town, with its narrow, steep streets and its high, dark houses, lies on both banks of the Limmat. The rest of the city has spacious thoroughfares and splendid buildings. The lake quays in the Kline Stadt are very attractive. Near their northern end is the fine Tonhalle, a popular modern concert building and pleasure palace. In the vicinity of their southern end is the beautiful Belvoir park. Near the Tonhalle, the stately main street of the city—the Bahnhofstrasse—leads from the lake north to the railway station. The bridges are striking. Adjacent to the fine Münster bridge is the Wasserkirche, on the right bank, containing the city library with 130,000 volumes and over 5,000 manuscripts. It preserves more valuable objects, including the Codex Vaticanus. The Grossmünster is Romanesque with Grecian features. Further north is the Ruden,



EINSIEDELN AND THE ALPS

THE ABBEY OF EINSIEDELN

IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF EINSIEDELN

with the national educational exhibit and the Pestalozzi cabinet. The modern Catholic Church of Our Lady is a magnificent basilica. The Church of St. Peter holds the tomb of Lavator, who was its pastor. The town hall, in the German Renaissance, dates from 1694. The university and the famous federal polytechnic with their numerous institutions, laboratories and clinics are in the northern part of Grosse Stadt.

Switzerland is the most mountainous country of Europe, three-fourths of its area being covered with mountains. The grandeur of the scenery has been pictured and described innumerable times. With the exception of certain portions of America, there is nothing in the world to equal it in beauty. The central and southern parts are occupied by the Swiss Alps, which spread over nearly three-fifths of the entire area. The Jura Mountains cover the northwestern portions of the country.

Far up in the mountains is the beautiful little town of Einsiedeln. It was fortunate enough to be present during a week-end musical fete, in which singing societies from the country and from neighboring Bavarian towns were present in numbers exceeding 2,000. Switzerland, having only the summer time for holidaying, has organized a movable saengerfest by which each town and city gets its share of gay song and jolly visitors. All the cantons were represented at Einsiedeln and every house was decorated with Swiss colors, scarlet and white.

Early in the afternoon the open air concert began. It was held in the vast, sloping square in front of the Benedictine abbey. The assembling of the singers was picturesque. Each canton carried a banner, individual societies carried great horns filled with flowers and the women singers wore white gowns and crimson sashes. As the quiet, well-behaved little place has but one policeman, the fire brigade turned out to give a semblance of civic authority, also to serve as a guard of honor. And while the marchers were massing around the conductor's box a cannon was kept firing a vigorous welcome. The bright Swiss decorations on the quaint, gabled houses, the gay Sunday dress of the women, the encircling mountains—the nearby ones dark green, the distant peaks snow-tipped, edelweiss-decked—made a splendid, old world picture.

And the definite note was the ancient abbey of Einsiedeln, which called the town into being, and which is one of the celebrated shrines of Europe. The abbey church, known as Notre Dame des Ermites, is a grand basilica, the edifice flanked on either side with monastery buildings. Since the year 924 the abbey of Einsiedeln has

preserved an unbroken line from the first prince-abbot, Eberhard, Duke of Franconia, to the present head, Abbe Colomban I. It is the only Catholic church in the world not dedicated by human hands; the legend is that Christ himself performed the act.

Einsiedeln and vicinity were known as the Sombre Forest away back in the eighth century, when a holy hermit, Meinrad, the son of Prince Berthold of Hohenzollern, built for himself a cell in which he lived many years. He was murdered by brigands to whom he had offered hospitality and who had hoped to find concealed treasures; all they got was a chalice and some books. Ravens, whose evil characteristics had been disarmed by the gentle hermit and had become his companions, pursued the assassins to Zurich, screaming and picking at the villains' heads. The strange actions of the frate birds attracted the townspeople's attention and they questioned the murderers, who, terrified, acknowledged their crime. In the Einsiedeln Abbey coat-of-arms are two ravens.

When the noble edifice was erected over the hermit's cell the walls of the cell were enclosed in black marble and made into a chapel. It stands in the nave of the church and, while plain in style, the richness of the material and the simplicity of design make it impressive. On the altar stands the renowned statue of the Black Madonna, bronze and many hundreds of years old. The chapel is known as the Holy Chapel, because of the remarkable legend regarding its dedication.

This is the story. On September 14, 943, Saint Conrad, bishop of Constance, came at the invitation of Abbot Eberhard to consecrate the new church. He was attended by the Emperor Otho, the Empress Adelaide and a large retinue of clergy and courtiers. As they knelt preparatory to beginning the ceremony suddenly the chapel became illuminated with a celestial brilliancy and before the altar stood the Savior performing the office of dedication, assisted by the four evangelists.

At the right and left of the divine celebrant angels swung censers which emitted a thousand sweet perfumes, the apostle, Saint Peter, and the Pope, Saint Gregory the Great, held the vestments of the heavenly pontiff, and Saint Stephen and Saint Lawrence, who were the first deacons of the church to be martyred, acted as deacon and sub-deacon. An angelic choir, conducted by the archangel Saint Michael, sang glorious music and before the altar knelt the beautiful virgin mother of the Son of God. A still earlier legend has it that when Conrad began the office of dedication he was stopped by a voice that cried out three times distinctly: "Cease! brother, this chapel has been consecrated by God himself."

The journey from Zurich to Einsiedeln is charming. First comes a sail on a lake which is the loveliest piece of water in Switzerland, then a railroad ride through pine woods, among mountains, over gorges and past valleys that now are covered with fragrant, new-mown hay.

Housekeeping in Hankow

Among our many wanderings our housekeeping in Hankow was an experience I never had before—nor after, writes Florence Gilbert in the New Idea Woman's Magazine. We have five or six servants. That sounds fine, but before passing judgment you should have experience with them! The peace of mind of the mistress depends largely on her "number one boy," the head servant, who, if efficient, is likely to have come from Ningpo. He is a tall, impressive personage who wears a blue cotton coat, fastening on the side and reaching to his ankles, without which he must never appear in his employer's presence. To do this is only second as a mark of disrespect to having the cue in any other position than hanging decorously down the back.

The house coolie at work may sometimes twist his cue around his head, but the boy never. Through the boy the orders are usually issued to the rest of the household staff, translated from the pidgin English of the mistress. There are the "No. 2 boy," the house coolie, who is the only one with enough work to do to keep him moderately busy; the cook and the second cook, who is learning his trade at the expense of his em-

ployer's digestion. The cook's chief business is going to market and presenting his account for his purchases.

It is a strange collection often in that market basket, which a wise housekeeper always sees. Goat flesh, perhaps, politely called mutton; or beef that has been exposed in a fly-bitten shop; a live chicken or two, game of various sorts—pheasant, teal, snipe and perhaps a fish, more appetizing than one would expect who has seen and smelled the Yangtze water.

The vegetables are all of the sort that need cooking, for no intelligent person will run the risks involved in eating raw Chinese vegetables and fruits.

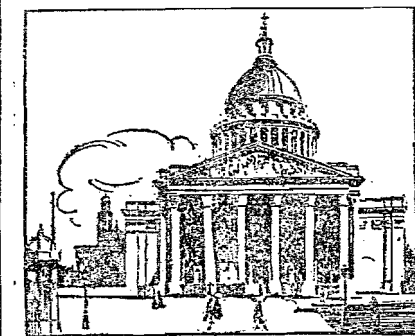
In addition to the supplies which can be purchased in the Chinese market every day one's diet may include fresh butter from Australia and all sorts of canned goods shipped from the United States, Great Britain, France and Germany. These are sold in shops in the concessions kept by Europeans, Japanese, Parsees—those keen merchants from India—or even Chinese. While expensive, they are not quite such prohibitive luxuries as to inspire the remark of the English missionary's little girl in central India, who said: "Mother, I suppose the king has tinned things to eat every day."

PLACE WHERE ZOLA RESTS

Great Writer's Remains Lie in the Pantheon, the Terrestrial Valhalla of the French.

Paris.—Years of effort made Emile Zola a great writer and earned for him the prospective honor of a grave in the Pantheon, the Westminster abbey of France. One little letter took him that privilege. Then a court decision made it possible ten years after the letter was written for his body to rest with France's immortal ones under the legend on the Pantheon's dome: "To Great Men, the Grateful Fatherland."

Zola died in 1902 from accidental suffocation by coal gas escaping from a patent heater. Literary glory came to Zola through his great works, "La Sebaque," "La Fortune de Rougon,"



The Pantheon, Paris.

"L'Assommoir," "Dr. Pascal," "Paris," "Lourdes," "Rome," and "Fecundity." The "J'accuse!" letter on the Dreyfus case set him back ten years. In this letter the writer accused army and civil officials of criminally conniving to place the guilt of treasonable correspondence on Captain Dreyfus. The government had Zola tried and sentenced on defamation charges to serve one year in prison. Zola was assaulted in the streets of Paris by his countrymen. Four years after his death, the highest court of France decided that Dreyfus was not guilty and Zola's "J'accuse!" letter, when read in the courtroom by Dreyfus's lawyer, was applauded and cheered. So Zola, dead, has received honors which Zola, living, was refused.

The Pantheon is the terrestrial Valhalla of the French. It is a great cross-shaped basilica, with a dome nearly 300 feet high. It stands on a hill on the Latin quarter side of the Seine on the site of a Christian church built 1,200 years ago. As most living Frenchmen crave the Cross of the Legion of Honor or admission to the French academy, so most Frenchmen long for that greatness which demands a burial in the Pantheon. And Zola has it.

WIRELESS MESSAGES ANCIENT

Natives of Africa Communicate Over a Distance of Seven Miles by a Code of Drum Signals.

Johannesburg, La.—Many strange tribes dwell in the interior of Africa and queer indeed are some of their ways. One tribe, the Batetela, has long used a method of sending communications between its several villages that is unique and well worth consideration. A wooden drum is used and the "wireless" message can be picked up, or heard, seven miles away. It is amazing. The drum used by the Batetela for sending messages in this manner is first cut out from one large solid piece of hard wood. Its shape, as may be seen in the illustration, is quite peculiar and must require considerable skill in the fashioning, when one considers the lack of proper tools among these tribes. Still more difficult is the finishing of the drum's interior, for it has to be hollowed out and all the work is done through the long narrow opening which shows at the top. The shape inside follows that outside and much patience and care are required in at-



Drum Signaling in Africa.

taining that perfection necessary to success in the completed instrument. The least check or split in the wooden walls of this instrument would seriously impair if it did not destroy its usefulness.

The sticks used in beating this peculiar drum have at their ends a knob of rubber. To send a message the beater will ascend a hill in the evening when the air is still and of fers least resistance to the outward speeding sound waves from his drum. The sound created is very rough when near by. Three distinct sounds or notes can be produced from each side of this drum, according to where it is beaten. These are used to form a syllabic alphabet, which permits the natives to transmit messages, no matter how complicated they may be

AFTER DOCTORS FAILED

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound Cured Her

Knoxville, Iowa. — "I suffered with pains low down in my right side for a year or more and was so weak and nervous that I could not do my work. I wrote to Mrs. Pinkham and took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound and Liver Pills, and am glad to say that your medicines and kind letters of directions have done more for me than anything else and I had the best physicians here. I can do my work and rest well at night. I believe there is nothing like the Pinkham remedies." — Mrs. CLARA FRANKS, R.F.D., No. 3, Knoxville, Iowa.

The success of Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, made from roots and herbs, is unparalleled. It may be used with perfect confidence by women who suffer from displacements, inflammation, ulceration, fibroid tumors, irregularities, periodic pains, backache, bearing-down feeling, flatulency, indigestion, dizziness, or nervous prostration.

For thirty years Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound has been the standard remedy for female ills, and suffering women owe it to themselves to at least give this medicine a trial. Proof is abundant that it has cured thousands of others, and why should it not cure you?

If you want special advice write Mrs. Pinkham, Lynn, Mass., for it. It is free and always helpful.

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Gives one a sweet breath; clean, white, germ-free teeth—antiseptically cleans mouth and throat—purifies the breath after smoking—dispels all disagreeable perspiration and body odors—much appreciated by dainty women. A quick remedy for sore eyes and catarrh.

A little Paxtine powder dissolved in a glass of hot water makes a delightful antiseptic solution, possessing extraordinary cleansing, germicidal and healing power, and absolutely harmless. Try a Sample. 50c. a large box at drugists or by mail.

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gently but firmly compel a lazy liver to do its duty.

Cures Constipation, Indigestion, Sick Headache, and Distress after Eating.

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W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.

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bad stuff—never cure, only makes bowels move because it irritates and sweats them, like poking finger in your eye. The best Bowel Medicine is Cascarets. Every Salts and Castor Oil user should get a box of CASCARETS and try them just once. You'll see.

Cascarets—10c box—week's treatment. All drugists. Biggest seller in the world—million boxes a month.

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The Private Citizen—A general has an easy time after the war is over. The General—Not for very long, though. You soon have applications for your autograph and invitations to banquets.

TINY BABY'S PITIFUL CASE

"Our baby when two months old was suffering with terrible eczema from head to foot, all over her body. The baby looked just like a skinned rabbit. We were unable to put clothes on her. At first it seemed to be a few matted pimples. They would break the skin and peel off leaving the underneath skin red as though it were scalded. Then a few more pimples would appear and spread all over the body, leaving the baby all raw without skin from head to foot. On top of her head there appeared a heavy scab a quarter of an inch thick. It was awful to see so small a baby look as she did. Imagine! The doctor was afraid to put his hands to the child. We tried several doctors' remedies but all failed.

"Then we decided to try Cuticura. By using the Cuticura Ointment we softened the scab and it came off. Under this, where the real matter was, by washing with the Cuticura Soap and applying the Cuticura Ointment, a new skin soon appeared. We also gave baby four drops of the Cuticura Resolvent three times daily. After three days you could see the baby gaining a little skin which would peel off and heal underneath. Now the baby is four months old. She is a fine picture of a fat little baby and all is well. We only used one cake of Cuticura Soap, two boxes of Cuticura Ointment and one bottle of Cuticura Resolvent. If people would know what Cuticura is there would be few suffering with eczema. Mrs. Joseph Kossmann, 7 St. John's Place, Ridgewood Heights, N. Y., Apr. 30 and May 4, '09."

No evil dooms us hopelessly except the evil we love and desire to keep in, and make no effort to escape from.—George Eliot.

Levin's Single Binder straight 5c cigar is made to satisfy the smoker.

The more worthy any soul is, the larger its compassion.—John Bright.

APPETITE GONE—BEWARE

It is a sure sign of some inward weakness when the appetite commences to lag and you have that "don't care" sort of feeling at meal-time. It is something that needs immediate attention, for neglect only brings on more trouble and often a long illness. Restore the appetite and keep it normal by the use of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is for Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Dyspepsia, Costiveness and Malaria.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Thompson's Eye Water

A very good and delicate soup for a summer dinner is cream of almonds, for which this is the method: Shimmer a cup of almonds which have been blanched and chopped fine in a quart of rich milk or thin cream. Thicken with butter and flour blended in the usual way and strain while pouring it into cups or plates. A little whipped cream may be added to each portion if desired though this is not essential to its excellence.

Some day as a change from sweet potatoes baked or broiled, now that this toothsome vegetable is once more with us, try sweet potatoes grilled.

Boil some rather large ones thirty-five minutes in slightly salted water. Oil the inside of a broiler with olive oil, arrange the potato slices on it and broil for five minutes on each side. Roll in a teaspoonful of melted butter, removing from the fire, and serve.

Brownie.

Three-fourths cupful granulated sugar, one-third cupful butter; cream together, as for cake. Two eggs beaten light, one-half cupful flour, two squares bitter chocolate melted, one cupful chopped nut meats—English walnuts preferred. Bake in a square tin one-half hour in a slow oven. Mark in squares when cool. These are a delicious accompaniment to a luncheon or tea, and may be served with whipped cream for a dessert also.

Good Jokes

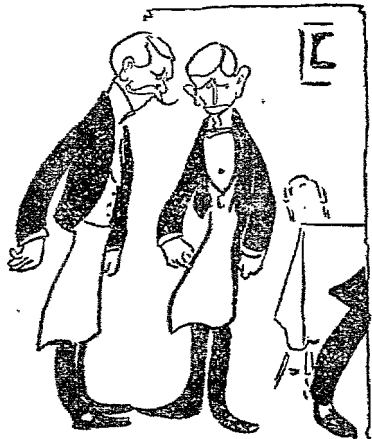
VACATION.

He whispered and he told her, close Beside the summer sea, His yearning wish to hold her close Through all eternity (While in his heart he counted up The hints she had let drop Of how the ducks mounted up Each week in papa's shop). He told her of X. A. Z. His railroad, with such pride. The maid in wondering ecstasy Quick nestled at his side. And all converse so sloppily (We all our thoughts get quirked: She meant when talking shopily The shop where papa worked. His railroad, too, meant nothing rasher Than that he was its baggage smasher).—Lippincott's.

Just Guessed It.

"They say she is able to trim her own hats so that even women are unable to discover that they have not been fixed up by the milliners." "It is unfortunate that she is so homely." "Who said she was homely?" "Nobody; but a woman who could save expenses by trimming her own hats would never be permitted to remain single if she were not painfully plain." "Alas, you have guessed it."

A LIGHTWEIGHT.



First Waiter.—Didn't that thin chap you was waitin' on tip you? Second Waiter.—Tip me! Say, George, that bloke's so darn mean that if he weighed himself I don't believe he'd tip the scales.

Never Touched Him.

Redd.—What was that man talking to you about today when you were in your automobile? Greene.—Oh, he was a book agent. "Did his talk have any effect on you?" "Oh, no; didn't you notice I had the wind shield up?"—Yonkers Statesman.

Making Her Useful.

"He loves me, he loves me not," murmured the romantic summer boarder. "You must have picked a thousand daisies to pieces today," remarked the old farmer. "Possibly I have." "Couldn't ye play that game just as well with potato bugs?"

He Hoped So.

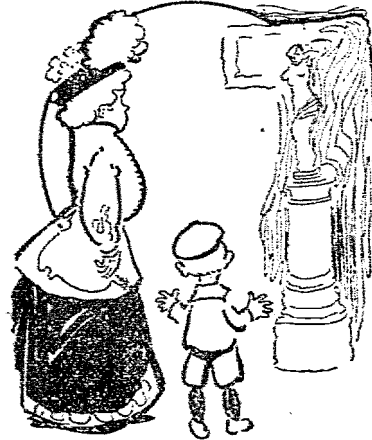
A mother of a great many small children insisted on showing the newest baby to everyone who called and really made a bore of herself. One day her pastor called and as usual she said: "Oh, Doctor Blank, have you seen my last baby?" "My dear madam, I hope so," he said.—Mack's National Monthly.

On His Guard.

"That speaker always starts off," said Farmer Corntossel, "by telling what the country needs." "Naturally and properly."

"I s'pose so. Only I notice that when a man goes out of his way to tell me what I need it's always some 'thin' in his particular line o' goods."

ONLY WAY TO ACCOUNT FOR IT.



Little Tommy (aged five, in the art gallery pointing to statue of Venus)—Oh, mamma! There's a woman without any arms.

Mamma.—Yes, dear; she was an ancient goddess.

Little Tommy.—Why, mamma, I didn't know that they had automobiles in those days.

Now's Your Chance.

Let us all rejoice, While we may; People get the ax Every day!

Far Enough.

"Better put that hammock up a little higher," said the woman. "No," replied the man; "it's high enough. If I want to fall any further I'll get in an aeroplane."—Yonkers Statesman.

PLATED OR OTHERWISE.

There was a small crowd at the soda counter when the tall man rushed in and pushed an empty bottle over the drug scales.

"Acid!" he whispered, excitedly. "Ten cents' worth of acid, and quick!" The soda-water crowd began to sit up and take notice.

"What's he going to do with that acid?" demanded one.

"It's a secret," answered the drug clerk.

"Nothing unusual, I hope?" "Well, rather."

"What! You mean to say he is going to take that acid?"

"Oh, no. Listen. There is a silver wedding at his house tonight and he is going to test the presents as fast as his friends bring them." And then and there they voted him the meanest man in town.

Giving an Instance.

"George," said the customer, "you make a pretty good thing of it in tips in the course of a year, don't you?"

"Yes, sir," answered the barber. "I do fairly well, Mr. Parker, fairly well."

"How do you manage it?"

"Oh, I just jolly the swells along, you know. I hand 'em out a little taffy now an' then."

"I see. By the way, George, now that I think of it, haven't you something that will make the hair grow on that bald spot of mine?"

"Bless you, Mr. Parker, that ain't no bald spot. The hair is just a little thin there, sir; that's all. . . . Thank you, Mr. Parker."

As Represented.

"Look here!" shouted the purchaser of the little store in excited tones. "I ought to have you arrested for swindling."

"What's the trouble now?" queried the faker, innocently.

"Why, you told me when I bought that store that business was running like clockwork."

"Yes?"

"Well, after eight days had elapsed I had to wind up the business."

"Well, isn't that what you'd have to do with clockwork? Come on and have a cigar and then let me sell you a patent churn that turns out butter at two cents a pound."

KNEW A STORM WAS BREWING.



Mrs. Wise.—If you are going to the lodge tonight you had better take your overcoat.

Mr. Wise.—Are you going to sit up and wait for me until I come home?

Mrs. Wise.—Certainly.

Mr. Wise.—Then I'll take my storm-coat.

When Meat Is High.

"What do you call this?" demanded the irate patron in the rush lunch-room.

"Dat, sah, am a hamburger steak," responded the polite waiter.

"Hamburger steak? H'h! From the size of it I should say it was a hamburger steak."

Poevish.

"Shave, sir?" inquired the physiological consort artist of the man with three days' growth of whisker.

"Of course not!" snapped the man in the chair. "Bring me a charlotte russe."

Take No Chances.

Mrs. X.—The flat above us is unoccupied right now—why don't you come and live there?

Mrs. Y.—O, my dear! We've been such good friends, and I hate to start quarreling with you!

A Diagnosis.

You say you don't feel like a colt? Perhaps your liver Needs a jolt.

From Pittsburgh, Too.

Kitty Flies.—And that Pittsburgh millionaire has been spending money like a Midas. The old lobster!

Belle Wings.—He's not a lobster, Kit. He's a full-fledged gold fish, that's what he is.

No Jeweler.

Johnson.—That girl is a jewel.

Morrison.—Why don't you marry her?

Johnson.—I can't furnish the setting.—Smart Set.

The Man.

Make the job fit the man!—College President Finley in his baccalaureate.

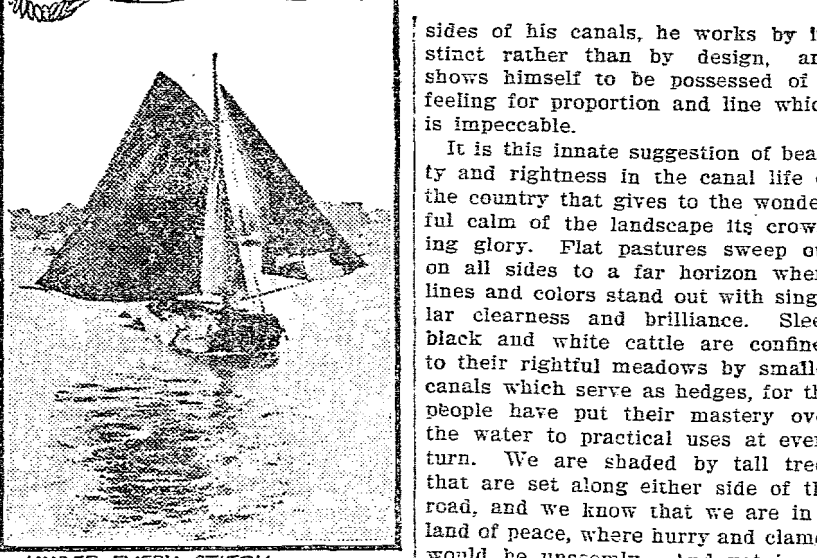
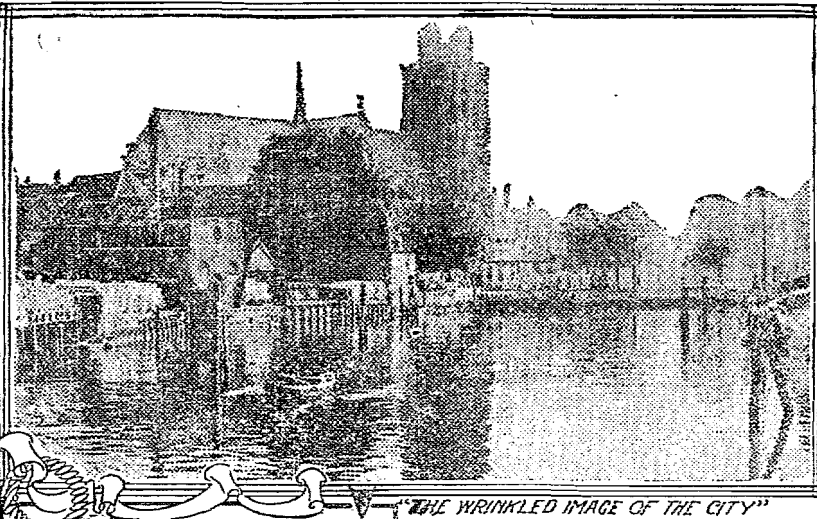
All right, Dr. Finley; you fetch a job and get your scissors out. The Man's down at Oyster Bay.—Life.

A Master of Language.

"That new waiter of yours describes the bill of fare in a way to make anybody hungry."

"He wasn't always a waiter. He used to be press agent for a circus."

The WATERWAYS of HOLLAND



UNDER EVERY STITCH

To maintain their national independence, to assert their commercial supremacy, to resist the encroachment of foreign powers, the men of Holland have endured many wars and achieved great triumphs. The days of these stubborn strifes have gone, for Holland no longer has any pre-eminent greatness to defend, no greedy assaults to repel. From centuries of strenuous effort she has drifted into a quietly prosperous peace, her people well content with the little which they never lack, and bearing with them a dignity and air of simple well-being which are the tokens of their ancestry. Yet, unconcerned as they may be with wars and rumors of wars in the world of men, they are still called to the daily exercise of the high courage of their race, for they have ever at their gates a foe never weary of attack, and they know well that the least relaxation of wariness will bring destruction. The peril of the sea at all seasons is a thing which no nation knows as well as Holland knows it. These men hold their land and bring it to rich cultivation in the face of the great natural forces of the world. Their country lies below sea-level, and is preserved from ruin by great embankments thrown up round the coast and a vast system of canals which make a veritable network of the land. Herein lies the secret of the Dutchman's greatness of character. He has had no opportunity of becoming enfeebled by security. The unceasing conflict with the sea has become knit up into the very fibers of the national spirit, and has given to it a strain of silent self-reliance that could have been born of no other cause. Silent—this warfare is not as the warfare of man with man, accompanied by the clash of arms and blare of trumpets—it is carried on from year to year in grim quietness against an enemy that may be repulsed but that can never be destroyed. It was by no mere chance that the country's hero was William the Silent.

The Dutch landscape reflects the national character in a singularly vivid manner. Narrow roads set with small red bricks, trimly ordered gardens, the little carts drawn by dogs, the cottages with their little rows of burnished copper and brass pans and bowls set outside to sweeten in the sun, the poles erected to attract the storks at nesting time, the miniature windmills for domestic use, the people themselves in their bright blouses and aprons and white sabots, the scrupulous tidiness that prevails everywhere, all combine to make up the impression of a toy country where everything is well ordered and mellow. Nowhere is the traveler brought up in sudden and breathless wonder before any gorgeous spectacle, nowhere awed by any sense of feverish activity. Desolation and grandeur are alike absent. A beggar is hardly ever seen, a ruin never. The absence of these and of all pomp of riches makes one forgetful of the inequality of things. And then in the midst of all this pretty unconcern is the everlasting symbol of the Dutchman's strength—the sails.

There is nothing small about these. They are liberal and workmanlike, full of dignity. Greedy for every breath of wind, they bear the heavily laden barges, beautiful from water-line to masthead, down the great canals from sea to sea. They move with a measured dignity which deepens the sense of calm which is over the whole landscape, and adds to it strength and nobility of character. Everything that the Hollander does under the spell of the waters is informed by a large and generous spirit of power and fitness. If he has to build a house, he attempts to achieve beauty, and becomes ornate and wholly undisturbed; but when he turns his hand to the great windmills which girt the

THE WRINKLED IMAGE OF THE CITY

sides of his canals, he works by instinct rather than by design, and shows himself to be possessed of a feeling for proportion and line which is impeccable.

It is this innate suggestion of beauty and rightness in the canal life of the country that gives to the wonderful calm of the landscape its crowning glory. Flat pastures sweep out on all sides to a far horizon where lines and colors stand out with singular clearness and brilliance. Sleek black and white cattle are confined to their rightful meadows by smaller canals which serve as hedges, for the people have put their mastery over the water to practical uses at every turn. We are shaded by tall trees that are set along either side of the road, and we know that we are in a land of peace, where hurry and clamor would be unseemly. And yet in all this benign quietude there is nothing lethargic, for always with us are the great canals with their procession of life, quiet and slow, but resolute and unyielding. For variety and richness the English landscape is unapproachable, yet in this thing a contrast is not uninteresting. As we go through our highways and lanes and woodlands we shall find all the beauty and peace, but the one thing that we shall often miss is movement and life which is wholly in tune with the surroundings and is, so to speak, essential to the life of the nation as a whole. Trains may be this last, but they destroy the calm instead of emphasizing it. Motorcars are both discordant and inessential. Even the pleasure boats on a river lend a suggestion of artificiality. A team on the ploughlands, a shepherd folding his sheep, a field of haymakers or reapers, only in these do we find the life that is in exact accord with the scene, and these we can only find at intervals. In Holland, on the other hand, in places the most remote from cities and the sound of markets and commerce, we find always the feeling of seclusion and restfulness heightened and touched to a sense of vitality by the canals and their full-sailed barges.

These canals triumphantly redeem the physical characteristics of the country from the charge of dullness. Holland in its general features is undeniably quaint, but quaintness has a charm which is not enduring. After a while we begin to tire of the squareness and orderliness, and to look upon what appeared to be individuality at first as eccentricity. We grow a little uncomfortable in the land of Lilliput, and fret for change and some patch of wildness. But of the canals we never weary, for in them we see the expression of a nation's character molded through centuries of stirring and honorable history. We remember the Dutch proverb: "God made the sea, we made the shore," and we feel that these waterways are not only beautiful and charged with color and atmosphere, but symbolical of a people's greatness.

The Dutch painters, through whom the national genius has found its most forcible and enduring expression, have realized very completely this strange blend of calm and strength. To look at one of their portrait groups, of say, a body of hospital governors, is to understand at once that these men conducted their business thoroughly and well, but scornful of undignified haste, and for untroubled repose Van der Meer's picture of Delft in the gallery at The Hague could not well be surpassed. In the great Dutch paintings we do not find the tranquillity of the open places and luxuriant haunts of nature, but the deep calm of strong life, sober and not highly imaginative, but entirely satisfying in its degree.

The rise and fall of nations is a phenomenon still unaccounted for and constantly recurring. We know that Rome step by step rose to a splendor the glory of which is immortal, but we cannot grasp the secret of this splendor's decay or of the decline of the other great civilizations of the world. We can but accept the fact and wonder at the ruined and yet noble monuments of their greatness that still stand as at once a memory, and an inspiration. When the time comes that the peoples of western Europe have also passed into the shadow of dead glories, we too shall leave something of our works to bear witness to a greatness that has gone. But Holland will be but a recorded history to the new nations of far-off ages. The sea will have prevailed, and the great canals, which are as truly the essential expression of a resolute and heroic people as are the palaces of Venice or the Acropolis of the Greeks, will have perished and will bear no testimony.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

MUNYON'S WITCH SOAP

Makes the skin soft as velvet. Improves any complexion. Best shampoo made. Cures most skin eruptions. Munyon's Hair Invigorator cures dandruff, stops hair from falling out, makes hair grow. If you have Dyspepsia, or any liver trouble, use Munyon's Paw-Paw Pills. They cure Biliousness, Constipation and drive all impurities from the blood. — MURPHY'S HOMEOPATHIC HOME REMEDY CO., Philadelphia, Pa.

STOCKERS & FEEDERS

Choice quality; reds and roans, white faces or Angus bought on orders. Tens of thousands to select from. Satisfaction guaranteed. Correspondence invited. Come and see for yourself.

National Live Stock Com. Co. At either Kansas City, Mo., St. Joseph, Mo., S. Omaha, Neb.

TRY MURINE EYE REMEDY

For Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and GRANULATED EYELIDS. Murine Doesn't Smart—Soothes Eye Pain. Druggists Sell Murine Eye Remedy, Liquid, 25c, 50c, \$1.00. Murine Eye Salve, in Aseptic Tubes, 25c, \$1.00. EYE BOOKS AND ADVICE FREE BY MAIL. Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

DIDN'T "GET" THE QUOTATION

Boston Reporter, Unlike Most Newspaper Men, Was Unfamiliar With the Scriptures.

The "cub" reporter is the greenest reporter on the staff of a newspaper. When anything particularly stupid happens on the paper, he is the first to be accused, and he is usually rightly accused. The only salvation for him is to improve, which he does in nine cases out of a dozen. The Boston Journal told recently of an amusing "break" of a wholly innocent nature which a certain cub made. If it shows anything, it shows that a thorough training in the Bible is useful in other walks of life than the ministry.

The reporter had been sent to a suburb to report a sermon. He arrived late, near the close of the service, and took a seat near the door. When the last hymn was over, he asked his neighbor, an elderly gentleman:

"What was the text of the sermon?"

"Who Art Thou?" replied the other.

"Boston reporter," replied the other.

The man smiled. Subsequently he told the preacher, who next Sunday told the congregation—that the cub's expense.—Youth's Companion.

"The Wish Is Father to the Thought."

Dr. Robert L. Waggoner, the president of Baldwin university, said, in the course of an address on pedagogy at Berea, O.:

"And one of the most remarkable changes in the last 30 years of teaching is the abolition of corporal punishment. A boy of this generation is never whipped. But a boy of the last generation—well!"

Dr. Waggoner smiled.

"The boys of the last generation," he said, "must have believed that their instructors all had for motto:

"The wish is father to the thought."

A Business Transaction.

"So Mr. Pennwise married his typist!" said Miss Cayenne.

"Yes."

"I wonder whether she gains an allowance or he merely saves a salary?"

—Washington Star.

Misdirected Energy.

"How did the street car company come to fire that old conductor? I thought he had a pull!"

"He did; but he didn't use it on the cash register."—Christian Advocate.

We reduce life to the pettiness of our daily living; we should exert our living to the grandeur of life.—Phillips Brooks.

A Massachusetts preacher says there will be baseball in heaven. The enjoyment of some of the enthusiasts will be spoiled, however, if it shall be found impossible to throw things at the umpire in heaven.

The season for fish and snake stories has been rather poor. Both in quality and quantity, the output has not been up to the standard. It is feared by some theorists that the establishment of the Ananias club has acted as an early frost to the crop.

By the new rules any football player must have at least one foot on the ground when tackling an opponent. This barring of human catapults proves the advance of civilization.

The Turkish government has been, according to report, notoriously cheated in buying two old battleships from Germany for \$4,500,000, the vessels being ready for the scrap heap if Turkey had not obligingly taken them. In the lofty diplomacy of Europe graft is not necessarily confined to individuals.

Newport will soon be an old port, and sadly behind the times in the matter of sensations, if she does not wake up. Look at that young frisky resort in Rhode Island "pulling off" a spirited gambling raid and filling the land with the details of fashion in the toils of the law. What are your monkey dinners, your minstrel shows in private parlors, your fight pictures exhibited before spiketail coats and "silk gowns," and all that in comparison with that episode at Narragansett Pier? Has the glory of Newport departed?

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

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BANK OF FLORENCE
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.

E. L. PLATZ, Editor and Publisher.
Telephone 315.

Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.

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

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.

Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....John Bondesson
City Treasurer.....George Sier
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....J. W. Green
City Marshal.....John McGiegor

Councilmen.

Robert Craig, Price.
J. H. Charles Allen.
C. J. Kierle
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.

ROSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DE-
PARTMENT. Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.
Ludwig Imm, President; C. B. Kelly,
Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A.
Golding, Chief.

SCHOOL BOARD.

Meets the first Tuesday evening in the
month at the school building.
R. A. Golding.....Chairman
W. H. Thomas.....Secretary
W. B. Parks.....Treasurer

TRADE UNION COUNCIL

Florence, Neb., Friday, Sept. 16, 1910.

BRAIN STORMS

The police force of Florence was
somewhat marred this week.

The melancholy days have come
when we can neither cut grass nor
shovel snow.

Better street car service cannot
come any too quick to suit most of
the residents of Florence.

With two good banks in Florence
there is no reason for our citizens to
do their banking elsewhere.

Just remember that the merchants
advertising in the Tribune are asking
for your trade. If your trade is worth
anything it is worth asking for.

Do you remember the parable in
the bible of the wise and foolish vir-
gins. Nowadays it is applied to hav-
ing coal in the bins before the winter
storms come on.

THE CHURCH AND

THE PREACHER.

There is a great deal of discussion
going on in the press these days as
to why more young men do not enter
the ministry. Of course the notori-
ously poor pay that the majority of
the preachers receive has a great deal
to do with the matter but even that
would be overlooked by many, were it
not for such cases as that reported by
the Herman Record. Last week it
summed up a case in Herman as fol-
lows:

Just before Rev. McKibbin stepped
on the train the morning he left for
Lincoln, he handed us a slip of pa-
per which contained a statement of
the amount he had received on his
salary during the year he was here.
The exact amount paid to him by the
church—including what was paid by
those who are termed "outsiders,"
was \$299.05. As he was hired to
preach here for a year and promised
a salary of \$600, a little applied arith-
metic will soon show how much the
church lacked in "paying up." The
Record stated last week that a large
amount of his salary was still due
him, but when we wrote the item
we had no idea that it amounted to
as much as it does. We had been
told that there was a deficiency of
about \$129. However, we learned af-
terward that this amount was what
would be left if Rev. Mr. McKibbin
would deduct the amount which he
earned by doing carpenter work. We
have been a member of various Meth-
odist churches for more than seven-
teen years, and this is the first time
that we ever knew of a church to
deduct what their pastor earned aside
from his salary from what they
agreed to pay him. Of course, the
\$129 deficiency might be made smaller
yet if the "small potatoes" in the
church were allowed to deduct the
wedding and funeral fees which had
been received by their minister. They
surely overlooked these two items, or
a proposition would have been made
to have done so. If some people would
be measured in stature by the size of
their souls, they would be able to take
passage to the next world in the
throat of a knat.

Just another instance of the neg-
lectful way the church has of dealing
with their pastors: When Mr. and
Mrs. McKibbin were packing and
moving their goods into a car prepar-
atory to leaving Herman, not a soul
offered their services, and, although
he had received such a small amount
of his salary during his stay here, he
was compelled to get the dray to do
his hauling for him. Everyone who
knew Mr. McKibbin at all should
have known that he was not strong
physically, and there is always a
great deal of heavy lifting to be done
in moving. After the goods were all
in the car and it was known that
they had no place to stay unless they
went to the hotel, Mr. and Mrs. Leo
Hugelman, Sr., offered them the ac-



MR. AND MRS. J. C. JACKMAN

Burlesque Musicians who appear at the Evening of Joy,
Wednesday, at Eagle Hall

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Church Services First Presbyterian

Church.
Sunday Services.
Sunday school—10:00 a. m.
Preaching—11:00 a. m.
C. B. Meeting—7:00 p. m.
Preaching—8:00 p. m.
Mid-Week Service.
Thursday—8:00 p. m.
The public is cordially invited to
attend these services.
George S. Sloan, Pastor.

Church Services Swedish Lutheran

Ebenezer Church.
Services next Sunday.
Sermon—4:00 p. m.
Sunday school—3:00 p. m.
Our services are conducted in the
Swedish language. All are most cor-
dially welcome. F. J. ELLMAN.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal

Order of Eagles.
Past Worthy President.....James Stribling
Worthy President.....E. L. Platz
Worthy Vice-President.....B. F. Taylor
Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson
Worthy Treasurer.....Henry Anderson
Worthy Chaplain.....Daniel Kelly
Inside Guard.....R. H. Olmsted
Outside Guard.....Hugh Suttie
Physician.....Dr. W. H. Horton
Conductor.....Joseph Thornton
Trustees: W. B. Parks, Robert Gold-
ing, W. P. Thomas.
Meets every Wednesday in Cole's
hall.

Court of Honor.

Past Chancellor.....Mrs. Elizabeth Hollett
Chancellor.....John Langenback
Vice Chancellor.....Mrs. Ennis
Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson
Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor
Judge.....Clyde Miller
Guard.....Clarence Leach
Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant
Physician.....Dr. Adams
Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Pe-
tersen, Mrs. E. Hollett.
Meets Tuesdays in Pascale's Hall.

Robin Hood Camp No. 30 W. O. W.

Council Commander.....M. B. Potter
Banker.....F. A. Ayers
Clerk.....F. M. King
Escort.....Will Pepperkorn
Watchman.....Harry Swanson
Sentry.....C. O. Larson
Managers, John Paul, William Tuttle,
Ed. Davis.
Robin Hood Camp No. 30, W. O. W.,
meets city hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.

Worthy Adviser.....Samuel Jensen
Venerable Consul.....C. J. Larson
Banker.....F. D. Leach
Clerk.....Gus Nelson
Escort.....James Johnson
Sentry.....M. M. Crum
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: W. R. Wall,
Charles Johnson and A. P. Johnson.
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday
of each month in Pascale's Hall.

JONATHAN NO. 225 I. O. O. F.

Charles G. Carlson.....Noble Grand

Lloyd Saums.....Vice-Grand
W. E. Rogers.....Secretary
J. C. Kindred.....Treasurer
Meet every Friday at Pascale's hall.
Visitors welcome.

ROSE REBEKAH LODGE NO. 139.
Meets the 2nd and 4th Monday
nights of each month.
N. G.....Isabelle Shipley
V. G.....Cynthia Brewer
Secretary.....Clara Pilaut
Treasurer.....Hulda Peterson

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of

America.
Past Oracle.....Mrs. Emma Powell
Oracle.....Mrs. J. Taylor
Vice Oracle.....Mrs. George Foster
Chancellor.....Mrs. J. J. Cole
Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson
Outside Sentinel.....Mary Leach
Receiver.....Mrs. Newell Burton
Recorder.....Susan Nichols
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James
Johnson.
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at
Pascale's Hall.

SPECIAL NOTICE.

To the owners of all lots, parts of
lots and lands lying within the City
of Florence, Nebraska:
You will please take notice that on
August 29, 1910, the Mayor and Coun-
cil of the City of Florence, sitting as
a board of equalization, did levy
special taxes and assessments against
all the lots, parts of lots and lands
lying within the City of Florence to
defray the expense of paving and
otherwise improving Main street from
Jackson street to Briggs street; that
said special taxes and assessments
have been due since August 29, 1910,
and one-fifth of the total amount as-
sessed against each lot, part of lot
and parcel of land will become delin-
quent in 50 days from August 29,
1910, one-fifth in one year; one-fifth
in two years; one-fifth in three years
and one-fifth in four years. Each of
said installments except the first
shall draw interest at the rate of 7
per cent. per annum from the 29th
day of August, 1910, until the same
shall become delinquent, and after
the same becomes delinquent interest
at the rate of 1 per cent. per month.
That all of said installments may be
paid at one time on any lot, part of
lot or land aforesaid within 50 days
from August 29, 1910, without inter-
est, whereby any lot, part of lot or
land shall be exempt from any lien
or charge for cost of said pavement.
Said taxes will be payable until
November 1, 1910, at the office of the
City Treasurer of Florence, and there-
after at the office of the City and
County Treasurer at Omaha, Nebras-
ka.
Dated August 30, 1910.
(Seal) JOHN BONDESSON,
(S-2-9-16-23) City Clerk.

CHAS. E. FOSTER, ATT'Y

934 N. Y. Life Bldg., Omaha.
PROBATE NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of Anna Sanzleri,
deceased.
Notice is hereby given: That the creditors
of said deceased will meet the Administrator
of said estate, before me, County Judge of Douglas
County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room,
in said County, on the 27th day of December,
1910, and on the 27th day of March, 1911, at 9
o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of pre-
senting their claims for examination, adjust-
ment, and allowance. Six months are allowed
for the creditors to present their claims. From
the 20th day of September, 1910.
CHARLES LESLIE,
County Judge.

McCoy & Olmsted, ATT'YS
638 Brandeis Bldg., Omaha.
PROBATE NOTICE.

In the matter of the estate of John McElroy,
deceased.
Notice is hereby given: That the creditors
of said deceased will meet the Administrator
of said estate, before me, County Judge of Douglas
County, Nebraska, at the County Court Room,
in said County, on the 27th day of Decem-
ber, 1910, and on the 27th day of March, 1911, at 9
o'clock a. m. each day, for the purpose of pre-
senting their claims for examination, adjust-
ment, and allowance. Six months are allowed
for the creditors to present their claims. From
the 20th day of September, 1910.
CHARLES LESLIE,
County Judge.

YOUR DOLLAR

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

Bank of Florence

(The Old Bank)

The Road to Wealth

has its foundation in small savings.
Interest paid on time deposits.
Do your banking at home.
We write Insurance.

Phone 310

J. B. Brisbin, Pres. Thos. E. Price, Vice
H. T. Brisbin, Cash.

Frank McCoy

R. H. Olmsted

McCOY & OLMSTED

Attorneys and Counsellors-at-Law

652 Brandeis Bldg. Tel. D 16.

Myron M. Metzinger

Florence, Nebr.

Grower and Hybridizer of

STRAWBERRY PLANTS

Plants for sale for fall and spring set-
ting. Potted plants for sale now.

PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS

DR. SORENSON

Dentist

Just South of Bank of Florence
Good Work—Reasonable Prices
Telephone Florence 178

ORRIS S. HULSE

Res. D. 3876

C. H. RIEPEN

Res. Red 4497

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

HULSE & RIEPEN

UNDERTAKERS AND EMBALMERS

Successor to
HARRY B. DAVIS

709 South 16th Street. Omaha.

Young Women

coming to Omaha as strangers
are invited to visit the Young
Women's Christian Associa-
tion building at St. Mary's Av.
and Seventeenth St., where
they will be directed to suit-
able boarding places or other-
wise assisted. Look for our
Traveler's Aid at the Union
Station.

WE Believe in the goods we are selling, and in our ability to get results.
We believe that honest goods can be sold to honest men by honest
methods. We believe in working, not waiting; in laughing, not crying;
in boosting, not knocking; and in the pleasure of doing business. We
believe that a man gets what he goes after; that one order to-day is worth two orders
tomorrow, and that no man is down and out until he has lost faith in himself. We
believe in courtesy, in kindness, in generosity, in friendship and honest competition.
We believe in increasing our trade and that the way to do it is to reach for it. We
are reaching for yours.

The Florence Tribune

Florence,
Nebraska

The real sign of excellence in BUILDING
MATERIALS is our name—if you consider that
uniform quality, real reputation and reasonable prices
constitute "excellence" from the buyer's standpoint
of view.

As this is the opening month of Spring building
operations allow us to impress upon you that it will
pay you to place your orders where they will be
promptly filled with the best money will buy—which
is the

Florence Lumber & Coal Co.

R. A. GOLDING, Mgr.

Florence, Neb.

Phone 102

We Are Now Closing Out Our 1910 Spring Patterns of Wall Paper at 25 per cent. Discount

Now is the time to pick up a bargain. We still have some of the best patterns
left. Come in; we are always glad to show what we have; don't forget we also
carry the best line of PAINT, VARNISHES, LIQUID and PASTE FILLERS.
Come in and talk over the painting of your new house, we probably can help you
in doing the work yourself.

M. L. ENDRES, 2410 Ames Ave.

Phones: Bell, Web. 2138. Ind. B-2138

NEW POPULAR SONGS

HAYDEN BROS., Omaha

"Wait for the Summertime," Summer waltz song; "No One
Knows," home ballad; "Lou Spells Trouble to Me," "Just Someone,"
"Sairs of the East," Sacred song; "I Love My Wife, But Oh You Kid!"
"Sunbonnet Sue," "If You Won't Be Good to Me," child song; "To the
End of the World With You," "Love Me and the World is Mine,"
"Cheer Up! Cherries Will Soon Be Ripe," "Whistle if You Want Me
Dear," "Rainbow," "I Wish I Had a Girl."

25c each or 5 for \$1.00. 1c extra per copy by mail

The Florence Tribune

Established in 1909.

Office at
BANK OF FLORENCE
Editor's Telephone: Florence 315.
E. L. PLATZ, Editor and Publisher.
Telephone 315.

Published every Friday afternoon at
Florence, Neb.

OFFICIAL PAPER OF THE CITY OF
FLORENCE.

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

ADVERTISING RATES.
Display ads.....25c an inch
Want ads.....1 cent a word
Reading notices.....10c a line

CITY OFFICIAL DIRECTORY.
Mayor.....F. S. Tucker
City Clerk.....John Bondesson
City Treasurer.....George Sier
City Attorney.....R. H. Olmsted
City Engineer.....J. W. Green
City Marshal.....John McGregor

Councilmen.
Robert Craig.
J. H. Price.
Charles Allen.
C. J. Kierle
Police Judge.....J. K. Lowry

Fire Department.
HOSE COMPANY NO. 1, FIRE DE-
PARTMENT—Meets in the City Hall the
second Monday evening in each month.
Ludwig Imm, President; C. B. Kelly,
Secretary; W. B. Parks, Treasurer; R. A.
Golding, Chief.

SCHOOL BOARD.
Meets the first Tuesday evening in the
month at the school building.
R. A. Golding.....Chairman
W. H. Thomas.....Secretary
W. B. Parks.....Treasurer

Florence, Nebr., Friday, Oct. 14, 1910.

Brain Storms

Gather and burn the rubbish.
One forward look is worth forty
backward glances.

Gather pumpkins and squash before
a hard frost, and store away in a dry
place (not in a damp cellar).

How some folks do enjoy rolling
up their sleeves, and then—bossing
the job that somebody else does.

There is only two more issues of
the Tribune before election and can-
didates desiring to advertise them-
selves will have to hurry.

Bring in the corn horse after you
are through with it. Even a wooden
horse will show the effects if stabled
out in the field a few months.

Every merchant in Florence should
attend the meeting at the city hall
Tuesday evening when the Ponca Im-
provement club will meet with the
Florence people.

R. H. Olmsted, of the law firm of
McCoy & Olmsted, certainly has cause
for feeling proud these days. He not
only secured a verdict for \$10,000 for
Frank Phelps in the Phelps-Bergen
alienation case, but in the supreme
court won a verdict of \$3,000 for Gus
Wallenberg against the Missouri Pa-
cific railway for the death of his wife.
He has won almost every case he has
tried this year, which is an extremely
good showing.

The last dry leaf comes sifting down
To join the rest;
The giant tree stands bare and brown
On hilly crest;
An endless stretch of leaden sky
Is bending low;
And silently comes flapping by
A lonely crow.

The Story of the Wagon.
From the world's first wagon,
which was a pack horse, to the mod-
ern farm wagon, is a step almost as
wonderful as that separating the reap-
ing hook and the binder. In "The
Romance of the Reaper," which the
International Harvester Company of
America offers to visitors at the Stock
Show/Kansas City, Oct. 10-15, a part
of the story of the wagon is included.
Special motion pictures are shown
of the Weber Works, where thirty-
five wagons are turned out per hour
—a wagon in little less than two min-
utes. One sees the spokes driven in
to the hub and the felly pushed on in
a jiffy—quite different from the
pound-push-and-pull days of our fath-
ers.

A Warning.
"So Gazzam died suddenly. Was it
the heat?"
"Well—incidentally."
"What do you mean by incidental-
ly?"
"He kept asking people if it was hot
enough for them."

Driven to It.
"Johnny positively refuses to wash
his ears."
"Then we must resort to heroic
measures. Drop a postal for one of
these vacuum-cleaning wagons to
call."

Perfectly Harmless.
"A poet, writing of his lost love,
says: 'I kiss your memory.'"
"Umph! I shouldn't think there
would be much danger from germs in
doing that."

REPOSEFUL CHRISTABEL.

"I don't know what the young men
of today are coming to," said Mr.
Smith. "In my young days there
wasn't any need for all this courting.
The girls then—"
But he was cut short by the coal
vase, which Mrs. Smith accidentally
dropped on his best corn.
"I was only going to say, my dear,"
he remarked, when he had recovered
his composure, "that I wish the young
fellow who is call on Christabel would
go away and let us get the house shut
up. It's past midnight!"
At that moment there entered the
small boy of the household.
"It isn't his fault, pa," said the heir
of the Smiths. "He can't go; Christa-
bel's sitting on him!"

A True Story.
Jane's mamma believes that little
girls should have a good, healthy and
untrammelled playtime, so she has al-
ways dressed Jane in "rompers" in the
morning.
Yesterday Jane came in from her
play with a serious face. "Mamma,"
she said, "don't you think I'm getting
big enough for long pants?"

Speaking of Isms.
"The worst of all isms," said the lec-
turer, "is pugilism."
"Pardon me, my friend," rejoined a
man who had just entered the hall on
crutches, "but I know a worse one
than that."
"What is it, sir?" queried the lec-
turer.
"Rheumatism," answered the other.

Another Viewpoint.
Singleton—Single blessedness beats
matrimony every time.
Wedderly—Oh, I don't know. Matri-
mony has its advantages.
Singleton—You'll have to show me.
Wedderly—Well, for example, a
bachelor has to pay to attend lectures,
while a married man gets his at home
for nothing.

Stalwart Endeavor.
"It's only a few generations from
shirt sleeves to short sleeves," said
the unoriginal person.
"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne.
"Young men whose grandfathers
toiled for wealth are now seen every
day with their coats off, on the golf
course."

SONG OF THE FOOLKILLER.
The foolkiller said, said he
I ride on the auto free.
When the risks are rash
And they scorch and smash
Right there on the job I'll be!"
The foolkiller said, said he:
"swim in the lake or see:
When the wight unscared
Beyond his depth has fared
I follow upon his lee."
The foolkiller said, said he:
"I bend to the oar with glee;
When the boat is rocked
And the world is shocked
I listen to no one's plea."
The foolkiller said, said he:
"Some fly without sight of me;
Drat the pesky things—
I'm afraid of wings,
And that's the truth, b'gee!"

Our Own Minstrels.
"Wot am de diffunce, Mistah Wal-
kah, 'tween collectin' graft f'm a dive-
keeper an' detachin' de kewpons f'm
a gov'ment bond?"
"I don't know, Sam; what IS the
difference between collecting graft
from a divekeeper and detaching the
coupons from a government bond?"
"D'one am a tariff fur perfection,
an' de uddah am a tear-off fur rev'nue
only."
"Ladies and gentlemen, the brass
lunged basso, Sig. Emitz de Growells,
will now sing a selection entitled:
'You Smoke 'Em, George, and Yet
You Live? How Sad!'"

HOW HE WON OUT.
"Oh, George," she cried, in perplexed
tones, "I'm afraid we must part."
"Part? Why must we part, dear?"
he echoed.
"On account of father," she replied;
"he fears we would be mismated. We
are so very different, he says."
"In what way are we so different?"
he asked, with a show of dignity.
"Well, father says I am of such
a ready and willing disposition, while
you seem so—so backward, so re-
sistant and hesitating; so—so loath
to come to the—the point, don't you
know."
"He does, does he?" blustered
George, bracing up, and the very next
afternoon she was showing her girl
friends how stunning it looked on the
finger of her left hand,

Down to Facts.
"Did you ever get a diamond ring at
the seashore?"
"Don't make me laugh. But I'll tell
you what did happen."
"What?"
"A fellow I was engaged to once
bought me an ice cream soda."

A Doubtful Scheme.
Gyer—An English scientist pro-
poses to do away with those London
fogs.
Myer—How is he going to do it?
Gyer—By erecting skyscrapers all
over the city.

Neck and Neck.
"The price of cigarettes has gone
up."
"Gee! The cost of dying is trying
to keep up with the cost of living!"

PRESBYTERIAN
CHURCH NOTES

Rev. George S. Sloan is so busy
and so happy he forgot to tell the
readers the news of the church this
week. The reason of his happiness
is the return of Mrs. Sloan from a
visit to California.

Mr. A. J. McClung will assist the
choir commencing Sunday. He is a
young man of talent and has refused
offers to sing in Omaha churches to
help the choir out.

The usual services will be held Sun-
day morning and evening.

Prayer meeting will be held at the
church Thursday evening.

All the children are invited to come
out to Sunday school. The school is
growing, but there is room for more.

The Annual State Convention of
the Nebraska Christian Endeavor
Union convenes at Aurora, Friday,
Saturday and Sunday, October 21, 22,
23, 1910. Among the most noted speak-
ers on the program are Francis E.
Clark, D. D., founder of Christian En-
deavor and president of the World's
C. E. Union; Karl Lehmann, of Bos-
ton, Mass., interstate field secretary;
Dr. F. F. Tucker, of Pangkiahwang,
China; Guy Martin Withers, of Kan-
sas City, and Prof. H. T. Sutton, the
Bible-reader, of Chicago, Illinois.
More than 300 delegates have already
registered, insuring an attendance of
over 750 out-of-town Endeavorers.

BRIGGS NEWS

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Stull spent Sun-
day in Omaha.

Mr. J. J. Stull who has been on the
sick list is slowly improving.

Mrs. Wingender and daughter, Mar-
garet spent Sunday at Stull's.

There were several of Brigg's peo-
ple who spent the biggest part of last
week at the carnival. All had a good
time, so they say.

Mr. Earnest Shipley was a pleasant
caller at Stull's Sunday evening.

Rose Rebekah Lodge No. 139 initi-
ated four candidates Monday night. Fi-
ty-five members of Ivy Lodge, includ-
ing the degree staff came out from
Omaha. Mrs. A. E. Hankins of Ceres,
Cal., and Miss Emma C. L. Myers
were also guests of the lodge. At the
close of the session a sumptuous sup-
per was served by the members.

Report of Fairview school for the
month of September: Number en-
rolled, 41; cases of tardiness, 6; aver-
age daily attendance, 35. Those who
were neither absent nor tardy are:
Clara Beyer, Charley Loneragan, Wil-
liam Beyer, Charley Pedersen, Walter
Beyer, Doris Snyder, Blanche Soll,
Mary E. Skow, teacher.

Her Hot Oven.
Mrs. Recentmarrie (passing cake to
husband)—Won't you have a piece of
the chocolate cake, sweetheart?
Mr. Recentmarrie (in surprise)—
Chocolate? Why, darling, I thought
you were going to make white cake?
Mrs. Recentmarrie—And I thought I
had made it, dearest; but after the
cake was baked it looked so dark that
I knew at once I must have used the
chocolate recipe by mistake.

NOTICE.
Notice is hereby given that there
will be a special meeting of the
mayor and council of the city of Flo-
rence, Nebraska, at the City Hall in
Florence, on Monday, November 7,
1910, at 8:30 o'clock in the evening,
for the purpose of equalizing side-
walks taxes and assessments and
levying special taxes or assessments
to pay for the cost of constructing
artificial stone sidewalks according
to the contract therefor with G. Man-
cinner.

The following is a description of
the lots to be assessed and the
amount proposed to be taxed against
each lot respectively:

North Side of Washington Street.
Lot. Block. Proposed Tax.
7 88 \$81.55
Given by order of the mayor and
council of the city of Florence, Ne-
braska, this 3rd day of October, 1910.
JOHN BONDESSON,
City Clerk.

O-7-14-21-28

A FLYER AT
ADVERTISING
IN THIS PAPER IS NOT AN
AEROPLANE EXPERIMENT
Our rates are right—they
let people know your
goods and prices are right.
Run a series of ads. in this
paper. If results show,
other conditions being
equal, speak to us about
a year's contract : : :
THAT PLAN NEVER LOST
A MERCHANT ONE PENNY

CHURCH DIRECTORY.

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

Church Services Swedish Lutheran
Ebenezer Church.
Services next Sunday.
Sermon—4:00 p. m.
Sunday school—3:00 p. m.
Our services are conducted in the
Swedish language. All are most cor-
dially welcome. F. J. ELLMAN.

LODGE DIRECTORY.

Fontanelle Aerie 1542 Fraternal
Order of Eagles.
Past Worthy President.....
.....James Stribling
Worthy President.....E. L. Platz
Worthy Vice-President.....B. F. Taylor
Worthy Secretary.....M. B. Thompson
Worthy Treasurer.....Henry Anderson
Worthy Chaplain.....Daniel Kelly
Inside Guard.....R. H. Olmsted
Outside Guard.....Hugh Suttie
Physician.....Dr. W. H. Horton
Conductor.....Joseph Thornton
Trustees: W. B. Parks, Robert Gold-
ing, W. P. Thomas.
Meets every Wednesday in Cole's
hall.

Court of Honor.
Past Chancellor.....
.....Mrs. Elizabeth Hollett
Chancellor.....John Langenback
Vice Chancellor.....Mrs. Ennis
Recorder.....Mrs. Gus Nelson
Chaplain.....Mrs. Harriet Taylor
Juide.....Clyde Miller
Huard.....Clarence Leach
Outside Sentinel.....Mrs. Plant
Physician.....Dr. Adams
Trustees: Miss Mae Peats, Mrs. Pe-
tersen, Mrs. E. Hollett.
Meets Tuesdays in Pascale's Hall.

Robin Hood Camp No. 30 W. O. W.
Council Commander.....M. B. Potter
Banker.....F. A. Ayers
Clerk.....F. M. King
Escort.....Will Pepperkorn
Watchman.....Harry Swanson
Sentry.....C. O. Larson
Managers, John Paul, William Tuttle,
Ed. Davis.
Robinhood Camp No. 30, W. O. W.,
meets city hall.

Florence Camp No. 4105 M. W. A.
Worthy Adviser.....Samuel Jensen
Venerable Consul.....C. J. Larson
Banker.....F. D. Leach
Clerk.....Gus Nelson
Escort.....James Johnson
Sentry.....M. M. Crum
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: W. R. Wall,
Charles Johnson and A. P. Johnson.
Meets every 2nd and 4th Thursday
of each month in Pascale's Hall.

JONATHAN NO. 225 I. O. O. F.
A. F. Close.....Noble Grand
D. V. Shipley.....Vice-Grand
W. E. Rogers.....Secretary
J. C. Kindred.....Treasurer
Meet every Friday at Pascale's hall.
Visitors welcome.

ROSE REBEKAH LODGE NO. 139.
Meets the 2nd and 4th Monday
nights of each month.
N. G.....Isabelle Shipley
V. G.....Cynthia Brewer
Secretary.....Clara Pilant
Treasurer.....Hulda Peterson

Violet Camp Royal Neighbors of
America.
Past Oracle.....Mrs. Emma Powell
Oracle.....Mrs. J. Taylor
Vice Oracle.....Mrs. George Foster
Chancellor.....Mrs. Charles Taylor
Inside Sentinel.....Rose Simpson
Outside Sentinel.....Mary Leach
Receiver.....Mrs. Newell Burton
Recorder.....Susan Nichols
Physician.....Dr. A. B. Adams
Board of Managers: Mrs. Mary
Green, Mrs. Margaret Adams, James
Johnson.
Meets 1st and 3rd Tuesdays at
Pascale's Hall.

The Corn Show
COUNCIL BLUFFS
November 10 to 19
The Corn Show will be held in
connection with the third annual
exposition of the National Horti-
cultural Congress. Prof. B. W.
Crossley, formerly of Ames Col-
lege, will be in charge and he will
be ably assisted by numerous oth-
er corn experts. Come and see the
display of corn-judging contests
and hear the lecture. Learn more
about this great crop and have 10
days' enjoyment at the same time.
For full information, address
FREEMAN L. REED, Supt., Co. Bluffs, Ia.
PATRONIZE OUR
-ADVERTISERS

ANOTHER BIG FIGHT
Jack Fitzgerald, Pride of So. Omaha
VS
Kid Jensen, The Battling Dane
Champion Lightweight of Nebraska
Owing to an accident to Fitzgerald the fight was postponed from
last week to Tuesday, Oct. 18.
Eagles Hall, Tues. Oct. 18
Good Preliminaries Admission \$1.00 Good Music Ringside \$1.50

ONE MINUTE
Your lumber---thoroughly seasoned selected kind
is the best possible investment for you if you're going
to build or make some repairs.
To buy cheap, poorly seasoned stock will mean
nothing but continual expense replacing and repairing.
If you have us fill the bill you'll get the best and
at fair prices.
Florence Lumber & Coal Co.
R. A. GOLDING, Mgr.
Florence, Neb. Phone 102

Harry W. Vickers
..Civil Engineer..
Successor to Thomas Shaw
PHONES: Doug. 7415, Ind. A-4415
520-521 Paxton Block Omaha
When You Buy
BUY AT HOME
The Home Merchants merit your
support, they are the mainstays
of the community. And when
you buy of Home Merchants, buy
of those who advertise.
Subscribe for The Tri-
bune. \$1.00 Per Year

I SAVE THE
DISAPPOINTMENT
It is my best interest to bring satisfactory results
to my clients, because it's the satisfied customer who is
the continuous customer, and the continuous customer
who is the profitable customer.
Transient advertisers are a weariness to the spirit.
All my energies, therefore, are for gaining the per-
manent customer. My largest customers are my oldest
customers—I have made their advertising a profitable
investment—I offer you the same service, more valuable
now by reason of added experience.
Why not give me a personal interview? A hint by
mail and "the deed is done."
E. L. PLATZ
Editor and Publisher of the
FLORENCE TRIBUNE
Tel. Flor. 315 Florence, Neb.