

HEISER & MOSIMAN
 PROP'S OF
THE FALLS CITY MEAT MARKET

Pure Food We are good Judges of beef on hoof, and all Dressed Meats as well. Only the best Veal, Lamb, Pork and Poultry find their way into our market. We are HAVING UNUSUALLY LOW PRICES on Salt and Cured Meats, also Lard. If you want today's prices ring us up. We are at your service always.

NOTICE.

You can buy Hiawatha Flour, Highest Patent, No. 999. The kind you have always bought of V. G. Lyford.

The McGuire Milling Co.

The Falls City Roller Mills

Does a general milling business, and manufactures the following brands of flour

SUNFLOWER MAGNOLIA CROWN

The above brands are guaranteed to be of the highest possible quality. We also manufacture all mill products and conduct a general

Grain, Live Stock and Coal Business
 and solicit a share of your patronage

P. S. Heacock & Son, Falls City, Neb.

The Tribune for All Kinds Job Work

LOOK! LOOK!

At the largest and best line of Buggies west of the Missouri river. We have just unloaded a car of the celebrated Keys Bros. Buggies and Surries and are now ready to show you some of the very best vehicles ever brought to this city.

We can save you money in this line as we have them ranging in price from \$45 upward. See us before you buy.

We also have a big line of Implements and our stock is complete in all lines on which we are making very close prices.

We have one of the best and easiest running Cream Separators on the market, from \$55 up. See it before you buy one.

Remember that harvest is nearly here and you ought to have one of our binders to harvest your crop. Our Twine is the best money can buy. Don't fail to get our price on twine, we can save you money. Remember the place.

Yours for Business,

Werner, Mosiman & Co.

Home-Coming Week FOR Kentuckians



For this occasion the Missouri Pacific will sell round trip tickets for \$17.30, with return limit of June 23d. By depositing tickets with the joint agent at Louisville, on or before June 23rd, and by paying 50 cents, an extension of limit to 30 days from date of sale may be had. Tickets on sale June 11th to 13th, inclusive.

To Chicago and Return—Good until October 31st, 1906, for \$20. Tickets on sale daily until Sept 30th.

To St. Louis and Return—Good until October 31st, 1906, for \$16.15. Tickets on sale daily until Sept. 30th.

J. B. VARNER, Agent.

CIRCUS TUESDAY JULY 10
4-PAW AND SELLS BROS
ENORMOUS SHOWS UNITED



ABSOLUTELY THE BIGGEST SHOW IN THE WORLD, TO WHICH IS NOW ADDED THE THRILLING 1000-CHARACTER SPECTACLE, FIGHTING THE FLAMES.

Scenery Representing A Whole City—Stage Bigger than 100 Theatres—Superb Costumes—Magnificent Electrical Effects—MOST GIGANTIC AMUSEMENT FEATURE EVER DEvised.

BIGGEST MENAGERIE ON EARTH,
 Tallest Giraffe Alive—Huge Hippopotamus—Only Rhinoceros in Captivity—Den of Giant Polar Bears—A Whole Caravan of Camels—Three Herds of Elephants, and the Biggest Collection of Caged Animals in the World.

SUPERB 8-FOLD CIRCUS.

NEW SENSATIONAL FEATURES—MOST ASTOUNDING OF ALL, **SALVO'S FEARFUL TRIP TO THE MOON, THE MOST HAZARDOUS FEAT OF ALL.**

The Greatest Acrobats, the Foremost Riders, Incomparable Aerial Displays, Athletic and Gymnic Stars Supreme, Groupes and Companies of Trained and Acting Animals—Gigantic Company of Funny Clowns. Three Rings, three Stages, Hippodrome Concourse and Aerial Enclave filled with **THE WORLD'S FOREMOST ARENIC-STARS.**

GORGEOUS FREE STREET PARADE,

AT 10 O'CLOCK A. M.
 THE MOST ELABORATE, LARGEST PAGEANT EVER SEEN.



TWO PERFORMANCES DAILY at 2 and 8 P. M. Doors Open 1 Hour Earlier. ONE 50-CENT TICKET ADMITS TO ALL. CHILDREN UNDER 12 YEARS OLD, HALF PRICE.

Reserved seats and admission tickets can be secured on show day at **Burriss Bros. Pharmacy, at same price charged on the show grounds.**

The Renunciation.

BY MARTHA HENDERSON GRAY.

Rev. Philip Ware looked thoughtfully around the sitting-room of the tiny flat. It was very homelike; there were evidences of a woman's fingers in every little nook, and over all was the soft rose light from the lamp.

She had come into his parish six months before, and he had made his first call upon her in his capacity of minister. He had called many times—very many times, but these were not altogether in the capacity of minister.

This was noted by his devoted parish, and on this account the newcomer was promptly disliked by several. There was one girl who disliked her particularly; a tall dark girl, with beautiful hair, and the face of a saint. Besides, the report had been spread abroad, started by some one who "knew her before she came to M—" that she was separated from her husband.

Rev. Philip Ware thought of all this as he waited.

It would be very simple, he reasoned. He would not stay long, they would have a pleasant friendly chat at first, and then as he was going, he would tell. She would understand; she was a woman of the world, and would know what he meant without his telling it all.

Then feeling that he was not alone, he looked up and saw her standing in the doorway. She was looking at him with a peculiar intense expression in her eyes, and he caught the look before she had time to veil it behind her usual laughing manner.

At that look Rev. Philip Ware lost his wonderful self-control. Springing to his feet, he strode determinedly to the door and clasped the soft, womanly figure

in his arms. She quivered a little and then was very still. Silently he laid her head against his shoulder and laid his lips upon hers. Somehow he had forgotten about the friendly chat and the little message just before he went.

Suddenly the sound of a bell in the next flat brought them to consciousness. It was the woman who started back.

"Let me go, Philip," she said, quickly and firmly; "let me go."

But he made no motion except to clasp her more closely. There was a dogged look in his eyes which she did not like to see.

"Philip," she pleaded, and there was a ring almost of desperation in her voice, "For God's sake let me go."

At that name—the name of the King whose ambassador he was—some consciousness of what he was doing came to Rev. Philip Ware, and for God's sake—for His only—he let her go.

"Listen to me, Marian," he cried, "My love for you is stronger than any thing else, and—you must love me, you shall."

Rev. Philip Ware's voice rang out as firmly and powerfully as was its wont when he read "Thou shalt not," in the Commandments. Perhaps the woman thought of this, for she shivered slightly.

"You know that to me," he went on, more quietly, "death alone has the power to separate those who have been joined together; but since in your eyes, divorce is lawful, I will wait until you are freed. So now there can be nothing to keep us apart unless you say that you do not love me; but you do—is it not, so sweet?"

He bent nearer slowly, as if afraid of frightening her, but as he touched her hair she started back and, snatching away her

hands, moved quickly to the other side of the room. Slowly she turned and faced him, and when she spoke her voice calm and natural.

"I think you must surely be forgetting yourself. I did not know that I had ever given you cause to think that I loved you—until, perhaps, just now; but that was because—because you surprised me so that I did not realize what you were saying and doing."

Had she thought of it she would have been amused at herself for faltering—she to whom this was an old story.

But as she glanced at him there was something in his eyes that she could not bear to see—those eyes from whose depths she would have kept away the shadow of pain with her very life. She only knew that she loved him better than anything in the heavens above or the waters under the earth—the phrase came to her unbidden—and that she had given him his deathblow. Why could she not go to him as he sat there, with his head buried in his hands, and tell him this—tell him that she would do what he asked, would go with him anywhere?

If she alone were to be considered, she would do it; but he must be kept safe; his honor must never be blemished, nor his career as a priest of God be spoiled. So this woman, of whom the world spoke so slightly, nerved herself to begin the struggle against him and her other self.

"I have always been called heartless," she said in an unemotional tone, "and I must be if I have made you believe that I love you, for I do not; I never have; I never can."

The last was uttered with difficulty, for he had lifted his eyes to her face, and she saw

that they were haggard and drawn, even in the soft lamp-light.

"Marian," he said, "must you take all? I have given you my love, my honor; must you take my faith, too?"

For if you have deceived me there is no one whom I can ever trust. Pity me, Marian! have mercy! tell me that you did not deceive me, that you do love me—only that, dearest; only that. A man can live without love or hope; he can even die without them; but he can neither live nor die without faith."

Slowly she gathered her scattered senses and looked up at him.

"You are right, Philip," she said softly. "I—I thought I was doing the best way, but I didn't know, for I'm not good, you know. It is not because I do not wish to—to do as you want me to do, but because I will not, and I will not because I love you, dear."

"Oh, Philip, my darling, my life, I love you so—more than anyone else could ever love you. Yet you will marry her—the girl who hates me so, the girl who has always been good. How long would she love you if she knew of this, do you think? She loves you only because you are noble and reverent and good, while I,"—her voice was harsh with pain—"oh, Philip, I would love you in heaven, or earth or hell."

The man could bear no more. He caught her hands and pressed the palms passionately to his lips. His very touch seemed to soothe her, for she drew them gently away, and when she spoke her voice was low and sweet.

"I have never loved anyone, you know, dear, so perhaps that is what makes it so hard. I married because I had no home and he was good to me. Since then I have not cared whether men loved me or not. They were rather amusing, and I was not good enough for the women to care for me," she added bitterly. "But when you came into my life I knew then what it would have been to have the love of a good man." She paused and looked at him longingly. "Philip," she said, pleadingly, yet with a note of shyness in her tone, "may I run my fingers through your hair? You must be very, very quiet and not touch me."

The man looked at her with mute eyes that reminded her somehow of the eyes of a dog.

"I have always wanted to do this," she said. "You have such pretty hair, so thick, and black, and wavy, I believe that I love it best of all, but then I love all of you best."

She paused a moment and looked at him critically.

"If you were less good, Philip—if you had made no struggle against it—perhaps I would have heard you, for I love you so. Now I will go back to him, the one who the law says is my husband, and you will marry the beautiful girl who does not know what wickedness means. I could never satisfy all of you, for I am not good enough." Her lip quivered a little. "Philip," she cried, "why did God forget to put a soul in me when I was made? Perhaps he did give me one, but there was no one to help it to grow. Do you think," she asked suddenly, "that she would have loved you enough to give you up?"

But just then the clock chimed the hour. There were many strokes, and each one seemed to beat upon their consciousness the fact that now they must part.

"You must go, Philip," she said gently. The man rose.

"This is the end?" he asked in a hard, dry tone.

"This is the end," she repeated softly, and held out her hand.

He drew a quick breath and looked at her hand reproachfully.

"Not that way; surely, not that way, dear? May I not at least tell you good-by as I want?"

"No; it would do no good and only make it harder for both of us. I know a better way—the way your mother would tell you good-by. Lean down a minute, Philip."

She slipped her arms around his neck and rested her soft lips for an instant on his forehead.

"Good-by, my life," she whispered, so low that he scarcely heard it. "Keep good always."

Strong man as he was, this was too much for him. Tears choked his voice so that he could not answer, but he shook his head.

"Good-night," she whispered, and watched him as he slowly descended the stairs without ever turning back. Then she mechanically went to her own apartment. The pretty rose-colored lamp went out and left her in merciful darkness.