

# THE LIBRARY CONTEST

A number of business firms in Falls City, including The Tribune, have arranged for a voting contest to be entered into by Richardson county schools, churches, Sunday schools, societies, lodges, literary associations, or any other regularly organized bodies. The prizes to be an excellent library of 259 volumes, valued at \$650.00. The library will be absolutely free of cost to the winners, and it doesn't cost the voters anything to vote. When you make a purchase for cash, or pay a bill, the firm with which you are transacting business will give you a ticket, filled out with the number of votes to which you are entitled. You write in the name of the organization for which you desire to vote, sign the ticket, and deposit it in the ballot box, according to a plan outlined below.

### THE LIST OF BOOKS

- The following publications constitute the library:
- 10 vol. consolidated Ency. Library, 1 Morocco.
- 10 volumes World's best orations, 1 mo.
- 10 volumes World's best orations, 8 cloth.
- 15 volumes Dickens works, cloth.
- 4 volumes Irvins works, cloth.
- 4 volumes Elliotts works, cloth.
- 7 volumes Hugo's works, cloth.
- 4 volumes Shakespeare's works, cloth.
- 4 volumes Great Republic, 1 Morocco
- 13 volumes Classic Fiction, 1 leather.
- 12 volumes Classic Fiction, cloth.
- 19 volumes Historic Novels, cloth.
- 11 volumes Famous Novels, cloth.
- 1 volume Japan Novels, cloth.
- 1 volume Prescott's Historic, cloth.
- 25 volumes Home Library, cloth.
- 17 volumes Copyright Fiction.
- 259, Total Volumes.

This beautiful library will be awarded at the close of the contest, to the institution receiving the largest number of votes.

The Tribune will, besides receiving the votes out from the paper, issue one vote for every 10 cents paid on subscription at its office, either for arrears or for new subscription, or for job work or advertising.

The rules of the contest provide that each merchant shall carefully make a record of his votes on Tuesday night of each week, sending a duplicate of same over his signature to Tribune office before noon Wednesday, the merchant retaining his tickets with record, carefully filing them away to be delivered to committee on awards, appointed at the close of the contest.

### VOTING TICKETS

Voting tickets can be secured from the following merchants:

- Samuel Wahl**  
Dry Goods, Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Ladies' and Men's Furnishings.
- H. M. J. nn**  
Shoes that satisfy—Let us fit you.
- Ferd M. Harlow**  
The Cash Grocerman.
- The City Pharmacy**  
Drugs, Toilet Articles, Sundries, Paint and Wall paper; also Stock Food at McMillan's.
- Heiser & Mosiman**  
The Falls City meat market. Dealers in Live Stock of all kinds.
- Reavis & Abbey**  
Furniture, Carpets, Mattings and Elastic Book Cases.
- Paul Hessler**  
Harness, Saddles and repairing.
- Opera House Bakery**  
Bread, Pies, Cakes and Candy—Lunches, etc.
- O. P. Heck**  
Flour, Feed, Baled Hay and Straw, Coal and Wood, Produce.
- Oswald's Studio**  
High grade Photography.

# BACK TO HOME



Back to the farm! That's where you get good coffee.

None of that "fresh roasted loose by the pound" store stuff from nobody knows where, full of dust, atmosphere and soiled hands, but the real old, genuine egg and sugar coated Arbuckles' ARIOSA Coffee, which the folks keep in the original package and grind in the kitchen.

**That's Coffee!**

Complies with all requirements of the National Pure Food Law, Guarantee No. 204, filed at Washington.

### The Tariff Mission to Berlin.

It is not likely that congress will take action during the present session on the tariff with Germany. The tariff commissioners to Berlin are expected home soon and there is considerable interest in the result of their efforts. It is given out at Washington that there are difficulties in the way in Germany which can hardly be overcome. Chief among these is the question of meat inspection. If, to illustrate, a consignment of American meat has been inspected in Germany in addition to its American inspection, and it is then shipped to another town, it is reinspected, and this is repeated if again shipped to another town, and so on. Thus, in an actual case, an importer sold to a warehouse merchant, who sold to a smoker of meat, who sold to a retailer. In each transfer an inspection was made at double the fee charged for German meats.

The Germans insist that American pork is more likely to communicate trichinosis than is German pork. The Germans do not cook their pork as thoroughly as Americans do. The above does not apply to fresh beef and other fresh meats, but here political influence comes in with a scare about Texas fever.

Taking into account the actual prohibition of the importation of certain meats and the severity of inspection to which others are subjected it is claimed that the most hopeful source for the increase of American exports to Germany in the provision line is live cattle. If the commissioners can succeed in having the American inspection of live animals accepted in lieu of German inspection it will be as much as is expected at Washington. If they can secure a modification of the import inspection of American meat food products in the slightest degree they will surpass expectations. As to shipments of American fruit, since no American inspection is required, no charge is looked for unless the Germans can be shown that the need of it is more fancied than real.—St. Joseph News-Press.

### Nan's Wooing.

(BY TAYLOR WHITE)

"I simply must make that train," said Nan. "I must get home."

Bert looked at his mother. She made a helpless gesture.

"I don't see how it can be done, my dear Nan," she said weakly. "Both of the horses have gone lame, the livery has no horse in, and the expressman cannot come for your trunk until this afternoon."

"Can't we beg, borrow or buy a rig?" she demanded briskly. "Surely every horse and cart in Pleasantville is not engaged."

"I guess you'll have to stay over until tomorrow," said Bert blandly. "I can get a horse by then."

"I'm going to get one right away," she said decidedly. "I promised Nell Taylor when we were at school that I would be her bridesmaid and I'm going to."

Mrs. Montrose stared. "My dear Nan," she said coldly, "I hope you will do nothing to excite comment."

Nan stared. She had told them a week ago that she must leave on Thursday, and they had made no move toward looking after her departure. Now that she had been forced to take the matter into her own hands this placid remark irritated her.

"I am going to get that trunk to the train if I have to hire a circus parade," she said spiritedly as she darted out of the door.

Mrs. Montrose held up her hands in placid horror. "My dear Bert," she said, "it is almost fortunate that the girl will not have you."

"Nothing of the sort," was the brutal response. "I need the money, and you know I do. If you hadn't made that row about her riding Dwight's horse it would have been all right. I was hoping if I forgot about the baggage she might stay on, and I could patch it up."

"Well, let up hope that the girl does not entirely disgrace us," was the waiting rejoinder as Mrs. Montrose went into the parlor, where she could command a view of the street.

Nan Udell had been a thorn in her flesh ever since she had come from the west for a visit. Her father and the late John Montrose had been mining partners in the early days. Each had made his strike, and when Nan and Bert were born it was agreed that they were to marry when they should be old enough. Nan had come visiting with the implied understanding that they were to wed, but Bert had soon disgusted her, while there had been numerous conflicts between herself and Mrs. Montrose, who was perpetually shocked at her breezy western manner.

She administered the last shock when she presently drove up to the house on the seat of an express wagon, talking to the driver. She sprang to the ground before he could descend and assist her and ran up the steps.

"All right!" she cried as she threw open the door. "Please let John help the man with the trunks."

"But how are you going to get into town?" objected Mrs. Montrose.

"I'll ride with the man," said Nan. "He said I might. It won't be the first time. Good-by, Mrs. Montrose I'm sorry I was such a trouble to you. I'll wire when I get home and write and tell you all about the wedding. Good-by Bert."

She turned and flew down the steps after the man and with a spring was back on the seat beside him.

"If you're in a hurry," she said contentedly as he touched the team with the whip, "the only way is to do a thing yourself."

"You seem quite capable of looking after things yourself," he laughed. "I fancy you shocked Mrs. Montrose. She is so eminently proper!"

"I'm sorry," she said penitently, "but I just had to get home, and they knew it. I'm glad I found you."

"So am I," he laughed.

"You ought to be out west," she said, with a comprehensive gaze that was not impertinent because it was so frank. "You are more the type of a western man. They don't have a lot of men of your type here."

The driver flushed. "We have them," he said quietly, "but I guess they don't travel in the Pleasantville set." He laughed as he thought of the snobbish social circle of the little suburb where even the trolley was barred.

Nan read his thoughts and laughed in sympathy. Her visit had not been pleasant.

She chatted on as they sped along. The man was singularly intelligent for a workman, and she enjoyed his chat as she did the presence of a real man after six weeks with the pale youths who constituted the male element of Pleasantville society. She was almost sorry when they reached the town and drove up to the station.

The driver ushered her into the waiting room, purchased her ticket and sleeper, checked her trunks and finally came toward her. "Here is what I had to pay out," he said offering a neat memorandum. "This is the change."

She glanced at the coins and smiled.

"That's the last of my greenbacks," she laughed. "Now I'll get gold again. I like it lots better."

"We don't take it on here," he smiled.

"But I've got to give you one," she said. "I have no more bills."

She held out a five dollar gold piece, and after a pause his hand closed over it. "Thank you," he said. "But you would have been welcome to my services. I hope you have a pleasant trip."

"That's a real goodbye," she said impulsively, remembering the frigid farewell at the house. "Will you shake hands?"

His hand closed over hers with a pressure that almost crushed it; then, with a bow, he turned and left the room, while she settled herself for the hour wait.

Nan was in time to be a bridesmaid and when she had written a long account to Mrs. Montrose she sought to put thoughts of Pleasantville out of her mind. It was easy enough to forget Mrs. Montrose and the colorless Bert, but somehow the expressman would crop up in her memory.

She assured herself over and over again that she did not care for any man who was content to drive an express wagon, and yet all the time she knew that she did care, and when a few weeks later she entered the Cromwells' ballroom and at the far end saw a face she thought familiar her heart gave a bound.

It could not be the expressman, she assured herself. The Cromwells were most exclusive, and yet—He came toward her with his hostess on his arm.

"Mr. Newhall has been asking about you, my dear," smiled the old lady. "It seems that you met back east."

"I do not flatter myself that Miss Udell recalls me," he smiled. "But I had the good fortune to be of some slight service at her departure."

"Well, you can recall it to her," said Mrs. Cromwell proudly. "I must go and look after that Templeton girl. Look after Paul, my dear."

"I suppose you are surprised to see me here," she smiled. "May I explain? The conservatory is very handy."

Nan bowed, and he led the way. "You see," he began when they had found a palm screened nook, "my father has some old fashioned ideas about work. He says that a man who commands must first be able to obey, and he put me on with the men on

precisely the same footing. He even docked me half a day's pay for going to town without permission and chuckled when I told him I was still \$2 to the good."

"Then you are not the regular expressman?"

"That was the mill wagon. It had express painted on it when we bought it, and we did not take the trouble to paint it out."

"What do you think of me?" she gasped.

"I thought that a girl with your capacity was worth knowing," he said promptly. "So I made a note of your name and address, which were on your trunks, remembered that Mrs. Cromwell was a school chum of my mother's and came out to see her."

"I suppose she feels highly complimented," suggested Nan.

"Oh I told her why I came," he said calmly. "She quite indorses my opinion and my quest."

"When do you return?" asked Nan, to change the topic.

"As soon as you have promised to marry me," he said promptly. "It's a brief wooing, Nan, but I can't wait. Will you give me encouragement, dear?"

"Yes," said Nan, "I—I—I—do like you."

He slipped a ring on her finger.

"I am going to have that five dollar piece made into a wedding ring," he said. "That was why I took it that day."

"You loved me then?" she asked, surprised.

"Yes," he declared.

"That's funny," said Nan musingly.

"I guess I did too."

### Stock Dead in the Ice.

Reports of damage to stock on river bottoms are coming in. Just previous to the blast from Boreas, which sent the mercury to the bottom of the tube, the bottoms were flooded by heavy rains up the country to a depth of from four to eight feet. Cattle and other stock were hurried to the highlands, but in some cases the freeze came on so rapidly that they were caught in the open. John Shockey, a farmer on Salt River, lost twelve head of steers, and many of his neighbors suffered as severely. Shockey observed his stock standing straight up out in the ice, and with his men hurried to them, but every one was dead and frozen stiff.

Six head of horses belonging to Joseph Abrams, on East Fork Bottoms, were caught by the flood in a large fenced pasture. As the waters rose the horses moved to the higher ground, where further progress was blocked by a strong wire fence. There they stood at bay while the water rose clear to their bodies. Then the wind shifted and inside of twenty-four hours they were tightly imprisoned in an ice mound from two and one-half to three inches thick. Abram's men had to cut through a mile of ice to release the half-frozen animals. They were taken to a hay stack, which they attacked like famished wolves. The legs of the horses were swollen as large as a man's body, but none died. They had been standing in water four days and in ice twenty-four hours.

**LIBRARY VOTING TICKET**

This coupon entitles the holder to ONE vote that can be cast for any institution competing for the beautiful library when properly filled out, signed and returned to this office.

Name of Institution.....

Name of Voter.....

### Philpot-Fergus Wedding.

A most beautiful and impressive wedding ceremony was performed Wednesday at the country home of Mr. John Philpot, by Rev. L. Richmond Smith of the Presbyterian church of this City. The contracting parties were Miss Mae Neville, eldest daughter of the household, and Mr. Frank E. Fergus youngest son of the late J. C. Fergus and wife. The couple went unattended to the altar, the wedding march being played by Miss Iva Philpot, sister of the bride. The bride was attired in a beautiful gown of white silk mull, while the groom wore black. After the ceremony and congratulations the guests, numbering about thirty five relatives were served a bountiful four course dinner. The gifts were numerous, useful and costly. The newly married pair will be at home on the grooms farm north-east of town—the old home place of the Fergus family.

The contracting parties of this union are members of pioneer families, well and favorably known to our people, are both natives of this county, where they have grown up into fine specimens of manhood and womanhood, and possess friends on every hand who unite with us in the hope that their future may be marked by much happiness and success.—Leader.

### WORTH WHILE.

A great many people may sigh for the simple life, but none of them are young people.

When some people express an opinion, it has no more value than though it had never been expressed.

Some people who can work up an awful wail because of suffering in China, or India, or the Congo, never notice need or suffering in their own town.

When a woman says she has made up her mind never to marry, people begin to wonder what they quarreled about.

Trouble is a prison; it is much easier to get in than out, and while in you don't have a very good time.

The saloon is frequently called the poor man's club; and it has a way of keeping its members in that class.

When an article is cheap people make it expensive by their extravagance.

A good many people are always ready to favor a law which makes some one else trouble. But when it touches themselves the restriction at once appears unreasonable and unwise.

If you are cheerful under affliction you are called indifferent, and if you make a fuss you are called selfish, and there you are.

The amusement of boys loses a great deal of its fascination if they have someone's permission to indulge in it.

Some good men do not make a favorable impression when they meet strangers, and are very much disliked.

The relief of Coughs and Colds through laxative influence, originated with Bee's Laxative Cough Syrup contains Honey and Tar, a cough syrup containing no opiates or poisons, which is extensively sold. Secure a bottle at once, obtain a guarantee coupon, and if not fully satisfied with results, your money will be refunded. Sold at A. G. Wanner's Drug Store.

### Pa's Prayers.

Here is a story the preachers will say is a good one: A preacher was taken sick in a certain town, and several of his children were also sick. One day, a number of the church members called to pray for the family. While they were about it, a boy, the son of a member living in the country, knocked at the preacher's door. He had his arms full of things. "What have you there?" a deacon asked him. "Pa's prayers," the boy replied, and thereupon he proceeded to unload potatoes, bacon, flour, and other provisions for the afflicted preacher's family.—Atchison Globe.

**Manzan**

Reaches the spot. Stops pain. The Great Pile Remedy. Put up in tubes with rectal nozzle, 50 cents.

Better watch the mails this coming week!