

ON FAITH.



Fat Man—Did you polish 'em up nice? Boy—Yep, look for yourself. Fat Man—I'll take your word for it.

A Cure For Colds and Grip. There is inconvenience, suffering and danger in a cold, and the wonder is that people will take so few precautions against colds. One or two Lane's Pleasant Tablets (be sure of the name) taken when the first snuffly feeling appears, will stop the progress of a cold and save a great deal of unnecessary suffering. Druggists and dealers generally sell these tablets, price 25 cents. If you cannot get them send to Orator F. Woodward, Le Roy, N. Y. Sample free.

The Present Fashions. Stella—Isn't it all you can do to dance in your new gown? Belle—Yes, but it's too tight to sit down in.

Red, Weak, Watery Eyes. Relieved by Murine Eye Remedy. Composed by Experienced Physicians. Murine Doesn't Burn! Soothes Eye Pain. Write Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago, for Illustrated Eye Book. At Druggists.

It is said that necessity knows no law, but if she is the mother of invention she should acquaint herself with the patent laws.

If Your Feet Ache or Burn get a 25c package of Allen's Foot-King. It gives quick relief. Two million packages sold yearly.

Faith is obedience, not confidence.—Macdonald.

Lewis Single Binder straight 5c cigar is good quality all the time. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Life does not make us, we make life.—Kavanaugh.

FATS

If you suffer from Fits, Falling Sickness, Spasms or have children, or friends that do so, my New Discovery will relieve them, and all you are asked to do is to send for Free B-11.

There's Danger Ahead

If you've been neglecting a cold. Don't experiment with your health. Get a remedy that you know will cure—that remedy is

DR. D. JAYNE'S EXPECTORANT

It's safe. In the severest cases of coughs, colds, bronchitis, croup, inflammation of chest and lungs it is the most effective remedy known. It does its work quickly, removes the cause of the disease.

Sold everywhere in three size bottles, \$1.00, 50c, 25c.

A 25c. Bottle of

Kemp's Balsam

Contains 40 DOSES, And each dose is more effective than four times the same quantity of any other cough remedy, however well advertised and however strongly recommended that remedy may be.

Remember always that Kemp's Balsam is the Best Cough Cure.

It has saved thousands from consumption. It has saved thousands of lives. At all druggists, 25c, 50c, and \$1. Don't accept anything else.

SICK HEADACHE

CARTER'S LITTLE LIVER PILLS.

Positively cured by these Little Pills. They also relieve Distress from Dyspepsia, Indigestion and Too Hearty Eating. A perfect remedy for Bile, Nausea, Dizziness, Headache, and all the ailments arising from Biliousness and Impure Blood. SMALL PILL. SMALL DOSE. SMALL PRICE.

Genuine Must Bear Fac-Simile Signature. REFUSE SUBSTITUTES.

TEXAS STATE LAND. Millions of acres of school land to be sold by the State, \$10 to \$20 per acre, only one-fourth cash and a year's time on balance, three per cent. interest. Only \$100 cash for 100 acres at \$100 per acre. For full particulars, send for circular and apply to the State Land Office, Austin, Texas.

SERIAL STORY

THE MAKER OF MOONS

By ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by J. J. Sheridan

(Copyright, G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in New York, Roy Carden, the story-teller, inspecting a queer reptile owned by George Godfrey of Tiffany's. Roy and Barris and Pierpont, two friends, depart on a hunting trip to Cardinal Woods, a rather obscure locality. Barris revealed the fact that he had joined the secret service for the purpose of running down a gang of gold makers. Later, Godfrey, on discovering the gang's formula, had been mysteriously killed. Barris received a telegram of instructions. He and Pierpont set out to locate the gold-making gang. A violet reported seeing a queer Chinaman in the supposedly untenanted woods. Roy went hunting. He fell asleep in a dell, on awakening he beheld a heavy girl at a small lake. A birthmark, resembling a dragon's claw, on Roy's forehead had a mysterious effect upon the girl, who said her name was Ysande. Suddenly she disappeared. Barris exhibited a reptile, like that owned by Godfrey. A ball of supernatural gold, he held, suddenly became alive. He told of the Kuen-Yun, a Chinese nation of sorcerers, numbering 100,000,000, and explained that the Moon Maker, their ruler, whose crecent symbol was a dragon claw, was supposed to have recently returned to earth. Barris, Pierpont and Roy failed to find Ysande's dell. Later, Roy, hunting, came to the beautiful spot, where he found Ysande. She told him how her stepfather, evidently a Chinaman, made gold and of his mysterious actions. Suddenly all turned black and Roy awoke to find himself stunned and bleeding on his own doorstep. Roy recovered quickly. Barris, under a mysterious spell, told of his stay among the Chinese sorcerers, his love there and his false ending.

CHAPTER VII.—Continued.

"Yian—I have lived there—and loved there. When the breath of my body shall cease, when the dragon's claw shall fade from my arm—" he tore up his sleeve, and we saw a white crecent shining above his elbow—"when the light of my eyes has faded forever, then, even then I shall not forget the city of Yian. Why, it is my home—mine! The river and the thousand bridges, the white peak beyond, the sweet-scented gardens, the lilies, the pleasant noise of the summer wind laden with bee music and the music of bells—all these are mine. Do you think because the Kuen-Yun feared the dragon's claw on my arm that my work with them is ended? Do you think because Yue-Lau could give, that I acknowledge his right to take away? Is he Xangi, in whose shadow the white water-lilies dares not raise its head? No! No!" he cried, violently. "It was not from Yue-Lau, the sorcerer, the Maker of Moons, that my happiness came! It was real, it was not a shadow to vanish like a tinted bubble! Can a sorcerer create and give a man the woman he loves? Is Yue-Lau as great as Xangi then? Xangi is God. In His own time, in His infinite goodness and mercy, He will bring me again to the woman I love. And I know she waits for me at God's feet."

In the strained silence that followed I could hear my heart's double beat and I saw Pierpont's face blanched and pitiful. Barris shook himself and raised his head. The change in his ruddy face frightened me.

"Head!" he said, with a terrible glance at me; "the print of the dragon's claw is on your forehead and Yue-Lau knows it. If you must love, then love like a man, for you will suffer like a soul in hell, in the end. What is her name again?" "Ysande," I answered, simply.

CHAPTER VIII.

At nine o'clock that night we caught one of the goldmakers. I do not know how Barris had laid his trap; all I saw of the affair can be told in a minute or two.

We were posted on the Cardinal road about a mile below the house. Pierpont and I with drawn revolvers on one side, under a butternut tree, Barris on the other, a Winchester across his knees.

I had just asked Pierpont the hour, and he was feeling for his watch when far up the road we heard the sound of a galloping horse, nearer, nearer, clattering, thundering past. Then Barris' rifle spat flame and the dark mass, horse and rider, crashed into the dust. Pierpont had the half-stunned horseman by the collar in a second—the horse was stone dead—and, as we lighted a pine knot to examine the fellow, Barris' two riders galloped up and drew bridle beside us.

"Hi!" said Barris, with a scowl. "It's the 'Shiner,' or I'm a moon-shiner."

We crowded curiously around to see the "Shiner." He was red-headed, fat and filthy, and his little red eyes burned in his head like the eyes of an angry pig.

Barris went through his pockets methodically while Pierpont held him and I held the torch. The "Shiner" was a gold mine; pockets, shirt, boot-legs, hat, even his dirty fists, clutched tight and bleeding, were bursting with

lumps of soft yellow gold. Barris dropped this "moonshine gold," as we had come to call it, into the pockets of his shooting-coat, and withdrew to question the prisoner. He came back again in a few minutes and motioned his mounted men to take the "Shiner" in charge. We watched them, rifle on thigh, walking their horses slowly away into the darkness, the "Shiner," tightly bound, shuffling sullenly between them.

"Who is the 'Shiner?'" asked Pierpont, slipping the revolver into his pocket again.

"A moonshiner, counterfeit, forger, and highwayman," said Barris, "and probably a murderer. Drummond will be glad to see him, and I think it likely he will be persuaded to confess to him what he refuses to confess to me."

"Wouldn't he talk?" I asked.

"Not a syllable. Pierpont, there is nothing more for you to do."

"For me to do? Are you not coming back with us, Barris?"

"No," said Barris.

We walked along the dark road in silence for a while, I wondering what Barris intended to do, but he said nothing more until we reached our own veranda. Here he held out his hand, first to Pierpont, then to me, saying good-by, as though he were going on a long journey.

"How soon will you be back?" I called out to him as he turned away toward the gate. He came across the lawn again and again took our hands with a quiet affection that I had never imagined him capable of.

"I am going," he said, "to put an end to his gold-making to-night. I know that your fellows never suspected what I was about on my little solitary evening strolls after dinner. I will tell you. Already I have unobtrusively killed four of these goldmakers—my men put them under ground just below the new wash-out at the four-mile stone. There are three left alive—the 'Shiner' whom we have, another criminal named 'Yellow,' or 'Yeller,' in the vernacular, and the third—"

"The third," repeated Pierpont, excitedly.

"The third I have never yet seen. But I know who and what he is—I know; and if he is of human flesh and blood, his blood will flow to-night."

As he spoke a slight noise across the turf attracted my attention. A mounted man was advancing silently in the starlight over the spongy meadowland.



"Then Barris' Rifle Spat Fire."

When he came nearer Barris struck a match, and we saw that he bore a crecent across his saddle bow.

"Yaller, Col. Barris," said the man, touching his slouched hat in salute.

This grim introduction to the corpse made me shudder, and, after a moment's examination of the stiff, wide-eyed dead man, I drew back.

"Identified," said Barris, "take him to the four-mile post and carry his effects to Washington—under seal, mind, Johnstone."

Away cantered the rider with his ghastly burden, and Barris took our hands once more for the last time. Then he went away, gayly, with a jest on his lips, and Pierpont and I turned back into the house.

For an hour we sat moodily smoking in the hall before the fire, saying little until Pierpont burst out with: "I wish Barris had taken one of us with him to-night!"

"The same thought had been running in my mind, but I said: 'Barris knows what he's about.'"

This observation neither comforted us nor opened the lane to further conversation, and after a few minutes Pierpont said good-night and called for Howlett and his woman. When he had been warmly tucked away by Howlett, I turned out all but one lamp, sent the dogs away with David and dismissed Howlett for the night.

I was not inclined to retire, for I knew I could not sleep. There was a book lying open on the table beside the fire and I opened it and read a page or two, but my mind was fixed on other things.

The window shades were raised and I looked out at the star-set firmament. There was no moon that night, but the sky was dusted all over with sparkling stars and a pale radiance, brighter even than moonlight, fell over meadow and wood. Far away in the forest I heard the voice of the wind, a soft warm wind that whispered a name, Ysande.

"Listen," sighed the voice of the wind, and "listen" echoed the swaying with every little leaf a-quiver. I listened.

Where the long grasses trembled with the cricket's cadence I heard her name, Ysande; I heard it in the rustling woodbine where gray moths hovered; I heard it in the drip, drip of the dew from the porch. The silent meadow brook whispered her name, the rippling woodland streams repeated it, Ysande, Ysande, until all earth and sky were filled with the soft thrill, Ysande, Ysande, Ysande.

A night-thrush sang in a thicket by the porch and I stole to the veranda to listen. After a while it began again, a little further on. I ventured

out into the road. Again I heard it far away in the forest and I followed it, for I knew it was singing of Ysande.

When I came to the path that leaves the main road and enters the Sweet Fern covert below the spinney, I hesitated; but the beauty of the night lured me on and the night-thrushes called me on every thicket. In the stary radiance, shrubs, grasses, field flowers, stood out distinctly, for there was no moon to cast shadows. Meadow and brook, grove and stream, were illuminated by the pale glow. Like great lamps lighted the planets hung from the high-domed sky and through their mysterious rays the fixed stars, calm, serene, stared from the heavens like eyes.

I waded on waist deep through fields of dewy golden-rod, through late clover and wild oats wastes, through crimson fruited sweetbrier, blueberry and wild plum, until the low whisper of the Wier Brook warned me that the path had ended.

But I would not stop, for the night air was heavy with the perfume of water-lilies and far away, across the low wooded cliffs and the wet meadowland beyond, there was a distant gleam of silver, and I heard the murmur of sleepy waterfowl. I would go to the lake. The way was clear except for the dense young growth and the snares of the moose-bush.

The night-thrushes had ceased, but I did not want for the company of living creatures. Slender, quick-darting forms crossed my path at intervals, sleek mink, that fled like shadows at my step, wiry weasels and fat muskrats, hurrying onward to some tryst or killing.

I never had seen so many little woodland creatures on the move at night. I began to wonder where they all were going so fast, why they all hurried on in the same direction. Now I passed a hare hopping through the brushwood, now a rabbit scurrying by, flag hoisted. As I entered the beech second-growth two foxes glided by; a little further on a doe crashed out of the underbrush, and close behind her stole a lynx, eyes shining like coals.

He neither paid attention to the doe or to me, but loped away toward the north.

"From what?" I asked myself, wondering. There was no forest fire, no cyclone, no flood.

If Barris had passed that way could he have stirred up this sudden exodus? Impossible; even a regiment in the forest could scarcely have put to rout these frightened creatures.

"What on earth," thought I, turning to watch the headlong flight of a fisher-cat, "what on earth has startled the beasts out at this time of night?"

I looked up into the sky. The placid glow of the fixed stars comforted me and I stepped on through the narrow spruce belt that leads down to the borders of the Lake of the Stars.

Wild cranberry and moose-bush entwined my feet, dewy branches spat-tered me with moisture, and the thick spruce needles scraped my face as I threaded my way over mossy logs and deep spongy tussocks down to the level gravel of the lake shore.

Although there was no wind the little waves were hurrying in from the lake and I heard them splashing among the pebbles. In the pale star glow thousands of water-lilies lifted their half-closed chalices toward the sky.

I threw myself full length upon the shore, and chin on hand, looked out across the lake.

Splash, splash, came the waves along the shore, higher, nearer, until a film of water, thin and glittering as a knife blade, crept up to my elbows. I could not understand it; the lake was rising, but there had been no rain. All along the shore the water was running up; I heard the waves among the sedge grass; the weeds at my side were awash in the ripples. The lilies rocked on the tiny waves, every wet pod rising on the swells, sinking, rising again until the whole lake was glimmering with undulating blossoms. How sweet and deep was the fragrance from the lilies. And now the water was ebbing, slowly, and the waves receded, shrinking from the shore rim until the white pebbles appeared again, shining like froth on a brimming glass.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

HIS TERRIFIC WASTE OF TIME.

Awful Shock to Man Who for Years Had Written Extra Letter.

"Perhaps as severe a small shock as I ever got," said a man who is careful of his time, "struck me that other day when I discovered that for many years I had been misspelling a certain word by the introduction of an additional letter. It wasn't the misspelling of the word that disturbed me, it was the fact that misspelling it as I had done. I had wasted so much time in writing it. But now I have begun to get back the time lost."

"I have selected a word that I find I frequently use, a word from which one letter can be eliminated without impairing its significance or its appeal to the eye, and from that word in writing I am now omitting that one letter."

"As I figure it, in about 17 years, by leaving out a letter from this word, I shall gain about as much time as I have lost by adding a letter to that other word. I shall square the account, and then I shall feel easier."

"Time is the most valuable thing we have, and I hate to waste it."

Bacteria in Street Mud.

In a gram of street mud, equal to a cube of earth with sides of about a quarter of an inch, there are enough bacteria, if placed in line, side by side, to cover 259.74 feet.

"THE MARRYING SQUIRE."

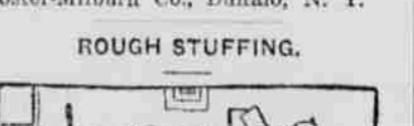
Justice George E. Law Has Broken All Records.

George E. Law, Justice of the Peace, 13 1/2 Franklin St., Brazil, Ind., is known far and wide as the "Marrying Squire," from the fact that he has married more couples than any other official in Indiana. Judge Law wrote a letter in 1906, recommending Doan's Kidney Pills, which he said had made a bad back well, enabled him to sleep better nights and feel more fit for work.

The treatment also cleared up the urine. On January 5, 1909, Judge Law confirmed his previous testimony. "I have recommended this remedy to many people since I first used it," said he.

Sold by all dealers. 50 cents a box. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, N. Y.

ROUGH STUFFING.



The Tiger—it was bad enough to be cut out in my prime, but to be stuffed by an amateur taxidermist is really too hard to bear!

HAD AWFUL WEEPING ECZEMA.

Face and Neck Were Raw—Terrible Itching, Inflammation and Soreness—All Treatments Failed.

Cuticura Proved a Great Success.

"Eczema began over the top of my ear. It cracked and then began to spread. I had three different doctors and tried several things, but they did me no good. At last one side of my face and my neck were raw. The water ran out of it so that I had to wear medicated cotton, and it was so inflamed and sore that I had to put a piece of cloth over my pillow to keep the water from it, and it would stain the cloth a sort of yellow. The eczema itched so that it seemed as though I could tear my face all to pieces. Then I began to use the Cuticura Soap and Ointment, and it was not more than three months before it was all healed up. Miss Ann Pearsons, Northfield, Vt., Dec. 19, 1907."

Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

They Meant Business.

A Chicago stage manager was telling of amusing incidents of blunders and errors caused by stage fright. In a romantic play, recently revived, one of the minor characters, a dairy maid, comes forward at the end of a recital of a love romance, and comments as follows:

"Hope filled their youths and whetted their love; they plighted their troth!"

But at one of the performances the girl who played the dairy maid was absent without notice. At the last moment the manager gave the lines to a shepherdess, who had never had lines to speak before, and who was excessively nervous when her cue came. This is what the astonished audience heard:

"Hope filled their love; they whetted their troth!"

Argument That Won.

Susie had been promised a pair of new slippers for Sunday. Anxious to have them at once she had tried in every way to persuade her mother to buy them for her and let her wear them to a children's party that was to be given on Wednesday, but without success. Finally when both she and her mother had become tired of the teasing the little girl said: "Well, mamma, you needn't get them now; but maybe I'll be dead by Sunday and if I am you'll be sorry for disappointing me." Susie wore the slippers Wednesday.

NEW IDEA Helped Wis. Couple.

It doesn't pay to stick too closely to old notions of things. New ideas often lead to better health, success and happiness.

A Wis. couple examined an idea new to them and stepped up several rounds on the health ladder. The husband writes:

"Several years ago we suffered from coffee drinking, were sleepless, nervous, shallow, weak and irritable. My wife and I both loved coffee and thought it was a braucer." (delusion.)

"Finally, after years of suffering, we read of Postum and the harmfulness of coffee, and believing that to grow we should give some attention to new ideas, we decided to test Postum.

"When we made it right we liked it and were relieved of ills caused by coffee. Our friends noticed the change—fresher skin, steadier nerves, better temper, etc.

"These changes were not sudden, but relief increased as we continued to drink and enjoy Postum, and we lost the desire for coffee.

"Many of our friends did not like Postum at first, because they did not make it right. But when they boiled Postum according to directions on pkg., until it was dark and rich, they liked it better than coffee and were benefited by the change." "There's a Reason."

Name given by Postum Co., Battle Creek, Mich. Read "The Road to Wellville" in pkg.

Ever read the above letter? A new one appears from time to time. They are genuine, true, and full of human interest.

GAVE HER DADDY AWAY.

Little One's Innocent Remark That Left the Deacon Gasping.

Every Sunday some one threw a button into the contribution box of the little church. The annoyed pastor confided to his wife that he suspected the button thrower to be stingy old Deacon G., who had so strongly opposed his "call" to the pastorate, but that he dare not accuse him of it for lack of evidence.

At a church "sociable" that week some one suggested the playing of games. Deacon G. had just partaken of oyster soup at some one else's expense and felt warmed and expansive.

"Why not play 'Button, button—who's got the button?'" he inquired of waiting children.

"Oh, yes!" exclaimed his youngest daughter with enthusiasm. "And you lend us the button, papa!" Then she drew back, timorously. "Unless you want to save it for next Sunday's contribution," she added, considerably.

BURBANKED.



Cecilia City—What are you doing? Cyrus Cornswoogie—I'm pruning this apple tree.

Cecilia City—What will science do next? Going to grow prunes on an apple tree!

Sheer white goods, in fact, any fine wash goods when new, owe much of their attractiveness to the way they are laundered, this being done in a manner to enhance their textile beauty. Home laundering would be equally satisfactory if proper attention was given to starching, the first essential being good Starch, which has sufficient strength to stiffen, without thickening the goods. Try Defiance Starch and you will be pleasantly surprised at the improved appearance of your work.

Added a Saving Clause.

A good old deacon in Connecticut was very pious and very fond of clams. When once upon a time he attended a Rhode Island clam-bake he overtaxed his capacity and was sorely distressed. But his faith in prayer was unabated. Leaving the party and going down on his knees behind a tree, he was heard to supplicate: "Forgive me, O Lord, this great sin of gluttony. Restore my health, and I will never eat any more clams." Then after a judicious pause: "Very few, if any. Amen."

Sorry He Spoke.

"My dear," said a thin little man to his wife, "this paper says that there is a woman who goes out and chops wood with her husband."

"Well, what of it? I think she could easily do it if he is as thin as you are. I have often thought of using you to peel potatoes with."—Stray Stories.

Omaha Directory

M. Spiesberger & Son Co. Wholesale Millinery. The Best in the West. OMAHA, NEB.

TAFT'S DENTAL ROOMS. 1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB. Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

RUBBER GOODS

Reliance Leather Belt. Makers and dealers, LEWIS SUPPLY CO., OMAHA

BILLIARD TABLES

POOL TABLES. LOWEST PRICES. EASY PAYMENTS. You cannot afford to experiment with untried goods sold by commission agents. Catalogues free.

The Brunswick-Balke-Collider Company. 407-9 So. 10th St., Dept. 2, OMAHA, NEB.

I POSITIVELY CURE

RUPTURE

IN A FEW DAYS

I have a treatment for the cure of Rupture which is safe and is convenient to take, as no time is lost. I am the inventor of this system and the only physician who holds United States Patent for a Rupture cure which has restored thousands to health in the past 20 years. All others are imitations. I have nothing for sale, as my specialty is the curing of Rupture, and if a person has doubts, just put the money in his bank and pay, when satisfied. No other doctor will do this. When taking my treatment patients must come to my office. References: U. S. Nat'l Bank, Omaha. Write or call. FRANTZ H. WRAY, M. D. 306 Bee Building, OMAHA