

# The Kiteologist

By Don Mark Lemon

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Just come up on the roof, sir, and I'll show you the cage and tell you all that I know about the professor, but before we go a step further let me warn you that I don't believe a word of what the newspapers printed about him. No, sir, I won't and can't believe that such a true gentleman as the professor always showed himself to be could have deliberately set out to rob the government of over \$15,000. It's preposterous to think of, but it's just like the newspapers to make the matter as sensational as possible.

Take care you don't tear your coat on that nail. I'll have my boy pull it out when he comes home from school. Now, sir, step this way, and you can see for yourself how innocent the professor was of any evil intentions. Look! Do you think this flat tin roof looks like a robber's roost? It's ridiculous; yet to read the newspapers you would think that we landlords are the friends of robbers, and all manner of thieves. We landlords have a hard enough struggle to live, without the newspapers making it any harder for us.

Yes, sir, this is the cage where the professor kept his three big eagles, and now I'll tell you how he came to stop with me, and why he had such strange-like pets. You see, I had just lately taken this house and had spent the last dollar I had in the world in furnishing it, and was glad enough to have such a nice gentleman as the professor come along the second day after I put up my sign and ask if I hadn't a furnished front room to let, with running water and a good deep closet where he could keep his clothes.

Well, sir, I snapped him up at once, as I could see he was a gentleman, and, besides, he looked neat and prosperous, and I felt I wouldn't have to



They Grabbed the Bags of Gold and Flew to the Roof.

worry about him not paying his rent on time. But before he took the room he asked if he couldn't go up on the roof and see if it would suit him for a certain purpose. I was somewhat surprised at him wanting to rent the roof, but thinking him a photographer, or something like that, I brought him up here and he was real pleased. So he told me his business, and I rented this roof to him without any hesitation at all. It isn't every day one can rent a scrap of roof for more than a good sunny front room, and you can't blame me for doing so.

Well, sir, he was a kiteologist, as he told me. He flew kites to study the winds and the temperature at a great height. He wasn't in the employ of the government, but was studying on his own account. He took his silk hat off and sat down right over there, and explained all about it to me. His kites weren't like those that the boys fly, nor were they like I have seen pictures of in the papers—great big box-like things—but they were eagles—real live eagles. He had three of them, and he would attach a strong string to their legs and let them fly up into the heavens with a thermometer and barometer attached, or some such-like scientific instruments, and when he was ready, he would gently draw them down again.

Well, sir, it was a pleasure to hear him talk; he knew everything about eagles and kites and the heavens, and of course I consented for him to bring his birds and fly them from my roof, not supposing the landlord I get the house from would care at all. Which I can say, he didn't. So the next day the professor came with his three eagles and placed them up here on the roof in that big cage, and it was good to see how he did love those birds, and play with them, and teach them all kinds of tricks. My gracious, but they were strong! I really think the smallest of the three could have lifted a big

child in its claws; and the professor explained how that they must be strong to carry his scientific instruments so high in the air.

Well, a week passed and he didn't fly his eagles, for he was waiting for them to get accustomed to their new location, so they would return like carrier doves in case the string tied to their legs got broken; and at the end of the week, before the professor could try his experiment at all, that dreadful accident happened, which the papers made so much of, and which frightened the professor, who was timid, like all real scientific men, so that he never came back, even for his clothes.

You see, just across the street from here is the subtreasury, and every little while a wagon drives up to the door filled with big canvas bags full of gold, and the clerks will come out and get the gold and carry it into the vaults. Well, on Tuesday morning, just after I had finished some washing and was going out to get a new handle to my irons, which had got broken, the wagon drove up before the subtreasury door and the clerks began to take out the sacks of gold and carry them into the bank.

I can truly say that I'm not by nature a covetous woman, but, naturally, I paused and watched the men a moment or two, thinking what I could do if I had what was in just one of those sacks. Why, there must have been as much as \$4,000 or \$5,000 in each sack, and there were dozens of them, I believe.

Suddenly, as I was standing there, a darkness seemed to come over the sun, and at the same time a strange flying sound made me look up, and there were the professor's three eagles broken loose from the cage—I felt sorry for the professor, to think that his birds had got loose—and down they came and lighted on the wagon full of gold. I lifted up my apron to shoo them back to the roof, when if those three mischievous birds didn't settle right down into the bags full of gold, and each one grab a bag in his claws, like I saw them grab a bag with a dead rabbit in it on the roof one day, and no sooner had they grabbed the bags of gold than up they flew again to the roof.

I was astonished beyond measure, but the clerks who were carrying in the gold were simply dumfounded. And no wonder! Supposing the eagles should spill the gold or fly away with it, why the poor clerks might have to return it out of their salaries, and I hear they don't get paid so much, though they are employed by the government.

Well, sir, the moment I could collect my scattered senses, I rushed back into the house to tell the professor what had happened, for, as I hadn't seen him on the roof, I supposed he was in his room. Of course the clerks followed me, and we all hurried up here where you are standing now. The three eagles were gone, and the professor was nowhere to be found. Poor man, he was out somewhere in the city, and I felt like running down and warning him not to return, for fear they would hold him responsible for the gold.

I saw that the eagles each had lately had a long cord tied to its legs and I thought nothing of it more than proper, but the clerks acted like a lot of wild men. They vowed that the eagles had been let down to steal the gold, and when they saw that this roof leads over to the next building yonder, they said that the owner of the birds had taken the gold and climbed through an open window in that building into an empty room, and that way escaped with the \$15,000.

Of course I saw at once how dreadfully dishonest it all might be made to look, and I sat down and almost cried. At first the clerks and the officers paid no more attention to me than if I had been a sick kitten, but when they learned that I was the landlady and knew all about the eagles and the professor, they asked me a thousand questions, and I was dragged off to court like a criminal, and the poor professor's name was mixed up with robbery and thieving, and I don't know what else. But, somehow, he learned about the mischief his eagles had got into, and never returned.

Of course the eagles flew away with the gold bags—poor birds, I don't blame them a bit for making the most of their liberty—and I wouldn't at all be surprised if the police should find that the birds had dropped the gold on some roof, when they discovered that the bags didn't contain rabbit, as they had imagined.

Advancement in Burma.  
Burma is to have a Pasture Institute.

## FIVE MONTHS IN HOSPITAL.

Discharged Because Doctors Could Not Cure.

Levi P. Brockway, S. Second Ave., Anoka, Minn., says: "After lying for five months in a hospital I was discharged as incurable, and given only six months to live. My heart was affected, I had smothering spells and sometimes fell unconscious. I got so I couldn't use my arms, my eyesight was impaired and the kidney secretions were badly disordered. I was completely worn out and discouraged when I began using Doan's Kidney Pills, but they went right to the cause of the trouble and did their work well. I have been feeling well ever since."



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

## NO CHANCE TO BUNKO HIM.

City Youngster Too Well Aware of the Wiles of Grafters.

The baseball evangelist, the eloquent Billy Sunday, said during the revival services at Sharon, Pa.:

"Keep good company. Nothing does the young more harm than bad society. Only yesterday a farmer told me about a youngster of six or seven, a little country wecker, who had as suspicious and mistrustful a heart as some old miser or crook.

"This boy was sent by a charity society to spend a week at the farmer's. The farmer set out to meet him, but was late. He ran into him half-way to the farm, trudging along the white road, a big burlap bag of luggage on his little bony shoulder.

"The farmer held out his hands for the burlap bag.

"I'll carry it, son," he said. "It's too heavy for you."

"Go on!" said the little boy fiercely. "Clear out now, or I'll call a cop."

## MET ON HIS OWN GROUND.

Dishonest Politician Gets Little Satisfaction from Promise.

Congressman Longworth, at a dinner during the Republican convention in Chicago, talked about honest politics.

"Honest politics alone pays in the end," said he. "Your dishonest politician comes out like Lurgan of Cincinnati. Lurgan was canvassing for votes. He dropped in at a grocer's.

"Good morning," he said. "I may count on your support, I hope?"

"Why, no, Mr. Lurgan," said the grocer. "I've promised my support to your rival."

"Lurgan laughed easily.

"Ah, but, in politics," said he, "promising and performing are two different matters."

"In that case," said the grocer, heartily, "I shall be most happy to give you my promise, Mr. Lurgan."

Nothing can atone for want of truth.—Ruskin.

## ALMOST A SHADOW.

Gained 20 lbs. on Grape-Nuts.

There's a wonderful difference between a food which merely tastes good and one which builds up strength and good healthy flesh.

It makes no difference how much we eat unless we can digest it. It is not really food to the system until it is absorbed. A Yorkstate woman says:

"I had been a sufferer for ten years with stomach and liver trouble, and had got so bad that the least bit of food such as I then knew, would give me untold misery for hours after eating.

"I lost flesh until I was almost a shadow of my original self and my friends were quite alarmed about me. "First I dropped coffee and used Postum, then began to use Grape-Nuts although I had little faith it would do me any good.

"But I continued to use the food and have gained twenty pounds in weight and feel like another person in every way. I feel as if life had truly begun anew for me.

"I can eat anything I like now in moderation, suffer no ill effects, be on my feet from morning until night. Whereas a year ago they had to send me away from home for rest while others cleaned house for me, this spring I have been able to do it myself all alone.

"My breakfast is simply Grape-Nuts with cream and a cup of Postum, with sometimes an egg and a piece of toast, but generally only Grape-Nuts and Postum. And I can work until noon and not feel as tired as one hour's work would have made me a year ago."

"There's a Reason."

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

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

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

## Wisdom from a Babe.

"What would you do, my boy," asked a professional vocalist proudly, "if you could sing like me?"

"Have some singing lessons!" replied the lad.

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The most important of all is the education of the will.—F. W. Farrar.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup. For children teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

How we enjoy meeting a man who has no tale of woe to tell!

It Cures While You Walk. Allen's Foot-Paste for corns and bunions, hot, sweaty, calloused feet. 25c all Druggists.

Back pay is usually slow about coming to the front.

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of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

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That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

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