

Much more time is wasted in assailing the reputation of successful men than would be required for the erection of memorials to perpetuate the memory of their good deeds.—Frank B. Welch, in The Sunday Magazine.

THE RETRACTION WAS WORSE.

Second Statement "Piled Up the Agony" on Rival Editor.

District Attorney Heney of San Francisco, a short time after his wounding, discussed with a reporter at his bedside one of his statements about the San Francisco hoodlums. "They expect me to retract that statement, do they?" he said, grimly. "Well, if I did retract it, my retraction would be like the Tombstone editor's. "He, you know, printed a story to the effect that a rival editor's father had served 37 years in jail. Pressure was brought to bear on him, and finally he agreed to retract that statement. In his retraction he said: "We find that we were mistaken when we said in last week's issue that the Clarion editor's papa had passed 37 summers in the penitentiary. All efforts of friends to have his sentence commuted to life imprisonment failed, and the old man, as a matter of fact, was hung."

AND THEY'VE GOV' IT!



"How do you like the new styles in neckwear, dear?" "A little ruff around the neck, love."

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.

Comparisons Necessary.

"We find repeatedly how imperfectly figures convey to the ordinary mind the magnitude of objects," says the Welt Spiegel, "and how much more readily they are comprehended by comparison." To substantiate the assertion a picture is produced of the cathedral at Cologne, which is 160 meters in height, and next to it is placed a picture of the Zeppelin airship, standing on end, reaching away beyond the middle of the highest section of the steeple, and to within 26 meters of the apex. The picture also shows the Triumphal column at Berlin, 61 meters in height, and next to it the airship Parsifal, 50 meters high, as it stands on end.

The Sneeze That Failed.

A little maid of three has been taught to say "Excuse me" when she sneezes. The other day her mother had her attention attracted by a queer gasping noise, and, looking up quickly, saw the face of the little maid wrinkled up in a very distressing way. "You didn't say it," said the mother. "I didn't do it," responded the little maid.

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FRANTZ H. WRAY, M. D.
306 Bee Building, OMAHA

SERIAL STORY

THE MAKER OF MOONS

By
ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

Illustrations by J. J. Sheridan

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SYNOPSIS.

The story opens in New York, Roy Cardenhe, the story-teller, inspecting a queer reptile owned by George Godfrey of Tiffany's. Roy, and Barrie and Pierpont, two friends, depart on a hunting trip to Cardinal Woods, a rather obscure locality. Barrie revealed the fact that he had joined the secret service for the purpose of running down a gang of gold makers. Prof. LaGrange, on discovering the gang's formula, had been mysteriously killed. Barrie received a telegram of instructions. He and Pierpont set out to locate the gold making gang. A valet reported seeing a queer Chinaman in the supposedly untenanted woods. Roy went hunting.

CHAPTER III.—Continued.

The dog sprang to the front, circled once, zigzagged through the ferns around us, and, in a moment, stiffened stock still, rigid as sculptured bronze. I stepped forward, raising my gun, two paces, three paces, ten perhaps, before a great cock-grouse blundered up from the brake and burst through the thicket fringe toward the deeper growth. There was a flash and puff from my gun, a crash of echoes among the low wooded cliffs, and through the faint veil of smoke something dark dropped from mid-air amid a cloud of feathers, brown as the brown leaves under foot.

CHAPTER IV.

Then, behind me, my dog growled. I sat quite still at first, hardly breathing, but my eyes were fixed on a shape that moved along the edge of the pool among the meadow grasses. The dog had ceased growling and was now staring, alert and trembling.

At last I rose and walked rapidly down to the pool, my dog following close to heel.

The figure, a woman's, turned slowly toward us.

She was standing still when I approached the pool. The forest around us was so silent when I spoke the sound of my own voice startled me.

"No," she said, and her voice was smooth as flowing water. "I have not

lost my way. Will he come to me, your beautiful dog?"

Before I could speak, Voyou crept to her and laid his silky head against her knees.

"But surely," said I, "you did not come here alone."

"Alone? I did come alone."

"But the nearest settlement is Cardinal, probably 19 miles from where we are standing."

"I do not know Cardinal," she said. "Ste. Croix in Canada is 40 miles least—how did you come into the Cardinal Woods?" I asked amazed.

"Into the woods?" she repeated a little impatiently.

"Yes."

She did not answer at first but stood caressing Voyou with gentle phrase and gesture.

"Your beautiful dog I am fond of, but I am not fond of being questioned," she said quietly. "My name is Ysande and I came to the fountain here to see your dog."

I was properly quenched. After a moment or two I did say that in another hour it would be growing dusky, but she neither replied nor looked at me.

"This," I ventured, "is a beautiful pool—you call it a fountain—a delicious fountain! I have never before seen it. It is hard to imagine that nature did all this."

"Is it?" she said.

"Don't you think so?" I asked.

"I haven't thought; I wish when you go you would leave me your dog."

"My—my dog?"

"If you don't mind," she said sweetly, and looked at me for the first time in the face.

For an instant our glances met, then she grew grave, and I saw that her eyes were fixed on my forehead. Suddenly she rose and drew nearer looking intently at my forehead. There was a faint mark there, a tiny crescent, just over my eyebrow. It was a birthmark.

"Is that a scar?" she demanded drawing nearer.

"That crescent-shaped mark? No." "No? Are you sure?" she insisted.

"Perfectly," I replied, astonished.

"A—A birthmark?"

"Yes—may I ask why?"

As she drew away from me, I saw that the color had fled from her cheeks. For a second she clasped both hands over her eyes as if to shut out my face, then slowly dropping her hands, she sat down on a long square block of stone which half encircled the basin, and on which to my amazement I saw carving. Voyou went to her again and laid his head in her lap.

"What is your name?" she asked at length.

"Roy Cardenhe."

"Mine is Ysande. I carved these dragon-flies on the stone, these fishes and shells and butterflies you see."

"You! They are wonderfully delicate—but those are not American dragon-flies."

"No—they are more beautiful. See, I have my hammer and chisel with me."

She drew from a queer pouch at her side a small hammer and chisel and held them toward me.

"You are very talented," I said; "where did you study?"

"I? I never studied—I know how. I saw things and cut them out of stone. Do you like them? Some time I will show you other things that I have done. If I had a great lump of bronze I could make your dog, beautiful as he is."

Her hammer fell into the fountain and I leaned over and plunged my arm into the water to find it.

"It is here, shining on the sand," she said, leaning over the pool with me.

"Where," said I, looking at our reflected faces in the water. For it was only in the water that I had dared, as yet, to look her long in the face.

The pool mirrored the exquisite oval of her head, the heavy hair, the eyes. I heard the silken rustle of her girdle. I caught the flash of a white arm, and the hammer was drawn up dripping with spray.

The troubled surface of the pool grew calm and again I saw her eyes reflected.

"Listen," she said in a low voice "do you think you will come again to my fountain?"

"I will come," I said. My voice was dull; the noise of water filled my ears.

Then a swift shadow sped across the pool; I rubbed my eyes. Where her reflected face had been beside mine there was nothing mirrored but the rosy evening sky with one pale star glimmering. I drew myself up and turned. She was gone. I saw the faint star twinkling above me in the after-glow. I saw the tall trees motionless in the still evening air. I saw my dog slumbering at my feet.

The sweet scent in the air had faded, leaving in my nostrils the heavy odor of fern and forest mold. A blind fear seized me, and I caught up my gun and sprang into the darkening woods. The dog followed me, crashing through the undergrowth at my side. Duller and duller grew the light, but I strode on, the sweat pouring from my face and hair, my mind a chaos. How I reached the spinnery I can hardly tell. As I turned up the path I caught a glimpse of a human face peering at me from the darkening thicket—a horrible human face, yellow and drawn with high-boned cheeks and narrow eyes.

Involuntarily I halted; the dog at my heels snarled. Then I sprang straight at it, floundering blindly through the thicket, but the night had fallen swiftly and I found myself panting and struggling in a maze of twisted shrubbery and twisting vines, unable to see the very undergrowth that ensnared me.

It was a pale face, and a scratched one that I carried to a late dinner that night. Howlett served me, dumb reproach in his eyes, for the soup had been standing and the grouse was juiceless.

David brought the dogs in after they had had their supper, and I drew my chair before the blaze and set my ale on a table beside me. The dogs curled up at my feet, blinking gravely at the sparks that snapped and flew in eddying showers from the heavy logs.

"David," said I, "did you say you saw a Chinaman to-day?"

"I did, sir."

"What do you think about it now?"

"I may have been mistaken, sir—"

"But you think not. What sort of whisky did you put in my flask to-day?"

"The usual, sir."

"Is there much gone?"

"About three swallows, sir, as usual."

"You don't suppose there could have been any mistake about that whisky—no medicine could have gotten into it, for instance?"

David smiled and said: "No, sir."

"Well," said I, "I have had an extraordinary dream."

When I said "dream," I felt comforted and reassured. I had scarcely dared to say it before, even to myself.

"An extraordinary dream," I repeated; "I fell asleep in the woods about five o'clock, in that pretty glade where the fountain—I mean the pool is. You know the place?"

"I do not, sir."

I described it minutely, twice, but David shook his head.

"Carved stone did you say, sir? I never chanced on it. You don't mean the New Spring—"

"No, no! This glade is way beyond that. Is it possible that any people inhabit the forest between here and the Canada line?"

"Nobody short of Ste. Croix; at least I have no knowledge of any."

"Of course," said I, "when I thought I saw a Chinaman, it was imagination. Of course I had been more impressed than I was aware of by your adventure. Of course you saw no Chinaman, David."

"Probably not, sir," replied David dubiously.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Birthplace of Vegetables.
Turnips and radishes came originally from central Europe. The beet root and the beet, which have been greatly improved by cultivation, are considered as the same species by botanists. The beet, only the stalk of which is eaten, grows wild in the Mediterranean, Persia and Babylonia.

TRAMP JOKE IN GERMANY.



Mr. Sport—Here is a little something for you—drink a glass of beer to my health.

Tramp—Light or dark?—Fliegende Blaetter.

A Needed Change.
The navy department recently received from the commander-in-chief of the fleet an official communication relative to certain changes recommended by him to be made in the uniform shirt of the enlisted men. In accordance with custom this letter was forwarded to various officials for comment or expression of opinion, the remarks of each officer being appended on an indorsement slip. Each indorsement introduces the subject matter of the letter in a brief, and one of them thus tersely explained the contents: "Commander-in-chief desires to change shirt."—Lippincott's.

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A Fatal Breath.
Brookton (with statistical bent)—Do you know, old man, I've just been reading up a lot of statistics on present-day mortality, and I have learned some remarkable things. Why, every time I breathe a man dies!

Brookton (comprehendingly)—By the great autumfumes! Then why in the name of the census don't you chew cloves?

Prof. Munyon says: Curo a cold and you prevent Consumption. His opinion is now shared by the leading physicians of the country, and the wonderful cures that are being made by Munyon's Cold Remedy have attracted the attention of the whole medical fraternity. These little sugar pellets break up a cold in a few hours, and almost universally prevent Bronchitis and Pneumonia.

Could Only Guess.
"How many ribs have you, Johnny?" asked the teacher of physiology.

"I don't know, ma'am," giggled Johnny, squirting around on one foot. "I'm so awful ticklish I never could count 'em."

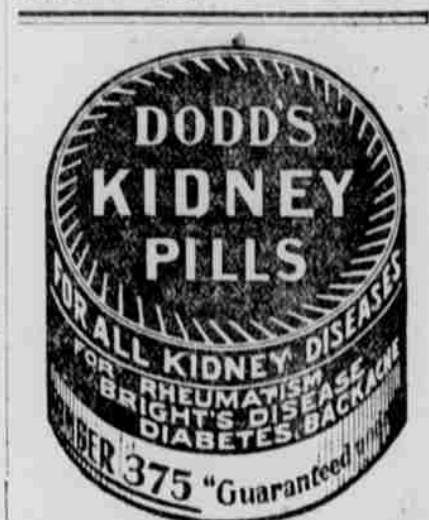
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The ginger grown in Jamaica commands more than double the price of any other. Under favorable conditions an acre will produce as much as 4,000 pounds. During the last fiscal year about 1,400,000 pounds was exported from that island.



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Another 60,000 settlers from the United States. New districts opened for settlement. 320 acres offered to each settler.—160 free homestead and 160 at \$3.00 per acre.

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