

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 GO' 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.

Omaha Directory

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1517 Douglas St., OMAHA, NEB.
Reliable Dentistry at Moderate Prices.

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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 Trade-Mark 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 a bank and pay when satisfied. No other doctor will do this. When taking my treatment patients must come to my office. References: D. S. Hart Bank, Omaha. Write or call.
FRANTZ H. WRAY, M. D.
306 Bee Building, OMAHA

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 Cardenhe, the story-teller, inspecting a queer little house owned by George Godfrey of Tiffan'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. Prof. LaGrange, 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 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.

"Fetch!"

Up from the ground sprang Voyou, and in a moment he came galloping back, neck arched, tail stiff but waving, holding tenderly in his pink mouth a mass of mottled bronzed feathers. Very gravely he laid the bird at my feet and crouched close beside it, his silky ears across his paws, his muzzle on the ground.

I dropped the grouse into my pocket, held for a moment a silent caressing communion with Voyou, then swung my gun under my arm and motioned the dog on.

It must have been five o'clock when I walked into a little opening in the woods and sat down to breathe. Voyou came and sat down in front of me.

"Well?" I inquired.

Voyou gravely presented one paw which I took.

"We will never get back in time for dinner," said I, "so we might as well take it easy. It's all your fault, you know. Is there a brier in your foot? Let's see—there! It's out, my friend, and you are free to nose about and lick it. If you loll your tongue out you'll get it all over twigs and moss. Can't you lie down and try to pant less? No, there is no use in sniffing and looking at that fern patch, for we are going to smoke a little, doze a little, and go home by moonlight. Think of Howlett's despair when we are not in time! Think of all the stories you will have to tell to Gamin and Micoche! Think what a good dog you have been! There—you are tired, old chap; take 40 winks with me."

Voyou was a little tired. He stretched out on the leaves at my feet, but whether or not he really slept I could not be certain, until his hind legs twitched and I knew he was dreaming of mighty deeds.

Now I may have taken 40 winks, but the sun seemed to be no lower when I sat up and unclosed my lids. Voyou

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—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.

granite. It scarcely seemed possible that the symmetry of tree and lawn and lucent pool could have been one of nature's accidents. I had never before seen this glade nor had I ever heard it spoken of by either Pierpont or Barris. It was a marvel, this diamond clear basin, regular and graceful as a Roman fountain, set in the gem of turf. And these great trees—they also belonged, not in America but in some legend-haunted forest of France, where moss-grown marbles stand neglected in dim glades, and the twilight of the forest shelters fairies and slender shapes from shadow-land.

I lay and watched the sunlight showing the tangled thicket where masses of crimson cardinal-flowers glowed, or where one long dusty sunbeam tipped the edge of the floating leaves in the pool, turning them to palest gilt. There were birds, too, passing through the dim avenues of trees like jets of flame—the gorgeous cardinal-bird that gave to the woods, to the village 15 miles away, to the whole county, the name of Cardinal.

I rolled over on my back and looked up at the sky. How pale—paler than a robin's egg—it was. I seemed to be lying at the bottom of a well, walled with verdure, high towering on every side. And as I lay, all about me the air became sweet scented. Sweeter and sweeter and more penetrating grew the perfume, and I wondered what stray breeze, blowing over acres of lilies, could have brought it. But there was no breeze; the air was still. A gilded fly alighted on my hand—a honey-fly. It was as troubled as I by the scented silence.

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?"

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"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 never studied—I knew 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.

How's This?
We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure.

F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.
We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by him.

WALLACE, KENNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O.
Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75 cents per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

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: Cure 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."

Smokers have to call for Lewis' Single Binder cigar to get it. Your dealer or Lewis' Factory, Peoria, Ill.

Less than a pint of whisky may make a peck of trouble.

For Sprains

Sloan's Liniment is the best remedy for sprains and bruises.

It quiets the pain at once, and can be applied to the tenderest part without hurting because it doesn't need to be rubbed—all you have to do is to lay it on lightly. It is a powerful preparation and penetrates instantly—relieves any inflammation and congestion, and reduces the swelling.

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MIX FOR COLDS

To one-half pint good whisky, add one ounce syrup sarsaparilla and one ounce Toris compound, which can be procured of any druggist. Take in teaspoonful doses before each meal and before retiring. This relieves in 24 hours, and cures any cold that is curable.

Jamaica Ginger Output.
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.

DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
OR RHEUMATISM, BRUISES, BRIGHT'S DISEASE, DIABETES, BACKACHE
BOTTLE 375 "Guaranteed"

Western Canada
MORE BIG CROPS IN 1908
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.

A vast rich country and a contented prosperous people.—Extract from correspondence of a National Editor, who visited Western Canada, in August, 1905, and an illustration.

Many have paid the entire cost of their farms and had a balance of from \$10.00 to \$20.00 per acre as a result of one crop.

Spring wheat, winter wheat, oats, barley, flax and peas are the principal crops, while the wild grasses bring to perfection the best cattle that have ever been sold on the Chicago market.

Splendid climate, schools and churches in all localities. Railways touch most of the settled districts, and prices for produce are always good. Lands may also be purchased from railway and land companies.

For pamphlets, maps and information regarding low railway rates, apply to Superintendent of Immigration, Ottawa, Canada, or the authorized