

CORDELIA THE MAGNIFICENT

By LEROY SCOTT.

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(Continued from Saturday.)
"And now to our little business," said Mitchell, in his most pleasant tone. "But, Miss Norworth, before we go into the real matter that has brought us here, there is a small affair I wish to clear up. Gladys, suddenly pale, looked swiftly across at her step-sister. The questions I desire to put to you, Miss Norworth," Mitchell assumed, "all relate to Miss Marlowe."

"Was Mr. Franklin employed as your attorney six months ago or was he not?"
"He was not," Gladys admitted.
"Mr. Franklin, to prove his statement that he had been your attorney all the while, produced a letter undeniably written by you, dated about the middle of May. Did you write it?"
"I wrote it much later," Mitchell said.
"Mr. Franklin also referred to an alleged contract for his services, also signed by you about the middle of May. Did you sign this contract at this date, or sign it much later?"
"I signed it much later," Gladys said.
"All the statements you made against Miss Marlowe on that day—"

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of your present statements into an affidavit, I'll dictate the affidavit to Miss Marlowe."
"Yes," Gladys said.
"And you know of nothing what ever against Miss Marlowe, which you can prove that is to her discredit?"
"No."
"Cleared at Last."
"That will be all, Miss Norworth. And now, while the matter is fresh in mind, we will just put the substance of your present statements into an affidavit, I'll dictate the affidavit to Miss Marlowe."
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properly used," he remarked, "will remove every slur from your name, except the one cast on it by Mr. Plimpton. And properly used—and I shall see that it is properly used, and shall see that Miss Norworth supplements it if necessary with testimony on the witness stand—properly used, I rather believe it will make Mr. Franklin a somewhat unhappy gentleman."
"One fact that Mr. Plimpton should know," went on Mitchell, "is that Miss Norworth is the real mother of Frank's."

Burgess Bedtime Stories

By THORNTON W. BURGESS.

The wise that plans will not confess did let their neighbors vainly guess. —Old Mother Nature.

Mr. and Mrs. Quack Linger.

Peter Rabbit was beginning to wonder. Yes, sir, he was beginning to wonder. Mr. and Mrs. Quack, the Mallard Ducks, had regained their full strength. Peter was sure that now they were strong enough to continue on their way to their home in the Far North. Each day he expected to hear them say goodbye. But each day he was happily disappointed.

Honker the Goose had spent a night in the pond of Paddy the Beaver in the Green Forest, and early the next morning had started for the Far North. Other ducks had remained and then gone on. But Mr. and Mrs. Quack still lingered. And still Farmer Brown's Boy brought corn and fed them every day. They had become fast friends, had Farmer Brown's Boy and Mr. and Mrs. Quack.

The days grew longer and the weather grew warmer. Each day brought new arrivals from the Sunny South, and always the new arrivals seemed surprised to find Mr. and Mrs. Quack there. Some of these new arrivals remained to make their homes on the Green Meadows and in the Old Orchard and in the Green Forest. Others stayed only a few days, and then hurried on further north. Mr. and Mrs. Quack talked a great deal about starting, but they didn't start.

Two or three times Peter saw them take to their stout wings and disappear. And each time he had a feeling of disappointment, for they hadn't said goodbye. But each time on his next visit to the mouth of the Laughing Brook where it enters the Big River he found Mr. and Mrs. Quack back there. Peter wasn't the only one who was doing a little wondering. Farmer Brown's Boy was wondering also. He, too, knew that it was high time for Mr. and Mrs. Quack to be on their way north. He had had so much pleasure in watching them and getting acquainted with them that he had dreaded the coming of the day when they should leave. But as they lingered, and lingered, he began to wonder and he began to hope. Could it be that they had given up all thought of going to the Far North, and that they would make their home here? Could it be?

But Mr. and Mrs. Quack said nothing about their plans to any one. They simply continued to linger and seemed very well satisfied. No longer did flocks of Ducks pass over on their way to the Far North. The last of them had hurried on. Peter Rabbit had fully expected to see Mr. and Mrs. Quack join them, but Mr. and Mrs. Quack had paid no attention to them. It was all very puzzling.

It was after the going of this last flock that Peter saw less and less of Mr. and Mrs. Quack. The only times when he was sure of finding them were very early in the morning or just as the Black Shadows came creeping out from the Purple Hills. Then they came to stuff their crops with the corn that Farmer Brown's Boy never failed to have there for them. But as soon as they had eaten they flew away, much to Peter's disappointment. Of course, Peter wanted to gossip, but Mrs. Quack wouldn't gossip. While she was eating she was too busy, and the moment she was through she flew away.

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The next story: "Peter Makes a Good Guess."

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THE NEBBS

ALL WATERED UP.

Directed for The Omaha Bee by Sol Hess



Barney Google and Spark Plug THIS IS NO APRIL FOOL JOKE TO SPARKY.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Billy DeBeck



BRINGING UP FATHER

Registered U. S. Patent Office

SEE JIGGS AND MAGGIE IN FULL PAGE OF COLORS IN THE SUNDAY BEE

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by McManus



JERRY ON THE JOB

VENGEANCE IS HIS.

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hoban



The Terrible Dream of a Terrible Slice

ABIE THE AGENT

Drawn for The Omaha Bee by Hershfield



South Dakota Demands Choose McAdoo Delegation

Sioux Falls, S. D., March 31.—Latest unofficial returns from 60 of South Dakota's 66 counties show the McAdoo group of delegates received 4,328 votes to 1,504 for the unattached group, the principal opposition to the candidacy of William G. McAdoo on the democratic ticket in last Tuesday's statewide primary in South Dakota. The figures were given out by democratic state headquarters.

Two Taken in Rum Raids at Duncan and Platte Center

Columbus, Neb., March 31.—Henry Mick of Duncan, paid \$809 in county court because State Deputy Sheriffs Cal Broady and Lyman Cromwell found a warm still and some freshly made corn juice in a shed on his lot. Joe Zymba, Platte Center, is in county jail on a similar charge. The two men, a still, two gallons of liquor, pieces of broken bottles and some of the contents of the latter mopped up with a rag constituted the haul made by the two state officers in a raid at Duncan and Platte Center.

Settlement of Scheidell Estate Delayed 15 Years

Columbus, March 31.—Nearly 25 years after the death of Mrs. Catherine Scheidell, a son, Henry, has petitioned the courts here to enter a decree giving the heirs legal title to the estate.

Traced by Sweater Thread.

Columbus, Neb., March 31.—Picking up an unraveled thread from a sweater that had caught in a window, police traced and arrested Jack O'Connell, who had charged with stealing candles and tobacco from a filling station and cashing worthless checks.