The pinnacle of fame-but would it be comfortable? Success too often digs the grave

of genius. The three Fates are devotion, divorce and death. Wisdom sits in the market place

and weeps because she's such an everlasting bore nobody wants her even to chaperon a Sunday-school picnic. At least Eve had the satisfaction of knowing that she was the only girl in the world.

# POINTED PARAGRAPHS.

A misfit truth is the worst of all lies. The average woman is a good actress off the stage. A good neighbor is as great a bless-

ing as a bad one isin't. Warm language is sometimes used

in demonstrating cold facts. The poorer a man is the less like-

ly he is to be called a grafter. For every patient that swears by a doctor at least a dozen swear at him. Occasionally a couple marry and live happily ever after they are divorced.

## A CLEVER WOMAN.

A writer gives the following definition of a clever weman:

A clever woman is one who always makes the best of ang situation. A clever woman is one who looks weel after the ways of her own household.

A clever woman is one who undertakes nothing that she not understand

A clever woman is one who is mistress of tact and knows how to make the social wheels run smoothly and well.

A clever woman is one who makes the other woman think herself the A clever woman is one whose abil-

ity is never unpleasantly felt by the rest of the world. A clever woman is one who acts like hot water on tea-she brings the

sweetness and strength out of every body else. A clever weman is one who acknowledgeh her neighbors' right to live, who doesn't believe that she alone

# is the motive power of the world. . BY THE WAY.

It is lucky to do right. Justice doesn't drop stitches in her knitting.

We must learn to think to learn what we think. If we have reason for an act we don't need an excuse.

# WITH THE SAGES.

Nothing can atone for want of truth. -Ruskin .

Goodness thinks no ill where no ill seems.—Milton The best workman is he who loves his work .- T. T. Lynch.

There is nothing little to the really great in spirit.-Dickens. Habit, if not resisted, soon becomes necessity.—St. Augustine.

Never trouble another for what you can do yourself .- Jefferson. Greatness and goodness are

means, but ends.-Coleridge. It is one thing to see your road; another to cut ft.-George Eliot. Labor rids us of three great evils:

poverty, vice and enui.-Voltaire. A man must stand erect, not be kept erect by others.-Marcus Aurelius. The reward of one duty is the pow-

er to fulfill another.—George Eliot. The most important of all is the education of the will.—F. W. Farrar. Habit has more force in forming our characters than opinions have.-R.

We hand folks over to God's mercy and show none ourselves.-George

Each man has his special duty to perform, his special work to do.-

Starch, like everything else, is being constantly improved, the patent Starches put on the market 25 years ago are very different and inferior to those of the present day. In the latest discovery—Defiance Starch—all injurious chemicals are omitted, while the addition of another ingredient, invented by us, gives to the Starch a strength and smoothness never approached by other brands.

The Comparison. Towne-Yes, my wife is able to dress on comparatively little money. Browne-Oh, come now! Compara-

tively little? Towne-I mean a little compared with what she thinks she ought to have.-Philadelphia Press.

# **Omaha Directory**



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### SYNOPSIS.

Giles Dudley arrived in San Francisco to join his friend and distant relative Henry Wilton, whom he was to assist in an important and mysterious task, and who accompanied Dudley on the ferry boat trip into the city. The remarkable resemblance of the two men is noted and commented on by passengers on the ferry. They see a man with gers on the ferry. They see a man with snake eyes, which sends a thrill through Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to per-Dudley. Wilton postpones an explanation of the strange errand Dudley is to perform, but occurrences cause him to know it is one of no ordinary meaning. Wilton leaves Glies in their room, with instruction to await his return. Hardly has he gone than Glies is startled by a cry of "Help." Dudley is summoned to the morgue and there finds the dead body of his friend, Henry Wilton. And thus Wilton dies without ever explaining to Dudley the puzzling work he was to perform in San Francisco. In order to discover the secret mission his friend had entrusted to him, Dudley continues his disguise and permits himself to be known as Henry Wilton. Dudley, mistaken for Wilton, is employed by Knapp to assist in a stock brokerage deal. Glies Dudley finds himself closeted in a room with Mother Borton who makes a confidant of him. He can learn nothing about the mysterious boy further than that it is Tim Terrill and Darby Meeker who are after him. He is told that "Dicky" Nahl is a traitor, playing both hands in the game. Giles finds himself locked in a room. Dudley gets his first knowledge of Decker, who is Knapp's enemy on the Board. Dudley visits the home of Knapp and is stricken by the beauty of Luella, his daughter. He learns the note was forgery. He is provided with four guards, Brown, Barkhouse, Fitzhugh and Porter. He learns there is to be no trouble about money as all expenses will be paid, the hire of the guards being paid by one "Richmond." The body of Henry Wilton is committed to the vault. Dudley responds to a note and visits Mother Bor-

n in company with Policeman CHAPTER XIV.-Continued. The four men within the room saluted me gravely and with Mother Borton's direction in mind I had no hesitation in calling each by his name. I was pleased to see that they were robust, vigorous fellows, and soon made my dispositions. Brown and Barkhouse were to attend me during daylight and Fitzhugh and Porter were to guard together at night. And, so much settled, I hastened to the office.

is committed to the vault. Dudley re-sponds to a note and visits Mother Bor-

No sign of Doddridge Knapp dis turbed the morning, and at the noon hour I returned to the room in the house of mystery that was still my only fixed abode.

All was apparently as I had left it except that a letter lay on the table. "I must get a new lock," was my comment, as I broke the seal. "This place is getting too public when every messenger has a key." I was certain that I had locked the door when Corson and I had come out on the evening before.

The letter was from my unknown employer, and read: "Richmond has paid the men. Be ready for a move at any moment.

Leave your address if you sleep elsewhere." And now came three or four days of rest and quiet after the merry life I

had been leading since my arrival in San Francisco. In the interval I improved my time

by getting better acquainted with the city. Emboldened by my body-guard. I slept for two nights in Henry's room. and with one to watch outside the door, one lying on a mattress just inside, and a new lock and bolt, I was free from disturbance. Just as I had formed a wild idea of

looking up Doddridge Knapp in his home, I came to the office in the morning to find the door into Room 16 wide open and the farther door ajar. "Come in. Wilton," said the voice

of the King of the Street; and I entered his room to find him busied over his papers, as though nothing had occurred since I had last met him. "The market has had something of

a vacation." I ventured, as he failed to "I have been out of town," he said shortly. "What have you done?"

"Nothing." He gave a grunt of assent. "You didn't expect me to buy up the market, did you?"

The yellow-gray mustache went up, and the wolf-fangs gleamed from be "I reckon it wouldn't have been a

very profitable speculation," he replied. Then he leaned back in his chair and looked meditatively at the wall. "Have you heard anything more of Decker?" he asked.

"I've heard enough to satisfy me that he's the man who got the Omega stock." "What other deal is he in?" asked

the King of the Street. "I don't know."

The King of the Street smiled indul-"Well, you've got something to learn

vet. I'll give you till next week to find the answer to that question." I was convinced from his air that he had information on both these points himself, and was merely trying my knowledge.

"I .l not be back before next Wedneslay," he concluded. "Going away again?" I asked in sur-

Board in town. No orders till then Darby Meeker's discomfiture. unless I telegraph you. That's all."

The King of the Street seemed seent of plans, and it did not occur to Meeker." me to distrust him while I was in his fice, with the locked door between, I get back?" began to doubt, and tried to find some hidden meaning in each word and

CHAPTER XV.

I Am in the Toils. "Welcome once more, Mr. Wilton," said Mrs. Doddridge Knapp, holding out her hand. "Were you going to neglect us again?"

"Not at all, madam," said I with un- sorbed interest.

blushing mendacity. "I am always at your command."

Knapp or Luella wished to see me. But as all three appeared to be con-

cerned in it I pocketed pride and resentment, and made my bow with some nervous quavers at the Pine Street palace.

As I was speaking I cast my eyes furtively about the room. Mrs. Knapp interpreted my glance.

"She will be in presently." There was to my ear a trace of mocking laughter in her voice as she spoke, but her face betokened only a courteous interest.

er she meant Luella or Mrs. Bowser. "You got the note?" she asked. "It was a great pleasure." "Mrs. Bowser wished so much to

tle confusion. I wished I knew wheth-

see you again. She has been singing your praises-you were such an agreeable young man." I cursed Mrs. Bowser in my heart.

place." And then I went on to give a away as she came. carefully amended account of my first | "You honor our poor house once soon extorted from me a fairly full ed us." account of my doings.

"It is dreadful for you to expose yourself to such dangers."

I was privately of her opinion. "A man may be killed any day by a an always your humble knight." brick falling from a building, or by crossing."

"But is dreadful to court death so. Yet," she mused, "if I were a man I could envy you your work. There is I had received a letter from Mrs. romance and life in it, as well as Bowser setting forth that I was wanted danger. You are doing in the nineat the house of Doddridge Knapp, and teenth century and in the midst of her prolixity was such that I was un- civilization what your forefathers may at that," she said. There was malice able to determine whether she or Mrs. have done in the days of chivalry." "It is a fine life," I said dryly. "But

> it has its drawbacks." "But while you live no one can harm the child," she said. There was inquiry in her tone, I thought.

I suppressed a start of surprise. 1 had avoided mention of the boy. Henry had trusted Mrs. Knapp further than I had dreamed.

"He shall never be given up by me." replied with conviction. "That is spoken like a true, brave

man," said Mrs. Knapp with an admiring look. "Thank you," I said modestly. "Thanks-I hope so," I said in a lit-

"Another life than yours depends on your skill and courage. That must give you strength," she said softly. "It does indeed," I replied. I was thinking of Doddridge Knapp's life.

"But here come Luella and Mrs. Bowser," said Mrs. Knapp. "I see I shall lose your company." My heart gave a great bound, and

"I believe there was some arrange. I turned to see the queenly grace of

"Well, he laid a trap for me at Bor- fore I could analyze the magnetic ton's, put Terrill in as advance guard thrill that came from it, it was gone. and raised blue murder about the A flush passed over her face and died

night's row at Borton's, and with an more?" she said, dropping a mock occasional question Mrs. Knapp had courtesy. "I thought you had desert-

"Not I," said I stoutly, holding out my hand. I saw there was a little play to be carried on for the benefit of Mrs. Knapp. For some reason she had not "Oh, that's nothing," said I airily, confided in her mother. "Not I. I

I saw that Mrs. Knapp was looking slipping on an orange peel on the at us curiously, and pressed my advantage. Luella took my hand unwillingly. I was ready to dare a good deal for the clasp of her fingers, but I scarcely felt the thrill of their touch before she had snatched them away.

"There's nothing but pretty speeches to be had from you—and quotations under the seeming innocence of a pretended pout.

"There's nothing that could be so becoming in the circumstances." "Except common sense," frowned

Luella. "The most uncommon of qualities, my dear," laughed Mrs. Knapp. "Sit down, children. I must see to Mr. Carter, who is lost by the portiere and will never be discovered unless I rescue him."

"Take him to dear Aunt Julia," said Luella as her mother left us. "Dear Aunt Julia," I inferred, was

Mrs Rowser Luella took a seat and I followed her example. Then, with chin in hand and albow on the arm of her chair. the young woman looked at me calmly and thoughtfully.

"Well," said Luella at last, in a cutting voice, "why don't you talk?" "It's your lead," said I gloomily. "You took the last trick."

At this reference to our meeting, Luella looked surprised. Then she gave a little rippling laugh. "Really," she said, "I believe I shall

begin to like you, yet." "That's very kind of you; but turn about is fair play." "You mustn't do that." said she se-

verely, "or I shan't." "I meant it," said I defiantly. "Then you ought to know better than to say it," she retorted.

"I'm in need of lessons, I fear." "How delightful of you to confess t! Then shall I tell you what to do?" This was very charming. I hastened

o say: "Do, by all means."

The young woman sank back in her chair, clasped her hands in her lap as her mother had done, and glanced hastily about. Then in a low voice she said:

It was an electric shock she gave me, not more by the words than by

I struggled for a moment before I regained my mental balance. "Don't you think we could get on safer ground?" I suggested.

"No," said Luella. "There isn't any safe ground for us otherwise." The sudden heart-sickness at the remainder of my mission with which these words overwhelmed me, tied my tongue and mastered my spirits. It was this girl's father that I was pursuing. Oh, why was this burden laid upon me? Why was I to be torn on the rack between inclination and

duty? Luella watched my face narrowly through the conflict in my mind, and I felt as though her spirit struggled with mine to win me to the course of open, honest dealing. But it was impossible. She must be the last of all

to know. Her eyes sank as though she knew which had won the victory, and a proud, scornful look took the place of the grave good humor that had been there a moment before. Then, on a sudden, she began to speak of the theaters, rides, drives and what-not of the pleasures of the day. Suddenly | They regulate the Bowels. Purely Vegetable she stopped with a weary look.

"There's Aunt Julia waiting for you," she said with a gleam of malicious pleasure. "Come along. I deliver you over a prisoner of war." "Wait a minute," I pleaded.

"No," she said, imperiously motioning me. "Come along." And with a sigh I was given, a helpless, but silently protesting, captive, to the mercies of Mrs. Bowser.

That eloquent lady received me with flutter of feathers, if I may borrow the expression, to indicate her pleasure. (TO BE CONTINUED.)



"DEALLY SHE SAID. "I BELIEVE I SHALL BEGIN TOLIKE YOU."

the sights of Chinatown. Mrs. Bowser in the train of Mrs. Bowser.

was quite worried for fear you had

bit of information I found that I had

"Oh," said I, with an attempt to con-

ceal my disappointment, "the matter

happy to attend Mrs. Bowser, or to see

We had been walking about the

room during this conversation, and at

this point had come to an alcove,

where Mrs. Knapp motioned me to a

"I may not get a chance to talk with

you alone again this evening," she con-

tinued, dropping her half-bantering

tone, "and you come so little now

"Yes., but how?" she persisted, "You

used to tell me everything. Now you

"I should tell you anything of my

"Oh, yes," I said, with a laugh that

"Yes, he got back bolling with

men. I didn't see him myself, or you

might have found the rest of it in the

"Mr. Knapp's work-" I began.

"Keeping out of mischief."

as he, even when he's away."

own, but of course, another's-

What are you doing?"

tell me nothing."

amount of truth.

newspaper."

that she has a proper escort."

pedition.

forgotten it, so I gave her your ad-

ment between you about a trip to see | Luella Knapp as she entered the room

dress and told her to write you a her? surely those dark hollows under

I had not been conscious of expect- sleep were not there when her bright-

been building air-castles which had fancied she gave a low, musical laugh

been invisible till they came tumbling as she spoke, yet the glance showed

about my ears. I could not look for me that her face was calm and seri-

Miss Knapp's company on such an ex- ous. "Luella, here is some one you

will like to see."

ing anything from my visit, but at this ness had chained my admiration.

Amos Budd's Little Contribution to the Church.

Was it fancy, or had she grown

paler and thinner since I had last seen

her eyes that told of worry and lost

"Luella!" called Mrs. Knapp.

Luella Knapp turned and advanced.

What was the look that lighted up her

Stories have been told of buttons, tacks and various extraneous substances found in contribution boxes. "Oh, of course, I don't expect you but it is seldom that a church-memto tell me about that. I know Mr. ber strikes a blow so severe as was in the year 1841. That year there Knapp, and you're as close-mouthed that delivered by Ames Budd of Por- was a plague of wasps and many perterville on one occas on. It was at sons throughout the country succumbthe close of a missionary sermon that ed to the poisonous stings. The lit-Mr. Budd, whose won: was to contrib. | the hamlet holds the record for its "I understand." Mrs. Knapp, sitting ute ten cents to each of the charities number of victims, and in memory of with hands clapsed in her lap, gave to the support of which the church the occurrence a memorial tablet was "I'm off to Virginia City," he re- me a quick look. "But there was subscribed, was seen to take take a erected on the moor there. Now each plied after considering for a little. something else. You were telling me blue slip from his pocket and look at year there is a procession. Most of I'm not sure about Omega, after all— about your adventures, you remember. it keenly and affectionately. When, the inhabitants turn out, carrying inand there's another one I want to look You told me two or three weeks ago After a slight but evident hesitation sect powder and other devices for kiliinto. You needn't mention my going. about the way you tricked Darby he dropped the slip, carefully folded, ing wasps, and march to the memorial by mall at cut prices. Send for free cotalogue, into. You needn't mention my going. about the way you tricked Daily he dropped the slip, carefully tolded, When I come back we'll have a cambel Meeker and sent him to "Serria City." into the box, Deacon Lane, who was by the minister of the parish. When passing it, could hardly refrain from by the minister of the parish. When an exclamation of joy. "The Lord will the service is over a general crusade bless you, Brother Budd," he said, is made in search of wasps' nests, sounded distressingly hollow to my when the sermon was over, hurrying which are immediately destroyed. straightforward enough in his state- ears. "That was a capital joke on down the aisle to overtake the pros- Some carry guns, some rags saturated perous grocer. "I hope so," returned in turpentine, while others carry par-"How did it turn out?" asked Mrs. Mr. Budd, dryly, "but I'm afraid you affin, which is poured into the nest presence. Yet, once more in my of Knapp with lively interest. "Did he callate on that being a check that I and a match applied. The anniversary dropped in the box. It wa'n't. 'Twas is considered the most important event I decided premptly on a judicious a receipted bill for kercsene the of the year. church owed me last year, and it had been overlooked. Of course it's jest wrath and loaded to the guards with the same as money, though, when you threats—that is, I heard so from my come to that."—Youth's Companion.

"So your daughter is going to marry fellow that I don't like along with it." | mains."-Kansas City Times.

GREAT SLAUGHTER OF WASPS. Curious Custom That Prevails in Westmoreland, England.

A strange custom is observed yearly in the small hamlet of Week, in Westmoreland. England, in commemoration of an incident that happened

Plenty of Work.

The patron who was reaching the brotherly stage leaned over the bar. "Mike." he asked, "what will all you fellows do when local option strikes a title," said the old acquaintance. you?" "Oh, there'll be plenty of "What did he do? Tell me about it." "No," answered Mr. Cumrox; "it's work," responded Mike, cheerfully, Mrs. Knapp gave every evidence of ab- worse than that. She's get to take a "digging ditches to extend the water



Billy Block-A Teddy bear! And here I've went and shot me last st at a canary bird! Drat the luck!

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 Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. 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.

Just Suppose. "Just suppose," said Brother Diekey, "heaven wuz one big watermelon patch, an' it wus de Fo'th er July de

year roun!" "Go long, man," said Brother Williams, "you almos' makes me want ter go dar!"-Atlanta Constitution.

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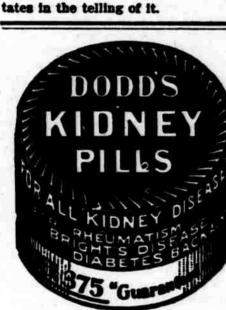
You can't flatter an honest man by telling him that he is honest.

Mrs. Winelow's Soothing Syrup. didren teething, softens the gurus, reduces ation, allays pain, cures wind colls. 25c a bo

A man isn't necessarily a wood saw-

yer because he says nothing.

It isn't a secret if a woman hes



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framicted with Thompson's Eye Water W. N. U. OMAHA, NO. 32, 1908.



This woman says she was saved from an operation by Lydia E. Lena V. Henry, of Norristown, Ga. writes to Mrs. Pinkham:

"I suffered untold misery from fe-

male troubles. My doctor said an operation was the only chance I had, and I dreaded it almost as much as death. "One day I read how other wome had been cured by Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound, and I decided to try it. Before I had taken the first bottle I was better, and now I am en-

tirely cured.

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Mrs. Pinkham invites all sick women to write her for advice. She has guided thousands to health. Address, Lynn, Mass.



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