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BE A GOOD FORGETTER

Life is too short to remember the things that would prevent one's doing one's best.

"Forgetting the things that are behind I press forward," said a brave old man of the First Century.

Usually old men live largely in the past, but this old man lived in the future.

He was a good forgetter.

Many of us fail because we do not forget. We remember our failures and they hamper us. We remember our victories and they make us vain. We remember our enemies and fritter away valuable time trying to get even with them. But—

The successful man forgets.

He knows the past is irrevocable. He lets the dead past bury its dead. He is in too much of a hurry to attend the funeral of his hopes. He is running a race. He cannot afford to look behind. His eye is on the winning post.

The magnanimous man forgets.

He is too big to let little things disturb him. He forgives quickly and forgets easily. If anyone does him a wrong he "considers the source" and keeps sweet. It is only your small man who cherishes a low revenge. Or an Indian. The Indian never forgets and because he never forgets he is forever wanting to pay somebody back he never gets on.

Be a good forgetter.

Bigness dictates it, and—

Success demands it.

WAR AND PRICES

Flour is selling over a dollar a barrel more than it did last fall, the increased price being caused by the war in the far east.

The farmers are benefited?

They would be if they had large lots of wheat to sell. Most of the cereal, however, is now in the hands of the speculators who will receive the profit.

Under the stimulus of extra demands the price of meats is likely to advance. Such an advance would inure to the benefit of the stock raisers and the packers. Especially the latter.

When the war was begun between Japan and Russia there were those who secretly rejoiced. They believed this country would be greatly benefited. And so it will be in a general way. But—

The consumer, especially the wage earner, the salaried man and the man with a fixed income will view with alarm a further increase in the price of the necessaries of life.

And not only the American consumer but the world consumer will be called upon to pay the bill.

In the near view and viewed provincially war may be esteemed a temporary benefit to a given locality but in the long run a loss to the world in one place is a loss to all the world.

Make the best of it you can, it is true, that—

War is waste.

War is loss.

LITTLE STORIES FROM MANYWHERE

THOMAS HILLSTEAD, a corporal in the Ninety-third coast artillery, fell from a ganplank at Astoria, Saturday, and was instantly killed. The body was buried from the fort with military honors.

PUYALLUP HAS SECURED a cheaper freight rate on logs, and is now on a competing basis with Tacoma in the milling business.

OFFICIALS OF THE Pacific Coast Steamship Company state that the matter of establishing a steamship service between Seattle and Alaska points is now under consideration and that the result will be announced within a few weeks.

The WHATCOM COUNTY booth for the St. Louis exposition is now completed. It will be on exhibition next week. It is of ornamental design, the bases being of Chuckanut stone.

KENNEWICK CITIZENS are getting out trees all along the streets and beautifying the city by putting in gardens.

RICHARD DAVIS, alias "Bragden," has been convicted at Davenport of obtaining money under false pretenses, in having sold a farmer a $50 oil painting which was never delivered.

FOURTEEN CARS of canned salmon were shipped last week from Bellingham for eastern points.

WHILE ITS PARENTS were absent, Saturday, a 2-year-old child was burned to death in some unknown manner at Kennewick. The family's name is Lewellin.

ANOTHER PARTY of homeseekers have arrived in Kennewick to settle in the valley.

ROBBERS BLEW UP two safes at North Yakima, Saturday, using glycerine, and wrapping the safes with gunny-sacks to smother the sound of the explosion. They secured $100 from the Northwestern Improvement Company.

JOHN GINGLE, a highwayman and horsethief, was killed while resisting arrest at Spokane yesterday morning. He barricaded himself in a cabin and opened fire off the officers, who shot him, three bullets penetrating his body.

THE WATER WILL be turned on in the Kennewick canal April 1, the repairs beig about completed.

THE STATE HORTICULTURIST, A. Van Holderbeke, says that eastern Washington will have a fine peach crop this season.

MRS. PERKINS DENIES IT

Mrs. M. E. Perkins denies the assertion made by members of the council last Friday evening that she had brought three suits against the city within the past two years and is a professional collector of claims from the city. She says that when she sued for $2,500 for personal injuries it was the first she had instituted against the city. She declared her willingness to accept $500, but the council rejected the offer.

ON TRIAL FOR TRIPLE MURDER

TERRE HAUTE, Ind., March 21.—The case of Jerry Duggins, charged with the murder of Mrs. Sarah Ramsey and her two children, was called for trial today. A large number of witnesses have been summoned by both sides and the trial promises to be one of the most notable that has taken place in this section of the state in a long time.

CIVIC UNION'S PLAN

The proposition of dividing those city voting precincts which have more than 300 qualified voters will be discussed at the meeting of the Civic Union this evening at Elks' hall. It is claimed that the precincts are becoming so populous that fraudulent voting cannot be easily detected.

Working Overtime

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The Sorceress of the Strand

BY L. T. MEADE & ROBT. EUSTACE

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SYNOPSIS.

Druce is invited to spend a week with his friend, George Rowland, owner of a famous old heirloom in the shape of a magnificent pearl necklace. Rowland is about to be married to Antonia Ripley, a beautiful girl about whom little is known, but who persistently refuses to appear in evening dress. She goes to see Mme. Sara. Druce tells Vandeleur of the visit. He decides that Mme. Sara is trying to gain possession of the famous pearls.

Miss Riley admits to Druce that her objection to wearing evening dress comes from the presence of a large mole on her neck, which mole Mme. Sara has removed, leaving her neck bandaged. Vandeleur and Mme. Sara are invited to a ball at Rowland's.

Late in the evening Vandeleur returned. He entered the house just before dinner. I observed by the brightness of his eyes and the intense gravity of his manner that he was satisfied with himself. This in his case was always a good sign. At dinner he was his brightest self, courteous to everyone, and to Mme. Sara in particular.

Late that night, as I was preparing to go to bed, he entered my room without knocking.

"Well, Druce," he said, "it is all right."

"All right!" I cried. "What do you mean?"

"You will soon know. The moment I saw that woman I had my suspicions. I was in town today making some very interesting inquiries. I am primed now on every point. Expect a denouement of a startling character very soon, but be sure of one thing—however black appearances may be the little bride is safe, and so are the pearls."

He left me without waiting for my reply.

The next day passed and the next. I seemed to live on tenterhooks. Little Antonia was gay and bright like a bird. Madame's invitation had been extended by Lady Kennedy at Rowland's command to the day after the ball—little Antonia skipped when she heard it.

"WE QUITE UNDERSTAND EACH OTHER, DON'T WE?"

"I love her," said the girl.

More and more guests arrived—the days flew on wings—the evenings were lively. Madame was a power in herself. Vandeleur was another. These two, sworn foes at heart, aided and abetted each other to make things go brilliantly for the rest of the guests. Rowland was in the highest spirits.

At last the evening before the ball came and went. Vandeleur's grand coup had not come off. I retired to bed as usual. The night was a stormy one—rain rattled against the window panes, the wind sighed and shuddered. I had just put out my candle and was about to seek forgetfulness in sleep when once again in his unceremonious fashion Vandeleur burst into my room.

"I want you at once, Druce, in the bedroom of Mme. Sara's servant. Get into your clothes as fast as you can and join me there."

He left the room as abruptly as he had entered it. I hastily dressed and with stealthy steps, in the dead of night, to the accompaniment of the ever-increasing tempest, sought the room in question.

I found it brightly lighted; Vandeleur pacing the floor as though he himself were the very spirit of the storm; and, most astonishing sight of all, the nurse whom Mme. Sara had brought to Rowland's Folly, and whose name I had never happened to hear, gagged and bound in a chair drawn into the center of the room.

"So I think that is all, nurse," said Vandeleur as I entered. "Pray take a chair, Druce. We quite understand each other, don't we nurse, and the facts are wonderfully simple. Your name as entered in the archives of crime at Westminster is not as you have given out, Mary Jessop, but Rebecca Curt. You escaped from Portland prison on the night of Nov. 30, just a year ago. You could not have managed your escape but for the connivance of the lady in whose service you are now. Your crime was forgery, with a strong and very daring attempt at poisoning. Your victim was a harmless invalid lady. Your knowledge of crime, therefore, is what may be called extensive. There are yet 11 years of your sentence to run. You have doubtless served Mme. Sara well—but perhaps you can serve me better. You know the consequences if you refuse, for I explained that to you frankly and clearly before this gentleman came into the room. Druce, will you oblige me—will you lock the door while I remove the gag from the prisoner's mouth?"

I hurried to obey. The woman breathed more freely when the gag was removed. Her face was a swarthy red all over. Her crooked eyes favored us with many shifty glances.

"Now, then, have the goodness to begin, Rebecca Curt," said Vandeleur. "Tell us everything you can."

She swallowed hard and said:

"You have forced me——"

"We won't mind that part," interrupted Vandeleur. "The story, please, Mrs. Curt."

If looks could kill, Rebecca Curt would have killed Vandeleur then. He gave her in return a gentle, bland glance and she started on her narrative.

"Madame knows a secret about Antonia Ripley."

"Of what nature?"

"It concerns her parentage."

"And that is——?"

The woman hesitated and writhed.

"The names of her parents, please," said Vandeleur in a voice cold as ice and hard as iron.

"Her father was Italian by birth."

"His name?"

"Count Gioletti. He was unhappily married and stabbed his English wife in an excess of jealousy when Antonia was 3 years old. He was executed for the crime on the 20th of June, 18—. The child was adopted and taken out of the country by an English lady who was present in court—her name was Mrs. Studley. Mme. Sara was also present. She was much interested in the trial and had an interview afterwards with Mrs. Studley. It was arranged that Antonia should be called by the surname Ripley—the name of an old relative of Mrs. Studley's—and that her real name and history were never to be told to her."

"I understand," said Vandeleur, gently. "This is of deep interest, is it not, Druce?"

I nodded, too much absorbed in watching the face of the woman to have time for words.

"But now," continued Vandeleur, "there are reasons why madame should change her mind with regard to keeping the matter a close secret—is that not so, Mrs. Curt?"

"Yes," said Mrs. Curt.

"You will have the kindness to continue."

"Madame has an object—she blackmails the signora. She wants to get the signora completely into her power."

"Indeed! Is she succeeding?"

"Yes."

"How has she managed? Be very careful what you say, please."

"The mode is subtle—the young lady had a disfiguring mole or wart on her neck, just below the throat. Madame removed the mole."

"Quite a simple process, I doubt not," said Vandeleur in a careless tone.

"Yes. It was done easily—I was present. The young lady was conducted into a chamber with a red light."

Vandeleurs' extraordinary eyes suddenly leapt into fire. He took a chair and drew it so close to Mrs. Curt's that his face was within a foot or two of hers.

"Now, you will be very careful what you say," he remarked. "You know the consequence to yourself unless this narrative is absolutely reliable."

She began to tremble, but continued:

"I was present at the operation. Not a single ray of ordinary light was allowed to penetrate. The patient was put under chloroform. The mole was removed. Afterwards madame wrote something on her neck. The words were very small and neatly done—they formed a cross on the young lady's neck. Afterwards I heard what they were."

"Repeat them."

"I can't. You will know in the moment of victory."

"I choose to know now. A detective from my division at Westminster comes here early tomorrow morning—he brings handcuffs—and——"

"I will tell you," interrupted the woman. "The words were these:

"'I am the daughter of Paolo Gioletti, who was executed for the murder of my mother, June 20th, 18—.'"

"How were the words written?"

"With nitrate of silver."

"Fiend!" muttered Vandeleur.

He jumped up and began to pace the room. I had never seen his face so black with ungovernable rage.

"You know what this means?" he said at last to me. "Nitrate of silver eats into the flesh and is permanent. Once exposed to the light the case is hopeless and the helpless child becomes her own executioner."

The nurse looked up restlessly.

"The operation was performed in a room with a red light," she said "and up to the present the words have not been seen. Unless the young lady exposes her neck to the blue rays of ordinary light they never will be. In order to give her a chance to keep her deadly secret madame has had a large cabuncle of the deepest red cut and prepared. It is in the shape of a cross and is suspended to a fine gold, almost invisible, thread. This the signora is to wear when in full evening dress. It will keep in its place, for the back of the cross will be dusted with gum."

"But it cannot be madame's aim to hide the fateful words," said Vandeleur. "You are concealing something, nurse."

Her face grew an ugly red. After a pause the following words came out with great reluctance:

"The young lady wears the carbuncle as a reward."

"Ah," said Vandeleur, "now we are beginning to see daylight. As a reward for what?"

"Madame wants something which the signora can give her. It is a case of exchange; the carbuncle which hides the fatal secret is given in exchange for that which the signora can transfer to madame."

"I understand at last," said Vandeleur. "Really, Druce, I feel myself privileged to say that of all the self privileged to say that of all the ruptly. "Never mind," he said, "we are keeping nurse. Nurse, you have answered all my questions with praiseworthy exactitude, but before you return to your well-earned slumbers I have one more piece of information to seek from you. Was it entirely by Miss Ripley's desire, or was it in any respect owing to Mme. Sara's instigations that the young lady is permitted to wear the pearl necklace on the night of the dance? You have, of course, nurse, heard of the pearl necklace?"

Rebecca Curt's face showed that she undoubtedly had.

"I see you are acquainted with that most interesting story. Now, answer my question. The request to wear the necklace tomorrow night was suggested by madame, was it not?"

"Ah, yes—yes!" cried the woman, carried out of herself by sudden excitement. "It was to that point all else tended—all, all!"

"Thank you, that will do. You understand that from this day you are absolutely in my service. As long as you serve me faithfully you are safe."

"I will do my best, sir," she replied in a modest tone, her eyes seeking the ground.

The moment we were alone Vandeleur turned to me.

"Things are simplifying themselves," he said.

"I fail to understand," was my answer. "I should say that complications and alarming ones, abound."

"Nevertheless, I see my way clear, Druce, it is not good for you to be so long out of bed, but in order that you may repose soundly when you return to your room I will tell you frankly what my mode of operation will be tomorrow. The simplest plan would be to tell Rowland everything, but for various reasons that does not suit me. I take an interest in the little girl, and if she chooses to conceal her secret (at present, remember, she does not know it, but the poor child will certainly be told everything tomorrow), I don't intend to interfere. In the second place, I am anxious to lay a trap for madame. Now, two things are evident. Mme. Sara's object in coming here is to steal the pearls. Her plan is to terrify the little signora into giving them to her in order that the fiendish words written on the child's neck may not be seen. As the signora must wear a dress with a low neck tomorrow night, she can only hide the words by means of the red carbuncle. Madame will only give her the carbuncle if she, in exchange, gives madame the pearls. You see?"

"I do," I answered slowly.

He drew himself up to his slender height and his eyes became full of suppressed laughter.

"The child's neck has been injured with nitrate of silver. Nevertheless, until it is exposed to the blue rays of light the ominous, fiendish words will not appear on her white throat. Once they do appear they will be indelible. Now, listen! Madame, with all her cunning, forgot something. To the action of nitrate of silver there is an atidote. This is nothing more or less than our old friend cyanide of potassium. Tomorrow nurse, under my istructions, will take the little patient into a room, carefully prepared with the hateful red light, and will bathe the neck just where the baleful words are written with a solution of cyanide of potassium. The nitrate of silver will then become neutralized and the letters will never come out."

(Continued.)

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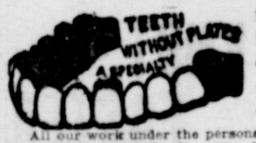

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