TETANUS DEVELOPS

Following a Girl's Attempt to Bite a Torpedo in Two.

Evansville, Ind.—Valeda Bredemeier, 12 years old, developed tetanus recently. Physicians hold out no hope for her recovery. The girl tried to bite a torpedo in two when it exploded. Her mouth and tongue were lacerated by the explosion.

The Mysterious Monogram

An Absorbing New Novel

By Howard P. Rockey

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SYNOPSIS.

CHAPTER 1—On the day after a dinner at the Grill Club at which was announced his engagement to Grace Marston, Lord Harcourt is informed of the murder of one of his guests, Captain Towneshend. Harcourt was the last man seen with Towneshend and his valet finds a strangely monogramed dagger in his pocket and blood stains on his clothes. Harcourt's mind is a blank on the subject.

CHAPTER 2—Harcourt determines to leave no stone unturned to find the murderer, or to accept penalty, himself if guilty. At meeting of Governors of Grill Club, question of innocence or guilt is put to all who attended dinner. Harcourt admits he doesn't know. Suspicion points to an Indian prince Kirshin Kandwahr, who attended dinner.

CHAPTER 3—During an interview with Inspector MacBee, of Scotland Yard, Harcourt finds in the room where murder was committed a half burnt cigarette bearing a monogram like that on dagger. He determines to find out who smokes these cigarettes.

CHAPTER 4—Harcourt offers to release Miss Marston from her engagement until the mystery of Towneshend's murder is solved. She refuses to desert him in his trouble. In the reception room of the Marston home he again comes across The Mysterious Monogram, and by refusing to answer questions Grace innocently leads Harcourt to believe that she is in some way connected with the crime.

CHAPTER 5—The police find Dodson, doorkeeper of the Grill Club, strangled to death at the bottom of the fire escape leading from the room in which Towneshend was killed. Clutched in a hand is the sheath of a dagger bearing the mysterious monogram and the initials "K. K.

CHAPTER 6—At a reception in the home of Cornish, an American millionaire, Harcourt meets Grace in the conservatory. Near her he again finds the monogram. She refuses to answer questions and he declares engagement is at an end. He destroys monogram and determines to protect Grace.

CHAPTER 7—Returning from Cornish's reception, Harcourt finds Kandwahr has broken into his study and stolen the dagger which was concealed in a cabinet. Kandwahr admits knife is his.

CHAPTER 8—Kandwahr is arrested while trying to throw dagger into river.

CHAPTER 9—At a house party at Harcourt Manor the monogram in silver is found. Grace admits it belongs to her. Harcourt learns of her connection with the crime declares that he is the murderer in order to protect her. Cornish and other guests refuse to believe him.

CHAPTER 10—A warrant is issued for Harcourt's arrest. Cornish forcibly abducts him.

CHAPTER 11—Cornish outwwits Scotland Yard and puts Harcourt on board his yacht which immediately goes to sea.

CHAPTER 12—Farndale and Carrington try to throw detectives off the scent but are not sure of their success.

CHAPTER 13—The cruise of the yacht "Morita." Harcourt bribes crew to put him ashore.

CHAPTER 14—Harcourt's plot is discovered by Cornish's daughter, and fails

CHAPTER 15—Detectives taking Kandwahr to police headquarters for examination are attacked and Kandwahr disappears.

CHAPTER 16—His yacht pursued by revenue cutter, Cornish is obliged to put Harcourt in launch and escape to Scottish coast.

CHAPTER 17—Harcourt seriously hurt, and is hidden in Farndale's shooting lodge in Scotland.

CHAPTER 18—Inspector MacBee visits hunting lodge. Kandwahr appears and demands refuge from pursuers.

CHAPTER 19—Kandwahr protesting innocence offers to sign a confession if Harcourt's friends will help him leave the country.

CHAPTER XX.

A MYSTERIOUS CONVERSATION

Although Cornish and Sir Harry made repeated efforts to solve the mystery of the bare foot by questioning Kandwahr, the Indian declined flatly to tell them what he knew about it. They did not mention to him Adele's discovery of the mysterious monogram, having thought it wiser to ask him what reason had prompted his strange offer of a confession and if the footprint in the road was the cause of it. Kandwahr was firm in his refusal to enlighten them, however. Whatever he knew he was determined to keep to himself, and neither persuasion nor threats could make him speak.

As the days passed the affair became all the more mystifying. It seemed to the little party that the air was surcharged with a dormant excitement, as though some danger lurked near to them, ready to overwhelm them at any moment. MacBee was still unheard from, and outwardly there was nothing whatever to cause alarm. Each morning Cornish, Sir Harry and Carrington started off at daybreak with their guns, returning to the lodge in time for luncheon. But they had little interest in their hunting, and most of the time their minds were alert for signs of things other than game. Under cover of their shooting they explored every corner of Farndale's vast preserve, but not once did they discover any signs to indicate the presence of the spies they all feared.

As Harcourt improved, Dr. Maybrooke sometimes joined them for a few hours, and after another week the patient was apparently fully recovered. While the men were away, Harcourt remained about the house talking with Major Marston, Grace or Adele. Realizing that Harcourt would soon become impatient to be out of doors, Dr. Maybrooke had suggested that a screen be put about the veranda, so that the convalescent man might sit there and take the air without danger of being seen.

The strangest thing of all, even to Dr. Maybrooke, was Harcourt's continued loss of memory. He seemed to recognize none of them. Even Grace recalled no thought of the past to him, and his very lack of recollection of their engagement—the absence of all signs of tenderness towards her—cut her to the quick.

At first he was quite content to remain about the lodge, but one evening at dinner he begged so earnestly to be permitted to go with the men the next morning that they could not refuse him. His strength was returning and he was rapidly regaining his ruddy look of health. The simple statement that he had been ill seemed to satisfy him completely, and he never asked even the simplest questions as to where he might be, or how he came to be there. His whole attitude was like that of a child, accepting his daily life as a matter of course, without the slightest thought or comment as to why things were as he found them.

On the first day that Harcourt accompanied the men upon their hunt, each of them felt conscious of a suppressed excitement and sense of anxiety. None of them could feel comfortable until they were back in the lodge again, for it was almost heartbreaking to them to have this great, simple minded boy by their sides, instead of the man they had known and loved for so many years. During the day Harcourt shot well and said but little, yet his companions were in constant dread least he be seen and recognized by someone they might chance to run across. They almost expected a Scotland Yard man to step out from behind every tree and boulder to arrest their companion. Apparently, however, they were not observed, and Harcourt seemed to enjoy the morning's sport hugely. By the doctor's advice he slept all afternoon, but he appeared at dinner with an appetite that was ravenous.

When the meal was over he sat for a while before the fire in the living room, while Grace played the piano softly, furtively watching him all the while. At last Harcourt arose and crossed to the mantle, resting his arms upon it. For a few moments he stood quietly, looking down into the flames. Then he turned abruptly to Grace and said: "I wish you would tell me something?"

"If I can," she said, smiling, but wishing the others would return. "What do you wish to know?"

"What happened before I was ill?" he asked softly.

"Why do you ask me that?"

"Because I am beginning to realize that I have not always lived like this. I must have done things before I was taken sick, but somehow, I cannot remember. Tonight Dicky spoke of something that happened 10 years ago. He can recall that and yet I am sure I must be older than he is. Still I cannot remember a single thing that happened even one year ago. I seem to know you all perfectly—and yet I know nothing about you—I really do not know you at all."

He paused and looked at her steadily. Grace shifted nervously in her chair, at loss for an answer—longing to tell him everything and yet wondering what she dared reply.

"Why don't you tell me?" he said frankly.

"I don't know—that is, I cannot!" she stammered in her embarrassment. "Really, you must not ask me now. You know the doctor does not wish you to worry about anything, and you must not concern yourself with such matters until you are entirely well."

"But I am quite well now!" he protested.

She shook her head. "Not quite," she contradicted him, smilingly. "And, really, it is beyond your bed time. The doctor will be very angry if he finds you are still up when he returns."

Harcourt hesitated a moment like a boy unwilling to be sent upstairs. Then he sighed and turned towards the door. "You will tell me when I am entirely well again?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes," she promised. "I will tell you then."

"I hope so," he said, standing in the doorway. "I want so much to know."

In his own room, Harcourt sat down upon the bed. Who was he? he asked himself. A feeling of uneasiness came over him as he wondered why these people—so kind and thoughtful of his every want—should refuse to tell him what he wished to know about himself.

For a long time he sat pondering over it all, and at last he heard the others coming upstairs to bed. Restlessly, he crossed to the window and looked out into the night. Down by the gate he could plainly make out the figure of a man, and recognized him. It was the man he had seen before and had seemed to recognize, but could not place.

"I do not know him I am sure," he murmured to himself. "Perhaps—perhaps he knows what they will not tell me!" The thought electrified him, and he slipped quickly out into the hallway. There was no sound in the house and he made his way cautiously down the stairs, listening at every step in the fear that the noise he made would betray his going.

Opening the door cautiously he stepped out onto the veranda. In the dim light of the moon he saw the man he sought. It was Kandwahr, and he turned abruptly as Harcuort stood staring at him. Without speaking Harcourt put his finger to his lips, enjoining silence, and walked over to the gate. For a moment the two men stood together in the moonlight that flooded the little open space. Harcourt looked steadily at the man before him, trying to discover how and where he had known him before—but the recollection would not come to his mind.

"Who are you?" he asked at last.

"My name might be Robinson," Kandwahr answered, returning Harcourt's steady gaze.

"That doesn't mean anything to me," said Harcourt, "but I know you, or have known you somewhere. Do you remember?"

"Don't you?" Kandwahr returned, suspiciously.

"No."

Kandwahr had not believed that Harcourt was ill, nor that his memory was really gone. But now, as he watched him closely, he felt convinced that it was true. "Are you serious?" he asked, still somewhat doubtful.

"Perfectly serious," Harcourt assured him. "I don't know what is the matter with me, but for some reason I don't seem——"

He paused, placed both hands upon Kandwahr's shoulders and looked at him searchingly.

"I know you now!" he cried, almost joyfully. "You are Kirshin Kandwahr!"

Like a flash it all came back to him, and the veil he had been vainly trying to penetrate, was ruely torn away. His old life, the murder, and the subsequent events, all returned to his mind clearly. Lowering his arms he drew back a little.

"You are Kandwahr, aren't you?" he asked, almost unable to believe it.

The other nodded, a faint trace of sympathy in his expression. "Yes, and you are Harcourt."

For a time neither man spoke, but stood confronting each other in the moonlight. To Kandwahr, it was all perfectly clear, and with a keen interest he watched the returning memory of the other man. At first Harcourt seemed dazed. It was all so unreal, so strange, like the recollection of a dream, hazy and impossible in the daylight of awakening.

"But how did we get here—both of us?" Harcourt queried.

"Your illness destroyed your memory for a time but you will soon understand now. I came by a different and a more difficult, more mysterious route. But we are both here for the same reason."

"Then Towneshend's murderer has not yet been found?" Harcourt asked.

"We are both here—in hiding," Kandwahr said meaningly.

"Yes, we are both here now—but I shall go back at once," Harcourt announced.

"I would not if I were you," Kandwahr advised.

"I must—it is my duty. Do you think we should both go?"

Kandwahr shrugged his shoulders in deprecation. "I shall not go," he said in a posive tone.

"But suppose some innocent man suffers?" Harcourt suggested.

"No innocent man will. Look here, Harcourt, there is no reason why we should quarrel over this affair. Our interests are too closely allied. I have told you that I am innocent, but you doubt me. I do not know that I can blame you for that. You think perhaps you may be guilty yourself. I know you are not."

"You know I am not guilty?" Harcourt said, unable to grasp the full meaning of his words. "How can you know that—unless——"

"Unless I myself am the man?" Kandwahr spoke his thought for him. "Easily enough. I know—not who struck the actual blow—but at whose instance it was struck."

"And yet you have kept silent?"

"Because I must do so. My own life depends upon my silence. If I should tell what I know, I would not live a day afterwards."

"Surely the police would protect you!"

A sneer came over Kandwahr's features. "It is beyond the power of the police to protect me," he said quietly. "It was beyond their power to hold me when I was under arrest——"

"You were rescued by your friends?" Harcourt inquired. "You know I am ignorant of all that has taken place."

Kandwahr smiled. "I was rescued at the cost of two lives on the way to my formal examination, following my arrest—but I was not rescued by my friends."

Harcourt looked questioningly at him. "I don't understand," he said.

"And I may not tell you, Harcourt, I am a doomed man. A relentless power is following me; a greater power than Scotland Yard. Some day I will be found. That day I shall be a dead man."

"Surely you are not in earnest?" Harcourt said incredulously.

"I am absolutely serious. It is useless to question me further, Harcourt, for I cannot answer you. But if you can, accept my word that neither you nor I killed Towneshend."

"Then why should either of us fear to return and face the charge that has been made against us?"

"Because circumstances point absolutely to both of us. There is enough evidence against either of us to warrant our being sentenced to death. I cannot say that I would blame a court for doing so, either. Oh, the plans were carefully and cunningly laid!" he concluded bitterly.

"Kandwahr," Harcourt spoke with an earnestness and sincerity of tone that was strange to him. "What you say puzzles me far more than many of the things I have recently had to bear with. I cannot understand it all, but I do believe that you are telling the truth."

"Thank you," said Kandwahr, simply. "Once you refused to shake hands with me. Would you care to do so now?"

Harcourt pressed the Indian's hand in a strong, hearty grip. "I am a different man now, Kandwahr," he said, "a far different man from the one you have known—and I believe I am a better man, too."

"I, too, have changed," said Kandwahr. "But it is too late. I have been a useless—a not too honest man, I am afraid—but now my life is but a question of days, weeks—months, perhaps. It is merely an existence of waiting."

"Are you not exaggerating, man?"

"No. We Indians are all fatalists, you know. What is to be will be. 'It is our creed and we can never forget it any more than we can prevent what is to occur. The doom that is hanging over me is as sure as Fate itself, and my name is written in letters of blood high above the stars. I live—but I am a dead man."

Harcourt shuddered in spite of himself at the Indian's strange, solemn words and the expression of absolute conviction upon his features.

"If I could help you——" Harcourt said eagerly.

"I appreciate your generosity, but you cannot help me," Kandwahr said positively. "There remains to me but little of life. Even now the Fate I know is in store for me may be creeping up unawares. Tomorrow's sun may find me among those who have gone on."

Nervously he looked about him, and then smiled at his fears. "It is unworthy to play the coward," he said. "My one wish is that before the end comes I might speak the words that would forever remove from you, and from me, the suspicion of having committed this crime. But it is useless to wish. I cannot do it."

"You cannot? Surely if you have the knowledge there must be some way. I am not without influence, and here, at least, we are both secure."

"I am not secure anywhere," Kandwahr said. "My lips are sealed by an oath no human dare break. There is but one chance. My death may reveal the truth. I hope so."

"Kandwahr, words are idle at a time like this," said Harcourt. "But I am glad to have heard you say these things, even though I cannot altogether comprehend your meaning. I can now feel that you are innocent, and I have never been able to do so before—even when I doubted myself. I do not know why I should believe you even now, but down deep in me somewhere I know you are telling the truth."

Kandwahr thanked him with a glance. "Whatever may come, I hope you will not misjudge me," he said. "You and I are of different worlds. It is impossible that we could ever be in perfect accord, or understand each other thoroughly. There may yet be things which you will not see in the same light as I, but your religion teaches charity——"

"MY religion?" said Harcourt, in surprise. "I thought you were a Christian."

Kandwahr shook his head. "I am not Mohammedan, but no man who has sworn the oath I have taken is a Christian. What I am makes no difference. Let us not speak of that. Now you must go in, for we must not risk being seen together any longer. If we meet by chance while I am still here, it is better that we forget this little talk, and conduct ourselves as though it had never occurred."

"But I shall leave for London immediately," said Harcourt. "I am only placing myself in a worse position by continuing to break my word to MacBee and remaining in hiding."

"Don't go. Promise me you will remain here—for a week at least."

"I cannot."

"Yes, you can. It is a little thing to ask, but a week. You are not fully recovered as yet, and so short a delay can do no harm. By that time what I anticipate may have happened. Promise me, I insist. If, when a week is gone, the truth about poor Towneshend's death has not been learned, I release you from your word. Then you may go back and surrender yourself if you wish, but you will be a foolish man if you do it. Will you do what I ask?"

"If you wish it, yes," said Harcourt after a moment's hesitation.

"I am glad. Good-night, Harcourt."

"Good-night, Kandwahr."

The Indian turned and walked quickly into the garage, but Harcourt, after reaching the lodge, threw himself down upon a bench in a shaded corner of the veranda.

(To be continued.)

CAUGHT 300 IN WAR NOW SEEKS PENSION

Aged Michigan Janitor Wants Reward From Fatherland for His Services.

ALREADY HAS THE IRON CROSS

With Three Others he Performed Daring Feat In Conflict With French.

A little old man sweeps out the offices of the Ann Arbor Press building each day—a little old man with a stoop on his shoulders and callouses on his work-hardened hands. His name is William Reetz, and he has lived past man's alloted time, for he is 72.

He is a quiet, unassuming little old man, this William Reetz, and he isn't given much to talking of himself or telling of the days when he was a young man and a soldier of Prussia. That's the reason, probably that in all the thirty-four years he has lived in Ann Arbor probably not a half dozen people knew that he is the owner of two medals for honor for services in the wars of the Fatherland against Austria in 1866, not yet, that he was recommended for the Iron Cross for bravery in the Franco-Prussian War, five years later.

It was a rare deed of bravery that brought the recommendation for the Iron Cross, and the story was told one day recently by the old man when he consulted an American as to how to go about trying to get a pension in his old age. It is a mean trick of fate that leaves him now, an old man, with three coveted medals of honor and no means of support except what he earns from day to day.

He left Fatherland in the early 'eighties to please his "women folks," who believed America to be the haven of comfort and refuge, the haven where no man need be poor. Therein lies the difficulty in calling attention of the Fatherland to his needs to-day. Reetz, it seems, had been wounded in the right leg at Koniggratz, July 6, 1866, when Prussia was pitted against Austria—the battle which historians refer to as the Waterloo of Austria. One of his medals was won in that battle. After that Reetz—he was young then and there was no stoop to his shoulders—was sent home to recover and he met and fell in love with the little flaxen-haired maiden who afterwards became his wife. But, before the honeymoon was over, Reetz again heard the call of his country to battle the Franco-Prussian War.

Reetz was in the Second Army Corps and he fought at Saarbruck. Two days later the army had crossed the frontier and were on hostile soil. Reetz's corps was in the battle of Worth, which followed close upon the heels of the invasion.

After a battle Reetz and two companions searched the field for a comrade. Their company had gone on and into camp two miles down a country road. At last they found him, mortally wounded. They had no hope that they could save his life, but they determined to get him into camp. Down the country road they went under a broiling August sun. They came to a small wood, through which a brook trickled, and there they rested just within the shade and eased the wounds of their comrade in the fresh water.

But scarcely had they dressed the wounds when they heard the tramp, tramp of a regiment of infantry. There were more than 300 men in line—Frenchmen, and there were four Prussians—and one of them dying—in the wood. The dying man begged the three to leave him to escape from the French if they could.

Reetz though of the flaxen-haired bride back home, and he shut his teeth hard together. There was but one thing that a soldier in the Prussian Army could not do, and that was to leave a dying comrade to the enemy. There was a possibility—just one in 10,000—but they took it and made good.

"Halt," shouted one of the three, as he emerged at the edge of the woods, "Halt and surrender arms! You are our prisoners—and 600 Prussians are in these woods."

The French hesitated. They lost.

Three hundred French soldiers stacked their arms, under orders, at the side of the road, and three Prussian soldiers marched 300 before them to a safe distance beyond the stacked guns and halted them while two went back for the wounded comrade.

Then the march started. Two miles away, down the hot, dusty road, lay the Prussian army in camp, and it was to the Captain of their division that the four—one of whom was dying—delivered their 300 prisoners of war.

That is how Reetz came to be recommended for the Iron Cross.

When the war was over Reetz went home to his bride. But already rumors of other Prussian wars were beginning to be heard, and the little bride began to plead to get away from it all. She had friends, dear friends who had gone to the United States, where there were not always wars—and that's why Reetz came to Ann Arbor in the 80's and became a citizen of the State. That's why, also though he has won the honors of war he gets no pension to-day when, in his old age, he needs it so.

And so, to-day, William Reetz, stooped a little about the shoulders, gray haired, eyes a bit dimmed by his long years, goes day after day to his work, and there is always with him the fear of sickness and the coming of the time when he can no longer earn the support of those dear to him.

U. S. TO AID MICH. GUARD ITS FORESTS

PLAN WORKING IN MANY OTHER COMMONWEALTHS

Definite Plan of Protection Demanded as Prerequisite.

Washington—A co-operative fire agreement which has been entered into between the United States department of agriculture and the state of Michigan provides for an expenditure by the government of not to exceed $5,000 a year toward meeting the expenses of forest fire protection in Michigan.

This form of co-operation between the government and the state is made possible by a law which congress passed in 1911, and which has already been taken advantage of by Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, New Jersey, Maryland, West Virginia, Kentucky, Wisconsin, Minnesota, South Dakota, Montana, Idaho, Washington and Oregon. The law, besides providing for the purchase by the government of lands on the headwaters of navigable rivers for the purpose of creating national forests to protect these rivers, appropriated $200,000 which the secretary of agriculture might expend to protect similar lands in state or private ownership from fire, in co-operation with the states. It was provided that the federal expenditures in any state should not exceed the amount spent by the state itself.

GROOM J. R. MANN FOR PRESIDENCY IN 1916

James R. Mann.

Representative James R. Mann of Chicago, Republican leader in the house, is being groomed by Republican leaders in Washington for the presidential nomination in 1916. Backed by the great influence of the house Republican organization, Mr. Mann is put forth as the one candidate most likely to stem the Roosevelt tide. He also is considered an acceptable compromise candidate for both the radicals and conservatives of the Republican party.

A Mother's Gratitude

Many a Loving Mother Will Appreciate the Following.

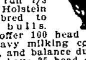
Many a strong man and many a healthy woman has much for which to thank mother. The care taken during their childhood brought them past the danger point and made them healthy men and women. Thousands of children are generally bothered with incontinence of urine, and inability to retain it is oftinmes called a habit. It is not always the children's fault—in many cases the di..culty lies with the kidneys, and can be readily righted. The following statement shows how one mother went about it.

Mrs. Arthur Stratton, 234 W. Chestnut st., Wauseon, Ohio, says: "Our daugther was troubled by weakness of the kidneys. One of my relatives was bothered with a lame and aching back and got great relief from Doan's Kidney Pills. The statement I gave several years ago recommending this remedy hold good."

Price 50c, at all dealers. Don't simply ask for a kidney remedy—get Doan's Kidney Pills—the same that Mrs. Stratton recommends. Foster-Milburn Co., Props., Buffalo, N. Y.

HOLSTEIN CATTLE

In the next 30 days, I will offer for sale 200 head of high-grade Holstein heifers running in age from one to three years old, a number of them springing bag to freshen now, well marked, and in good condition. They will run 7/8 and 15/16 Holstein and are bred to registered bulls.



Will also offer 100 head of fully developed heavy milking cows, part of them fresh, and balance due to freshen soon. Also have 25 head of registered and high-grade bulls of no relation to the above cows or heifers. I will have a few choice heifer and bull calves to offer in the near future that are 15/16 and 31/32 Holstein, at $15.00 each. First draft takes them.

Write me for particulars.

JAMES DORSEY, Dept. P. P., Gilberts, Kane County, Illinois.

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placed anywhere, attracts and kills all flies. Neat, clean, ornamental, convenient, cheap. Lasts all season. Made of metal, can't spill or tip over; will not soil or injure anything. Guaranteed effective. Sold by dealers, or 6 sent by express prepaid for $1.

HAROLD SOMERS, 150 DeKalb Ave., Brooklyn, N. Y.