THE NEBRASKA ADVERTISER

NEMAHA, - - - - NEBRASKA.

W. W. SANDERS, Publisher.

A SONG.

There's a sweetness in the air When the sun is low, And the sky is flushed and bare. And the light winds blow; While the shadows come and go As the night doth fall. Along the misty moorland where the curiews call.

There's a lady full of grace Whom I loved of yore, And the lovelight on her face Shineth evermore; And I long as heretofore For the night to fall Along the misty moorland where the curlews call.

Dear love, can I forget Through the flying years Thy face amid the fret Of their pains and tears; Nay, my hear remembers yet When the night doth fall Along the misty moorland where the

curlews call. -Ernest A. Newton, in Pall Mall Magazine



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CHAPTER XV. THE GIFT OF BAYARD.

The levee lasted some little time, as D'Amboise, who was studious of the arts of gaining popularity, listened with apparent interest to anyone who chose to address him, and seemed to possess a wonderful memory for even the most trifling details. This was, in fact, an informal reception, which the cardinal, both as a prince of the church, and the representative of France at the Papal Court, held daily, and hither came all the lesser members of the French party in Rome, and all those who hoped to gain something from the prelate by the simple process of asking, for D'Amboise was known to be generous and free, despite an occasional testiness of manner, such as he had ex-

hibited to Corte, and shown in the first instance to St. Armande.

Corte I spoke to no more that day, but I saw him, where he had retreated to the extreme end of the room, his book under his arm, evidently waiting to make his exit. St. Armande took his place beside me, his companion, the abbe, dropping into the rear. Once he, St. Armande, hazarded a remark, which I did not eatch, and therefore did not answer. In truth, I was in no mood for speaking, my mind being full of my eventful interview with the cardinal and Bayard, and I was more than grateful for the happy chance that had enabled me to draw my sword in aid of the secretary, Machiavelli. I thought, too, of Mme. D'Entrangues, and of what she had done in my behalf, and would have given much to have thanked her for her efforts, fruitless although they apparently were. But what struck me most of all was the fact that whilst in my misery at Florence I was upbraiding fate, and all but cursing God, friends were at work, trying to help and aid me, and this taught me a lesson.

At last the levce came to an end. The last petition monger had made his request, D'Amboise had made his last pleasant speech, and, turning slowly round, we made our way back, when the cardinal retired with Bayard to an inner apartment, leaving us to our own devices. St. Armande, whose appearance attracted general attention, was surrounded by the gentlemen of the suite, who asked the last news of the court, and the last scandal of Macon, where Louis was, holding high revelry, instead of marching, as he should have done, at once to Italy, after the defeat of Cesare at Fossombrone. The result of his action being a further truce that much delayed his success, and indeed very nearly ruined his chances. which were great at the time. As for me, I was left to myself, no one coming near me except the huge hound, which rose stowly, and, approaching, surveyed me with grave interest. Then, apparently satisfied, he wagged his tail in approval and touched my hand with his grim muzzle. I ran my fingers over his shaggy coat with a caressing motion, and, observing Defaure, the page whom I had first addressed on arriving, begged him to show me my apartments, inquiring at the same time of Jacopo and the

"The house is full, signore," he replied, "but we have done what we could for your accommodation. The horses have been attended to, and the Sergt. Jacopo awaits you in your rooms."

"Thanks, friend," and I followed him, smiling a little to myself at the French rank which Jacopo had assumed, no doubt out of compliment to our host, my new employer. We passed out by the same entrance by which I had come in, and, crossing a courtyard, the page ushered me to a set of apartments in an outbuilding, and left me with the information that dinner would be served at noon for the cardinal as well as the gentlemen of the suite.

I found Jacopo in high glee. He had set out all my apparel, and was engaged in burnishing his sword. This he put down as I came in, and burst into speech.

"Blood of St. John! Excellency, but did I not say luck would turn? Yesterday we were anywhere," and he held up both hands with the fingers outstretched, "to-day, be hold!" and he waved his arms around the room, which was certainly fitted with luxury, and struck me as all the more luxurious after my past privations.

"The horses, Jacopo?"

"Are well as might be, signore, and munching their corn as if they were never to have another feed. Does your excellency mean to

stay long in this land of plenty?" "Not for long, Jacopo. And harkee! Re-

name than that of Donati. Do not let a hint of my real name escape you, and avoid babling over the wine cup

"I will be dumb, excellency." "A good deal depends on your prudence in this, and you must take care not to fail. Now to business, and keep your ears open and your head clear. How do we stand as regards funds?"

Jacopo, to whom I had intrusted my money, pulled out a leather purse and counted the contents.

"There are five-and-thirty crowns with me, signore, and five I gave your worship this morning, making 40 in all," and he restored the purse to its hiding place under his

"Enough for our needs at present, and more will be forthcoming soon, for there is business in hand.

"I said that luck would turn," repeated Jacopo, his face showing joy at the news.

"Never mind the luck, but attend to me. I want to enlist half a dozen good men, men who will go anywhere and do anything, They must bring their own arms and horses, and I will engage them for a month, and pay each man five crowns,"

"That is at the rate of 60 crowns a year for each man. We could enlist half Rome for that.

"Probably, but it isn't half Rome, only half a dozen men I want."

"Very true, your worship, and I will doubtless be able to find them; but, excellency-"

"What is it?"

"Six men at five crowns each makes 30 crowns, and—"

"Did I not say more will be forthcoming" You need not pay them in advance. Two crowns each on enlisting, and the remainder on completion of the task. Will that do?" 'It is enough, surely.'

"Very well, then you may set about this at once, and remember that they should be lodged close at hand, and be ready to go anywhere at a moment's notice.'

"Excellency."

Whilst this conversation was going on I had effected such change in my attire as was possible, resolving to take the first opportunity the following day to summon a tailor and give him orders for things for which I stood in need. Jacopo was just about to depart when Defaure, the page, appeared, bearing with him a note and a roulean, which he said was from his eminence. These he left with me and retired saying there was no answer. The note was brief, merely hoping I was in comfort, and sending me in the rouleau a hundred crowns with the intimation that if I needed them another handred was ready for me. The sum, however, was more than ample, and, giving Jacopo further directions to engage couple of lackeys, I sent him away, repoicing at my good fortune, with a present of ten crowns for himself, which the honest fellow at first refused to take, and only ac cepted on my pressing the sum on him.

This being done there was nothing left for me but to await the dinner hour, and I strolled down to the stables to look at the herses, which were in truth in such luxury as perhaps the poor beasts had never enjoyed. A groom of the cardinal's establishment had attended to them, and I slipped a piece of silver into his hand for his trouble. He bit this to test whether it was genuine or not, and then settled himself on a heap of

hay to mend some saddlery. I left him to his occupation, and, with a parting caress to my beasts, moved further on to look at the other animals. And here, meeting the head groom, I had some conversation with him, admiring the cardinal's

"Yes, excellency," he said, "they are good horses, notably the two barbs which the Soldan Djem presented to his eminence, but there are other two now in our stables, belonging to the Sieur de Bayard, the like of which I have never seen. They are this

I readily assented, and, passing by the barbs, whose slight, delicate frames belied their powers of speed and endurance, we came to a couple of stalls, in which there were a pair of war horses that fully justified the head groom's praise. They were both English, and I recognized the breed, as Hawkwood had brought three or four with him from Britain, saying, and with truth, that they were the only animals that could ever carry him when in full mail. But the two before me in the stables were as superior to Hawkwood's as a barb is to a mule. One was the great bay Bayard was riding on the day of my trial, when he accompanied the duke and his staff back to Arezzo. The other was a blue roan, whose color did not show off his size to advantage, but whose broad chest, sloping shoulders and lean flanks marked his power. His eyes were mild and soft, yet full of fire, and his small head was set like that of a stag upon his strong neck. Two grooms, bearing on their liveries the arms of the house of Terrail, of which the Seigneur de Bayard was chief, were in attendance, and set to work with a somewhat unnecessary zeal on our appearance to polish the costs of their charges, which already shone like satin. Whilst engaged in admiring these splendid animals I heard the deep bay of the hound behind me, and, turning, saw Bayard himself, who had come to visit his favorites. I complimented him on the possession of two such steeds, as who would not have done, and Bayard said:

"Yes, they are fine animals, truly the finest I have ever seen, except perhaps the oneeved Savoy, who was also of the same breed; and yet I am not sure," and he ran his eyes over the horses. "They were given to me, along with Bran here"-he touched the head of the hound-"by his majesty, Henry of England, when I was taken prisoner in the English war."

"A noble gift." "Yes-from a noble prince. And you really admire them, cavaliere?"

"Yes-and I knew Savoy, too, and doubt if he was better," "What can knight want more? A good herse, a good hound"-and his face saddened a little-"a true love. Pardieu! but I must see to that last. My eastle on the

I said nothing, knowing of the one great sorrow of his life, which he bore so bravely, and which I knew had bitten to his heart, in the afternoon, concluding with so light for all his gay words.

Garonne needs a chatelaine."

"Castor and Pollux I call them," he said, indicating the horses with a slight gesture. "Not that they are alike, except in speed and courage, but that they are both sup- and I found myself seated next St. Armande, posed to have been born the same day, and | whilst opposite to me was Le Ciere, the car-

friends must, however, part, and a knight of the papl guards, a Spaniard who spoke wants no more than one horse; so, cavaliere, if you will accept Castor, the blue roan there, you will find that he will never fail you."

I could hardly speak for the moment, and at first stoutly refused to take so valuable a gift; but Bayard would have no denial, and the short of it was that Castor was led into one of the stalls reserved for me.

To say that I was grateful would be to say very little; but I will merely add here that the gift itself was only equaled by the manner of the giver. I accompanied Bayard into the garden, which lay to the west of the palace, and in course of conversation told him that I had received the sum sent by D'Amboise, and of the steps I had taken to get together a few men, and assured him that, whatever the task was that I was to be set to perform, nothing but death itself would cut short my endeavor. Our talk then drifted to other matters, and he gave me some information of interest concerning Mme. D'Entrangues. It appeared that D'Entrangues, who had a friend at court in his kinsman, Etienne de Vesci, the seneschal of Beaucaire, had forwarded a strong petition against Tremouille's decision regarding himself, and a prayer that the king would restore him to his position, and compel Mme. D'Entrangues to return to him. As if he himself had not abandoned her! Owing to his influence with Cesare he had, moreover, obtained an order from Alexander denving madame the refuge of a convent. Louis had, however, declined to interfere with Tremouille's decision, but had ordered madame to leave the court and return to her husband. Fearing that force would be resorted to in order to compel her to return to D'Entrangues she had fled from the protection of the Duchesse de la Tremouille, who denied all knowledge of her movements, and the matter stood there. By this time it was almost approaching the dinner hour, and we separated, Bayard, followed close at his heels by Bran, going to seek the cardinal, and I returning to my chamber, where I found Jacopo, who had just come back. He had been to the stables on his way up, and was loud in his praise of

"They say he is fleet as the wind, excellency, and he is as gentle as a lambkin. It is a glorious steed, and a princely gift."

"It is so; but what success have you had?" "None as yet about the swords, signore; there has not been time; but I have engaged a couple of grooms and a lackey, and ordered plain liveries for them. The grooms are even now with the horses, and the lackey will be here to-morrow.'

"Very well, there is time enough. Basta! There go the trumpets. His eminence must be served."

We made our way to the dining-hall, en tering it almost at the same time as the cardinal, his guests, and the rest of the suite At the high table on the dais sat the cardinal, with Bayard, another prince of the church whom I afterwards found out was the Cardinal of Strigonia, a scion of the house of Este, and a tall, somber looking man, with high aquiline features and a complexion almost as dark as a Moor's. He was plainly and simply dressed, wearing a light steel corset over his jerkin, and round his neck the ribbon of St. James of Compostella, whilst the order itself, a red enamel sword with a fleur-de-lis hilt, set in an oval white enamel medallion with a red border, studded with brilliants, flashed at his throat. His short, closely-cropped bair was white a snow, but the long mustache which dropped over his mouth and short, pointed beard, was untouched by a streak of gray. Altogether a remarkable man, one whom no one ould pass by without looking at twice; and in me he excited the greatest interest, for he was none other than Ganalyo de Cordova, the "Great Captain," and the most skillful general of the age. He had only a few weeks before driven Marshal d'Aubigny out of Calabria, and was merching straight on against way, excellency, if you will but accompany Tremonille, when the cossation of hostilities stopped his plans, and suddenly resigning his command he had come to Rome, for what purpose no one knew, although it was said that his resignation and difference with the Spanish court was but a blind.

Be that as it may, I had now an opportunity of seeing together, seated side by side the dark and stern grandee of Spain, as able as he was cruel, as vindictive as he was brave; and the brilliant and polished Bayard, who seemed to have gathered in his person all the noblest qualities of knighthood. and on the white shield of whose honor there was never a stain. And how different was the fate of these two men! De Cordova after holding the highest offices, after be ing practically a king, after shedding an imperishable glory on his country by his vic tories, and staining her memory indelibly by his perfidy, died at last, with all his fine spun webs broken. And Bayard-old as I am, my eyes grow moist when I think of that glorious day at the passage of the Sesia, when, covered with wounds, overborne by numbers, and fighting to the lest against hopeless odds, Pierre du Terrail gave back his soul to God. But long years were to pass before this happened, and Bayard was

at present in the hey-dey of his career. The table for the gentlemen of the suite was placed just below the dais, and extending further down the room were other tables, for all who could obtain seats thereat, whilst at the extreme end of the room was a high stand, whence anyone was at lib erty to bear away as much of a meal as he

could carry off on the point of his dagger. Estimating roughly, I should say that fully 300 persons dined daily in this manner, with D'Amboise, and this hospitality, which ha exercised in the manner of a French fendal noble, was the subject of much amusement at the papal court, where they prided them selves on a more refined and delicate style of living. At any rate, all that was here was safe to touch, and no one had need to fear that a dinner at the Palazzo Corneto with the Cardinal of Rouen was a prelude to a supper with St. Peter in Heaven. His eminence, who was a notable trencherman, beamed down from his high seat on us all, and tried valiantly to assay conclusions with the Cardinal of Strigonia, but was compelled at last to own himself beaten, for Ippolyte d'Este was one in a thousand at table; in fact, this jovial prelate ended his days suddenly, after a prodigious dinner, which be gan at 11 in the morning and ended at four a dainty as a dish of roasted crayfish, washed down with a bottle of vernaccia, a wine of which he was inordinately fond. At our own table there were about a dozen or more,

little and ate much. St. Armande passed by the wine, drinking only water, and in reply to a question of mine answered that he was under a vow.

"We can absolve you here easily, chevalier," said Le Clerc, who overheard the remark, "here is some Orvieto which I can recommend," and he pushed the flask towards St. Armande,

The latter, however, would not be tempt ed, and Le Clerc shook his head.

"A willful man must have his own way, chevalier; but that Orvieto was a present from Pierrot, our lord's most favored serv-

"Indeed," said the Spaniard; "then I can safely say it is the last present you will receive from Don Pierrot. "How so?"

"Cesare arrived last night, very suddenly, with two men only, they say. He has not, however, yet seen his holiness - although

he is in the vatican." Le Clere remained silent, but St. Ar-

mande asked in his low voice: "I do not follow, sir. Could you not explain? Unless I ask too much. You see I am a stranger in Rome.

The Spaniard smiled grimly. "It means, chevalier, that Pierrot was found this morning with a dagger sticking up to the hilt in his heart.

St. Armande turned pale, and Le Clerc asked in a low tone: "Are you sure of this? When did it hap-

"As sure as I sit here. It happened an hour or so after Cesare's coming. The pope is said to be overcome with grief," and the lips of Don Diego de Leyva took a sarcastic

"Great heavens!" said Le Clerc, "Poor Pierrot!'

The chaplain rose from his seat with a slight apology, and approaching D'Amboise, leaned over him and whispered a few words in his car. The cardinal nodded with apparent unconcern, and Le Clere came back; but watching D'Amboise narrowly, I saw that although he still appeared to laugh and jest, his eyes were grave and his brow troubled. In fact, shortly afterwards, the high table broke up, and we followed suit very soon. Despite his effeminate appearance, I had begun to take a liking to St. Armande, and as the next few hours were at our disposal, I invited him to ride out with me, as I had a mind to try Castor's paces. This, however, he declined, with the somewhat shy air that marked his manner, and, leaving him to his devices, I ordered Castor to be saddled and took him out. When I returned, about five in the afternoon, I felt that all that had been said of the generous beast I rode underrated his value, and that I possessed a matchless steed, who was fit to run for a kingdom.

For the next few days the routine of my life was exactly the same, the morning attendance at the cardinal's levee, the daily dinner in public, and long rides with Cas tor in the afternoons, in which I was some times accompanied by St. Armande; but this was not always possible, as he was closely attached to D'Amboise's person. D'Amboise frequently asked me to accompany him to the vatican; but up to now I had begged permission to decline his invitation, on the plea that, with the business before me, it would perhaps be well for me to live as much in retreat as possible. The cardinal said, with that good-tempered laugh of his, which entirely belied his astute scheming nature, that as I was as yet ignorant of my task I need not be so care- Answers. d. I replied to his eminence that it was just because I was in the dark that I was so circumspect, and he was then good enough to agree with me. I was, however, naturally anxious to see something of the vatican, and one of my reasons for refusing, besides that of prudence, was that I was not sufficiently well equipped. This, however, with the funds at my disposal, was soon mended, but from some cause or other, I had up to now not gone. Jacopo was not so successful as he anticipated he would be, in raising his men. It was, above all, necessary to have them trustworthy, and it was difficult to get men of this class for a merely temporary employment, such as I offered. At last the matter was arranged, and by the end of the week I mustered a body of six stout fellows, all of them fairly well mounted, and, what was better, all of them trained soldiers. I had them lodged near the Ripetta, and the cardinal's table afforded them a free dinner, of which they were not slow to take advantage. In order to keep them employed, I took them out with me every afternoon, dismissing them upon my return, with orders to join the nightly escort of the cardinal and Bayard, to and from the vatican. I saw a good deal of Bayard, and at times expressed myself with impatience at being kept to cool my heels. He told me that he was not at liberty to mention the details of the business on which I was to be employed, and advised me to bide my time with a patient heart. Amongst other matters we spoke of was the murder of Pierrot, and Bayard told me that Cesare Borgia had left Rome the next day without seeing his father, the pope, and that he was crushing out completely the stand made against him by my old chief Vitelli of Citta del Castello, and others.

I took Bayard's advice and held patience by the tail, aithough I longed for work to begin. My men were in good fettle. They had enough work to keep them out of mischief, the pay was good, they had sufficient leisure for amusement, and there was therefore no grumbling.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Got What He Was Fi hing For.

Fishing is always an interesting pastime for boys, and it is supposed to conduce to a philosophic frame of mind, but not always. The other day a small boy sat on the edge of the wharf, intently watching his line. A benevolent old gentleman regarded the boy intently for a long time, and then asked:
"What are you fishing for, my boy?"
"Bites," replied the boy, snappishly, at old gentleman regarded the boy intentthe same time looking around with an impudent grin. At that instant a big fish gave a tremendous tug at the line and over went the boy. He was fished out, but his mouth and ears were full of mud and his fishing tackle was lost, and the old gentleman beamed placidly member not to address me by any other | have never been separated. The best of | dinal's chaplain, and next to him an officer | on the dripping boy .- Cole on Days.

For Wireless Steering.

An English invention for steering any craft, whether submerged or otherwise, by means of an ether wave on the wireless telegraph principle has been perfected. In naval war it principle has been perfected. In haval war its expected to make the torpedo boat almost infallible. In this respect it will equal the great American dyspepsia cure—Hosteter's Stomach Bitters—which never fails to cure constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, biliousness, malaria fever and ague. Everyone needs it and all druggists sell it.

Cause for Complaint.

City Editor-Mr. Strong has been in today, and he had murder in his eye. How in time did you come to speak of Mrs. Strong's "alleged husband" in that paragraph about

her accident?

J. Fresh—I did it to steer clear of a libel suit. You know you told me always to say "alleged thief," "alleged murderer," and that sort of thing.—Argonaut.

Catarrh Cannot He Cured

with Local Applications, as they cannot reach the seat of the disease. Catarrh is a blood or constitutional disease, and in order o cure it you must take internal remedies, to cure it you must take internal remedies. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, and acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces. Hall's Catarrh Cure is not a quack medicine. It was prescribed by one of the best physicians in this country for years, and is a regular prescription. It is composed of the best tonics known, combined with the best blood purifiers, acting directly on the mucous surfaces. The perfect combination of the two ingredients is what produces such wonderful results in curing produces such wonderful results in curing Catarrh. Send for testimonials, free. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Props., Toledo, O.

Sold by all druggists, price 75c. Hall's Family Pills are the best.

Suggested by the L.

Teacher—Now, Johnny, you know the cagle stands for America. What animal typifies Great Britain? Johnny-I dunno.

"Oh, yes you do. Think for a moment; it begins with L."

(Eagerly)—"Lobster!"—Catholic Standard and Times.

Give the Children a Drink

called Grain-O. It is a delicious, appetizing, nourishing food drink to take the place of coffee. Sold by all grocers and liked by all who have used it, because when properly prepared it tastes like the finest coffee but is free from all its injurious properties. Grain-O aids digestion and strengthens the perves. It is not a stimulant but a health builder, and children, as well as adults, can drink it with great benefit. Costs about 1 as much as coffee. 15 and 25c.

He Fell Into the Trap.

Wife-Did you mail that letter I gave you

this morning? Husband-Of course, I did. "How provoking! I wanted to add a post-

(Producing the letter)—"Well, here it is.
Why didn't you tell me that in the first
place?"—Chicago Evening News.

An All-Year Resort.

The Crescent Hotel, Eureka Springs, Ark., opens March 1, 1900. A most desirable, at-tractive and convenient resort for health and pleasure seekers. Ideal climate, pure sparkling water, best accommodations. Through Sleepers via Frisco Line. Write for particulars to Manager Hotel or to any representative of Frisco Line.

Points to the New Man.

A shopkeeper named Danger moved across

a street and put up this notice:
"J. Danger, from over the way."
Another man, who took the premises, put

ap this notice:
"This is a safe shop; no Danger here."-

Potatoes, \$1.20 per Bbl. and Up. Salzer beats the world on prices. Largest Growers of Farm and Vegetable Seeds and Potatoes on earth! Millions of pounds of Onion seed, Cabbage, Radish, Peas, Beans, Corn, Potatoes, etc.! Prices dirt cheap! Send this notice and 5c. for catalog. John A. Salzer Seed Co., La Crosse, Wis. [k]

It is not necessary to die to prove friendship; just refuse to tell all you know on a man.—Atchison Globe.

The Best Prescription for Chills and Fever is a bottle of GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. It is simply iron and quinine in a tasteless form. No cure-no pay. Price,50c.

What the public call a failure is often simply an unrecognized success.—Town

To Cure a Cold in One Day

Hustle can always beat bustle.-Chicago

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Dispatch. I could not get along without Piso's Cure for Consumption. It always cures.—Mrs. E. C. Moulton, Needham, Mass., Oct. 22, '94.

One vice gathers others like a rolling mowball.—Atchison Globe.

It is not work that hurts a man; it is wor ry.-Atchison Globe.

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NONE SUCH

Nothing hobbles the muscles and units for work like

SORENESS STIFFNESS

Nothing relaxes them and makes a speedy perfect cure like

St. Jacobs Oil

