

A Paradise Lost

BY L. G. MOBERLY.

I was an unwilling witness of that most idyllic of love scenes in a garden that was in itself an idyll.

The murmur of voices from the path, immediately outside the entrance to the pergola, where I was lounging, was the first intimation I received that someone besides myself had discovered this fragrant corner of that most lovely garden.

It was a man's voice that spoke first in French, eager, impetuous, and, as I imagined, youthful.

"Beloved," he said, "is it true? Are you sure? Will love be enough?"

"Enough?" The answer evidently came from a girl; the tones were so fresh, so clear, but with a penetrating sweetness in them. "If you knew how glad—how glad I am that I am free to choose love, to follow my heart! Love is enough."

The last words were very simply said, but they held a depth of meaning that made my foolish old heart give a leap of sympathy.

"But you give up so much," he said doubtfully. "I take everything; the sacrifice is all yours."

"Sacrifice!" she cried, a ring of glad pride in her voice. "Do you think I care for rank and all that rank brings? I am glad I was born too late to have to wear a crown that is so thorny—so thorny," she repeated almost dreamily. "I am free to give myself to you. Sacrifice?" she laughed softly. "There is no sacrifice in going into Paradise."

As she spoke those words, the two paused in their walk along the path, and through the delicate wisteria and banksia leaves I caught a glimpse of them both.

They were young, but there was no immaturity or lack of purpose in either face.

"Beloved," he said, and his voice shook, "will you never regret all that you will lose if you come into Paradise with me?"

"Never," she said quietly. "To enter paradise with you, Armand, that is enough." And she turned her beautiful face to his and let him kiss her softly on the lips.

I caught my breath as they turned away.

Standing that evening on the terrace of the hotel watching a rose-colored sunset behind the great pile of Monte Rosa, I saw the girl again. She was walking across the garden, an elderly lady on one side of her, the young man on the other.

"Do you see that girl?" a hotel acquaintance asked eagerly.

I nodded.

"She is a great personage, in spite of her simple dress and manners. She is the Princess Theresa, daughter of" (and he named the king of a wellknown and flourishing little kingdom.) "But for the fate which has given her two elder sisters, she would be heir to the throne; she has no brothers. As it is, I fancy it looks as if she intended to renounce all regal rights and be happy in her own way with the young fellow beside her."

Two years later, as I was journeying homewards from a long tour in the East, which had taken me far out of reach of all newspapers or tidings of the western world, I resolved to stay for a night or two in a town on my route which, it so happened, was the capital of that kingdom where the Princess Theresa's father reigned as king.

My thoughts naturally enough flew back to her as I drove through the quaint and picturesque town, and a vivid picture of her as I had last seen her arose before my eyes. As I drove I became aware that the streets were gaily decorated with flags and flowers, and that people's faces wore an unusual look of festivity and rejoicing.

"What is happening?" I asked of my driver. "Is this a nation-

al festival, or anniversary of some great victory?"

"The gentleman does not know," he said. "Our princess is to be married to-morrow—the crown princess, the heir to the throne, be it understood," he went on for the further enlightenment of my dull foreign understanding. "She marries our neighbor, Prince Frederick, and we rejoice."

"So," I reflected, "the Princess Theresa's elder sister was to be married, and no doubt the younger princess herself would be at the wedding." I then and there resolved that I would make at least an effort to see something of the morrow's ceremony.

The town was astir betimes, and I was astir with the town to take my place as near as might be to the steps of the fine cathedral in which I learned the wedding was to take place.

I found myself well amused watching the guests stream into the building, listening to the comments of the populace, and leaning from my neighbors who was this grandee, and who that. Then at last a murmur ran round: "The royal household is coming," and I craned forward with the rest to watch the lords and ladies in waiting pass up the steps. Once I started violently, for I saw a face I knew, but a face grown from youth to manhood since I had seen it last—the face of a man called Armand.

And, as well as the youth, all the gladness had gone out of it; it was strong and pure as ever, but infinitely sad; and I wondered.

Next there came a pause; then a blare of trumpets, a great shout from the multitude, a pealing volume of sounds from the organ, and out of a magnificent state carriage, into the sunshine on the steps, there came leaning on the old king's arm, a tall form in trailing white garments, her diamonds flashing till she seemed to move in a blaze of light.

And when I saw the face of the bride, I caught my breath and uttered a low exclamation, for the face under the bridal veil was not the face of a stranger. I looked once again upon the face of the girl I had seen walking with her lover in the garden at sunset time—the girl who had entered into Paradise with Armand!

The same, yet not the same! The exquisite contour was there still; the eyes, blue and deep as the sky overhead; the beautiful curves of mouth and chin; the gleaming hair. But the coloring, instead of making me think of apple blossoms in spring, was white as a statue; and the radiance was all gone! The face was set and still as though carved out of marble, lovely beyond words, but cold with coldness that froze my heart.

She passed into the building with that free, stately step I remembered, then I turned with a question to a man behind me.

"Yes—that is the crown princess now. Her elder sisters both died. Yes—it was sad, very sad. They said the young Princess had been about to resign her royal rank, to wed for love; but—her sisters had died, and she had become her father's heir—and—well, of course, it was easily to be seen she must wed the son of a royal house," and so on, and so on.

I waited to hear no more. I could not bear to see that beautiful cold face again.

It was a tiny churchyard on a hillside in Switzerland. Below it is the waters of the lake shimmered in the sunshine, above its terraces arose vineyard above vineyard, till they were lost in the woods that hung upon the sides of the great brooding mountains. I walked slowly along the little paths among the graves, reading the names of the dead who lay in their peaceful resting place amongst the roses.

All at once my slow steps were arrested; a few feet in front of me

I saw a woman in black and alone, kneeling beside a grave over which was a trelliswork covered with white banksia roses. Yes, oh, yes, there was no mistaking her beautiful features. Though years had gone by, they had not dimmed her loveliness; and though her eyes shone through a mist of tears, their color was still the same wonderful deep blue.

The grave was marked only by a simple stone. No date was upon it; no text; there were no wreaths upon the simple grass plot. Only it was wrapped about by the trailing branches of the rose, whose petals had made a pure white mantle upon the grass; and the three words upon the little stone seemed to me the most pathetic I had ever read—

"Armand—au revoir!"

I have seen her once since then, a crowned queen and her people's idol. She was driving along the streets of her capital, her little son by her side; she was dressed all in white, and her loveliness was something to dream of and remember. I thought I had never seen a smile more infinitely sweet; and yet the sadness in her eyes brought a mist before my own.

For a moment the street, the people about me, the swiftly rolling carriages, faded from my sight. Instead I saw a far away garden, fragrant with the scent of pale wisteria flowers and banksia roses; radiant with sunshine, full of the songs of birds—the glory of spring. I saw the girl, glad with a wonderful new gladness; I heard a voice, the most soft and musical it has ever been my lot to hear before or since, say gently—

"To enter Paradise with you, Armand, that is enough!"

The vision faded, another took its place.

A hillside cemetery; the deep, still lake, the brooding mountains—"roses, roses all the way"—and a little grave amongst them, a grave whose simple stone bears only those three short words—"Armand—au revoir!"

The B. & M. is always on time now a days so far as the public is concerned with the time card. There was a change of some kind Sunday but as this corporation can neither afford to pay its taxes or for the appearance of its time card in the press of the state its patrons will simply guess at the time in the future. The road has made the generous offer to furnish the press with the changes in time through their local agents but refuse to pay for the space required for this purpose. We know of no one in the newspaper fraternity in the state that is in arrears to this astute corporation to the extent that they feel like making them a donation of \$25 per annum. If there be such speak out and the rest of us might fall over ourselves to get in line.

FARGO.

John Fletcher was at Rulo Friday. T. Ruggie was a visitor here Friday. Mr. Hittner sold his mule team for \$370.

H. G. Dorste was visiting with W. F. Dorste Sunday.

Joe Sells has been visiting at Craig, Mo., this week.

Henry Hirschberger was visiting with Kettlers Sunday.

John Gleason has joined the Farmers' Mutual Telephone Company.

Helen Haunce is sewing for Carrie Hirschberger this week.

Barney Fagley has delivered his last spring crop of hogs to Preston this week.

Ollie Rector has been shelling corn two days this week which he delivered to Rulo.

Bill Buckminster and Bald Dannecker were delivering corn to H. G. Dorste this week.

F. E. Nitchie delivered eight head of stock steers to Rulo Monday for which he received 3 cents per pound.

This has been great weather for butchering in this neighborhood, as many as fifteen families having butchered.

Aug. Frich son of Bill Frich formerly of this vicinity but now lives on his fine farm three miles north of Morrill, Kansas, was operated for appendicitis at Sabetha, Kan., Friday, his friends here hope for his speedy recovery.

Here We Shine

We lead in dainties for the table. You will find our line complete. Choice Beef, Pork, Veal and Mutton. All leading brands of smoked and salt meats. Oysters, Celery, Cranberries, Fresh Fish, Salt Fish, Shrimp, Clams, Lobsters, Rabbits, Pickles and fine home made Sausages. Poultry of all kinds.

CITY MEAT MARKET

A. E. SCHMIDT, PROP.

Farmers, Stockmen Attention

MEAT MEAL

Christmas is coming and I am too, with a car of Oil meal that I will sell at the following price:

Ton lots... \$31.00 Half ton lots... \$16.50
500 lb lots... 8.50 Less \$1.75 per 100
Armours Meat Meal \$2.10 per hundred.
Armours Meat Meal 500 lb lots, \$10.
Lump Rock Salt 75c per hundred.
Lump Rock Salt \$1.35 per ton.
Crushed Rock Salt 40c per hundred.
Michigan Salt fine, 1.40 per barrel.
Michigan Salt coarse, 1.50 per barrel.

ROCK SALT

O. P. HECK

The Falls City Roller Mills

Does a general milling business, and manufactures the following brands of flour

SUNFLOWER MAGNOLIA CROWN

The above brands are guaranteed to be of the highest possible quality. We also manufacture all mill products and conduct a general

Grain, Live Stock and Coal Business

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P. S. Heacock & Son,

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Wherein It Leads.

Its Unexcelled News Service embraces the continuous report of the Associated Press, with dispatches every hour; the general and special service of the New York Herald; the finest transcontinental leased wire service and special correspondence from THE STAR's own representatives in Washington, D. C.; Jefferson City, Mo.; Topeka, Kas., and Guthrie, Ok., in addition to the large list of news that comes daily from several hundred other alert representatives.

Its Market Reports and Comments have an authoritative value that causes them to be telegraphed to all parts of the United States the moment THE STAR comes from the press. No western man even indirectly interested in the value of food products, stocks and securities can afford to be without THE STAR's daily record of prices and conditions.

Its Special Features include The Chaperson's column, in which are answered questions pertaining to beauty aids and social customs and affairs, a department for inquiries on other subjects and a wide range of miscellaneous articles throwing side lights upon the world's most interesting people and events—these in addition to a vigorous editorial page, absolutely independent politically, and a Sunday issue that is full of live special matter and human interest.

13 Papers Each week for 10 cents

The Kansas City Star was the first—and is still the only newspaper to deliver a complete morning paper, THE KANSAS CITY TIMES, to its subscribers without increase in the subscription price.

Mortgage Record.

Lou Edwards, Register of deeds of this county, has recently made the following report of the mortgage indebtedness of the county as shown by the records for the year 1906.

FARM MORTGAGES:

No. filed 202, aggregating... \$499,934.27

No. released 238, aggregating... \$391,853.74

TOWN AND CITY MORTGAGES:

No. filed 98, aggregating... \$48,978.50

No. released 86, aggregating... \$36,364.56

CHattel MORTGAGES:

No. filed 543, aggregating... \$260,949.11

No. released 430, aggregating... \$270,035.25

Basket Social.

The members of the Falls school, district No. 74, will give a basket social on Friday evening, January 15, at the school house, of which school Lottie Putnam is the teacher. A pleasant time is anticipated and everybody is cordially invited to attend.

PAIN

Pain in the head—pain anywhere, has its cause. Pain in congestion, pain is blood pressure—nothing else usually. At least, so says Dr. Shoop, and to prove it he has created a little pink tablet. That tablet—called Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet—coaxes blood pressure away from pain centers. Its effect is charming, pleasantly delightful. Gently, though safely, it surely equalizes the blood circulation.

If you have a headache, it's blood pressure. If it's painful periods with women, same cause. If you are sleepless, restless, nervous, it's blood congestion—blood pressure. That surely is a certainty, for Dr. Shoop's Headache Tablet stops it in 30 minutes, and the tablets simply distribute the unnatural blood pressure.

Bruse your finger, and doesn't it get red, and swell, and pain you? Of course it does. It's congestion, blood pressure. You'll find it where pain is—always. It's simply Common Sense.

We sell at 25 cents, and cheerfully recommend

Dr. Shoop's

Headache

Tablets

(ALL DEALERS)

Just Out!

"Red Peppers" two-step is sure to make a hit with you. Ask the Falls City Music Co.



WELL SERVED

roast meats means something more than being well roasted. The roast to begin with must be what we call

"PRIME ROASTS"

When you get that kind and the cook knows what to do with it you're sure of a roast to please the epicure.

You supply the cook and we will supply the "prime roasts." We've made it a study and don't make mistakes. We pay the highest prices for hides and furs. Phone 74.

Heiser & Mosiman.

Chas. M. Wilson

New Dinnerware in white and decorated for this season. Now sold by the set or piece.

The Largest Stock of Fancy China and Dinnerware in the County. We can make you prices. A full stock of good groceries, of nuts, etc. Try our Coffee's.

Chas. M. Wilson

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Office at Metts' Barn. Office Phone 139. Residence Phone 263.

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The best imported horses \$1,000 each. Home-bred registered draft stallions, \$250 to \$750 at my stable doors. A. Latimer Wilson, Creston, Ia.

Hides, Furs and Tallow.

I will pay the highest market price for hides, furs and tallow. See me at Wachtel's harness shop 5t F. W. SCHROEDER.

Keep
Your Nerve

It is nerve energy that runs the organs of your body. The storage battery is the nerve cells in the brain and spinal cord, and from this battery nerve force is sent out through the system of nerves. To keep the body healthy you must have plenty of nerve force; if you have not, the organs work imperfectly, the circulation is sluggish, digestion bad, appetite poor, kidneys inactive, and aches, pains and misery are the penalty.

You can keep the system strong with Dr. Miles' Nerve. It assists in generating nerve energy; it strengthens the nerves and makes the whole system strong and vigorous.

"I take pleasure in recommending Dr. Miles' Nerve to those suffering from nervous prostration, insomnia and melancholy. After several months suffering from above diseases I tried this medicine and found immediate relief. It soothes and strengthens the nerves, chases away the gloomy and depressing thoughts and gives the sufferer renewed strength and hope. It is a superb nerve restorer."

JUDGE JACOB SEEMANN,

Madison, Wisconsin.

Dr. Miles' Heart Cure is sold by your druggist, who will guarantee that the first bottle will benefit. If it fails he will refund your money. Miles Medical Co., Elkhart, Ind.