

AS LIZA LOVED THE KING
By Curran R. Greenley

The old red brick mansion stood up primly, its harsh outlines of uncompromising squareness half hidden by a riot of Gaelder roses that climbed and threw long green arms of loveliness around the small diamond panes of the windows. A straight box bordered path led down to the gate through an avenue of beeches where the sunlight fell in lance rifts down upon the blue grass fresh with the green of May—Maytime in old Kentucky in the year of our Lord 1833. Beyond the rustic gate a broad, white road ran from east to west.

bay gelding, whinnied softly in his loose box. He knew the little fingers that slipped the bit between his velvet lips, and he laid his handsome head against her curls in mute caress as the saddle was girted. Harry Clay had never carried that weight before, and when the flapping riding skirt struck his withers the fine ears lay close as he reared and pawed the air, with the thin nostrils flared, but a whisper, a touch upon the mane, and he dropped into a light canter along the footpath, his feet making no sound upon the turf.

THE HUMBLE HAIRPIN.
You Thought You Knew Its Many Uses, but There Are Others.
The comprehensive merits of the hairpin are too all observant men. Its special value in surgery is asserted by a writer in American Medicine. It seems that a surgeon can do almost anything with a hairpin. He can wire bones with it, probe and close wounds, pin bandages, compress blood vessels, use it "to remove foreign bodies from any natural passage" and "as a curette for scraping away soft material."

Whence Comes Electricity?
At a time when electricity is rapidly transforming the face of the globe, when it has already in great measure annihilated distance and bids fair to abolish darkness for us, it is curious to notice how completely ignorant "the plain man" remains as to the later developments of electrical theory. Some recent correspondence has led me to think that a vague notion that electricity is a fluid which in some mysterious way flows through a telegraph wire like water through a pipe is about as far as he has got, and if we add to this some knowledge of what he calls "electric shocks" we should probably exhaust his ideas on the subject. Yet this is not to be wondered at. Even the most instructed physicists can do nothing but guess as to what electricity is, and the only point on which they agree is as to what it is not. There is, in fact, a perfect consensus of opinion among scientific writers that it is not a fluid—i. e., a continuous stream of ponderable matter, as is a liquid or a gas—and that it is not a form of energy, as is heat.

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When Women Were Extravagant.
Such a hue and cry as is raised about the extravagance of the women of our day, and yet at the court of St. James, in a dress of velvet embroidered with gold, which is said to have cost no less than \$1,500, Marie de Medicis had a gown sown with 32,000 pearls and 8,000 diamonds, and her example was followed by lesser personages, who cheerfully expended more than their incomes on gowns so laden with precious stones that their wearers could scarcely move about in them.

Old Times at the Capital.
In recalling the lively and picturesque incidents which the old timers enjoyed in Washington one is moved almost to tears over the commonplace nature of his own times. John Adams used to bathe in the Potomac every morning at daylight because they had no bathtub in the White House, and no one ever pulled a kodak on him. President Taylor used to walk about the town and stop and chat with every one he met, like a policeman. A reception in the White House in these days is relieved of monotony only by the great crush of guests, who trample the clothes off one another's backs. Another president set up in the east room a six hundred pound cheese and invited the multitude to come in and help itself, which the multitude proceeded to do.

Distant Neptune.
The period of man's whole history is not sufficient for an express train to traverse half the distance to Neptune from the earth. Thought wearies and fails in seeking to grasp such distances. It can scarcely comprehend 1,000,000 miles, and here are thousands of them. When we stand on that, the outermost of the planets, the very last sentinel of the outposts of the King, the very sun grows dim and small in the distance.

A Stern Chase.
The Youth—Yes, I'm in business for myself, but I don't seem to be able to meet with any success.
The Sage—Nobody ever meets with business, young man. He must overtake it.—Philadelphia Press.

Disturbed the Peace.
"She disturbed my peace of mind."
"How?"
"Gave me a piece of hers."—Detroit Free Press.

Mushrooms Easily Grown.
Any one may raise mushrooms in his cellar or even in his attic with very satisfactory results. He should have a bed which may consist of a shallow box, and this should be filled with a dark, rich loam to the depth of, say, eight inches. It should be in a dark place, and a damp place also is beneficial, but if he uses an attic the room may be kept dark by heavy curtains and the earth damp by frequent watering. An average temperature of from 60 to 70 degrees should be maintained. Almost all seedsmen sell the spawn bricks, and when the bed is prepared the spawn should be broken into fine surface particles and just covered with the earth.

All the Same.
During an encampment of the national guard of Pennsylvania at Mount Gettysburg several years ago a party of officers went out for a stroll, and, happening to pass a farmhouse near the encampment grounds, one of them suggested stopping in for a glass of milk. On going inside the yard they were met by the farmer's daughter, who brought forth a can of buttermilk and some tumbled, saying:
"This is the only kind of milk we have."

System in Saving.
"The only good plan for saving is to make it an invariable rule to deposit something each week or each month," says a bank president. "Having thus put the money aside, it should be considered out of reach and on no account to be drawn upon except in case of sickness, loss of employment or death. It is surprising how money will pile up when such a system as this is followed. If every one who possesses any income at all would adopt the practice and stick to it no matter how small the deposits might be, poverty would be well nigh abolished."

Misinterpreted.
A delicate point of pronunciation is involved in this story. A country cousin in once went to spend Sunday with an Edinburgh friend. After a long day spent in sightseeing they found themselves a long way from home.
"Noo, mon," said the townsman, "we've a long way to gang. Shall we tak' a tram?"
"Yak' a tram!" cried the other in surprise. "Ye dinna mean to tell me that in Edinburgh the public houses are open on the Sawbath!"

Remorse.
Law Notes tells of a trial in which the following remorseful letter appeared in evidence:
Mr. Edwell:
Dear Sir—This is what I never expect to come to. But it is trouble, and no one to help me out. So I want you to have this young woman Burked. But me, let me lay top of ground, for the Turkey Buzards to eat, for I have did wrong.
JOHN BURKED.

Two Kinds of Dreariness.
You hear often from car window observers of the "dreary" desert, the "hopeless," the "cheerless" desert, but the desert deserves none of these adjectives. It is dreadful, if you wish, in the way in which it punishes the ignorance and presumption of those who know not the signs of thirst; it sometimes is awful in its passions of dust, torrents, heat; it is even monotonous to those who love only the life of crowded cities—but it is never dreary or cheerless. Hopelessness may well apply to the deserts of Mulberry street and Smoky hollow, with their choked and heated tenements, their foul odors, their swarms of crowded and hideous human life, but the desert of the arid land is eternally hopeful, smiling, strong, rejoicing in itself. The desert is never morbid in its adversity. On the other hand, it is calm and sweet and clean—the cleanest of all land. Not till man comes, bringing his ugly mining towns and his destructive herds, does it bear even the vestige of the unclean, the dreary, the unpicturesque.—Ray Stannard Baker in Century ("The Great Southwest").

Round Pegs in Square Holes.
A great deal of misdirected effort in this blundering world is due to the fact that people are compelled to engage in work which they dislike, when just around the corner, so to speak, is work which they might love. Ambitious parents decree that the lad who would make a painter, whose eye for color and form is true or whose soul responds and fingers thrill to the vibrating chords of melody, shall instead enter a counting room and be apprenticed to a business for which he has no aptitude. Similarly, a boy who would succeed in farming or in the carpenter's shop is destined to a liberal profession and compelled to undergo a long course of training for this, which, owing to his lack of fitness, is almost abortive in its results. Half the failures and defeats in life may be attributed to the placing of the round peg in the square hole. Men and women are forced to work at that which they dislike and which does not enlist their highest powers.—Harper's Bazar.