'AS LIZA LOVED THE KING"

By Curran R. Greenley

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The old red brick mansion stood up primly, its harsh outlines of uncompromising squareness half hidden by a riot of Guelder 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.

Those were strange processions that wound along the great highroad, the artery of trade from the east over the Alleghanies to Kentucky and the southern country that lay beyond in the gateway of the wilderness-long trains of white covered wagons filled with a medley of women, children, household goods, with their escorts of stalwart men on horseback. Already the hegira to the west had commenced, often a tribe of Choctaws bound for the wigwam of the great father, grim, dusk faces under nodding plumes, animated bundles, with smaller bundles bound to their backs, astride of the ponies, silent as ghosts, and passing, always passing, up the long white road.

Twice each day, with the long tantara-ra-ra of the bugles and the rattle of whip and hoof, came the stagecoach, a flash of color from east to west, and again the quiet of earth and sky.

Over the hills, whose dim, blue line encompassed her world around, the child's heart went each day with the dying echo of hoof and bugle; over the hills, where the gold lights of sunset kissed the pink limestone cliffs, brightening to emerald green the tufts of maidenbair in the deep clefts, and farther up, where the mists caught and held them, deepening into the evening's violet crown.

A slim, shy maid of barely fifteen, in her long, narrow skirt and prim kerchief drawn tightly across the childish breast, the small brown hand shading her level brows, she watched with wistful eyes up the long ribbon of road-little Anne, with her peach blossom face and soft gray eyes that had dared to look from under their long black lashes at a face that was the face of a people's hero; not all the people, for here in her father's house Anne had heard fierce denunciations and even curses against that name. But when had politics aught to do with a maid's romancing? Deep down in her heart the girl cherished the memory of one summer evening, when all alone the great man reined in his horse and sprang from the saddle to walk and talk with a pretty child. Two years had come and gone, but over the low gate Anne leaned and dreamed of her here as did that Lisa in faroff Italy of her king.

The evening shadows grew longer and the sun vanished behind the hills as the tinkle of bells chimed up from the pasture. With eyes still dream thralled Anne wandered out and across the road to where the spring bubbled up from its mossy pool. A little rustic summer house sheltered it, and the little stream lost itself in a dense thicket of hazel bushes that grew close up to the arbor. The girl's light foot made no sound as she entered and dropped down upon the seat. Voices close at hand aroused her as a low murmur came from the bazel copse.

"The best place is where the road comes through Hungerford's woods, this side of the mill."

Then another voice: "I don't like it. It's doing all the dirty work and getting the kicks for pay. Let them as wants him out of the way put him

And the first voice answered with an bath: "What's that to you? The men that wants Andrew Jackson dead hain't the men as risks nuthin'." "Andrew Jackson." Anne's heart

gave a great bound, then almost stopped, as there was a rustle among the bushes. She strained her ears to catch the last words.

"He'll likely spend tonight at Hungerford's, leaving there by daybreak." "No. There hain't but one nigger along. He don't like comp'ny a-travelin'." And the low chuckle died in the

distance. It was nearly dark as Anne crept out from her hiding place and glanced fearfully up the long white road. She knew that Hungerford's lay fifteen miles away as the crow flies, and to reach it would mean a ride through the night-morning would be too late; knew too, poor child, that in the hearts of those about her dwelt the bitterest hatred of the man that she would have would have lifted a hand against his story down and bade her hush, as chil-

dren should. room she knelt and prayed her simple and form is true or whose soul responds prayer. She had always been afraid of and fingers thrill to the vibrating the dark-the dark that was like whispering lips in your ear and the touch counting room and be apprenticed to a of soft fingers clutching at your gown- business for which he has no aptitude. but the life of her hero was the high

guerdon of the deed. to the stable, where Harry Clay, the per's Bazar.

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 cars 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. Fifteen miles to Hungerford's, and four hours yet until the dawn. Harry Clay quickens his stride as a clock from a farmhouse chimes out, "One, two," and they have passed the brick church at the forks of Otter creek, where she had knelt so often at her mother's side. "Three," and the white road runs backward under the flying hoofs. The moments speed, and they gallop into the shadow of Hungerford's woods. A dim old moon was shining, and a break in the trees let in the light full on the girl's face. There was a rustle in the shadows of the roadside, and the same rough voice cried out: "That girl of Montague's on the bay colt-stop her! Whoa, there!"

But Anne brought the whip down on Harry Clay's flank. Not quite swift enough, for a pistol shot rang out, another and yet another, and she felt a dull shock as Harry Clay, maddened by the reports and the insult of a blow, tore down the white stones of the road, the fire flashing under the iron shod hoofs-on and on, while the miles rolled back in the dark and the gray of dawn came over the hills. There was something warm and wet that trickled down the great bay's shoulder as the little figure swayed and clung to the saddle. As the gold broke along the east a horseman rode out of the woods in the opposite direction, the same that had walked his horse and talked with the pretty child two years

The reins dropped on Harry Clay's neck as Andrew Jackson rode alongside just in time to catch her as she reeled from the saddle, and then, with her head against his heart, the little maid sobbed out her story, while the sweet face grew paler and the wild roses died from the pretty cheeks as the drip, drip of the blood went pat-

The grim, dark face hardened into steel as he beckoned to the negro that rode a little behind him.

"Go back to the farm and tell them to make ready, and, mind you, lose no time in sending for the doctor." Very carefully and slowly he rode, bearing the light weight, while the still face lay against his breast, smiling dream-

At the farmhouse all was bustle and stir. Mistress Hungerford's capable hands laved the wounds and made all sweet and clean in the chamber where they carried her to await the coming to be believed that they have mastered of the doctor.

Very quiet and still she lay when he came to bid her farewell. His face was sad and stern when he bared his head by the low white bed where Anne lay. They two were alone when Anne opened her great gray eyes on the face of her dreams, and in that look he whose heart lay buried in a woman's grave in Tennessee read the old story sanctified in the white shrine of the maiden soul; read also, with a soldier's unerring knowledge, the whiteness about the pretty mouth. The stern face grew tender and the eagle eyes were dimmed as he leaned to that unspoken prayer, laying his lips upon the white ones beneath, that quivered a moment and were still.

The child's eyes looked beyond the hills at last.

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 risked her life to save! Not that they that people are compelled to engage in work which they dislike, when just life, but they would have laughed her around the corner, so to speak, is work which they might love. Ambitious parents decree that the lad who would Alone in her little white curtained make a painter, whose eye for color chords of melody, shall instead enter a

Similarly, a boy who would succeed in farming or in the carpenter's shop One by one each door was closed. is destined to a liberal profession and She heard her father's chair pushed compelled to undergo a long course of back and knew that he was laying his training for this, which, owing to his pipe on the mantelshelf; heard her lack of fitness, is almost abortive in its mother setting the house in order, and results. Half the failures and defeats then it all grew still. The tall clock | in life may be attributed to the placing ticked louder and louder through the of the round peg in the square hole. dark with an accusing voice-ten Men and women are forced to work at eleven, twelve, and at the last stroke a that which they dislike and which does little dark figure hurried across the yard | not enlist their highest powers.-HarTHE HUMBLE HAIRPIN.

You Thought You Knew Its Many Uses, but There Are Others, hairpin are known to all observant abolish darkness for us, it is curious to men. Its special value in surgery is notice how completely ignorant "the asserted by a writer in American Med. plain man" remains as to the later dekine. It seems that a surgeon can do almost anything with a hairpen. He think that a vague notion that electriccan wire bones with it, probe and close ity is a fluid which in some mysterious vessels, use it "to remove foreign bod- like water through a pipe is about as ies from any natural passage" and "as far as he has got, and if we add to this terial." And no doubt the women tric shocks" we should probably exthat most gifted and versatile of bu- this is not to be wondered at. Even man implements. Anthropologists have the most instructed physicists can do never done justice to the hairpin. It nothing but guess as to what electrickeeps civilization together. In the ity is, and the only point on which matter, the plow. What is the plow of opinion among scientific writers but a development of the forked stick, that it is not a fluid—i. e., a continuous and what is the forked stick but a stream of ponderable matter, as is a scratch the ground successfully with a this limit the scientific imagination is hairpin now. In fact, there is no work at liberty to roam where it listeth, and, or play in which something may not be accomplished by means of it.

Dullards will tell you that women aren't so inventive as men; don't take Academy. out so many patents. They don't have to. With the hairpin all that is do-able can be done. With a hairpin a woman can pick a lock, pull a cork, peel an apple, draw out a nail, beat an egg, see if a joint of meat is done, do up a baby, sharpen a pencil, dig out a sliver, fasten a door, hang up a plate or picture, open a can, take up a carpet, repair a baby carriage, clean a lamp chimney, put up a curtain, rake a grate fire, cut a pie, make a fork, a fishhook, an awi, a gimlet or a chisel, a paper cutter, a clothespin, regulate a range, tinker a sewing machine, stop a leak in the roof, turn over a flapjack, calk a hole in a pair of trousers, stir batter, whip cream, reduce the pressure in the gas meter, keep bills and receipts on file, spread butter, cut patterns, tighten windows, clean a watch, untle a knot, varnish floors, do practical plumbing. reduce the asthma of tobacco pipes, pry shirt studs into buttonholes too small for them, fix a horse's harness, restore damaged mechanical toys, wrestle with refractory beer stoppers, improvise suspenders, shovel bonbons, inspect gas burners, saw cake, jab tramps, produce artificial buttons, hooks and eyes; sew, knit and darn, button gloves and shoes, put up awnings, doctor an automobile. In short, she can do what she wants to. She needs no

other instrument. If a woman went into the Robinson Crusoe line, she could build a hut and make her a coat of the skin of a goat by means of the hairpin. She will revolutionize surgery with it in time. Meanwhile the male chirurgeons are doing the best they can, but it is not the full mystery of the hairpin.

When Women Were Extravagant Such a bue 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 preclous stones that their wearers could scarcely move about in them. Mme. de Montespan, the beauty who reigned at the court of Louis XIV., wore at one great court festival "a gown of gold on gold and over that gold frieze stitched with a certain gold which makes the most divine stuff that has

de Sevigne. Old Times at the Capital.

ever been imagined," according to the

panegyrics written by the pen of Mme.

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 recep-tion 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 from the earth. Thought wearies and tances. It can scarcely comprehend nigh abolished.' 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. To be constantly pulling up the seeds of life to see if they have sprouted is a So I want you to have this young woman Burried. serious menace to the health of the But mee, let me lay top of ground, for the Turplants.-Ladies' Home Journal.

Whence Comes Electricity?

At a time when electricity is rapidly transforming the face of the globe, when it has already in great measure The comprehensive merits of the annihilated distance and bids fair to velopments of electrical theory. Some recent correspondence has led me to wounds, pin bandages, compress blood way flows through a telegraph wire a curette for scraping away soft ma- some knowledge of what he calls "elecdoctors can do a great deal more with haust his ideas on the subject. Yet hands of girls entirely great it is much they agree is as to what it is not. mightier than the sword or, for that There is, in fact, a perfect consensus modification of the hairpin? If there liquid or a gas-and that it is not a was any necessity a woman could form of energy, as is heat. Outside although it has used this liberty to a considerable extent, no definite result has followed up to the present time .-

> Spiders. Spiders are an unsociable, misanthropical race at the best of times and usually regard each other with the most uncompromising aversion. This imbitters all social intercourse, so that a spider wandering by accident into his brother's web is received in a manner that if "a little more than kin" is certainly "less than kind." Instead of hospitably entertaining his visitor mine host either drops by a fine thread and disappears from view or promptly prepares to fight him. Eviction is not his object, but capture, with ulterior designs upon the body, which with a wise forethought the master of the house already destines for the larder.

> But putting aside these prudent considerations it is a grand albeit a savage sight to witness the encounter when the combatants are well matched for size and strength-the cautious advance, with a delicate testing of threads on both sides; the wily feint, followed by a precipitate retreat, and wild dangling of the hero suspended in midair, and then the headlong rush and death grapple, hand to hand, foot to foot, which is rendered very impressive when six legs are brought into active requisition at once on either side.-London Opinion.

> > 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. Notwithstanding the popular belief, mushrooms do not come up in a night, but they do in four or five nights, and when once up their growth is very rapid.-Exchange.

All the Same.

During an encampment of the national guard of Pennsylvania at Mount Gretna 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 tumblers, saying:

"This is the only kind of milk we have." After each of the party had taken a

drink one of them remarked: "By George, that's fine! Can't you let us have some more?" The lass replied:

"Oh, yes; take all you want. We feed it to the pigs anyway."-Philadelphia

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. not sufficient for an express train to If every one who possesses any income traverse half the distance to Neptune at all would adopt the practice and stick to it no matter how small the defails in seeking to grasp such dis- posits might be, poverty would be well

> Misinterpreted. A delicate point of pronunciation is involved in this story. A country cousin once went to spend Sunday with an Edinburgh friend. After a long day spent in sightseeing they found them-

selves a long way from home. "Noo, mon," said the townsman, "we've a long way to gang. Shall we tak' a tram?"

"Tak' a tram!" cried the other in surprise. "Ye dinna mean to tell me that in Edinbro' 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. Bidwell: Dear Sir-This is what I never expect to come o. But it is trouble, and no one to help mee out. key Buzards to eat; for I have did rong



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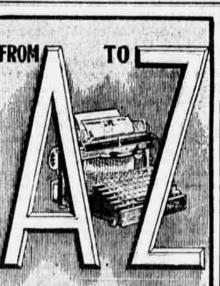
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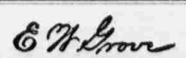
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