BILLIONS OF APPLES.

Bamper Crop of the Favorite Fruit of Mother Eve.

Cleveland Leader. The crop of apples, of salable quality,

in the United States this year is reckoned at a little leas than 50,000,000 barrels. apples somewhat inferior, but still useful for making cider and for other like purpones, were taken into account the total would be well beyond 50,000,000 barrels.

That means something like 30,000,000,000 apples. If the population of the country is now \$0,000,000 there have been about 375 apples grown for every man, woman and child in the United States. That means an apple a day, every day in the year, for every one, with a few left over.

These are tremendous figures, and the most surprising fact about the apple crop is that all of it might be grown in a amaller space than Cuyahoga county, which means, Cleveland and the environs of the city, provided that all the trees were well matured and in good condition, and that all bore an excellent crop, the same year. That shows what can be done with mere little spots on the earth's surface, in the way of producing food, if the conditions are favorable and the best methods are employed.

Apple trees have room enough when they are set out forty to the scre. It is nothing remarkable to obtain five or six barrels to the tree when orchards are at their best. A barrel means 500 or 600 apples of average size. A little figuring will show that an acre can produce 100,000 or 120,000

apples in a year. That means 70,000,000 or 25,000,000 apples to a square mile. And paper. there are over 41,000 square miles in Ohio and 3,000,000 square miles in the United States, not including any outlying possesand that was treason. The name of this alone

Those who talk of the limited capacity of the earth for providing mankind with tood scarcely understand their subject.

LAUGHING LINES.

Most men don't get their just desserts. If they did, they wouldn't be an well off an they are now.-Somerville Journal.

"I can't understand." said Uncle Eben. "why some men dat is so willin' to fight at a parlor social should hey down an' tremble when it comes to a little thing like work."-Washington Star.

"I ought to be pretty well acquainted with the durned town," growled a chronically disgrunted citizen. "Tye been knocking around it for twenty-five years." "I don't know about that," said the other citizen, "but ever since I have known you you've been knocking it."-Chicago Tribune.

"Your rich brother is in the hospital, isn't

"Yes," "And how is he progressing?" "Oh, I'm dreadfully worried about him." "So sorry. Are you atraid he will not recover?" "Oh, ho, it isn't that I'm worrying about. It's his pretty nurse."-Cleveland Plain Dealer

"But you know," persisted the wife who was trying to work her huaband for a new outfit, "that all women are slaves to fashion."

"True, my dear," replied the heartless husband "but I'm not the man to give up money for the purpose of encouraging alavery in any form."-Chicago News.

"That man boasts of having left politics a poorer man than he was when he en-tered it." "H'm," answered Senator Sorghum. "He

"Hu," answered Senator Borghum. "He evidently regards politics as being some-thing like a game called 'hearts,' in which the person taking the lowest number of tricks wins."-Washington Star.

swered. "I have been a dupe-a fool." WAITING.

John Boyle O'Reilly.

fie is coming: he is coming! in my throb-bing breast I feel it; There is music in my blood, and it whis-pers all day long. That my love unknown comes toward me! Ah, my heart, he need not steal it. For'l cannot hide the secret that it mur-murs in its song!

THE OMAHA DAILY BEE: SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 21, 1903.

THE TRAITOR AND THE KING By William H. Osborne.

The eye of each man was upon him.

murmur of applause.

ounced;

and the man.

death.

still pale.

nign also.

with the king!" There was a deep-voiced

The man at the table paused in his har

angue and lifted up a single sheet of paper.

at the door-a sound that he did not hear.

"Hark!" cried one man, in a sudden fear.

The next instant crash after crash re-

"In the name of the king," called those

the windows and the roof. All escaped but

one. That man, seemingly dazed by the

sudden turn affairs had taken, stood at his

battered down and a dozen gendarmes en

"In the name of the king," he com

manded, snatching up the single sheet of

The man at the table turned pale. For

there was but one name for his crime-

traitor. This thing happened in the year

out for treason, and that punishment was

The man who stood was Stransky. He was

"Stransky," said the other earnestly,

"tell me whence it comes-this vague dis-

Stransky stiffly bowed. "In the south-

oppressed." The other smiled. "The south-

west," he exclaimed. "I thought as much.

And have you heard, in these popular up-

Stransky stared as he heard the name, but

he answered, "Names are naught to me,

risings, the name of Adrianovitch?"

ng but his right hand man."

"No," exclaimed Stransky.

turning paler yet.

formers.

nothing could be more convincing."

Stransky read and bowed his head.

"Exactly," said the king dryly.

"Before I go," said Stransky, the traitor,

satisfaction and unrest among the people?

without. Inside there was a sudden scram-

ble, and fifty men rushed helter-skelter for

sounded upon the panels of the door.

"I have signed the resolution," he an-

"let him who cares to follow

Here It is." There was a sound

(Copyright, 1903, by William H. Osborne.) (air, there was a miffled shriek, and then That night some fifty men huddled to- a few groans-and all was quiet. In the gether in the small compass of the narrow king's chamber, that which had borne room. The light from smoky lamps fell the semblance of the king was oozing upon their faces-faces set with dogged life blood at thirty distinct and different determination. They belonged to the inwounds.

That night when the crowd outside was boring classes, these men of the vague unat fever heat, a window was thrust open rest. A man stood behind a small table. and a head was thrust out. "Down with the king!" he cried, "Down

"The king is dead!" called out this man. "Long live the king!" echoed back the crowd. Shortly after half a dozen men stepped into the glare of torches, bearing covered burden. Quickly they dug a pit, and as quickly they swung the body into it and covered it up with earth.

At the frontler the guard halted a man the dress of a lieutenant. "He's one of the king's household," said one of the guard as he noted the gold and

purple on the sleeve, "he must not pass. Passport, licutenant," he commanded. The other produced a small card. "Ah," said he of the guard, "I had for-

got. Go, Lieutenant David Stransky, the ervant of the king." "The king," said the lieutenant, doubt-

post. In another instant the door had been fully. "Exactly," returned the other, "the new

tered. Their leader sprang for the table king-Cadoudal of the southwest' Stransky returned to his rallway car-

lage. He sighed with relief as the train sped across the border. David Stransky disappeared from the face of the earth. Months passed. Cadoudal reigned. The people expectantly looked on. But provi-

dence had never cut him out for a monman was Stransky-he was Stransky, the. arch. The people soon found it out. And besides, the people had expected great 1900. In that year, in all climes and counthings of the new administration. They tries, there was but one punishment meted had taken it out in expectation-nothing

Adrianovitch was prime minister. Ca-An hour later two men conversed todoudal filled his offices with men chosen gether in a richly furnished apartment. from his favorites. One man was seated and the other stood.

The official coronation was not due until the end of a year-the year of mourning for the late king. For the late king had been assassinated, not by the people, not by Cadoudal, but by some unknown assassins. His death had merely been an incident which had occurred at a very opwest," he answered, "where they are most portune time. So officially the people nourned him, and Cadoudal, his successor, ourned him. In the meantime the people complained loudly. Cadoudal was greedy; he wanted riches. And the way to riches for a king is by taxation. He knew the people pretty well, too. He was pretty your majesty. I deal not with names, but sure that they lacked the spirit to rebel.

In the northwest, among the honest folk, "Stransky," the other said, "you're a a man wandered on foot from house to doomed man. But before they visit upon house. He discovered all the little grievyou the vengeance of the law, there's one ances. He found out how to remedy them. thingwou ought to know. That is that you, who think you are the champion of the ist? Was he a traitor to the king? Who was this man? Was he a revolutio people, are nothing more nor less than the After a while this man and the people

tool of Cadoudal, my cousin of the southbegan to hold meetings-meetings" which west province, who looks with envious eyes were peaceful but intense. The kingdom upon the throne. And Adrianovitch is nothwas small and he canvassed it from start to finish. On the night before the coronation a man, "Yes," answered the king. He pulled out in the gathering dusk, approached the

a handful of papers. "Look over these," palace. He looked up to the side where he said, "and be convinced. Legally these the dead king's apartments had been. Caddo not amount to a row of pins. Morally, oudal had left these rooms intact and had installed himself upon the other side. Was this a man, this thing that glided through have given my life for naught," he an- the darkness? If he were, he had strange methods, for suddenly he passed apparently into the midst of a solid stone wall. thought you'd like to know before you go."

Inside a lonely sentinel was pacing a de serted corridor. As the sentinel reached a dark corner, something brushed against The king rose and motioned to the man. him and swept along the passage. The sen-Stransky, obeying, went on before. Silently try shivered. He knew not what it was, bu they Cescended the stairs. There was a he knew one thing, and that was that it is not a pleasant business, keeping watch outside the chamber of a king who me





50c

Men who haven't bought a winter Suit or Overcoat can profit by the prices we have made for Saturday.

We want you to put our goods to the severest test. To judge them by the highest standard; to expect more of them than you would of any other goods-and then you'll come nearer the full realization of how much superior they are to what's usually seen. The price range tells you but a little part of the story. It's the value range that counts, and that's beyond expression in type and ink-but you can see it at a glance when you see the goods.

Read Every Line of This Ad Carefully.

Men's \$10.00 Suits for \$7.50

Newest styles are represented-all wool cassimeres, cheviots-plain and fancy colors and almost endless variety of patterns - perfectly tailored-would easily sell for \$10.00 if that were our price-however, you pay \$7.50 here Saturday.

Men's \$13.50 Suits for \$9.75

From two to four dozen suits of a kind-the manufac turer wanted to get ready for spring business and was will ing to sell them at any price. You will be as anxious to buy as we were. The fabrics are best imported and do-mestic worsteds and Scotch cheviots, and the like-best tailored, broad padded shoulders, shape-retaining coats.

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The best hand tailored styles-correct cut and elegant workmanship - the finest of all wool worsteds and Scotch mixtures. There's nothing but satisfaction coming to you from an investment in such clothing. You expect to pay \$5.00 more for such sults.

lot at \$13.50.

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Boys' Long Overcoats

13

Men's \$1.50 Sweaters at 75c

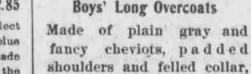
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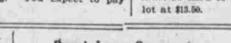
m for Saturday, Heavy, th

Made plain with belt, plain gray, black and fancy cheviots, fine Farmer satin lining, hand padded shoulders and felled collar, \$4 si zes 8 to 15 years, special for Saturday.....



Made of plain gray and







Full, long coats of neat all wool fabrics, with silk velvet

collars - several styles to select from-every one the best \$10.00 will buy in a regular way-you save \$2.50.

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Kersey and fancy mixtures-all wool, latest fall stylessatin sleeve lining, broad padded shoulders and full backs-

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Men's \$18.50 Overcoats for \$13.50 Full of warmth, style and wear. We are glad to be

able to offer these, because we know it would take from \$5.00 to \$7.50 more to get as fine elsewhere in the city. He must be hard to please who can't find his overcoat in this

"He is coming!" says my heart: I may raise my eyes and greet him: I may meet him any moment-shall I know him when 1 see?" And my heart laughs back the answer-I can tell him when 1 meet him. For our eyes will kiss and mingle ere he speaks a word to me.

O. T'm longing for his coming—in the dark my arms outreaching: To hasten you, my love, see. I lay my bosom bare!
Ah, the night wind! I shudder, and my hands are raised baseching— It walled so light a death sigh that passed me in the air!



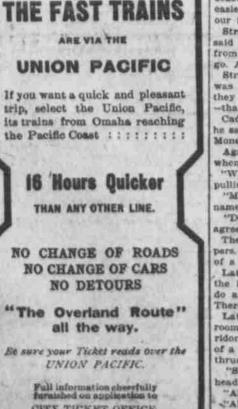
Medical authorities now concede that under the system of treatment introduced by Dr. Frank Whetzel of Chicago,

ASTHMA CAN BE CURED. Dr. C. D. Knoti, Lebanon, Ky.; Dr. F. E. hown, Pringhar, Iowa; Dr. J. C. Curryer, L. Faul, Minn.; Dr. M. L. Craffey, St. Jowin, Mos.; Dr. C. F. Beard, So. Framing-ium, Musa., bear witness to the efficacy f his treatment and the permanency of he cure in their own cases. Dr. Whetsel's lew method is a radical departure from he old fashinged smoke p wders, sprays, tc., which relieve but do not cure.

FREE TEST TREATMENT ired for any one giving a short de-tion of the case, and sending names of other salumatic a flerers. Ask for flet of experiences of those cured. FRANK WHETZEL, M. D.,

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CITY TICKET OFFICE, IN FARNAM STREET *Phone 235

O the sweet bursting flowers! how they open, never blushing. Laying bare their fragrant bosoms to the kisses of the sun! And the birds-i thought 'twas poets only read their tender gushing. But I hear their pleading storles, and I know them every one. Subset of the sun! Stransky, "he said, "text time you revolt find out the real cause that is behind you." He shut the door in Stransky's face. Outside Stransky gasped and the color rushed into his cheeks. "Merciful heaven," he whispered to him-They stood motionless for

"Merciful heaven," he whispered to him- They stood motionless for an instant, and self, "I am a free man-set free by the then with common impulse pushed onward

king." For him it was resurrection day-he had taken. There was light within the room. stepped out of a yawning grave.

not he's one of Cadoudal's star per- lit up with a white glow. The men outside

It was two years inter. The whole coun-

"Down with the king!" they howled. turned from the room and fled incontinently "Down with the king!" The king kept his palace in a state of

mplete defense, and ventured not abroad. Cadoudal, of the southwest, was at the capital. He was there unknown to the king and unknown to the crowt. One night he sat in a small room in an obscure lodging house, talking in whispers to another. man. This other was Adrianovitch.

"All that the people need," said Adrian-ovitch, "is a start. Once the king is out of the way it will be plain satiling. But the people won't touch him-they're too civilized for that."

Cadoudal nodded his head. "If they won't, we must," he answered. "We can do it all right," he went on, "but the thing is to do it in the easiest way, and the easlest way is from the inside. Have you got the list of the household?"

Adrianovitch handed out the list. Cadoudal looked it over. Half way down he his hopes-his reign, he knew, had ended. placed his finger on a name.

"Lieutenant David Stransky," he exclaimed "the very man. He was with us stood before the two kings. once, and he'll come with us once again." "Hold," he cried, "that the room. One of the three was Lieutenant of the people's party." David Stransky.

ts doomed. If he stays inside for another Stransky. Then I was one of the people. twelve hours the crowd will be like wild I am one of the people yet. By the seasts. But we want to do it in a quicker, easier way. You can let a haif dozen of our fellows in from the outside.

Stransky shook his head. "If you don't." said Cadoudal, "we'll storm the palace from the outside. The king and all will go. As it is, it will be only the king." Stransky looked at the two men. He was thinking. He knew quite as well as they that the conditions were most serious -that the king could not escape. Cadoudal understood. "Oh, as to that." he said, "we'll compensate you handsomely. Money now, and a safe transport."

Again Stransky nodded. "A transportwhence?" he asked. "Wherever you will." answered Cadondal. pulling out a card. "Money"" insisted Stransky. Cadoudal

named the sum. "Double it." said Stransky. Cadoudal agreed. Stransky was satisfied. They drew up chairs and talked in whis

pars. They were planning away the life of a king. Later Stransky entered the presence of

do as I suggest. I have considered it all. ere is no danger.

thrust out. The man kept on.

"Stransky," called the owner of the head. The other turned. "All is well?"

"All is well." A quarter of an hour passed. Then six David Stransky had stood some years besilent figures crept from the secret pas-ange and stealthily entered the apart- "Cousin Cadoudal" the king said. "would

"Good night, Stransky," he said, "next longer lives. An hour afterward he was relieved, but

"What is that?" said the patrol. Issuing Outside Stransky gasped and the color from underneath the door of the apartment of the dead king was a thin streak of light.

toward the room. They had not been mis-They listened, but they heard no sound Within the king sighed. "Pshaw," he Suddenly one of them, bolder than the said to himself, "I might just as well have others, tried the door. It yielded to his the law take its course. Just as like as touch, and the corridor immediately was

looked on and gasped with fear. For there, inside the late king's room tryside was in revolt, but it needed but a stood a silent figure solemnly arraying itspark to touch the whole thing off. The self in the coronation robes of the late king. trouble, so the people claimed, was with the king and his administration. And the figure was not the figure of Cadoudal, the new and living king. The men

down the corridor. The next day, in the huge cathedral, Cadoudal, the new king, stood in the glare of artificial lights, the cynosure of all eyes. The crown had been, lifted into the air and was about to descend, when suddenly there swept up the aisle a figure clothed in flowing draperies like those of Cadoudal's, and by a gentle but not undignified push this figure stood in Cadoudal's place and the crown descended on the figure's head.

"Cousin Cadoudal," said this figure, "this is our crown and our coronation day. You had best stand aside." Suddenly the crowd caught sight of the

figure's face. "The king!" it cried, "the king-a miracle -the resurrected king-our king."

Cadoudal shuddered. For in the volces of the crowd he heard the death knell of One man, however-a man from the northwest-struggled through the crowd and

"Hold," he cried, "that man is not a Four hours later there were three men in king-he is David Stransky-David Stransky

The figure turned upon him. "My name," "Stransky," said Adrianovitch, "the king it said gently, "but yesterday was David grace of God I shall always he one of the people. But I was Stransky only because I wore the outer garments of David Stransky, because officially I bore his passports. David Stransky was a better man than L He paused. "A year ago today, my people, my Cousin Cadoudal's men entered the apartment of the king and killed, not the king, but David Stransky. I did not, could not, know the danger. I did what Stransky told me to, and he perished in my place. If I had but known-if I had but understood. But now you know. And the runn who was cast without the courtesy of Christian burial into that pit that night was Lioutenant David Stransky of the king's household." He drew his hand across his eyes. Then he resumed.

"My people, David Stransky once was a traitor-a traitor to the king because he was the friend of the people. I, the king.

imbued with the idea that the king could go back to your people? You can have your choice." do no wrong, I was the friend of myself, the king, but I was the real traitor-a traitor of the people. David Stransky, traitor shuddered. "I'll go to jall," he said.

the king. "Your majesty," he said, "will to the king, friend of the people lived to some purpose. For it is through David the wall. A secret door opened. "Cadou-Siransky, and through none other that my dal," he said, "a year ago you sent a half Later one of the two strode from the people and I have become one. I am the room and passed down the narrow cor- king, the resurrected king, but the king ridor. As he reached a corner the door only in name. Henceforth I am the ser- well. This passage leads to safety. You

of a secret passage opened and a head was vant of my people-and my people and I know where it comes out. But I'd rather are the servants of the state tomether." Then there arose a mighty shout. "The creep through this passage after what you king!" cried the multitude, "the king! Long did last year."

Cadoudal, without a look behind entered. live the king!" Some hours later Cadoudal stood as wniled.

ment of the king Suddenly, upon the still you rather go to jall, or would you rather grave and placed his hands before his eyes. they teave it.-Chicago News.



the

m1s-

spelled Words

Outside the crowd shouted. Cadoudal

The king rose and touched a button in

dal," he said, "a year ago you sent a half

dezen men up through this chamber of

Boys' Suits \$1.85, Worth \$2.50

Made of pure all-wool cheviot and

cassimere, in the newest color-

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Prizes for finding misspelled words on The Bee Want Ad pages.

The Bee is going to give two hundred valuable prizes to the people who find the greatest number of mis-spelled words in its Want Ad pages, beginning Monday, November 16th, and ending Sunday, November 22d. If your sight is good and you know how to spell, it is an easy way to win a prize. Watch the Want Ad pages on these days.

The Prizes Value Prize 1st \$10.00\$10.00 2nd 1 Dinner Set 10.00 3rd 1 Dinner Set 10.00 3rd 1 Dinner Set 4th 1 Set "Living Animals of the 5th 1 Set "Life of Napoleon" 5th 1 Set "Life of Napoleon" 6th 1 Set "Life of Napoleon" 6th 1 Set "Life of Napoleon" 6th 1 Set "Life of Napoleon" 7th 1 Copy "Great Pletures by 7th Great Painters" 8th 1 Copy "Great Pletures by 9th Great Painters" 9th 1 Copy "Great Pletures by 10th 1 Copy "Mother Boose Paint 11th Book" 6.00 6.00 6.00 1.50 1.50 1.50

1.50 1.25 Copy Mother Goose Paint 12th 1.25 1 Copy "Mother Goose Paint Book" 1.25 13th 14th Loopy "Mother Goose Paint 1.25 Copy "Mother Goose Paint 15th Bo 1,25, 16th to 25th worth \$1.35 Novels, 12,50 7.50 15,00

The person finding the greatest number of mis-spelled words will be awarded the first

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prize. In case of a "tie", the person mailing answer first, according to the postmark on the envelope, will be given preference. All answers must be sent by mail.

The Conditions

Cut out the advertisements and paste them on a sheet of paper. Underline the mis-spelled word with a pencil or ink, and write your name and address at the top of the sheet. No person connected with The Bee Pub-

li hing Company will be permitted to enter this contest. No abbreviations will be counted as mis-

spelled words. The 1903 edition of Webster's dictionary will

be taken as authority. Cut out the ads each day, mark the minspelled words, pasts them all on a BINGLE sheet of paper and send the whole thing in complete after you have studied the Sunday, November 22nd edition. Don't send in your answer until the end of the week or they won't be counted.

If a mis-spelled word occurs in an advertisement which appears more than once, put only one copy of the "ad" on your list. hannen mannen

Send all answers by mail, addressed "Want Ads" Department,

Omaha Daily B ee, Omaha

"But Stransky-David Stransky!" he cried. "If I had but known-If I had but known. that it was death to you-"

**Pointed** Paragraphs

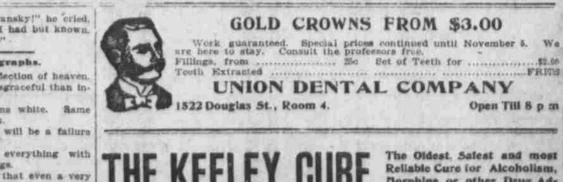
A happy home is the reflection of heaven. There's nothing more disgraceful than insincerity:

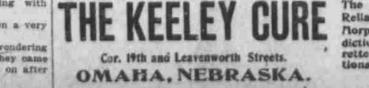
the king. For what purpose you know too way with a bashful man.

pe a good many things than he you as you instead of the coal crop.

There are a few things that even a very and the door clicked behind him. The king young man doesn't know.

"The people and I," he said, now we un-derstand each other." He became suddenly into it and how it is going to get on after





The Oldest. Salest and most Reliable Cure for Alcoholism, Norphine or other Drug Addictions. Tobacco and Ciga-rette Habit. All communica-tions confidential,

Wos. R. Burns, Placager

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Some men waste a lot of time wondering

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