



LISTEN my little children, and you shall hear a story about a beautiful shepherd boy who lived in the mountains with his sheep.

A long time ago, when the earth was young, this shepherd boy was in the habit of watching the sparkling stars of heaven, when driving home his sheep at night. He was lost in a world of wonder at their beauty, and thought that strange people must live in them.

"I wonder," thought he, "will I ever be able to reach them? Will I ever see the race of men who people those glorious golden worlds?"

But the notes of the huntsman's horn, sounding clear on the evening breeze, dispelled his lofty thoughts, and he wearily retired for the night.

One lovely evening he saw a ladder, made of golden threads, slowly unfold itself from Venus, the bright star, and fall to the earth near his feet. He was so astonished that he thought he must be dreaming. But on examining the ladder, he saw that it was a reality, and that some one was descending it, coming from the star.

What would he do? Seize the person who was coming from the star, and compel that person to let him climb the ladder, or would he tear the golden ladder from Venus, and become a rich man?

Perplexed in the extreme, he resolved to await developments. He did not have to wait long, for in a few moments a beautiful princess reached the end of the ladder and stood before him.

Oh! What a vision of entrancing loveliness! He had never before seen such a beautiful woman. Her blue eyes, golden curls and perfect form made his heart throb with love. What dangers he would brave to possess the fairy standing near him!

"Who are you?" he asked, at length. The princess smiled, and replied in a voice of melody:

"I am a princess; my name is Lycia, and I came from Venus, the evening star, on an errand of great importance. Oh! lonely shepherd boy, will you aid me in a great undertaking?"

He thought there was something strange about her words and actions; but her beauty conquered his thoughts, and he said: "I am at your command. But before I lift a hand to help you, tell me, O, tell me, princess of the evening star, are these—these brighter, greater, nobler beings, than the mortals of this earth dwelling in those lands of beauty above?" Her eyes sparkled with pride as she responded:

"In Venus, the land of my birth, there is a race of people far greater than the mortals of this earth; their learning like the sun outshines all other things."

"Will I ever see them?" he inquired. "Yes, you will see them if you aid me to free my mother from a witch's charm."

"I give you my promise. I will do all that lies within the limits of my power to free your mother from the enchantment."

Lycia kissed his hand rapturously, and said: "You are too kind!—by what name are you known in these mountains?"

"My name is Harold."

"Then, Harold," she continued, "I must tell you the story of my mother's misfortune. My father and mother are the king and queen of Venus; and, although their power extends far and wide, it received a severe shock at the hands of the witch. She has

charmed a certain part of the land, and whoever places his foot inside that mystic circle is enchanted. One day my mother unconsciously entered the witch's dominions, and since that time we have never seen her—"

"Then how can I free her? I would also be enchanted if I entered her dominions."

"Nay; you would not. A man of this earth can enter the witch's land, and be free from her magic. A man is the only one who can break the chains of enchantment and free my mother. Will you be her champion?"

"I will."

herself from his embrace, "let us enter Venus."

They ascended the ladder together, and were soon in the star.

How strange everything appeared! What roads of silver dazzled Harold's eyes! What castles of gold were there! and what beautiful pearly clouds floated about in the azure sky of Venus.

Lycia introduced him to her father, Kaldemar by name, and immediately a great banquet was prepared, at which all the people of the kingdom appeared, save the witch and her minions. The banquet lasted for six days and at the expiration of that time Lycia told him that he must free her mother, because she feared that the witch would be torturing her mother to death.

"I will go at once," replied Harold, and free her if it costs me my life!"

"But," said Lycia, "you will have severe trials to brave; the witch will endeavor to make you forget your promise to me; she will entertain you royally in her marble halls, where she keeps bands of beautiful women—and I am afraid that you will forget me and your resolutions in that whirl of fascination."

"Ah, lovely Lycia," Harold replied, "do not entertain those thoughts of fear; I could never forget you nor the vows I made; your mother's welfare shall rest in the temple of my mind—your love shall spur me on, and give me courage to brave all sirens' charms!"

"Then go at once Harold and free my mother. I give you six days in which to do it, at the end of that time, if you do not make your appearance, I will know that you cannot free her, and that you are charmed by the nymphs. Go—may the god's protect you!—with you goes all the future of Lycia."

They embraced, and Lycia gave him a rose, which he was to wear on his bosom, that it might help him to think of her, if the witch's nymphs succeeded in charming him. She was gone.

Harold journeyed on all that night, and as he was crossing a silver mountain, a number of animals came up to him, and said strange things.

"He will meet with great misfortune if he persists in his present undertaking," said one. "And," chimed in another, "he will lose Lycia, and be made a prisoner."

"Ha!" put in a third. "You two are always ready to predict misfortune for a person. No doubt, he will have considerable trouble, but I'll warrant that he will dance at his wedding."

"Pooh!" snarled the others. "You always say the same things over and over—you're an old gossip anyway!"

And with that, they ran off into the woods.

But Harold grew sad. What if the animals had prophesied truly? would he persevere? would he remain true to his promise? Ah! yes; for a great reward awaited him—Lycia would be his wife. To possess such a beauty, he would brave a world of dangers.

As he journeyed onward, he described castle towers and battlements in the distance; he saw bands of nymphs coming towards him with banners waving, he also heard music playing, and knew that the witch had sent them to meet him and escort him to her palace.

They stopped marching, the music ceased—and a dark eyed siren left the ranks and came toward him.

"Most precious shepherd prince," she said, "our great queen the witch of the star, hearing that you were about to explore her lands, sent this deputation to attend and give you entertainment before you commence your work. Hoping that you will accept her invitation, we await your further orders, and trust that you will join us and march to her castle at once."

How beautiful she was! could he resist those soft, pleading eyes? Could he resist the temptation of joining them? No. It would be impossible; he was the slave of their wishes. He saw the exquisite beauty and grace of each one, and said:

"March on to the castle at once. I am anxious to see your queen's castle!"

And as he marched on he thought: "I will only tarry at their palace for one day, and then I will look for Lycia's mother. Lycia would not deny me this little indulgence, and then I will have five days remaining in which to accomplish my purpose."

So saying, he continued to walk with them until a halt was called, and then the dark eyed siren led him into the marble halls of the witch's castle. Such grandeur he had never beheld before, and he was lost in wonder until the witch hobbled down from her throne and came toward him.

"You must remain with us awhile." "Come," said she, smilingly "come to the banquet hall."

He suffered himself to be led to the banquet hall, because he was powerless to resist the beauty who was exerting such an influence over him. Yes; he loved her. He forgot Lycia—forgot the vows he had made to her, and lived upon Marian's enchanting smiles; for Marian was the name of the dark-eyed beauty. Three days passed thus,

and Harold loved Marian more dearly every hour; he was unhappy if she left him for a moment, and the clouds of gloom on his brow were turned to looks of sunshine when she made her appearance again.

One beautiful evening, Harold and Marian entered "The Garden of Love," which was bounded on all sides by golden hills, where lovely fairy maidens, fantastically dressed until the midnight hour; at this hour of entrancing solitude, the lovers reclined on ivory couches, which were lined with the purest silver, and drowsily listened to the liquid notes of the flashing fountains; castles of flashing diamonds rose up before their gaze, as if by magic, and the sweetest music came whispering toward them; clouds of perfumed incense stole through the air of harmonies toward the sky of the star, which was turning from purple to green and red and gold; thousands of glorious lights shone through the incensed air and myriads of elves united in one great effort to load the evening breeze with the lulling music of enchantment.

In this world of joys, Harold forgot Lycia entirely. He never once paused to ask himself why he was in the star, or how he had entered it; all his looks, his words, his thoughts were lying like serfs at the feet of the fairy beauty—Marian. But pleasure cannot last forever; the greatest pleasures receive the severest blows of fate! and so it was with Harold's.

A grand dance was announced that evening at which everyone attended. The music began, and all the people whirled gracefully over the marble floors; when the excitement was at its highest point a rose fell from Harold's bosom—it was the rose which Lycia had given him.

It was the flower of remembrance. Yes, he seized it, rose to his feet, imprinted a fervent kiss on its withering petals, and called it the flower of remembrance! Maddened by the enchantment he had undergone, he rushed madly from the hall—out into the cool evening—out into the air of freedom.

"Hold!" cried a voice in the darkness, "you can not escape me thus."

And the next moment Marian was standing before him, breathless and angry.

"Harold!" she sternly cried, when her breath was under control, "you must not think of escaping me! Oh, no! you must become my husband! The priest will soon be here, and we will be married."

"I think not," was Harold's cool retort.

"What!" she screamed with rage; "Am I not a fit companion for your future life? Have I not wasted my time with you? Will I not become an object of laughter to my friends?"

"It is no fault of mine. You lured me to your lovely shrine, and made me forget my sacred vows to Lycia, the princess of the star; you obeyed the commands of the witch and nothing more; you were to receive me as a recompense for all your endeavors, but Lycia's rose has dispelled the threads of the magic web, which you were weaving around me, and I am free again! Farewell, Marian!"

And with these words he ran swiftly toward the gloomy prison tower, in which the queen of the star was placed. After a long search he found her in a horrid dungeon on the left wing of the tower. She could not speak because she was enchanted, and silently he led her from her prison.

The next difficulty which suggested itself to Harold, was to depart from the witch's dominions, free. If he succeeded in eluding her, golden showers of rewards would be heaped on him.

At length they entered a silver road which wound round the witch's castle, and led to Kaldemar's kingdom. If he could only pass the witch's castle without molestation, he knew that he could travel through the remaining part of the country with safety. As he came near the castle in question, he saw numerous dwarfs with torches

in their hands, awaiting his arrival. He would soon know.

As he passed the first group of dwarfs, he heard some one behind them laughing mockingly, and turning round, he discovered that it was Marian. But he did not halt; fear lent speed to his feet, and in a few moments he stood outside of the charmed country—he was free!—he was in Kaldemar's kingdom.

The moment that Harold and the queen passed the magic boundaries, his royal charge, shivered and said: "At last I am free! the gods were kind to me, when after years of torture and separation from my family, they permitted you to release me! come; you shall be handsomely rewarded."

And when they had traveled on for a few hours, they saw a brilliant equipage coming toward them followed by hundreds of soldiers. It was a crystal carriage lined with strips of the brightest gold, and was drawn by eight white horses.

The servants seated Harold and the queen in the carriage, and then drove toward Kaldemar's royal city. Although it was late in the evening when they arrived there they were greeted by the shouts of the soldiers, and the thundering applause of the joyful people. Fires were kindled in all parts of the country, and general rejoicing continued all night.

In the morning the bells rang and the music played; and Lycia fell weeping on Harold's neck—she wept tears of joy.

"Oh!" cried she, "what a brave soul you are; and the reward which you are to receive, is not what it should be!" "Nay, Lycia," he said, "do not speak thus. The greatest reward I could receive would be you—my dear treasure. I care not for the pomp and power of a ruler, nor do I sigh for the golden crown of a prince; Lycia," he continued seriously, "if we could be man and wife—that would be the greatest joy you could confer on me!"

"Let not sadness weigh down your noble heart—I am yours. Come; we will ask my father's blessing."

And hand in hand they entered the throne room, where there was great rejoicing, and knelt before Kaldemar who was seated on his throne.

"Father," began Lycia, "you beheld the nobleness of Harold here, who braved all dangers to free my mother from the witch's charms—"

"I did, my child," interrupted Kaldemar, "and I intend to reward him."

"Father, the reward he claims is myself—"

"What!" thundered Kaldemar, rising in wrath from his throne, while the rattling of swords was audible in the room. "Does you miserable shepherd boy ask you to be his wife? Would you wed with a mortal of the earth, who cannot afford the means by which you should live in royal style? Would you disgrace the fair name of your ancestors? Speak to me, child; my heart is heavy."

"Father," Lycia said, "I know I am your daughter; and all daughters should bow in obedience to their commands of their parents; but if you only knew how I loved Harold you would not look down on me with such an eye of scorn."

"Lycia! Lycia! Your words like thorns have pierced your father's heart! I would like to see my daughter happy, but I cannot make her. I refuse."

Harold, who was already in a rage, could withstand it no longer. The king had branded him with the name of viper, and the hot blood of injured pride mantled his cheeks.

"Keep your daughter!" he cried out in ringing tones. "Although I love her to madness, I would rather be free from the union which would incur such enmity on your part!"

"Stop!" roared Kaldemar in a rage. "Do you dare to brave me—the mighty king of Venus?"

"I hurl defiance at your crown! I am but a poor youth, but poverty in anger is greater than kings surrounded by their armies!"

Then turning round, he pressed Lycia to his bosom. "Do not weep," he said, "I do not seek to marry you—"

"Enough! enough!" thundered Kaldemar, while he rushed down the steps of his throne toward the lovers. "Separate them!" he cried to his soldiers.

And the next moment they were forced apart.

"Farewell, Harold!" said Lycia, "although we are separated, I shall remain true to you until death."

But Harold was not allowed to speak to her—to tell her he would also be true until death; the rough guards placed their hands over his mouth, and, in obedience to the commands of the king, hurled him from the star to the earth below, to a prison on a high rock near the ocean.

He cried for joy, when he found himself on earth once more; but his joy was turned to dismay when he saw that he was a prisoner. Rough iron bars were on his windows, and a door of brass separated him from freedom.

For twelve long years he was a prisoner. He tried to force the door open, but a hollow sound was the fruit of his efforts, and at last he gave up in despair. Food was always placed in his prison; but he did not know who brought it, nor did he trouble himself to find out. He was growing old; his locks were silvery white, and he thought his face must be wrinkled. He had no mirror, in which he might consult and therefore he merely wondered.

As time flew by he grew more and more despondent; but he was destined to see days of sunshine yet, and one day, when the monarch of the heavens arose and filled the land with fluid gold, when the birds sang merrily in the trees, and when everything seemed to rest in the fields of contentment, Harold heard sweet notes of music in the distance, they were like balmy sighs from paradise.

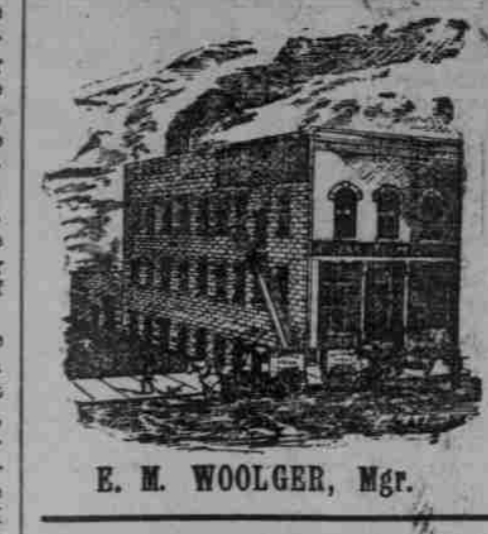
The music seemed to possess magic power, for Harold fell fast asleep under its influence. When he awoke he found himself in Venus, in the throne room of Kaldemar's palace. Lycia stood beside him, her lovely eyes looking at him in the greatest happiness.

"What does this mean?" he asked. "It means," replied Lycia, "that my mother has received my father's consent, and we are to be married at once."

Harold embraced her and led her to the altar, where they were married.

When they were coming down from the altar, music struck up in every direction; and every one attended the wedding banquet; the animals that prophesied Harold's misfortunes; the witch, who had become a good woman, and all her minions.

Harold and Lycia were made the rulers of Venus. Great rejoicing followed, and for all I know it may be carried on to this day.



TOPEKA STEAM LAUNDRY.

Largest and most complete in the State.

SHIRT FACTORY in connection where we repair our customers' shirts FREE.

E. M. WOOLGER, Mgr.

Phone 153. 625 Jackson St.

WESTERN FOUNDRY AND MACHINE WORKS, ESTABLISHED 1875. FORMERLY Topeka Foundry and Machine Works, ESTABLISHED 1868. R. L. COFRAN, Proprietor. MANUFACTURER OF STEAM ENGINES, MILL MACHINERY, SHAFTING, PULLEYS, GEARINGS, FITTINGS, ETC. Write for Prices. TOPEKA, KAS.

PIANOS AND ORGANS 813 KANSAS AVENUE. If you wish to buy or rent a first class new or second-hand PIANO or ORGAN, upon the MOST FAVORABLE TERMS, call upon us. We have secured the services of a first class PIANO POLISHER and REPAIRER and are prepared to repolish all kinds of musical instruments, furniture, etc. REPAIRING SOLICITED. CONRON BROS.

R. D. INGERSOLL Has removed his business to 107 East Sixth Avenue, where he will do a General Undertaking and Embalming business. I HAVE FIRST CLASS LADY AND GENTLEMEN EMBALMERS. I have the Finest and Largest Chapel and Best Morgue in the city, and belong to no combine or anti-combine. Office is open day and night. Rev. R. D. Ingersoll, Embalmer. 107 East Sixth Avenue. Telephone No. 440.

Smoke Klauer's Silk Edge and THE HUCK

NATIONAL STABLES. First-class Livery. Boarders a specialty. Telephone 46. J. C. GILCHRIST, 106 Jackson Street. Prop'r.

St. Denis Hotel, BROADWAY AND ELEVANTH ST., (Opposite Grace Church). NEW YORK. ROOMS \$1.00 PER DAY AND UPWARD. The most centrally located hotel in the city, conducted on the European plan, at moderate prices. Recently enlarged by a new and handsome addition, that doubles its former capacity. The new Dining Room is one of the finest specimens of Colonial Decoration in this country. WM. TAYLOR.

CAPITAL COAL YARD, 112 WEST FOURTH ST. Osage Coal \$2.45 per ton. Cut prices on all Coal and Wood orders. Grant's Jersey Hill is located here. Come in and see me if you want cheap prices on Coal or Wood. I. W. B. GRANT, 412 WEST FOURTH ST.

Burlington Route SOLID THROUGH TRAINS FROM Kansas City and St. Joseph TO ST. LOUIS, CHICAGO, OMAHA, PEORIA, ST. PAUL, MINNEAPOLIS. ONLY ONE CHANGE OF CARS TO THE ATLANTIC COAST. THE BEST LINE FOR New York, Philadelphia, Boston, Washington. AND ALL POINTS NORTH AND EAST. D. O. IVES, General Passenger Agent, St. Louis. ARTHUR MASSEY, Practical Horse-Shoer

BOTTOM PRICES ON COAL. Osage City Weir City Leavenworth COAL. E. P. EWART, 6th and Van Buren.

Complexion Preserved DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM. Removes Freckles, Pimples, Liver - Mole, Blackheads, Scurs and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless. At all drugists, or mailed for 50c. Send for Circular.

HIRAM HULSE, FLORIST. Corner Elmwood and Willow Avenues, Potwin Place, TOPEKA, KANSAS. Grows and sells plants. Makes a specialty of cut flowers. Does all kinds of floral work in a first-class manner. TELEPHONE 449.

CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER. HAVE YOU SUFFERED FROM CATARRH OF THE HEADACHE NEURALGIA. This MENTHOL INHALER will cure you. A wonderful boon to sufferers from Colds, Nervous Throats, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, or ALLY PAIN. A portable, convenient, and safe remedy. In pocket, ready to use on first indication of cold. Continued Use Effects Permanent Cures. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price, 50c. Trial free at Drugists. Solely for sale by F. H. B. Price, 25c. at Drug. 60 cents. H. D. OSBORN, Mfg. Topeka, Kas. H. H. & Co. 213 WEST FIFTH ST., TOPEKA, KANSAS. Telephone 488. Persons with diseased feet skilfully treated. Track and road shoemaking a specialty.

Complexion Preserved DR. HEBRA'S VIOLA CREAM. Removes Freckles, Pimples, Liver - Mole, Blackheads, Scurs and Tan, and restores the skin to its original freshness, producing a clear and healthy complexion. Superior to all face preparations and perfectly harmless. At all drugists, or mailed for 50c. Send for Circular. VIOLA SKIN SOAP is simply unsurpassed as a skin purifying Soap, unequalled for the toilet, and without a rival for the nursery. Absolutely pure and entirely medicinal. At all Drugists. Price 25 Cents. G. C. BITTNER & CO., Toledo, O. ENDORSED BY THE HIGHEST MEDICAL AUTHORITIES. CUSHMAN'S MENTHOL INHALER. HAVE YOU SUFFERED FROM CATARRH OF THE HEADACHE NEURALGIA. This MENTHOL INHALER will cure you. A wonderful boon to sufferers from Colds, Nervous Throats, Rheumatism, Bronchitis, or ALLY PAIN. A portable, convenient, and safe remedy. In pocket, ready to use on first indication of cold. Continued Use Effects Permanent Cures. Satisfaction guaranteed or money refunded. Price, 50c. Trial free at Drugists. Solely for sale by F. H. B. Price, 25c. at Drug. 60 cents. H. D. OSBORN, Mfg. Topeka, Kas. H. H. & Co. 213 WEST FIFTH ST., TOPEKA, KANSAS. Telephone 488. Persons with diseased feet skilfully treated. Track and road shoemaking a specialty.