HIDDEN CITY

BY

H. M. DUNGAN

"Ay, it had all gone according to plan, Jan-ila, except that Lela would not be taken to the city." He would have killed you. Brother, at this death, it is justice."

"Thanks to the gods," interposed Jan-ila, "she is now out of the way. I can breathe easier."

Eric cut the bonds that confined Kulcan's limbs, and as he did so Jan-ila cried out:

"Some one comes!"

A shadow Tepelpec stood in the doorway and after giving one look at the prostrate form of his dead accomplice turned and was lost in the dark night. Listah called to him, but received no answer; they only heard his rapid footfalls as he hurried toward the city.

"He has gone to get help," said Jan-ila. "We may have to defend ourselves until we can summon our own forces. I will go to the city and arouse our friends."

"No, let me go," suggested Listah. "I am too old to be of as much use here as you."

"Yes, Listah can go," said Eric. "He can best serve us so, and meanwhile if we have to fight we can hold this place ag[illegible] until he brings help."

Listah departed immediately. They carried the corpse of Chalpa out and laid it upon a blanket.

"Now for preparations!" cried Eric. "First let us well down the roof, for if they fight us they may try to fire that first."

This they set about doing at once. As they worked they heard sounds in the city which told them that the people had been aroused by the rifle shot. They could see lights moving upon the roofs and hear the shouts of the people. A little later they saw a group approaching the house which was now to be a fortress. It was too dark to distinguish the features of those approaching, and they retired within doors to await them. The group halted within a hundred yards of the house, and the watchers heard them conversing in low tones.

Shortly afterward another and larger party appeared and joined forces with those already upon the ground. Eric began to feel that they were really besieged. No move was made by the enemy, however, and he concluded that they were awaiting the light of day to begin operations. It was now about two o'clock in the morning. Lela had recovered consciousness and had been so calmed by the presence of her lover and brother that she had sunk to sleep. Eric's own eyes were heavy, for he had not slept for two nights. Jan-ila, who was as fresh looking as a boy and as wakeful as a cat, whispered to him when they had grown tired of watching and waiting for some action on the part of the besiegers:

"Lie down, master; you and Kulcan both need rest, and I will watch them. If anything happens I will awaken you at once."

Realizing the need of rest, Eric felt the force of this advice, and after a few words of caution to their sentinel threw himself upon his bearskin. Kulcan stretched himself beside his sister, and in a very few minutes they were both soundly sleeping. Jan-ila sat upon the doorsill, with his eyes fixed upon the now silent forces of the enemy. He felt rather than saw that there were eyes in the darkness watching him, also closer perhaps than he imagined, and he involuntarily drew indoors as he speculated upon an unseen enemy piercing him with a stone tipped spear or arrow.

Nothing occurred, however, and at last the night's intense blackness began slowly to give way to the gray dawn.

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Eric measured the forces with a cool, calculating eye. He knew that his revolver and rifle were equal to the task of defending his fortress, but he did not relish the idea of slaughtering these human beings, and he still hoped that they were there only to parley with him and not to avenge Chalpa's death. To Jan-ila he assigned the rifle, warning him not to fire until he was ordered. The youth was most bloodthirsty; he wanted to mow down whole rows of the enemy at once and disperse them before they could begin the attack, but Eric showed him the folly of the proceeding.

They could see that the Atzlans were disputing among themselves, debating perhaps the method or propriety of an at[illegible] but it was impossible to hear what [illegible]ing said. It was now light enough [illegible] also that there were hundreds of priests in the horde, and that they were the leaders. As yet the enemy had not seen the beseiged at all and knew not how many were in the house. When it grew lighter they moved up the slope and halted again, forming in a great semicircle about forty feet away. Tepelpec, with a great ax and a rude sort of shield, was evidently in command. He was to the fore a few feet, and when, a moment after they had halted, Eric sent Jan-ila out to speak to them he raised a shout of angry defiance. Jan-ila took no notice of him, but stood in an attitude of semiridiculous dignity, with a most elaborate smile of derision and contempt on his face, awaiting silence to begin his speech. The shouts and murmurs subsiding quickly, he let his gaze wander along the line and began:

"How long, O friends, have the people of Atzlan followed the leadership of Tepelpec the Polecat? It is a new thing to me to see him in the part of a chief! Perhaps he has poured upon you the juice of the weed that blinds men's eyes so that they see no longer, and you think you follow the eagle or the great bear. Or perhaps 'tis I who am blind, and it is not the polecat I see arrayed for battle. Woe to me if he strike me, this mighty chief! Lo, see me! how I tremble before him! What seek you here, Tepelpec? Are there no old women for you to fight? Are the little girls and boys no longer alive to be terrified by your face that you come here to meet men? Step out, come nearer; though I fear you, yet will I speak to you, Tepelpec the Polecat!"

The priest took a step forward, then stopped.

"Ha," cried Jan-ila, "you are modest! Why, Tepelpec, I never dreamed of it! You, the great chief and warrior, hesitate to come to me—a boy!"

"I will come to you readily," answered Tepelpec, "if you lay aside Quetzal's thunder death, which is in your hand. 'Tis that I fear, not Jan-ila."

"Yes, that it is!" Jan-ila retorted. "You know well that I can strike you dead where you are by raising it thus!"

Tepelpec recoiled with some haste, and the whole line drew back several yards.

"It is the thunder death of Quetzal!" cried the youth, holding it aloft and looking at it with bright, exulting eyes. "It slays, even as Quetzal slays with his eyes if he will. Far away he can smite with it; no man can escape its deadly breath. Their lies your Chalpa!" He stepped to the body and tore off the blanket. "There he lies; he dared the thunder death, and it slew him!"

The crowd broke out into wild shouts and drew nearer. Jan-ila stood unmoved as the yells increased and weapons were brandished. He saw arrows being fitted to the horn crossbows and spears being aimed at him, and he knew that a shower of missiles might descend upon him, but he gave no sign of fear. He heard Eric's voice behind him:

"Keep cool, and fire if any of them come forward!"

He raised the rifle and aimed at Tepelpec, whose voice was loudest in inciting an attack, but the priest was now beyond reason. A wild frenzy possessed not only him, but all of the priests and many of the people. It seemed as though they had imbibed some exciting narcotic like that which drives the Malay into the state of blind fury called "amuck," for while they raged many of them seemed oblivious to Jan-ila and strode about with frantic gestures and unmeaning cries.

Tepelpec ran a few steps toward Jan-ila, and stopping hurled his ax at the youth; it passed close to his head and fell in the room beyond. Kulcan crouched lower behind the door, and his sister, with a look of shame upon her face, picked up the weapon.

"Keep back," said Eric to her. "Come inside, Jan-ila!" he cried, but the boy had raised the rifle again, and he heard the click of the hammer as it fell and the cartridge failed to explode.

Jan-ila looked amazed, the whole mass of men rushed at him and were almost upon him before he realized his position and turned to the sheltering doorway. As they came up the slope Eric stepped forth, and they halted for a moment at the sight of him who, as Tepelpec had assured them, was dead. He was calm and collected, but his face was stern and terrible. Tepelpec himself, terrified, staggered back with his eyes bulging; but three other priests—tall, wiry men—and raving, in a ferocious ecstasy of hate or intoxication, sprang at him. One of them drew his bow taut, and as he stood for a single second with his arm drawn back Eric fired at him, and before the others had recovered from the startling sound they both fell beside the archer. Tepelpec, either losing his head in his fear or gaining courage in his desperation, took three steps forward, and he, too, fell, pierced by the great forty-four bullet from Eric's weapon.

There was a great scattering; the crowd melted away like mist before the wind. Into the shelter of the woods they rushed, falling over one another, casting aside their weapons and even their garments in their haste. Eric stood there alone beside the four bodies. The inevitable regret which comes to those who have to kill filled his soul as he looked upon them. They were all dead—proofs of his sure hand and skill—but it was a sad and pitiful sight. Husbands they were, perhaps, and fathers, too; little children would weep for them and need them; it was sad, and the more that it was his duty to kill them. But ere these thoughts had passed through his mind there was another wild rush, and the air was again filled with confused outcries.

He saw the priests and their followers emerge from the wood, and, with every sign of terror increased, come wildly up the slope toward the house. Resolved to kill no more unless sorely pressed, he entered the house, but the cries of "Quetzal, Quetzal, save us!" caused him to halt upon the threshold. "Is it a ruse?" he thought. No; there was evidence of the most extreme terror in all the faces; the backward glances of fear and surprise were too real to be simulated. He stepped toward them, and they gathered about him, crouching and falling prostrate. Lela and Jan-ila came out and stood beside him in surprise.

The whole great crowd seemed animated by a common fear; their looks pointed in one direction—toward the little forest. At the same time came a body of people under Listah, from the city, along the riverside. They had barely reached the mill when they were also affected in the same manner as the rest, and some retreated to the city, while those about Listah broke into a wild run, and reaching Eric threw themselves upon the ground. He could see nothing. The trembling multitude about him had subsided into silence as he stood there, weapon in hand, wondering what strange, terrible and unnamable monster was about to appear.

Then out of the morning silence came the long, ringing call of a bugle. Sweet and clear it rang out and swept along the canyon and echoed back from its walls, and re-echoed again and again, until it sobbed away its life far down among the pointed pinnacles upon whose tops the red and scarlet and crimson were just fading in the sunlight. He sprang over heads and recumbent bodies and rushed to the riverside. There he saw a sight that filled his heart with thrills of surprise and delight, and caused him to whirl his sombrero above his head, shout loudly and dance with joy in a most undignified manner.

It was a wondrous sight; coming as it did just in his hour of need, it seemed the more prodigious a marvel, more wondrous in its improbability, for there, before him, along the canyon trail, came a train of horsemen, riding eagerly with searching looks and listening attitudes; behind them a line of white canvas covered wagons, coming more leisurely, and, greatest marvel, above them all, against the western sky, yet just above the canyon, moving majestically along, he saw a great balloon.

The sun was glinting on its satin sides, giving it a golden glare; the big letters in black came out strongly, so that he read plainly the words, "The Continent of America," upon its side, and he saw Pierce's face as he swept the canyon below with his fieldglass. He ceased his wild shouts and walked to the house calmly.

"Go," he said to the people about him. "Go to your homes and fear nothing. Take the dead away with you. Let there be rest and peace in Atzlan, for the new life has come to you; the old is gone, and we will be a new people."

(To be Continued.)

He seized a long iron knife.

As a dream it seemed to come to him from some faroff desert space, like voices of the stars. Yet he surely heard it, faint, but clear, the air of "Annie Laurie," sung by male voices in unison, and it seemed the sweetest sound he had ever heard. It was for but a few moments that it was audible; then it sank away in the deepest silence, and he heard his heart's loud beating. He looked up at the silent stars and caught his breath. What madness was this? Had he truly heard the voices, or were the sounds but some fantasy born of the hour and the night?

After a little reflection he arrived at the conclusion that what he had fancied he heard was but the result of momentary mental derangement, superinduced by the recent physical strain to which he had been subjected. It could have no other explanation, and he resolved to be careful in the future. His reflections were interrupted by the approach of people and the sound of female voices. He sank deeper into the shadow of the trees, and hurried to a position where he could command a view of his own house and see all that occurred.

The group approached, and he saw that it was Lela and three of her women. She had been talking gayly to them, but lowered her voice as she neared the dwelling, where she expected to find Chalpa. But Chalpa had heard their voices and came out to meet them, holding aloft one of Eric's candles. The light fell on his swarthy face, showing a look of fierce, triumphant joy; in the shadow of his brows his black eyes flashed like those of a snake. He was plainly surprised at his victim's visit, and also at her easy manner, so at variance with that of the last two days, and Eric could see that he was wondering what errand had brought her there. As they neared the door he stepped toward them, saying:

"This is a strange hour for a maiden to be abroad. What seeks my sister here?"

"I come to beg one favor of you before I die," answered Lela, throwing into her voice all the pleading, plaintive tones she could command. "Let me see my brother and speak to him for but a little moment! I cannot go without bidding him farewell. I would see him alone, for tomorrow I cannot see him. I am resigned—I will go to my doom quietly, willingly if I can see him just once more!"

"Yes, you shall see him," he said. "'Tis but a little thing you ask. Tell me, can I not grant a greater boon?"

"I ask nothing—nothing but to speak to Kulcan."

"Enter, then," he said, standing aside; "your women shall wait here. No, they shall return. Go," he continued, turning to them; "return to the city. I will bring Lela to you when she is ready."

Lela had entered the house, and the women, after a single glance at Chalpa's face, quickly departed. He stood for a little time looking after them, and then followed his victim indoors. She had already, in a few words, delivered her message, and when Chalpa's stealthy footfall came to her ears she was caressing her brother and bidding him be comforted. It was hard for Kulcan to conceal the joy and hope that filled him and brightened his face, but fortunately Chalpa, now bent upon another scheme, noticed nothing; he was delighted at the turn affairs had taken, and now that Lela was so completely in his power his thoughts had taken a new turn.

After standing silent in the center of the large room—from which he could see the two—for some minutes, he approached them. Kulcan, his arms bound by thongs, raised his eyes, and Lela turned toward the crafty priest as he spoke:

"My brother and sister, I like not these harsh, uncustomary measures which we had to adopt. Methinks no other Katun feast has been so marred; it is an ill thing when those so young as you show a spirit so strangely bent against our ancient practices. Yet 'tis because you are both young and headstrong. Lela, it seems, has at last become resigned to the will of Kinchahan, and will go cheerfully to Chalcu's dreaded altar; but you, Kulcan, you still are headstrong and perverse. Yet, as I love you both, I would fain hold out some hope."

"What hope is there now?" cried Kulcan defiantly, all his strength and spirit returning to him now that he knew Eric lived.

"No hope for you or your sister if you maintain that spirit of disdain," Chalpa answered; "but there is hope," he continued after a pause, "if you will do my will. I love you both right well. If I did not you would have shared the fate of—that is, you would not be here now to know my clemency and tenderness at this late hour."

"Brother," interrupted Lela as he was about to answer, her soft voice full of pleading, "listen and be not rebellious. Chalpa holds out a hope to us. Let us hear him."

"Yes, I hold out hope and safety for you both," Chalpa said somewhat eagerly. "I do not desire your blood—I can avert your doom if you will do my will. Obey me and you both are saved, for believe me, before the sun sets tomorrow

"Spare him, Chalpa! Take my life, but let not his blood be shed. Remember he is the last of our family."

"I have heard it only too well," answered the priest.

"Oh, spare him, I implore!"

"If you will do as I command you. You hold life as well as you can upon this dreadful alternative."

"No! This is my answer!" cried Lela. "I would rather die than be loved by you; rather go to the altar than be touched by you. Yes, rather die by your hand than be caressed by it, or feel your dreadful snake's eyes upon my face!"

Chalpa recoiled; then with the most bitter rage in his face he sprang toward her. Seizing her in his arms, as Kulcan vainly struggled to break his bonds, he held her before her brother.

"See, fool, what you have done!" he shrieked. "Had you pleaded with her you and she would have lived and been honored. Now she is mine, and die you shall, but not before she knows my hate! See this fair throat, so soft and white! It shall feel the knife tomorrow, and you"——

His hand was raised to strike the white throat and bosom when Eric dashed into the room and sprang to her. Chalpa fell away from him, releasing her, and she rushed to Eric's arms. The priest's face blanched to an olive tint, and his eyes started from their sockets as he stared at the apparition of him whose body lay deep in the flooded tunnel, where he had thought it would lie forever undiscovered. He gasped for breath. His knees smote together, and his lips, drawn apart over his chattering teeth, trembled and turned ashen. Eric stood there looking sternly at him, although the fright of the wretch was almost ludicrous, and as he cowered against the wall in his terror Eric said:

"Chalcu has a brave servant, and yet he helps him not. Chalcu's servant seems not so brave as when I last saw him. Has his god deserted him that he cowers before a false god? Have his wits deserted the nimble cheater with the the dice that he trembles so? He who fears not to defraud a whole nation seems to lose his courage before one man. Coward and fool! thief and traitor! the dogs of the city shall despise thee; the children shall spit upon thee and drive thee into the desert, thou serpent!"

The words seemed to revive Chalpa. He drew his breath again and began to move toward the door, with his eyes fixed upon Eric in an unreasoning glare. The latter made no move to prevent him, thinking him completely cowed, but the shock of his appearance had dethroned Chalpa's reason. It was madness that gleamed in his eye now, and it was a madman's act that next followed. As he reached the table in the center of the room he seized a long iron knife, and in an instant sprang upon Eric. Kulcan's cry was Gilbert's warning, for he had turned partly away, and he drew his revolver instantly, but the savage lunge made by Chalpa struck the weapon, and it fell from his grasp.

He saw the maddened eyes, like those of a hungry wolf, before him, and he struck at them. The blow sent the priest clear across the room, but he was at Eric before he could gain his weapon. Another right hander—and one which in Eric's usual condition of health would have finished the battle—took him in the cheek and sent him to the floor. His weapon cut into Eric's arm in its fall, but he did not feel the wound, for his blood was up. A third time the priest gained his feet and sprang at him. His cheek had puffed up and his left eye was partly closed; his teeth ground in frantic rage. He came at Eric more cautiously, with more deadly care, and made a half circle before him. Gilbert dared not stoop for his pistol and stood prepared to strike with all his strength, which he felt was already waning.

Suddenly, as with the practiced boxer's perception he watched the gleaming eyes before him, he saw their purpose change, and then he saw or felt that the priest was about to throw the knife. His hand was raised, and his fingers loosened their hold upon the blade, and then Eric saw a flash, a loud report rang through the room, and Chalpa dropped the knife and fell prone upon his face. He rose in a moment to his knees in a convulsive effort and strained every muscle to gain his feet. His body swayed forward thrice; then, with his empty hands reaching forward with a wild, clutching motion, he fell on his face again, dead.

Jan-ila stood in the doorway with the smoking rifle in his hand and a smile of mixed wonder and complacency on his face.

"You have killed him!" cried Eric as he placed the now unconscious girl upon his bed.

"Yes, I killed again, master, and I shall kill again if need be. He would have killed you. Brother, at this death, it is justice."

"Thanks to the gods," interposed Jan-ila, "she is now out of the way. I can breathe easier."

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ECHOS FROM FADERLAND.

TOLD IN THE MOTHER TONGUE.

A Brief Compendium of Happenings that will Interest People from Beyond the Sea.

SUPERVISED BY ANDREW BOESE.

Oesterreich.

Wien. Bei Gelegenheit der in den Monaten März und April stattgefundenen Rekrutirung hat die Stadt Wien allein von ihren militärpflichtigen Söhnen eine Anzahl von 17,000 auf die Assentplätze zu stellen. — Eine Velociped-Fernfahrt Wien-Berlin ist nun beschlossene Sache. Für die Vorarbeiten hierzu hat sich in Berlin ein provisorischer Ausschuß gebildet. Als Ausgangspunkt ist Wien angesetzt. — Während einer jüngst stattgehabten Aufführung des Balletts „Eine bosnische Hochzeit" ereignete sich in der Hofoper ein bedauerlicher Unfall. In der einen Tanznummer bedienen sich die Zigeuner als Requisit sogenannter „Haken," die mit spitzem Eisengriff versehen sind. Einer der Tänzer kam mit diesem Haken durch ein fatales Mißgeschick seiner Partnerin, dem Fräulein Schießwald, so nahe, daß er ihr den Haken an die rechte Kopfseite trieb und dabei knapp neben der Schläfe ein fingerstarkes Loch schlug. Glücklicherweise ist die Verletzung keine lebensgefährliche.

Arad. In der hiesigen Festung ermordete ein Militärsträfling einen Zellengenossen, weil dieser verrathen hatte, daß der Militärsträfling einen Fluchtversuch plane. Der Mörder schlug auf sein Opfer so lange mit der Stange eines in der Zelle befindlichen Hausgeräthes los, bis das Opfer todt war. Als der Mord entdeckt wurde, rühmte sich der Sträfling der That noch mit den Worten, er freue sich, daß der Denunziant todt sei.

Fünfkirchen. Neulich starb hier der älteste Mann Fünfkirchens, Salomon Sachs, im 104. Lebensjahre. Der nunmehr Verblichene gehörte früher zu den wohlhabendsten und wohlthätigsten Bürgern der Stadt. Er war schon seit acht Jahren an das Bett gefesselt, ohne darum seine geistige Rüstigkeit eingebüßt zu haben. Vierzehn Tage zuvor war seine Gattin im Alter von 88 Jahren gestorben.

Prag. Die Schneestürme wütheten in den letzt verflossenen Tagen in der Umgegend der Sieben Berge mit derartiger Heftigkeit und Ausdauer, daß nicht nur die Hohlwege, sondern überhaupt alle Fahrwege mit meterhohem Schnee angefüllt waren und die Kommunikation von einer Ortschaft zur anderen weder mittelst Schlitten noch zu Fuß möglich war. Die überall vorgenommenen Ausschaufelungen erwiesen sich als nutzlos, da die Schneemassen in kürzester Zeit sich wieder zu ihrer früheren Höhe angehäuft hatten.

Steyr. Die hiesige Waffenfabrik soll mit der holländischen Regierung die Lieferung von 150,000 Gewehren kleinsten Kalibers abgeschlossen haben.

Weißenbach. Der Attersee ist zum vierten Male in diesem Jahrhundert zugefroren! Dieses seltene Ereigniß, das nach den historischen Aufzeichnungen nur alle 30 Jahre statthaben soll, ist bis jetzt im laufenden Säkulum in den Jahren 1830, 1880 und 1891 eingetreten.

Schweiz.

Bern. Der Bundesrath hat den Rekurs Steck, betreffend Eidesleistung, einstimmig begründet erklärt. Darnach braucht Herr Steck, um seinen Sitz als Mitglied im bernischen Großrath einzunehmen, nicht den in der bernischen Verfassung vorgesehenen religiösen Eid zu leisten, sondern es genügt die einfache gelübdliche Versicherung, Verfassung und Gesetze zu achten ꝛc. — Einzelne Ortschaften des berner Oberlandes sind durch den Schneefall vom Verkehr völlig abgeschnitten.

Zürich. Der 15jährige Sohn des Schulverwalters Walder in Eßlingen wurde auf dem Rückweg aus der Sennhütte von zwei Thieren angegriffen und bei verzweifeltem Widerstand etwa 100 Meter weit fortgeschleppt. Der kräftige Bursche rang auf Tod und Leben mit den Bestien, die er für Hunde hielt, die aber nach den Spuren im Schnee ausgehungerte Füchse gewesen zu sein scheinen. Im Moment, wo die Thiere Meister wurden, rettete der Vater den Erschöpften, dessen Geschrei zu den Ohren einer Frau gedrungen war, worauf diese Herrn Walder benachrichtigt hatte. Der Knabe hatte 35 Bisse in Ober- und Unterschenkel erhalten; Stücke Fleisch von Cigröße waren weggerissen. Die Angriffe auf das Gesicht waren durch die Fäuste parirt worden; doch wäre der Knabe bei späterem Eintreffen des Vaters verloren gewesen.

Glarus. In Linthal wurden sieben Arbeiter von einer Lawine überrascht. Sechs konnten sich sogleich befreien und bemerkten erst im Dorfe den Verlust des siebenten, worauf man ihn suchte und lebend wiederfand, nachdem er anderthalb Stunden im Schnee gewesen war.

Schaffhausen. Der Fabrikant Max Braun hat der Stadt Schaffhausen 500,000 Francs geschenkt zur Einrichtung eines „Marienspitals" für kranke Frauen und Wöchnerinnen. — In Schaffhausen hat sich eine Gesellschaft zur Erstellung billiger Wohnhäuser gebildet.

Tessin. In Scareglia ist eine kleine Revolution ausgebrochen. Eine Anzahl Bürger verlangte die Einberufung der Gemeindeversammlung, was die Munizipalität verweigerte. Hierauf wurde die letztere, nachdem das Volk die Gemeindehausthüre eingeschlagen, gegangen und ein provisorischer Gemeinderath eingesetzt. Es ist kantonale Intervention erfolgt.

Wallis. Der Stadtrath beschloß, die Gründung einer Taubstummenanstalt im Kanton Wallis zu veranlassen und beauftragte den Vorsteher des Erziehungsdepartements, sowie den Großdekan Blatter und den Staatskanzler mit der Vornahme bezüglicher Studien.

They poulticed her feet and poulticed her head,
And blistered her back till 'twas smarting and red,
Tried tonics, elixirs, pain-killers and salves,
(Though grandma declared it was nothing but "narves.")
And the poor woman thought she must certainly die,
Till "Favorite Prescription" she happened to try.
No wonder its praises so loudly they speak,
She grew better at once and was well in a week.

The torturing pains and distressing nervousness which accompany, at times, certain forms of "female weakness," yield like magic to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. It is purely vegetable, perfectly harmless, and adapted to the delicate organization of woman. It allays and subdues the nervous symptoms and relieves the pain accompanying functional and organic troubles.

It's a legitimate medicine—an invigorating, restorative tonic, a soothing and strengthening nervine, and a positive remedy for "female weaknesses" and ailments. All functional disturbances, irregularities, and derangements are cured by it. There's nothing like it in the way it acts—there's nothing like it in the way it's sold. It's *guaranteed* to give satisfaction in every case, or the money paid for it is promptly refunded.

Read the guarantee on the wrapper. You lose nothing if it doesn't help you—but it will.

We Have a Secret

Compound that will make and develop a beautiful form. It is the scientific result of esthetic experiments, and at last we have discovered in OLEATINE the correct remedy for insufficient bust development and that resulting disease, nervousness. OLEATINE will do wonders and is perfectly harmless. A good female face with a poorly developed bust lacks an indispensable accompaniment. No woman who has arrived at the age of eighteen with a flat chest is harmoniously developed. This defect can be easily remedied by the use of OLEATINE. All correspondence kept sacredly confidential. Price of OLEATINE, in sealed package by express, $2.00. Send money by registered letter to the

OLEATINE CHEMICAL CO.,
m53m Marcellus, Michigan

MY entire stock of stoves, tinware and plumbing goods is going at cost. Come early if you want to get things cheap. E. S. HORTON.

The 3-year-old son of Chris Larson, of Bickleton, Klickitat county, was killed by a wild colt.

When Baby was sick, we gave her Castoria.
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria.
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.

W. A. Dickey has traded his big ranch in the upper Chehalis valley for the Russ House in Seattle, valued at $30,000.

A Sure Cure for Piles.

Itching Piles are known by moisture like perspiration, causing intense itching when warm. This form as well as Blind, Bleeding or Protruding, yield at once to Dr. Bosanko's Pile Remedy, which acts directly on parts effected, aborbs tumors, allays itching and effects a permanent cure. 50 cts. Druggists or mail. Circulars free. Dr. Bosanka, Philadelphia, Pa. Sold by Acme Drug Store, Marr & Ross Proprietors, Olympia, Washington.

The new board of regents of the Pullman agricultural college has discovered a shortage of $17,000, with no record where the amount has gone.

HALL'S Vegetable Sicilian Hair Renewer is undoubtedly the best preservative of the hair. It is also curative of dandruff, tetter and all scalp affections.

FRANCIS HENRY,

Attorney-at-Law

AND PROPRIETOR OF

THURSTON COUNTY ABSTRACT.

Olympic Block, Cor. Fourth and Main.

MY Abstract, and an experience of more than twenty years in searching the records of Thurston county in regard to title enables me to give prompt attention in regard to same.

I have a complete and the only abstract of the Records of the Probate Court of said county, prepared during the eight years that I was Judge of said Court.

I have the only abstract that was ever attempted to be made of sales of property for taxes in said county.

I negotiate loans for those wishing to borrow or lend on real estate security. (In the matter of loans, I represent only such local capitalists as are my clients.)

I have for many years represented, and at this time represent, as agent of residents and non-residents, a large holding of real estate in the city of Olympia, and in Thurston county, for the sale of which negotiations can be made through me.

I also have upon sale, for fixed prices, a large amount of real estate, both city and country, which I am ready to show up on call.

I am ready and equipped by the labor and experience of more than twenty years for the transaction of a general real estate business, in which line I respectfully offer my services to those who desire, either to purchase or sell, to borrow or loan.

To those who think of investing, I have no hesitation in saying that money put into real estate in Olympia and Thurston county at this time would be a good investment.

To those who wish to sell, I have to say that my connections in this line of business will enable me to find purchasers for their property among the many strangers constantly coming and going through the country in search of chances for investment, who would otherwise know nothing of the opportunity.

I have a large amount of city property, both improved and unimproved for sale. Also, some very desirable farms.

Olympia, June 1, 1890

MEN! WHY ARE YOU WEAK?

WHO ARE DEBILITATED, AND SUFFERING FROM NERVOUS DEBILITY, SEMINAL WEAKNESS, LOSSES, DRAINS, IMPOTENCY, OR LOST MANHOOD, RHEUMATISM, LAME BACK, KIDNEY TROUBLES, NERVOUSNESS, SLEEPLESSNESS, POOR MEMORY & GENERAL ILL HEALTH

we have a relief and cure In your ignorance of effects and vitality—which is system the elements thus strength and vigor will full cure or money refunded.

Dr. Sanden's Electric after all other treatments testify, and from many of the effects of abuses, excesses, worry and exposure. For such sufferers in our marvelous invention, which requires but a trial to convince the most skeptical, or by excesses, or exposure, you may have unduly drained your system of nerve force electricity—and thus caused your weakness or lack of force. If you replace into your drained, which are required for vigorous strength, you will remove the cause, and health, low at once and in a natural way. This is our plan and treatment, and we guarantee a Send for our Illustrated Pamphlets, free; sent by mail, sealed.

Belt is no experiment, as we have restored thousands to robust health and vigor, failed, as can be shown by hundreds of cases throughout this State, who would gladly whom we have strong letters bearing testimony to their recovery after using our Belt.

THE DR. SANDEN ELECTRIC BELT

is a complete galvanic battery, made into a belt so as to be easily worn during work or at rest, and it gives soothing, prolonged currents which are instantly felt throughout all weak parts, or we forfeit $5,000. It has an **Improved Electric Suspensory**, the greatest boon ever given weak men, and we warrant it to cure any of the above weaknesses, and to enlarge shrunken limbs, or parts, or **Money Refunded.** They are graded in strength to meet all stages of weakness in young, middle-aged or old men, and will cure the worst cases in two or three months. Address

SANDEN ELECTRIC CO., 172 First Street, PORTLAND, OREGON.

PIANOS.

Chickering and Sons, Haines Bros., Kimball Co., and Hale Pianos.

Concert Grands, Parlor Grands, Cabinet Grands and Uprights, in Rosewood, French Walnut, Mahogany, Antique Oak and Circassion Walnut. A large assortment of elegant styles from which to select, ranging in prices from $275 to $950 piano to suit the purse of every buyer. For cash or on easy installments. Write for catalogues and prices, or take a pleasant trip to Tacoma by boat and make your own selection. I also have a large stock of

VOCALION and KIMBALL ORGANS.

For churches, lodges and parlos, at low prices, on easy terms.

D. S. JOHNSTON

Wholesale and Retail Dealer,

TACOMA, - - WASH.

IF YOU WANT TO BUY A

GOOD FARM

— IN —

Thurston and Lewis

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Call at the Real Estate Office of

WILLIAM RAGLESS,

Corner of Sussex and Sheridan Sts., Tenino.

June 20, 1892. tf

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Is the line

To All POINTS NORTH and SOUTH

It is the DINING CAR ROUTE It runs through VESTIBULED TRAINS every day in the year to

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