

The Lost Continent

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

Published by Harper & Bros.

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This story of "The Lost Continent" is the translation of an ancient manuscript found in a cave in the Canary Islands. It was written upon a peculiar substance, each sheet made up of two parts. One side resembled talc, and over the other side was spread a coating of dark coffee-colored material that resembled wax. A liberal translation gives the following story:

CHAPTER I. MY RECALL.

The public official reception was over. The sentence had been read, the name of Phoenice the empress adored, and the new vicerey installed with all that vast and ponderous ceremonial which had gained its pomp and majesty from the ages. Formally, I had delivered up the reins of my government; formally, Tatho had seated himself on the snake-throne, and had put over his neck the chain of gems which symbolized the supreme office; and then, while the drums and the trumpets made their proclamation of clamor, he had risen to his feet for his first state progress round that gilded council chamber, as vicerey of the Province of Yucatan.

With folded arms and bended head I followed him between the glittering lines of soldiers, and the brilliant throng of courtiers, and chiefs, and statesmen. The roof-beams quivered to the cries of "Long live Tatho!" "Flourish the empress!" which came forth as in duty bound, and the new ruler acknowledged the welcome with stately inclinations of the head. In turn he went to the three lesser thrones of the lesser governors—in the east, the north, and the south, and received homage from each as the ritual was; and I, the man whom his coming had deposed, followed with the prescribed meekness in his train.

It was a hard task, but we who hold the higher offices learn to carry before the people a passionless face. Once, 20 years before, these same fine obsequies had been made to me; now the gods had seen fit to make fortune change. But as I walked bent and humbly on behind the heels of Tatho, though etiquette forbade noisy salutations to myself, it could not inhibit kindly glances, and these came from every soldier, every courtier, and every chief who stood there in that gilded hall, and they fell upon me very gratefully. It is not often that the fallen meet such tender looks.

Then, one behind the other, the new vicerey and the old, we marched with formal step over golden tiles of that council hall beneath the pyramid, and the great officers of state left their stuns and joined in our train; and at the farther wall we came to the door of those private chambers which an hour ago had been mine own.

Ah, well! I had no home now in any of those wondrous cities of Yucatan, and I could not help feeling a bitterness, though in sooth I should have been thankful enough to return to the continent of Atlantis with my head still in its proper station.

Tatho gave his formal summons of "Open ye to the Vicerey," which the ritual commands, and the slaves with the door gaping wide. Tatho entered, I at his heels, the others halted, sending valedictions from the threshold; and the valves of the door clanged on the lock behind us. We passed on to the chamber beyond, and then, when for the first time we were alone together, and the forced etiquette of courts was behind us, the new vicerey turned with meekly folded arms, and bowed low before me.

"Deucalion," he said, "believe me that I have not sought this office. It was thrust upon me. Had I not accepted, my head would have paid forfeit, and another man—your enemy—would have been sent out as vicerey in your place. The empress does not permit that her will shall ever be questioned."

"My friend," I made answer, "my brother in all but blood, there is no man living in all Atlantis or her territories to whom I had liefer hand over my government. For 20 years now have I ruled this country of Yucatan, and Mexico beyond, first under the old king, and then as minister to this new empress. I know my colony like a book. I am intimate with all her wonderful cities, with their palaces, their pyramids, and their peoples. I have hunted the beasts and the savages in the forests. I have built roads, and made the rivers so that they carry shipping. I have fostered the arts and crafts like a merchant; I have discouraged, three times each day, the cult of the gods with mine own lips. Through evil years and through good have I ruled here, striving only for the prosperity of the land and the strengthening of Atlantis, and I have grown to love the peoples like a father. To you I bequeath them, Tatho, with tender supplications for their interest."

"It is not I that can carry on Deucalion's work with Deucalion's power, but rest content, my friend, that I shall do my humble best to follow exactly on in your footsteps. Believe me, I came out to this government with a thousand regrets, but I would have died sooner than take your place had I known how vigorously the supplanting would trouble you."

"We are alone here," I said, "away from the formalities of formal assemblies, and man may give vent to his natural self without fear of tarnishing a ceremony. Your coming was something of the suddenest. Till an hour ago, when you demanded audience, I had thought to rule on longer; and even now I do not know for what cause I am deposed."

"The proclamation said: 'We relieve our well-beloved Deucalion of his present service, because we have great need of his powers at home in our kingdom of Atlantis.'"

Tatho looked uneasily round the hangings of the chamber, and drew with him to its center, and lowered his voice.

"I do not think so," he whispered. "I believe she has need of you. There are troublesome times of hand, and Phoenice wants the ablest men in the kingdom ready to her call."

"You may speak openly," I said, "and without fear of eavesdroppers. We are in the heart of the pyramid here, built in every way by a man's length of solid stone. Myself, I oversaw the laying of every course. And besides, here in Yucatan, we have not the niceties of our old-world diplomacy, and do not listen, because we count it shame to do so."

Tatho shrugged his shoulders. "I acted only according to mine education. At home, a loose tongue makes a loose head, and there are those whose trade it is to carry tales. Still, what I say is this: The throne shakes, and Phoenice sees the need of sturdy props. So she has sent this proclamation."

"But why come to me? It is 20 years since I sailed to this colony, and from that day I have not returned to Atlantis since. I know little of the old country's politics."

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"If Deucalion has small time to spare from his government for brooding over his fatherland, Atlantis, at least, has found leisure to admire the deeds of her brilliant son. Why, sir, over yonder at home, your name carries magic with it. When you and I were lads together, it was the custom in the colleges to teach that the men of the past were the greatest this world has ever seen; but to-day this teaching is changed. It is Deucalion who is held up as the model and example. Mothers name their sons Deucalion, as the most

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"You trouble me," I said, frowning. "I have tried to do my duty for its own sake, and for the country's sake, not for the pattings and fondlings of the vulgar. And besides, if there are names to be in every one's mouth, they should be the names of the gods."

Tatho shrugged his shoulders. "The gods? They occupy us very little these latter years. With our modern science, we have grown past the tether of the old gods, and no new one has appeared. No, my Lord Deucalion, if it were merely the gods who were your competitors on men's lips, your name would be a thousand times the better known."

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The new vicerey sighed whimsically. "I almost forgot how to speak in plain words now," he said. "We have grown so polished in these latter days, that mere bald truth would be hissed as indelicate. But for the memory of those early years, when we expended as much law and thought over the ownership of a hay-bay as we should now over the fate of a rebellious city, I will try and speak plain to you even now, Deucalion. Tell me, old friend, what is it?"

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The Scientific Production

of a laxative of known value and distinctive action is rapidly growing in public favor, along with the many other material improvements of the age. The many

who are well informed

must understand quite clearly, that in order to meet the above conditions a laxative should be wholly free from every objectionable quality or substance, with its component parts simple and wholesome and it should act pleasantly and gently without disturbing the natural functions in any way. The laxative which fulfils most perfectly the requirements, in the highest degree, is

Syrup of Figs

The sale of millions of bottles annually for many years past, and the universal satisfaction which it has given confirm the claim we make, that it possesses the qualities which commend it to public favor.

High Qualification.
"Can he cook?" asked the proprietor of the restaurant.
"Cook?" echoed the caller, who was rooting for a friend out of a job. "Can he cook? Say, I've seen that man make four squabs pie out of one old pigeon!"—Chicago Tribune.

WHAT CAUSES DANDRUFF.
Greatest European Authority on Skin Diseases, Says It's a Germ.

The old idea was that dandruff is scales of skin thrown off through a feverish condition of the scalp. Prof. Unna, Hamburg, Germany, European authority on skin diseases, says dandruff is a germ disease. The germ burrows under the scalp, throwing up little scales of cuticle, and sapping the vitality of the hair at the root. The only hair preparation that kills dandruff germs is Newbro's Herpicide. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect." Not only cures dandruff, but stops falling hair and causes a luxuriant growth. Delightful hair dressing.

WHAT WE ARE TOLD.

There is one millionaire in the United States to every 20,000 inhabitants.

A factory at Deepwater, Mo., has been obliged to stop by a shortage of water.

The pulgat, a Burmese measure, is the only foreign measure exactly corresponding to our inch.

This season the Maine woods have yielded an albino moose, three or four albino deer, and two pure albino squirrels.

New York state farmers are buying potatoes for their own consumption, a situation unheard of there for years.

Count Tolstoi is not an obedient patient. Some time ago his physicians told him not to walk or ride on horseback, but he did what he pleased, remarking: "I know better than all physicians what is good for me."

CANADA'S CAPITAL AROUSED.

Never Was There Such Excitement—Physicians' Association Trying to Explain.

Ottawa, Can., Nov. 25.—This city is stirred up as never before. Some seven years ago the local papers published an account of a man named George H. Kent, of 408 Gilmour street, who was dying of Bright's Disease and who at the very last moment after several of our best physicians had declared he couldn't live twelve hours, was saved by Dodd's Kidney Pills.

People who know how low Mr. Kent was refused to believe that he was cured permanently, and the other day in order to clinch the matter the papers published the whole case over again and backed up their story by sworn statements made by Mr. Kent in which he declares most positively that in 1894 he was given up by the doctors and that Dodd's Kidney Pills and nothing else saved him, and further that since the day that Dodd's Kidney Pills sent him back to work seven years ago, he has not lost a single minute from his work (he is a printer in the American Note Printing Company).

Mr. Kent is kept quite busy during his spare hours answering inquiries personally and by letter, but he is so grateful that he counts the time well spent. Indeed he and his wife have shown their gratitude to Dodd's Kidney Pills in a very striking way by having their little girl, born in 1896, christened by the name of "Dodds."

Altogether it is the most sensational case that has ever occurred in the history of medicine in Canada and the perfect substantiation of every detail leaves no room to doubt either the completeness or the permanency of the cure.

The local physicians have made the case of Kent and Dodd's Kidney Pills the subject of discussion at several of the private meetings of their association.

DROPSY NEW DISCOVERY! gives quick relief and cures worst cases. Book of treatment and 10 days' treatment free. Dr. H. H. GIBSON'S DISPENSARY, 101 N. W. 10th St., ST. LOUIS, MO.

PISO'S CURE FOR GOUTS WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS. It is the only cure. Use in this. Sold by druggists.

CONSUMPTION

"WHAR DEW I GUM IN?"

(Being the Soliloquy of a Farmer on the Free Raw Sugar Question.)

That's a mighty lot er talkin' about farmers 'n thar rights, 'n the wonderful prosperity the beet growin' invites. That's er heap of foolish crowin' 'n the "beats" begin ter shout 'n holler fer the Tariff ter keep free raw sugar out! But I notis the beet-producin' farms are very few. An' the farmers through the country aint got much of it ter dew. The hull land aint a-raisin' beets, 'n aint goin' ter begin, Beet growin's right fer sum, I guess—but, whar dew I cum in? The farmer gits four dollars now fer every ton o' beets—A hansom price, I must allow—but hidin' sum deceits. Beet sugar manufacturers admit es they hev found. The "granulated" costs 'em sumthin' like two cents a pound. In fact the leaves a profit on them they'd greatly thrive—And if it kin be sold fer three, why should we pay 'em FIVE? It seems ter me es thet's a game thet's mighty like a skin—But—if thar's any benefit—waal—whar dew I cum in?