

The Lost Continent

By CUTCLIFFE HYNE.

CHAPTER X.—CONTINUED.

I let my hand clench on hers. "Take me to husband then, and I will be a good man to you. But, as I am hidden speak to Phoenice the woman now, and not to the empress, I offer her fair warning that I will be no puppet." She looked at me sidelong. "I have been master so long that I think I will come as enjoyment to be mastered sometimes. No, Deucalion, I promise that—you shall be no puppet. Indeed, it would take a lusty lung to do the piping if you were to dance against your will."

"Then as man and wife we will live together in the royal pyramid, and we will rule this country with all the wit that it has pleased the high gods to bestow on us. These miserable differences shall be swept aside; the rebels shall go back to their homes, and hunt, and fight the beasts in the profices, and the Priests' clan shall be pacified. Phoenice, you and I will throw ourselves brain and soul into the government, and we will make Atlantis rise as a nation that shall once more surpass all the world for peace and prosperity."

Petulant she drew her hand away from mine. "Oh, your conditions, and your Atlantis! You carry a crudeness in these colonial manners of yours, Deucalion, that falls on one after the first blunt flavor has worn away. Am I to do all the weeding? Is there no little thrill of love under all your ice?"

"In truth, I do not know what love may be. I have had little enough speech with women all these busy years." "We were a pair, then, when you landed, though I have heard sighs and prostrations from every man that carries a beard in all Atlantis. Some of them tickled my fancy for the day, but none of them have moved me deeper. No, I also have not learned what this love may be from my own personal feelings. But, sir, I think that you will teach me soon, if you go on with your coldness."

"From what I have seen, love is for the poor and the weak, and for those of flight emotions." "Then I would that another woman were empress, and that I were some ill-dressed creature of the gutter that a strong man could pick up by force and carry away to his home for sheer passion. Ah! How I could revel in it! How I could respond if he caught my whim!" She laughed. "But I should lead him a sad life of it if my liking were not so strong as his."

"We are as we are made, and we cannot change our inwards which move us." She looked at me with a sullen glance. "If I do not change yours, my Deucalion, there will be more trouble brewed for this poor Atlantis that you set such store upon. There will be ill doings in this coming household of ours if my love grows for you, and yours remains still unborn."

I believe she would have had me fondle her there in the golden castle on the mammoth's shore back before the city streets packed with curious people. She had little enough appetite for privacy at any time. But for the life of me I could not do it. The gods know I was earnest enough about my task, and they know also how it repelled me. But I was a true priest that day, and I had put away all personal liking to carry out the commands which the council had laid upon me. If I had known how to set about it, I would have fallen in with her mood. But where any of those shallow, bedizened triflers about the court would have been glibly in his element, I stuck for lack of a dozen words.

But here, by a lucky chance for me, an incident occurred which saved me from further baiting. The rebels outside the walls were conducting their day's attack with vigor and some intelligence. More than once during our procession the lighter missiles from their war engines had sang up through the air and split against a building, and thrown splinters which wounded those which thronged the streets. Still there had been nothing to ruffle the nerves of anyone at all used to the haps of warfare, or in any way to hinder our courtship. But presently, it seems, they stopped hurling stones from their war engines, and took to loading them with carcasses of wood lined with the throwing fire.

Now against stone buildings these did little harm, save only that they scorched horribly any poor wretch that was within splash of them when they burst; but when they fell upon the rude wooden booths and rush shelters of the poorer folk, they set them ablaze instantly. There was no putting out these fires.

These things also would have given to either Phoenice or myself little enough of concern, as they are the trivial and common incidents of every siege; but the mammoth on which we rode had not been so properly schooled. When the first blue whiff of smoke came to us down the windings of the street, the huge red beast hoisted its trunk and began to sway its head uneasily. When the smoke drifts grew more dense, and here and there a tongue of flame showed pale beneath the sunshine, it stopped abruptly and began to trumpet.

The guards who led it tugged manfully at the chains which hung from the jagged metal collar round its neck, so that the spikes ran deep into its flesh, and reminded it keenly of its bondage. But the beast's terror at the fire, which was native to its constitution, mastered all its new-bought habits of obedience. From time unknown men have hunted the mammoth in the savage ground, and the mammoth has hunted men; and they men have always used fire as a shield, and mammoths have learned to dread fire as the most dangerous of all enemies.

Phoenice's brow grew more to darken as the great beast grew more restive, and she shook her red curls viciously. "Some one shall lose a head for this

blundering," said she. "I ordered to have this beast trained to stand indifferent to drums, shouting, arrows, stones, and fire, and the trainers assured me that all was done, and brought examples." "I slipped my girdle. Here," I said, "quick. Let me lower you to the ground." She turned on me with a gleam. "Are you fearful for my neck then, Deucalion?"

"I have no mind to be bereaved before I have tasted my wedded life." "Pish! There is little enough of danger. I will stay and ride it out. I am not one of your nervous women, sir. But go you, if you please." "There is little enough chance for that now."

Blood flowed from the mammoth's neck where the spikes of the collar tore it, and with each drop, so did the tameness seem to ooze out from it also. With wild screams and trumpeting it turned and charged viciously down the way it had come, scattering like straws the spearmen who tried to stop it, and mowing a great swathe through the crowd with its monstrous progress. Many must have been trodden under foot, many killed by its murderous trunk, but only their cries came to us. The golden castle, with its canopy of royal snakes, was swayed and tossed so that we two occupants had much ado not to be shot off like stones from a catapult. But I took a brace with my feet against the front and one arm around a pillar, and clapped the spare arm round Phoenice, so as to offer myself to her as a cushion.

She lay there contentedly enough, with her lovely face just beneath my chin, and the faint scent of her hair coming in to me with every breath I took; and the mammoth charged madly on through the narrow streets. We had outstripped the taint of smoke, and the original cause of fear, but the beast seemed to have forgotten everything in its mad panic. It held furiously on with enormous strides, carrying its trunk aloft, and deafening us with its screams and trumpeting. We left behind us quickly all those who had trod in that glittering pageant, and we were carried helplessly on through the wards of the city.

The beast was utterly beyond all control. So great was its pace that there was no alternative but to try and cling on to the castle. Up there we were beyond its reach. To have leaped off, even if we had avoided having brains dashed out or limbs smashed by the fall, would have been to put ourselves at once at a frightful disadvantage. The mammoth would have scented us immediately, and turned (as is the custom of these beasts), and we should have been

trampled into pulp in a dozen seconds.

There was no guiding the brute; in its insanity of madness it doubled many times upon its course, the windings of the streets confusing it. But by degrees we left the large palaces and pyramids behind, and got among the quarters of artisans, where weavers and smiths gaped at us from their doors as we thundered past. And then we came upon the merchants' quarters where men live over their storehouses that do traffic with the people over seas, and then down an open space there glittered before us a mirror of water.

"Now here," thought I, "this mad beast will come to sudden stop, and as like as not will sterve round sharply and charge back again towards the heart of the city." And I braced myself to withstand the shock, and took fresh grip upon the woman who lay against my breast. But with louder screams and wilder trumpeting the mammoth held straight on, and presently came to the harbor's edge, and sent the spray sparkling in sheets among the sunshines as it went with its clumsy gait into the water.

But at this point the pace was very quickly slackened. The great sewers, which science devised for the health of the city in the old king's time, vomit their drainings into this part of the harbor, and the solid matter which they carry is quickly deposited as an impalpable sludge. Into this the huge beast began to sink deeper and deeper before it could halt in its rush, and when with frightened belowlings it had come to a stop, it was bogged irretrievably. Madly it struggled, wildly it screamed and trumpeted. The harbor water and the slime were churned into one stinking compost, and the golden castle in which we clung lurching so wildly that we were torn from it and shot far away into the water.

Still there, of course, we were safe, and I was pleased enough to be rid of the bumpings. Phoenice laughed as she swam. "You handle yourself like a sore man, Deucalion. I owe you something for lending me the cushion of your body. By my face! There's more of the gallant about you when it comes to the test than one would guess to hear you talk. How did you like the ride, sir? I warrant it came to you as a new experience." "I'd liefer have walked."

"Pish, man! you'll never be a courtier. You should have sworn that with me in your arms you could have wished the bumping had gone on forever. Ho, the boat there! Hold your arms, Deucalion, hail me your fools in that boat. Tell them that, if they hurt so much as a hair of my mammoth, I'll kill them all by torture. He'll exhaust himself directly, and when his furry's done

we'll leave him where he is, to consider his evil ways for a day or so and then haul him out with windlasses, and tame him afresh. Phoe! I could not feel myself, to be Phoenice if I had no fine, red, shaggy mammoth to take me out for my rides." The boat was a ten-slave galley, which was churning up from the farther side of the harbor as hard as well-plied whips could make oars drive her; but at the sound of my shouts the soldiers on her foredeck stopped their arrow-shots, and the steersman swerved her off on a new course to pick us up. Till then we had been swimming leisurely across an angle of the harbor, so as to avoid landing where the sewers outpoured; but we stopped now, treading the water, and were helped over the side by most respectful hands.

The galley belonged to the captain of the port, a mining figure of a mariner, whose highest appetite in life was to lick the feet of the great; and he began to fawn and prostrate himself at once, and to wish that his eyes had been blinded before he saw the empress in such deadly peril.

But it seemed she could be cloyed with flattery. "If you are tired of your eyes," said she, "let me tire you that you have gone the way to have them plucked out from their sockets. Kill my mammoth, would you, because he has shown himself a trifle frolicsome? You and your sort want more education, my man. I shall have to teach you that port-captains and such small creatures are very easy to come by, and very valuable when got; but that my mammoth is mine—mine, do you understand?—the property of Goddess Phoenice, and as such is sacred."

The port captain abased himself before her. "I am an ignorant fellow," said he, "and heaven was robbed of its brightest ornament when Phoenice came down to Atlantis. But if reparation is permitted me, I have two prisoners in the cabin of the boat here who shall be sacrificed to the mammoth forthwith. Doubtless it would have got to make sport with them, and spill out the last lees of his rage upon their bodies."

"Prisoners you've got, have you? How taken?" "Under cover of last night they were trying to pass in between the two forts which guard the harbor mouth. But their boat fouled the chain, and by the light of the torches the sentries spied them. They were caught with ropes and put in a dungeon. This is an order not to abuse prisoners before they have been brought before a judge."

"It was my order. Did these prisoners offer to buy their lives with news?" "The man has not spoken. Indeed, I think he got his death wound in being taken. The woman fought like a cat also, so they said in the fort, but she was caught without hurt. She says she has got nothing that would be of use to tell. She says she has tired of living like a savage outside the city, and moreover that, inside, there is an air of frigidity nearness she craves most mightily."

"Tut!" said Phoenice. "Is this a romance we have swum to? You see what affectionate creatures we women are, Deucalion. The galley was brought up against the royal quay and made fast to its golden rings. I handed the empress ashore, but she turned again and faced the boat, her garments still yielding up a slender drip of water.

"Produce your woman prisoner, master captain, and let us see whether she is a runaway wife, or a lovesick girl mad after her sweetheart. Then I will deliver judgment on her, and as like as not will surprise you all with my clemency. I am in a mood for tender romance to-day."

The port captain went into the little hutch of a cabin with a white face. It was plain that Phoenice's pleasantness to be dead, your majesty. I see that his wounds—

"Bring out the woman, you fool. I asked for her. Keep your carriage where it is." I saw a fellow stoop for his knife to cut a lashing, and presently who should he bring out to the daylight but the girl I had saved from the cave tigers in the circus, and who had so strangely drawn me to her during the hours that we had spent afterwards in companionship. It was clear, too, that the empress recognized her also. Indeed, she made no secret about the matter, addressing her by name and mockingly making inquiries about the menage of the rebels, and the success of the prisoner's amours.

(To Be Continued.)

BELOVED BY ANIMALS.

Wonderful Winning Power Possessed by the Mother of Robert Browning.

Robert Browning's mother had an extraordinary power over animals. W. J. Stillman says, in her "Biography," that she could even turn butterflies to her by some unknown means, and that domestic animals obeyed her as if by the aid of reason. Robert had received a present of a bulldog, of a rare breed, which tolerated no interference from any person except him or his mother, and would never allow strangers to be in the least familiar with her. When a neighbor came in, he was not allowed to shake hands with her, for the dog at once showed his teeth. Not even her husband was allowed to approach her too closely, and if Robert was more familiar with her than the dog thought proper, the display of teeth was very evident.

One day, to subject him to a severe test, Robert put his arm about his mother's neck, as they sat side by side at the table. The dog went round behind them, put his forefeet on a chair, and lifted Robert's arm away with his nose.

There was a favorite cat in the family, and her the dog hated. One day he chased her under a cupboard and kept her there, besieged, until Mrs. Browning gave him a severe lecture, and charged him never to molest pussy more. The creature obeyed her implicitly. From that time forth he was never known to touch the cat, although she remembered past tyranny, bore herself most insolently towards him. Yet when she scratched him, he only whimpered and turned away, as if to avoid temptation.



ART OF CONVERSATION.

Ability to Direct Talk in the Right Direction is More Important Than Flow of Words.

If you would win laurels as a bright conversationalist, first impress your mind with the fact that it is not flow of words that you need, but ability to direct conversation.

You must practice the part of stating a thought, keeping the talk general, or making the guest of honor the apparent leader.

You must draw out the timid, avoid dangerous channels and make every man and woman about you appear at his or her best, while your own efforts are confined to an occasional word to fill a gap.

When you are trying to make a company a conversational success always avoid a rattling liveliness on your own part.

Don't imagine that to be a clever woman you must be a wit. If you are naturally witty, well and good; it will crop out occasionally. But if your wit is forced, it will degenerate into mere affectation, and affectation is fatal.

Your main object is to make yourself interesting without being obtrusive—to keep yourself in the background while you direct the general conversation.

It is a wonderfully interesting accomplishment. You learn to note the slightest change in facial expression. The quiver of an eyelid or the movement of a lip tells you a story. You see pleasure, anger, interest or dislike, where another detects no thought.

Your own mind acts more quickly as you appreciate the unspoken thoughts of others. You have the pleasure of feeling that your acquirement is not wholly selfish, for it gives you the power to understand the reserved and to put the shy at their ease.

Above all, don't talk too much. No matter how interesting your stories may be, they are not as a rule so interesting to another person as the stories he wants to tell. The skillful talker, like the really skillful diplomat, uses few words and makes them count.—N. Y. World.

FIRST LADY OF IOWA.

Mrs. A. B. Cummins, Wife of the New Hawkeye Governor, is a Popular Favorite.

Mrs. A. B. Cummins, wife of the new governor of Iowa, is a leader in social and club circles in Des Moines. She is a woman of ability and charming personality and the late Senator Gear used to characterize her as his most formidable opponent in the senatorial contest between himself and Mr. Cummins. Her maiden name was Ida L. Gallery, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Gallery, of Eaton Rapids, Mich. She was educated in the schools of Eaton Rapids and was married to Mr. Cummins at that place in 1874. At that time Mr. Cummins was a law



MRS. A. B. CUMMINS.

student in Chicago. Shortly afterwards he was admitted to the bar. Mr. and Mrs. Cummins lived in Chicago until 1878, when they moved to Des Moines, where they have since resided. Their home is on West Grand avenue, in the most fashionable quarter of the city.

Mrs. Cummins is a member of the Congregational church and one of its hardest workers. She was for many years on the board of directors of the social settlement, but has been compelled to resign owing to stress of other duties. She has been president of the Women's club, the leading organization of its kind here.

The Science of Colds.

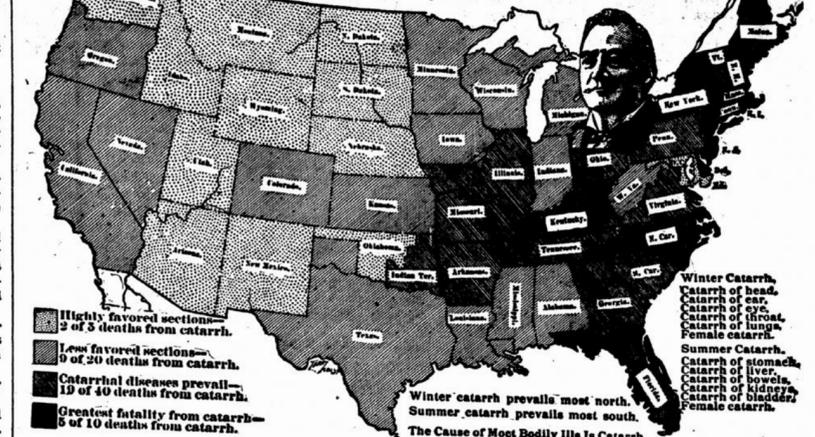
Almost everybody one meets is afflicted with that trivial but annoying ailment, a "cold." This is one of the minor troubles of life, but it is a singularly perverse affection all the same, and one decidedly obstinate as regards its tendencies toward cure. Doctors now agree that the cold in the head or "coryza" is an infectious trouble, and therefore to be regarded as another triumph for the ubiquitous microbe. The spread of cold through a household may thus be accounted for on the scientific principle of ordinary infection. The means of cure are many. One English specialist recommends taking an opiate to start with, in the shape of 15 or 20 drops of chloroform in water, repeating the dose in, say, four hours. He also prescribes a Dover's powder at bedtime (say ten grains) and a hot drink, by way of encouraging skin action, provided risk of cold and chill is avoided.

Nice Way to Cook Bacon. The nicest way to cook bacon is to slice thin, remove the rind and lay the pieces close together on a fine wire broiler. Lay this over a dripping pan and bake for a few minutes in a hot oven until crisp and brown, turning it once. Drain on brown paper and serve on a hot platter. The dripping will be clear, rich fat, excellent for frying purposes, and the bacon crisp and easily digested.

Titles Plentiful in Russia. There is one titled personage to every 100 commoners in Russia.

The U. S. Census Report of Catarrh.

COMPILED BY THE GREATEST LIVING AUTHORITY ON CATARRHAL DISEASES.



Winter Catarrh, Catarrh of head, Catarrh of ear, Catarrh of eye, Catarrh of throat, Catarrh of bladder, Female catarrh. Summer Catarrh, Catarrh of stomach, Catarrh of bowels, Catarrh of kidney, Catarrh of bladder, Female catarrh. Winter catarrh prevails most north. Summer catarrh prevails most south. The Cause of Most Bodily Ills is Catarrh.

MRS. BELVA A. LOCKWOOD. Mrs. Belva A. Lockwood, late candidate for the Presidency, writes: "I have used your Peruna and I find it an invaluable remedy for cold, catarrh and kindred diseases; also a good tonic for feeble and old people, or those run down and with nerves unstrung. I desire, also, to say that it has no evil effects." Mrs. Lockwood's residence is Washington, D. C.

CONGRESSMAN CUMMINGS, OF NEW YORK CITY, Hon. Amos J. Cummings, of New York, says: "Peruna is good for catarrh. I have tried it and know it. It relieved me immensely on my trip to Cuba, and I always have a bottle in reserve. Since my return I have not suffered from catarrh, but if I do I shall use Peruna again. Mean-while you might send me another bottle."

GENERAL JOB WHEELER. Major General Joseph Wheeler, commanding the cavalry forces in front of Santiago, and the author of "The Santiago Campaign," in speaking of the great catarrh remedy, Peruna, says: "I join with Senators Sullivan, Roach and McEnery in their good opinion of Peruna. It is recommended to me by those who have used it as an excellent tonic and particularly effective as a cure for catarrh."

Catarrh has already become a national curse. Its ravages extend from ocean to ocean. More than one-half of the people are affected by it. Catarrh is a systemic disease. Peruna is a systemic remedy. Peruna cures catarrh by removing the cause. Address The Peruna Medicine Co., Columbus, O., for free book.

More Agency. Mrs. Nobbiak—Yes, she summered at Newport, and now she's wintering in Florida. Mrs. Peppery—You don't say? Now, if she should decide to spring in Florida, I wonder where she'd fall.—Philadelphia Press.

QUEEN VICTORIA'S HAIR. Its Profusion, at Her Age, Had Always Been a Wonder. Over 80 years old, Queen Victoria yet had luxuriant hair, which was for years the marvel. The court physician, following Prof. Unna's discovery, treated her Majesty's scalp with a germ destroying preparation, which he always kept secret. It is now known, however, that the remedy for dandruff, the germ destroying element, is embodied in Newbro's Herpicide, the only hair preparation on the market that does destroy the dandruff germ. Without dandruff hair will grow profusely, and falling hair will be stopped. "Destroy the cause, you remove the effect."

It is Running Down. "I should advise," said the polite crozier, as he raked in another stack of Lord Roslyn's blue checks, "that you take something for your system."—Baltimore American.

Dropsy treated free by Dr. H. H. Green's Sons of Atlanta, Ga. The greatest dropsy specialists in the world. Read their advertisement in another column of this paper.

To keep good company, especially at our first setting out, is the way to receive good impressions.—Lord Chesterfield.

I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption has an equal for coughs and colds.—John F. Boyer, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1900.

Conceit is the most incurable disease that is known to the human soul.—H. W. Beecher.

Stops the Cough and Works Off Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. Price 25c. Grit turns defeat into victory.—Ram's Horn.

How well some ugly men marry!—Aitchison Globe.

A Cash Transaction. Miss Rocksey—Oh, papa! when the count asked your consent did you grow silent and tell him that I was all you had left? Old Rocksey—No, my dear. If that was the case I guess he wouldn't have wanted you.—Judge.

Don't Neglect a Cough. Take Some Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar instantly. Fike's Toothache Drops Cure in one minute.

Hope is the corner stone of sorrow. A hopeless person has ceased to suffer.—Town Topics.

PUTNAM FADELESS DYES do not stain the hands or spot the kettle (except green and purple). If you are right, you needn't talk yourself to death telling about it.—Aitchison Globe.

Nothing resembles pride so much as discouragement.—Amiel.

Mardi Gras Queen & Crescent Route. New Orleans, February 11th. Greatest Mid-Winter Fete in the world; wondrous and beautiful. Low rate excursions New Orleans & Crescent Route. Finest train service in the South. Two fast 24-hour trains every day in the year from Cincinnati. The trip through the beautiful southern country is a holiday in itself. All inquiries gladly answered. Free printed Matter. W. G. Rinearson, G. P. A., Cincinnati.

No sooner has a coquette given the combination that unlocks her heart than she sets about changing it.—Town Topics.

Florida Excursions via Virginia and Carolina Winter Resorts and Charleston Exposition, Hot Springs, Old Point Comfort, Southern Pines. For information address W. E. Conklyn, N. W. P. Agt., Chesapeake and Ohio Ry., 224 Clark St., Chicago.

Luck may sometimes be distinguished from ability by its duration.—Puck.

THE CHILDREN ENJOY

Life out of doors and out of the games which they play and the enjoyment which they receive and the efforts which they make, comes the greater part of that healthful development which is so essential to their happiness when grown. When a laxative is needed the remedy which is given to them, should be such as physicians would sanction, because its component parts are known to be wholesome and the remedy itself free from every objectionable quality. The one remedy which physicians and parents well-informed, approve and recommend and which the little ones enjoy, because of its pleasant flavor, its gentle action and its beneficial effects, is—Syrup of Figs—and for the same reason it is the only laxative which should be used by fathers and mothers.

Syrup of Figs is the only remedy which acts gently, pleasantly and naturally without griping, irritating, or nauseating and which cleanses the system effectually, without producing that constipated habit which results from the use of the old-time cathartics and modern imitations, and against which the children should be so carefully guarded. If you would have them grow to manhood and womanhood, strong, healthy and happy, do not give them medicines, when medicines are not needed, and when nature needs assistance in the way of a laxative, give them only the simple, pleasant and gentle—Syrup of Figs.

Its quality is due not only to the excellence of the combination of the laxative principles of plants with pleasant aromatic syrups and juices, but also to our original method of manufacture and as you value the health of the little ones, do not accept any of the substitutes which unscrupulous dealers sometimes offer to increase their profits. The genuine article may be bought anywhere of all reliable druggists at fifty cents per bottle. Please to remember, the full name of the Company—CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.—is printed on the front of every package. In order to get its beneficial effects it is always necessary to buy the genuine only.