SHE:

A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

INTRODUCTION.

IN giving to the world the record of what, looked at from that point of view only, is, I suppose, one of the most wonderful and mysterious adventures ever experienced by mortal man, I feel it incumbent on me to explain what my exact connection with it is. And so I may as well say at once that I am not the narrator, but only the editor, of this extraordinary history, and then proceed to tell how it found its way into my hands.

Some years ago, I, the editor, was stopping with a brother at one of the universities, which for the purposes of this history we will call Cambridge, and was one day much struck with the appearance of two people whom I saw going arm in arm down the street. One of these gentlemen was, I think, without exception, the handsomest young fellow I have ever set eyes on. He was very tall, very broad, and had a look of power and a grace of bearing that seemed as native to him as it is to a wild stag. In addition, his face was almost without flaw—a good face as well as a beautiful one; and when he lifted his hat, which he did just then to a passing lady, I saw that his head was covered with little golden curls growing close to the scalp.

"Good gracious!" I said to my brother, with whom I was walking; "why, that fellow looks like a statue of Apollo come to life. What a splendid man he is!"

"Yes," he answered; "he is the handsomest man in the university, and one of the nicest, too. They call him 'the Greek god.' But look at the other one, he's Vincey's (that's the god's name) guardian, and supposed to be full of every kind of information. They call him 'Charon.'"

I looked, and found the older man quite as interesting in his way as the glorified specimen of humanity at his side. He appeared to be about forty years of age, and was, I think, as ugly as his companion was handsome. To begin with, he was shortish, rather bow-legged, very deep-chested, and with unusually long arms. He had dark hair and small eyes, and the hair grew right down on his forehead, and his whiskers grew right up to his hair, so that there was uncommonly little of his countenance to be seen. Altogether he reminded me forcibly of a gorilla, and yet there was something very pleasing and genial about the man's eye. I remember saying that I should like to know him.

"All right," answered my brother; "nothing easier. I know Vincey; I'll introduce you;" and he did; and for some minutes we stood chatting—about the Zulu people, I think, for I had just returned from the Cape at the time. Presently, however, a stoutish lady, whose name I do not remember, came along the pavement, accompanied by a pretty fair-haired girl, and these two Mr. Vincey, who clearly knew them well, at once joined, and walked off in their company. I remember being rather amused because of the change in the expression of the elder man, whose name I discovered was Holly, when he saw the ladies advancing. He suddenly stopped short in his talk, cast a reproachful look at his companion, and, with an abrupt nod to myself, turned and marched off alone across the street. I heard afterward that he was popularly supposed to be as much afraid of a woman as most people are of a mad dog, which accounted for his precipitate retreat. I can not say, however, that young Vincey showed much aversion to feminine society on this occasion. Indeed, I remember laughing, and remarking to my brother at the time that he was not the sort of man whom one would care to introduce to the lady one was going to marry, since it is exceedingly probable that the acquaintance would end in a transfer of her affections. He was altogether too good looking, and, what is more, he had none of that consciousness and conceit about him which usually afflicts handsome men, and makes them deservedly disliked by their fellows.

That evening my visit came to an end, and that was the last I saw or heard of Charon and the Greek god for many a long day. Indeed, I have never seen either of them from that hour to this, and do not suppose it likely that I shall. But a month ago I received a letter and two packets, one of manuscript, and on opening the first, found that it was signed by "Horace Holly," a name that at that moment was not familiar to me. It ran as follows:

"—— COLLEGE, Cambridge,
1st May, 18—.

MY DEAR SIR:—You will be surprised, considering the very slight nature of our acquaintance, to get a letter from me. Indeed, I think I had better begin by reminding you that we once met, now some five years ago, when your brother introduced me and my ward Leo Vincey to you in the street at Cambridge. To be brief and come to my business. I have recently read with much interest a book of yours describing a Central African adventure. I take it that this book is partly true, and partly an effort of the imagination. However this is, it has given me an idea. It happens—how, you will see in the accompanying manuscript, which, together with the scarab, the 'Royal Son of the Sun,' and the original sherd, I am sending to you by hand—that my ward, or rather my adopted son, Leo Vincey and myself have recently passed through a real African adventure of a nature so much more marvelous than the one which you describe that, to tell you the truth, I am almost ashamed to submit it to you for fear lest you should disbelieve me. You will see it stated in this manuscript that I, or rather we, had made up our minds not to make this history public during our joint lives. Nor should we alter our determination, were it not for a circumstance that has recently arisen. We are, for reasons that, after perusing this manuscript, you may be able to guess, going away again, this time to Central Asia, where, if anywhere upon this earth, wisdom is to be found, and anticipate that our sojourn there will be a long one. Possibly we shall not return. Under these altered conditions it has become a question whether we are justified in withholding from the world an account of a phenomenon which we believe to be of unparalleled interest, merely because our private life is involved, or because we are afraid of ridicule and doubting cast upon our statements. I hold view about this matter, and Leo holds another, and finally, after much discussion, we have come to a compromise, namely, to send the history to you, giving you full leave to publish it if you think fit, the only stipulation being that you shall disguise our real names, and as much concerning our identity as is consistent with the maintenance of the *bona fides* of the narrative.

"And now what am I to say further? I really do not know, beyond once more repeating that everything described in the accompanying manuscript is exactly as it happened. As regards *She* herself I have nothing to add. Day by day we have greater occasion to regret that we did not better avail ourselves of our opportunities to obtain more information from that marvelous woman. Who was she? How did she first come to the caves of Kor, and what was her real religion? We never ascertained, and now, alas! we never shall, at least not yet. These and many other questions arise in my mind; but what is the good of asking them now?

"Will you undertake the task? We give you complete freedom, and as a reward you will certainly have the credit of giving to the world the most wonderful history, as distinguished from romance, that its records can show. Read the manuscript (which I have copied out fairly for your benefit), and let me know.

"Believe me, very truly yours,
L. HORACE HOLLY.

"P. S.—Of course if any profit results from the sale of the writing, should you care to undertake it, you can do what you like with it but if there is a loss I will leave instructions with my lawyers, Messrs. Goodboy & Jordan, to meet it. We intrust the sherd, the scarab, and the parchment to your keeping till such time as we demand them back again. L. H., H."

This letter, as may be imagined, astonished me considerably, but when I came to look at the MS., which the pressure of other work prevented me from doing for a fortnight, I was still more astonished, as I think the reader will be also, and at once made up my mind to press on with the matter. I wrote to this effect to Mr. Holly, but a week afterward received a letter from that gentleman's lawyers, returning my own, with the information that their client and Mr. Leo Vincey had already left this country for Thibet, and they did not at present know their address.

Well, that is all I have to say. Of the history itself the reader must judge. I give it him, with the exception of a very few alterations, made with the object of concealing the identity of the actors from the general public, exactly as it has come to me. Personally I have made up my mind to refrain from comments. At first I was inclined to believe that this history of a woman on whom, clothed in the majesty of her almost endless years, the shadow of Eternity itself lay like the dark wing of Night, was some gigantic allegory of which I could not catch the meaning. Then I thought that it might be a bold attempt to portray the possible results of immortality grafted on the substance of a mortal who yet drew her strength from the earth, and in whose human bosom passions yet rose and fell and beat as in the undying world around her the winds and the tides rise and fall and beat unceasingly. But as I went on I abandoned that idea also. To me the story seems to bear the stamp of truth upon its face. Its explanation I must leave to others; and with this slight preface, which circumstances make necessary, I introduce the world to Ayesha and the Caves of Kor. THE EDITOR.

P. S.—There is on consideration one circumstance that, after a reperusal of this history, struck me with so much force that I can not resist calling the attention of the reader to it. He will observe that, so far as we are made acquainted with him, there is nothing in the character of Leo Vincey which, in the opinion of most people, would have been likely to attract an intellect so powerful as that of Ayesha. He is not even, at any rate to my view particularly interesting; indeed, one might have imagined that Mr. Holly would, under ordinary circumstances, have easily outstripped him in the favor of *She*. Can it be that extremes meet, and that the very excess and splendor of her mind led her, by means of some strange physical reaction, to worship at the shrine of matter? Was that ancient Kallikrates nothing but a splendid animal, beloved for his Greek beauty? Or is the true explanation what I believe it to be, namely, that Ayesha, seeing further than we can see, perceived the germ and smoldering spark of greatness that lay hid within her lover's soul, and well knew that under the influence of her gift of life, watered by her wisdom, and shone upon with the sunshine of her presence, it would bloom like a flower and flash out like a star, filling the world with fragrance and with light?

Here, also, I am not able to answer, but must leave the reader to form his own judgment on the materials before him.

CHAPTER I.—A VISITOR.

HERE are some events of which every circumstance and surrounding detail seems to be graven on the memory in such fashion that we cannot forget it, and so it is with the scene that I am about to describe. It rises as clearly before my mind at this moment as though it had happened yesterday.

It was in this very month, something over twenty years ago, that I, Ludwig Horace Holly, was sitting one night in my rooms at Cambridge, grinding away at some mathematical work, I forget what. I was to go up for my fellowship within a week, and was expected by my tutor and my college generally to distinguish myself. At last, wearied out, I flung my book down, and going to the mantel-piece, took down a pipe and filled it. There was a candle burning on the mantel-piece, and a long, narrow glass at the back of it; and as I was in the act of lighting the pipe I caught sight of my own countenance in the glass, and paused to reflect. The lighted match burned away till it scorched my fingers, forcing me to drop it, but still I stood and stared at myself in the glass, and reflected.

"Well," I said aloud, at last, "it is to be hoped that I shall be able to do something with the inside of my head, for I shall certainly never do anything by the help of the outside."

This remark will doubtless strike anybody who reads it as being slightly obscure, but I was in reality alluding to my physical deficiencies. Most men of twenty-two are endowed at any rate with some share of the comeliness of youth, but to me even this was denied. Short, thickset, and deep-chested almost to deformity, with long, sinewy arms, heavy features, deep-set gray eyes, a low brow half overgrown with a mop of thick black hair; like a deserted clearing on which the forest had once more began to encroach—such was my appearance nearly a quarter of a century ago, and such, with some modification, is it to this day. Like Cain, I was branded—branded by nature with the stamp of abnormal ugliness, as I was gifted by nature with iron and abnormal strength and considerable intellectual powers. So ugly was I that the spruce young men of my college, though they were proud enough of my feats of endurance and physical prowess, did not even care to be seen walking with me. Was it wonderful that I was misanthropic and sullen? Was it wonderful that I brooded and worked alone, and had no friends—at least only one? I was set apart by nature to live alone, and draw comfort from her breast, and hers only. Women hated the sight of me. Only a week before, I had heard one call me a "monster" when she thought I was out of hearing, and say that I had converted her to Darwin's theory. Once, indeed, a woman pretended to care for me, and I lavished all the pent-up affection of my nature upon her. Then money that was to come to me went elsewhere, and she discarded me. I pleaded with her as I have never pleaded with any living creature before or since, for I was caught by her sweet face, and loved her; and in the end, by way of answer, she took me to the glass, and stood side by side with me, and looked into it.

"Now," she said, "if I am Beauty, who are you?" and I cursed her and fled. That was when I was only twenty.

And so I stood and stared, and felt a sort of grim satisfaction in the sense of my own loneliness—for I had neither father nor mother nor brother—and as I did so there came a knock at my door.

I listened before I went to open it, for it was nearly twelve o'clock at night, and I was in no mood to admit any stranger. I had but one friend in the college, or, indeed, in the world; perhaps it was he.

Just then the person outside the door coughed, and I hastened to open it, for I knew the cough.

A tall man of about thirty, with the remains of great personal beauty, came hurrying in, staggering beneath the weight of a massive iron box which he carried by a handle in his right hand. He placed the box upon the table, and then fell into an awful fit of coughing. He coughed and coughed till his face became quite purple, and at last he sunk into a chair and began to spit up blood. I poured out some whisky into a tumbler and gave it to him. He drank it and seemed better, though his better was very bad indeed.

"Why did you keep me standing in the cold?" he asked; "you know the draughts are death to me."

"I did not know who it was," I answered. "You are a late visitor."

"Yes; and I verily believe it is my last visit," he answered, with a ghastly attempt at a smile. "I am done for, Holly—I am done for. I do not believe that I shall see to-morrow!"

"Nonsense!" I said. "Let me go for a doctor."

He waved me back imperiously with his hand. "It is sober sense; but I want no doctors. I have studied medicine, and I know all about it. No doctors can help me. My last hour has come! For a year past I have only lived by a miracle. Now listen to me as you never listened to anybody before, for you will not have the opportunity of getting me to repeat my words. We have been friends for two years; now tell me how much do you know about me?"

"I know that you are rich, and have had a fancy to come to college long after the age that most men leave it. I know that you have been married, and that your wife died; and that you have been the best, indeed, almost the only, friend I ever had."

"Did you know that I have a son?"

"No."

"I have. He is five years old. He cost me his mother's life, and I have never been able to bear to look upon his face in consequence. Holly, if you will accept the trust, I am going to leave you the boy's sole guardian."

I sprung almost out of my chair. "*Me!*" I said.

"Yes, you. I have not studied you for two years for nothing. I have known for for some time that I could not last, and since I realized the fact I have been searching for some one to whom I could confide the boy and this," and he tapped the iron box. "You are the man, Holly; for, like a rugged tree, you are hard and sound at core. Listen; the boy will be the last survivor of one of the most ancient families in the world, that is, as far as families can be traced. You will laugh at me when I say it, but one day it will be proved to you beyond a doubt that the founder of the family, my sixty-fifth or sixty-sixth lineal ancestor, was an Egyptian priest of Isis, though he was himself of Grecian extraction, and was called Kallikrates, or the Strong and Beautiful, or, to be still more accurate, the Beautiful in Strength! His father was, I believe, one of the Greek mercenaries raised by Hakor, a Mendesian prince of the twenty-ninth dynasty. In or about the year 339 before Christ, just at the time of the final fall of the Pharaohs, this Kallikrates broke his vows of celibacy and fled from Egypt with a princess of royal blood, who had fallen in love with him, and was finally wrecked upon the coast of Africa, somewhere, as I believe, in the neighborhood of where Delagoa Bay now is, or rather to the north of it, he and his wife being saved, and all the remainder of their company destroyed in one way or another. Here they endured great hardships, but were at last entertained by the mighty queen of a savage people, a white woman of peculiar loveliness, who, under circumstances which I can not enter into, but which you will one day learn, if you live, from the contents of the box, finally murdered my ancestor, Kallikrates. His wife, however, escaped, how, I know not, to Athens, bearing a child with her, whom she named Tisisthenes, or the Mighty Avenger. Five hundred years or more afterward the family migrated to Rome under circumstances of which no trace remains, and here, probably with the idea of preserving the idea of vengeance which we find set out in Tisisthenes, they appear to have pretty regularly assumed the cognomen of Vindex, or Avenger. Here, too, they remained for another five centuries or more, till about 770 A. D., when Charlemagne invaded Lombardy, where they were then settled, whereon the head of the family seems to have attached himself to the great emperor, and to have returned with him across the Alps, and finally to have settled in Brittany. Six generations later his lineal representative crossed to England in the reign of Edward the Confessor, and in the time of William the Conqueror was advanced to great honor and power. From that time till the present day I can trace my descent without a break. Not that the Vinceys—for that was the final corruption of the name after its bearers took root in English soil—have been particularly distinguished—they never came much to the fore. Sometimes they were soldiers, sometimes merchants, but on the whole they had preserved a dead level of respectability, and still deader level of mediocrity. From the time of Charles II. till the beginning of the present century they were merchants. About 1790 my grandfather made a considerable fortune out of brewing, and retired. In 1821 he died; and my father succeeded him, and dissipated most of the money. Ten years ago he died also, leaving me a net income of about two thousand a year. Then it was that I undertook an expedition in connection with that," and he pointed to the iron chest, "which ended disastrously enough. On my way back I traveled in the south of Europe, and finally reached Athens. There I met my beloved wife, who might well also have been called the 'Beautiful,' like my old Greek ancestor. There I married her, and there, a year afterward, she died."

He paused awhile, his head sunk upon his hand, and then continued:

(To be continued.)

A Thoughtful Pa.

Omaha World: Count Fortunenunter—Now that we are married, never more to part, I want to ask you if it was not a great struggle for you to give up your luxurious home and become the wife of a—a comparatively poor man, you know.

Bride—Oh, I went through that struggle long before I met you. Pa advised me to marry.

"What?"

"The place is mortgaged for twice its value, and pa had to borrow money to hold on to it until after the wedding. Pa always was so thoughtful."

She Hadn't Published It.

"Then, I am not to call on you any more," he said, as he twisted his hat in his hand.

"That is what I intended to say," she replied, coolly.

"And our engagement is all over?"

"Well," she said with some asperity, "if you've gone and talked about it to everybody, I suppose it is. I'm sure I haven't said anything about it. If it is all over, it's your own fault."—Washington Critic

An Even Thing.

Detroit Free Press: "I bought these table napkins here last week and the clerk warranted them all linen," she said to the floor walker in an injured tone.

"And they are half cotton?"

"All cotton, Sir!"

"Ah! but that just makes things even. The same clerk sold some linen ones last week and warranted them all cotton."

THE BANE OF ENGINEERS.

What Happened to a Train on a Moonlight Night.

"Moonlight nights—they are the bane of railroad engineers," remarked a head official of the Baltimore and Ohio railroad to a Cincinnati Commercial Gazette reporter. He is a gentleman who knows every branch of railroading.

"I would have thought that the trainmen would be glad to have moonlight nights," interposed the writer.

"No, sir; all engineers dread moonlight nights; they try the nerves of the engineers to the utmost. Engineers like to run on dark nights. On a moonlight night the trouble with them is no trouble at all—shadows. An engineer, looking out from his engine, sees before him all manner of shadows. He is sure that the shadow across the track is a man, or a rock, or some kind of an obstruction. He doesn't know, and he is kept in a state of nervous excitement all the time. Going around curves, along hillsides, very curious shadows are outlined along the track, and very often an engineer is so worked up over a night's ride that he is scarcely able to perform his duties. Some years ago when I was going over the main stem of the Baltimore and Ohio one night, there was a freight wreck ahead of us. They were running freight in convoys then, or as we now call them, in sections. Our train was stopped, and I went forward to see what was the damage. Lying in a cut was about the worst freight wreck I have ever seen. I went forward to see what the trouble was. It was a moonlight night, and when I got forward I saw the engineer. He was shaking all over with excitement. He was one of the oldest and best engineers on the road, and I was surprised to see him so nervous, as he escaped unhurt.

"'What is the trouble, Tom?' I asked him. I could see nothing wrong.

"'It was a rock,' replied Tom. 'I was coming round the curve when I saw it. It was a big one; big enough to smash a whole train. I reversed the engine to avoid a smash up, and the cars coming down the grade just piled up in the shape you see them in.'

"I looked around, but could see no rock anywhere. The wreck was cleared away that night, but there wasn't the sign of an obstruction near the locomotive. We all were curious to find out what had caused the trouble. The next night a railroad man went to the cut, and there in the moonlight saw the perfect image of a big rock lying across the track. He looked up on the hillside, and there was a big rock throwing its shadow down on the track that caused a wreck that cost the company thousands of dollars. No, sir; if an engineer wants things to suit him, he don't want moonlight by which to run his train."

A Cure for Alcoholism.

I was one of those unfortunates given to strong drink. It reduced me to degradation. I vowed and strove long and hard, but I seldom held victory over liquor long. When I left it off I felt a horrid want of something I must have or go distracted. I could neither eat, work, nor sleep. I entered a reformatory and prayed for strength; still I must drink. I lived so for over twenty years; in that time I never abstained over three months hand-running. At length I was sent to the House of Correction as a vagrant. If my family had been provided for I would have preferred to remain there, out of liquor and temptation.

Explaining my affliction to a fellow-prisoner—a man of much education and experience—he advised me to make a vinegar of ground quassia, a half ounce steeped in a pint of vinegar, and to put a small teaspoonful of it in a little water and drink it down every time the liquor thirst came upon me violently. I found it satisfied the cravings and suffused a feeling of stimulation and strength. When I was discharged I continued this cure, and persevered till the thirst was conquered. For two years I have not tasted liquor, and I have no desire for it.Ately, to try my strength I have handled and smelt whiskey, but I have no temptation to take it. I give this for the consideration of the unfortunate, several of whom I know have recovered by the same means which I no longer require to use.

Bowing Down to Royalty.

Merchant Traveler: "This thing of bowing down to royalty is something horrible to my mind," said Diggins.

"So it is to mine, too," replied Spriggins.

"It's a great thing that there ain't any of it in this country."

"But there is the greatest kind of monarch worship here."

"There is not."

"Go to, go to," said Spriggins. "Didn't I pay something over $11 for the privilege of looking at three kings that Sam Carter held the other evening?" and Diggins went to.

A Victim to Fortune's Favors.

Memphis (Tenn.) Appeal, June 28: A reporter of the Appeal, hearing that Mr. J. C. Curry, of the Tivoli garden, 181 Main street, had "struck" The Louisiana State Lottery in the drawing of the 14th inst., dropped into his place of business yesterday afternoon and found him quietly serving his customers, as though the "pick up" was no new thing to him. The reporter stared in amazement, wondering at the serenity of this favorite of fortune. Finding speech, he congratulated Mr. Curry upon his good fortune. "Oh," said the winner, with a waive of his hand, "it is a small matter—only $5,000—and my hand has been shaken and my health drank until I am dizzy." "You treat the matter coolly," the reporter ventured, more amazed than ever. "Yes," said Mr. Curry, "I got $5,000 and placed it in bank to my credit. I did not particularly need it. It is just a lucky hit that is liable to strike any man that plays against a square game, and the Louisiana is fair, you know," and with this the proprietor of the one-twentieth of ticket No. 21,658 turned to receive new congratulations and to set up the drinks, while the reporter slowly returned to his wigwam, contemplating the wonderful nerve required to stand up under such a stroke of fortune.

Unfortunate Misunderstanding.

New York Sun: "My dear," said a gentleman to his wife, "where did all these books on astronomy on the library table come from? They are not ours?"

"A pleasant little surprise for you," responded the lady. "You know you said this morning that we ought to study astronomy and so I went to a book store and bought everything I could find on the subject."

It was some minutes before he spoke.

"My dear," he then said, slowly, his voice husky with emotion, "I never said we must study astronomy. I said that we must study economy."

A Perilous Postponement.

To postpone, when the duty for immediate action is clear, is always unwise. Especially is it so when increasing ill health calls for a resort to medication. Diseases of the kidneys and bladder are often of swift growth—always of fatal tendency if not combatted at the out-set. We have all—even those of us who are not remarkably well instructed—heard something of the danger attending Bright's disease, diabetes and other diseases of the kidneys or bladder. Let no one be foolhardy enough to procrastinate if he perceives the renal organs to be inactive. Hostetter's Stomach Bitters are peculiarly adapted to overcome this inaction, to sufficiently stimulate, without exciting, the kidneys and bladder. Infinitely is this diuretic to be preferred to the impure and fiery stimulants of commerce, which prove the bane of unwary persons with a tendency to renal troubles. They are likewise incomparable for dyspepsia, debility, fever and ague, and biliousness.

—Private intelligence has been received from Ward's Island, which says that the attendance there used to play base ball and make the poor lunatics umpire. That explains why the coroner is hooting so many inquests, and why so many of the dead patients have been found with fractured ribs and spines.

FOR DYSPEPSIA, LIVER COMPLAINT and general debility, Allen's "Iron Tonic Bitters" are without a rival. They are a powerful tonic and act upon the system like magic. We can say that nothing will equal the universal favor with which they are received. Every bottle of the genuine bears the signature of J. P. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.

—It is said that no relative, however distant, of the poet Moore is now living. But if it should turn out that the poet Moore had left a big fortune to be divided among his heirs, there would be dozens of them turning up every day.

The Richest Man in the World

would be poor without health. The dying Billionaire consumptive would exchange all he is worth for a new lease of life. He could have had it for a song had he used Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" before the disease had reached its last stages. This wonderful preparation is a positive cure for consumption if taken in time. For all diseases of the throat and lungs it is unequaled. All druggists.

—Mrs. De Society—What a lovely baby that is we just passed.

Mrs. De Fashion—Yes, it is mine.

"Indeed."

"Oh, I'm sure of it. I recognized the nurse."

"A Word to the Wise is Sufficient."

Catarrh is not simply an inconvenience, unpleasant to the sufferer and disgusting to others—it is an advanced outpost of approaching disease of worse type. Do not neglect its warning; it brings deadly evils in its train. Before it is too late, use Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy. It reaches the seat of the ailment, and is the only thing that will. You may dose yourself with quack medicines till it is too late—till the streamlet becomes a resistless torrent. It is the matured invention of a scientific physician. "A word to the wise is sufficient."

—Coarse braids are more stylish than fond of finer weaves for dressy hats, either in black or color.

—There is quite a rage for dull jet just now. It is considered much more stylish than the glistening variety.

For a woman to say she does not use Procter & Gamble's Lenox Soap, is to admit she is "behind the times."

Nobody uses ordinary soap now they can get "Lenox."

College of Shorthand, Typewriting and Telegraphy. Anna C. Drew, Principal and Proprietor, St. Paul, Minn.

This school is worthy of the confidence of the public, being the best school teaching these branches in the west.

Send for the catalogue which is a book full of useful information to all interested.

—There is one thing to be said in favor of prohibition. It suits both the friends and enemies of rum. The liquor dealers call it a picnic and the reformer call it a vindication of principle.

If a cough disturbs your sleep, take Piso's cure for consumption and rest well.

—Prince George of Greece is a splendid young fellow. Although only seventeen, he is six feet three in height and is every inch a sailor. He is serving as a cadet in the Danish navy.

If afflicted with Sore Eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye water. Druggists sell it; 25c

—Harriet Beecher Stowe has never been sorry that she wrote "Uncle Tom's Cabin," from which we infer that she has never seen it played by any portable theatrical company.

"Royal Glue" Mends Everything!

Broken China, Glass, Furniture, Ornaments, Leather, etc. Everlasting tenacity! Always liquid and ready. Free sample vials at druggists and grocers.

—Chicago Man (to friend)—Do you suppose Robinson would send me a hundred dollars? Friend—Well, I dunno. Now is a good time to ask him for it; he's got a divorce from his wife.

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It will be to your advantage, when writing to advertisers, to say you saw their advertisement in this paper.

LIVER, BLOOD AND LUNG DISEASES.

LIVER DISEASE AND HEART TROUBLE. Mrs. MARY A. MCCLURE, *Columbus, Kans.*, writes: "I addressed you in November, 1881, in regard to my health, being afflicted with liver disease, heart trouble, and female weakness. I was advised to use Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, Favorite Prescription and Pellets. I used one bottle of the 'Prescription,' five of the 'Discovery,' and four of the 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' My health began to improve under the use of your medicine, and my strength came back. My difficulties have all disappeared. I can work hard all day, or walk four or five miles a day, and stand it well; and when I began using the medicine I could scarcely walk across the room, most of the time, and I did not think I could ever feel well again. I have a little baby girl eight months old. Although she is a little delicate in size and appearance, she is healthy. I give your remedies all the credit for curing me, as I took no other treatment after beginning their use. I am very grateful for your kindness, and thank God and thank you that I am as well as I am after years of suffering."

LIVER DISEASE. Mrs. I. V. WEBBER, of *Yorkshire, Cattaraugus Co., N. Y.*, writes: "I wish to say a few words in praise of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets.' For five years previous to taking them I was a great sufferer; I had a severe pain in my right side continually; was unable to do my own work. I am happy to say I am now well and strong, thanks to your medicines."

Chronic Diarrhœa Cured.—D. LAZARRE, Esq., *275 and 277 Decatur Street, New Orleans, La.*, writes: "I used three bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery,' and it has cured me of chronic diarrhœa. My bowels are now regular."

GENERAL DEBILITY. Mrs. PARMELIA BRUNDAGE, of *181 Lock Street, Lockport, N. Y.* writes: "I was troubled with chills, nervous and general debility, with frequent sore throat, and my mouth was badly cankered. My liver was inactive, and I suffered much from dyspepsia. I am pleased to say that your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets' have cured me of all these ailments and I cannot say enough in their praise. I must also say a word in reference to your 'Favorite Prescription,' as it has proven itself a most excellent medicine for weak females. It has been used in my family with excellent results."

Dyspepsia.—JAMES L. COLBY, Esq., of *Yucatan, Houston Co., Minn.*, writes: "I was troubled with indigestion, and would eat heartily and grow poor at the same time. I experienced heartburn, sour stomach, and many other disagreeable symptoms common to that disorder. I commenced taking your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' and I am now entirely free from the dyspepsia, and am, in fact, healthier than I have been for five years. I weigh one hundred and seventy-one and one-half pounds, and have done as much work the past summer as I have ever done in the same length of time in my life. I never took a medicine that seemed to tone up the muscles and invigorate the whole system equal to your 'Discovery' and 'Pellets.'"

INVIGORATES THE SYSTEM. **Dyspepsia.**—THERESA A. CASS, of *Springfield, Mo.*, writes: "I was troubled one year with liver complaint, dyspepsia, and sleeplessness, but your 'Golden Medical Discovery' cured me."

Chills and Fever.—Rev. H. E. MOSLEY, *Montmorenci, S. C.*, writes: "Last August I thought I would die with chills and fever. I took your 'Discovery' and it stopped them in a very short time."

"THE BLOOD IS THE LIFE."

Thoroughly cleanse the blood, which is the fountain of health, by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and good digestion, a fair skin, buoyant spirits, and bodily health and vigor will be established.

Golden Medical Discovery cures all humors, from the common pimple, blotch, or eruption, to the worst Scrofula, or blood-poison. Especially has it proven its efficacy in curing Salt-rheum or Tetter, Fever-sores, Hip-joint Disease, Scrofulous Sores and Swellings, Enlarged Glands, and Eating Ulcers.

INDIGESTION BOILS, BLOTCHES. Rev. F. ASBURY HOWELL, *Pastor of the M. E. Church, of Silverton, N. J.*, says: "I was afflicted with catarrh and indigestion. Boils and blotches began to arise on the surface of the skin, and I experienced a tired feeling and dullness. I began the use of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery as directed by him for such complaints, and in one week's time I began to feel like a new man, and am now sound and well. The 'Pleasant Purgative Pellets' are the best remedy for biliousness or sick headache, or tightness about the chest, and bad taste in the mouth, that I have ever used. My wife could not walk across the floor when she began to take your 'Golden Medical Discovery.' Now she can walk quite a little ways, and do some light work."

HIP-JOINT DISEASE. Mrs. IDA M. STRONG, of *Ainsworth, Ind.*, writes: "My little boy had been troubled with hip-joint disease for two years. When he commenced the use of your 'Golden Medical Discovery' and 'Pellets,' he was confined to his bed, and could not be moved without suffering great pain. But now, thanks to your 'Discovery,' he is able to be up all the time, and can walk with the help of crutches. He does not suffer any pain, and can eat and sleep as well as any one. It has only been about three months since he commenced using your medicine. I cannot find words with which to express my gratitude for the benefit he has received through you."

A TERRIBLE AFFLICTION. **Skin Disease.**—The "Democrat and News," of *Cambridge, Maryland*, says: "Mrs. ELIZA ANN POOLE, wife of Leonard Poole, of *Williamsburg, Dorchester Co., Md.*, has been cured of a bad case of Eczema by using Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. The disease appeared first in her feet, extended to the knees, covering the whole of the lower limbs from feet to knees. Then attacked the elbows and became so severe as to prostrate her. After being treated by several physicians for a year or two she commenced the use of the medicine named above. She soon began to mend and is now well and hearty. Mrs. Poole thinks the medicine has saved her life and prolonged her days."

Mr. T. A. AYRES, of *East New Market, Dorchester County, Md.*, vouches for the above facts.

CONSUMPTION, WEAK LUNGS, SPITTING OF BLOOD.

GOLDEN MEDICAL DISCOVERY cures Consumption (which is Scrofula of the Lungs), by its wonderful blood-purifying, invigorating and nutritive properties. For Weak Lungs, Spitting of Blood, Shortness of Breath, Bronchitis, Severe Coughs, Asthma, and kindred affections, it is a sovereign remedy. While it promptly cures the severest Coughs it strengthens the system and purifies the blood.

It rapidly builds up the system, and increases the flesh and weight of those reduced below the usual standard of health by "wasting diseases."

GIVEN UP TO DIE. **Consumption.**—Mrs. EDWARD NEWTON, of *Harrowsmith, Ont.*, writes: "You will ever be praised by me for the remarkable cure in my case. I was so reduced that my friends had all given me up, and I had also been given up by two doctors. I then went to the best doctor in these parts. He told me that medicine was only a punishment in my case, and would not