

A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

How it came to have preserved in the family. My poor friend Vincoy had, it will be remembered, told me that his Roman ancestors finally settled in Lombardy, and when Charlemagne invaded it returned with him across the Alps, and made their home in Brittany, whence they passed to England in the reign of Edward the Confessor. How he knew this I am not aware, for there is no reference to Lombardy or Charlemagne upon the life, though, as will presently be seen, there are references to Brittany. To continue the next entry on the sheet, if I may except a long splash either of blood or red coloring matter of some sort consists of two crosses drawn in red pigment, and probably represents Crusader's swords and an almost obliterated monogram ("D. V.") in scarlet and blue, perhaps executed by that same Dorothea Vincoy who wrote, or rather painted, the dogged copy.

Then came what perhaps as curious an entry as anything upon this extraordinary relic of the past. It is executed in black letter, written over the crosses or Crusader's swords, and dated fourteen hundred and forty-two. It is written in Latin, and to speak for itself, it gives the original Latin, of course without the contractions, from which it will be seen that the writer was a fair medieval Latinist. Also we discovered, to my more curious, a modernized version of a black-letter translation of the Latin which we found inscribed on a second parchment that was in the coffer, apparently older in date than that on which the original Latin black-letter translation of the original Greek.

Expanded Version of the Black-Letter Inscription on the Sherd of Amentaris.
In nomine est vultu miltum et myriophanum, quod est vultu miltum et myriophanum, scilicet Britannia Minor, securum convehant; et quidam sanctus securum patri in unum forebat, quod per se illud destruxit, affirmans quod esset ab ipso Sathana confectum, presertim quod illud in duas partes, quod quidem ego filius de Vinceto salvus servavi et adjectivam sicut apparet in una proxima post. Item bene Maria Virginia et gratia MOCOCXIV.

Modernized Translation of the Black-Letter Version.
"Thy relics, which into mistral works and a marvellous, the whyche mynne antecetera notivny dyl conghit hiler with them from Armonyke whyle ys to scien Britaine the Lesse and a certayne holye clerke should always beare my fadir on honde that he conghit fully for to frush the same, affirming that it was founden and conffat of Sathana hys selve by seyn arnigke and dyvellysh wherefor my fadir dyd take the same and to brast it twayne, but I, Joan de Vincoy, dyd save whool the tway partes thereof and to recyde them togidder agayne save a yere, on this daye Monday next following after the feste of Seynte Marre the Blessed Vyrgyne yn the same place, and to recyde tere hundred and fyve and fowerth."

The next and, save one, last entry, was Elizabethan, and dated 1547: "A most strange historie, and one that I see my father his life long in his chest, and upon the east coast of Africa, his pinnace was sunk by a Portuguese gallion of Lorenzo Marquez, and he himself perished."—John Vincoy.

Then came the last entry, apparently, to judge by the style of writing, made by some representative of the family in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was the well-known quotation by Hamlet, "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio." (Another thing that makes me fix the date of this entry at the middle of the eighteenth century is that I have an acting copy of the play, written in 1740, in which these two lines are misquoted almost exactly in the same way, and I have little doubt that the Vincoy who wrote them on the papyrus had heard them so misquoted at that date. Of course the lines really are in the mouth of Hamlet.)

"There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy." "Well," I said, "I had read these paragraphs out, at least those of them that were still legible, 'that is the conclusion of the whole matter, Leo, and now you can form your own opinion on it. I have already formed mine.'"

"And what is it?" he asked, in his quick way.

"It is this. I believe that poshored to be perfectly genuine, and that, wonderful as it may seem, it has come down in your family since the fourth century before Christ. The entries absolutely prove it, and therefore, however improbable it may seem, it must be accepted. But there is one thing that you must remember, and that is, that there are curious things and forces in nature which we rarely meet with, and when we do meet them, can not understand. But until I see with my own eyes, which I am not likely to, I never will believe that there is any means of avoiding death, even for a time, or that there is or was a white sorceress living in the heart of an African swamp. It is both, my boy, all both. What do you say, Job?"

"I say, sir, that it is a lie, and if it is true I hope Mr. Leo won't meddle with no such things, for no good can't come of it." "Perhaps you are both right," said Leo, in a quiet voice. "I express no opinion. But say this: I am going to see the matter at rest once and for all, and if you won't come with me, I will go by myself." That day three months we were on the ocean. CHATTEEN XV.—THE END.

Spain was the first of the European states to grow cotton. It was introduced here by the Moors in the tenth century. The first cotton was planted in the United States in 1621. "Carroll's Historical Collections of South Carolina" mention the growth of the cotton plant in that province in 1666. In 1736 it was planted in gardens in Talbot county, Maryland, latitude thirty-nine north. At the commencement of the revolutionary war, Gen. Delagall was said to have had thirty acres planted in cotton near Savannah, Georgia. It is stated that in 1748, among the exports of Charleston, South Carolina, were seven bags of cotton wool, valued at three pounds eleven shillings and five pence a bag. Another small shipment was made in 1754, and in 1770 three more, amounting to ten bales. In 1784, eight bales shipped to England were seized on the ground that so much cotton could not be produced in the United States. The first Sea Island cotton was grown on the coast of Georgia in 1786, and its exportation commenced in 1788, by Alexander Bissell, of St. Simons Island. In 1791 the cotton crop of the United States was two million pounds, of which three-fourths was grown in South Carolina and one-fourth in Georgia. Ten years later, 1801, forty-eight million pounds were produced—twenty million pounds of which was exported.

The United States have long since excelled all other countries in the quantity and quality of the cotton produced. India ranks next in importance in its supply of cotton to the United States, but its fiber is far inferior to the American. The other cotton producing countries worthy of mention are the East Indies, Egypt, Brazil, the West Indies and Guinea.—American Agriculturist for August.

He Remembered His Youth.
Boston Transcript: A Boston capitalist, who is a leading merchant as well as a large owner of real estate, is noted for the interest he takes in young men in clerical positions. Once a frightened bank cashier waited upon him to say that, by the mistake of one of his clerks, a check of the merchant's had got into his pocket, marked "posted." As Mr. Millions might have heard a rumor that his check had been protested, the cashier hastened to explain, and said that he would discharge promptly the young man who made the mistake.

"And why discharge him, sir?" mildly asked Mr. Millions.

"Because he put your check in the 'posted' box."

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How Rain is Produced.
American Inventor: Did it ever occur to the reader that there was just as much rain in the air above him on a clear, bright day as on a cloudy or rainy one? Rain does not come from somewhere else, the water that was over you was simply waited to some other place. What is said above explains this. Water is absorbed in the air above us, at a certain temperature, and it becomes insensible. Cool that air by a wind draft of cooler atmosphere, or by electric or chemical influence, and the moment the air becomes cooler it gives up some of its watery particles that were insensible or invisible at the higher temperature. These small particles thus given out, unite, and when enough of them coalesce, obstruct the light and show as clouds. When enough of them unite to be too heavy to float in the air they begin to descend; pair after pair of them come together and a rain drop is formed. One of the minute rain drops are made up of millions of small watery particles. Air passing over the cold tops of mountains is cooled down so that it gives up a good deal of watery vapor, and hence little rain falls in Colorado and in other places north and south of that state. The prevailing winds blow from the west, and the cool tops of the Rocky Mountains lower their temperature and thus take out the moisture that would otherwise fall in rain.

The history of the Storey estate in Chicago, since the death of the testator, is not encouraging to the business of spending one's life in the accumulation of a large fortune to be scrambled for after the successful accumulator is laid in the coffin. Ever since the death of Mr. Storey, proprietor of the Chicago Times, the estate has been in court. The litigation has lasted four years and no one can tell when it will end—not probably, till fully one-half the property has gone into the hands of lawyers and court officials. "The bills of my lawyers and the expenses of my side of this legal fight," says Mrs. Storey, "already amount to \$41,000." The expenses on the other side are perhaps as much more; so that here is \$120,000 gone, and the battle just begun. The will has not yet been admitted to probate.

Believes in trained gowas are no longer fashionable, though they are still sold to court dressers for house and carriage wear. Distinctly trained petticoats with many lace-edged flounces worn into the back here are now almost completely taking their place. Omaha refuses and is glad. The city was in now thin enough to run down hill. "Circumstances is the bright weather of the heart."

Tenant Farmers.
The following list of tenant farmers in twenty-one of our leading states is worth a carload of argument. Recently a writer in the North American Review made the startling statement that the United States is the largest tenant farmer nation in the world. Of the 7,500,000 adults engaged in agriculture, not one-third are farm owners and half of that third are so heavily mortgaged that the interest they must pay to avoid foreclosure is equal to a galling rent. The number of tenant farmers in the various states are given, and we shall give a few samples from that list:

New York	59,872
Pennsylvania	45,322
Maryland	19,385
Virginia	34,895
North Carolina	52,738
South Carolina	47,910
Georgia	61,186
West Virginia	12,401
Ohio	48,738
Indiana	44,028
Illinois	80,344
Michigan	15,111
Iowa	41,591
Missouri	44,028
Nebraska	11,416
Kansas	22,607
Mississippi	44,028
Tennessee	57,959
Arkansas	44,028
Texas	63,488

Belva Lockwood has returned to her law office at Washington after a vacation. She says she will not be a candidate for president in 1888 if Mrs. Cleveland will accept the nomination. Under the circumstances it seems likely that Mrs. Lockwood will run again.

The misanthrope who writes that the cold, cold world, didn't write in Job.

THE WIND, STARS AND SEA.

The wind, and the stars and the sea. With words that are written in light. Ah, God of the stars and the sea, The voice of the song, it should be The voice of the wind in the breeze.

The voice of the song, it should be The voice of the coast of the sea, Stepmother and wrecker of ships; As deep and as hoarse as the tune Black Labrador sings to the moon, With rocky and cavernous lips.

The wind, and the stars and the sea The Arctic light knows the three; No other sojourner it hath, Save death, and those three of old, To whose abode throne in the cell, No living thing knows the path.

There nothing to grieve or rejoice Ever lifts up the sound of its voice— A word ere the birth of a soul; A thousand long seas sped by; Still shimmer the stars in the sky, Still whistles the gale from the pole.

Amid the unharvested plains, The bloodless land where death reigns, The wind stings of doom and of graves; It sings of the days when the world Shall crumble to sand, and be whirled Like dust in the teeth of the waves.

Where the sea mountains thunder and crash, Where frozen waves gurgle and dash, Where never more man will tread, Like a lost world's desolate cry, Shrieks sea-wind to sea and to sky, And only the car of God hears.

—The Century.

Another Share for Innocent Youth.
San Francisco Reporter: The tall and slender young woman has found a new and pretty way to arrange her summer cash. The tin, the hoop and the twist are so coquettish that coat buttons and canes become willingly involved in the intricate but graceful mesh. These sashes, on morning jaunts and twilight rides, are responsible for lots of late breakfasts and belated tea. They catch in the bushes, you know, and his fingers being all thumbs, why, of course—well, it takes time to free the tinny affair. It is not absolutely necessary that the tall and slender maids only should twist the loops. Short maids and plump maids can work quite as effectively with the silken net. Only it happened that a long and willow maid put me up to this latest fashion note.

Painless Regulation.
It is no longer a question of doubt—though the contrary was once believed—that medicine which is so gently and so effectively used to relieve the most distressing cases of constipation, is the most reliable and the most pleasant. It is the only medicine that does not irritate the system, but rather restores its normal functions. It is the only medicine that does not produce a habit, but rather restores the system to its normal state. It is the only medicine that does not produce a habit, but rather restores the system to its normal state. It is the only medicine that does not produce a habit, but rather restores the system to its normal state.

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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."

The Longest Day.
Life: "Willie Wafflers," said the teacher, "which is the shortest day in the year?"
"Twenty-first of December," replied Willie, who was correct so far as the writer knows.
"And Tommy Tuff may tell us which is the longest day," said the teacher, indulgently.
"Sunday!" Shouted Tommy.

—Ber. K. G. Chatterjee, of India, is now at Saratoga. He says that he has suffered more from the heat in America than in his native country.
—Queen Victoria is mourning the death of her old nurse, Miss Skerritt, who recently passed away at the mature age of ninety-four. Miss Skerritt had been in service under Queens Charlotte and Adelaide, and had nursed Queen Victoria, the prince of Wales and other royal children.

Only Thirty-six Per Cent.
Of those who die from consumption inherit the disease. In all other cases it must either be contracted through carelessness; or, according to the new theory of tubercular parasitism, received directly from others as an infectious disease. But, in either case, Dr. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" is a positive remedy for the disease in its early stages. It is delay that is dangerous. If you are troubled with shortness of breath, spitting of blood, night sweats, or a lingering cough, do not hesitate to procure this sovereign remedy at once.

The Splendor of Dress
and the artificial effects of cosmetics, a matter how deftly applied, can never make beautiful or attractive one who is subject to emaciation, nervous debility or any form of female weakness. These must be reached by inward application, and not by outward attempts at concealment, and the ladies may take hope from the fact that thousands of their sisters have made themselves more radiant and beautiful by the use of Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription" than they could ever hope to do by the aid of the appliances of the toilet.

New Acquaintance—Take a clerical punch with me! Summer came—Thank you, but clerical doesn't agree with me. However, if it's all the same to you, and as the price is the same, I'll take three boxes.

R. W. Tansill & Co., Chicago.

Long Branch is a constant reminder of the suit of clothes alleged to have been made for the "British of Yale."

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Beauty
—In the matter of music New York is to be favored next winter as it has never been favored before.

"Royal Blue" Means Everything!
Broken Chins, Glacé, Furniture, Ornaments, Leather, etc. Kierulffing tenacity! Always liquid and ready. Free sample vials at druggists and grocers.

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