SHE:
A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

we passed down the passage, crossed the great aisle-like cave, and came to the corresponding passage on the other side, at the mouth of which the guards stood like two statues. As we came they bowed their heads in salutation, and then lifting their long spears, placed them transversely across their foreheads, as the leaders of the troop that had met us had done with their ivory wands. We stepped between them, and found ourselves in an exactly similar passage to that which led to our own apartments, only this passage was, comparatively speaking, brilliantly lighted. A few paces down it we were met by four mutes—two men and two women—who bowed low and then arranged themselves, the women in front of and the men behind us, and in this order we continued our procession past several doorways hung with curtains similar to those leading to our own quarters, and which I afterward found opened out into chambers occupied by the mutes who attended on *She*. A few paces more, and we came to another door-way, facing us, and not to our left like the others, which seemed to mark the termination of the passage. Here two more white, or rather yellow, robed guards were standing, and they too bowed, saluted, and let us pass through heavy curtains into a great ante-chamber, quite forty feet long, by as many wide, in which some eight or ten women, most of them young and handsome, with yellowish hair, sat on cushions, working with ivory needles at what had the appearance of being embroidery frames. These women were also deaf and dumb. At the further end of this great lamp-lit apartment was another door-way, closed in with heavy Oriental-looking curtains, quite unlike those that hung before the doors of our own apartments, and here stood two particularly handsome girl-mutes, their heads bowed upon their bosoms, and their hands crossed in an attitude of the humblest submission. As we came up they each stretched out an arm and drew back the curtains. Thereupon Billali did a curious thing. Down he went, that venerable looking old gentleman—for Billali is a gentleman at the bottom—down on to his hands and knees, and in this undignified position, with his long white beard trailing on the ground, he began to creep into the apartment beyond. I followed him, walking on my feet in the usual fashion. Looking over his shoulder, he perceived it.

"Down, my son; down my Baboon; down on thy hands and knees. We enter the presence of *She*, and if thou art not humble, of a surety she will blast thee where thou standest."

I halted, and felt scared. Indeed, my knees began to give way of their own mere motion; but reflection came to my aid. I was an Englishman, and why, I asked myself, should I creep into the presence of some savage woman as though I were a monkey in fact as well as in name? I would not and could not do it, that is, unless I was absolutely sure that my life depended upon it. If once I began to creep upon my knees, I should always have to do so, and it would be a patent acknowledgement of inferiority. So, fortified by an insular prejudice against "kotouing," which has, like most of our so-called prejudices, a good deal of common sense to recommend it, I marched in boldly after Billali. I found myself in another apartment, considerably smaller than the ante-room, of which the walls were entirely hung with rich-looking curtains of the same make as those over the door—the work, as I subsequently discovered, of the mutes who sat in the ante-chamber and wove them in strips, which were afterward sewn together. Also here and there about the room were settees of a beautiful black wood of the ebony tribe, inlaid with ivory, and all about the floor were other tapestries, or rather rugs. At the top end of this apartment was what appeared to be a recess, also draped in curtains, through which shone rays of light. There was nobody in the place except ourselves.

Painfully and slowly old Billali crept up the length of the cave, and with the most dignified stride that I could command I followed after him. But I felt that it was more or less of a failure. To begin with, it is not possible to look dignified when you are following in the wake of an old man writhing along on his stomach like a snake, and then, in order to go sufficiently slowly, either I had to keep my leg some seconds in the air at every step, or else to advance with a full stop between each stride, like Mary Queen of Scots going to execution in a play. Billali was not good at crawling—I suppose his years stood in the way—and our progress up that apartment was a very long affair. I was immediately behind him, and several times I was sorely tempted to help him on with a good kick. It is so absurd to advance into the presence of savage royalty after the fashion of an Irishman driving a pig to market, for that is what we looked like, and the idea nearly made me burst out laughing then and there. I had to work my dangerous tendency to unseemly merriment off by blowing my nose—a proceeding which filled old Billali with horror, for he looked over his shoulder and made a ghastly face at me, and I heard him murmur, "Oh, my poor Baboon."

At last we reached the curtains, and here Billali collapsed flat on to his stomach, with his hands stretched out before him as though he were dead, and I, not knowing what to do, began to stare about the place. But presently I distinctly felt that somebody was looking at me from behind the curtains. I could not see the person, but I could distinctly feel his or her gaze, and what is more, it produced a very odd effect upon my nerves. I felt frightened, I don't know why. The place was a strange one, it is true, and looked lonely, notwithstanding its rich hangings and the soft glow of the lamps; indeed, these accessories added to rather than detracted from its loneliness, just as a lighted street at night has always a more solitary appearance than a dark one. It was so silent in the place, and there laid Billali like one dead before the heavy curtains, through which the odor of perfume seemed to float up toward the gloom of the arched roof above. Minute grew into minute, and still there was no sign of life, nor did the curtain move; but I felt the gaze of the unknown being sinking through and through me, and filling me with a nameless terror, till the perspiration stood in beads upon my brow.

At last the curtain began to move. Who could be behind it?—some naked savage queen, a languishing Oriental beauty, or a nineteenth-century young lady drinking afternoon tea? I had not the slightest idea and should not have been astonished at seeing any of the three. I was getting beyond astonishment. The curtain agitated itself a little, then suddenly between its folds there appeared a most beautiful white hand (white as snow), and with long tapering fingers, ending in the pinkest nails. The hand grasped the curtain and drew it aside, and as it did so I heard a voice, I think the softest and yet most silvery voice I ever heard. It reminded me of the murmur of a brook.

"Stranger," said the voice in Arabic, but much purer and more classical Arabic than the Amahagger talk—"stranger, wherefore art thou so much afraid?"

Now I flattered myself that in spite of my inward terrors I had kept a very fair command of my countenance, and was therefore a little astonished at this question. Before I had made up my mind how to answer it, however, the curtain was drawn, and a tall figure stood before us. I say a figure, for not only her body, but also her face, was wrapped up in a soft white gauzy material in such a way as at first sight to remind me most forcibly of a corpse in its grave-clothes. And yet I do not know why it should have given me that idea, seeing that the wrappings were so thin that one could distinctly see the gleam of the pink flesh beneath them. I suppose it was the way in which they were arranged, either accidentally or more probably by design. Anyhow, I felt more frightended than ever at this ghost-like apparition, and my hair began to rise upon my head as the feeling crept over me that I was in the presence of something that was not canny. The swathed mummy-like form before me was that of a tall and lovely woman, instinct with beauty in every part, and also with a certain snake-like grace that I have never seen anything like before. When she moved a hand or foot her entire frame seemed to undulate; and the neck did not bend, it curved.

The hand grasped the curtain and drew it aside.

"Why art thou so frightened, stranger?" asked the sweet voice again—a voice that seemed to draw the heart out of me like the strains of softest music. "Is there that about me that should affright a man? Then surely are men changed from what they used to be." And with a little coquettish movement, she turned herself, and held up one arm, so as to show all her loveliness, and the rich hair of raven blackness that streamed in soft ripples down her snowy robes, almost to her sandaled feet.

"It is thy beauty that makes me fear, oh, queen," I answered, humbly scarcely knowing what to say, and I thought that as I did so I heard old Billali, who was still lying prostrate on the floor, mutter, "Good, my Baboon, good."

"I see that men still know how to beguile us women with false words. Ah, stranger," she answered, with a laugh that sounded like distant silver bells, "thou wast afraid because mine eyes were searching out thine heart, therefore wast thou afraid. But being but a woman, I forgive thee for the lie, for it was courteously said. And now tell me how came ye hither on this land of the dwellers among caves—a land of swamps and evil things and dead old shadows of the past. What came ye for to see? How is it that ye hold your lives so cheap as to place them in the hollow of the hand of Hiya, into the hand of *She-who-must-be-obeyed?* Tell me also how come ye to know the tongue that I talk? It is an ancient tongue. Liveth it yet in the world. Thou seest I dwell among the caves and the dead, and naught know I of the affairs of men, nor have I cared to know. I have lived, oh stranger, with my memories, and my memories are in a grave that mine own hands hollowed, for truly hath it been said that the child of man maketh his own path evil," and the beautiful voice quivered, and broke in a note as soft as any wood bird's.

Suddenly her eye fell upon the sprawling frame of Billali, and she seemed to recollect herself.

"Ah! thou art there, old man. Tell me how it is that things have gone wrong in thine household. Forsooth, it seems that these my guests were set upon. Ay, and one was nigh to being slain by the hot pot to be eaten of those brutes thy children, and had not the others fought gallantly they too had been slain, and not even I could have called back the life that had loosed from the body. What means it, old man? What hast thou to say that I should not give thee over to those who execute my vengeance?"

Her voice had risen in her anger, and it rang clear and cold against the rocky walls. Also I thought I could see her eyes flash through the gauze that hid them. I saw poor Billali, whom I had believed to be a very fearless person, positively quiver with terror at her words.

"Oh, Hiya; oh *She*," he said, without lifting his white head from the floor—"oh, *She*, as thou art great, be merciful, for I am now as ever thy servant to obey. It was no plan or fault of mine, oh, *She*; it was those wicked ones who are called my children. Led on by a woman whom thy guest the Pig had scorned, they would have followed the ancient custom of the land, and eaten the fat black stranger who came hither with these thy guests, the Baboon, and the Lion who is sick, thinking that no word had come from thee about the black one. But when the Baboon and the Lion saw what they would do, they slew the woman, and slew also their servant to save him from the horror of the pot. Then those evil ones—ay, those children of the Wicked One who lives in the Pit—they went mad with the lust of blood, and flew at the throats of the Lion and the Baboon and the Pig. But gallantly they fought, oh, Hiya, they fought like very men, and slew many, and held their own, and then I came and saved them, and the evil-doers have I sent on hither to be judged of thy greatness, oh, *She*, and here they are."

"Ay, old man, I know it, and to-morrow will I sit in the great hall and do justice upon them, fear not. And for thee, I forgive thee, though hardly. See that thou dost keep thine household better. Go."

Billali rose upon his knees with astonishing alacrity, bowed his head thrice, his white beard sweeping the ground, and crawled down the apartment as he had crawled up it, till he finally vanished through the curtains, leaving me, not a little to my alarm, alone with this terrible but most fascinating person.

CHAPTER XIII.—AYESHA UNVEILS.

"THERE," she said, "he has gone, the white-bearded old fool. Ah, how little knowledge does a man acquire in his life! He gathers it up like water, but like water it runneth through his fingers, and yet if his hands be but wet as though with dew, behold! a generation of fools call out, 'See, he is a wise man.' Is it not so? But how call they thee? 'Baboon,' he says," and she laughed; "but that is the fashion of these savages, who lack imagination, and fly to the beasts they resemble for a name. How do they call thee in thine own country, stranger?"

"They call me Holly, oh, queen," I answered.

"'Holly,'" she answered, speaking the word with difficulty, and yet with a most charming accent, "and what is 'Holly'?"

"'Holly' is a prickly tree," I said.

"So. Well, thou hast a prickly and yet a tree-like look. Strong, art thou, and ugly, but, if my wisdom be not at fault, honest at the core, and a staff to lean on. Also one who thinks. But stay, Holly, stand not there; enter with me and be seated by me. I would not see thee crawl before me like those slaves. I am aweary of their worship and their terror; sometimes when they vex me I could blast them for very sport, and to see the rest turn white, even to the heart;" and *She* held the curtain aside with her ivory hand to let me pass in.

I entered, shuddering. This woman was very terrible. Within the curtains was a recess about twelve feet by ten, and in the recess was a couch, and a table whereon stood fruit and sparkling water. By it at its end was a vessel like a font cut in carved stone, also full of pure water. The place was softly lit with lamps formed out of the beautiful vessels of which I have spoken, and the air and curtains were full of a subtle perfume. Perfume, too, seemed to emanate from the glorious hair and white clinging vestments of *She* herself. I entered the little room, and there stood uncertain.

"Sit," said *She*, pointing to the couch. "At present thou hast no cause to fear me. If thou hast cause, thou shalt not fear for long, for I shall slay thee. Therefore let thy heart be light."

I sat down on the end of the couch near to the font-like basin of water, and *She* sunk down softly on to the other end.

"Now, Holly," she said, "how comest thou to speak Arabic? It is mine own dear tongue, for Arabian am I by my birth. Yet dost thou not speak it as we used to speak. Some of the words seem changed, even as among these men. The Amahagger have debased and defiled its purity, so that I have to talk to them in what is to me another tongue."

"I have studied it," I answered, "for many years. The language is spoken in Egypt and elsewhere."

"So it is still spoken, and there is yet an Egypt? And what Pharaoh sits upon the throne? Still one of the spawn of the Persian Ochus, or are the Archaemenians gone?"

"The Persians have been gone from Egypt for nigh two thousand years, and since then the Ptolemys, the Romans, and many others have flourished and held sway upon the Nile, and fallen when their time was ripe," I said, aghast. "What canst thou know of the Persian Artaxerxes."

She laughed, and made no answer, and again a cold chill went through me. "And Greece," she said—"is there still a Greece? Ah! I loved the Greeks. Beautiful were they as the day, and clever, but fierce at heart and fickle, notwithstanding."

"Yes," I said, "there is a Greece; and just now is it once more a people. Yet the Greeks of to-day are not what the Greeks of the old time were, and Greece herself is but a mockery of the Greece that was."

"So. The Hebrews, are they yet at Jerusalem? And does the temple that the wise king built stand? And if so, what God do they worship therein? Is their Messiah come, of whom they talked so much, and does he rule the earth?"

"The Jews are broken and gone, and the fragments of their people strew the world, and Jerusalem is no more. As for the temple that Herod built—"

"Herod?" she said. "I know not Herod. But go on."

"The Romans burned it, and the Roman eagles flew across its ruins."

"So, so! They were a great people, those Romans, and went straight to their end—ay, they sped to it like Fate, or like their own eagles on their prey—and left peace behind them."

"Solitudinem faciunt, pacem appellant," I suggested.

"Ah, thou canst speak the Latin tongue, too," she said, in surprise. "It hath a strange ring in my ears after all these days, and it seems to me that thy accent does not fall as the Romans put it. Who was it wrote that? I know not the saying, but it is a true one of that great people. It seems that I have met a learned man—one whose hands have held the water of the world's knowledge. Knowest thou Greek also?"

"Yes, oh, queen, and something of Hebrew, but not to speak them. They are all dead languages now."

She clapped her hands in childish glee. "Of a truth, ugly tree that thou art, thou growest the fruits of wisdom, oh, Holly," she said. "But of those Jews, whom I hated, for they called me 'heathen,' when I would have taught them philosophy. Did their Messiah come, and doth he rule the world?"

"Their Messiah came," I answered, with reverence; "but he came poor and lowly, and they would have none of Him. They scourged Him, and crucified Him upon a tree, but yet His words and His works live on, for He was the Son of God, and now of a truth, He rules half the world, but not with an empire of the world."

"Ah, the fierce-hearted wolves," she said, "the followers of Sense, and of many gods—greedy of gain, and faction-torn! I can see their dark faces yet. So they crucified their Messiah? Well can I believe it! That He was a Son of the Living Spirit would be naught to them, if indeed He was so, and of that we will talk afterward. They would care naught for any god if he came not with pomp and power. They, a chosen people, a vessel of Him they called Jehovah, ay, and a vessel of Baal, and a vessel of Astoreth, and a vessel of the gods

(To be continued.)

A Mother's Courage.

Pall Mall Gazette; Every one is familiar with the story of the mother whose child had been carried off by an eagle, and who, to rescue her child, climbed along to the eyrie from which the boldest mountaineer shrank back appalled. This stock illustration of the force of the maternal instinct is now capped by a bear story from Savory. A bear having killed a shepherd boy, the villagers organized a hunt for the animal. The mother, armed with a gun insisted upon accompanying the party. They came back. She did not. Next day the poor woman was found lying in a secluded spot, her dress in rags, her arms crushed and her face covered with blood. At her side was a huge bear quite dead, its head smashed by a discharge from the gun which she had taken with her. The hope is entertained that she may eventually recover, but the woman has not yet been able to give an account of her struggle with the bear which had killed her child, which must have been terrific. When we get the story of that struggle it will make the grand tour of all the Sunday school books in the whole English speaking world.

A Pertinent Inquiry.

New York Sun: "Mamma," said a little girl on her way home from a fashionable church, "are people who sit in the middle aisle wickeder than those at one side."

"Certainly not, dear. Why?"

"Because the minister only preached to them."

—A colored and white camp meeting has recently been held in Ulster county.

Newport Vulgarity.

The queen of England recently refused to allow the present duke of Marlborough to surrender to her in person the garter which had been his father's. The reason for this exception to her ordinary custom was the character of the proposed donor. The private life of this duke is a matter of public notoriety. He has been concerned in a series of domestic scandals which could not disgrace the family because he was only following in the footsteps of his immediate predecessors, but they made his own record infamous and should have precluded him from admission into what is called our "first" society.

Such has not been the case, however. This duke of Marlborough is now at Newport, and appears to be the lion of that resort. He has met the prominent members of that society, has attended its balls and receptions, and has upon invitation made the house of a lady of wealth his home during his stay there. He is sought after, courted and feted, and the fashion papers will probably be filled with his doings, as well as those of the set which is patronizing him. In this set it is of apparently small account what a man's character is so that he belongs to English nobility, and in this case, though the duke of Marlborough's record is such as should confine him to the alleys and slums, he has found ready admission into the homes of persons of great wealth and presumably of the highest social standing. It is fortunate, however, that this set is in a minority. He would have probably found persons ready to receive him at any other place of summer resort, but it is due to American society to say that they are few and that they belong to the vulgar class. They are the people who figure in the sensational departments of society columns, who air their dresses and jewels for the benefit of the Jenkinses, who are loud in attire and action, and who would rather be mentioned even in a vulgar way than not be mentioned at all. They are the people who command attention for their money alone and whose sole aim it is to exhibit what it procures. Such people would not hesitate to accept a member of the English nobility though his spotted character rules him out of good English society and bars him from the presence of his queen. Evidently he is among his kind. It is to be hoped that the special commission dispatched by the London Times to study this country will not make the mistake of supposing that the valgarity of the Newport set is characteristic of American first society. People of this kind are to be found everywhere, but they are exceptions, whose vulgarity appears only the more conspicuous because their great wealth and their methods of showing it keep them in the public view. There is a first society in this country which is modest and retiring and which has higher objects than mere vulgar personal display. A superficial observer or a stranger might not make its acquaintance so easily, because it does not seek public notoriety and particularly shuns the neighborhood of sensational newspaper correspondents. The observer who is sincere enough to look below the surface will find the best American society, and discover that it has no sympathy with the flashy, loud and vulgar set at Newport, who are playing the snob to the duke of Marlborough. Such men always find their own level. —Chicago Tribune.

The German Way of Interviewing.

New York Times: When Mr. Depew was ready to receive callers at his office they did not let him lack for company. It need hardly be said that there were interviewers among them, whose presence led the wanderer to tell the first of the stories with which he is said to have loaded himself abroad. It was about an interview at Frankfort.

A reporter came to him with a letter of introduction, and for two straight hours Mr. Depew listened to a thrilling narrative of the reporter's career. Gratification having been mutually expressed over the result of this interview, the reporter asked when he might call again. The next day was set. On that occasion Mr. Depew was given a chance to put in a few words covering the points on which he supposed he was to talk.

"Will you name a time when I may see you again?" then asked the reporter.

"What do you want to see me again for?"

"I would like to think over what you have said, and come back some time and verify my impressions."

The next day was set for this o[illegible]tion. The reporter submitted hi[illegible] pressions, which were duly corre[illegible] Then he proposed to put his im[illegible]sions as amended in writing, and [illegible]mit the article for further appr[illegible]. He wanted another app[illegible] fo[illegible] this purpose. Mr. Depe[illegible] he would be happy to see h[illegible] again in Paris.

A Pretty Girl Boot[illegible]

New York Sun: A pre[illegible] set up a boot-blacking chai[illegible] street She was an aler[illegible]een or so, dressed in jau[illegible] and al together an object to make[illegible] brokers turn around for second lo[illegible] But her enterprise failed. No m[illegible] had the moral courage to mount th[illegible] chair and submit his boots to the brushes of a girl, and so she got no customers.

A practical farmer, who burns both coal and wood in different stoves, makes a practice of mixing the ashes and applying all on his young orchard in the spring. He believes that the potrsh of the wood ashes is effective in small quantities, and that in addition to the coal ashes makes the latter much more absorptive of ammonia or nitric acid from the atmosphere.

Score one for Lillie Devereaux Blake. Senator Ingalls, in his recent article against woman suffrage, says: "The beak, the talon, and thunderbolt are the emblems of national authority." And Miss Blake now caustically informs him that the eagle that screeches as our national emblem is a female.

THE REWARD OF PERSISTENCE.

I had met her in the Summer
By the ever sounding sea,
She was what is called a "hummer"
In the language of the free.
I proposed and was rejected.
Still I flirted with the maid,
For I saw her grow dejected,
And a paler love sick shade.

I brought all my fascinations
On that heartless jilt to bear,
For a lover's machinations
Are considered ever fair;
But again my fond advances
Were extinguished ere they flamed—
She condemned my longing glances
And my fretful words were blamed.

On my third attack she wilted,
Pretty blushes dyed her cheek;
But the heartless flirt I jilted—
The engagement held a week.
And by way of explanation
I made clear to her that she
Had, by thoughtful hesitation,
Won the best two out of three.

—De Witt Sterry in Tid-Bits.

Scinda, the Negro Priestress.

Grenada, Mass. Letter to The New-Orleans Picayune: Grenada county furnishes a new theocracy, which is interesting. Along after the war a negro woman named Scinda, who was a slave of Captain Mitchell, a farmer of this county, suddenly revealed it to the world that she had been inspired by God, and was a servant of His to direct His people, both black and white. She organized a band of exhorters and went from farm to farm, pleading with both colors to quit their meanness. Her band grew, and now it numbers something like 800 members of her color.

In company with some friends I drove out to her church, which is situated three miles from here, Sunday evening. Long before we reached the church we could hear the picking of the banjo and the shuffling of feet. Alighting, Scinda, arrayed in gorgeous red and yellow, came to the door to greet us and welcome us in. The church is a small structure made of pine logs. Around on the walls hung here paraphernalia used in her marches through the country In the centre of the room stood a little table covered with a red cloth of gortesque figures of white sewed on it. This is where the members speak.

When we arrived a "soldier" was telling his inspirations of the day. He consumed about ten minutes, then they danced and sang, and played the banjo and shouted. When dancing begins they all stand up, and as many as can join hands until a circle is formed. They march around and around singing their own chants, occasionally stopping, and each one goes through a "shuffle" to the music of a banjo. This performance lasts about ten minutes then another preaches, then a dance, and so on until a few minutes before they break up for the day. Then every voice is hushed and a stillness prevades the house.

Unique Dinner Service.

Wheeling Register: A pleasant little story is told of a former Wheeling lady, who removed to Texas some time since, which will be appreciated. In the city in which she resides dinner parties became very fashionable, and the society ladies vied with each other in exhibiting the finest chinaware until it became almost a mania. The lady who gave the last dinner attempted and generally succeeded in outrivaling her predecessor in the way of fine china, and the former Wheeling lady determined to outdo them all; so when her dinner party was announced the society in that place was all worked up in anticipation of something grand.

The day came and the expected guests. The usual chat and gossip preceded the dinner, and the guests were escorted to the dining room. Of course they were all on the tip toe of expec ancy and all eyes immediately turned to the table when they entered the room. And what a sight met their gaze! Ye gods! Where were the previous dinner parties? There stood the table in all its grandeur. An ordinary table covered with a torn and tattered cloth, common wooden plates with newspaper cuts pasted in them in mock immitation of hand-painted china. An immense wooden bowl stood in the center of the table, out of which protruded a common tin ladle, and everything was of the most pristine character. The break was too good, and the guests were compelled to acknowledge that they had all been outdone. But they sat down and then they were served with one of the most elegant and elaborate dinners it had ever been [illegible] that completely knocked out the [illegible]rage, and Mrs. W.'s dinner party was the talk of the town for many days. Bright idea, wasn't it?

He Had a Remedy.

Texas Siftings: One of the richest men in Austin lives in a magnificent residence, almost next door to the humble cottage of a poor Irishman, whose principal wealth consists of a dog that has got a voice like a Fourth of July orator. One morning the wealthy nabob knocked at Mr. O'Rafferty's humble cottage, and addressed him as follows:

"For three nights now your dog has barked incessantly, so that I have not been able to sleep a wink My aged mother, who is an invalid, has also been kept awake. I am sorry to bother you, but this has to stop."

"Ain't I sorry myself," said the good hearted fellow, with tears in his eyes, "for the poor dog. Don't you know a good raymedy for a dog wid the distemper?"

The other man said he did, and started for a gun-shop.

Not Necessarily Sick.

Somerville Journal: Don't think, just because a woman is quiet for a time, that she is necessarily sick. The chances are that she is only thinking of what she will say next day.

Not on St. Anthony Hill.

New York Sun: Old lady (boarding Brooklyn elevated road)—Which is the shady side of the car, young man?

Brakeman—Well, to tell you the troot, there ain't no shady side. We runs so fast an' and makes so many curves that the sun shines on both sides at the same time.

One Touch of Nature.

Chicago Herald: One little lady from the north side said a pretty thing to Mrs. Cleveland. Noticing how tired she looked, the young girl said: "Just a smile, please. I will show my appreciation by not shaking that poor little hand." And Frances smiled with especial cordiality.

Pretty Particular.

Detroit Fress Press: He had had a quarrel with his neighbor farmer, and had come to town to see a lawyer and get satisfaction. He walked in on an attorney at the Moffat block and stated his case and asked:

"Now, then, how much for your opinion?"

"In writing?"

"Kin you write? Well, then I guess I'd better have it that way, but I want the most of it spelled properly."

A Clever Thing.

New York Sun: "I was getting measured for a suit of clothes this mawning," said young Mr. Sissy to his pretty cousin, "and just for a joke, y'know, I awsked Snipem if it weally took nine tailors to make a man. He said it would take more than nine tailors to make a man of some people. I thought it was quite clevah."

"Yes, it was clever, Charley," said his pretty cousin.

An Enviable Lot.

Harper's Bazar: "That Geo. Sampson, I suppose, is one of the luckiest dogs alive," remarked young Featherly, enviously.

"In what way?"

"In being engaged to Miss Smith."

"How is he lucky in that? She is not pretty, and is certainly not rich?"

"No; but she clerks in a confectionery shop. I heard George say that even the smell of ice cream almost makes her sick."

—Pennsylvania has more postoffices than any other state in the Union, 4,116. New York has 2 348.

A Sudden Sensation

Of chilliness invading the backbone, followed by hot flushes and profuse perspiration. We all know these symptoms, if not by experience, from report. What's the best thing on the programme? Quinine? A dangerous remedy, truly. Produces caries of the bones, only affords temporary relief. Is there no substitute? Assuredly, a potent but safe one—Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a certain, speedy means of expelling from the system every trace of the virus of miasm. Use it promptly, persistently. The result—a cure is certain to follow the use of this beneficent restorative of health. Dyspepsia, liver complaint, nervous ailments, rheumatism and inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, are also among the maladies permanently remediable through the genial aid of this wholesome botanic medicine, recommended by the medical fraternity.

—Whitelaw Reid has grown a pair of Burnside whiskers and is hardly recognizable. The beard is iron gray.

"Royal Glue" mends Everything!

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

—Applying certain measurements to a scarcely visible film of silver, Herr Wierer arrives at the conclusion that no less than 125 000,000 molecules of silver must be laid in a line to measure an inch.

To Consumptives,

or those with weak lungs, spitting of blood, bronchitis, or kindred affections of throat or lungs, send 10 cents in stamps for Dr. R. V. Pierce's treatise on these maladies. Address the doctor Buffalo N Y

—A German school teacher in Buffalo recently sat for his picture and asked the photographer to send him the proof. A few days later the artist received the following note: "I sin thies bruf, at thies gut to will mig them far mi." This, after some study, was translated: "I have see the proof; that is good; you will make them for me."

"How Can She Ever Love Him?"

Is what you often hear said when the prospective groom is the victim of catarrh. "How can she bear such a breath?" "How resolve to link her destiny with that of one with a disease, that unless arrested, will end in consumption, or perhaps insanity?" Let the husband that is, or is to be, get Dr. Sage's Catarrh Remedy, and cure himself before it is too late. By druggists.

—The most novel complaint of impure milk reported is that of the London boy boarded out under the poor law regulation, who reported that the milk given him out of town instead of being taken from clean tins, had been squeezed out of a nasty cow, and he "seed 'em a doing it."

Davenport Business College, complete in all departments. For catalogues, address, J. C Duncan, Davenport, Iowa

—Prof. E. N Horsford, of Harvard college, has made a fortune out of his acid phosphates. He is a peculiar man in appearance, has a heavy stooping figure, an English face, and gray side whiskers and beard.

Mrs. Hetty Green is the richest woman in the United States. Her fortune is now estimated at [illegible] forty-two years of age, and [illegible]ed to be a trifle stout.

Offer No. 172.

FREE!—To MERCHANTS ONLY: A triple-plated Silver Set (6 knives, 6 forks, 6 tea spoons, 1 sugar spoon, 1 butter knife), in satin-lined case. Address at once, R. W. TANSILL & Co., 55 State Street, Chicago.

"Two new railroads and a cathedral next year will give Yankton a high boost," says the Yankton Press.

Bronchitis is cured by frequent small doses of Piso's cure for consumption.

—A Philadelphia physician of repute has decided to make a specialty of injuries and diseases peculiar to athletes and base ball players He has written to several well known players about "Charley horses," sprains, dislocated joints, and other troubles the player of to-day is heir to.

A Wonderful City.

Kanopolis, Kansas, is the most remarkable city in the country on account of its growth within two years. The climate makes it a desirable place to live. We have some choice building lots there for business and residence purposes, which we offer for sale the next 30 days, below the prevailing market price. Send for descriptive circulars. Address,

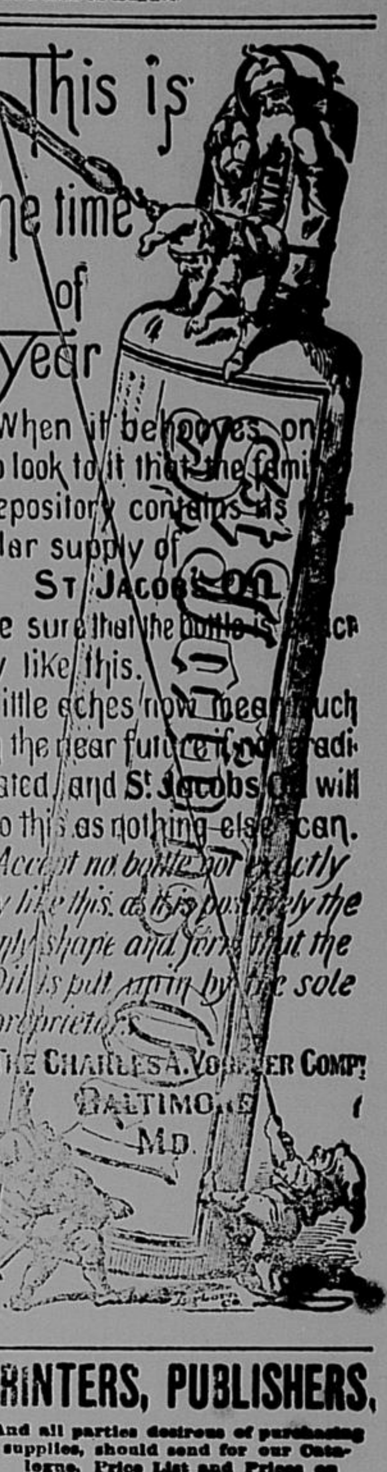
JOHN C. KELLY,
Sioux City, Iowa.

If afflicted with sore eyes, use Dr. Isaac Thompson's Eye Water. Druggists sell it; 25c.

—The new Indiana state capitol is about finished. It cost $2,000,000 and $100,000 has been appropriated for furniture. The building looks as if it might have cost $5,000,000 and Indiana is happy over over its good bargain.

Letters and business papers are easy to find when wanted, if filed in an Amberg Cabinet Letter file. Cameron, Amberg & Co. manufacturers, Chicago.

—Many sportsmen prefer the fall to any other season for pitching their camp in the Adirondack region. The trees are now dressed in their brightest foliage Game is in good condition The air is cool and invigorating. The evening camp fire is more enjoyable than in August.



PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS,
And all parties desirous of purchasing supplies, should send for our Catalogue, Price List and Prices on
PRINTING MATERIAL
—AND—
PAPER STOCK.
Parties contemplating buying new outfits will find it to their interest to write us before purchasing. Address,
The Sioux City Printing Co.,
SIOUX CITY, IOWA.

JOSEPH GILLOTT'S
STEEL PENS
GOLD MEDAL PARIS EXPOSITION 1878.
Nos. 303-404-170-604.
THE MOST PERFECT OF PENS.

St. Paul Business College!
Oldest and Most Reliable in the Northwest.
Send for Catalogue.
W. K. MULLIKEN,
Cor. 7th and Jackson Sts., St. Paul, Minn.
☞ Mention this paper.

Ely's Cream Balm
Price 50 cents.
Will do more in Curing
CATARRH
Than $500 in any other way.
Apply Balm into each nostril.
Ely Bros, 235 Greenwich St. N.Y.

PISO'S CURE FOR
CURES WHERE ALL ELSE FAILS.
Best Cough Syrup. Tastes good. Use in time. Sold by druggists.
CONSUMPTION
25 CTS.

SHORTHAND, Type-Writing AND TELEGRAPHY
BEST AND LARGEST SCHOOL in the UNITED STATES. Shorthand by mail a specialty. Send for circulars. [illegible] St. Paul, Minn.

[illegible] Book on all private diseases sent free. Perfectly reliable. 30 years' ex[illegible]

FREE By return mail. Full descriptive Moody's New Tailor System of Dress Cutting. MOODY & CO., Cin[illegible]

PATENTS Obtained [illegible] for [illegible]
L. BINGHAM, Patent Lawyer, Washin[illegible]

OLD SORES AND UL[illegible] standing cured by ALLEN'S ULCE[illegible] fails. By Mail, 65c. Made by J. P. [illegible]

OPIUM [illegible]

GOLD [illegible] 32 pp [illegible]
Francisc , Cal

OPIUM HABIT ABSOLUTELY [illegible] NOT A PARTICLE [illegible] or self-denial. Pay when cured. Handsome book free Dr. C. J. Weatherby, Kansas City, Mo.

$5 TO $8 A DAY. Samples worth $1.50 FREE. Lines not under the horse's feet. Write BREWSTER SAFETY REIN HOLDER CO., Holly, Mich.

OPIUM Habit Cured satisfactory before any pay. Prof. J. R. BARTON, 25th Ward, Cincinnati, O.

ALLEN'S IRON TONIC BITTERS. The great Tonic, Blood Purifier, Appetizer and Liver Invigorator. Genuine made by J. P. Allen, St. Paul, Minn.

PATENTS obtained by Louis Bagger & Co., Attorneys, Washington, D. C. Established 1864. Advice free.

PENSIONS to Soldiers and heirs Send stamp for circulars. COL. L. BINGHAM, Attorney, Washington, D. C.

BUY SALZER'S (La Crosse, Wis.) SEEDS. Cata. Free.

SIOUX CITY PRINTING CO. No. 169.

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