SHE:
A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

of the Egyptians—a high-stomached people, greedy of aught that brought them wealth and power. So they crucified their Messiah because He came in lowly guise, and now are they scattered about the earth. Why, if I remember, so said one of their prophets that it should be. Well, let them go, they broke my heart, those Jews, and made me look with evil eyes across the world, ay, and drove me to this wilderness of a people that was before them. When I would have taught them wisdom in Jerusalem they stoned me; ay, at the Gate of the Temple, those white-bearded hypocrites and rabbis hounded the people on to stone me! See, here is the mark of it to this day;" and with a sudden move she pulled up the gauzy wrapping on her rounded arm, and pointed to a little scar that showed red against its milky beauty.

I shrunk back horrified.

"Pardon me, oh, queen," I said, "but I am bewildered. Nearly two thousand years have rolled across the earth since the Jewish Messiah hung upon His cross at Golgotha. How, then, canst thou have taught thy philosophy to the Jews before He was? Thou art a woman, and no spirit. How can a woman live two thousand years? Why dost thou befool me, oh, queen?"

She leaned back on the couch, and once more I felt the hidden eyes playing upon me and searching out my heart.

"Oh, man!" she said at last, speaking very slowly and deliberately, "it seems that there are still things upon the earth of which thou knowest naught. Dost thou still believe that all things die, even as those very Jews believed? I tell thee that naught really dies. There is no such thing as Death, though there be a thing called Change. See;" and she pointed to some sculptures on the rocky wall. "Three times two thousand years have passed since the last of the great race that hewed those pictures fell before the breath of the pestilence that destroyed them, yet are they not dead. E'en now they live; perchance their very spirits are drawn toward us now." She glanced round. "Of a surety it sometimes seems to me that my eyes can see them."

"Yes, but to the world they are dead."

"Ay, for a time; but even to the world are thee born again and again. I, even I, Ayesha (Pronounced Assha)—for that is my name, stranger—I say to thee that I wait now for one I loved to be born again, and here I tarry till he finds me, knowing of a surety that hither he will come, and that here, and here only, shall he greet me. Why dost thou suppose that I who am all-powerful; I whose loveliness is greater than the loveliness of the Grecian Helen of whom they used to sing, and whose wisdom is greater—ay, ten times more great—Than the wisdom of Solomon the Wise; I who know the secrets of the earth and its riches and can turn all things to my uses; I who have even for awhile overcome Change, that ye call death—why, I say, oh, stranger, dost thou think that I herd here with barbarians lower than the beasts?"

"I know not," I said, humbly.

"Because I wait for him I love. My life has perchance been evil, I know not—for who can say what is evil and what is good? so I fear to die, even if I could die, which I can not, to go and seek him where he is, for between us there might be a wall I could not climb—at least I fear so. Surely easy would it be to lose the way in those great spaces wherein the suns wander on forever. But the day will come, may be, when ten thousand more years have passed, and are lost and melted into the vault of Time, even as the little clouds melt into the gloom of night, when he shall be born again, and then, following a law that is stronger than any human plan, he will find me here, and of a surety his heart will soften toward me though I sinned against him; ay, even though he knows me not again, yet will he love me, if only for my beauty's sake."

For a moment I was dumfounded, and could not answer. The matter was too overpowering for my intellect to grasp.

"But even so, oh, queen," I said at last, "even if we men be born again and again, that is not so with thee, if thou speakest truly." Here she looked up sharply, and once more I caught the flash of those hidden eyes—"Thou," I went on, hurriedly, "who hast never died."

"'Tis so," she said; "and it is so because I have, half by chance and half by learning, solved one of the great secrets of the world. Tell me, stranger: life is—why therefore should not life be lengthened for awhile? What are ten or twenty or fifty thousand years in the history of life? Why, in ten thousand years scarce will the rain and storms lessen a mountain-top by a span in thickness. In two thousand years these caves have not changed; naught has changed but the beasts, and man who is as the beasts. There is naught that is wonderful about the matter, couldst thou but understand. Life is wonderful, ay, but that it should be a little lengthened is not wonderful. Nature hath her animating spirit as well as man, who is Nature's child, and he who can find that spirit, and let it breathe upon him, shall live with her life. He shall not live eternally, for Nature is not eternal, and she herself must die, even as the nature of the moon hath died. *She* herself must die, I say, or rather change and sleep till it be time for her to live again. But when shall she die? Not yet, I ween; and while she lives, so shall he who hath all her secret live with her. All I have not, yet have I some, more, perchance, than any who were before me. Now to thee I doubt not this thing is a great mystery, therefore I will not overcome thee with it now. Another time will I tell thee more if the mood be on me, though perchance I shall never speak of it again. Dost thou wonder how I knew that ye were coming, and so saved your heads from the hot pot?"

"Ay, oh, queen," I answered, feebly.

"Then gaze in the water," and she pointed to the font-like vessel, and then, bending forward, held her hand over it.

I rose and gazed, and instantly the water darkened. Then it cleared, and I saw as distinctly as I ever saw anything in my life—I saw, I say, our boat upon that horrible canal. There was Leo lying at the bottom asleep in it, with a coat thrown over him to keep off the mosquitoes, in such a fashion as to hide his face, and myself, Job, and Mahomed towing on the bank.

I started back aghast, and cried out that it was magic, for I recognized the whole scene—it was one that had actually occurred.

"No, no, oh, Holly," she answered, "it is no magic; that is a fiction of ignorance. There is no such thing as magic, though there is such a thing as the knowledge of the secrets of Nature. That is my glass; in it I see what passes, if I care to summon up the pictures, which is not often. In the water I can show thee what thou wilt of the past, if it be anything to do with this country and with what I have known, or anything that thou, the gazer, hast known. Think of a face, if thou wilt, and it shall [illegible] upon the water. I know not all the secret yet—I can read nothing in the future. But it is an old secret; I did not discover it. In Arabia and in Egypt the sorcerers knew it centuries ago. So one day I chanced to bethink me of that old canal—some twenty centuries ago I sailed up it—and I was minded to look upon it again. And so I looked, and there I saw the boat and three men walking, and one, whose face I could not see, but a youth of a noble form, sleeping in the boat, and so I sent and saved your life."

And now farewell. But stay, tell me of this youth—the Lion, as the old man calls him. I would look upon him, but he is sick, thou sayest—sick with the fever, and also wounded in the fray."

"He is very sick," I answered, sadly; "Canst thou do nothing for him, oh, queen, who knowest so much?"

"Of a surety I can. I can cure him, but why speakest thou so sadly? Dost thou love the youth? Is he perchance thy son?"

"He is my adopted son, oh, queen. Shall he be brought in before thee?"

"Nay. How long hath the fever taken him?"

"This is the third day."

"Good; then let him lie another day. Then will he perchance throw it off by his own strength, and that is better than that I should cure him, for my medicine is of a sort to shake the life in its very citadel. If, however, by to-morrow night, at that hour when the fever first took him, he doth not begin to mend, then will I come to him and cure him. Stay, who nurses him?"

"Our white servant, he whom Billali names the Pig; also—and here I spoke with some little hesitation—'a woman named Usana, a very handsome woman of this country, who came and kissed him when first she saw him, and hath stayed by him ever since, as I understand is the fashion of thy people, oh, queen."

"My people! Speak not to me of my people, she answered, hastily; "these slaves are not people of mine; they are but dogs to do my bidding till the day of my redemption comes; and as for their customs, naught have I to do with them. Also, call me not queen—I am sick of flattery titles—call me Ayesha; the name hath a sweet sound in mine ears; it is an echo from the past. As for this Usana, I know not. I wonder if it be she against whom I was warned, and whom I in turn did warn? Hath she—Stay, I will see;" and bending forward, she passed her hand over the font of water and gazed intently into it. "See," she said, quietly, "is that the woman?"

I looked into the water, and there, mirrored upon its placid surface, was the silhouette of Usana's stately face. She was bending forward, with a look of infinite tenderness upon her features, watching something beneath her, and with her chestnut locks falling on to her right shoulder.

"It is she," I said, in a low voice, for once more I felt much disturbed at this most uncommon sight. "She watches Leo asleep."

"Leo" said Ayesha, in an absent voice: "why, that is lion in the Latin tongue. The old man hath named happily for once. It is very strange," she went on—"very, So like—but it is not possible." With an impatient gesture she passed her hand over the water once more. It darkened, and the image vanished slightly and mysteriously as it had arisen, and once more the lamp-light, and the lamp-light only, shone on the placid surface of that limpid, living mirror.

"Hast thou aught to ask me before thou goest, oh, Holly?" she said, after a few moments' reflection. "It is but a rude life that thou must live here, for these people are savages, and know not the ways of civilized man. Not that I am troubled therefore, for, lo, behold my food;" and she pointed to the fruit upon the little table. "Naught but fruit doth ever pass my lips—fruit and a little water. I have hidden my girls to wait upon thee. They are mutes, thou knowest, deaf are they and dumb, and therefore the asset of servants, save to those who can read their faces and their signs. I tired them so it hath taken many centuries and much trouble, but at last I have succeeded. Once I succeeded before,

"Man, where didst thou get that scarab on thy hand."

nodded her little head at me with an air of sublimated coquetry that would have done credit to a Venus Victrix.

"Rash man," she said; "like Actæon, thou hast had thy will; be careful lest, like Actæon, thou too dost perish miserably, torn to pieces by the ban-hounds of thine own passions. I too, oh, Holly, am a virgin goddess, not to be moved of any man; save one, and it is not thou. Say, hast thou seen enough?"

"I have looked on beauty, and am blinded," I said, hoarsely, lifting my hand to cover up my eyes.

"So! what did I tell thee? Beauty is like the lightning; it is lovely, but it destroys—especially trees, oh, Holly."

Suddenly she paused, and through my fingers I saw an awful change come over her countenance.

"Man," she half whispered, half hissed, throwing back her head like a snake about to strike—"man, where didst thou get that scarab on thy hand? Speak, or by the Spirit of Life I will blast thee where thou standest!" and she took one light step toward me, and from her eyes there shone such an awful light—to me it seemed almost like a flame—that I fell then and there, on the ground before her, babbling confusedly in my terror.

"There," she said, with a sudden change of manner, and speaking in her former soft voice, "I did affright thee. Forgive me. But at times, oh, Holly, the almost infinite mind grows impatient of the slowness of the very finite, and I am tempted to use my power out of sheer vexation. Very nearly wast thou dead, but I remembered. But the scarab—about the scarabæus!"

"I picked it up," I gurgled, feebly, as I got on to my feet again—and it is a solemn fact that my mind was so disturbed that at the moment I could remember nothing else about the ring except that I picked it up in Leo's cave.

"It is very strange," she said, with a sudden access of womanlike trembling and agitation that seemed out of place in this awful woman, "but once I knew a scarab like that It—hung round the neck—of one I loved;" and she gave a little sob, and I saw that after all she was only a woman, although she might be a very old one.

"There," she went on, "it must be one like it. Also in old Egypt many there were who bore the name of the Royal Son of Ra. The scarab that I knew was not set thus in the bezel of a ring. Go now, Holly, go, and, if thou canst, try to forget that thou hast looked upon Ayesha's beauty;" and turning from me, she flung herself on her couch, and buried her face in the cushions.

As for me, I stumbled from her presence, and I do not remember how I reached my own cave.

IT was nearly ten o'clock at night when I cast myself down upon my bed, and began to gather my scattered wits, and reflect upon what I had seen and heard. But the more I reflected, the less I could make of it. Was I mad, or drunk, or dreaming, or was I merely the victim of a gigantic and most elaborate hoax? How was it possible that I, a rational man, not unacquainted with the leading scientific facts of our history, and hitherto an absolute and utter disbeliever in all the hocus-pocus that in Europe goes by the name of the supernatural, could believe that I had within the last few minutes been engaged in conversation with a woman two thousand and odd years old? The thing was contrary to the experience of human nature, and absolutely and utterly impossible. Nonsense; it must be nonsense. She had warned me fairly, and I had refused to take the warning. Curses on the fatal curiosity that is ever prompting man to draw the veil from woman, and curses on the natural impulse that begets it! I, at my age, to fall a victim to this modern Circe! But then she was not modern, at least she said not. She was almost as ancient as the original Circe.

(To be continued.)

A REMARKABLE INVENTION.

An Electric Type-Writer That Will be a Rival of the Telephone.

A Washington dispatch to the Baltimore Sun says:

There is considerable talk in the Patent Office just now concerning an invention patented recently, which, in the opinion of some, will be a formidable rival of the telephone, Mr. Bell's monopoly The invention is an electric type-writer. The instrument in appearance somewhat resembles an ordinary mechanical type-writer. It has a key-board, and the types are placed on steel bars, which play upon a common centre, as is the case with the type-writer. The motive power used is electricity, by means of which evenness of action is assured. No matter how heavily or how lightly the keys are struck the impression on the paper is the same. A remarkable feature of the invention used as a type-writer is that the carriage moves automatically both forward and backward. When the end of the line is reached the carriage returns to the starting point without the aid of the operator, and the paper bar moves one notch, so that all that is required of the operator is to depress the keys. The most important field of the new invention is said to be in connection with the telegraph. It is said at the Patent Office that the instrument can be used both as a transmitter and receiver of intelligence over a single wire, no matter how great the distance may be. The receiving instrument does not require the attendance of an operator, but prints the dispatch automatically. The instruments at both ends of the line print the dispatch sent, and so a safeguard against mistakes is provided. It is claimed that the electric type-writer will be valuable as a local aid to business, and offers many advantages over the telephone. One advantage claimed for it is that no matter whether a person called up is at his place of business or not the message can be printed through the medium of his type-writer, and will be there for his perusal on his return. The dispatches printed are in letter form, and not an endless tape. The instrument, which has been christened the dynamograph, is considered by Patent Office officials to be one of the greatest inventions upon which patents have been issued. The electricians do not stint their praise, and are positive that the machine will greatly simplify business intercommunication. Some of the electricians of this city who have seen the instrument, notably Professor Berlinger, of the Bell Telephone company, state that the dynamograph is destined to take its place as a powerful adjunct to telegraphy, and will be by no means a rival that the telephone can afford to scorn. John Russell Young, ex-Minister to China, has taken hold of the new invention and, and is president of the the company which is to put it into practical operation.

DAYLIGHT.

If a gentleman by the name of Day volunteers to throw the light of his experience into the darkened places of misery, so that others may go and do as he has done and enjoy life, may it not be reasonably called daylight? As for instance, take the case of Captain Argent S. Day, Gloucester, Mass., who writes April 16, 1881: "Some time ago I was suffering with rheumatism. I used a small portion of St. Jacobs Oil and was cured at once. I have used it for sprains and never once have known it to fail. I will never be without a bottle." Captain Day also received a circular letter, and in reply under date of July 1, 1887, he says: "I used the Oil as stated and was permanently cured of rheumatism by its use." During the intervening six years there had been no recurrence of the pain. Also a letter from Mr. H. M. Converse, of the Warren (Mass.) *Herald*, dated July 1, 1887, as follows: "In response to yours of June 22 would say that in 1880 my wife had a severe attack of rheumatism in shoulder and arm, so that she could not raise her hand to her head. A few applications of St. Jacobs Oil cured her permanently, and she has had no return of it." Another case is that of Mr. R. B. Kyle, Flower Hill, Appomattox county, Va., who writes, November, 1883: "Was afflicted for several years with rheumatism and grew worse all the time. Eminent physician gave no relief; had spasms, and was not expected to live; was rubbed all over with St. Jacobs Oil. The first application relieved the spasms, removed the pain, continued to rub, and in a few days, and do again work as usual." These statements from men of the highest standing, and taken in connection with the miracles performed in other cases, it [illegible]

—They were talking scandal, and one of the members said that when a certain young lady smiled her mouth opened right back to her ears. "Never mind, she has beautiful teeth," remarked a kind friend. "Ah," replied the first speaker, "but her teeth will decay. Her smile won't."

—We heard the other day of a Nebraska man who breaks stones with his fist. This is just the sort of man who skedaddles for the Territories whenever there is a prospect of meeting an undersized, left-handed sheriff of an effeminate tax collector.

—Two women of Brooklyn have mortgaged their furniture thirty-two times in order to raise money to bet on horse races. And thus is rebuked the vile slander that women have not an equal business capacity with men.

It Came All Right.

Roodhouse (Ill.) Eye, Sept. 30: A great many people who have read in this paper of the drawing of a $5,000 prize in the Louisiana State Lottery on the 13th inst. by a ticket held by F. Epstein, of this city, have been somewhat incredulous in the matter and do not believe that the money was actually received here. In order to put the matter beyond doubt a reporter of the Eye interviewed Mr. Epstien and was shown a certificate of deposit in the Roodhouse bank for the sum of $5,000 and was assured that the money was drawn by ticket number 61,503 which was held by him; jointly with seven others who had formed a combination to buy tickets. Mr. Epstein's statement was also confirmed by the cashier of the bank.

Mr. Epstein says he now knows by practical experience that any person holding a lucky ticket in the old reliable Louisiana State Lottery, may rest perfectly easy for they are sure to get their money.

Mr. David Wilkinson, of Patterson, also held a lucky ticket, and yesterday received a draft for $500 Several other parties in this city also drew proximation prizes for various sums and all have received their money.

He Was No Anglomaniac.

The Epoch: "I'm no Anglomaniac," said a member from one of the backdeestricts." "I b'lieve in American idees an' American institutions. It makes me sick to think of England a man has got to have title before he 'mounts to anything."

"Here are your cards, [illegible]," said the patriot's wife. "They came from the printer's this afternoon."

"Yes, an' by thunder they've left off the 'Honorable!' You can send them back."

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—It is said that the late James B. Eads once received $20,000 for a professional opinion.

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