SHE:
A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

"Why doth not that woman leave us, my Holly?" asked Ayesha, from the other end of the cave, where she was engaged in carelessly examining some sculptures on the wall.

"She doth not like to leave Leo," I answered, not knowing what to say. Ayesha

Next second her tall and willowy form was staggering back across the room.

wheeled round, and pointing to the girl Ustane, said one word, and one only, but it was quite enough, for the tone in which it was said meant volumes.

"Go!"

And sullenly Ustane crept past her on her hands and knees, and went.

"Thou seest, my Holly," said Ayesha, with a little laugh, "it was time that I gave these people a lesson in obedience. The girl went nigh to disobeying me, but then she did not learn this morning how I treat the disobedient. Well, she has gone; and now let me see the youth," and she glided toward the couch on which Leo lay, with his face in the shadow and turned to the wall.

"He hath a noble shape," she said as she bent over him to look upon his face.

Next second her tall and willowy form was staggering back across the room, as though she had been shot or stabbed, staggering back till at last she struck the cavern wall, and then there burst from her lips the most awful and unearthly scream that I ever heard in all my life.

"What is it, Ayesha?" I cried. "Is he dead?"

She turned, and sprang toward me like a tigress.

"Thou dog!" she said, in her terrible whisper, which sounded like the hiss of a snake; "why didst thou hide this from me?" and she stretched out her arm, and I thought she was going to slay me.

"What?" I ejaculated, in the most lively terror—"what?"

"Ah!" she said, "perchance thou didst not know. Learn, my Holly, learn; there lies—there lies my lost Kallikrates. Kallikrates, who has come back to me at last, as I knew he would—as I knew he would;" and she began to sob and to laugh, and generally to go on like any other lady who is a little upset, murmuring "Kallikrates, Kallikrates."

"Nonsense," thought I to myself, but I did not like to say it; and, indeed, at that moment I was thinking of Leo's life, having forgotten everything else in that terrible anxiety. What I feared now was that he should die whilst she was "carrying on."

"Unless thou canst help him, Ayesha," I put in, by way of a reminder, "thy Kallikrates will soon be far beyond thy calling. Surely he dieth even now."

"True," she said, with a start. "Oh, why did I not come before? I am unnerved—my hand trembles, even mine—and yet it is very easy. Here, thou Holly, take this phial," and she produced a tiny jar of pottery from the folds of her garment, "and pour the liquid in it down his throat. It will cure him if he be not dead. Swift! now, swift! the man dies!"

I glanced toward him; it was true enough, Leo was in his death-struggle. I saw his poor face turning ashen, and the breath began to rattle in his throat. The vial was stoppered with a little piece of wood. I drew it with my teeth, and a drop of the fluid within flew upon my tongue. It had a sweet flavor, and for a second made my head swim and a mist gather before my eyes, but happily the effect passed away as swiftly as it had arisen.

When I reached Leo's side he was plainly expiring—his golden head was slowly turning from side to side, and his mouth was slightly open. I called to Ayesha to hold his head, and this she managed to do, though the woman was quivering from head to foot, like an aspen leaf or a startled horse. Then, forcing the jaw a little more open, I poured the contents of the vial into his mouth. Instantly a little vapor arose from it, as happens when one disturbs nitric acid, and this sight did not increase my hopes, already faint enough, of the efficacy of the treatment.

One thing, however, was certain, the death throes ceased—at first I thought because he had got beyond them, and crossed the awful river. His face turned a livid pallor, and his heart beats, which had been feeble enough before, seemed to die away altogether—only the eyelid still twitched a little. In my doubt I looked up at Ayesha, whose head-wrapping had slipped back in her excitement when she went reeling across the room. She was still holding Leo's head, and with a face as pale as his, watching his countenance, with such an expression of agonized anxiety as I have never seen before. Clearly she did not know if he would live or die. Five minutes passed, and I saw that she was abandoning hope; her lovely oval face seemed to fall in and grow visibly thinner beneath the pressure of a mental agony, whose pencil drew black lines about the hollows of her eyes. The coral faded even from her lips, till they were as white as Leo's face, and quivered pitifully. It was shocking to see her, even in my own grief I felt for hers.

"Is it too late?" I gasped.

She hid her face in her hands, and made no answer, and I, too, turned away. But as I did so I heard a deep-drawn breath, and looking down perceived a line of color creeping up Leo's face, then another and another, and then—wonder of wonders—the man we had thought dead turned over on his side.

"Thou seest," I said, in a whisper.

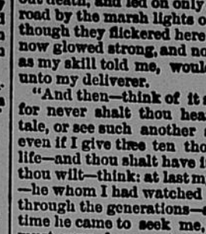
"I see," she answered, hoarsely. "He is saved. I thought we were too late; another moment—one little moment more—and he had been gone!" and she burst into an awful flood of tears, sobbing as though her heart would break, and yet managing to look lovelier than ever, as she did it. At last she ceased.

"Forgive me, my Holly—forgive me for my weakness," she said. "Thou seest, after all, I am a very woman. Think—think of it. This morning [illegible] of the place of t[illegible] [illegible] mem- [illegible] faults of [illegible] sions and the [illegible] mind where- [illegible] had, to come to mock and haunt and gibe and wring the heart forever and forever with the vision of its own hopelessness. Thus, even thus, have I lived for two thousand years—for some sixty generations, as ye reckon time—in a Hell, as thou callest it—tormented by the memory of a crime, tortured day and night with an unfulfilled desire—without companionship, without comfort, without death, and led on only down my dreary road by the marsh lights of Hope, which, though they flickered here and there, and now glowed strong, and now were not, yet, as my skill told me, would one day lead unto my deliverer.

"And then—think of it still, oh, Holly, for never shalt thou hear such another tale, or see such another scene, nay, not even if I give thee ten thousand years of life—and thou shalt have it in payment if thou wilt—think: at last my deliverer came—he whom I had watched and waited for through the generations—at the appointed time he came to seek me, as I knew he must come, for my wisdom could not err, though I knew not when or how. Yet see how ignorant I was! See how small my knowledge and how faint my strength! For hours he lay here sick unto death, and I felt it not—I who had waited for him for two thousand years—I knew it not. And then at last I see him, and behold, my chance is gone but by a hair's-breadth even before I had it, for he is in the very jaws of death, whence no power of mine can draw him. And if he die, surely must the hell be lived through once more—once more must I face the weary centuries, and wait and wait till time in its fullness shall bring my beloved back to me. And then thou gavest him the medicine, and that five minutes dragged along before I knew if he would live or die, and I tell thee that all the sixty generations that are gone were not so long as that five minutes. But they passed at last, and still he showed no sign, and I knew that if the drug works not then, it, so far as I have had knowledge, works not at all. Then thought I that he was once more dead, and all the tortures of all the years gathered themselves into a single venomed spear, and pierced me through and through, because once again I had lost Kallikrates! And then, when all was done, behold! he sighed, behold! he lived, and I knew that he would live, for none die on whom the drug takes hold. Think of it now, my Holly—think of the wonder of it! He will sleep for twelve hours, and then the fever will have left him!"

And she stopped and laid her hand upon the golden head, and then bent down and kissed the brow with a chastened abandonment of tenderness that would have been beautiful to behold had not the sight cut me to the heart—for I was jealous!

CHAPTER XVIII.—GO, WOMAN!



THEN followed a silence of a minute or so, during which *She* appeared, if one might judge from the almost angelic rapture of her face—for she looked angelic sometimes—to be plunged in a happy ecstacy. Suddenly, however, a new thought struck her, and her expression became the very reverse of angelic.

"Almost had I forgotten," she said, "that woman Ustane. What is she to Kallikrates—his servant, or—?" and she paused and her voice trembled.

I shrugged my shoulders. "I understand that she is wed to him according to the custom of the Amahagger," I answered, "but I know not."

Her face grew dark as a thunder-cloud. Old as she was, Ayesha had not outlived jealousy.

"Then there is an end," she said; "she must die, even now!"

"For what crime?" I asked, horrified; "she is guilty of naught that thou art not guilty of thyself, oh, Ayesha! She loves the man, and he has been pleased to accept her love; where, then, is her sin?"

"Truly, oh, Holly, thou art foolish!" she answered, almost petulantly. "Where is her sin? Her sin is that she stands between me and my desire. Well I know that I can take him from her—for dwells there a man upon this earth, oh, Holly, who could resist me if I put out my strength? Men are faithful for so long only as temptations pass them by. If the temptation be but strong enough, then will the man yield, for every man, like every rope, hath its breaking strain, and passion is to them what gold and power are to women—the weight upon their weakness. Believe me, ill will it fare with mortal women in that heaven of which thou speakest if only the spirits be more fair, for their lords will never turn to look upon them, and their heaven become their hell. For man can be bought with woman's beauty if it be but beautiful enough; and woman's beauty can be ever bought with gold, if only there be gold enough. So was it in my day, and so it will be to the end of time. The world is a great mart, my Holly, where all things are for sale to him who bids the highest in the currency of our desires."

These remarks, which were as cynical as might have been expected from a woman of Ayesha's age and experience, jarred upon me, and I answered, testily, that in our heaven there was no marriage or giving in marriage.

"Else would it not be heaven, dost thou mean?" she put in. "Fie upon thee, Holly, to think so ill of us poor women! Is it, then, marriage that marks the line between thy heaven and thy hell? But enough of this. This is no time for disputing and the challenge of our wits. Why dost thou always dispute? Art thou also a philosopher of these latter days? As for this woman, she must die; for, though I can take her husband from her, yet, while she lived, might he think tenderly of her, and that I can not away with. No woman shall dwell in his thoughts; my empire shall be all my own. She hath had her day, let her be content; for better is an hour with love than a century of loneliness—now night shall swallow her."

"Nay, nay," I cried, "it would be a wicked crime, and from a crime naught comes but what is evil. For thy own sake do not this deed."

"Is it, then, a crime, oh, foolish man, to put away that which stands between us and our ends? Then is our life one long crime, my Holly; for day by day we destroy that we may live, since in this world none save the strongest can endure. Those who are weak must perish; the earth is to the strong, and fruits thereof. For every tree that grows a score shall wither, that the strong ones may take their share. We run to place and power over the dead bodies of those who fall and fall; ay, we win the food we eat from out the mouths of starving babies. It is the scheme of things. Thou sayest, too, that a crime breeds evil, but therein thou dost lack experience; for out of crimes come many good things, and out of good grows much evil. The cruel rage of the tyrant may prove a blessing to thousands who come after him, and the sweet-heartedness of a holy man may make a nation slaves. Man doeth this and doeth that from the good or evil of his heart, but [illegible] knoweth not to what end his moral [illegible]ense doth prompt him; for when he striketh he is blind to where the blow shall fall, nor can he count the airy threads that weave the web of circumstance. Good and evil, love and hate, night and day, sweet and bitter, man and woman, heaven above and the earth beneath—all these things are necessary, one to the other, and who knows the end of each? I tell thee that there is a hand of Fate that twines them up to bear the burden of its purpose, and all things are gathered in that great rope to which all things are needful. Therefore doth it not become us to say this thing is evil and this good, or the dark is hateful and the light lovely; for to other eyes than ours the evil may be the good, and the darkness more beautiful than the day, or all alike be fair. Nearest thou, my Holly?"

I felt it was hopeless to argue against casuistry of this nature, which, if it were carried to its logical conclusion, would absolutely destroy all mortality, as we understand it. But her talk gave me a fresh thrill of fear, for what may not be possible to a being who, unconstrained by human law, is also absolutely unshackled by a moral sense of right and wrong, which, however partial and conventional it may be, is yet based, as our conscience tells us, upon the great wall of individual responsibility that marks off mankind from the beasts.

But I was deeply anxious to save Ustane, whom I liked and respected, from the dire fate that overshadowed her at the hands of her mighty rival. So I made one more appeal.

"Ayesha," I said, "thou art too subtle for me, but thou thyself hast told me that each man should be a law unto himself, and follow the teaching of his heart. Hath thy heart no mercy for her whose place thou wouldst take? Bethink thee, as thou sayest—though to me the thing is incredible—he whom thou desirest has returned to thee after many years, and but now thou hast, as thou sayest also, wrung him from the jaws of death. Wilt thou celebrate his coming by the murder of one who loved him, and whom perchance, he loved—one, at any rate, who saved his life for thee when the spears of thy slaves would have made an end thereof? Thou sayest also that in past days thou didst grievously wrong this man, that with thine own hand thou didst slay him because of the Egyptian Amenartas, whom he loved."

"How knowest thou that, oh, stranger? How knowest thou that name? I spoke it not to thee," she broke in with a cry, catching at my arm.

"Perchance I dreamed it," I answered "strange dreams do hover about these caves of Kor. It seems that the dream was, indeed, a shadow of the truth. What came to thee of thy mad crime?—two thousand years of waiting, was it not? and now wouldst thou repeat the history? Say what thou wilt, I tell thee that evil will come of it; for to him who doeth, at the least, good breeds good and evil evil, ever though in after days out of evil cometh good. Offenses must needs come, but woe to him by whom the offense cometh. So said that Messiah of whom I spoke to thee, and it was truly said. If thou slayest this innocent woman, I say unto thee that thou shalt be accursed, and pluck no fruit from thine ancient tree of love. Also, what thinkest thou? How will this man take thee red-handed from the slaughter of her who loved and tended him?"

"As to that," she answered, "I have already answered thee. Had I slain thee as well as her, yet should he love me, Holly, because he could not help himself, any more than thou couldst help dying, if by chance I slew thee, oh, Holly. And yet maybe there is truth in what thou dost say; for in some way it presseth on my mind. If it may be, I will spare this woman; for have I not told thee that I am not cruel for the sake of cruelty? I love not to see suffering, or to cause it. Let her come before me—quick, now, before my mood changes," and she hastily covered her face with its gauzy wrapping.

Well pleased to have succeeded even to this extent, I passed out into the passage and called to Ustane, whose white garment I caught sight of some yards away, huddled up against one of the earthenware lamps that were placed at intervals along the tunnel. She rose, and ran toward me.

"Is my lord dead? Oh, say not he is dead," she cried, lifting her noble-looking face, all stained as it was with tears, up to me with an air of infinite beseeching that went straight to my heart.

"Nay; he lives," I answered. "*She* hath saved him. Enter."

She sighed deeply, and entered, and fell upon her hands and knees, after the custom of the Amahagger people, in the presence of the dread *She*.

"Stand," said Ayesha, in her coldest voice, "and come hither."

Ustane obeyed, standing before her with bowed head.

Then came a pause, which she broke.

"Who is this man?" she said, pointing to the sleeping form of Leo.

"The man is my husband," she answered in a low voice.

"Who gave him to thee for a husband?"

"I took him according to the custom of our country, oh, *She*."

"Thou hast done evil, woman, in taking this man, who is a stranger. He is not a man of thine own race, and the custom fails. Listen. Perchance thou didst this thing through ignorance; therefore, woman, do I spare thee; otherwise hadst thou died. Listen again. Go from hence back to thine own place, and never dare to speak to or set thine eyes upon this man again. He is not for thee. Listen a third time. If thou breakest this my law, that moment thou diest. Go."

But Ustane did not move.

"Go, woman!"

Then she looked up, and I saw that her face was torn with passion.

"Nay, oh, *She*, I will not go," she answered, in a choked voice. "The man is my husband, and I love him; I love him, and I will not leave him. What right hast thou to make me leave my husband?"

(To be continued.)

In His Own Hand.

Now York Times: It is plain that Mr. Cleveland, as the Democratic candidate for president, would carry the state of New York with ease and certainty, unless some change that is not likely to occur, and that he alone could bring about, should take place. His election on the same conditions is equally assured.

Science at Sea.

Binghampton Republican: Doctors say that drinking large quantities of water will produce fat. To show its absurdity, look at a fish. It fairly lives in water, yet why is it so bony?

Pittsburg Dispatch: "Married, or unmarried?" asked the Judge of a female witness.

"Unmarried just a few minutes ago," was the reply.

"A few minutes ago? What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. Got my divorce papers. That unmarried me."

Chicago Times: Hotel Clerk to Missouri Colonel—Why [illegible] was that noise in your room? Colonel—Oh, I had to break the [illegible] bottle I found there, as I couldn't draw the cork, "Why the only bottle there was a hand grenade," "Is that so? I thought the liquor was very mild."

—John Thursby of Orange City, Fla., fell asleep in his boat while fishing. When he awoke he was three miles up stream, and the boat was being towed by an immense catfish that had taken his bait. The fish weighed twenty pounds.

A New Wrinkle.

New York Star: It was about 11:30 o'clock this morning when a small party of invited guests arrived at Fulton Ferry in Brooklyn to see Mr. Alphonso King try his water bicycle. Mr. King had made a wager of $1,000 that he could cross the East River from Fulton Ferry, touch pier 9 on the New York side and return to the starting point in twenty minutes. But owing to a very strong wind, which had been blowing almost a gale, together with the heavy current, it was agreed that the trip should be merely a test of the light craft in rough water.

The water bicycle consists of two cylinders pointed at both ends, surmounted by a seat and wheel, similar to those of the ordinary bicycle. The wheel has small paddles attached, and when put in motion they strike the water between the two cylinders and furnish the propelling power. The steering apparatus consists of a miniature wheel placed just in front of the seat, and is connected with the rudder by cords running along the back of the machine. The rudder occupies the same position on the water bicycle at the end as the small wheel on the ordinary machine.

During the trip passing tugs and ferry boats made considerable swell, and all the craft ventured near as possible to see what the strange object was, which made it all the worse for the rider. The water wheel is his own invention.

He made the trip in exactly thirty-five minutes. The wharves along the river banks on both sides were crowded with spectators, who cheered him.

Lovers of the Russian.

"Have you read any of the Russian novelists?" asked a society man of a fashionable young lady.

"Oh, yes. They are splendid," said she. "What do you think of them?"

"Think they are splendid."

"So life like."

"Splendid. True to nature."

"Splendid."

"Nothing overdrawn."

"Nothing. Splendid I think."

"She's one of the brightest women I ever saw—(addressing some one else and nodding toward the young lady to whom he had been talking). Knows all about Russian literature, dont you understand."

"Don't know when I have enjoyed a conversation so much," said she (turning to some one else). "He has got all the Russian novelists at his very tongue's end."

CAN'T GO BEHIND THEM.

There is great intensity of the physical condition sometimes, and there are facts which we cannot go behind. In illustration further of facts which settle the points of a prompt and permanent cure, the following cases are cited: In 1884 Mrs. Mary K. Sheed suffered terribly with chronic neuralgia. She writes from 1110 Maryland Avenue, Washington, D. C. In the first instance she states: "I suffered terribly with neuralgia in the face; very severe attack extending to back and shoulders; suffered intensely. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had parts well rubbed at night; in the morning all pain gone, magically." June 10, 1887, she writes from 224 Eleventh Street, S. W., as follows. "Four years ago I sent you a voluntary certificate setting forth the fact that I had been a great sufferer with neuralgia in my face, neck and shoulders. I obtained a bottle of St. Jacobs Oil, and after three applications I was entirely relieved from all pain, and from that time to the present I have never had a return. The effect was miraculous." Again, Feb. 6, 1887, Mr. R. G. Troll, St. Louis, Mo., writes: "In March, 1881 I suffered terribly with neuralgia; had suffered nearly three years. Applied St. Jacobs Oil at 8.15 A. M.; at 8.40 took the rag off; at 9 A. M. went to work. In less than five minutes after that the pain was gone. The one application cured me: Have not had return of it since." Mr. E. W. Spangler, York, Pa., June 17, 1887, writes: "Years ago had neuralgia; am not subject to it now. The cure by the use of St. Jacobs Oil was permanent. There has been no recurrence of the painful affliction." Chas. W. Law, Jr., Pottstown, Pa., April 19, 1887, writes: "Was troubled for years with neuralgia in neck and head. Tried St. Jacobs Oil; had tried different kinds of remedies without effect. One bottle of the former did the business. No return of pain and aches." In almost every instance the reports are the same.

The Extra Herald:

Boston [illegible] The same day brought two more stories from Essex county of old soldiers and their luck In brief, here they are:

George Reeb of Amesbury is a physical wreck. He served his country in the 33d Massachusetts during the late war. He was receiving $6 a month state aid, until recently he was granted a munificent pension of $2.06 a month, when his state aid was reduced to $1 50, and now a grateful state and proud nation are jointly paying him $3 56 per month, or something more than eleven cents a day.

Joseph Fuller of Newburyport is blind, having, as he has proved, overtaxed his eyes while on a United States vessel blockading Charleston in 1863 Last week he was granted a pension of $75 a month, which dates back so far that he receives in cash $13,085 as arrearages. This gives Mr. Fuller for the rest of his life considerably more every day than Mr. Reeb gets every month.

The moral of this is—well, they both have earned all they will get. If you want any moral, find it for yourself.

The Youth's Companion

has recently been incersased in size, making it by far the cheapest Illustrated Family Weekly published. That it is highly appreciated is shown by the fact that it has won its way into 400,000 families. The publishers issue a new Announcement and Calendar, showing increased attractions for the new year. If $1.75 is sent now, it will pay for THE COMPANION to January, 1889, and you will receive the admirable Double Thanksgiving and Christmas Numbers, and other weekly issues to January 1st, free.

—Trouble is imminent between the Welsh miners of Soddy, Tenn., and the negro population.

IS MAN A BAROMETER?

Why is it That Certain Winds Always Make Rheumatics Cringe With Pain?

Eighty-six per cent. of the signal service weather predictions are accurate!

The only indications our fathers had for foretelling weather were aching limbs, twinging joints and painful corns!

These, though crude, were usually correct. The body is unquestionably an excellent barometer, and physicians often prescribe a change of air, so that the system may find an agreeable atmospheric condition.

Weather changes indicate themselves by pains called rheumatism. Why bad weather should cause such pains is a mystery!

Does the pain really lie dormant in the blood, to be made active only when the wind blows from some unfavorable quarter?

Last week a prominent man left town on a business trip. Two days later he, who had always been apparently strong and well, was sent home a corpse—"Rheumatism of the heart!"

Rheumatism is like the Indian in ambush, sure to kill you if not killed by you. It is to patient and physician one of the most vexatious of diseases.

At first many thought it to be a trouble of the joints, but all outward applications left the cause unbenefited. Then, making like pains in the muscles, it was thought to be a muscular disease; but the same unsatisfactory results followed external treatment.

Now, however, it is universally acknowledged that rheumatism is "a fiery condition of the blood caused by the presence of uric acid in the system!"

Everybody dreads rheumatism.

It is very prevalent at this changing time of the year. It was formerly seldom known except among those who worked much out of doors. Now it invades the hut, the palace, the executive mansion, the senate chamber and the throne room; all sorts and conditions and races of men and women in attacks at all times and all fear it!

Mrs. Swift (wife of Dr. Lewis Swift, the famous comet finder of Rochester, N. Y.) was one of its recent victims; and how very common it is among the ladies!

She suffered great anguish and fear!

Why does this acid remain in the system?

The kidneys being diseased cannot remove the acid as in health, hence the system is poisoned by its presence, and rheumatic pains, stiff joints, tendons and muscles are the result. There is but one scientific treatment, to regulate the kidneys by Warner's safe cure, and to "put out the fire in the blood" by Warner's safe rheumatic cure. These world renowned remedies, taken by bottles in alternation, as they should be, neutralize the uric acid already in the blood, and prevent further accumulation.

Mrs. Dr. Swift used these remedies with great success, in alternation, and was completely restored to health.

We understand that the proprietors guarantee them with the strongest assurances, but this were scarcely necessary, for is not their praise in everybody's mouth?

We cannot prevent the ill wind blowing, but we can get the better of it by so fortifying the system that we can ignore it when it is doing the worst to "give us a pain."

—Cloth and fur, particularly short pile fur seal and beaver, are beautifully combined in dressy bonnets to wear with dressy tailor suits and wool costumes.

Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor:—

Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for the above named disease. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express or P. O. address.

Respectfully,
T. A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl St., New York.

—Mr. Maude Cassidy, the notorious procuress of Hurley, Wis., has fled and forfeited her $3,000 bail.

Three months' treatment for 5 c. Piso's Remedy for catarrh. Sold by druggists.

—J. Randolph Tucker's connection with the case of the Chicago anarchists is said to have hurt him a good deal in Virginia.

—The sealskin wraps, long, short, and medium length, take precedence of all other elegance and high fashionable favor.

ALWAYS
GET THE BEST!

From the Chicago Times, Saturday, October 29, 1887.

The proof of the pudding is not in chewing the string, but in the eating, and the proof of the superiority and popularity of the

Harden Hand Fire Grenades

is in the merits of the goods themselves as evidenced by the adoption of these Grenades by the following Railroads since September 1—not quite two months. This list includes only a comparatively small number of the Railroad Companies which had previously adopted the Harden for their depots, offices, and passenger cars. Included in this list is the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific, who on yesterday made the largest single order ever given for Hand Grinades, to equip passenger cars with four thousand Harden Hand Grenades:

Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific Railroad.
Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad.
Wisconsin Central Railroad.
Minnesota & Northwestern Railroad.
Chicago, Burlington & Northern Railroad.
Burlington, Cedar Rapids & Northern Railroad.
Northern Pacific Railroad.
Vicksburg, Shreveport & Pacific Railroad.
New Orleans & North Eastern Railroad.
Alabama & Great Southern Railroad.
Terre Haute & Peoria Railroad.
The Wabash Railway.
St. Louis, Arkansas & Texas Railroad.
Philadelphia & Reading Railroad.
Brinkley & Batesville Railroad.
Minneapolis, Sault Ste. Marie & Atlantic Railroad.
Cincinnati, New Orleans & Texas Pacific Railroad.

In all the above cases competitive tests were invited, and the Harden "Star" was chosen as the best. We challenge the world to equal our Appliances in points of actual merit. For circulars, prices, etc., address,

THE HARDEN HAND GRENADE CO.,
51 and 53 Dearborn St.,
CHICAGO, - - ILLINOIS.

—The butterfly in gauze and tinsel is a favorite decoration on tulle and gauzy evening dresses for young girls that dance.

—They raise vegetable tallow in Australia. There's the place to laugh and grow fat.

The Beauty of Woman

is her crown of glory. But alas! how quickly does the nervous debility and chronic weakness of the sex cause the bloom of youth to pass away, sharpen the lovely features, and emaciate the rounded form! There is but one remedy which will restore the faded roses and bring back the grace of youth. It is Dr. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," a sovereign remedy for the diseases peculiar to females. It is one of the greatest boons ever conferred upon the human race, for it preserves that which is fairest and dearest to all mankind—the beauty and the health of woman.

—There are some lovely little short wraps of shot velvet that are used for dressy visiting and afternoon reception wear.

To Consumptives.

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