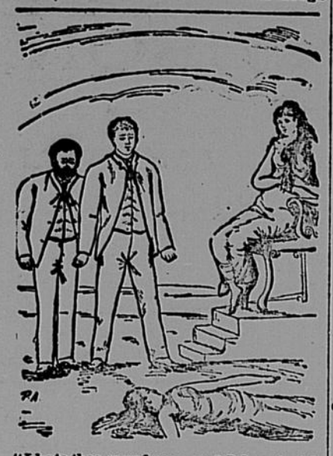
SHE

A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

Ayesha said nothing; she made no sound, she only drew herself up, stretched out her arm, and, her tall, veiled frame quivering like an aspen leaf, appeared to look fixedly at her victim. Even as she did so, Ustane put her hands to her head, uttered one piercing scream, turned round twice, and then fell backward with a thud prone upon the floor. Both Leo and myself rushed to her—she was stone-dead—blasted into death by some mysterious electric agency or overwhelming will-force whereof the dread *She* had command.

For a moment Leo did not quite realize what had happened. But when he did, his face was awful to see. With a savage oath he rose from beside the corpse, and turning, literally sprung at Ayesha. But she had been watching, and seeing him coming, stretched out her hand, and he came staggering back toward me, and would have fallen had I not caught him. Afterward he told me that he felt as though



"I hate thee, murderess, and I do not wish to see thee."

he had suddenly received a violent blow in the chest, and, what is more, cowed as though all the manhood had been taken out of him.

Then Ayesha spoke. "Forgive me, my guest," she said, softly, addressing him, "if I have shocked thee with my justice."

"Forgive thee, thou fiend," roared poor Leo, wringing his hands in his rage and grief—"Forgive thee, thou murderess! By Heaven, I will kill thee if I can!"

"Nay, nay," she answered, in the same soft voice, "thou dost not understand—the time has come for thee to learn. Thou art my love, my Kallikrates—my beautiful, my strong! For two thousand years, Kallikrates, have I waited for thee, and now at length thou hast come back to me; and as for this woman," pointing to the corpse, "she stood between me and thee, and therefore I have removed her, Kallikrates."

"It is an accursed lie!" screamed Leo. "My name is not Kallikrates! I am Leo Vincey; my ancestor was Kallikrates—at least I believe he was."

"Ah, thou sayest it; thine ancestor was Kallikrates, and thou, even thou, art Kallikrates come back—and mine own dear lord!"

"I am not Kallikrates, and as for being thy lord, or having anything to do with thee, I had rather be the lord of a fiend from hell, for she would be better than thou."

"Sayest thou so—sayest thou so, Kallikrates? Nay, but thou hast not seen me for so many years that no memory remains. Yet am I very fair, Kallikrates!"

"I hate thee, murderess, and I do not wish to see thee. What care I to me how fair thou art? I hate thee, I say."

"Yet within a very little space shalt thou creep to my knee, and swear that thou dost love me," answered Ayesha, with a sweet, mocking laugh. "Come, there is no time like the present time; here, before this dead girl who loved thee, let us put it to the proof.

"Look now on me, Kallikrates!" and with a sudden motion she shook her gauzy covering from her, and stood forth in her low kirtle and her snaky zone, in her glorious, radiant beauty and her imperial grace, rising from her wrappings, as it were, like Venus from the wave, or Galatea from her marble, or a beautiful spirit from the tomb. She stood forth, and fixed her deep and glowing eyes upon his own, and I saw his clinched fists unclasp, and his set and quivering features relax beneath her gaze. I saw his wonder and astonishment grow into admiration, and then into fascination; and the more he struggled the more I saw the power of her dread beauty fasten on him and take possession of his senses, drugging them, and drawing the heart out of him. Did I not know the process? Had not I, who was twice his age, gone through it myself? Was I not going through it afresh even then, though her sweet and passionate gaze was not for me? Yes, alas, I was. Alas, that I should have to confess that at that very moment I was rent by mad and furious jealousy. I could have flown at his throat, shame upon me! That woman had confounded and almost destroyed my moral sense, as she was bound to confound all who looked upon her superhuman loveliness. But, somehow, I do not know how, I got the better of myself, and once more turned to see the climax of the tragedy.

"Oh!" gasped Leo; "art thou a woman?"

"A woman in truth—in very truth—and thine own spouse, Kallikrates!" she answered, stretching out her rounded ivory arms toward him, and smiling, ah, so sweetly.

He looked and looked, and slowly I perceived that he was drawing nearer to her. Suddenly his eye fell upon the corpse of poor Ustane, and he shuddered and stopped.

"How can I?" he said, hoarsely. "Thou art a murderess. She loved me."

Observe, he was already forgetting that he had loved her.

"It is naught," she murmured, and her voice sounded sweet as the night wind passing through the trees. "It is naught at all. If I have sinned, let my beauty answer for my sin. If I have sinned, it is for the love of thee; let my sin, therefore, be put away and forgotten;" and once more she stretched out her arms and whispered, "Come," and then in another few seconds it was over. I saw him struggle—I saw him even turn to fly; but her eyes drew him stronger than iron bonds, and the magic of her beauty and concentrated will and passion entered into him and overpowered him—ay, even there—in the presence of the body of the woman who had loved him well enough to die for him. It sounds horrible and wicked enough, but he cannot be blamed too much, and be sure his sin will find him out. The temptress who drew him into evil was more than human, and her beauty was greater than the loveliness of the daughters of men.

I looked up again, and now her perfect form lay in his arms, and her lips were pressed against his own; and thus, with the corpse of his dead love for an altar, did Leo Vincey plight his troth to her red-handed murderess—plighted it forever and a day. For those who sell themselves into a like dominion, paying down the price of their own honor, and throwing their soul into the balance to sink the scale to the level of their lusts, can hope for no deliverance here or hereafter. As they have sown, so shall they reap, and reap even when the poppy flowers of passion have withered in their hands, and their harvest is but bitter tares, garnered in satiety.

Suddenly, with a snake-like motion, she seemed to slip from his embrace, and then again broke out into her low laugh of mockery.

"Did I not tell thee that within a little space thou wouldst creep to my knee, oh, Kallikrates! And surely the space has not been a great one?"

Leo groaned in shame and misery; for though he was overcome and stricken down, he was not so lost as to be unaware of the depth of the degradation to which he had sunk. On the contrary, his better nature rose up in arms against his fallen self, as I saw clearly enough later on.

Ayesha laughed again, and then quickly veiled herself, and made a sign to the girl mute who had been watching the whole scene with curious, startled eyes. The girl left and presently returned, followed by two male mutes, to whom the queen made another sign. Thereon they all three seized the body of poor Ustane by the arms, and dragged it heavily down the cavern and away through the curtains at the end. Leo watched it for a little while, and then covered his eyes with his hands, and it, too, to our excited fancy, seemed to watch us as it went.

"There passes the dead past," said Ayeshe, solemnly, as the curtains shook and fell back into their places, when the ghastly procession had vanished behind them; and then, with one of those extraordinary transitions of which I have already spoken, she again threw off her veil, and broke out into a kind of paean of triumph or epithalamium, which, wild and beautiful as it was, is exceedingly difficult to render into English. It was divided into two parts—one descriptive or definatory, and the other personal—and, as nearly as I can remember, ran as follows:

Love is like a flower in the desert.
It is like the aloe of Arabia that blooms but once and dies; it blooms in the salt emptiness of life, and the brightness of its beauty is set upon the waste as a star is set upon a storm.
It hath the sun above that is the spirit, and about it blows the air of its own divinity.
At the echoing of a step, Love blooms, I say; I say Love blooms, and bends her beauty down to him who passeth by.
He plucketh it, yes, he plucketh the red cup that is full of honey, and taketh it away—away across the desert—away till the flower be withered—away till the desert be done.
There is only one perfect flower in the wilderness of life.
That flower is Love!
There is only one fixed star in the midst of our wandering.
That star is love!
There is only one hope in our despairing night.
That hope is Love.
All else is false. All else is shadow moving upon water. All else is wind and vanity.
Who shall say what is the weight or the measure of Love?
It is born of the flesh, it dwelleth in the spirit. From each does it draw its comfort.
For beauty it is as a star.
Many are its shapes, but all are beautiful, and none know where the star rose, or the horizon where it shall set.

Then turning to Leo, and laying her hand upon his shoulder, she went on in a fuller and more triumphant tone, and in balanced sentences that gradually swelled from idealized prose into pure and majestic verse:

Long have I loved thee, oh, my love; yet has my love not lessened.
Long have I waited for thee, and behold my reward is at hand—is here!
Far away I saw thee once, and thou wast taken from me.
Then in a grave sowed I the seed of patience, and shone upon it with the sun of hope, and watered it with tears of repentance, and breathed on it with the breath of my knowledge. And now, lo! it has sprung up and borne fruit. Lo! out of the grave hath it sprung. Yes, from among the dry bones and ashes of the dead.
I have waited, and my reward is with me.
I have overcome Death, and Death hath brought back to me him that was dead.
Therefore do I rejoice, for fair is the future.
Green are the paths that we shall tread across the everlasting meadows.
The hour is at hand. Night hath fled away into the valleys.
The dawn kisseth the mountain tops.
Soft shall we lie, my love, and easy shall we go.
Crowned shall we be with the diadem of kings.
Worshiping and wonder struck all peoples of the earth.
Bended shall they fall before our beauty and our might.
From time unto times shall our greatness be thrust on.
Rolling like a chariot through the dust of endless days.
Laughing shall we speed in our victory and pomp.
Laughing like the Daylight as he leaps along the hills.
Onward, still triumphant, to a triumph ever new.
Onward, in our power, to a power unattained!
Onward, never weary, clad with splendor for a robe!
Till accomplished be our fate, and the night is rushing down.

She paused in her strange and most thrilling allegorical chant, of which I am, unfortunately, only able to give the burden, and that feebly enough, and then said:

"Perchance thou dost not believe my word, Kallikrates—perchance thou thinkest that I do delude thee, and that I have not lived these many years, and that thou hast not been born again to me. Now will I show thee, and thee also, my Holly, who dost stand staring there as though of a truth thou hadst taken root in this unkindly soil. Bear each one of you a lamp, and follow after me whither I shall lead ye."

Without pausing to think—indeed, speaking for myself, I had almost abandoned the function in circumstances under which to think seemed absolutely useless, since thought fell hourly helpless against a black wall of wonder—we took the lamps and followed her. Going to the end of her "boudoir," she raised a curtain, and revealed a little stair of the sort that was so common in these dim caves of Kor. As we hurried down the stair I observed that the steps were worn in the center to such an extent that some of them had been reduced from seven and a half inches, at which I guessed their original height, to be about three and a half. Now, as all the other steps that I had seen in the caves had been practically unworn, as was to be expected, seeing that the only traffic that ever passed upon them was that of those who bore a fresh burden to the tomb, this fact struck my notice with that curious pertinacity with which little things do strike us when our minds are absolutely overwhelmed with a rush of powerful sensations, beaten flat, as it were, like a sea beneath a hurricane, so that every little object on the surface stands up like a mountain. At the bottom of the staircase I stood and stared at the worn steps, and *She*, turning, saw me.

"Wonderest thou whose are the feet that have worn away the rock, my Holly?" she asked. "Behold! they are mine—even mine own light feet! I can remember when the stairs were fresh and level, but for two thousand years have I gone down hither day by day, and see, my sandals have worn out the solid rock."

I made no answer, but I do not think that anything that I had heard or seen brought home to my limited understanding so clear a sense of this being's overwhelming antiquity as that hard rock hollowed out by her soft, white feet. How many millions of times must she have passed up and down that stair to bring about such a result?

The stair led to a tunnel, and a few paces down the tunnel was one of the usual curtain-hung doorways, a glance at which told me that it was the same where I had been a witness of that terrible scene by the leaping flame. I recognized the pattern of the curtain, and the sight of it brought the whole event vividly before my eyes, and made me tremble even at its memory. Ayesha entered the tomb (for it was a tomb), and we followed her—I, for one, rejoicing that the mystery of the place was about to be cleared up, and yet afraid to face its solution.

CHAPTER XXI.—THE DEAD AND LIVING MEET.

"BEHOLD the place where I have slept for these two thousand years," said Ayesha, taking the lamp from Leo's hand and holding it above her head. Its rays fell upon a little hollow in the floor, where I had seen the leaping flame, but the fire was out now. They fell upon the white form stretched there beneath its wrappings upon its bed of stone, upon the fretted carving of the tomb, and upon another shelf of stone opposite the one on which the body lay, and separated from it by the breadth of the cave.

"Here," went on Ayesha, laying her hand upon the rock—"here have I slept night by night for all these generations, with but a cloak to cover me. It did not become me that I should lie soft, when my spouse yonder," and she pointed to the rigid form, "lay stiff in death. Here night by night have I slept in his cold company, till, thou seest, this thick slab, like the stairs down which we passed, has worn thin with the tossing of my form—so faithful have I been to thee even in thy space of sleep, Kallikrates. And now, my love, thou shalt see a wonderful thing—living, thou shalt behold thyself dead—for well have I tended thee during all these years, Kallikrates. Art thou prepared?"

We made no answer, but gazed at each other with frightened eyes, the whole scene was so dreadful and so solemn. Ayesha advanced, and laid her hand upon the corner of the shroud, and once more spoke.

"Be not affrighted," she said. "Though the thing seem wonderful to thee—all we who live have thus lived before; nor is the very shape that holds us a stranger to the sun. Only we know it not, because memory writes no record, and earth hath gathered in the earth she lent us, for none have saved our glory from the grave. But I, by my arts and by the arts of those dead men of Kor which I have learned, have held thee back, oh, Kallikrates, from the dust, that the waxy stamp of beauty on thy face should ever rest before mine eye. 'Twas a mask that memory might fill, serving to fashion out thy presence from the past, and give it strength to wander in the habitations of my thought, clad in a mummery of life that stayed my appetite with visions of dead days.

"Behold now, let the dead and living meet! Across the gulf of Time they still are one. Time hath no power against Identity, though sleep in mercy hath blotted out the tablets of our mind, and with oblivion sealed the sorrows up that else would hound us on from life to life, stuffing the brain with gathered misery till it burst in the madness of uttermost despair. Still are they one, for the wrappings of our sleep shall roll away as thunder-clouds before the wind; the frozen voices of the past shall melt in music like mountain snows beneath the sun; and the weeping and the laughter of the lost hours shall be heard once more sweetly echoing up the cliffs of immeasurable time.

"Ay, the sleep shall roll away, and the voice shall be heard, when down the completed chain, whereof our each existence is a link, the lightning of the Spirit hath passed to work out the purpose of our being; quickening and fusing those separated days of life, and shaping them to a staff whereon we may safely lean as we wend to our appointed fate.

"Therefore have no fear, Kallikrates, when thou—living, and but lately born—shalt look upon thine own departed self,

With a sudden motion she drew the shroud from the cold form.

who breathed and died so long ago. I do but turn one page in thy Book of Being, and show thee what is writ thereon.

"Behold!"

With a sudden motion she drew the shroud from the cold form, and let the lamplight play upon it. I looked, and then shrank back terrified, since, say what she might in explanation, the sight was an uncanny one—for her explanations were beyond the grasp of our finite minds, and when they were separated from the mists of vague esoteric philosophy, and brought into conflict with the cold and horrifying fact, did not do much to break its force. For there, stretched upon the stone bier before us, robed in white and perfectly

(To be coinued.)nt

Job Had Some Show.

New York Graphic: The minister was dining with the family, and he said to Bobby, with an amused smile:

"I am afraid, Bobby, that you have not the patience of Job."

"No, sir," responded Bobby, who was hungry, "but Job wasn't always helped last."

No Taste for Turkey.

New York Sun: Brown—I saw you going home very late last night with a turkey under your arm, Robinson.

Robinson—Yes, I was down to Rumaneum's with the boys until 2 o'clock raffling. I won it.

Brown—Was it a nice turkey?

Robinson—I don't know; I was too sick to-day to eat any of it.

Honeyed Criticism.

Burdette: Miss Gertie—Professor, do you think that reading Ouida's novels weakens the mind?

Prof. Snarl (kindly)—No, dear; because nobody with any mind ever reads them.

The Flowery Way.

Philadelphia News: "Jenny," said a little girl's mother, "why don't you be good?"

"Yes, mamma, but it is hard to be good, and I can be bad without trying."

—After the dinner given to Mr. Rosswell Smith, Mr. Frank R. Stockton remarked carelessly: "We were seven hours at the table." Now, three meals a day at that rate would be all that any man ought to expect.

—And this is fame! Messenger boy (in New York Sun office)—Say, does C. A. Dana work here?

FARM NOTES.

Begin now to get your winter quarters for poultry neat, clean and comfortable, if you want to do a paying business.

Queens over 2 years of age are apt to become barren, and should be superseded with those of greater vigor and more fecundity.

If you have not heretofore cut your hay and fodder, by all means buy a cutting-box. The saving in feeding out fodder will surprise you.

A Colorado man says that he has made more money by furnishing lambs to butchers than by anything he has ever tried before in Colorado.

When vegetables are stored in cellars they must be kept from fermenting, as they surely will ferment when piled in large bulk. This may be accomplished by piling on shelves so as to allow some circulation of air among them, or by packing in barrels.

Do not let your chickens go into winter quarters with scaly legs. Treat them to a couple of applications of sulphur and lard, and coal oil the roosts frequently. Scaly legs are not only unsightly, but fowls cannot do the work they ought to thus encumbered.

Roots should not be fed with straw or poor hay, as they are too much alike in composition. Feed the roots with clover or good hay, and give the more concentrated food with the straw. It requires more skill to be successful in feeding poor than rich kinds of food.

Given in winter, cooked food—fed slightly warm, as it is pretty sure to be—is eaten more rapidly and does more good than that uncooked. Cows increase their yield of milk on it, and all animals thrive better than previously.

It is said that 1000 sheep kept on a piece of ground one year will make the soil capable of yielding grain enough—over and above the capacity of the soil without the sheep manure—to support 1035 sheep an entire year.

It has been estimated that cattle disease in the past forty-five years has cost Great Britain $500,000,000. Commissioner Colman recommends a cattle quarantine against all Europe, which has been the hot-bed of diseases which afterward afflicted this country.

It is a fact that dogs seldom attack sheep kept with cattle, unless in the case of some old rogue, and then only when the sheep are found at a considerable distance, for the instinct of the cattle is to attack animals found chasing or worrying other stock near them.

Prevention in all cases of disease, whether man, beast or fowls, if successful, removes the necessity of a cure, and it therefore becomes more important and worthy of greater consideration. Prevention is not so expensive, and involves less labor, vexation and anxiety.

Geese do not receive as much attention as they should on farms especially adapted to the rearing of water fowl. Besides yielding a regular income in the way of feathers, they are one of the most profitable fowls for the market. Much easier reared than turkeys, they sell as readily in most seasons at as good profits.

Prof. Storer says a ration of thirty pounds of pumpkin per cow daily will increase the flow and improve the quality of milk. More than this quantity should not be given. Pumpkins are very cheap food, as a couple of tons can be grown to the acre with the corn crop. The seeds of the pumpkin ought to be removed before feeding.

A pig that, while eating, takes its head out of the trough and acts as if the slop had run the wrong way has the sniffles. He should be removed from the herd and cared for, as the disease is contagious. Put pine tar in the slops and smear both the nose and face with it. Feed sulphur and turpentine. A free use of carbolic acid both externally and internally, should also be made.

It is safe to assert that not half of the farmers of the country have an asparagus bed in the home garden, and it is equally safe to say that no piece of ground on the farm will pay as well if properly cared for as a good bed of this delicious vegetable. It is but little trouble to care for, and it furnishes a supply of delicious green food at a time of year when such food is most desirable.

A western dairyman has hit upon a very simple plan for warming water for his stock to drink in winter, says the Michigan Farmer. He put an iron plate, say eighteen inches square, on the bottom of his water tank, cutting away the wood, of course, where the iron was. Under this plate he used an oil stove. He says 10 cents worth of oil a day would warm the water for sixty cows up to 70° or more.

Mistook His Meaning.

Butcher (to Bridget)—This bill has been running for a long time, and you can say to Mrs. Henderson that while I don't want to squeeze her for the money, I shall have to, if it is not paid very soon."

Bridget (with virtuous wrath)—Faith, an' it's net the loikes av yez thot would squaze ony femole mimber av this boordin' house.—Epoch

Young But Loud.

Pittsburg Chronicle: Friend (to happy father)—Hello, Jones, let me congratulate here. I hear you have a new boy at your house.

Happy Father—By George! can you hear him all this distance?

Days Long Forgotten.

New York Sun: Col. Blood (to Mrs. Blood)—How a peculiar flavor or tune will sometimes recall memories of what has happened in days long forgotten. I tasted something this morning that carried me back to my boyhood, and I was once again a lad playing on the blue grass lawn before my father's door.

"GO CALMLY, YOU CAN'T WIN BY FORCING."

Mrs. Margaret Clark's Advice—She Won $15,000.

"Since you will buckle fortune on my back,
To bear her burden whe'r I will or no,
I must have patience to endure the load."

These meaning lines of Shakespeare came vividly to the mind of the reporter of the Picayune, who called Thursday noon at [redacted]ice of The Louisiana State L[redacted]ny and was introduced [redacted]reen, wife of Thomas C[redacted]

The lady w[redacted] Ireland, county Fermanag[redacted]ed by her husband. Th[redacted] possession one-tenth of [redacted] 71,411, which at the last d[redacted] the lottery became entitled to th[redacted]tal prize of $150,000.

It was in 1859 that the couple were married. They have lived happily together and have a family of six children, all of whom are full grown. Clark, who has been a boss slater by trade for thirty-one years, pursued the duties of his calling and Mrs. Clark attended to the affairs of the household. Both parents have been heavy players in the lottery.

The husband, on the other hand, has also been an ardent player and has only been successful once, drawing a prize of $250. Mrs. Clark's advice to her husband has always been: "Go calmly; you can't win by forcing"

Speaking of the monthly drawings, Mrs. Clark stated that the ticket with which she had just drawn the capital prize was the tenth of the kind that she had ever purchased.

When the good woman was handed a check for $15,000 on the New Orleans National bank she calmly took it, proceeded to the bank and deposited it for her account.

Mr. and Mrs. Clark, who have hitherto been in ordinary circumstances, say they will continue working but not trouble themselves to any extent. They are, however, proud of their success, but do not believe in the saying: "Every man is the maker of his own fortune, and must be, in some measure, the trumpet of his fame."—New Orleans (La.) Picayune, Nov. 12, 1887.

Political Division of the House.

Washington Letter to Philadelphia Ledger: The clerk of the house has issued an official list of members elect by which it appears that the strength of the parties will be: Democrats, 168; Republicans, 153; Independents, 4. The four men classified as Independents are A. R. Anderson, Iowa; John Nicholls, North Carolina; Samuel I. Hopkins, Virginia, and Henry Smith, Wisconsin. The annexed table shows the number of Democrats and Republicans, respectively from the several states:

	DEM	REP.		DEM	REP.
Alabama	8	..	Mississippi	7	..
Arkansas	5	..	Missouri	13	2
California	2	4	Nebraska	1	2
Colorado	..	1	Nevada	..	1
Connecticut	3	1	N Hampshire	1	1
Delaware	1	..	New Jersey	2	5
Florida	2	..	New York	15	19
Georgia	10	..	N Carolina	7	1
Illinois	6	14	Ohio	6	15
Indiana	6	7	Oregon	..	1
Iowa	2	8	Pennsylvania	8	21
Kansas	..	7	Rhode Island	..	2
Kentucky	8	3	S. Carolina	7	..
Louisiana	6	..	Tennessee	8	2
Maine	..	4	Texas	11	..
Maryland	5	1	Vermont	..	2
Massachusetts	4	8	Virginia	8	6
Michigan	5	6	W. Virginia	3	1
Minnesota	3	2	Wisconsin	1	7
Total				168	153

It will be noticed that in twenty states the Republicans are in the majority, and that in the event of the next presidential election would cast the vote of that number of states for their candidate for president. One state (New Hampshire) equally divided. The vote of the four members classified as independents, cast with either party, would make no difference in the status of the two great parties in this particular.

No Time Like the Present.

Burdette: Mr. Borely Bore (pausing at the door)—Ah, beg pardon, you have your hat and cane I see. I will call again.

Busy Editor (eagerly)—No, indeed, my dear fellow, don't think of it. Do come in and sit down—I'm just going out.

An Object Lesson.

Babyhood: On the way he inquired: "Mamma, does God make skunks?"

"Why, yes, Eddie, I suppose he does," was the hesitating answer.

Eddie, after a moment's thought: "Well, if he got a good sniff of one once I'll bet he'd never make another."

Some one has declared conceit worse than consumption, and the comparison is a true one. Many are the "conceited" who cry down legitimate remedies, and who delude suffering humanity, whose only salvation is the immediate use of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup.

"He jests at scars, who never felt a wound," and a man may stand with his hands in his pockets and laugh at a poor, worn rheumatic, but if he is a gentleman, he'll step into the nearest drug shop and buy him a bottle of Salvation Oil for 25 cents.

—It is curious that the man who is always complaining of the smallness of his earnings is just the one to demand more leisure time to spend them in.

A Triple Alliance.

Unhappily for the wretched victim of their assaults, dyspepsia, constipation and billiousness are faithful allies. When one of these foes attack the system, the other two speedily follow in its wake, and successively make their onslaught. Successively, but not successfully, if Hostetter's Stomach Bitters be used to repel the onset. The Bitters as easily extirpates these monsters as St. George is depicted in the act of doing to the dragon in the steel vignette upon the glass bottles which contain the medicine. Their flight, like their advance, is nearly simultaneous. Their mutuality destroyed, they precipitately retreat leaving health master of the position and strongly entrenched by the Bitters. This grand fortifier is also a reliable bulwark against the insidious assaults of malarial disease, and stops the approach of rheumatism. It, moreover, relieves nervous complaints, and imparts vigor to the weak.

—He—Now that we are married we are one and I shall insist that this be the last time you appear in a low neck dress.

She—We may be one, but you are only half of us and shall dress my half as I please.

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

—The Chinese Minister at Washington has been completely fascinated by the play "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and last week spent a number of evenings watching it. Careful investigation has failed to discover whether he was taken with Dr. Jekyll or with Mr. Hyde.

The great success of many agents employed by B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, is a pretty good evidence of the excellence and popularity of the books they offer to sell through their agents. This is a reliable house, and any contract made with them you can depend on will be faithfully carried out.

—The sailors on the royal yacht Victoria and Albert have been detected in smuggling. The customs officers discovered a large amount of plug tobacco and cigars concealed in various parts of the vessel.

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 and P. O. address.

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

—"It takes longer for a man to find out man than any other creature that is made," says a philosopher. Not so, my half-baked friend, it takes longer for a man to find out a woman.

The Leading Features

of the Youth's Companion announcement for 1888, just published are its six illustrated serial stories, by Trobridge, Stevens and others, its two hundred short stories, and tales of adventure, its articles by eminent writers, including the Right Hon. Wm. H. Gladstone, Professor Tyndall, Gen. Lord Wolseley, Louisa M. Alcott, Gen. George Crook, and one hundred other popular authors. The Companion has two million readers a week. Every family should take it. By sending your subscription now, with $1.75, you will receive it free to January 1, 1888, and a full year's subscription from that date.

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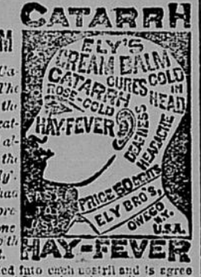

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