SHE

A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

preserved, was what appeared to be the body of Leo Vincey. I stared from Leo, standing there alive, to Leo lying there dead, and could see no difference, except, perhaps, that the body on the bier looked older. Feature for feature, they were the same, even down to the crop of little, golden curls, which was Leo's most uncommon beauty. It even seemed to me, as I looked, that the expression on the dead man's face resembled that which I had sometimes seen upon Leo's when he was plunged into profound sleep. I can only sum up the closeness of the resemblance by saying that I never saw twins so exactly similar as that dead and living pair.

I turned to see what effect was produced upon Leo by this sight of his dead self, and found it to be one of partial stupefaction. He stood for two or three minutes staring and said nothing, and when at last he spoke it was only to ejaculate:

"Cover it up and take me away."

"Nay, wait," said Ayesha, who, standing with the lamp raised above her head, flooding with its light her own rich beauty and the cold wonder of the death-clothed form upon the bier, looked more like an inspired sibyl than a woman as she rolled out her majestic sentences with a grandeur and a freedom of utterance to which I am, alas, quite unable to do justice.

"Wait; I would show thee something, that no tittle of my crime may be hidden from thee. Do thou, oh, Holly, open the garment on the breast of the dead Kallikrates, for perchance my lord may fear to touch himself."

I obeyed with trembling hands. It seemed a desecration and an unhallowed thing to touch that sleeping image of the live man by my side. Presently his broad chest was bare, and there upon it, right over the heart, was a wound, evidently inflicted with a spear.

"Thou seest, Kallikrates," she said. "Behold, it was I who slew thee. In the place of life I gave thee death. I slew thee because of the Egyptian Amenartas, whom thou didst love; for by her arts she held thy heart, and her I could not slay as but now I slew the woman, for she was too strong for me. In my haste and bitter anger I slew thee, and now for all these days have I lamented thee, and waited for thy coming. And thou hast come, and none can stand between thee and me, and of a truth now for death I will give thee life—not life eternal, for that none can give, but life and youth that shall endure for thousands upon thousands of years, and with it pomp and power and wealth, and all things that are good and beautiful, such as have been to no man before thee nor shall be to any man who comes after. And now one thing more and thou shalt rest and make ready for the day of thy new birth. Thou seest this body which was thine own. For all these centuries it hath been my comfort and my companion, but now I need it no more, for I have thy living presence, and it can but serve to stir up memories of that which I had fain forgot. Let it, therefore, go back to the dust from which I kept it.

"Behold! I have prepared against this happy hour!" and going to the other shelf, or stone ledge, which, she said, had served her for a bed, she took from it a large vitrified double-handled vase, the mouth of which was tied up with a bladder. This she loosed, and then, having bent down and gently kissed the white forehead of the dead man, she undid the vase, and sprinkled the contents carefully over the form, taking, I observed, the greatest precautions against any drop of them touching us or herself, and then poured out what remained of the liquid upon the chest and head. Instantly a dense vapor arose, and the cave was filled with choking fumes that prevented us from seeing anything while the deadly acid (for I presume it was some tremendous preparation of that sort) did its work. From the spot where the body lay came a fierce fizzing and cracking sound, which, ceased however, before the fumes had cleared away. At last they were all gone, except a little cloud which still hung over the corpse. In a couple of minutes more this, too, had vanished, and, wonderful as it may seem, it is a fact that on the stone bench that had supported the mortal remains of the ancient Kallikrates for so many centuries there was now nothing to be seen but a few handfuls of smoking white powder. The acid had utterly destroyed the body, and even in places eaten into the stone. Ayesha stooped down, and taking a handful of this powder in her grasp, threw it into the air, saying at the same time, in a voice of calm solemnity:

"Dust to dust—the past to the past—the dead to the dead! Kallikrates is dead, and is born again!"

The ashes floated noiselessly to the rocky floor, and we stood in awed silence and watched them fall, too overcome for words.

"Now leave me," she said, "and sleep if ye may. I must watch and think, for to-morrow night we go hence, and the time is long since I trod the path that we must follow."

Accordingly we bowed and left her.

As we passed to our own apartment, I peeped into Job's sleeping-place to see how he fared, for he had gone away just before our interview with the murdered Ustane, quite prostrated by the terrors of the Amshagger festivity. He was sleeping soundly, good honest fellow that he was, and I rejoiced to think that his nerves, which, like those of most uneducated people, were far from strong, had been spared the closing scenes of that dreadful day. Then we entered our own chamber, and here at last poor Leo, who, ever since he had looked upon that frozen image of his living self had been in a state not far removed from stupefaction, burst out into a torrent of grief. Now that he was no longer in the presence of the dreaded *She*, his sense of the awfulness of all that had happened, and more especially of the wicked murder of Ustane, who was bound to him by ties so close, broke upon him like a storm, and lashed him into an agony of remorse and terror which was painful to witness. He cursed himself—he cursed the hour when we had first seen the writing on the sherd, which was being so mysteriously verified, and bitterly he cursed his own weakness. Ayesha he dared not curse; who dared speak ill of such a woman, whose consciousness for aught we knew was watching us at this very moment?

For two hours or more Leo and I sat with shaken nerves and frightened eyes, and talked over the almost miraculous events through which we were passing. It seemed like a dream or a fairy tale, instead of the solemn, sober fact. Who would have believed that the writing on the potsherd was not only true, but that we should live to verify its truth, and that we two seekers should find her who was sought, patiently awaiting our coming in the tombs of Kor? Who would have thought that in the person of Leo this mysterious woman should, as she believed, discover the being whom she awaited from century to century, and whose former earthly habitation she had till this very night preserved? But so it was. In the face of all we had seen it was difficult for us as ordinary reasoning men to any longer doubt its truth, and therefore at last, with humble hearts and a deep sense of the impotence of human knowledge, and the insolence of its assumption that denies that which it has no experience of to be possible, we laid ourselves down to sleep, leaving our fates in the hands of that watching Providence which had thus chosen to allow us to draw the veil of human ignorance, and reveal to us for good or evil some glimpse of the possibilities of life.

CHAPTER XXII.—JOB HAS A PRESENTIMENT.

IT was nine o'clock on the following morning when Job, who still looked scared and frightened, came in to call me, and at the same time breathe his gratitude at finding us alive in our beds, which it appeared was more than he had expected. When I told him of the awful end of poor Ustane he was even more grateful at our survival, and much shocked, though Ustane had been no favorite of his—or he of hers, for the matter of that. She called him "pig," in bastard Arabic, and he called her "hussy" in good English, but these amenities were forgotten in the face of the catastrophe that had overwhelmed her at the hands of her queen.

"I don't want to say anything that mayn't be agreeable, sir," said Job, when he had finished exclaiming at my tale, "but it's my opinion that that there *She* is the old gentleman himself, or perhaps his wife, if he has got one, which I suppose he has, for he couldn't be so wicked all by himself. The Witch of Endor was a fool to her, sir; bless you, she would make no more of raising every gentleman in the Bible out of these here beastly tombs than I should of growing cress on an old flannel. It's a country of devils, this is, sir, and she's the master one of the lot; and if ever we get out of it, it will be more than I expect to do. I don't see no way out of it. That witch isn't likely to let a fine young man like Mr. Leo go."

"Come," I said; "at any rate, she saved his life."

"Yes, and she'll take his soul to pay for it. She'll make him a witch, like herself. I say it's wicked to have anything to do with those sort of people. Last night, sir, I laid awake and read in my little Bible, that my poor old mother gave me, about what is going to happen to sorceresses and them sort till my hair stood on end. Lord, how the old lady would stare if she saw where her Job had got to!"

"Yes, it's a queer country, and a queer people, too, Job," I answered, with a sigh, for though I am not superstitious like Job, I admit to a natural shrinking (which will not bear investigation) from the things that are above nature.

"You are right, sir," he answered, "and if you won't think me very foolish, I should like to say something to you, now that Mr. Leo is out of the way" (Leo had got up early and gone for a stroll), "and that is that I know it is the last country as ever I shall see in this world. I had a dream last night, and I dreamed that I saw my old father, with a kind of nightshirt on him, something like these folks wear when they want to be in particular full dress, and a bit of that feathery grass in his hand, which he may have gathered on the way, for I saw lots of it yesterday about three hundred yards from the mouth of this beastly cave.

"'Job,' he said to me, solemn like, and yet with a kind of satisfaction shining through him, more like a Methody parson when he has sold a neighbor a marked horse for a sound one and cleared twenty pounds by the job than anything I can think on—'Job, time's up, Job; but I never did expect to have to come and hunt you out in this 'ere place, Job. Such ado as I have had to nose you up; it wasn't friendly to give your poor old father such a run, let alone that a wonderful lot of bad characters hail from this place, Kor.'"

"Regular cautions," I suggested.

"Yes, sir—of course, sir, that's just what he said they was—'cautions, downright scorchers,' sir, and I'm sure I don't doubt it, seeing what I know of them and their hot-potting ways," went on Job, sadly, "Anyway, he was sure that time was up, and went away saying that we should see more than we cared for of each other soon, and I suppose he was alluding to the fact that father and I never could hit it off together for longer than three days, and I dare say that things will be similar when we meet again."

"Surely," I said, "you don't think that you are going to die because you dreamed you saw your old father? If one dies because one dreams of one's father, what happens to a man who dreams of his mother-in-law?"

"Ah, sir, you are laughing at me," said Job; "but, you see, you didn't know my old father. If it had been anybody else—my aunt Mary, for instance, who never made much of a job—I should not have thought so much of it; but my father was that idle, which he shouldn't have been with seventeen children, that he would never have put himself out to come here just to see the place. No, sir; I know that he meant business. Well, sir, I can't help it; I suppose every man must go some time or other, though it is a hard thing to die in a place like this, where Christian burial isn't to be had for its weight in gold. I've tried to be a good man, sir, and do my duty honest, and if it wasn't for the supercilious kind of way in which father carried on last night—a sort of sniffling at me, as it were, as though he had no opinion of my references and testimonials—I should feel easy enough in my mind. Anyway, sir, I've been a good servant to you and Mr. Leo, bless him! Why, it seems but the other day that I used to lead him about the streets with a penny whip; and if ever you get out of this place—which, as father didn't allude to you, perhaps you may—I hope you will think kindly of my whitened bones, and never have anything more to do with Greek writing on flower-pots, sir, if I may make so bold as to say so."

"Come, come, Job," I said, seriously, "this is all nonsense, you know. You mustn't be silly enough to go getting such ideas in your head. We've lived through some queer things, and I hope that we may go on doing so."

"No, sir," answered Job, in a tone of conviction that jarred on me unpleasantly, "it isn't nonsense. I'm a doomed man, and I feel it, and a most uncomfortable feeling it is, sir, ror one can't help wondering how it's going to come about. If you are eating your dinner you think of poison, and it goes against your stomach, and if you are walking along these dark rabbit burrows you think of knives, and Lord, don't you just shiver about the back! I ain't particular, sir, provided it's sharp, like that poor girl, who, now that she's gone, I am sorry to have spoke hard on, though I don't approve of her morals in getting married, which I consider too quick to be decent. Still, sir," and poor Job turned a shade paler as he said it, "I do hope it won't be that hot-pot game."

"Nonsense," I broke in, angrily—"nonsense!"

"Very well, sir," said Job; "it isn't my place to differ from you, sir; but if you happen to be going anywhere, I should be obliged if you could manage to take me with you, seeing that I shall be glad to have a friendly face to look at when the time comes, just to help one through, as it were. And now, sir, I'll be getting the breakfast;" and he went, leaving me in a very uncomfortable state of mind. I was deeply attached to old Job, who was one of the best and honestest men I have ever had to do with in any class of life, and really more of a friend than a servant, and the mere idea of anything happening to him brought a lump into my throat. Beneath all his ludicrous talk I could see that he himself was quite convinced that something was going to happen, and though in most cases these convictions turn out to be utter moonshine—and this particular one especially was to be amply accounted for by the gloomy and unaccustomed surroundings in which its victim was placed—still it did more or less carry a chill to my heart, as anything that is obviously a genuine object of belief is apt to do, however absurd the belief may be. Presently the breakfast arrived, and with it Leo, who had been taking a walk outside the cave—to clear his mind, he said—and very glad I was to see both, for they gave me a respite from my gloomy thoughts. After breakfast we went for another walk, and watched some of the Amahagger sowing a plot of ground with the grain from which they make their beer. This they did in Scriptural fashion—a man with a bag made of goat's hide fastened round his waist walking up and down the plot, and scattering the seed as he went. It was a positive relief to see one of these dreadful people do anything so homely and pleasant as sow a field, perhaps because it seemed to link them, as it were, with the rest of humanity.

As we were returning, Billali met us, and informed us that it was *She's* pleasure that we should wait upon her, and accordingly we entered her presence, not without trepidation, for Ayesha was certainly an exception to the rule. Familiarity with her might and did breed passion and wonder and horror, but it certainly did not breed contempt.

We were as usual shown in by the eunuchs, and after these had retired, Ayesha unveiled, and once more bade Leo to embrace her, which, notwithstanding his heart-searchings of the previous night, he did with more alacrity and fervor than in strictness courtesy required.

She laid her white hand on his head, and looked him fondly in the eyes. "Dost thou wonder, my Kallikrates," she said, "when thou shalt call me all thine own, and when we shall of a truth be for one another and to one another? I will tell thee. First, must thou be even as I am—not immortal, indeed, for that am I not, but so cased and hardened against the attacks of Time that his arrows shall glance from the armor of thy vigorous life as the sunbeams glance from water. As yet I may not mate with thee, for thou and I are different, and the very brightness of my being would burn thee up, and perchance destroy thee. Thou couldst not even bear to look upon me for too long a time, lest thine eyes should ache and thy senses swim, and therefore" (with a little coquettish nod) "shall I presently veil myself again." (This, by the way, did not do.) "Nay, listen, thou shalt

"I'm a doomed man, and I feel it," said Job.

be tried beyond endurance, for this very evening, an hour before the sun goes down, shall we start hence, and by to-morrow's dark, if all goes well, and the road is not lost to me, which I pray it may not be, shall we stand in the place of Life, and thou shalt bathe in the fire, and come forth glorified as no man ever was before thee; and then, Kallikrates, shalt thou call me wife, and I will call thee husband."

Leo muttered something in answer to this astonishing statement; I don't know what; and she laughed a little at his confusion, and went on:

"And thou, too, oh, Holly, on thee also will I confer this boon, and then of a truth shalt thou be an evergreen-tree; and this will I do—well, because thou hast pleased me, Holly, for thou art not altogether a fool, like most of the sons of men, and because, though thou hast a school of philosophy as full of nonsense as those of the old days, yet hast thou not forgotten how to turn a pretty phrase about a lady's eyes."

"Hulloa, old fellow!" whispered Leo, with a turn of his old cheerfulness, "have you been paying compliments? I should never have thought it of you."

"I thank thee, oh, Ayesha," I replied, with as much dignity as I could command, "but if there be such a place as thou dost describe, and if in this strange place there can be found a fiery virtue that can hold off Death when he comes to pluck us by the hand, yet would I none of it. For me, oh, Ayesha, the world has not proved so soft a nest that I would lie in it forever.

(To be continued.)

Too Much Fun For Him.

Buffalo Courier: "Mamie," said Augustus, as he carefully spread his hemstitched handkerchief on the floor and knelt on it at his idol's feet, "Mamie, I would die for you; yes, I would even be cremated for your sake."

"Ah, Augustus, dear, I know you would," answered Mamie, tremulously, "but I will not ask so much. I will only ask you, Augustus, to go down town and buy me a yard and an eighth of brocaded satin, cut on the bias, just the color of this sample," and she handed him a sliver of sky blue grosgrain ribbon. But Augustus wilted and declared he would rather die than undertake such a task, and now kneels no more on his hemstitched handkerchief at Mamie's feet.

Division of Expenses.

Brooklyn Eagle: They are in the shoe store. Mr. Man has bought for himself a pair of comfortable arctics, and Mrs. Man has fitted her dainty feet with the sweetest thing in handsome shoes the artist in leather could design. "How much do I owe you?" asks Mr. Man. "Eleven dollars and a quarter," smilingly says the diplomatic clerk; "two dollars for the lady's shoes and nine and a quarter for your arctics, sir." And his salary was raised, for he had gained for the house a steadfast customer.

The Labor Market.

London Puck: First East Countryman—"Shall yeaou vote for the dis'tablishment o' th' chu'ch?"

Second ditto (firmly)—"No; that I won't, Bo'l. Work's scass enow as 'tis, but if we was to have all them parsons tu'ned out, an' goin' 'bout plowin' an' hedgin' an' mowin' an' harvestin' we should be wuss off than we are now!"

How to Use an Umbrella.

"The proper way to open an umbrella without damaging it," McElwee, the dealer in sunshades and the like, remarked to a tourist to-day, "is to loosen the folds by means of a quick shaking of the right hand, in which the umbrella should be held by the handle. Then press the fastening with the thumb of the left hand, and you will find that the umbrella opens without hindrance at any point. Many fine silk umbrellas are damaged and frequently ruined by carelessness on the part of the owner. You frequently see the band that holds the folds in place unfastened by a tug at the end which projects beyond the button. In order to render the band and button more serviceable; the band should be pulled gently as if to tighten it about the handle. This will permit the button to pass through the opening without the necessity of half-wrenching it from the band by a fierce tug. Then the umbrella-smasher clutches the handle in one hand, and without loosening the folds, which may be damp, he presses the fastening with his thumb and is surprised that the umbrella does not yield to the pressure. Then he pushes at the fastening until something gives way. Perhaps the umbrella will open, and perhaps one of the ribs has been weakened and forced through the covering.

In order to fold an umbrella neatly hold the handle in the right hand in such a way as to keep the ends of the ribs pressed close to the handle between the forefinger and the thumb, as you turn the handle dexterously by elevating the wrist, your hand, of course, being palm downward on the handle. But the neatness of the fold depends equally upon the service of the left hand. With the left you grasp the tether end of the umbrella, palm upward, and as you turn with the right use the left to gather and hold the folds securely, as you move it along carefully until it strikes the band. Hold the band with the left and fasten it with the right. If the folding has been done properly the band can be placed over the button without tugging at the end of the band with all your might."—*Albany Journal.*

Diphtheria From Cats.

Cows are susceptible to infection with human scarlet fever, and, in turn, the same disease, which in the cow is very mild, may be and has been communicated to human beings by means of milk. Epidemics of human scarlet fever have been caused in this way, and we are told that in thirty years 543,000 deaths were caused by this disease in the United Kingdom, a large portion of them no doubt by infection from milk.

It is now established by the experiments of Dr. George Turner of London, that diphtheria can be had by cattle and communicated by them. Five years ago there was brought to him a pigeon which was supposed to have died of strangles; but dissection revealed in its windpipe a well marked membrane, just as one may see in the throat of a child who has died of croup. Other pigeons inoculated with this membrane had this disease. Three years later in several epidemics of diphtheria, it was learned that the chickens, turkeys and pheasants were suffering from a disease apparently identical with that which was killing human beings. "I have also seen," says Dr. Turner, "chickens and pigeons which had been inoculated with diphtheritic membrane from a child's throat attacked by a disease which in all respects resembled what I regard as natural fowl diphtheria.'

In investigating an epidemic of diphtheria in 1886, Dr. Turner learned that in a cottage where the first case occurred a kitten had previously suffered from a throat disease and had died of it. Two cats had died in a village store and the proprietor afterward had diphtheria. The evidence is ample, also, that horses have diphtheria.

There is no doubt that diphtheria, as well as scarletina is communicated from man to animals and from animals to men. Mankind is exposed to great danger by reason of the ailments of domestic animals. The pet cat or the favorite dog or horse may be the means of bringing disease and perhaps death into the house. It behooves parents to see that their children are not allowed to play with or be near any domestic animal that has any throat trouble or any appearance of disease.—*Good Housekeeping.*

Making Improvements.

A Detroit drummer has often stopped with an old farmer near a country store, getting supper, lodging, and breakfast, for which he was charged 75 cents. On his last trip he was surprised when he asked the amount of his bill to be told that it was $2. He remonstrated with the farmer and wanted to know why his bill was larger than common. "Wall," said the landlord, "I hev been makin' some improvements."

"But I had the same bed and the meals were no better," replied the commercial man. "What improvements have you made?"

"Jest step out here an' I will show you," replied mine host and he led the guest out on the porch and pointed to a sign reading, "Hotel."—*Detroit Free Press.*

"I'm thinking of building me a house," said Jones to Smith last evening. "Good idea," said Smith; "how much money have you?" "About $3,000." "Three thousand dollars; well that will build a very neat $2,200 house with economy." P. S.—If you have ever built a house you will see the point.—*Nashville American.*

Naomi—George, are you sure that you never before loved a woman as you love me? George—Sure? As well ask me if I love idolatrous creeds of the heathen as well as the pure religion of my fathers. Naomi—How charmingly you say that, George (absently)—I've said it often enough in my life to do it charmingly.—*Nebraska State Journal.*

It is Well to Remember.

That happiness is not perfection unless it is shared.

That great possessions may bring great misfortunes.

That a foolish friend does more harm than a wise enemy.

That the hardest thing to empty out of the heart is conceit.

That it is not necessary to be mean because one is a man of means.

That good temper, like a sunny day, sheds a brightness over everything.

That one of the causes that leads us to misfortune is that we live according to the example of others.—*Good Housekeeping.*

How to Tell Brides.

Troy (N. Y.) Telegram: "Yes," said an old and experienced hotel clerk yesterday, "I can tell a bride and groom at a glance. For some reason or other they all seem ashamed to have it known that they are married, and they all try to give the impression that they are comparatively old stagers, as it were, but it's no use with me. I smile when I see their old trunks—to come with brand new ones, you know, would be to advertise the fact that they had just been wedded and I laugh outright when I receive a letter from a bridegroom, saying: 'Myself and wife will be at your house on Wednesday night, between 12 and 1 o'clock. Our luggage will arrive during the afternoon, but we will not arrive ourselves until after the theatre.' Then I watch and see them come in with a bunch of umbrellas and canes, a hat box and a couple of valises, which I have no hesitancy of course in believing they took to the play with them. How do I tell a bride and groom? Well, there's something about the way they look at each other when they are together, and when the newly married man is by himself I can tell by the manner in which he uses the two words 'my wife.' He's not used to the combination, and they sound as unnatural to me as they do to himself."

Wanted the Baby Finished.

Little Nellie, aged three—Papa, why don't mamma tum to breffast?

Papa—Why, my dear, didn't you know the doctor brought you a new baby brother?

Little Nellie—Well, why don't it tum to breffast?

Papa—Why, it hasn't any teeth to eat with yet.

Little Nellie, after deliberating awhile—Well, papa, I wish you would tell the doctor to take it back and finish it.—Boston Globe.

The Attack to Be Renewed.

New York Sun: Young Man—I love your daughter, sir, devotedly. May I hope for a blessing from you?

Old Man—Have you spoken to my daughter upon the subject?

Young Man—Yes, and she refused me.

Old Man—Well, doesn't that settle it?

Young Man—No, sir. You forget that I am a life insurance agent and never take no for an answer.

HOW THEY FALL BEHIND.

There is really no profit in recommending the worthless, for the reaction in the minds of those who buy and are deceived is pointedly against everything sold by such a dealer. Hence, the force of the following voluntary letter, which is based upon the conscientious conviction formed from the long and cautious experience of a leading drug house of Boston, represents in every line a most important and valued revelation: "Boston, July 11, 1887.—The Charles A. Vogeler Co.—Gentlemen: Many preparations are placed before the public, and for a time at least they have a large but temporary sale—large, because of the extensive advertising; temporary, as the suffering class soon realize that the compound possesses but little merit. Not so with St. Jacobs Oil. Its success has been constant from the start, and to-day we regard it as one of those standard remedies that our trade consider as absolutely essential to always carry in their stock. Personal experience and the good words of the druggists of New England all tend to prove that each year will add to its sale and well deserved popularity. Signed, Doolittle & Smith." Taking the many cases of cure, published by the proprietors, examples are given of its unvarying effects in the worst chronic cases, and there is nothing in trade which can approach its efficacy.

A Supposable Case.

Omaha World: Omaha Boy—Pa, was Sampson killed by his wife?

Pa—It amounted to that. She betrayed him to those who wanted to kill him.

"What did she do that for?"

"I don't know. Maybe she gave him a letter and he forgot to mail it."

A Burst of Imagination.

New York Sun: He—What do you think about this white horse and red-haired girl nonsense, Miss Redtop?

She (with fire)—I think it has got to be a horse chestnut.

—Said Brown: "The day I was married I quit chewing tobacco, and I tell you it was pretty hard on me that day, but in a day or two I was all right." "Ah, how's that?" "I commenced chewing again."

Salvation Oil is guaranteed to cure rheumatism, sore throat, swellings, bruises, and frostbites. Price only twenty-five cents a bottle.

To make children healthy use plenty of air, plenty of milk, plenty of sleep, and always have a bottle of Dr. Bull's Cough Syrup in case of croup.

—A sore spot—the eagle's nest.

—To make a long story short—send it to a newspaper editor.

—"Johnny," said the Sunday school teacher, "what is your duty to your neighbors?" "To ask them to tea as soon as they get settled."

Extraordinary but nevertheless true. We refer to the announcement of B. F. Johnson & Co., of Richmond, in which they propose to show working and energetic men how to make from $100 to $300 a month over and above expenses.

—Of all the pictures that hang on memory's wall, that on the back of a borrowed $5 bill is the most rare.

Catarrh Cured.

A clergyman, after years of suffering from that loathsome disease, catarrh, and vainly trying every known remedy, at last found a prescription which completely cured and saved him from death. Any sufferer from this dreadful disease sending a self-addressed stamped envelope to Prof. J. A. Lawrence, 212 East 9th St., New York, will receive the recipe free of charge.

—A man accustomed to whisky wants it just as much as a man accustomed to tobacco wants tobacco. The one, therefore, is as much a necessity as the other, Philosopher Blaine to the contrary notwithstanding.

For Sale Cheap.

A choice farm of 240 acres, half way between Huron and Wolsey, Dakota. Accessible to four shipping point; C. & N. W. R within a mile, and another road surveyed through the place. Cultivated and improved. Address JOHN C. KELLY, Sioux City, Ia.

—A lazy man at the last state election went over to a South Boston foundry to see if they could not cast his vote for him.

—A popular winter resort—hot toddy.

—"Have a cigar, Fred? There's a man that I can recommend." "Just so, but it's the same to you, I prefer something you can smoke."

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 no assumption if they will send me their Express or P. O. address.

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

—The branks of Boreas in this vicinity remind us of an original composition of a Nantucket man of early time: "Wind is a very useful article; it blows down houses, rots up trees, and many people die for want of breath."

"Royal Glue" Mends Everything.

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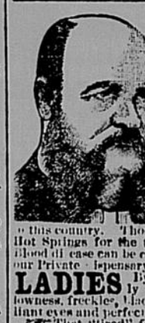

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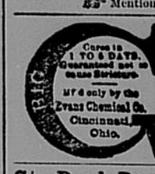

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