BEAUTIFUL LAND OF DREAMS.

When daylight dies, And the darkened skies Are lit by the stars' soft gleams, Oh, gladly I go From this world of woe. To the beautiful land of dreams!

The very air
Is fragrant there,
n odorous fruits and flowers;
And Father Time,
has wonderful clime, The very air ets to count the hours!

In that fair land, On every hand, The golden sunlight gleams; Or silvery-bright
Is the moon's soft light
In the beautiful land of dream

Oh, strangely sweet It is to meet Our loved ones gone before—
Oh, wonderful land
Where we touch the hand
Of one from the heavenly shore!

Shall we find at last, When life is past, And we stand by the living streams That golden shore
We have seen before
In the beautiful land of dreams? -Detroit Free Pres

THE STRANGE STORY

# Allan Quatermain's Wife

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, AUTHOR OF "SHE," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "JESS," "CLEO-PATRA," ETC.

#### AN AFRICAN ROMANCE.

CHAPTER IX.-CONTINUED. "Because you love her," she hissed in answer; "and do I not love her also, who saved me from the babyans! I am a woman as she is, and you are a man, and they say in the kraals that men women. But it is a lie, though this is true, that if a woman loves a man she forgets all other love. Have I not seen 1 gather her flowers-beautiful flowers; I climb the rocks where you would never dare to go to find them; you pluck a piece of orange bloom in the garden and give it to her. What does she do?-she takes the orange bloom, she puts it in her breast and lets my flowers die. I call to her-she does not hear me-she is thinking. You whisper to some one far away, and she hears and smiles. She used to kiss me sometimes; now she kisses that white arat you brought, because you brought ft. Oh, I see it all-all; I have seen it from the first; you are stealing her from us, stealing her to yourself, and those who loved her before you came are forgotten. Be careful, Macumasichn, be careful, lest I am revenged upon you. You, you hate me; you think me half a monkey; that servant of yours calls me baboon-woman. Well, I have lived with baboons, and they are clover—yes, they can play tricks and know things you don't, and I am cleverer than they, for I have learnt she wisdom of white people also, and I say to you: Walk softly, Macumarahn, or you will fall into a pit," and with one

ore look of malice she was gone. I stood for a moment reflecting. I was afraid of this strange creature who seemed to combine the cunning of the great apes that had reared her with the sion and skill of human kind. I forehoded evil at her hands. And yet there was something almost touching in the ousy. It is ally supposed that this passion only exhis in strength when the object loved is of another sex from the lover, but I conthat, both in this instance and in munn others that I have met with, this lies not been my experience. I have histown men, and especially unotvilized Man of their friend or master as any lover could be of that of his mistress; and who, has not seen cases of the same thing where parents and their oblidren wer



ed? But the lower one gets he scale of humanity the more readily his passion thrives; indeed, it may be mis passion thrives; indeed, it may be said to come to its intensest perfection in brutes. Women are more jealous than see, small-hearted men are more jeal-us than those of larger mind and wider sympathy, and animals are the most salous of all. Now Heartith us of all. Now, Hendrika was in ne ways not far removed from animal ich may perhaps account for the ferce of her jealousy of her mistress' af

Shaking off my presentiments of evil entaring off my presentiments of wil, entered the center but. Mr. Ourson ms resting on the sofs, and by him melt Stella holding his hand, and her and resting on his breast. I saw at more that she had been talling him of that had come about between us; nor as I leavy, for it is a task that a would-mace-in-law is generally gled to do by courts.

her truly; if ever a woman was loved in this world, I love her."

"I thank Heaven for it," said the old man. "Listen, my children. Many years ago a great sorrow and shame fell upon me, so great a sorrow that, as I sometimes think, it affected my brain. At any rate, I determined to do what most men would have condered the act of a madman, to go far away into the wilderness with my only child, there to live remote from civilization and its svils. I did so; I found tals place and bare we have lived for many years, happily enough, and purhaps use without doing good in our generation, but still in a way unnatural to our race and status. At first I thought that I would let my daughter grow up in a state of complete ignorance, that she should be Nature's child. But as time went on I saw the folly and the wickedness of my plan. the folly and the wickedness of my plan.

I had no right to degrade her to the level of the sawages around me, for, if the fruit of the tree of knowledge is a bitter fruit, still it teaches good from evil. So I educated her as well as I was able, till in the good I know their in mind as in bady, she end I knew that in mind, as in body, she was in no way inferior to her sisters, the children of the civilized world. She grew up and entered into womanhood, and then it came into my mind that I was doing her a bitter wrong, that I was separating her from her kind and keeping her in a wilderness where she could her in a wilderness where she could not not neither mate nor companion. But though I knew this, I could not yet make up my mind to return to active life; I had grown to love this place. I dreaded to return into the world I had adjured. Again and again I put my resolutions aside. Then at the commencement of this year I felt at the commencement of this year.

ill. For a while I waited, hoping that I might get better, but at last I realized that I should never get better, that the hand of death was upon me."

"Ah, no, father, not that!" Stella said with a cry.

"Yes, love, that, and it is true. Now you will be able to forget our separation in the happiness of a new meeting," and he glanced at me and smiled. "Well, when this knowledge came home to me I determined to abandon this place and trek better than women love for the coast, though I well knew that the journey would kill me. I should never live to reach it But Stella would, and it would be better than leaving her here atone with savages in the wilderness. On the very day that I made up my mind to take this step Stella found you dying in the Bad Lands, Allan Quatermain, and brought you here. She brought you, of all men in the world; you, whose father had been my dearest friend, and who once with your baby hands had saved her lite from fire, that she might live to save yours from thirst. At the time I said little, but I saw the hand of Providence in this, and I determined to wait and see what came about between you. At the worst, if nothing came about, I soon learned that I could trust you to see her safely to the coast atter I was gone. But many days ago I knew how it stood between you, and now things have come about as I prayed they might. God bless you both, my children; may you be happy in your love; may it endure titl death and beyond it. God bless you both," and he stretched out his

I took it, and Stella kissed him. Presently he spoke again:

"It is my intention," he said, "If you two consent, to marry you next Sunday. I wish to do so soon, for I do not know how much longer will be allowed to me. I believe that such a ceremony, solemnly celebrated and entered into before witnesses, will, under the elecumete be perfectly legal; but of course will repeat it with every formality the first moment it lies in your power so to do. And now there is one more thing. When I left England my fortunes were in a shattered condition; in the course of years they have recovered themselves the accumulated route, as I heard but recently when the wagons last returned from Port Natal, here suffect to pay off all charges, and there is a complement halance over. Consequently you will not marry on nothing, for of course you. Stalls, are my hotress, and I wish to make a stipulation. It is this: That so soon as my death occurs you shall leave this place and take the first opportunity of returning to England. I do not sak you to live there always; it might peere too much for people resered in the wilds, as both of you have been. But I do sell you to make it pour permanent home. Do you consent and promise this?"
"I do," I answered.

"And so do I," said Stella.
"Very well," he answered, "and now I am tired out. Again God bless you both and good-night."

CHAPTER E.

On the following morning I had a conversation with Indaha-simble First of all, I told him that I was going to marry Stella.

"Oh?" he said, "I thoughtso, Mac mahn. Did I not tell you that you would, find happiness on this journey? Most men must be content to watch the Star from a long way off—to you it is given to wear her on your heart. But remem-ber, Macumasahn, remember that stars

"Can you not stop your croaking ever for a day?" I answered, angrily, for his words sent a thrill of fear through me. "A true prophet must tell the ill as well as the good, Macumazahn. I only speak what is on my mind. But what of it? What is life but loss, loss upon loss, till life itself be lost? But in death we may find all the things that we have lost. So your father taught, Macumscahn, and there was wisdom in his gentleness. Oh, I do not believe in death; it is change, that is all, Macuma-sahn. Look new, the rain falls—the drops of rain that were once water in the clouds fall side by side. They sink the elouds fall side by side. They stak into the ground; presently the sun will come here. Allan Quaterman," he is almost stornly, and my heart gave pump, for I feared lest he might be trust to require me to go about my agrees. But I came.

"Stella telle me," he went en, "that me two have entered into a marriage two have entered into a marriage true two have entered into a marriage true two have entered into a marriage true true. The drops will drain into the river and will be one water there. They will go up into the clouds again in the mists of morning, and there will again be as they have been. We are the drops of rain, Macummanha. When we sain into the clouds again in the mists of morning, and there will again the as they have been. We are the drops of rain, Macummanha. When we sain into the

ground that is death, and when we are irawn up again to the sky, what is that, Macumasahn? No! no! when we find we Macumanahn? Not not water we use to lose, and when we seem to lose, then we shall really find. I am not a Caristian, Magumanahn, but I am old and have watched and seen takings that perhaps Christians do not see. There, I have spoken. Be happy with your stan, and if it sets, wait, Macumasahn, wait till it cises again. It will not be long, one lay you will go to sleep, then your eyes will open on another sky, and there your star will be shining. Macumasahn."

I made no answer at the time. I could

not bear to talk of such a thing. But often and often in the after years I have thought of Indaba-simble and his beautiful simile and gathered comfort from it. He was a strange man, this old rainmaking savage, and there was more wis-iom in him than in many learned atheists—those spiritual destroyers who, in the name of progress and humanity, would divorce hope from life, and leave us wandering in a lonesome, self-conse crated hell.

"Indaba-zimbi," I said, changing the subject, "I have something to say," and I told him of the threats of Hentrika.

He listened with an unmoved face, nodding his white look at intervals as the narrative went on. But I saw that he was disturbed by it.

"Macumasahn," he said at length, "! have told you this is an evil woman.



the baboon nature is in her veins. Such creatures should be killed, not kept. She will make you mischief if she But I will watch her, Macumazahn. Look, the Star is waiting for you; go, or she will hate me as Hendrika hates you."

So I went, nothing loath, for attractive as was the wisdom of Indaba-zimbi, I found a deeper meaning in Stella's simplest word. All the rest of that day I passed in her company, and the greater part of the two following days. At last came Saturday night, the eve of our marriage. It rained that night, so we marriage. It rained that night, so we did not go out, but spent the evening in the hut. We sat hand in hand, saying little, but Mr. Carson tailed a good deal, telling us tales of his youth and of countries that he had visited. Then he read aloud from the Bible and bade us good night. I also kissed Stella and went to bed. I reached my hut by the covered way, and before I undressed opened the door to see what the night was like. It was very dark, and rain was still falling. but as the light streamed out into the gloom I fancied that I caught sight of a dusky form gliding away. The thought of Hendrika fisched into my mind; could she be skulking about outside there? Now, I had said nothing of Hendrika and her threats either to Mr. Carson or Stella, because I did not wish to alarm them. Also I know that Stells was attached to this strange person, and I did not wish to shake her confidence in her unless it was absolutely necessary. For a minate or two I stood hesitating, then, refloating that if it was Hendrika out there, there she should stop, I went in and put up the stout wooden bar toat was used to secure the door. For the last few nights old Indaha-zimbi had made a habit of sleeping in the covered passage, which was the only other pos-sible way of access. As I came to bed I stepped over him rolled up in his blanket, and to all appearances fast asleep. So it being evident that I had nothing to fear, I promptly dismissed the matter from my mind, which, as may be imagined, was indeed fully occupied with other matters.

I got into bed, and for awhile lay awake thinking of the great happiness in store for me, and of the providential course of events that had brought it within my reach. A few weeks since and I was wandering in the desert a dying man, bearing a dying child, and with scarcely a possession left in the world except a store of buried ivery that I never expected to see again. And now I was about to wed one of the sweetest and lovellest women in the whole world—a woman whom I loved more than I could have thought possible, and who loved me back again. Also, as though that were not good fortune enough, I was to acquire with her con-siderable possessions, quite sufficiently large to enable us to follow any plan of life we found agreeable. As I lay and reflected on all this I grew afraid of my good fortune. Old Indaba-nimbi's melsuchely prophecies came into my mind. Hitherto he had always prophecied truly. What if these should be true also? I turned cold as I thought of it, and prayed to the Power above to preserve us both to live and love together. Never was prayer more needed. While its words were still upon my lips I dropped asleep and dreamed a most dreadful

I dreamed that Stells and I were standing together to be married. She was dressed in white, and radiant with beauty, but it was a wild, apiritual beauty which frightened mo. Her eyes shone like sters, a pale flame played about her features, and the wind that blew did not stir her hair. Nor was this all, for her white robes were death wrappings, and the alter at which we stood was formed of the piled-up earth from an open grave that yawaed between us. So we stood waiting for one to well us.

sut no one came. Presently from the open grave sprang the form of Hendrika-in her hand was a knife, with which the stabbed at me; but plerced the heart of Stella, who, without a cry, fell back-wards into the grave, still looking at me as she fell. Then Hendrika leaped after her in the grave. I heard her feet strike heavily.

"Awake, Macumazahn! awake!" cried the voice of Indaba-simbl.

I swoke and bounded from the bed, the sold perspiration pouring from me-in the darkness on the other side of the out I heard sounds of furious struggling. Luckily, I kept my head. Just by me was a chair on which were matches and rush taper. I struck a match and held t to the taper. Now in the glowing ight I could see two forms rolling one over the other on the floor, and from beween them came the flash of steel. The fat melted and the light burned up. it was Indaba-zimbi and the woman Hendrika who were struggling, and, what was more, the woman was getting the better of the man, strong as he was I rushed toward them. Now she was appermost. Now she had wrenched herself from his flerce grasp, and now the great knife she had in her hand flashed

But I was behind her, and, getting my hands beneath her arms, jerked with all my strength. She fell backwards, and, in her effort to save herself, most fort-unately dropped the knife. Then we flung ourselves upon her. Heavens! the strength of that she-devil! Nobody who has not experienced it could believe it. She fought and scratched and bit, and at one time nearly mastered the two of us. As it was she did break toose. She rushed at the bed, sprung on it, and bounded thence straight up at the roof of the hut. I never saw such a jump, and could not conceive what she eant to do. In the roof were the peculiar holes which I have described. They were designed to admit light, and covered with overhanging eaves. She sprung straight and true like a monkey, and, catching the edge of the hole with her hands, strove to draw herself through it, But here her strength, exhausted with the long struggle, failed her. Fer a moment she swung, then dropped to the ground and fell senseless.

"Ou!" gasped Indaba-zimbi. "Let us tie the devil up before she comes to life again."

I thought this good counsel, so we took a rein that lay in the corner of the room and lashed her hands and feet in such a fashion that even she could scarcely escape. Then we carried her into the passage, and Indaba-zimbi sat over her, the knife in his hand, for I did not wish to raise an alarm at that hour of the night.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

CAUSE UNKNOWN.

Why the Mule's Sad Fate Remained a Mystery to Its Owner. day as we were riding through the country back of Natchez we came upon a white man sitting on a log with a switch in his hand, while tied to a tree near by was a colored boy about fifteen years old. Naturally enough we stopped to inquire what it all meant, and the man replied:

"I'm a-tryin' to find out what this 'ere nigger has done with my mewl."
"Nebber seed his mewl," replied the

"Yes, ye did, ye lump o' darkness! I'm gwine to give you five minutes mo' fur to tell me, and then I'll put on the

"Who is he?" asked the Colonel "Oh, he hangs around yere." "Do you know that he stole your

"In co'se. That is, if he didn't who

"Nebber done stole his mewl," pas tested the boy. "Shett Them five minutes is about

What sort of a mule was it?" asked the Colonel

"Sort o' small and lean and yaller."

"A strap around his neck?" "Sartin. "Well, he's lying dead in the ditch

"Shool Dead, is he?" "He is."

"Reckoned he was dead or stole, but wanted to be shore of it. Now, boy, you kin go, but don't you dun git into ne sich scrape agin!"

The boy went off with a grin on his face, and we had been talking with the man about five minutes when he suddenly jumped clear off the ground and

"What a him-haw I am, to be shore! Yere I've done let that nigger make a skip, when I orter put on the switch died of?'-Detroit Free Press.

THE rapid decrease in the number of kangaroos is beginning to attract the at-tention of scientific societies in Australia. From the collective reports of the various stock inspectors it was estimated that in 1887 there were 1,881,519 kangaroos. In 1888 the number fell to 1,170,880, a decrease of 711,180. The chief obstacle to the adoption of mea ures for the effectual protection of the kangaroo is his vigorous appetite. One full-grown kangaroo eats as much grass as six sheep; and graziers-who as a class are not readily accessible to the influence of sentiment—find that the food eaten by this interesting animal might be more profitably utilized other-

THE clarifying of wines in France re quires annually—at the rate of four eggs per barrel—more than 80,000,000 of eggs. Bordeaux alone uses 15,000,000 for this Bordesux alone uses 15,000,000 for this purpose, and Paris 5,000,000. To avoid this, certain kinds of fining powders are new beginning to be employed, by which wines may be clarified with equal factifity and at a smaller expense, and these are sold to the extent of about 25,000.

THE last return of English nava courte-martial shows that an ordinary seaman was sentenced to eight years penal servitude for striking an efficor and two others were condemned to five years' penal servitude for a similar of fense. Alarces in viniting in town.

He Wants to Add His Name. Permit me to add mine to your many other certificates in commendation of the great curative properties contained in Swik's Specific (S. S. S.) It is certainly one of the best tonica I ever used. John W. Danlels, Anderson, S. C.

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Having for the past four of five years been troubled with pimples and blotches on my face and body, and finding no-relief in any of the chemically prepared soaps and medicines prescribed for me by physicians, I concluded to try your 8 S 8 remedy, and have found great relief in the same, four bottles clearing my walking an same, four bottles clearing my skin en-tirely. I cheerfully recommend your medicine to all who are in the position that I have been in. You can u letter and my name as a testimonial to the merits of the S S S remedy.

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A Remarkable Letter. The following letter from Mr. W. A. Thompson, of Columbus, Wis., is peculiarly interesting: "My wife," says he, "has been treated for her head, stomach and nervous prostration by three doctors in New York, two in by three doctors in New 10th, one in Chicago, one in Philadephia, one in Cincinnati, and at the large institute in Buffalo for 16 months. They all in Buffalo for 16 months. They all falled. But one bottle of Dr. Miles' Restorative Nervine helped her wonderfully." This should be used in all headaches, backaches, change of life, nervous disturbances, fits, rhenmatism, etc. Ask at E. W. Adams' drug store for a free trial bottle and Dr. Miles' new book on the Nerves and Beart. 2

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Marietta Valley Junction Sherrodeville	7 A AA	7 28	8 00	8 00

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Valley Junction. Ar
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Cambridge
Canal Dover Lv
Valley Junction. Lv

HURON DIVISION. NORTH No. 27. [No. 25|Lv. An. No. 25 No.2 3 05rm 2 23am Monroeville 11 56 9 15 3 45 " 6 55am Norwalk 9 58 6 30 4 10 " 7 30am Milan 9 35 6 05 4 40 " 7 50 " Huron 9 00 5 30

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The Spanish have a proverb. "We loves with her ear, but man with his e Persuasive wooling captures a wom heart, while an attractive appearance quere the man. To retain man's a course was a many and he woole and the state of th quers the man. To retain man's at the ani secure enduring happiness, a man should be as charming in man life as in the days of bewitching male hood. Her captivating weapons are fair and blooming complexion, soft spetiess hands, freedom from ikin scalp impurities, pimpless, chapping, the possession of the delicate bloom perfect health. Cole's Carbolisoap, perfect medical toiles, bath and norm goap is her salvation. Price 26 cents.