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SHE: A HISTORY OF ADVENTURE.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

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, but 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 successives and their heirs 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 a 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 night-shirt 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 cove."

"Job," he said to me, solemn like, and yet with a kind of satisfaction shining through him, more like a Methodist 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 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 hall 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 sniffing 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 get 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, for 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 spare a minute 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 me through, as it were. And now, sir, I'll be getting the



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

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 Amalgamizer 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 Aysha 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 mutes, and after these had retired, Aysha 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 Kalikrates," she said, "when thou shalt call me all thine own, and when we shall of a truth be for one sufferer 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 coquetish nod) "shall I presently veil myself again." (This, by the way, she did not do.) "No, listen, thou shalt not 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, Kalikrates, shalt thou call me wife, and I will call thee husband."

To be continued.

A Masonic Event.

The festival of St. John the Baptist was celebrated by Lorne Lodge, No. 40, A. F. & A. M., G. R. C., Tamworth, on June 24th, when officers for the ensuing year were installed as follows: I. P. M., J. M., Smith; W. M., G. M. Richardson, S. W. J., H. McLaughlin; J. W., Jas. Aylworth; Chap., S. Gilmore; Treas., J. V. Fuller; Secretary, J. E. Sherman; I. G., B. F. Smith; Tyler, C. S. Wheeler; Stewards, H. E. Thornton, and C. Harkness; D. C., Geo. Stinson; organist, F. B. Robertson, W. M. Dr. Bee-man, acted as installing officer. The installation services over, the company adjourned to the Wheeler House and partook of a sumptuous repast.

Wasting Disorders of Children.

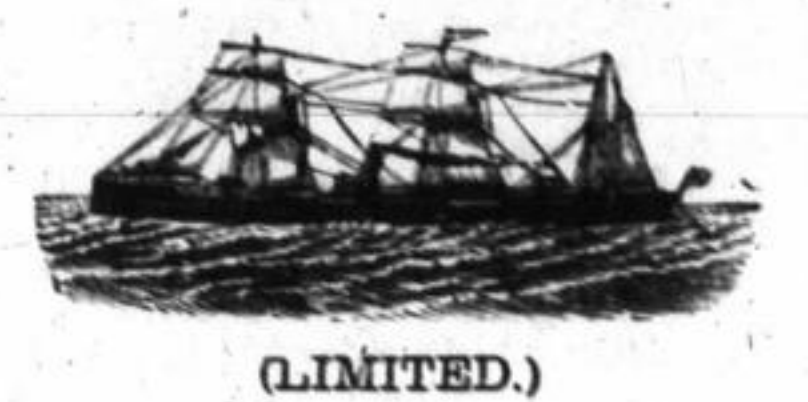
Scott's Emulsion of pure Cod Liver Oil, with Hypophosphites, is unequalled. The rapidity with which children gain flesh and strength upon it is very wonderful. "I have used Scott's Emulsion in cases of Rickets and Marasmus of long standing. In every case the improvement was marked."—J. M. MAIN, M. D., New York. Put up in 50c and \$1 size.

A Scott Act Case.

Some months ago, E. Legree, hotel-keeper, of Douglas, was convicted of a second offence against the Scott act, and fined \$100 and costs. The fine was not paid; and constable Cook was sent out from Pembroke to arrest him in default of payment. But the constable met with such a warm reception from the females and the crockery of the establishment that he retired without his prisoner. On Friday last, Mr. Legree ran right into the arms of two constables, and they walked him off in custody.

The ceremony was performed by Rev. Father McDonough. The bride was supported by Misses Rennie, and Connors (sister of the bride), and the groom by M. Connors, brother of the bride, and Mr. Fitzmartin.

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(LIMITED.) NEW YORK AND LIVERPOOL (CALLING AT CORK HARBOR.) From Pier No. 40, N.R., New York.

FAST EXPRESS MAIL SERVICE.

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SERVIA Saturday, July 16th
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AURANIA Saturday, July 30th
UMBRIA Saturday, Aug. 6th
SERVIA Saturday, Aug. 13th
ETRURIA Saturday, Aug. 20th
AURANIA Saturday, Aug. 27th

RATES OF PASSAGE:

Cabin—\$60, \$80 and \$100, according to accommodation. Intermediate passage—\$35. Steerage at Very Low Rates. Steerage Tickets to and from London and Queenstown and all other parts of Europe at lowest rates.

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ALLAN LINE Royal Mail Steamships.

SUMMER ARRANGEMENT. THE - SHORTEST - SEA - PASSAGE, AVERAGE TIME 8 DAYS.

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Rates of Passage by the Mail Steamers: From Quebec to Londonderry and Liverpool: Cabin—\$60, \$70, \$80. Return—\$110, \$120, \$130. Intermediate—\$30. Return—\$60. Steerage \$20. Return \$40.

Rates of Passage by the Extra Steamers: Cabin—\$50, \$60 and \$70. Return—\$80, \$110 and \$120. Intermediate—\$30. Return \$60. Steerage at very low rates.

The steamships of the Allan Line come direct to the Royal wharves, and passengers are forwarded on by special trains to Montreal and the West.

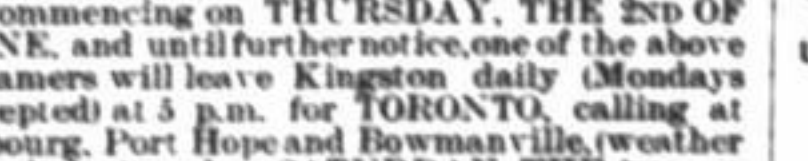
The last train connecting with the Mail Steamers, sailing from that port on Thursday, leaves Kingston on Wednesday at 1:45 p.m.

The last train connecting with the Extra Steamers sailing on Friday, leaves Kingston on Thursday at 1:45 p.m.

Passengers desiring can be booked via R & Ont. Nav. Co. Steamers, enjoying the scenery of the 1,000 Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence.

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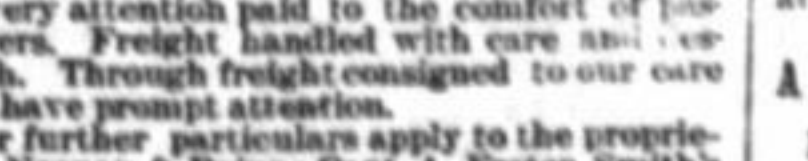
Commencing on THURSDAY, THE 2ND OF JUNE, and until further notice, one of the above Steamers will leave Kingston daily (Mondays excepted) at 5 p.m. for TORONTO, calling at Cobourg, Port Hope and Bowmanville, (weather permitting), and on SATURDAY, THE 7TH, at 3 a.m. for MONTREAL and QUEBEC, calling at Clayton, Round Island, 1,000 Island Park, Alexandria Bay, Brockville, Prescott, Cornwall and Coteau, passing through the beautiful and romantic scenery of the Lake of the Thousand Islands and the Rapids of the St. Lawrence by daylight.

Return Tickets at Greatly Reduced Rates. Excursion Tickets to the Saguenay, Ports on the Gulf of St. Lawrence, Halifax, Portland, Boston and New York.

For Tickets and any other information apply to the undersigned, at the Office, foot of Johnson Street. May 19 1887. C. H. HATCH, Agent.

TRI-WEEKLY TRIPS BETWEEN KINGSTON & SMITH'S FALLS.

THE STEAMER RIDEAU BELLE.



(By NODDAN, MASTER.) Will leave Kingston every Tuesday, Thursday and Saturday at 11 o'clock a.m., calling at all intermediate ports, and will arrive at Smith's Falls at 12 o'clock p.m.

Returning, will leave Smith's Falls every Monday, Wednesday and Friday morning at 5:45 o'clock and Jones' Locks at 6 o'clock, calling at all intermediate ports, arriving at Kingston 6:30 o'clock p.m.

All day trip, giving opportunity of seeing the splendid scenery of the Rideau and other lakes both ways. Passengers will have nearly two hours at the picturesque Jones' Falls, one of the most romantic spots on the continent.

Every attention paid to the comfort of passengers. Freight handled with care and dispatch. Through freight consigned to our care will have prompt attention.

For further particulars apply to the proprietors, Noddan & Bayne; Capt. A. Foster, Smith's Falls; or James Swift, Kingston. May 18.

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SHORTEST, BEST & CHEAPEST ROUTE TO Minnesota, Dakota, San Francisco and British Columbia.

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Visitors to the Sea-Side Resorts of the Atlantic and St. Lawrence Coasts can now avail themselves of the double daily train service. Old Orchard Beach, Portland and the Islands, Cacoua, Rimouski, Murray Bay, etc.

Direct connections from Kingston (Sundays excepted) with the following trains from Montreal: Day Express at 8:10 a.m. Night Express at 10:15 p.m.

Cheap Return Tickets on sale and good for return until Oct. 31st. Pullman Parlor and Sleeping Cars run through to Old Orchard Beach, St. Johns and Halifax.

Extended facilities offered to tourists by a variety of new routes embracing the Thousand Islands of the River St. Lawrence and the White, Adirondacks and Green Mountains, and Lakes Champlain and George.

Passenger Trains leave the new City Passenger Depot, foot Johnson Street, as follows: GOING EAST GOING WEST. No. 1 at 1:00 p.m. No. 2 at 3:15 p.m. No. 3 at 1:25 a.m. No. 4 at 2:10 a.m. No. 5 at 1:45 p.m. No. 6 at 4:55 a.m. Mixed at 6:15 a.m. Mixed at 6:15 a.m. Mixed at 7:55 p.m.

Express Trains Nos. 3, 4 and 6 run Sundays included. No. 6 does not run on Monday.

T. HANLEY. 1887. BAY OF QUINTE STEAMBOAT ROUTE.

DAILY LINE TO PICTON, DESERONTO AND BELLEVILLE. The Fast and Elegant STR. HANHERO, (C. H. NICHOLSON, MASTER)

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Returning leaves Belleville Monday, Wednesday and Friday at 6:00 a.m. sharp; Deseronto 7:30 a.m., and Picton 9:30 a.m.; leaves Belleville Tuesday and Thursday at 4:00 a.m.; Deseronto 5:30 and Picton 7:00 a.m. On Saturday leaves Picton at 6:00 a.m.

On Saturday, during July and August, this steamer makes a special excursion trip to 1,000 Islands, leaving Kingston at 2 p.m. and returning leaves Kingston for Bay ports at 8 p.m. Magnificent accommodation for passengers and lowest freight rates given.

Full information given by applying to the Captain on board, or to C. H. HATCH, or A. GUNN & CO. J. P. GILDERSLEEVE, Freight Agts. Pass. Agents. July 2.

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Picton, N.S., calling at Quebec, Father Point, Gaspe, Perce, Summerside, P.E.I. and Charlottetown, P.E.I. The finest trip of the season for health and comfort. ARTHUR AHERN, Secretary, Quebec. For Tickets and State Rooms apply to C. H. HATCH, KINGSTON, ONT.

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Will leave Gunn's wharf every Monday evening at 8 o'clock, for Montreal, calling at Gananoque, Brockville, Prescott, Deseronto, Morrisburg, etc., running all rapids, and arriving in Montreal early Tuesday evening.

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IS A PURE FRUIT ACID POWDER. It contains neither alum, lime, nor ammonia, and may be used by the most delicate constitutions with perfect safety. Its great success arising from its being intrinsically THE BEST VALUE IN THE MARKET, as well as thoroughly adapted to the wants of the kitchen, has excited envious imitations of its name and appearance. Beware of such.

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