Allan Quatermain

By H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," "SHE," "JESS," "THE WITCH'S HEAD," ETC.

ous notes and measurements. Good was much flattered at the time, not suspecting that he had to deal with the six leading tailors of Milosis. A fortnight afterwards, however, when on attending court as usual he had the pleasure of seeing some seven or eight Zu-Vendi "mashers" arrayed in all the glory of a very fair imitation of his full dress uniform, he changed his mind. I shall never forget his face of astonishment and disgust. It was after this, chiefly in order to avoid remark, and also because our clothes were wearing out and had to be saved up, we resolved to adopt the native dress; and a very comfortable one we found it, though I am bound to say that I looked sufficiently ludicrous in it, and as for Alphonse! Only Umslopogaas would have none of these things; when his moocha was worn out the fierce old Zulu made him a new one, and went about unconcerned as grim and naked as his own battle ax.

Meanwhile we pursued our study of the language steadily and made very good progress. On the morning following our adventure in the temple three grave and reverend seigniors presented themselves armed with manuscript books, ink horns and feather pens and indicated that they had been sent to teach us, and, with the exception of Umslopogaas, we all buckled to with a will, doing four hours a day. As for Umslopogaas he would have none of that either. He did not wish to learn that "woman's talk," not he, and when one of the teachers advanced on him with a book and an ink horn and waved them before him in a mild, persuasive way, much as a church warden invitingly shakes the offertory bag under the nose of a rich but niggardly parishioner, he sprang up with a fierce oath and flashed Inkosi-kaas before the eyes of our learned friend, and there was an end of the attempt to teach him Zu-Vendi.

Thus we spent our mornings in useful occupation, which grew more and more interesting as we proceeded, and the afternoons were given up to recreation. Sometimes we made trips, notably one to the gold mines and another to the marble quarries, both of which I wish I had space and time to describe, and sometimes we went out hunting buck with dogs trained for that purpose, and a very exciting sport it is, as the country is full of agricultural inclosures, and our horses were magnificent. This is not to be wondered at, seeing that the royal stables were at our command, in addition to which we had four splendid saddle horses given to us by Nyleptha.

In the evenings it was customary for Sir Henry, Good and myself to dine, or rather sup, with their majesties—not every night, indeed, but about three or four times a week, whenever they had not much company or the affairs of state would allow of it. And I am bound to say that those little suppers were quite the most charming things of their sort that I ever had to do with. How true is the saying that the very highest in rank are always the most simple and kindly. It is from your half and half sort of people that you get pomposity and vulgarity, the difference between the two being very much what one sees every day in England between the old, out at elbows, broken down county family and the overbearing, purse proud people who come and "take the place." I really think that Nyleptha's greatest charm is her sweet simplicity, and her kindly, genuine interest even in little things. She is the simplest woman I ever knew, and where her passions are not involved one of the sweetest; but she can look queenly enough when she likes and be as fierce as any savage, too.

For instance, never shall I forget that scene when I for the first time was sure that she was really in love with Curtis. It came about in this way—all through Good's weakness for ladies' society. When we had been employed for some three months in learning Zu-Vendi it struck Master Good that he was getting rather tired of the old gentlemen who did us the honor to lead us in the way that we should go, so he proceeded, without saying a word to anybody else, to inform them that it was a peculiar fact, but that we could not make any real progress in the deeper intricacies of a foreign language unless we were taught by ladies—young ladies, he was careful to explain. In his own country, he pointed out, it was habitual to choose the very best looking and most charming girls who could be found to instruct any strangers who happened to come that way, etc.

All of this the old gentlemen swallowed open mouthed. There was, they admitted, reason in what he said, since the contemplation of the beautiful, as their philosophy taught, induced a certain porosity of mind similar to that produced upon the physical body by the healthful influences of sun and air; consequently it was probable that we might absorb the Zu-Vendi tongue a little faster if suitable teachers could be found. Another thing was that as the female sex was naturally loquacious, good practice would be gained in the viva voce department of our studies.

To all of this Good gravely assented, and the learned gentlemen departed, assuring him that their orders were to fall in with our wishes in every way, and that, if possible, our views should be met.

Imagine, therefore, the surprise and disgust of myself, and I trust and believe Sir Henry, when, on entering the room where we were accustomed to carry on our studies, the following morning, we found, instead of our usual venerable tutors, three of the best looking young women whom Milosis could produce—and that is saying a good deal—who blushed and smiled and courtesied, and gave us to understand that they were there to carry on our instruction. Then Good, as we gazed at one another in bewilderment, thought fit to explain, saying that it had slipped his memory before—but the old gentlemen had told him, on the previous evening, that it was absolutely necessary that our further education should be carried on by the other sex. I was overwhelmed, and appealed to Sir Henry for advice in such a crisis.

"Well," he said, "you see the ladies are here, ain't they? If we sent them away, don't you think it might hurt their feelings, eh? One doesn't like to be rough, you see; and they look regular blues, don't they, eh?"

By this time Good had already begun his lessons with the handsomest of the three, and so with a sigh I yielded. That day everything went very well; the young ladies were certainly very clever, and they only smiled when we blundered. I never saw Good so attentive to his books before, and even Sir Henry appeared to tackle Zu-Vendi with a renewed zest. "Ah," thought I, "will it always be thus?"

Next day we were much more lively; our work was pleasingly interspersed with questions about our native country, what the ladies were like there, etc., all of which we answered as best we could in Zu-Vendi, and I heard Good assuring his teacher that her loveliness was to the beauties of Europe as the sun to the moon; to which she replied with a little toss of the head that she was a plain teaching woman and nothing else, and that it was not kind "to deceive a poor girl so." Then we had a little singing that was really charming, so natural and unaffected. The Zu-Vendi love songs are most touching. On the third day we were all quite intimate. Good narrated some of his previous love affairs to his fair teacher, and so moved was she that her sighs mingled with his own. I discoursed with mine, a merry, blue eyed girl, upon Zu-Vendian art, and never saw that she was waiting for an opportunity to drop a specimen of the cockroach tribe down my back, while in the corner Sir Henry and his governess appeared, so far as I could judge, to be going through a lesson framed on the great educational principles laid down by Wackford Squeers, Esq., though in a very modified or rather spiritualized form. The lady softly repeated the Zu-Vendi word for "hand," and he took hers; "eyes," and he gazed deep into her brown orbs; "lips," and—but just at that moment my young lady dropped the cockroach down my back and ran away laughing. Now, if there is one thing I loath more than another it is cockroaches, and moved quite beyond myself, and yet laughing at her impudence, I took up the cushion she had been sitting on and threw it after her. Imagine then my shame, my horror and my distress, when the door opened, and, attended by two guards only, in walked Nyleptha. The cushion could not be recalled (it missed the girl and hit one of the guards on the head), but I instantly and ineffectually tried to look as though I had not thrown it. Good ceased his sighing, and began to murder Zu-Vendi at the top of his voice, and Sir Henry whistled and looked silly. As for the poor girls, they were utterly dumfounded.

And Nyleptha! she drew herself up till her frame seemed to tower even above that of the tall guards, and her face went first red and then pale as death.

"Guards," she said, in a quiet, choked voice, and pointing at the fair but unconscious disciple of Wackford Squeers, "slay me that woman."

The men hesitated, as well they might.

"Will ye do my bidding?" she said, again in the same voice, "or will ye not?"

Then they advanced upon the girl with uplifted spears. By this time Sir Henry had recovered himself, and saw that the comedy was likely to turn into a tragedy.

"Stand back!" he said, in a voice of thunder, at the same time getting in front of the terrified girl. "Shame on thee, Nyleptha—shame! Thou shalt not kill her."

"Doubtless thou hast good reason to try to protect her. Thou couldst hardly do less in honor," answered the infuriated queen; "but she shall die—she shall die!" and she stamped her little foot.

"It is well," he answered; "then I will die with her. I am thy servant, O queen; do with me even as thou wilt," and he bowed toward her, and fixed his clear eyes contemptuously on her face.

"I could wish to slay thee, too," she answered; "for thou dost make a mock of me;" and then feeling that she was mastered, and I suppose not knowing what else to do, she burst into such a storm of tears, and looked so royally lovely in her passionate distress that, old as I am, I must say I envied Curtis his task of supporting her. It was rather odd to see him holding her in his arms considering what had just passed; a thought that seemed to occur to herself, for presently she wrenched herself free and went, leaving us all much disturbed.

Presently, however, one of the guards returned with a message to the girls that they were, on pain of death, to leave the city and return to their homes in the country, and that no further harm would come to them; and accordingly they went, one of them remarking philosophically that it could not be helped, and that it was a satisfaction to know that they had taught us a little serviceable Zu-Vendi. Mine was an exceedingly nice girl, and, overlooking the cockroach, I made her a present of my favorite lucky sixpence with a hole in it when she went away. After that our former masters resumed their course of instruction, needless to say to my great relief.

That night, when in fear and trembling we attended the royal supper table, we found that Nyleptha was laid up with a bad headache. That headache lasted for three whole days; but on the fourth she was present at supper as usual, and with the most gracious and sweet smile gave Sir Henry her hand to lead her to the table. No allusion was made to the little affair described above beyond her saying, with a charming air of innocence, that when she came to see us at our studies the other day she had been seized with a giddiness from which she had only now recovered. She supposed, she added, with the touch of the humor that was common to her, that it was the sight of people working so hard which had affected her.

In reply Sir Henry said, dryly, that he had thought she did not look quite herself on that day, whereat she flashed one of those quick glances of hers at him, which, if he had the feelings of a man, must have gone through him like a knife, and the subject dropped entirely. Indeed, after supper was over Nyleptha condescended to put us through an examination to see what we had learned, and to express herself well satisfied with the results. Indeed, she proceeded to give us, especially Sir Henry, a lesson on her own account, and very interesting we found it.

And all the while that we talked, or rather tried to talk, and laughed, Sorais would sit there in her carven ivory chair, and look at us and read us all like a book, only from time to time saying a few words, and smiling that quick ominous smile of hers which was more like a flash of summer lightning on a dark cloud than anything else. And as near to her as he dared would sit Good, worshiping through his eye glass, for he really was getting seriously devoted to this somber beauty, of whom, speaking personally, I felt terribly afraid. I watched her keenly, and soon I found out that for all her apparent impassibility she was at heart bitterly jealous of Nyleptha. Another thing I found out, and the discovery filled me with dismay; and that was, that she also was growing devoted to Sir Henry Curtis. Of course I could not be sure; it is not easy to read so cold and haughty a woman, but I noticed one or two little things, and, as elephant hunters know, dried grass shows which way the wind has set.

And so another three months passed over us, by which time we had all attained to a very considerable mastery of the Zu-Vendi language, which is an easy one to learn. And as the time went on we became great favorites with the people, and even with the courtiers, gaining an enormous reputation for cleverness, because, as I think I have said, Sir Henry was able to show them how to make glass, which was a national want; and also, by the help of a twenty year almanac that we had with us, to predict various heavenly combinations which were quite unsuspected by the native astronomers. We even succeeded in demonstrating the principle of the steam engine to a gathering of the learned men, who were filled with amazement; and several other things of the same sort we did. And so it came about that the people made up their minds that we must on no account be allowed to go out of the country (which indeed was an apparent impossibility even if we had wished it), and we were advanced to great honor and made officers of the body guards of the sister queens, while permanent quarters were assigned to us in the palace, and our opinion was asked upon questions of national policy.

But blue as the sky seemed, there was a cloud, and a big one, on the horizon. We had, indeed, heard no more of those confounded hippopotami; but it is not on that account to be supposed that our sacrilege was forgotten, or the enmity of the great and powerful priesthood headed by Agon appeased. On the contrary, it was burning the more fiercely because it was necessarily suppressed, and what had perhaps begun in bigotry was ending in downright direct hatred born of jealousy. Hitherto the priests had been the wise men of the land, and were on this account, as well as from superstitious causes, looked on with peculiar veneration. But our arrival, with our outlandish wisdom and our strange inventions and hints of unimagined things, dealt a serious blow to this state of affairs, and, among the educated Zu-Vendi, went far toward destroying the priestly prestige. A still worse affront to them, however, was the favor with which we were regarded, and the trust that was reposed in us. All these things tended to make us excessively obnoxious to the great sacerdotal clan, the most powerful because the most united faction in the kingdom.

Another source of imminent danger to us was the rising envy of some of the great lords, headed by Nasta, whose antagonism to us had at best been but thinly veiled, and which now threatened to break out into open flame. Nasta had for some years been a candidate for Nyleptha's hand in marriage; and when we appeared on the scene, I fancy, from all I could gather, that though there were still many obstacles in his path, success was by no means out of his reach. But now all this had changed; the coy Nyleptha smiled no more in his direction, and he was not slow to guess the cause. Infuriated and alarmed, he turned his attention to Sorais, only to find that he might as well try to woo a mountain side. With a bitter jest or two about his fickleness, that door was closed on him forever. So Nasta bethought him of the 30,000 wild swordsmen who would pour down at his bidding through the northern mountain passes, and no doubt vowed to adorn the gates of Milosis with our heads.

But first he determined, as we learned, to make one more attempt, and to demand the hand of Nyleptha in the open court after the formal annual ceremony of the signing of the laws that had been proclaimed by the queens during the year.

Of this astounding fact Nyleptha heard with simulated nonchalance, and with a little trembling of the voice herself informed us of it as we sat at supper on the night preceding the great ceremony of the law signing.

Sir Henry bit his lip, and, do what he could to prevent it, plainly showed his agitation.

"And what answer will the queen be pleased to give to the great lord?" asked I, in a jesting manner.

"Answer, Macumazahn" (for we had elected to pass by our Zulu names in Zu-Vendis), she said, with a pretty shrug of her ivory shoulder. "Nay, I know not; what is a poor woman to do when the wooer has 30,000 swords wherewith to urge his love?" and from under her long lashes she glanced at Curtis.

Just then we rose from the table to adjourn into another room. "Quatermain, a word, quick!" said Sir Henry to me. "Listen; I have never spoken about it, but surely you have guessed—I love Nyleptha. What am I to do?"

Fortunately, I had more or less already taken the question into consideration, and was therefore able to give such answer as seemed the wisest to me.

"You must speak to Nyleptha to-night," I said. "Now is your time—now or never. Listen; in the sitting room get near to her, and whisper to her to meet you at midnight by the Rademas statue at the end of the great hall. I will keep watch for you there. Now or never, Curtis."

We passed on into the other room. Nyleptha was sitting, her hands before her, and a sad, anxious look upon her lovely face. A little way off was Sorais talking to Good in her slow, measured tones.

The time went on; in another quarter of an hour I knew that, according to their habit, the queens would retire. As yet Sir Henry had had no chance of saying a word in private; indeed, though we saw much of the royal sisters it was by no means easy to see them alone. I racked my brains, and at last an idea came to me.

"Will the queen be pleased," I said, bowing low before Sorais, "to sing unto her servants? Our hearts are heavy this night. Sing to us, O Lady of the Night" (Sorais' favorite name among the people).

"My songs, Macumazahn, are not such as to lighten the heavy heart, yet will I sing if it pleases thee," she answered, and she rose and went a few paces to a table, whereon lay an instrument not unlike a zither, and struck a few wandering chords.

Then suddenly, like the notes of some deep throated bird, her rounded voice rang out in song so wildly sweet, and yet with so eerie and sad a refrain, that it made the very blood stand still. Up, up soared the golden notes, that seemed to melt far away, and then to grow again and travel on, laden with all the sorrow of the world and all the despair of the lost. It was a marvelous song, but I had not time to listen to it properly. However, I got the words of it afterward, and here is a translation of its burden, so far as it admits of being translated at all:

SORAIS' SONG.

As a desolate bird that through darkness its lost way is winging,
As a hand that is helplessly raised when Death's sickle is swinging,
So is life! aye, the life that lends passion and breath to my singing.

As the nightingale's song that is full of a sweetness unspoken,
As a spirit unbarring the gates of the skies for a token,
So is love! aye, the love that shall fall when his pinion is broken.

As the tramp of the legions when trumpets their challenge are sending,
As the shout of the storm god when lightnings the black sky are rending,
So is power! aye, the power that shall lie in the dust at its ending.

So short is our life; yet with space for all things to forsake us,
A bitter delusion, a dream from which naught can awake us,
Till Death's dogging footsteps at morn or at eve shall o'ertake us.

REFRAIN.

Oh, the world is fair at the dawning—dawning—dawning,
But the red sun sinks in blood, the red sun sinks in blood.

I only wish that I could write down the music too.

"Now, Curtis, now," I whispered, when she began the second verse, and turned my back.

"Nyleptha," he said—for my nerves were so much on the stretch that I could hear every word, low as it was spoken, even through Sorais' divine notes—"Nyleptha, I must speak with thee this night; upon my life I must. Say me not nay, oh, say me not nay!"

"How can I speak with thee?" she answered, looking fixedly before her; "queens are not like other people. I am surrounded and watched."

"Listen, Nyleptha, thus: I will be before the statue of Rademas in the great hall at midnight. I have the countersign and can pass in. Macumazahn will be there to keep guard, and with him the Zulu. Oh, come, my queen; deny me not."

"It is not seemly," she murmured; "and to-morrow"——

Just then the music began to die in the last wail of the refrain, and Sorais slowly turned her round.

"I will be there," said Nyleptha, hurriedly; "on thy life see that thou fail me not."

CHAPTER XVI.

BEFORE THE STATUE.

It was night—dead night—and the silence lay on the Frowning City like a cloud.

Secretly, as evil doers, Sir Henry Curtis, Umslopogaas and myself threaded our way through the passages towards a by entrance to the great throne chamber. Once we were met by the fierce, rattling challenge of the sentry. I gave the countersign and the man grounded his spear and let us pass. Also, we were officers of the queen's body guard, and in that capacity had a right to come and go unquestioned.

We gained the hall in safety. So empty and so still was it that even when we had passed, the sound of our footsteps yet echoed up the lofty walls, vibrating faintly and still more faintly against the cavern roof, like ghosts of the footsteps of dead men haunting the place that once they trod.

It was an eerie spot, and it oppressed me. The moon was full, and threw great pencils and patches of light through the high, windowless openings in the walls, that lay pure and beautiful upon the blackness of the marble floor, like white flowers on a coffin. One of these silver arrows fell upon the statue of the sleeping Rademas, and of the angel form bent over him, illumining it, and a small circle round it, with a soft, clear light, reminding me of that which Catholics illumine the altars of their cathedrals.

Here by the statue we took our stand and waited—Sir Henry and I close together, Umslopogaas some paces off in the darkness, so that I could only just make out his towering outline leaning on the outline of an ax.

So long did we wait that I almost fell asleep resting against the cold marble, but was suddenly aroused by hearing Curtis give a quick, catching breath. Then from far, far far away there came a little sound, as though the statues that lined the walls were whispering to each other some message of the ages.

It was the faint sweep of a lady's dress. Nearer it grew, and nearer yet. We could see a figure steal from patch to patch of moonlight, and even hear the soft fall of sandaled feet. Another second and I saw the black silhouette of the old Zulu raise its arm in mute salute, and Nyleptha was before us.

Oh, how beautiful she looked as she paused a moment just within the circle of the moonlight! Her hand was pressed upon her heart, and her white bosom heaved beneath it. Round her head a broidered scarf was loosely thrown, partially shadowing the perfect face, and thus rendering it even more lovely; for beauty, dependent as it is to a certain extent upon the imagination, is never so beautiful as when it is half hid. There she stood, radiant but half doubting, stately and yet so sweet. It was but a moment; but I then and there fell in love with her myself, and have remained so to this hour; for indeed she looked more like an angel out of heaven than a loving, passionate, mortal woman. Low we bowed before her, and then she spoke.

"I have come," she whispered, "but it was at great risk. Ye know not how I am watched. The priests watch me. Sorais watches me with those great eyes of hers. My very guards are spies upon me. Nasta watches me too. Oh, let him be careful!" and she stamped her foot. "Let him be careful; I am a woman, and therefore hard to drive. Ay, and I am a queen, too, and can still avenge. Let him be careful, I say, lest in place of giving him my hand I take his head;" and she ended the outburst with a little sob and then smiled up at us bewitchingly and laughed.

"Thou didst bid me come hither, my Lord Incubu" (Curtis had taught her to call him so). "Doubtless it is about business of the state, for I know that thou art ever full of great ideas and plans for my welfare and my people's. So, even as a queen should I have come, though I greatly fear the dark alone;" and again she laughed and gave him a glance from her gray eyes.

At this point I thought it wise to move a little, since secrets "of the state" should not be made public property, but she would not let me go far, peremptorily stopping me within five yards or so, saying that she feared surprise. So it came to pass that, however unwillingly, I heard all that passed.

"Thou knowest, Nyleptha," said Sir Henry, "that it was for none of these things that I asked thee to me at this lonely place. Nyleptha, waste not the time in pleasantry, but listen to me, for—I love thee."

As he said the words I saw her face break up, as it were, and change. The coquetry went out of it, and in its place there shone a great light of love, which seemed to glorify it, and make it like that of the marble angel overhead. I could not help thinking that it must have been a touch of prophetic instinct which made the long dead Rademas limn in the features of the angel of his inspiring vision so strange a likeness of his own descendant. Sir Henry also must have observed and been struck by the likeness, for, catching the look upon Nyleptha's face, he glanced quickly from it to the moonlit statue, and then back again at his beloved.

"Thou sayest thou dost love me," she said, in a low voice, "and thy voice rings true; but how am I to know that thou dost speak the truth? Though," she went on, with proud humility, and in the stately third person which is so largely used by the Zu-Vendi, "I be as nothing in the eyes of my lord"—and she courtesied towards him—"who comes from among a wonderful people, to whom my people are but children, yet here am I a queen and a leader of men, and if I would go to a battle a hundred thousand spears shall sparkle in my train like stars glimmering down the path of the bent moon. And although my beauty be a little thing in the eyes of my lord"—and she lifted her broidered skirt and courtesied again—"yet here among my own people am I held right fair; and ever since I was a woman the great lords of my kingdom have made quarrel concerning me, as though, forsooth," she added, with a flash of passion, "I were a deer to be pulled down by the hungriest wolf, or a horse to be sold to the highest bidder. Let my lord pardon me if I weary my lord, but it hath pleased my lord to say that he loves me, Nyleptha, a queen of the Zu-Vendi; and therefore would I say, that though my love and my hand be not much to my lord, yet to me are they all."

"Oh!" she cried, with a sudden and thrilling change of voice, and modifying her dignified mode of address—"oh, how can I know that thou lovest but me? How can I know that thou wilt not weary of me and seek thine own place again, leaving me desolate? Who is there to tell me but that thou lovest some other woman, some fair woman unknown to me, but who yet draws breath beneath this same moon that shines on me to-night? Tell me how am I to know?" And she clasped her hands and stretched them out towards him, and looked appealingly into his face.

"Nyleptha," answered Sir Henry, adopting the Zu-Vendi way of speech, "I have told thee that I love thee; how am I to tell thee how much I love thee? Is there, then, a measure for love? Yet will I try. I say not that I have never looked upon another woman with favor, but this I say, that I love thee with all my life and with all my strength; that I love thee now, and shall love thee till I grow cold in death, aye, and as I believe, beyond my death, and on and on forever; I say that thy voice is music to my ear, and thy touch as water to a thirsty land; that when thou art there the world is beautiful, and when I see thee not it is as though the light was dead. Oh, Nyleptha, I will never leave thee! Here and now, for thy dear sake, I will forget my people and my father's house; yea, I renounce them all. By thy side will I live, Nyleptha, and at thy side will I die."

He paused and gazed at her earnestly, but she hung her head like a lily, and said never a word.

A Novel Gold Discovery.

The farm where Mrs. Frank Seacoy resides is near the river and about two miles from Matterson's mill. On her farm the well was cleaned out a few days ago and one or two bushels of dirt and gravel were thrown out. Around this pile of gravel Mrs. Seacoy's flock of chickens congregated and picked it over, and with it filled up their hungry crops. The day after, one of these chickens was killed for dinner. In its crop was found a good-sized gold nugget worth not less than a dollar. This nugget she brought to town on Tuesday and left it at this office for inspection. Mr. DeSomber, the jeweler, examined and tested the nugget with acid, and says it is gold, and Squire Hewitt, who was a miner in California, agrees with Mr. DeSomber. This nugget can be seen at this office. Mrs. Seacoy is a lady whose word as to the manner of finding it, is worthy of implicit confidence.—*Ponca Journal.*

—On Monday an Atchison man was caught at something or other by his wife, the paper don't say what. He found out Tuesday that a man had given his wife a pointer. He swore in a loud voice that he was going to tell on every man in Atchison. Within two days more than a hundred of the wives of his acquaintances were surprised by being invited by their husbands to go and spend a few weeks with their folks in the east, while no less than nine men started their entire families off to California for the winter. Such funny things do happen down in Atchison.—*Lincoln Democrat.*

—Olivia Delaplaine, in Mr. Fawcett's story in the *American Magazine*, is at last fairly launched on the sea of New York society, and begins to show some of the qualifications of a leader.

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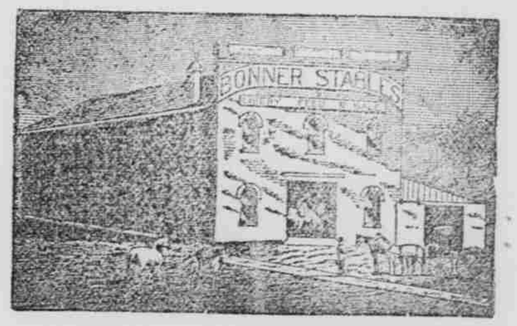

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