

THE WIZARD.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

AUTHOR OF "SHE," "ALLAN QUATERMAIN," "KING SOLOMON'S MINES," ETC.

CHAPTER XI.—Continued. It was midnight and Hekosa with his wife stood in the burying ground of the kings of the Amasska...

His solemn eyes, and muttering: "Obey and sleep." Presently her limbs relaxed, and her head fell back...

A CHANGE CAME OVER THE GIRL'S LOVELY FACE.

medicine that I shall give you does its work and the spirit is loosened from your body...

CHAPTER XII.—THE MESSAGE OF HOKOSA. The wizard went by, and Hekosa sat in his kraal weaving a great plot...

OUT OF THE ORDINARY.

The horn of the rhinoceros is not joined to the bone of the head, but grows on the skin...

"You need not hide there; you can travel on into the mountains till you come to the top of the range...

STARTING OFF.

The man raised his eyebrows and gave Henry a hard incredulous look...

Two hundred and forty dollars in gold coin could not now be regarded as a large sum; but fifty years ago it was quite different...

OVER THE FIRE.

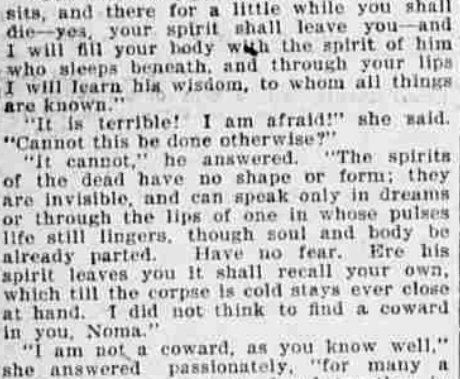
It was a great weight which seemed to hinder free breathing. He was young and strong, however, and when once he was well forth on his way...

In a pathless wood, weaponless and without food, his condition seemed hopeless. Overhead the moon hung in a sheet of pale cloud that spread mist-like over the sky...

THE CANARY TRADE.

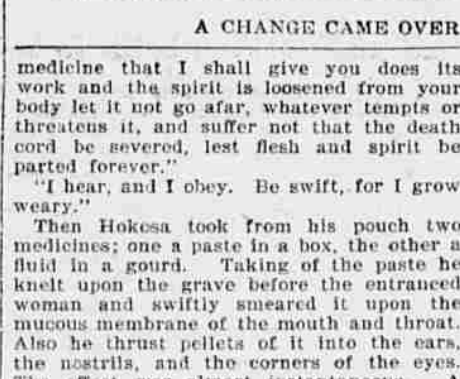
Teaching Birds Some Simple Tricks.—How to Train Finken's Self Wares. The fall trade in canaries is the canary bird trade...

interviewed by reporters whenever you do anything. "Friend of the Family—Johnny, I suppose you are delighted with the new little brother at your house?"



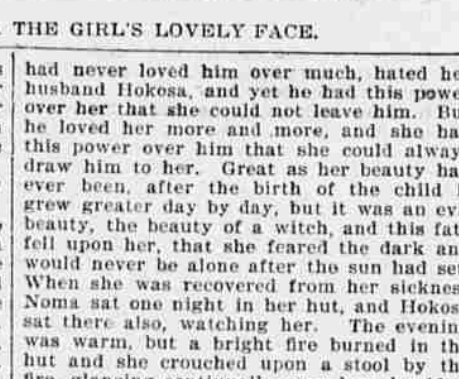
"IT IS TERRIBLE! I AM AFRAID!" SHE SAID.

If for some few minutes only, at least my woman's breast has been a victim of your magic, for should I die beneath it, then I who desire to live on and to be great, will have lost you and be avenged upon you."



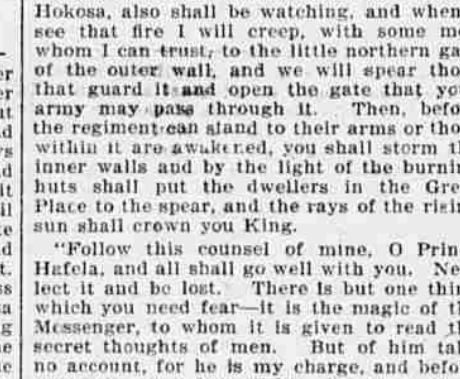
"I AM AFRAID!" SHE SAID.

Her eyes were fixed on him, and she said: "I am afraid!"



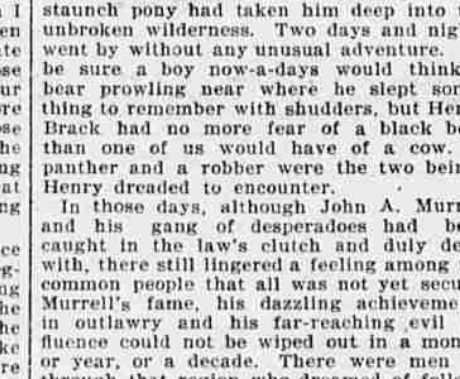
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"I am afraid," she said. "I am afraid!"



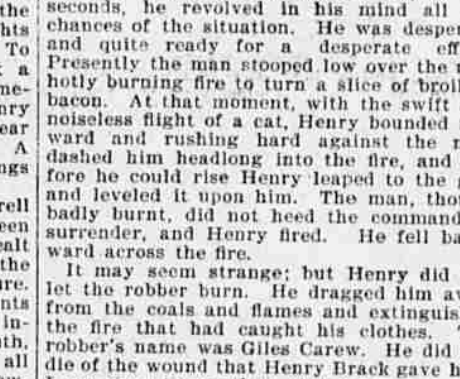
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Geisler's Bird Store, Omaha, Neb. Established 1888. MADAWASKA. A trade with seasons, and tricks, too, just as much as there is in pig iron. The tricks come through the discriminations against the weaker sex, the new woman so much resents female canary birds are a drug in the market; you can buy one anywhere for 50 cents, whereas the New York price for a guaranteed singer is \$3. Sometimes, in the case of a very fine musician, \$5. You can get a male bird not guaranteed for \$2.50. Until the females are sufficiently acquainted with the spirit of the sex to sing like their fathers and husbands, they are likely to be more appreciated by the bird fakir than to the public.

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BACKWOODS PLUCK. A True Story of Early Mississippi Days. BY MAURICE THOMPSON. Copyrighted, 1888, by the Author. Two hundred and forty dollars in gold coin could not now be regarded as a large sum; but fifty years ago it was quite different, especially among the poor folk who lived far down in the lowlands of Mississippi. When Henry Brack, a boy of 16, was entrusted to bear such an amount of money to New Orleans the responsibility seemed almost too great for him. His father at the time was ill and bed-fast, and it was necessary that a debt of \$240, due the city, should be promptly paid in order to hold the land upon which the Brack family lived. Henry was the only son of his parents and had been familiar with frontier hardships all his life; yet this undertaking impressed him as something stupendous. In those days there were no railroads. Even the wagon roads were for the most part mere winding trails through dense and uninhabited woods. So that when Henry Brack set out one fine March morning, riding a gray pony, he had farewell to his parents and sisters with the tears and expression of one going away into deadly danger, never, perhaps, to return. The money, which, as I have said, was all gold coin, had been carefully bestowed in a leather belt and buckled around Henry's waist under his clothes. In a pair of saddle bags he bore some bacon and dried venison. Across the pommel of his old saddle rested a long rifle, and at his side hung a pouch and powder horn. Now was the gun his only weapon, for in his inner coat pocket were two small pistols. He did not feel afraid, but a sense of doubt and anxiety weighed upon his mind. The money-bag clasped about him bore in upon his heart, as if it were a great weight which seemed to hinder free breathing. He was young and strong, however, and when once he was well forth on his way he threw off much of his discomfort and rode along whistling. For some hours the road led through dense plantations, but before night fall the even jogging of his staunch pony had taken him deep into the unbroken wilderness. Two days and nights went by without any unusual adventures. To be sure a bow now-a-days would think a bear prowling near where he slept something to remember with shudders, but Henry Brack had no more fear of a black bear than one of us would have of a cow. A panther and a robber were the two things Henry dreaded to encounter. In those days, although John A. Murrell and his gang of desperadoes had been caught in the law's clutch and duly dealt with, there still lingered a feeling among the common people that all was not yet secure. Murrell's fame, his dazzling achievements in outlawry and his far-reaching influence could not be wiped out in a month, or year, or a decade. There were men all through that region who dreamed of following in his footsteps, men who kidnapped negro slaves and sold them over and over again, who watched beside the obscure highway to waylay and rob travelers, and these fellows were singularly shrewd at finding out where Henry's road would lead. All went well with Henry Brack, however, for two or three days and nights, during which he made very good progress on his journey and came into the Pearl River country. Here had been one of Murrell's favorite haunts, and here, too, Pierre Rameau, the celebrated creek highwayman, used to have his sylvan retreat. Henry knew the history of these men and of course his imagination caught rather gorgeously in their belief. No wonder, then, he was scared almost out of his wits when suddenly one afternoon, just before nightfall, a man's voice struck his ear from not more than six feet of distance. "How do you do, young man?" Henry started and looked quickly to see riding nearly abreast of him a short, slight man whose smile, despite a rather frowsy thin red beard and a freckled skin, was quite pleasing. "How far are you going this way?" the stranger continued in a soft voice which at once reassured him. "To New Orleans," was the frank answer.

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