BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

CHAPTER IL.—THE YEARS ROLL BY. F course poor Vincey's sudden death created a great stir in the colege; but as he was known to be very ill, and a satisfactory doc-tor's certificate was forthcoming, there was no inquest. They were not so particular

with my trust. The letter, which I will

A letter in a big blue envelope was broug

in to me.

"Sir . Our client, the late M. L. Vincey,

College, Cambridge, has left behind him a will, of which you will please find copy included, and of which we are the executors.

By this will you will perceive that you take a life interest in about half of the late Mr.

Vincey's property, now invested in Con-cols, subject to your acceptance of the mardianship of his only son, Leo Vincey, at present an infant, aged five. Had we

not our selves drawn up the document in question in obedience to Mr. Vincey's clear and procise instructions, both personal and

that he had very good reasons for what he

so rel tem living to whom he could have sentilled the guard multiplet the child, we so not be linetiffed in taking this course.

to sen us as regards the delivery of the

Infant said the proportion of the proportion

As iniciation olded mothing material to

your to glater or and certainly relieful no

to the off a la my need to undertak-

Jane has ask I had promised my dead friend

we will like, there was only one course

squared by modely, to write to Messre,

are thenter on the trust, stating that I

chould be willing to undertake the charge

of cound in ion days' time. This done, I

proceed to the anthor the of my college,

met et land de able, which was not

point such in product, creat to stretch a point such in the count of my having ob-

taland a Fellow lib, which I was pretty

When I had done, allow me to have the

and the live with me. Girli consent, however, was only granted at the condition

Abat I consider my come in college and

dook longings. This I and, and with some

efficiently succeeded in obtaining very good spartments quite close to the college gates.

The east thing was coming a nurse, And

en this point I come to a determination. I we will a work the actions and all his affections

without femmie assistance, so I set to work to know up a suttour male attendant

ing a most respectable round faced round man, who had been a letper to a kun

the other

fable, but who in that he was one of a tuttey of several manner well needstorned the ways of chinery, and professed him-

Master when he arrived. Then, we to town, and

rithering over house deposited it at my confidence the house thouse upon the confidence and

and another they said, and then along

Merce a same series can's home-

' to the charge

my a dordan, and express my readi-

Awaiting spea instructions as you please

. visions seem to us of so unusual .

a then we should have felt bound to

a tienties . Court of Chancery

of desirable to it, either by the copacity of the testator of the interest of the

As it is, knowing that the testatof

on, and that he has absolutely

dide to you, we remain.

have, runs thus:

stood had got married, and thence arose about inquests in hose days as they are now; indeed they The child grew into the boy, and the boy to generally disliked, as causing a scan-Under all these circumstances, as I into a young man, as one by one the re-morseless years flew by, and as he grew and increased, so did his beauty and the beauty of his mind grow with him. When was asked no questions, I did not feel called upon to volunteer any information about our interview of the night of Vincey's dehe was about fifteen they used to call him sease, beyond saying that he had come into Beauty about the college, and me they nicknamed the Beast. Beauty and the the day of the funeral a lawyer came down Beast was what they called us when we worn London and followed my poor friend's went out walking together, as we used to every day. Once Leo attacked a great smains to the grave, and then went back with his papers and effects, excepting, of strapping butcher's-man, twice his size, because he sung it out after us, and source, the iron chest which had been left in you keeping. For a week after this I thrashed him, too-thrashed him fairly. I beard no more of the matter, and, indeed walked on and pretended not to see, till my attention was amply occupied in other ways, for I was up for my Fellowship, a first that had prevented me from attending the combat got too exciting, when I turned round and cheered him on to victory. It was the chaif of the college at the time, the funeral, or speing the lawyer. At last, but I could not help it. Then when he however, the examination was over, and I was a little older the undergrad came back to my rooms and sunk into an fresh names for us. They called me Chareasy chair with a happy consciousness that on, and Leo the Greek god. I will pass over my own appellation with the humble Find got through it very fairly. Soon, Bowever, my thoughts, relieved of the remark that I was never handsome, and pressure that had crushed them into a sindid not grow more so as I grew older. As gle groove during the last few days, turned to the events of the night of poor Vincey's for his, there was no doubt about his fitness. Leo at twenty-one might have stood death, and again I asked myself what it all for a statue of Apollo. I never saw anymeant, and wondered if I should hear anybody to touch him in looks, or anybo absolutely unconscious of them. As for his mind, he was brilliant and keen-witted, what it would be my duty to do with the dirions from chest. I sat there, and thought but not a scholar. He had not the dullness d thought till I began to grow quite dismebed over the whole occurrence; the mysnecessary for that result. We follow out his father's instructions as regards his terious midnight visit, the prophecy of education strictly enough, and on the death so shortly to be fulfilled, the solemn eath that I had taken, and which he had whole the results, especially so far as the Greek and Arabic went, were satisfactory. ealled on me to answer for in another learned the latter language in order to world to this. Had the man committe help to teach it to him, but after five years suicide" It looked like it. And what was of it he knew it as well as I did-almost as the quest of which he spoke? The circumwell as the professor who instructed us with the steere almost uneanny, so much as both. I always was a great sportsmanthat, though I am by no means nervous, of it is my one passion—and every autumn agt to be alarmed at anything that may we went away somewhere shooting or fishseem to cross the bounds of the natural, ing, sometimes to Scotland, sometimes to grew afaild, and began to wish I had had Norway, once even to Russia. I am a good nothing to do with it. How much more shot, but even in this he learned to excel do I wish it now, over twenty years after-When Leo was eighteen I moved back into my rooms, and entered him at As I sat and thought there was a knock my own college, and at twenty-one he took at the door, and a letter in a big blue enhis degree—a respectable degree, but not a valops was brought in to me. I saw at a very high one. Then it was that I, for the clance that it was a lawyer's letter, and first time, told him something of his own an instinct told me that it was connected story, and of the mystery that loomed

I suggested that he should get himself called to the bar; and this he did, reading at Cambridge, and only going up to London to eat his dinners. I had only one trouble about him, and that was that every young woman who came across him, or, if not every one, nearly so, would insist on falling in love with him. Hence arose difficulties which I need not enter into here, though they were troublesome enough at the time. On the

> more than that. And so the time went by, till at last he reached his twenty-fifth birthday, at which date this strange, and in some ways awful,

> whole, he behaved fairly well; I can't say

ahead. Of course he was very curious

about it, and of course I explained to him

that his curiosity could not be gratified at

present. After that, to pass the time away,

orders and regulations to the contrary not-withstanding, he was continually in and out—a sort of chartered libertine, in whose

favor all rules were relaxed. The offerings made at his shrine were simply without number, and I had a serious difference of opinion with one old resident fellow, now

long dead, who was usually supposed to be the crustiest man in the university, and

to abhor the sight of a child. And yet I

discovered, when a frequently recurring fit of sickness had forced Job to keep a strict lookout, that this unprincipled eld man was in the habit of enticing the bey to his

rooms and there feeding him upon unlim-

ited quantities of brandy-balls, and mak-

ing him promise to say nothing about it.
Job told him he had ought to be ashamed

of himself, "at his age, too, when he might

have been a grandfather if he had done

what was right," by which Job under-

history really begins.

CHAPTER III.—THE SHERD OF AMENARTAS.



N the day preceding Leo's twenty-fifth birthday we both proceeded to London, and extracted the mysterious chest from the bank where I had deposited it twenty years before. It was, I remember, brought

up by the same clerk who had taken it down. He perfectly remembered having hidden it away. Had he not done so, he said, he should have had difficulty in finding it, it was so covered up with cobwebs.

In the evening we returned with our precious burden to Cambridge, and I think that we might both of us have given away all the sleep we got that night and not have been much the poorer. At day-break Leo arrived in my room in a dressing-gown, and suggested that we should at once proceed to business. I scouted the idea as showing an unworthy curiosity. The chest had waited twenty years, I said; it could very well continue to wait until after breakfast. Accordingly at nine-an unusnally sharp nine-we breakfasted; and so occupied was I with my own thoughts that I regret to state that I put a piece of bacon into Leo's tea in mistake for a lump of sugar. Job, too, to whom the contagion of excitement had of course spread, managed to break the handle off my Sevres china tea-cup, the identical one, I believe, that Marat had been drinking from just before

he was stabbed in his bath. At last, however, breakfast was cleared away, and Job, at my request, fetched the chest, and placed it upon the table in a somewhat gingerly fashion, as though he mistrusted it. Then he prepared to leave

"Stop a moment, Job," I said; "if Mr. Leo has no objection, I should prefer to have an independent witness to this business, who can be relied upon to hold his

tongue unless he is asked to speak." "Certainly, Uncle Horace," answered Leo, for I had brought him up to call me uncle, though he varied the appellation somewhat disrespectfully by calling me "old fellow," or even, "my avuncular rela-

Job touched his head, not having a hat

"Lock the door, Job," I said, "and bring me my dispatch-box." He obeyed, and from the box I took the he obeyed, and from the box I took the keys that poor Vincey, Leo's father, had given me on the night of his death. There were three of them; the largest a comparatively modern key, the second an exceedingly ancient one, and the third entirely unlike anything of the sort that we had ever seen before, being fashioned apparently from a strip of solid aliver, with a tar

ever seen before, being fashioned apparently from a strip of solid silver, with a bar placed across to serve as a handle, and some nicks out in the edge of the bar. It was more like a model of some antediluvian railway key than anything else.

"Now are you both ready?" I said, as people do when they are going to fire a mine. There was no answer, so I took the big key, rubbed some salacioil into the wards, and after one or two bad shots, for my hands were shaking, managed to fit it, and shoot the look. Lee bent over and caught the massive lid in both his hands, and, with an effort, for the hinges had rusted, leaned it back. Its removal revealed another case covered with dust. This we extracted from the fron chest without any difficulty, and removed the accumulation of the said removed the said removed the said removed removed removed the said removed r

ted filth of years from it with a clothes-

It was, or appeared to be, of ebony, or some such close-grained black wood, and was bound in every direction with flat bands of iron. Its antiquity must have been extreme, for the dense, heavy wood was actually in parts commencing to crumble away from age.
"Now for it," I said, inserting the second

Job and Leo bent forward in breathless flence. The key turned, and I flung back the lid, and uttered an exclamation, as did the others, and no wonder, for inside the ebony case was a magnificent silver cas ket, about twelve inches square by eight high. It appeared to be of Egyptian workmanship, for the four legs were formed of sphinxes, and the dome-shaped cover was also surmounted by a sphinx. The casket was of course much tarnished and dimmed with age, but otherwise in almost perfect

I drew it out and set it on the table, and then, in the midst of the most perfect silence, I inserted the strange-looking silver key, and pressed this way and that, until at last the lock yielded, and the casket stood open before us. It was filled to the brim with some brown shredded material. more like vegetable fiber than paper, the nature of which I had never been able to discover. This I carefully removed to the depth of some three inches, when I came to a letter inclosed in an ordinary modernoking envelope, and addressed in the handwriting of my dead friend Vincey: "To my son Leo, should he live to open

I handed the letter to Leo, who glanced at the envelope, and then put it down upon the table, making a motion to me to go on

mptying the casket.

The next thing that I came to was a parchment carefully rolled up. I unrolled t, and seeing that it was also in Vincey's dwriting, and headed, "Translation of the Unical Greek Writing on the Potsherd,' put it down by the letter. Then followed another ancient roll of parchment, that had become yellow and crinkled with the sage of years. This I also unrolled. It was likewise a translation of the same Greek original, but in black-letter Latin this time, and appeared to me from the style and character to date from the end of the fifteenth, or perhaps the middle of the sixteenth, century. Immediately beneath this roll was something hard and heavy, wrapped up in yellow linen, and freposing upon another layer of the fibrous material. Slowly and carefully we unrolled the linen, exposing to view a very large but undoubtedly ancient potsherd of a dirty yellow color! This potsherd had in my judgment once been a part of an ordinary amphora of medium size. For the rest it measured eleven inches in length by ten in width, was about a quarter of an inch thick, and sely covered on the convex side, that lay toward the bottom of the box, with writing in the later Unical Greek character, faded here and there, but for the most part perfectly legible, the inscription hav-ing evidently been executed with the greatest care, and by means of a reed pen, such as the ancients often used. I must not forget to mention that in some remote age this wonderful fragment had been broken in two, and rejoined by means of cement and eight long rivets. Also there were numerous inscriptions on the inner side, but these were of the most erratic character, and had clearly been made by different hands and in many different ages, and of them I shall have to speak present-

"Is there anything more?" asked Leo, in a kind of excited whisper.

I groped about, and produced something hard, done up in a little linen bag. Out of the bag we took, first, a very beautiful miniature done upon ivory, and secondly, a small chocolate-colored composition scarabœus, marked thus:



symbols which we have since ascertained. an "Suten se Re," which is, being translated, the "Royal Son of Ra, or the Sun." The miniature was a picture of Leo's Greek mother-a lovely, dark-eyed creature. On the back of it was written, in poor Vincey's handwriting, "My beloved wife, died May,

"That is all," I said. "Very well, answered Leo, putting down the miniature, at which he had been gazing affectionately; "and now let us read the letter;" and without further ado he broke the seal, and read aloud as follows:

"My Son Leo:—When you open this, if you ever live to do so, you will have attained to manhood, and I shall have been long enough dead to be absolutely forgotten by nearly all who knew me. Yet in reading it remember that I have been, and for anything you know may still be, and that in it, through this link of pen and paper, I stretch out my hand to you across the gulf of death, and my voice speaks to you from the unutterable silence of the grave. Though I am dead, and no memory of me remains in your mind, yet am I with you in this hour that you read. Since your birth to this day I have scarcely seen your face. 'rgive me this. Your life sup-planted the life of one whom I loved better than women are often loved, and the bitss endureth yet. Had I lived I should

in time have conquered this foolish feeling, but I am not destined to live. My sufferings, physical and mental, are more than a can bear, and when such small arrangements as I have to make for your future well-being are completed it is my intention.

to put a period to them. May God forgive me if I do wrong! At the best I could not live more than another year." "So he killed himself!" I exclaimed. "I

thought se."

"And now," Leo went on, without replying, "enough of myself. What has to be said belongs to you, who live, not to me, who am dead, and almost as much forgetten as though I had never been. Holly, my friend (to whom, if he will accept the trust, it is my intention to confide you), will have told you something of the extraordinary antiquity of your race. In the contents of this casket you will find sufficient to prove it. The strange legend that you will find inscribed by your remots



"And now let us read the letter,"

all that befell me I can not enter now. But this I saw with my own eyes. On the the coast of Africa, in a hitherto unexplorthe coast of Africa, in a hitherto unexplored region, some distance to the north of where the Zambesi falls into the sea, there is a headland, at the extremity of which a peak towers up, shaped fike the head of a negro, similar to that of which the writing speaks. I landed there, and learned from a wandering native, who had been castout by his people because of some crime which he had committed, that far inland are great mountains, shaped like cups, and caves he had committed, that far inland are great mountains, shaped like cups, and caves surrounded by measureless swamps. I learned also that the people there speak a dialect of Arabic, and are ruled over by a beautiful white woman, who is seldom seen by them, but who is reported to have power over all things living and dead. Two days after I had ascertained this the man died of fever contracted in crossing the swamps, and I was forced by want of provisions and by symptoms of the illness which afterward prostrated me to take to my dhow again.

my dhow again.
"Of the adventures that befell me after this I need not now speak. I was wrecked upon the coast of Madagascar, and rescued some months afterward by an English ship that brought me to Aden, whence I started for England, intending to prosecute my search as soon as I had made sufficient preparations. On my way I stopped in Greece, and there, for omnia vincit amor,' I met your beloved mother, and married her, and there you were born and she died. Then it was that my last illness seized me and I returned hither to die. But still hoped against hope, and set myself to work to learn Arabic, with the intention, should I ever get better, of returning to the coast of Africa, and solving the mystery of which the tradition has lived so many combined in our family. But I have not got better, and, so far as I am concerned, the story is at an end

"For you, however, my son, it is not at an end, and to you I hand on these the results of my labor, together with the hereditary proofs of its origin. It is my intention to provide that they shall not be put into your hands until you have reached an into your hands until you have reached an age when you will be able to judge for yourself, whether or no you will choose to investigate what, if it is true, must be the

greatest mystery in the world, or to put it by as an idle fable, originating in the first place in a woman's disordered brain. "I do not believe that it is a fable; I believe that, if it can only be re-discovered, there is a spot where the vital forces of the world visibly exist. Life exists; why, therefore, should not the means of preserving infinitely exist also? But I have no wis to prejudice your mind about the matter. Read and judge for yourself. If you are inclined to undertake the search I have so provided that you will not lack for means. if, on the other hand, you are satisfied that the whole thing is a chimera, then I adjure you destroy the potsherd and the writings and let a cause of troubling be removed from our race forever. Perhaps that will est. The unknown is generally tak en to be terrible, not, as the proverb would infer, from the inherent superstition man, but because it is so often terrible. Be who would tamper with the vast and se-eret forces that animate the world may well fall a victim to them. And if the end were attained, if at last you emerged from the trial ever beautiful and ever young, defying time and evil, and lifted above the natural decay of flesh and intellect, who shall say that the awesome change would prove a happy one? Choose, my son, and may the Power who rules all things, and who says. Thus far shalt thou go, and thus much about the lift they leave, direct your choice. much shalt thou learn,' direct your choice to your own happiness and the happiness of the world, which, in the event of your ss, you would one day certainly rule by the pure force of accumulated experience. Farewell!"

Thus the letter, which was unsigned and undated, abruptly ended. "What do you make of that, Uncle Hol-

ly?" said Leo, with a sort of gasp, as he replaced it on the table. "We have been looking for a mystery, and we certainly seem to have found one." "What do I make of yet? Why, that

your poor dear father was off his head, of course," I answered, testily. "I guessed as much that night, twenty years ago, when he came into my room. You see, he evidently hurried his own end, poor man. It is absolute balderdash."

"That's it, sir." said Job, solemnly. Job was a most matter-of-fact specimen of a matter-of-fact class.

"Well, let's see what the potsherd has to say, at any rate," said Leo, taking up the translation in his father's writing, and

commencing to read: "I, Amenartas, of the Royal House of Hakor, a Pharaoh of Egypt, wife of Kallikrates (the Strong and Beautiful, or the Beautiful in Strength), a Priest of Isis, whom the gods cherish and the demons obey, being about to die, to my little son Tisisthenes (the Mighty Avenger). I fled with thy father from Egypt in the days of Nekht-nebf, (Nectanebes or Nectanebo II., the last native Pharaoh of Egypt, fled from Ochus to Ethiopia B. C. 339.—F ditor.) causing him through love to break the vows that he had vowed. We fled southward, across the waters, and we wandered for across the waters, and we wandered for twice twelve moons on the coast of Libya (Africa) that looks toward the rising sun, where by a river is a great rock carven like the head of an Ethiopian. Four days on the water from the mouth of a mighty river were we cast away, and some were drowned and some died of sickness. But us wild men took through wastes and marshes, where the sea-fowl hid the sky, bearing us ten days' journey, till we came to a hollow mountain, where a great city had been and fallen, and where there are caves of which no man hath seen the end; and they brought us to the queen of the people who place pots upon the heads of strangers, who is a magician having knowledge of all things, and life and loveliness that does not die. And she cast eyes of love upon thy father, Kallikrates, and would have slain me, and taken him to husband, but he loved me and feared her, and would not. Then did she take us, and lead us by terrible ways, by means of dark magic, to where the great pit is, in the mouth of which the old philosopher lay dead, and showed to us the rolling Pillar of Life that dies not, whereof the voice is as the voice of thunder, and did stand in the flames, and come forth unharmed, and yet more beautiful. Then did she swear to make thy father undying, even as she is, if he would but slay me and give himself to her, for me she could not slay because of the magic of my own people that I have and that prevailed thus far against her. And he held his hand before his eyes her. And he held his hand before his eyes to hide her beauty, and would not. Then in her rage did she smite him by her magic, and he died; but she wept over him, and being afraid, me she sent to the mouth of the great river when the ships. the great river where the ships come, and I was carried far away on the ships, where I gave thee birth, and hither to Athens'I cannot at last after many wanderings. Now I say to thee, my son, Tisisthenes, seek out the woman, and learn the secret of life, and if thou mayst find a way slay her, because of thy father Kallikrates; and if thou lost fear or fail, this I say to all of thy cause of thy father Kallikrates; and it thou dost fear or fail, this I say to all of thy seed who come after thee, till at last a brave man be found among them who shall before in the fire and sit in the place of the Pharaohs. I speak of those things that, though they be past belief, yet I have known, and I lie not."

"May the Lord forgive her for that"

As for myself, I said nothing; my finitides being that my poor friend, being demented, had composed the whole thing, though it scarcely seemed likely that such a story could have been invented by any-lody. It was too original. To solve my doubts I took up the potsherd and communities on it, and beautiful Greak it is investigation by an Reputing the The translation was, as I discovered a further investigations, both accurate and closured.

Besides the unical writing on the convention of the shere, at the top, painted in dull red, on what had once been the lip of the amphora, was the cartouche already mentioned as being on the searchous, which we had also found in the cashet. The hierarchysics, or ambout houses.

were reversed, just as the ugh they had been pressed en wax. When her this was the cartouche of the original om whom er of some Prince or Pharach om whom his wife Amenartas was descended, I am not sure, nor can I tell if it was draw a upon the sherd at the same time that the a rical the sherd at the same time that the a rical Greek was described, or copied on in recently from the searab by some other member of the family. Nor was this all. At the foot of the writing, painted in the same dull red, was the outline of a somewhat rude drawing of a sphinx wearing what rude drawing of a sphinx wearing two feathers, symbols of majesty, which, though common enough upon the efficies of sacred bulls and gods, I have never fore met with on a sphinx.

fore met with on a sphinx.
On the right-hand side of this surface of the sherd, painted obliquely in bright red on the space not covered by the unical, and signed in blue paint, was the following quaint inscription

IN EARTH AND SKIE AND SEA STRANGE THYNGES THER BE. HOC FECIT

Perfectly bewildered, I turned the relic over. It was covered from top to bottom with notes and signatures in Greek, Latin, and English. The first in unical Greek was by Tisisthenes, the son to whom the writing was addressed. It was: "I can not go. To thee, my son Kallikrates."

This Kallikrates (probably, in the Greek fashion, so named after his grandfather) evidently made some attempt to start on the quest, fee his entry, written in very faint and almost illegible unical, is: "I started to seek, but the gods were against

me. To thee, my son." Between these two ancient writings, the second of which was inscribed upside down-that, had it not been for the transscript of them executed by Vincey, I should not have been able to read, since, owing to their having been written on that portion of the tile which had, in the course of ages, undergone the most handling, they were nearly worn out-was the bold, modern signature of one Lionel Vincey, "Ætate suo 17," which was written thereon, I think, by Leo's grandfather. To the right of this were the initials "J. B. V.," and below came a variety of Greek signatures, in unical and cursive character, and what appeared to be some repetitions of the sentence "to thee, my son," showing that the relic has been passed on from generation to generation.

The next legible thing after the Greek signatures was the word "ROMAE, A. U. C.," showing that the family had now migrated to Rome. Unfortunately, however, the date of their settlement there is forever lost, for just where it had been placed a

piece of the potsherd is broken away.

Then followed a dozen or more of Latin signatures, jotted about here and there, wherever there was a space upon the tile suitable to their inscription. These signatures were, almost without exception, ended with the name "Vindex," or "the Avenger," which seems to have been adopted by the family after its migration to Rome as thenes," which also means an avenger. Ultimately, of course, this Latin cognomen of Vindex was transformed, first into De Vincey and then into the plain modern Vincey. It is very curious to observe how the idea of revenge, inspired by an Egyptian before the time of Christ, is thus, as it were, embalmed in an English family

A few of the Roman names inscribed upon the sherd I have actually since found mentioned in history and other records. They were, if I remember right,

WUSSING VINDEY SEX. VARIVS. MARVLLVS C. FVFIDIVS. C. F. VINDEX.

LABERIA POMPEIANA. CONIVX, MACRINI.

VINDICIS. the last being, of course, that of a Roman lady. After the Roman names there is evidently a gap of very many centuries. Nobody will ever know now what was the history of the relic during those dark ages, Now it came to have been preserved in family. My poor friend Vincey had, it accestors finally settled in Lombardy. and when Charlemagne invaded it returned with him across the Alps, and made their Brittany, whence they crossed to holling in the reign of Edward the Con-. Mow he knew this I am not aware, for there is no reference to Lombardy or Charlemagne upon the tile, though, as will presently be seen, there is a reference to Brittany. To continue: the next entries on the sherd, if I may except a long splash some sort consists of two crosses drawn in red pigments, and probably representing Crusaders' swords and an almost obliter ated monogram ("D. V.") in scarlet and blue, perhaps executed by that same Do-

rothea Vincey who wrote, or rather painted, the deggerel couplet. Then came what was perhaps as curious an entry : anything upon this extraordinary relic of the past. It is executed in black letter, written ever the crosses or Crusader's swords, and dated fourteen hundred and forty five. As the best plan will be to allow it to speak for itself. I here give the original Latin, of course without the contractions, from which it will be seen that the writer was a fair mediaval Latinist. Also we discovered, what is still more curious, a modernized version of a black-letter translation of the Latin which we found inscribed on a second parchment that was in the coffer, apparently older in date than that on which was inscribed the Latin black-letter translation of the unical

Expanded Version of the Black-Letter Inscription on the Sherd of Amenartas. "Ista reliquia est valde misticum et myrificum opus, quod majores mei ex Armor-ica, scilicet Brittannia Minore, secum convehebant; et quidam sanctus clericus sem per patri mee in manu ferebat quod pe tus illud destrueret, affirmans quod es ab ipso Sathana confiatum prestigiosa dyabólica arte, quare pater meus config illud in duas partes, quas quidem ego Jo-hannes de Vinceto salvas servavi et adapta-vi sicut apparet die lune proximo post tes-tum beate Marie Virginis anni gratie tum beate Ma MCCCCXLV."

Modernized Version of the Black-Letter

Translation.

"Thys rellike ys a ryghte mistycall works and a marvaylous, the whyche myne aunceteres aforetyme dyd convight hider with them from Armorykee which ys to seiem Britaine the Lesse and a certayne holye clerks should allweyes bears my fadir on heads that he coughte uttirly for to frusshe the same, affirmynge that yt was fourmed and conflatyd of Sathanas hym selfe by arte magilia and dyvellysahe wherefore my falingly take the same and to-brast yt yn trayse, buff, John de Vincey, dyd save wheel the tweye partes thereof and to-pought them togydder agayne soes a year, and firsten and to-brast yt yn the file faming for save the followynge after the flament of Savnte Marve the Blance. after the feesig of Seynte Marye the Blessed Vyagyas yn the yeere of Salvacioun fower-tener hundreth and fyve and fowerti."

The next and, save one, last entry, was The next and, save one, last entry, was Elizabethan, and dated 1564: "A most strange historie, and one that did cost my father his life; for in seekynge for the place upon the east coast of Africa, his pinnace was sunk by a Portuguese galleon off Lorenzo Marquez, and he himself perished.—

John Vincay.

Then came the last entry, apparently, to indee by the style of writing mode by

judge by the style of writing, made by some representative of the family in the middle of the eighteenth century. It was the well-known quotation by Hamlet, "There are more things in heaven and

earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy, Horatio." (Another thing that makes me ax the date of this entry at the middle the eighteenth century is that I have an acting copy of Hamlet, written about 1740 in which these two lines are misquoted at most exactly in the same way, and I have little doubt that the Vincey who wrote them on the potsherd may have heard them so misquoted at that date. Of course the dines really run: "There are more things in heaven and earth

Than are dreamt of in your philosophy.") han "I disaid, when I had read these "We il," I said, when I had read these has out, at least those of them that were still gible, "that is the conclusion of the whole matter, Leo, and now you can of the whole matter, Leo, and now you can

form your own pinion on it. I have al-ready formed min." he asked, in his quick

"It is this. I believe that potsherd to be perfectly genuine, and that, wonderful as it may seem, it has come down in your family since the fourth century before Christ. The entries absolutely prote it, and therefore, however improbable it ma seem, it must be accepted. But there stop. That your remote ancestress, the Egyptian Princess, or some scribe under her direction, wrote that which we see on the tile I have no doubt, nor have I the slightest doubt but that her sufferings an the loss of her husband had turned he head, and that she was not right in her mind when she did write it.'

"How do you account for what my father saw and heard there?" asked Leo. "Coincidence. No doubt there are plent of bluffs on the coast of Africa that look something like a man's head, and plent of people who speak bastard Arabic. Ale I believe that there are lots of swamps Another thing is, Leo, and I am sorry say it, but I do not believe that your por father was quite right when he wrote the letter. He had met with a great trouble and also he had allowed this story to pre en his imagination, and he was a se imaginative man. Any way, Phelieve the the whole thing is the most unmitig rubbish. I know that there are curio things and forces in nature which we gar ly meet with, and when we do meet the can not understand. But until I see it wil my own eyes, which I am not likely to, never will believe that there is any mean of avoiding death, even for a time, or the

bosh, my boy, all bosh. What do you save "I say, sir, that it is a lie, and if it is true I hope Mr. Leo wen't meddle with no such things, for no good can't come of it."

there is or was a white sorceress living

the heart of an African swamp. It a

"Perhaps you are both right," said Leo in a quiet voice. "I express no opiaing But I say this. I am going to set the age ter at rest once and for all, and if you won come with me, I will go by myself."

That day three months we were on the ocean, bound for Zanzibar.

CHAPTER IV .- THE SQUALL.



OW different is the scene that I have now to tell from that which has just been toldi Gone are the quiet col lege rooms, gone the wind-swayed English

elms and eawing rocks and the familiar volumes on the shelves, and in their place there rises a vision of the great calm ocean gleaming in shaded sil ver lights beneath the beams of the full African moon. A gentle breeze fills the huge sail of our dhow, and draws us through the water that ripples musically against our sides. Most of the men are sle forward, for it is near midnight, but stout swarthy Arab, Mahomed by name; stands at the tiller lazily steering by the stars. Three miles or more to our stars board is a low dim line. It is the easters shore of Central Africa. We are running to the southward, before the northe monsoon, between the mainland and reef that for hundreds of miles fringes that perilous coast. The night is quiet, so qui that a whisper can be heard fore and the dhow; so quiet that a faint booming sound rolls across the water to us from

the distant land. The Arab at the tiller holds up his hand and says one word: "Simba!" (lion). We all sit up and listen. Then it comes

again, a slow, majestic sound that thrills us to the marrow. "To-morrow, by ten o'clock," I say, "we ought, if the captain is not out in his reckoning, which I think very probable, to make this mysterious rock with a man's

head and begin our shooting.' "And begin our search for the ruined city and the Fire of Life," corrected Len taking his pipe from his mouth and laugh ing a little.

"Nonsense!" I answered. "You were airing your Arabic with that man at the tiller this afternoon. What did he tell you? He has been trading (slave-trading) probably) up and down these latitudes for half of his iniquitous life, and once landed on this very 'man' rock. Did he ever has anything of the ruined city or the caves!"

"No," answered Leo. "He says that the country is all swamp behind, and full of snakes, especially pythons, and game, and that no man lives there. But then there is a belt of swamp all along the east African coast, so that does not go for much."

"Yes," I said, "it does-it goes for malaria. You see what sort of an opinion these gentry have of the country. Notone of them will go with us. They think that we are mad, and upon my word I believe that they are right. If ever we see old

England again I shall be astonished. However, it does not greatly matter to me, at my age, but I am anxious for you, Lee, and Job. It's a Tom Fool's business, my boy. "All right, Uncle Horace. So far as I on concerned, I am willing to take my chance. Look! What is that cloud?" and he pointed to a dark blotch upon the starry

sky; some miles astern of us. "Go and ask the man at the tiller." I said. He rose and stretched his long arms, and went. Presently he returned.

"He says it is a squall, but it will pass far en one side of us." Just then Job came up, looking very stout and English in his shooting suit of brown

flannel, and with a sort of perplexed ap rance upon his honest round face that had been very common with him since he got into these strenge waters.

"Please, sir," he said, touching his sun hat, which was stuck on to the back of his head in a somewhat ludicfous fashion, 'as we have got all these guns and things in the whale-best estern, & say nothing of the previsions in the lockers, I think it would be heat if it get down and stept in their. I don't like the louis"—here he irogged his vales to a gartentous whisper—"of these blick gentry; they have such a wonderful thierish way about them. Supposing now, that some of them were to slip into the best at night and cut the cable, into the best at night and cut the cable. and make off with her? It would be a

The whale-boat, I may explain, was one that we had had built at Dundee, in the north of England, and brought with us, as we knew that this coast was a set-work of creeks, and that we might require some thing to navigate them with. She was a beautiful boat, thirty feet in lenth, with a

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