BY H. RIDER HAGGARD.

HISTORY OF ADVENTURE

the again! The whole thing was gibber-tish: who ever heard of a man being born

Next I bethought me that I had not been Next I bethought me that I had not been the see how Lee was, so, taking up one of the lamps that burned away at my bed-adde, I slipped off my shoes and crept down the passage to the entrance of his cave. The draught of night air was lifting his courtain to and fro gently, as though spirit Sands were drawing and re-drawing it. I said into the vault-like apartment and moked. There was a light in it, and Leo was lying on the couch, tossing restlessly in his fever, but asleep. By his side, half lying on the floor, half leaning against the clane couch, was Ustane. She held his hand in one of hers, but she too was dozsing, and the two made a pretty, or rather a pathetic, picture. Poor Leo! his cheek was burning red, there were dark shadows hencath his eyes, and his breath came teavily. He was very, very ill; and again die, and I be left alone in the world. And get if he lived he would perhaps be my man, what chance should I, middle-aged and hideous, have against his bright youth end beauty? Well, thank Heaven! my menes of right was not dead. She had not killed that yet; and, as I stood there, I wayed to the Almighty in my heart that my boy, my more than son, might live, ay, even if he proyed to be the man.

Then I went back as softly as I had come. but still I could not sleep, the sight and shousht of dear Leo lying there so ill had pot added fuel to the fire of my unrest. My wearled body and overstrained mind that awakened all my imagination fate. e eternatural activity. Ideas, visions, aland thentrations, floated before it with startling vividness. Most of them were protosque enough, some were ghastly, some recalled thou this and sensations that bad for years been buried in the debris of y past life. But behind and above them all hovered the shape of that awful womand through them gleamed the memory of her critraneing leveliness. Upand down the eggs I strotte - to and down.

Sullenly fobserved what I had not no-Seed before, that there was a narrow aperdore in the rocky wall I fook up the lamp and examined it; the aporture led to a pasrage. Now I was etill sufficiently sensible To remainder that I' is not pleasant, in such e effect in as ours was, to have passe gos mount in one's bed-chamber from no cene knows where. If there are passages, mosplacers come ny them; they can come when one is aslam Partly to see where went to, and partly from a rastless desire so to doing something, I followed the pasparty filled to a store atala, which I do soundard the state anded in another pasgaze, or rather tunnel, also hewn out of sten bode ok, and running, so far as I could sadde exactly beneath the passage that had to the optrance of our rooms, and across disa great central cave. I went on down It may be aftent as the grave, but still, grayn by some sensation or attraction that I can not describe, I followed on, my stock anged feet falling without noise on the towered some fir yards of space I

came is another pessare, running at right angles, an here an aw'ul thing happened for the harp Granght caught my lams and extinguished it, leaving me in atter darknes in the bowels of that mysterious place. I took a couple of strides forward so as to clear the bisecting tunnel, being Serri dy afraid lest I should turn up in the Eark if once I got confused as to the direc-Akon, and then paused to think. What was & to do? I had no match, it seemed awful to attempt that long journey back through Ahe utter gloom, and get I could not stand There all night, and, if I did, probably it would not help me much, for in the bowels of the mone it would be as dark at midday as at midnight. I looked back over my *houlder-not a sight or a sound. I peered forward down the farkness; surely far saway I saw something like the faint glow sef fire. Ferhaps it was a cave where I stould a ta lightent any rate it was worth servesticating. Showly and prinfully 1 erept along the tunnel, keeping my hand against its wall, and feeling at every step with my foot before I put it down, fearing gest I should fall into some pit. Thirty prove others was a test, a flickering light of the night contained from non

not e' as at hand! Buty-oh, great common point some courts the tha hatte envery beyond them. It had all the skips aren is of bottog a touch, and mad the the land that barned in its corter will, mine and without saids Indeed, the to the left was a story shelf

with a line to ledge to it three in his or so thigh, and on the shelf lay what I took to the a oversess at any rate. If looks I like one. with something white thrown over it. To Albe right was a similar shall, on was he lay some had fered coverings. Over the fire Army the i fire of a woman, she was side. swars to in cand factors the corpse, reversed antie first hid her like a ung

which is seemed to be staring at the Wh aring flame. Suddenly, as I was try-More to ma'to up my mind what to do, with the conversion movement that somehow gave an immession of despairing energy, the women wive to her feet and east the dark edouk from her.

If you can herself know is clothed, as I und some her when when unveiled, in the kirtle of elinging carbie, out low upon her bosom, and bound a as the maint with the barbarie double weaded stake, and as before, her rippling wante hair fell in heavy masses down her week fast her face was what caught my error and hold me as in a vice, not this time sity and force of her beauty, but by the pow or of faccinated terror. The beauty was saffil these, indeed, but the agony, the blind greeden, and the arrive vindictiveness dis-Rayed upon those quivering features, and in the fortured look of the upturned eyes, war, much as surpass my powers of descrip

For a coment she stood still, her hand existed high above her head, and as she did to, the white robe slipped from her down to her golden girle, buring the blinding payveliness of her form. She stood there,

Down came the clinched hands to her mil, as I am a living and honorable man the fame of the fire leaped up after them almost to the root, throwing a fierce and world glave upon the horself, man the

course fall and the finnes sunt. Up

they went again, and the broad tongue of are shot up after them; then again they fell. "Curse her memory! ac nemory of the Egyptian." sed be the

again, and again down. "Curse her, the fair daughter of the Nile, because of her beauty! "Curse her! because her magie has preainst me.

"Curse her! because she kept my beloved Again the flame fell, and again she covered her eyes with her hands.

"It's no use—no use," she wailed; "who an reach those who sleep! Not even I



And she flung herself prone upon the ground, and sobbed and wept. Then once more she began her unholy

"Curse her when she shall be born again! Let her be born accursed!

"Let her be utterly accursed from the hour of her birth until sleep finds her! "Yes, then let her be accursed, for then shall I overtake her with my vengeance, and utterly destroy her!"

And so on. The flame rose and fell, re-flecting itself in her agonized eyes; the hissing sound of her terrible malediction and no words of mine, especially on paper, can convey how terrible they were—ran round the walls, and died away in little echoes, and the fierce light and deep gloom alternated themselves on the white and dreadful form stretched upon that bier of

But at length she seemed to wear herself out, and ceased. She sat herself down upon the rocky floor, and shook the dense clo of her beautiful hair over her face and breast, and commenced to sob terribly in the torture of a heart-rending despair.
"My love! my love! my love! Why did

that stranger bring thee back to me after this sort? For five hundred years I have not suffered thus. Oh, if I sinned against thee, have I not wiped away the sin? When wilt thou come back to me, who have all, and yet without thee have naught? What is there that I can do? What? What? What? And perchance she-perchance that Egyptian doth abide with thee where thou art, and mock my memory. Oh, why could I not die with thee, I who slew thee? Alas that I can not die! Alas! Alas!" And she flung herself prone upon the ground, and sobbed and wept till I thought her heart must burst.

Suddenly she ceased, raised herself to her feet, and tossing back her long locks impatiently, swept across to where the figure lay upon the stone.

"Oh, Kallikrates," she cried, and I trembled at the name, "I must look upon thy face again, though it be agony. It is a reneration since I looked upon thee whom slew-slew with mine own hand," and with trembling fingers she seized the corner of the wrapping that lay over the form upon the stone bier, and she paused. When she spoke again, it was in a kind of awed whisper, as though her idea were terrible even to herself.

"Shall I raise thee," she said, apparently addressing the corpse, "so that thou stand est there before me as of old? I can do it: and she held out her hands over the sheeter dead, while her whole frame became rigid and terrible to see, and her eyes grew fixed and dull. I shrunk in horror behind the curtain, my hair stood up upon my head, and whether it was my imagination or a fact, I am unable to say, but I thought that the quiet form beneath the covering began to quiver, and the winding-sheet to lift as though it lay on the breast of one who slept. Suddenly she withdrew her

"What is the use?" she said, gloomily. "Of what use is it to recall the semblan of life when I can not recall the spirit! Even if thou stoodest before me thou wouldst not know me, and couldst but do what I bid thee. The life in thee would be my life, and not thy life, Kallikrates,"

For a moment she stood there, and then east herself down on her knees beside the form, and began to press her lips against the sheet, and weep. There was something so horrible about the sight of this fearsome woman letting loose her passion on the dead-so anch more horrible even than saything that had gone before-that I e ald to long their to look at it, and tanda a communed to orcep, shaking as ! claricay line, slowly along the pitch dara person ex feeling in my heart that l

had a vistor of a Soul in Hellde a stundade I sourcely know how The letter and i turned up the bisecting s but fortunately found out my mastake in time. Twenty minutes or more I erept along, till at last it occurred to me that I must have passed the little stair by which I descended. So, atterly exhauste and nearly frightened to death, I sunk down at length there on the stone flooring

and into oblivion When I came to I noticed a faint ray of light in the passage just behind me. I crept to it, and found it was the little stair, down which the weak dawn was st Passing up it, I gained my chamber safety, and flinging myself on the cone safety, and flinging myself on the couch was soon lost in slumber, or rather stupor



in the ray of light that cave from the outer air, being afraid, I suppose, that I should his livel, he places it as a bigger-citin on the foot, and stood hast a step or two to observed the effect. It was not entininctory, so he shut up the bag, turned it on end, and having rested it against the foot of the couch, placed, the dressing-case on it. Next, he loosed at the pots full of water, which constituted our washing apparatus. 'Ah!' I heard him murmur, "no hot water in this beauty place. I suppose these poor treatures only use it to boil each other in,"

creatures only use it to boil each other in," and he sighed deeply.

"What is the matter, Joh?" I said.

"Beg pardon, sir," he said, touching his hair. "I thought you were asleep, sir, and I am sure you look as though you want it. One might think from the look of you that you had been having a night of it."

I only groaned by way of answer. I had, indeed, been having a night of it, such as I hope never to have again.

"How is Mr. Leo, Job?"

"Much the same, sir. If he don't soop mend, he'll end, sir, and that's all about it; though I must say that that there say age Ustane do do her best for him, almost

it; though I must say that that there say-age Ustane do do her best for him, almost like a baptized Christian. She is always hanging round and looking after him, and if I venture to interfere, it's awful to see er; her hair seems to stand on end, and she curses and swears away in her heathen talk-at least I fancy she must be cursing from the look of her."

"And what do you do then?" "I make her a polite bow, and I say, Young woman, your position is one that I don't quite understand, and can't recognize. Let me tell you that I has a duty to perform to my master as is incapacitated by illness, and that I am going to perform it until I am incapacitated too; but she don't take no heed, not she—only curses and swears away worse than ever. Last night she put her hand under that sort of night-shirt she wears and whips out a knife with a kind of a curl in the blade; so I whips out my revolver, and we walks round and round each other, till at last she bursts out laughing. It isn't nice treatment for a Christian man to have to put up with from a savage, however handsome she may be; but it is what people must expect as is fools enough" (Job laid great emphasis on the "fools") "to come to such a place to look for things no man is meant to find. It's a judgment on us, sir-that's my opinion; and I, for one, is of opinion that the judgment isn't half done yet; and when it is done, we shall be done too, and just stop in these beastly caves with the ghosts and the corpses for once and all. And now, sir, I must be seeing

me; and erhaps you would like to get up. sir, because it's past nine o'clock. Job's remarks were not of an exactly cheering order to a man who had passed such a night as I had; and what is more. they had the weight of truth. Taking one thing with another, it appeared to me to be an utter impossibility that we should escape from the place where we were Supposing that Leo recovered, and supposing that She would let us go, which was exceedingly doubtful, and that she did not "blast" us in some moment of vexation, and that we were not hot-potted by the Amahagger, it would be quite impossible for us to find our way across the net-work of marshes which, stretching for scores and scores of miles, formed a stronger and more impassable fortification round the various Amahagger households than any that could be built or designed by mar No, there was but one thing to do-face if out; and, speaking for my own part, I was so intensely interested in the whole weird story that, so far as I was concerned, notwithstanding the shattered state of my nerves, I asked nothing better, even if my

about Leo's broth, if that wild-cat will let

life paid forfeit to my curiosity. After I had dressed myself I passed into the eating, or rather embalming, chamber, and had some food, which was, as before, brought to me by the girl mutes. When I had finished I went and saw poor Leo. who was quite off his head, and did not even know me. I asked Ustane how she thought he was, but she only shook her head and began to cry a little. Evidently her hopes were small; and I then and there made up my mind that, if it were in any way possible, I would get She to come and see him. Surely she would cure him if she chose; at any rate, she said she could Whilst I was in the room, Billali entered,

and also shook his head. "He will die at night," he said. "God forbid, my father," I answered and turned away with a heavy heart.

"She-who-must-be-obeyed commands thy resence, my Baboon," said the old man as soon as we got to the curtain, "but, oh my dear son, be more careful. Yesterday I made sure in my heart that She would blast thee when thou didst not crawl upon thy stomach before her. She is sitting in the great hall to do justice upon those who would have smitten thee and the Lion. Come on, my son; come swiftly.

I turned, and followed him down the assage, and when we reached the great central cave saw that many Amaha some robed, and some merely clad in the sweet simplicity of a leopard skin, were hurrying up it. We mingled with the g, and walked up the enormous, and indeed almost interminable, cave. All the way up it the walls were elaborately sculp tured, and every twenty paces or so passages opened out of it at right angles, leading, Billali told me, to tombs hollowed in the rock by "the people who were before." Nobody visited those tombs now, he said: and I must say that my heart rejoiced when I thought of the opportunities of antiquarian research that opened out be-

At last we came to the head of the cave. where there was a rock dais almost exactly nilar to the one on which we had be me that these date must have been used as altars, probably for the celebration of re-ligious ceremonies, and more especially of for the celebration of its the interment of the ed with the intern ites connected with the interment of the lead. On either side of this dais were pasl. On either side or this land, to other is leading, Billali informed me, to other is full of dead bodies. "Indeed," he whole mountain is full of dead, ly all of them are perfect."

In front of the dais were gathered a great umber of people of both sexes, who stood laring about in their peculiar gloomy faststaring about in their peculiar gloomy fail ion, which would have reduced Mark tra ley himself to misery in about five minute On the dale was a rude chair of black was

Suddenly there was a cry of "Hiyat liyal" ("Shel Shel") and thereupon the stire crowd instantly precipitated itself son the ground, and lay there as though were individually and collectivaly strick.

The mounted the dais and set down upon the chair, and spoke to me in Greek—I suppose because she did not wish those present to understand what she said.

"Come hither, Holly," she said, "and sit at my feet, and see me do justice on those who would have slain thee. Forgive me if my Greek doth halt like a lame man; it is so long since I have heard the sound of it that my tongue is stiff, and will not bend to the words."

Thomas and mounting the dais ant down.

I bowed, and mounting the dais, satdown How didst thou sleep, my Holly?" she



"Nay," she said, in her softest voice, "sta I pray ye stand,"

"I slept not well, oh, Ayesha," I answered, with perfect truth, and with an inward fear that perhaps she knew how I had passed the heart of the night. "So," she said, with a little laugh, "I,

too, have not slept well. Last night I had dreams, and methinks that thou didst call them to me, oh, Holly." "Of what didst thou dream, Ayesha?" I

asked, indifferently.

"I dreamed," she answered, quickly, "of one I hate and one I love;" and then, as though to turn the conversation, she addressed the captain of her guard in Arabic -"Let the men be brought before me."

The captain bowed low-for the guard and her attendants did not prostrate themselves, but had remained standing-and departed with his underlings down a passage to the right.

Then came a silence. She leaned her swathed head upon her hand, and appeared to be lost in thought, while the multitude before her continued to grovel upon their stomachs, only screwing their heads round a little so as to get a view of us with one eye. It seemed that their queen so rarely appeared in public that they were willing to undergo this inconvenience, and even graver risks, to have the opportunity of looking on her-or rather on her garments, for no living man there except myself had ever seen her face. At last we caught sight of the waving of lights, and heard the tramp of men coming along the passage, and in filed the guard, and with them the survivors of our would-be murderers, to the number of a score or more, on whose countenances the natural expression of sullenness struggled with the terror that evidently filled their savage hearts. They were ranged in front of the dais, and would have cast themselves down on the floor of the cave, like the spectators, but She stopped them.

"Nay," she said, in her softest voice, "stand; I pray ye stand. Perchance the time will soon be when ye shall grow weary of being stretched out;" and she laughed melodiously.

I saw a cringe of terror run along the oor doomed wretches, and, wicked villains as they were, I felt sorry for them. Some minutes, perhaps two or three, passed before anything fresh occurred, during which She appeared, from the movement of her head-for, of course. we could not see her eyes-to be slowly and carefully examining each delinquent. At last she spoke, addressing herself to me in a quiet and deliberate tone.

"Dost thou, oh my guest, who art known in thy country by the name of the Prickly Tree, recognize these men?" "Ay, oh, queen, nearly all of them," I

said; and I saw them glower at me as I said "Then tell me and this company the tale

whereof I have heard." Thus adjured, I, in as few words as I could, related the history of the cannibal feast, and of the attempted torture of our poor servant. The narrative was received in perfect silence, both by the accused and by the audience, and also by She herself. When I had done, Ayesha called upon Billali by name, and lifting his head from the ground, but without rising, the old man confirmed my story. No further evidence

was taken. "Ye have heard," said She at length, in a cold, clear voice, very different from her usual tones; indeed, it was one of the most remarkable things about this extraordinary creature that her voice had the power of suiting itself in a wonderful manner to the mood of the moment. "What have ye to say, ye rebellious children, why vengeance should not be done upon ye?'

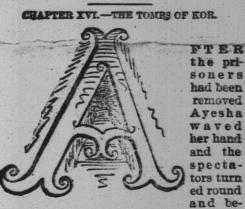
For some time there was no answer, but at last one of the men, a fine broad-chested fellow, well on in middle life, with deepgraven features, and with an eye like a hawk's, spoke, and said that the orders that they had received were not to harm the white men; nothing was said of their black servant, so, egged on thereto by a woman who was now dead, they proceeded to try to hot-pot him after the ancient and honorable custom of their country, with a view of eating him in due course. As for their attack upon ourselves, it was made in an access of sudden fury, and they deeply regretted it. He ended by humbly praying that mercy might be extended to the or at least that they might be banished into the swamps, to live or die as it might chance; but I saw on his face that he had but little hope of mercy.

Then came a pause, and the most intense silence reigned over the whole scene, which, illuminated as it was by the flicksring lamps that struck out broad patterns of light and shadow upon the rocky walls, was as strange an one as I ever saw, even in that weird land. There, seated in her barbaric chair above them all, with myself at her feet, was the veiled white woman ose awsome power seemed to shine out her like a halo. Never have I seen her veiled shape look more terrible than it did in that space, while she gathered herself up as it were for vengeance. At last it came.

"Dogs and serpents," She began, in a ow voice that gradually gathered power is she went on, till the place rang with it, eaters of human flesh, two things have ye lone. First, ye have attacked these stransing white men, and would have heir servant, and for that alone deal by your reward. But that is not all. Yo have dared to disobey me. Did I ack and any owned unto yo by Billall, my collection of your homestold? The set that is not all the law of the is an ever-first and that he who have talk. word a law? H ye Wicked Ones. But are are we slain the servant of this my guest."

She ceased, and a faint murmur of horror ran round the cave. As for the victims, as soon as they realized the full hideousness of their doom, their stoicism for sook them, and they fung themselves down upon the ground, and wept and implored upon the ground, and wept and implored. upon the ground, and wept and imple for mercy in a way that was dreadfu behold. I too turned to Ayesha and beg her to spare them, or at least to mete out their fate in some less awful way. But she was hard as adamant about it.

"My Holly," she said, again speaking in treek, which, to tell the truth, although have always been considered as good a hadre of the language as most. I found it cholar of the language as most, I found it ther difficult to follow, chiefly because of the change in the fall of the accent—Ayes-t, of course, talked with the accent of contemporaries, whereas we have only ition and the modern accent to guide us as to the exact pronunciation—"my Holly, it can not be. Were I to show mercy to those wolves, your lives would not be safe among this people for a day. Thou knowest them not. They are tigers to lap blood, and even now they hunger after your lives. How thinkest thou that I rule this people? I have but a regiment of guards to do my bidding, therefore it is not by force. It is by terror. Nay, the men must die, and die as I have said." Then turning suddenly to the captain of the guard, "My word is spoken—let my doom be done."



ed round and began to crawl off down the cave like a scattered flock of sheep. When they got a fair distance from the dais, however, they rose and walked away, leaving the queen and myself alone, with the exception of the mutes and a few guards, most of the latter having departed with the doomed men. Thinking this a good opportunity, I asked She to come and see Leo, telling her of his serious condition; but she would not, saying that he certainly would not die before the night, as people never died of that sort of fever except at nightfall or dawn. Also she said that it would be better to let the fever spend its course as much as possible before she cured it. Accordingly I was rising to leave, when she bade me follow her, as she would talk with me, and show me the wonders of the caves. I was too much involved in the web of

her fatal fascinations to say her no, even if I had wished to, which I did not. She rose from her chair, and making some signs to the mutes, descended from the dais. Thereon four of the girls took lamps, and ranged themselves two in front and two behind us, but the others went away.

of the wonders of this place, oh, Holly? Look upon this great cave. Saw ye ever the like? Yet was it, and many more like it, hollowed by the hands of the dead race that once lived here in the city on the plain. A great and a wonderful people must they have been, these men of Kor; but, like the Egyptians, they thought more of the dead than the living. 'How many men, think ye, working for how many years, did it require to hollow out this cave and all the galleries thereof?"

"Tens of thousands," I answered. "So, oh, Holly. This people was an old people before the Egyptians were. A little can I read of their inscriptions, having found the key thereto-and, see here, this was one of the last of the caves that they dug." and turning to the rock behind her. she motioned the mutes to hold up the lamps. Carven over the dais was the figure of an old man seated in a chair. with an ivory rod in his hand. It struck me that his features were exceedingly like those of the man who was represented as being embalmed in the chamber where we took our meals. Beneath the chair-which. by the way, was shaped exactly like the one in which Ayesha had sat to give judgment-was a short inscription in the extraordinary characters of which I have already spoken, but which I do not remember sufficient of to illustrate. It looked more like Chinese writing than any other that I am acquainted with. This inscription Ayesha proceeded, with some difficul-ty and hesitation, to read aloud and trans-

late. It ran as follows: "In the year four thousand two hundred and fifty-nine from the founding of the City of Imperial Kor was this cave (or burial-place) completed by Tisno, King of Kor, the people thereof and their slaves having labored thereat for three generations, to be a tomb for their citizens of rank who hall come after. May the blessing of the Heaven above the Heaven rest upon their work, and make the sleep of Tisno, the mighty monarch, the likeness of whose features is graven above, a sound and happy sleep till the day of awakening," (this phrase is remarkable, as seeming to indicate a belief in a future state.—Editor), and also the sleep of his servants, and of those of his race who, rising up after him, shall yet lay their heads as low!"

"Thou seest, oh, Holly," she said, "this people founded the city, of which the ruins yet cumber the plain yonder, four thousand ears before this cave was must be then first I saw it, two thousand years then first I saw it, two thousand years years before this cave was finished. Yet go, was it even as it is now. Judge herefore, how old must the place have been! And now follow thou me, and I will show thee after what fashion this great city fell when the time was co it to fall;" and she led the way down to the center of the cave, and st spot where a round rock had been let into a sort of large man-hole in the flooring, ac-curately filling it just as the iron plates fill the spaces in the London pavements down which the coals are thrown. "Thou seest," she said. "Tell me, what is it?"

"Nay, I know not." I answered; whereon the crussed to the last-hand side of the cave looking toward the entrance), and bid the nutes held up the lamps. On the wall something was painted with a red pigment in similar characters to those hown beneath alpture of Pieno, King of Kor. This speeded of franciste to me, the pig-tall being quite fresh enough to show

night, and those who escaped from the illence were slain of the famine. No per could the bodies of the children of Kor be preserved according to the ancient rites, because of the number of the dead: therefore were they hurled into the great pit beneath the cave, through the hole in pit beneath the cave, through the hole in the cave. Then, at last, a remnant of this the great people, the light of the whole world, went down to the coast and took ship and sailed northward; and now am I, the priest Junis, who write this, the last man left alive out of this great city of men, but whether there be any yet left in the other cities I know not. This do I write in misery of heart before I die, because Kor the Imperial is no more, and because there are none to worship in him there are none to worship in there are none to worship in her temple and all her palaces are empty, and her princes and her traders and her fair wom-

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en have passed off the face of the earth."

I gave a sigh of astonishment, the utter desolation depicted in this rude scrawl was so overpowering. It was terrible to think of this solitary survivor of a mighty people recording its fate before he, too, went down into darkness. What must the old man have felt as, in ghastly terrifying solitude, by the light of one lamp feebly illuminating a little space of gloom, he in a few brief lines daubed the history of his nation's death upon the cavern wall? What a subject for the moralist, or the painter, or, indeed, for any one who can

I followed her on to a side passage opening out of the main cave, then down a great number of steps, and along an unlerground shaft that can not have been less than sixty feet beneath the surface of the rock, and was ventilated by curious borings that ran upward, I do not know where. Suddenly the passage ended, and she halted, and bade the mutes hold up the lamps, and I saw such a scene as I am not likely to see again. We were standing in an enormous pit, or rather on the edge of it, for it went down deeper-I don't know how much-than where we were, and was edged in with a low wall of rock. So far as I could judge the pit was about the size of the space beneath the dome of St Paul's; and when the lamps were held up I saw that it was nothing but one vast charnel-house, being literally full of thousands of human skeletons, which lay piled up in an enormous gleaming pyramid, formed by the slipping down of the bodies from the apex as fresh ones were dropped in from above. Anything more appalling than this jumbled mass of the remains of a departed race I can not imagine, and what made it even more dreadful was that in this dry air a good number of the bodies had simply become dessiccated with the skin on them, and now, fixed in every conceivable position, stared at one out of the heaps of white bones, grotesquely horrible caricatures of humanity. In my astenish ment I made an ejaculation, and the echoes of my voice ringing in the vaulted place disturbed a skull that had been accurately balanced for many thousands of years near the apex of the pile. Down it came with a run, bounding along merrily toward us, and of course bringing an avalanche of other bones after it, till at last the whole place rattled with their movement, as

"Come." I said. "I have seen enough. These are the bodies of those who died of the great sickness, I suppose?" I added, as

we turned away. "Yes. The people of Kor always embalmed their dead, like the Egyptians, but their art was greater than the art of the Egyptians, because whereas the Egyptians disembowled and drew the brain, the people of Kor injected fluid into the veins, and thus reached every part. But stay, thou shalt see," and she halted at hap-hazard at one of the little door-ways opening out of the passage along which we were walking. and motioned to the mutes to light us in. We entered into a little chamber similar to the one in which I had slept at our first ng-place, only there were two stone benches or beds in it. On the benches lay figures covered with yellow linen, (all the linen that the Amahagger wore was taken from the tombs, which accounted for its yellow hue. If it was well washed, how ever, and properly bleached, it acquired its former snowy whiteness, and was the soft estand best linen I ever saw. - L. H. H.), on which a fine and impalpable dust had gathered in the course of ages, but nothing like to the extent that one would have anticipated, for in these deep hewn caves there was no material to turn to dust. About the bodies on the stone shelves and floor of the tomb were many painted vases, but I saw very few ornaments in any of

"Lift the cloth up, oh, Holly," she said, but though I put out my hand to do so, I drew it back again. It seemed like sacrilege, and to speak the truth I was awed by the dread solemnity of the place, and of the presences before us. Then with a little laugh at my fears she drew it herself, only to discover another and yet finer cloth lying over the forms upon the stone bench. This also she withdrew, and then for the first time for thousands upon thousands of years did living eyes look upon the faces of those chilly dead. It was a woman; she might have been thirty-five years of age. or perhaps a little less, and had certainly been beautiful. Even now her calm clearcut features, marked out with delicate black eyebrows and long eyelashes that threw little lines of shadow from the lamp pon the ivory face, were wonderfully beautiful. There, robed in white, down which her blue-black hair was streaming, she slept her last long sleep; and on her arm, its face pressed against her breast, there lay a little babe. So sweet was the right, although so awful, that—I confess it without shame—I could scarcely withhold rs. It took one back across the dim deed imperial Kor, where this winsome lady, girt about with beauty had lived and lived, and, dying, taken her last born with



to the tomb. There they were, ten human history speaking more elegants.

If to the heart than could any written to the heart than could any written to the desirable.

Reverently I replication of their lives. Reverently I replicate the grave-clothes, and with a sight of the grave-clothes, and with a sight of the graves of fair should, in the purpose of the Everlasting, have only bloomed to the Everlasting, have only bloomed to the sody athered to the grave, I turned to the sody and rest week.)