DAWN.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A minute or two after the boat in which Arthur was being piloted to the shore, under the guidance of the manager of Miles' hotel, had left the side of the vessel, Mrs. Carr's steam-launch shot up alongside of them, its brass-work gleaming in the sunlight like polished gold. On the deck, near the little wheel, stood Mrs. Carr herself, and by her side, her martial cloak around her, lay Miss Terry, still as any log.

"Mr. Heigham," said Mrs. Carr, in a voice that sounded across the water like a silver bell, "I forgot that you will not be able to find your way to my place by yourself to-morrow, so I will send down a bullock-car to fetch you; you have to travel about with bullocks here, you know. Good-bye," and, before he could answer, the launch's head was round, and she was tearing through the swell at the rate of fourteen knots.

"That's her private launch," said the manager of the hotel to Arthur, "it is the quickest in the island, and she always goes at full steam. She must have come some way round to tell you that, too. That's her place, over there."

"Mrs. Carr comes here every year, does she not?"

"Oh, yes, every year; but she is very early this year; our season does not begin yet, you know. She is a great blessing to the place, she gives so much away to the poor peasants. At first she used to come with old Mr. Carr, and a wonderful nurse they say she made the old gentleman till he died."

"Does she entertain much?"

"Not as a rule, but sometimes she gives great balls, splendid affairs, and a series of dinner parties that are the talk of the island. She hardly ever goes out anywhere, which makes the ladies in the place angry, but I believe that they all go to her balls and dinners. Mostly, she spends her time up in the hills, collecting butterflies and beetles. She has got the most wonderful collection of Egyptian curiosities up at the house there, too, though why she keeps them here instead of in England, I am sure I don't know. Her husband began the collection when he was a young man, and collected all his life, and she has gone on with it since."

"I wonder that she has not married again."

"Well, it can't be for want of asking, if half of what they say is true; for according to that, every single gentleman under fifty, who has been at Madeira during the last five years has had a try at her, but she wouldn't look at one of them. But of course that is gossip—and here we are at the landing-place. Sit steady, sir; those fellows will pull the boat up."

Had it not been for the preoccupied and uncomfortable state of his mind, that took the flavor out of all that he did, and persistently thrust a skeleton amidst the flowers of every landscape, Arthur should by rights have enjoyed himself very much at Madeira.

To live in one of the lofty rooms of Miles' Hotel, protected by thick walls and cool, green shutters, to feel that you are enjoying all the advantages of a warm climate without its drawbacks, and that, too, however much people in England may be shivering—which they mostly do all the year round—is in itself a luxury. And so it is, if the day is hot, to dine chiefly off fish and fruit, and such fruit! and then to exchange the dining-room for the cool portico, with the sea-breeze sweeping through it, and, pipe in hand, to sink into a slumber that even the diabolical shrieks of the parrots, tied by the leg in a line below, are powerless to disturb. Or, if you be energetic—I speak of Madeira energy—you may stroll down the little terraced walk, under the shade of your landlord's vines, and contemplate the glowing mass of greenery that in this heavenly island makes a garden. You can do more than this even; for having penetrated through the brilliant flower beds, and recruited exhausted nature under a fig-tree, you can engage, in true English fashion, in a game of lawn-tennis, which done, you will again seek the shade of the creeping vines or spreading bananas, and in a springy hammock take your well-earned repose.

All these things are the quintessence of luxury, so much so that he who has once enjoyed them will long to turn lotus-eater, forget the painful and laborious past, and live and die at Miles' Hotel. Oh, Madeira! gem of the ocean, land of pine-clad mountains that foolish men love to climb, valleys where wise ones much prefer to rest, and of smells that both alike abhor; Madeira of the sunny sky and azure sea, land flowing with milk and honey, and overflowing with population, if only you belonged to the country on which you depend for a livelihood, what a perfect place you would be, and how poetical one could grow about you! a consummation which, fortunately for my readers, the recollection of the open drains, the ill-favored priests, and Portuguese officials effectually prevents.

On the following morning, at twelve punctually, Arthur was informed that the conveyance had arrived to fetch him. He went down, and was quite appalled at its magnificence. It was sledge-like in form, built to hold four, and mounted on wooden runners that glided over the round pebbles with which the Madeira streets are paved, with scarcely a sound, and as smoothly as though they ran on ice. The chariot, as Arthur always called it afterward, was built of beautiful woods, and lined and curtained throughout with satin, whilst the motive power was supplied by two splendidly harnessed white oxen. Two native servants, handsome young fellows, dressed in a kind of white uniform, accompanied the sledge, and saluted Arthur on his appearance with much reverence.

It took him, however, some time before he could make up his mind to embark in a conveyance, that reminded him of the description of Cleopatra's galley, and smelled more sweet; but finally he got in, and off he started, feeling that he was the observed of all observers, and followed by at least a score of beggars, each afflicted with some peculiar and dreadful deformity or disease. And thus, in triumphal guise, they slid down the quaint and narrow streets, squeezed in for the sake of shade between a double line of tall, green-shuttered houses, over the bridges that span the vast open drains; past the ochre-colored cathedral; down the promenade, edged with great magnolia trees, that made the air heavy with their perfume, and where twice a week the band plays, and the Portuguese officials march up and down in all the pomp and panoply of office; onward through the dip, where the town slopes downward to the sea; then up again through more streets, and past a stretch of dead wall, after which the chariot wheels through some iron gates, and he is in fairy-land. On each side of the carriage-way there spreads a garden calculated to make English horticulturists gnash their teeth with envy, through the bowers of which he could catch peeps of green turf and of the blue sea beyond.

Here the cabbage palm shot its smooth and lofty trunk high into the air, there the bamboo waved its leafy ostrich plumes, and all around the soil was spread like an Indian shawl, with many a gorgeous flower and many a splendid fruit. Arthur thought of the garden of Eden and the Isles of the Blessed, and whilst his eyes, accustomed to nothing better than our poor English roses, were still fixed upon the blazing masses of pomegranite flowers, and his senses were filled with the sweet scent of orange and magnolia blooms, the oxen halted before the portico of a stately building, white-walled and green-shuttered like all Madeira houses.

Then the slaves of the chariot assisted him to descend, whilst other slaves of the door bowed him up the steps, and he stood in a great cool hall, dazzling dark after the brilliancy of the sunlight. And here, no slave awaited him, but the princess of this fair domain, none other than Mildred Carr herself, clad all in summer white, and with a smile of welcome in her eyes.

"I am so glad that you have come. How do you like Madeira? Do you find it very hot?"

"I have not seen much of it yet; but this place is lovely, it is like fairy-land, and I believe that you," he added, with a bow, "are the fairy queen."

"Compliments again, Mr. Heigham. Well, I was the sleeping beauty last time, so one may as well be called a queen for a change. I wonder what you shall call me next?"

"Let me see; shall we say—an angel?"

"Mr. Heigham, stop talking nonsense, and come into the drawing-room."

He followed her, laughing, into an apartment that, from its noble proportions and beauty, might fairly be called magnificent. Its ceiling was paneled with worked timber, and its floor beautifully inlaid with woods of various hue, whilst the walls were thickly covered with pictures, chiefly sea-pieces and all by good masters. He had, however, but little time to look about him, for a door opened at the further end of the room, and admitted the portly person of Miss Terry, arrayed in a gigantic sun-hat and a pair of green spectacles. She seemed very hot, and held in her hand a piece of brown paper, inside of which something was violently scratching.

"I've caught him at last," she said, "though he did avoid me all last year. I've caught him."

"Good gracious! caught what?" asked Arthur, with great interest.

"What! why, him that Mildred wanted," she replied, regardless of grammar in her excitement. "Just look at him, he's beautiful."

Thus admonished, Arthur carefully undid the brown paper, and next moment started back with an exclamation, and began to dance about with an enormous red beetle grinding its jaws into his finger.

"Oh, keep still, do, pray," called Miss Terry, in alarm; "don't shake him off on any account, or we shall lose him for the want of a little patience, as I did when he bit my finger last year. If you'll keep him quite still he won't leave go, and I'll ring for John to bring the chloroform bottle."

Arthur, feeling that the interests of science were matters of a higher importance than the well-being of his finger, obeyed her injunction to the letter, hanging his arm (and the beetle) over the back of a chair and looking the picture of silent misery.

"Quite still, if you please, Mr. Heigham, quite still; is not the animal's tenacity interesting!"

"No doubt, to you, but I hope your pet beetle is not poisonous, for he is gnashing his pincers together inside my finger."

"Never mind, we will treat you with caustic presently. Mildred, don't laugh so much, but come and look at him; he's lovely. John, please be quick with that chloroform bottle."

"If this sort of thing happens often, I don't think that I should collect beetles from choice, at least not large ones," groaned Arthur.

"Oh, dear," laughed Mrs. Carr; "I never saw anything so absurd. I don't know which looks most savage, you or the beetle."

"Don't make all that noise, Mildred, you will frighten him and if once he flies we shall never catch him in this big room."

Here, fortunately for Arthur, the servant arrived with the required bottle, into which the ferocious insect was triumphantly stoppered by Miss Terry.

"I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Heigham, you are a true collector."

"For the first and last time," mumbled Arthur, who was sucking his finger.

"I am infinitely obliged to you, too, Mr. Heigham," said Mrs. Carr, as soon as she had recovered from her fit of laughing; "the beetle is really very rare; it is not even in the British Museum. But come, let us go in to luncheon."

After that meal was over, Mrs. Carr asked her guest which he would like to see, her collection of beetles or of mummies.

"Thank you, Mrs. Carr, I have had enough of beetles for one day, so I vote for the mummies."

"Very well. Will you come, Agatha?"

"Now, Mildred, you know very well that I won't come. Just think, Mr. Heigham; I only saw the nasty things once, and then they gave me the creeps every night for a fortnight. As though those horrid Egyptian 'fellahs' weren't ugly enough when they are alive without going and making great skin and bone dolls of them—pah!"

"Agatha persists in believing that my mummies are the bodies of people like she saw in Egypt last year."

"And so they are, Mildred. That last one you got is just like the boy who used to drive my donkey at Cairo—the one that died, you know—I believe they just stuffed him, and said he was an ancient king. Ancient king, indeed!" And Miss Terry departed, in search for more beetles.

"Now, Mr. Heigham, you must follow me. The museum is not in the house. Wait, I will get a hat."

In a minute she returned, and led the way across a strip of garden to a detached building, with a broad veranda, facing the sea. Scarcely ten feet from this veranda, and on the edge of the sheer precipice, was built a low wall, leaning over which Arthur could hear the wavelets lapping against the hollow rock two hundred feet beneath him. Here they stopped for a moment to look at the vast expanse of ocean, glittering in the sunlight like a sea of molten sapphires and heaving as gently as an infant's bosom.

"It is very lovely; the sea moves just enough to show that it is only asleep."

"Yes; but I like it best when it is awake, when it blows a hurricane—it is magnificent. The whole cliff shakes with the shock of the waves, and sometimes the spray drives over in sheets. That is when I like to sit here; it exhilarates me, and makes me feel as though I belonged to the storm, and was strong with its strength. Come, let us go in."

The entrance to the veranda was from the end that faced the house, and to gain it they passed under the boughs of a large magnolia-tree. Going through glass doors that opened outward into the veranda, Mrs. Carr entered a room luxuriously furnished as a boudoir. This had apparently no other exit, and Arthur was beginning to wonder where the museum could be, when she took a tiny bramah key from her watch-chain, and with it opened a door that was papered and painted to match the wall exactly. He followed her, and found himself in a stone passage, dimly lighted from above, and sloping downward, that led to a doorway graven in the rock, on the model of those to be seen at the entrance of Egyptian temples.

"Now, Mr. Heigham," she said, flinging open another door, and stepping forward, "you are about to enter 'The Hall of the Dead.'"

He went in, and a strange sight met his gaze. They were standing in the center of one side of a vast cave, that ran right and left at right angles to the passage. The light poured into it in great rays from skylights in the roof, and by it he could see that it was hollowed out of the virgin rock, and measured some sixty feet or more in length by about forty wide, and thirty high. Down the length of each side of the great chamber ran a line of six polished sphinxes, which had been hewn out of the surrounding granite, on the model of those at Carnac, whilst the walls were elaborately painted after the fashion of an Egyptian sepulcher. Here Osiris held his dread tribunal on the spirit of the departed; here the warrior sped onward in his charging chariot; here the harper swept his sounding chords; and here, again, crowned with lotus flowers, those who corpses lay around held their joyous festivals.

In the respective centers of each end of the stone chamber a colossus towered in its silent and unearthly grandeur. That to the right was a statue of Osiris, judge of the souls of the dead, seated on his judgment-seat, and holding in his hand the scourge and the bent-headed scepter. Facing him at the other end of the hall was the effigy of the mighty Rameses, his broad brow encircled by that kingly symbol which few in the world's history have worn so proudly, and his noble features impressing those who gaze upon them from age to age with a sense of scornful power and melancholy calm, such as does not belong to the countenances of the men of their own time. And all around, under this solemn guardianship, each upon a polished slab of marble, and inclosed in a case of thick glass, lay the corpses of the Egyptian dead, swathed in numberless wrappings, as in their day the true religion that they held was swathed in symbols and in mummeries.

Here were to be found the high-priest of the mysteries of Isis, the astronomer whose lore could read the prophecies that are written in the stars, the dark magician, the renowned warrior, the musician with his cymbals by his side the fair maiden who had—so said her cedar coffin-boards—died of love and sorrow, and the royal babe, all sleeping the same sleep, and waiting the same awakening. This princess must have been well known to Joseph, that may have been her who rescued Moses from the waters, whilst the babe belongs to a dynasty of which the history was already merging into tradition when the great pyramid reared its head on Egypt's fertile plains.

Arthur stood, awed at the wonderful sight.

"Never before," said he, in that whisper which we involuntarily use in the presence of the dead, "did I realize my own insignificance."

The thought was abruptly put, but the words represented well what was passing in his mind, what must pass in the mind of any man of culture and sensibility when he gazes on such a sight. For in such presences the human mite of to-day, fluttering in the sun and walking on the earth that these have known and walked four thousand years ago must indeed learn how infinitely small in the place that he occupies in the tale of things created; and yet, if to his culture and sensibility he adds religion, a word of living hope hovers on those dumb lips. For where are the spirits of those that lie before him in their eternal silence! Answer, withered lips, and tell us what judgment has Osiris given, and what has Thoth written in his awful book? Four thousand years! Old human husk, if thy dead carcass can last so long, what limit is there to the life of the soul it held?

"Did you collect all these?" asked Arthur, when he had made a superficial examination of the almost countless treasures of the museum.

"Oh, no; Mr. Carr spent half of his long life, and more money than I can tell you, in getting this collection together. It was the passion of his life, and he had this cave hollowed at enormous cost, because he thought that the air here would be less likely to injure them than the English fogs. I have added to it, however. I got those papyri and that beautiful bust of Berenice, the one in black marble. Did you ever see such hair?"

Arthur thought to himself that he had at that moment some not far from his heart that must be quite as beautiful, but he did not say so.

"Look here are some curious things;" and she opened an air-tight case that contained some discolored grains and a few lumps of shriveled substance.

"What are they?"

"That is wheat taken from the inside of a mummy, and those are supposed to be hyacinth bulbs. They came from the mummy-case of that baby-prince, and, I have been told that they would still grow if planted."

"I can scarce believe that; the principle of life must be extinct."

"Wise people say, you know, that the principle of life can never become extinct in anything that has once lived, though it may change its form; but I do not pretend to understand these things. However we will settle the question, for we will plant one, and, if it grows, I will give the flower to you. Choose one."

Arthur took the biggest lump from the case, and examined it curiously.

"I have not much faith in your hyacinth; I am sure that it is dead."

"Ah! but many things that seem more dead than that have the strangest way of suddenly breaking into life," she said, with a little sigh. "Give it to me; I will have it planted;" and then, with a quick glance upward, "I wonder if you will be here to see it bloom."

"I don't think that either of us will see it bloom in this world," he answered, laughing, and took his leave.

(To be Continued.)

ONLY THE CLOCK STOPPED.

Mrs. Billtop's Brief Comment and Mr. Billtop's Elaborate Elucidation.

"Don't you suppose it's the weather, Ezra?" said Mrs. Billtops, looking up from her sewing at Mr. Billtops, who had just started up the clock that stood on the mantelpiece, and who had wondered as he shook it why it had stopped. The minute she spoke Mr. Billtops wondered why he hadn't thought of that himself, and he proceeded to say that he thought it was very likely; that the clock needed oiling anyway; that it had got kind o' gummy and sticky, and the fall in the temperature was just enough to harden that gummy stuff around the bearings and stop it.

Mrs. Billtops didn't say anything to this; she just let him go on and talk; in fact, she rather liked to hear him talk; and as for herself, she was satisfied to be one that made the wheels go 'round without insisting on being seen at the crank.

But after the talk was all over she wound the clock.

ASKED TOO MUCH.

Some time ago a man entered an optician's shop with a view to purchasing a pair of glasses. After the usual questions as to age, etc., the would-be purchaser stated that he "wanted a pair he could read with."

A trayful of spectacles was produced, and one pair handed over, which the would-be purchased affixed to his cranium, at the same time scanning a newspaper.

"Kindly hold the paper at arm's length." This was done. "Do they suit you?"

"No," was the reply.

"Try those. We have plenty to select from."

The second pair was tried with like result. The operation continued for some time, till at lest the optician's stock was exhausted. Then an idea struck the optician.

"Can you read at all, my good man?" asked the optician.

"No! Didn't I ask you for a pair that I could read with?"

THE RULING PASSION.

Dr. Bones—Yes, my good man; you are dying fast.

Biker—Hurry, then, and give me my cyclometer. I'll make a record, or die trying.

DRINKS OF MANY NATIONS

BEVERAGES OF THE DIFFERENT NATIONS OF THE WORLD.

Consumption of Beer, Wine and Spirits in the Chief European Countries and the United States.

The British Board of Trade has commenced the publication of a series of useful official reports showing the production and consumption of alcoholic liquors, chiefly beer, wine and spirits, in the chief European countries and the United States, says the London Daily Mail.

The first striking fact is the geographical distribution of alcoholic beverages. Generally speaking, spirits are consumed in the north, where cold and wet climates prevail, and wine in the south. In Russia spirits are almost the only drink. In Germany, the Baltic provinces drink little or no wine, but prefer spirits with some beer; while the southern provinces—Alsace-Lorraine, Bavaria and Baden—consume a considerable quantity of wine as well as much beer. In France the staple beverage of the provinces bordering on the Mediterranean is wine, which is cheap there, but the colder departments of northern France drink far more spirits. The same difference of taste distinguishes northern and southern Italy. Beer is, of course, the staple drink in England, and spirits in Scotland and Ireland.

From the taxation of alcoholic beverages the United Kingdom derives 35 per cent., of its total revenue, the United States 30 per cent., France 19 per cent., and Germany 17 1-2 per cent., and it is in these countries that the amount of drink consumed is the largest. The amount consumed appears to vary with the prosperity and the spending capacity of a nation; but a Parliamentary Commission recently appointed in France has contended that no increase in the amount of

TAXATION ON DRINK

will have the effect of permanently diminishing the consumption.

With few exceptions, each country produces most of the drink which it most largely consumes, so that the importation of its favorite beverage is comparatively unimportant.

France is the country where the consumption of wine is largest, and also, generally speaking, the country where the production is largest too, although of late years the production in Italy has sometimes exceeded it. In the United Kingdom the consumption of wine in 1896 reached 15,776,000 gallons, but this was comparatively little when contrasted with last year's consumption of beer, which exceeded 1,200,000,000 gallons, or thirty gallons for every member of the population.

The people of Bavaria are the world's champion drinkers, their consumption of beer amounts to fifty gallons per head of the population in a year. Belgium ranks second, where more than forty-three gallons of beer per head are consumed. It is the proud privilege of the United Kingdom to occupy third place. With over thirty gallons per head, relatively to population, we beat Germany at the game, and drink more beer, both in the total and per head, than Frenchmen drink wine.

To give each nation its proper status in the legion of drinkers, we compile from the official returns the consumption per head of beer, wine, and spirits in four countries:

	Beer Gallons.	Wine. Gallons.	Spirits. Gallons.
United Kingdom .	30.7	.40	1.01
France	5.2	29.50	1.85
Germany . . .	25.5		1.94
United States .	12.7	0.22	0.83

The consumption of spirits, it appears, has not varied greatly in the United Kingdom during the last ten years, but

BEER-DRINKING

has been on the increase.

Most of the spirits drunk in the United Kingdom are made here; thus out of a total consumption of 40,000,000 gallons last year only 8,200,000 gallons were imported.

Alcohol made in France from wine or fruit has been almost replaced by alcohol made from other vegetable substances; hence French brandy has suffered much in public estimation. The French divide their alcohol into four classes—alcohol ethylique, made from the grape; alcohol prophylique, made from the refuse of wine or from other fruit; alcohol butyliqus, from molasses or beet root; and alcohol amylique, from potatoes or corn. All except the first are progressively noxious in the order named, indeed, poisonous in some degree, the last named being most so. The suggestion is made that these varieties of brandy should be stamped or labelled for export, so as to distinguish them, and thus recover some of the reputation which French brandies at one time enjoyed.

The facts adduced in relation to the United States are somewhat remarkable. It cannot be considered, the report states, a large beer drinking nation any more than it can be considered a large wine drinking nation. The production and consumption of spirits has been for some years past decreasing; in fact, it may be said generally that of the three alcoholic beverages, the consumption of wine and spirits is distinctly diminishing, while the consumption of beer has only kept pace with the increase of population.

These circumstances are certainly worth investigating, so as to discover whether they are due to the spread of temperance principles or to the trade depression which has existed for some time. The United States fiscal authorities attribute it to the latter cause, and state that they look forward to improved receipts if the promised improvement in business conditions is even partially realized.