

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

A Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabia Pasha.

By the Author of "NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SPY," ETC., ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XXI.

THEY'LL NEED SWIFT STEEDS WHO FOLLOW,
SAID YOUNG LOCHINVAK.

It was a dinner in name, but hardly a dinner in fact. Anxiety concerning something, though they hardly knew what, had caused the cook to make many a mistake and the other servants to follow suit. The wrong sauces and condiments were brought round in every case, but even had they been the right ones they would have failed in this instance to stimulate the appetites of those who had sat around the uninvited board.

The evening was very hot, and the darkness which at last began to veil the scene rendered no coolness to the parched earth or the scorching air.

Outside the open but Venetian blind-screens windows all was still as death, save when now and then a murmur as from an angry but distant sea, or a wall like that of a rising wind, was wafted from a neighboring city, interspersed occasionally with indistinct rumblings as of heavy baggage or artillery wagons passing along a rutty road, and a sound like fireworks being let off and scattering hissing into the air.

The trio who sat at the table and also the servants who waited upon them betrayed symptoms of, at all events, uneasiness when ever these unfamiliar and unaccountable noises forced themselves more especially upon their notice.

Nellie's anxiety extended to another who was not present, and each mused that she attempted to swallow for appearance sake seemed as though it would choke her, so that at last she was fain to drop her knife and fork and sink back in her chair.

"Come, Nellie, there is nothing to be frightened at. We are quite safe at all events. Nothing like having a friend at court, eh? Why, Nell, you may indirectly be the means of saving your parents' lives and those of our entire household as well, for every living soul at Mount Carmel is embraced in the war minister's invitation, and such a thought should make you glad."

"I shall never know what it is to feel glad any more," sobbed Nellie. "I have a presentiment which amounts to a conviction that my future will be darker than death."

As she utters the words an eager and impatient voice was heard without, apparently insisting on admittance, which was being feebly denied, but an instant later both voices ceased and were succeeded by hurried strides and the musical ring of spurs along the carpeted corridor that was floor with perfumed chunnam wood, and then the room door was opened violently and Frank Donnelly broke into the apartment with a flushed and excited face and blood trickling down his cheek.

"Mr. Trezarr, you would not listen to my warning this morning, but for the sake of those you love, I beseech you to give good heed unto me now. The fanatic Moslem population of Cairo is up in arms, and the santon and dervishes are in every direction urging them to a general massacre of Europeans. Isolated acts of murder have already been perpetrated, whilst assaults and beatings can be counted by the hundred. A poor Christian woman has been stoned to death in the Esbekiah, with a thousand Russians standing by and applauding the act. This said that thirty thousand starving Egyptians, all too feeble to move, are propped up naked in thirty thousand doorways, with labels attached to their almost fleshless bones, and written on each in Arabic: 'The result of Feringshe competition! Get them back the bread that the unbeliever has stolen from them, and if the bread cannot be got, then give them blood to drink, and you may depend on it the very gutters will run blood in another hour, aye, perhaps in even less.'"

The young officer ceased, more apparently because he was out of breath than by reason that he had no further horrors to relate.

On receiving this information, the young Irishman turned pale and glanced at Nellie, who said resolutely: "I shall not accompany my parents to the war minister's."

Frank, who by this time had approached close to the lovely girl's chair, alone heard the words (which was fortunate, perhaps, under the circumstances), for the attention of both Mr. and Mrs. Trezarr had been suddenly attracted and engrossed by the jumble of wheels, the tramping of horses and the jingling of weapons and accoutrements outside, which united told them that the promised escort had arrived.

"For heaven's sake, Nellie, grant me five minutes in the garden before we are parted, perhaps for ever," said Frank, purposely using such words as should allay any suspicions on Mrs. Trezarr's part should she happen to hear what he was saying.

But the buxom dame was too excited to either hear or heed.

"Nellie, follow me at once to change your dress and look out what we are to take with us," she said, rising to her feet and sailing majestically out of the room, and Mr. Trezarr at once scurried after her to ascertain if the war minister had sent an officer in command of the escort sufficiently high in rank as to necessitate his being asked indoors and shown a certain degree of civility and politeness.

Directly both father and mother had disappeared, the young Irish dragoon whispered hurriedly in Nellie's ear: "This has happened opportunely. Come into the garden; the window is open; we have but to raise the Venetians and step out."

The lovely girl followed him swiftly and eagerly. The servants, of course, did not venture to oppose her exit, and a minute later the lawn was reached, when Frank turned round, folded her in his arms and clasped her to his heart, at the same time exclaiming:

"Oh, my darling, if we part now I feel assured not only that we shall never meet again, but that your future will be a living grave in that grim pasha's harem. Should once its wall enclose you he will never permit you to leave them more."

"Frank, I feel so, too, but, oh, what is to be done?" responded Nellie, piteously.

"Exactly that which we planned to do some three hours later, with trifling variations, such as altered circumstances render necessary. But this is a time for action and not for explanation, for every moment's start that we can obtain may be of the utmost value to us. Just outside that little door in the garden wall is my man, Pat Monaghan, with two horses as fresh as daisies and lively with their supper of oats. You must mount one and I the other, Pat will follow us in whatever he can beg, borrow or steal, and in an hour we shall have left Cairo and its bloodthirsty population far behind us."

"But my parents, Frank? How can I desert them at such a time?"

"Under Arabi Pasha's protection no possible danger can menace them."

"I believe that. But then this dress. How can I mount a horse clad thus?"

And the lovely girl glanced deprecatingly at the snow white neck, shoulders and arms that were so liberally revealed by her rich dinner robe.

"For goodness sake regard not such trifles at a moment like the present. The Egyptian night is so warm that there will be no fear of your catching cold, and did you re-enter the house to change your apparel you would never succeed in leaving it again. Oh, do not lose the one and only opportunity that has been afforded us by Providence. Hark, they are calling to us already."

It was her father's voice, and speaking in stern, peremptory tones. That decided her. She spoke no word, but started across the lawn, like a timid fawn, in the direction of the door in the wall.

So great was her speed that her companion could hardly overtake her.

But when the wall was reached she reeled up against with both hands pressed against her throbbing heart, owing to her breathlessness and her excitement.

The dragoon unfastened the door, placed an arm around her waist, half swung her out into the roadway, and then said to a figure that loomed dimly out of the gloom:

"Off with you, Pat, and lift this young lady into your saddle like lightning."

No sooner said than done. It was a slide saddle, and as Nellie involuntarily kicked her foot into the stirrup and gathered up the reins she felt a return of courage and confidence.

"Pat, you have as many lives as a cat and as many resources as a fox. I've no fear for you. Nevertheless, get a mount as fast as you can and come after us like team. We shall cross the bridge and journey down on the left bank of the Nile. The road runs alongside the river for a long way, and in half an hour the moon will be up. You've got a good revolver in your belt, money in your pocket and brains in your head, and no more is needed."

"Bedad, yer honor, and I'll have a horse between my legs in five minutes if ye'll only be getting away with the lady instead of speechifying," and with these words Pat Monaghan darted away toward the main entrance to Mount Carmel, whilst Frank wheeled Nellie's steed round in an opposite direction.

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"Nellie, if the sight is so terrible, why not look another way. I fear that such victims will be counted by the hundred this night in yonder city. Hark, I can hear cries of terror or of anguish from that direction even now, darling. Let us press on. There is no time to be lost."

"Oh, Frank, the lotus flowers, the twin horror of the opal ring," gasped the lovely girl.

"The lotus flowers? It is their matted tendrils that uphold the corpse, darling."

"Yes, yes; I know, I know; but I attach a prophetic meaning to the sight. The link that bound you to that beautiful but terrible Egyptian woman was a lotus flower. That link was broken by you, but the mysterious and once deemed sacred flowers avenges both itself and its slighted mistress. Pray heaven that you have not looked upon the presentation of your own doom. Even that pale, unearthly light that hovers over a corpse and flowers seems to me to have a horrible significance. Oh, Frank, is it too late to turn back, think you?"

"Return? What are you thinking of, Nellie? Death most assuredly lies behind us, and at the very worst it may not lurk in front. A fig for signs and omens; I believe in none of them. See, Nellie, darling, bridge and river lie in our rear and from the dark blue dome of heaven a thousand bright stars of hope shine down on the groves of lime and citron trees that we are about to enter, causing every green leaf to gleam as they tip with liquid fire, whilst away though tipped with drooping palms seem to us on with a murmured promise of safety."

"Frank, your words cheer me. I feel myself again. But, hark! no sooner does hip-

camp into my heart than despair rushes after it. We are already pursued."

Donnelly checked his horse and halted, and true enough the wooden bridge that they had just left behind was reverberating beneath the galloping hoof-strokes of a horse.

"It is but a single individual, and if he is pursuing us he rides on a fool's errand. But I'd much rather say it was another fugitive like unto ourselves. Anyhow, let us speed up our nags, for the being overtaken by a friend would be more unpalatable to me than to be caught up by a foe, for it might not be half as easy to get rid of him."

The lovely girl did as she was bidden, but presently drew rein again, exclaiming: "His gaiting on us, Frank, and he is singing. Can he be your servant, I wonder?"

Even Donnelly drew up at this and listened intently in turn to the rapid thud of the galloping horse's hoofs, that were now beating upon the hard, baked-up earth.

"Nose, nose, nose, nose-nose, nose, nose. Howgoy you that jolly red nose?"

came a roar the next instant, and just as quickly the thundering refrain:

"Cinnanna and ginger, nutmegs, rum and cloves. True they that gave poor Pat such a jolly red nose, and hardly had the last words of the old campaigning drinking chorus escaped the singer's lips than, mounted on a fine Arab steed and flourishing a long lance above and around his head as though it had been a shillelah, appeared Mr. Patrick Monaghan in propria persona, and apparently in the most boisterous spirits to boot.

"Arrah, captain, dear, an' it must have been you that's been philandering on the way, for it's not on this side of Umm Dinar that I expected to overtake yer honor, after all that I've done since we last parted more especial."

"Tell us what you have done, Pat; not that we need remain still to listen, for time is too precious for that. You found a good mount in a very short time."

"Pat, yer honor, it's the gospel truth that I'm telling yez. I brandished my spear and I curried them for murdering haythins, an' I made a dozen of 'em run like steam; aye, by this an' by that, I shouldn't wonder if they were running still."

"Come, come, I'm not going to believe all that, though I doubt not that you got the horse as you say."

"What, yer honor, don't believe that I made the Egyptians run? Bedad, thin I can prove it, for here they come on to the bridge like a pack of hounds in full cry, and here peeps out the moon as a witness on my side to show 'em clearly to yer honor."

"Oh, you ran first and they ran after you? Now I see what you mean, Pat. Well, we will make them run in the same manner, for they are trying to run down more important game than yourself, of that be assured."

"Nellie, we are pursued," added Frank, turning to his girl companion, "for my brave but blundering follower has contrived to set the sleuth hounds of the war minister upon the right scent. Have not the slightest fear that they will overtake us, however."

"Nor will I have such a fear," responded Nellie, valorously, and she was the first to increase the speed of her horse, sitting the fine animal like an Amazon.

"(TO BE CONTINUED.)"

THE FARM.

Farm Wrinkles.
A wire run along the top of the old-fashioned straight rail and block fence will keep the stock away from it, and save trouble in putting up riders.
Have on hand a paper of copper rivets of different sizes and a piece of leaded leather for cutting strings to keep the harness mended with.
It is a painful fact that the half-baked man is not rare.
It takes about seventy good-sized ears to make a bushel of shelled seed corn.
Three horses abreast is very often the most economical team for the heavy work of the farm.
In Spain an old custom among the country people is never to eat fruit out of doors without planting the seed. The roads are lined with trees whose fruit is free to all.
Slobbering and its Cure.
The frequent slobbering of horses at this season is variously accounted for. We have heard it attributed to the second growth clover, to lobelia, St. John's wort, and other plants, but never yet to pennyroyal. But having occasion to make use of a neighbor's pasture for a few nights, for our horse, we found them slobbering profusely from the effects of the pennyroyal which grew abundantly in the field. The cows which grazed in the field were also troubled with profuse salivation. We have had previous knowledge that lobelia and St. John's wort would produce the same trouble, and now are sure that pennyroyal may be added to the list. But we doubt very much that second growth clover will cause it; indeed, we have good reasons to know that it does not in some cases. The slobbering of horses and cows is caused by the irritating effect upon the salivary glands of the strong essential of the plants which produce it. If one will chew some lobelia, St. John's wort or pennyroyal, he will find the salivary glands to be excited in this manner. The effects are removed by eating any dry substance, as oatmeal, middlings or cornmeal, and the best remedy for it is to give any animal which is suffering from salivation a feed of dry meal or middlings; this will put a stop to it at once. The waste of saliva is exceedingly weakening to a horse.

CHAPTER XXII.

THE CAPTIVE OF THE LOTUS LILIES—CHASED INTO THE DESERT.