Adventure, founded upon Startling Revela-

Author of " NINA, THE NIHILIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE BUSSIAN SPY,"

CHAPTER XXIII.

MEGTY OF THE SILENT -ATTACKED BY

wild ride, with the great white and the countless stars of heaven for

he desert comes up on three sides to the walls of Caire, and it is the desert that blows in the streets. No sooner, refore, were the fugitives clear of the than they entered upon this gre t waste mondless and eternal desolation, though and another city yet to fide through ire they were free of all that had been a city tripling in population the one aree hundred thousand souls which they inst quitted, the poetically Arab named

ank Donelly had hardly been prepared invading the still and sombre avenues of is directly in their path, and the fact of being pursued obliged them to take all in as they came.

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Gilloping alongside of Nellie he told her and her reply was : "We have less to fear from the dead than the living. I have already observed We are coming to and am prepared to

fer all that she spoke so bravely her face ulmost as white as her snowy shoulders the M white no face save that of the on could have been); and as Pat Monaggame tearing along behind, keenly ening the excitement that caused his masmuch uneasiness, he more than once stered: "She's a rale beauty an' no

another minute and they were amongst streets of the departed. Thousands and mands of Mussulman's headstones were and and about them, looking like equat, sked figures with battered head-dresses, the turban of the defunct Moslem is algs placed on the round knob that rises m the shoulders, so to speak, of his tombme, and there reposes until wind, birds ime, or all three united, have made with it, and not unfrequently the poor the parsimonious man whose headgear become shabby takes a walk out egst the tombs in the hope that he may is better one in exchange for his own. and St. in suments, some of which were painted in

thit colors, and nearly covered with the characters, rose here and there , and G.mg diomer tombs, with high waits, and information and minarets, that caused them to ., St. John w of these waved the sombre fronds of my of these waved the sombre fronds of in, some few of them being almost in-

s, Rae & 0 and in a grove of such. he nature of the ground required wary ing, for there were holes here and there, metimes deep rifts, whilst not infreutly stones and even fragments of masstrewed the way, for the Moslem never rects or repairs what has once failen

m, it being contrary to his creed. the possibility of a fail occurring to Nelvas almost an agony to contemplate, so utiful did she look in her low cut evenires, with its mere inch wide band for

ronto State, if she were to come crashing to the and one of those exquisite azureand arms were to be broken, one of those ad a lar ampand snowy shoulders to be torn open. it is promit while the young officer contemplated ties at lo horror the mere possibility of a casulappening, even to the extent of almost tting the damage of the pursuit, a perwat hand, for which both should have think you? prepared, though they were not.

May they should have been prepared by reason of the truly it fernal chorus of in, which had for some minutes saluted erears, and whic: Frank had set down langry jackals s ying grace over some ory supper that they had exhumed from forethan usually shallow grave.

He had not reflected, or perhaps he did not know, that wherever jackals gather 'orce "gaffer wolf" is not for off, though out for something a little more sa-T, for he, as a rule, does not care to eat game so high.

it happened that whilst passing one palm-sheltered tombs, of which I before spoker, a huge, gaunt wolf, foladirg ont of the gloom and at once apon Nellie, whilst its female com-In made for the young officer.

true then that Frank Donelly gave vent wild scream of terror, and it was not og from him by his own peril, but rathconsioned by that of the lovely girl, who that moment was about three lengths in mace of him.

excited and agitated was he thereat be never felt the strong jaws and mirg teeth of the wild beast that had feed forward, he, by rare good fortune the special interposition of Providence), the other wolf just as it was in the act making a snap at one of Nellia's full,

with a bolsterous Irish whoop, dashed demivault, so as to give greater to the descending blow, with one of his mbre cleft in twain the neck Monaghan who had put these sleuth hounds the fierce brute that had assailed his masthe body dropping to the ground, but ant's often does after it has been litdismembered by a doughtier or a e powerful antagonist.

however, the jaws relaxed and fell, the greedy eyes gave one agonized

in tremulous tones from Frank, to Melie made gallant reply:

"Ob, I'm all right; but you? Why, you never even thought of yourself, Frank."

"Pat did though. I'm much obliged to you, Pat. That was fine stroke. The Aye, your leaver, it would be lie to dontradict ye. Dure an' I slang me lance, not being used like to the haythen, for the ccb ler should stick to his last and the dragoon to hie sabre. But sure and is your

nonor hurt ?" "No; he didn't get much beyond the leather of my boot, thanks to you. The spearpoints of those rascals who are pressupp affer us would wink deeper, I'll be begind; wherefore, I don't care to give them the chance, Now, Nellie."

The fair girl took this as a signal to spur on again, and did so at once.

terror that she felt. She even laughed as it occurred to her how she had on more than dead, but there was no help for it since occasion screamed at the sight of a rat or a toad, but the fact is that a wealthy girl has at all times more courage than she is sensible of, only it lies latent.

The rencontre with the wolves had made the horses only too anxious to place a greater distance between themselves and the dismal howlings that still surrounded them on all sides, so that no so ner were they given the rein than they almost flew down and through the broad avenues of the City of the Silent, until at last even the tombs of the murdered Mamelukes, with their windows of stained glass, were left behind, and naught but the open desert lay in front, looking in the moonlight like a still, gray, waveless lake, of the most vast dimensions, and with patches of moss and an occasional sagegreen shrub floating upon its surface.

But, oh, the pure, exhilarating air with which this was accompanied, an air full of as trange and mysterious sweetness, so that the very horses dilated their quivering nostries to catch it, uttering joyful whinnies the while, and Nellie exclaimed in cheerful tones to her companion: "No wonder the Bedouin loves his wandering life upon the plains better than being eceped up in the cities. I feel as though I had been drinking champagne.'

joy to hear you say so. You are of the right mettle for a soldier's wife. I declare, didn't think you had it in you."

"We never know what qualities we possees, Frank, until time and opportunity bring them to light. I'm perfectly astonished that I'm not frightened out of my very wita. Hark, I hear music in the distance. What can it be?"

"I hear too, but I'm mure I cannot even guess what it is. It seems to be made up of timbrels, trumpets and drums. Can you make out anything, Pat Monaghan?"

"Only that flock ov white sheep over there, yer honor. Bedad, it's a big crowd of them an' it must be they that's making all the music somehow."

Frank Donelly glanced in the direction of Pat's outstretched arm, and he immediately ejaculated with a laugh.

"Well, they do look in the distance like sheep, certainly, but Ithink 'tis a regiment | were uttered, for the first time bestowed marching towards Cairo, and that it their band that we hear."

"Faith, yer honor, then I hope they'll put that Toulba Pasha in Queen Street for wanting to take our swords and pistols away, bad cess to him."

"I'm afraid that its far more likely to be a mutinous than a loyal regiment, Pat, but, by Jove, here comes those with whom we are more immediately concerned. They are gaining on us, too, I do believe. What

"Sure, yer honor, I don't fancy that they are. It's only the distance that's desaying across the sands. But anyhow it's a fair course and no favor, and if we let them overtake us be jabers we will deserve all they'll give us."

"Right you are, Pat, rejoined his master cheerfully, and away they stretched again across the level plain, almost as noiselessly as though they had been spectres, for there was no thud of the steel shod hoofs upon the desert sand, and they were too excited any longer to converse.

Nellie Trezarr would ever and anon look back over one of her snowy shoulders to see for herself whether their pursuers seemed to gain upon them, whenever she imagined that such was the case her cheeks would blanch still paler and she would bite her cherry ripe lips with her little pearly teeth in the attempt to master all show of emotion. But such actions revealed rather than concessed it, so that her lover would address to her a few words to cheer her up and restore her waning confidence in their ultimate escape, and thus still on and on they sped, while even the Ci y of the Silent lay many a mile in their rear,

CHAPTER XXIV.

thed to his leg, but pressing his terri-

MAN. . On, still on, for liberty and perhaps for

dear life as well. The perseverance with which the ligyptian cavalry followed after them convinced nost at the same instant Pat Monag. Captain Denelly that a high reward had been offered for the recovery of Nellie, in turn, and, causing his horse to either by her parents or by the war minister, or perhaps unknown to either by both. And it was the brave but reckless Pat

upon the right seent. That was a fact beyond question, for the full space of half a minute, Frank never upbraided his humble a introduction its intended prey, just faithful follower for the blunder that he had made, for he knew that it was a more

blunder at the most. As for Pat himself, he enjoyed the excitement of the headlong chase still, never troubling to reflect how it would end, but belone glazing in death.

Ity darling, I trust the brute's spring they would get away from their pursuers.

The master felt by no means as sure making up his mind that somehow or other

His master felt by no means as sure of this, for he was painfully conscious that two of their horses were too large and heavy for a prolonged desert flight, plunging at each

that was all.

True, the number of their pursuers bad diminished to nine, but nine is long odds egainst two, especially when armed with lance against saword and though Pat had a lance also, he was maskilled in its use, which ien't learned properly in a day, no, nor even in a month, whilst, as to their plate's, a man might make ture of the ace of spades by day who would miss an elephant b moonlight, in every way so deceptive is it besides which the captain felt that he would be afraid to use his revolver for feer of drawing a return fire upon themselves and of Neithe falling the wlotten.

As they still apad across the gray, unruilled see of sand Frank Donelly's beart grew heavy within him, and every time he glaneed back (and these rearward glances grew more frequent every quarter of an hour), the twinkling spear points, the red ter: bauches, the dusky, sinister faces, the white uniforms and tossing heads of the Egyptian cavalry seemed to have approached mearer and nearer, whilst at last even the over-sanguine Pat Menaghan betock himself to the same way of thinking, and muttered to himself half aloud .

"Be Saint Pathrick, an' if it wasn't for Pat Monaghan at this juncture. She was surprised at the small degree of the young leddy, wouldn't the captain an' mesilf jest enjoy it, and that's all. We'd turn round and ax 'em boldly what they wanted, and if we didn't like their answer we'd give 'em what the drum boys give the

drums, a thundering good bating." But whilst the light-hearted Irishman was reflecting in this manner another foe was gathering his forces in front of the fugitives, at whose advance, had it been yet visible, even his gallant heart might have quaked with fear.

"Oh, how hot and stifling the air has suddenly become," garped Nellie. myself notice a change, rejeined Frank. . "The wind has altogether drop-

ped." "And yet hark to it rearing in the distance. What can it mean, I wonder?" "I don't know, Nell. I'm unaccustomed to these regions. It can't hurt us, anyway." The loving girl made ne answer at the

time, though truth to tell her lover's remark did not at all tend to reassure her. In silence she more fearfully regarded that mysterious something which she half saw and half felt was before them than the more certain peril that was fast coming up

with them from behind. She noticed the entire heavens rapidly reddening, as with a dull, lurid and yet faint sunset glow, whilst in the far distance, where the desert horizon had hitherto been "SAll the better, darling. It gives me | sharply defined against the until now dark indigo blue of the sky, she beheld what appeared like a brick colored fog, advancing silently across the apparently boundless plaln.

> A few minutes more and she knew that she was not mistaken, but by that time the fog more nearly resembled enrolling clouds of dense smoke, with here and there the red flame of cannon flashing through.

A rear also as of many cannon, yet perhaps more like the continuous rumble of thunder amongst mountains, care from its rear, and so terrified now did Nellie become that she found it impossible to help gasping

"Oh, God! something terrible is about to happen. I feel sure that there is death to us all in yonder cloud. Death from which there is no escape."

Frank Donelly, impressed by those fearsome words and the fervor with which they white uniformed Egyptian soldiers his real attention on what, hitherto deeming to be an imaginary peril, he had taken little notice of.

Even then, blind, unthinking soldier that he was, the sight might not have much impressed him had not Pat Monaghan suddenly exclaimed :

"Bedad, an' if they hasn't left us in pace afther all, an' just too whin, 'pon my sowl, I thought they was getting the best av it, the poor, miserable, mane-spirited naygurs. Och, mother o' Moses, an' it's the baste that wants to be afther thim, bad cess to him, an' I wonders what's come over him now, at all at all, that's been behaving so dacently all along."

Well might he wonder, for his Arab steed was exhibiting every symptom of equine alarm-throwing its ears back, rolling its eyes back, snorting, backing and also be-

traying a strong disposition to buck. But whilst Pat was entirely engrossed by the strange conduct of his horse, Captain Donelly compared its actions with the andden and headlong retreat of the Egyptian cavalry Cairoward, and with the swift advance from the boundless desert of that duncolored cloud with the seeming flashes of red artillery flame gleaming through, and there immediately occurred to him a memory of something that he had read in books when a boy by the cheerful fireside athome, and the recollections blanched every vestige of color frem his cheeks in the twinkling of

"Nellie," said he curtly, "we must change our course. We must ride this

As he spoke he seized hold of her bridle and turned her horse's head half round, at the same time pointing toward the neigh-

boring mountains, He knew that could they but gain their lower slopes before the fearful stroom, still many miles away, could sweep down upon them and overwhelm them with its columns and its clouds of hot, burning sand, they would be safe. He really thought that they

would be able to do it at the time. Away they went, therefore, at right angles to their former course, and Pat's horse was now docile enough, though evidentily very far still from being at its case, as a frequent plaintive whinny and now and then a kind of hourse shricking snort sufficiently testified to its rider.

As for Pat himself, he was in a complete state of bewilderment as to what it all meant and as to what had caused his master to turn so white all of a sudden, but unquestioning obedience is the first lesson in the British army, and Pat followed on si-

lently, as in duty bound. As to the lovely girl, she was silent for another reason, namely, because she was afraid to ask the nature of the new danger that threatened. True, she already guessed it, but she did not wish her suspicions to be confirmed, for she felt that the more hope that she'd entertain the better.

But, oh, how oppressive the heat had become, for another kind of breeze had by

"My darling, for God's sake bear up The mountains are very near."

"Yes, but I can no longer see instead of traversing the sarth Oh, it is terrible in

Sailing through clouds? Alas, when he looked up again from that beautiful and glowing bust the same sensetion struck him. The storm was sweeping down upon them in cresolication form, and one horn thereof had already georgesied the hills with i

sand, and sky, and six glawed with the light of a conflagration, whilst assuredly the heat of one was about and around them, and the roaring poice of one pounding in their ears as they still tore onwards.

Bedded, an is it the world that's tuk fire at last loike as the praists tell ov Holy Saint Pathrick, an' if it is we'd better be stopping an offering up a prayer, seeing as we can't hope to gallen but oy it, than be tearing along at this rate," muttered

"It's the sirocon, the hot wind of the desert : so we'd better pray and ride as well, for while there's life there's hope," reje ned his master.

Ride and pray they did, for never was human peril greater than theirs. Already was the sand hissing past them, entering in at their eyes and ears and stinging Nellie's glossy semi-nudeness till it fairly quivered with the amarting;

But this was only the light-armed skirmisher in advance of the main host, which they could now see rolling upon them like a solid wall that reached unto the very heavens, but inclining inward, as though on the point of toppling over.

"Lord have mercy on our sowls," poor Pat could be heard vociferating again and again, and then all at once it seemed as though the Almighty had answered his prayer through the little, parted, cherry hued lips of Nellie Trezarr as she gasped forth, "Trees ! trees ! We are saved !"

Was it instinct that told her this? Assuredly reason could hardly had done so, for of that was she almost bereft.

Be it as it may, however, she was right, for at the moment when it seemed that nothing could save them, they passed with the speed of a change of scene on a well ordered stage out of what was called the shadow of death into a region of seeming enchantment, and the black wall of sand which had appeared to reach unto the very heavens, and whose thickness and density none could guess, rushed past them on either side with a roar and a wall and a strange kind of rattle which it is impossible to de-

But the three fugitives watched its course from beneath trees laden with luscious fruit, and not a particle of the burning sand came nigh them.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Intelligence of Dogs.

At the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, says an article credited to "Exchange," in the Brooklyn Eagle, Sir John Lubbook read a paper on the intelligence of the dog. Sir John remarked that it was surprising how little we know about the true nature of animals. This, he thought, arose very much from the fact that hitherto we have tried to teach animals, instead of to learn from them; to make, for instance, the dog understand us, rather than to understand the dog. He suggested that some such system as that adopted with deaf mutes, and especially by Dr. Howe in the case of Laura Bridgman, might be tried with advantage. For this purpose he had selected a black poodle, Van, and then presented pieces of cardboard ten inches long by three feet wide, on which he printed words such as "food," " water," "tea," and no one who had seen Van look down a row of cards and pick out the one he wanted could doubt that he was able to distinguish the different words, and quite understand that a card was equivalent to a request. The cards were certainly not recognized by scent, because he used a number of each. He suggested that some one with sufficient leisure might carry this much further, and the attempt would be well worth making. Prof. Flower mentioned that he had seen within the last few days a deg which knew the return of Sunday. Nething could induce the dog to go out with him, though on other days when he took his stick and hat he showed great anxiety to go with him. Prof. Flower attached great importance to kindness in the teaching of animals. Miss Katherine Wray gave an interesting account of how, in three weeks, by means of a bene attached to the door bell, she had taught the dog to ring the bell. Mr. C. C. Walker mentioned that he knew a family which had taught its dog to howl at the late opposition and show great interest at the mention of the late government. Mrs. Stokes thought that some minds seemed to have a greater power of communication with animals than others, and she mentioned an English professor who seemed to have the power of calling birds from the sky,

A Sixteenth Century Song-PROM THE GERMAN, BY J. A. KNOWLES.

Dame Hightingale thyself prepare, It is high time, the day breaks fair; Thou a messenger of love shall be To her who dearest is to me.

She in her garden waits for thee, In sorrow and anxiety: The burning cobe her breast up beave Till with your message you relieve.

Then up, away I delay not long, Away, with the and joyous song And when her heart from me you greet Tell her that seen again we'll meet,

A thousand times she'll thee regale With welcoming words, Dame Nightingale, And at that hour will glow the more Her heart with love-dars wounded sore.

The shall of Venue struck her heart, Then see you charm away the smart; Forbid dejection ; do not fall, So haste away! Dame Mightingale.

Clerk (who has been valuely trying to employ his time, to employer)-Shall I answer this letter now, sir!" Employer-"Certainly net : if you do they will think we are doing ne business. Wais four weeks."

A Young Indian's Romantic History.

A tall young man with a complexion or the rich color of the ripe chestnut and with limbs as cleanly out as those of Michael Angelo's statue of David, called upon President pland the delier day and saked the appointment of a cadetahip at West Peint, It was young Hole-in-the Day, the 30m of the says the Washington correspondent of Western paper. He is about 18 years old, is over six feet tall, and has an eye like that of a youngeagle. Aromance clusters around father, the noted Chippewa king met the woman who became his mother. It was in 1887 that old Hole in the Day came here on business with the President. He was made much of by the newspapers, feted by society, and at the National Hotel, where he was stopping, he was spoken of as the rich Indian King, who owned the greater part of the lands of the Northwest, At this hotel there was a pretty Irish chambermaid who did up the old chief's room. The two met. They looked, and from their eyes sprang love. Chief Hele-in-the-Day, who had met the belles of Washington, passed them by, and chose the chambermaid. He proposed. She accepted. They were married, and she went back to Minnesota an Indian queen. From the marriage sprang this boy, who has now inherited his father's position. The old King begot the jealousy of some of the Indian tribes by this union with a white wife, and they suspected him of treacherously giving away his lands. They assassinated him. Mrs. Hole-in the-Day still lives. Her boy has the true military bearing about him, and he looks and walks like the king that he is. He dresses in American clothes, and talks pure Anglo-Saxon.

A Sailor's Duty.

Of course there are times when a sailor's duties will be rough, rude, and stormy, like the raging elements around him. During the stress of a gale, and while a ship is being navigated through difficult and narrow channels, a sailor's first and all-absorbing du y is to watch the hand and listen to the voice of the officer in command, and unhesitatingly obey. Work-hard, coarse, difficult, dangerous work-becomes then the order of the day. But even in darkness and in storm, amidst the fury of the gale and the wild sweep of the threatening waves, amidst thunders and lightnings, terrors from the sky and terrors from the deep, it is wondorful how a serene, devout, intelligent, earnest mind, previously disciplined by its studies and reflections, may take in a deep imbibing of beauty and consolation. It mentally sees a lattitude of calm above the circle of the storm, and inwardly hears amidst the deafening clamours of excited nature the sweet whisper, "It is I: be not afraid!" There is no reason in the nature of things why even the most illiterate of sailors should not, by and by, and after much training, attain to this spiritual susceptibility, this capacity to take in grand ideas and holy consolations even in the midst of life's sternest trials and darkest terrors.

Hampton Court and General Wolsey.

It has been suggested that it was in a vault of this palace that the incident cocurred which opened Henry's eyes to the wealth acquired by his favorite cardinal. As the story goes, the king's fool was paying a visit to the cardinal's tool, and the jocose couple went down in to the wins vaults. For fun, one of them stuck a dagger or some other pointed instrument into the top of a cask, and to his surprise, touched something that chinked like metal. The meddlesome pair upon this set to work, and pushed off the head of the cask, discovering that it was full of gold pieces. Other casks by their sounds, gave indications that they held wine, and not gold. The King's fool stered up this secret, and one day, when Henry VIII. was boasting about his wine, the foel said, satirically, "You have not such wine, sire, as my Lord Cardinal, for he has casks in his cellar worth a thousand broad pieces each," and then he told what he had detected. Wnether this be true or not, it is certain that Wolsey was so far awake to the fact that he was so suspected by the monarch as to deem it prudent to present him with Hampton Court,

Model Mothers.

Models are of the first importance in moulding the nature of a child; and if we would have fine characters, we must necessarily present before them fine models. Now the model most constantly before every child's eye is the mother. "One good mother," said George Herbert, " is worth a hundred schoolmasters. In the home she is loadstone to all hearts, and loadstar to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant-fmitation which Bacon likens to a "globe of precepts." It is instruction. It is teaching without words, often exemplifying more than tongue can teach. In the face of bad example the best precepts are of but little avail. The example is followed, not the precepts. Indeed, precept at variance with practice is worse than useless, inasmuch as it only serves to teach the most cowardly of vices -hypecrisy. Even children are judges of hypocrisy, and the lessons of the parent who says one thing and does the opposite are quickly seen through. The teaching of the friar was not worth much who preached the virtue of honesty with a stolen goose in his sleeve.

III Temper

Li more rapidly improved by relief from physical suffering than in any other way. Step on your friend's corn, and the impulse to strike is strongest. Patnam's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations preve its value. Beware of substitutes. Patnam's," sure, safe, painless.

"Ne," said the landlady, fixing her eyes with a stemy gaza upon the new boarder at the feet of the table, "no, it is not what I cat, but what som shody else cats that distresses me."

We have several encyclopedies running around loose in this office, but they are as unestisfactory as \$7 business suits. They are all silent as to how bearding-house museges are made,