

# AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE

Story of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon startling Revelations in the Desert of Arabi Pasha.

Author of "NINA, THE NIHLIST," "THE RED SPOT," "THE RUSSIAN SET," ETC., ETC.

## CHAPTER XXIII.

THE CITY OF THE SILENT—ATTACKED BY WOLVES.

"Ob, I'm all right; but you? Why, you never even thought of yourself, Frank." Pat did not think of himself, but he thought of the silent city. He was a wild rider, with the great white wings of the countess stars of heaven for wings. He was a wild rider, with the great white wings of the countess stars of heaven for wings. He was a wild rider, with the great white wings of the countess stars of heaven for wings.

"No; he didn't get much beyond the leather of his boot, thanks to you. The spears of those assassins who are pressing after us would sink deeper. I'm beggared; wherefore, I don't care to give them the chance. Now, Nellie."

"Ob, how hot and stifling the air has suddenly become," gasped Nellie. "I myself notice a change," rejoined Frank. "The wind has altogether dropped."

"All the better, darling. It gives me joy to hear you say so. You are of the right metal for a soldier's wife. I declare, I didn't think you had it in you."

"Well, they do look in the distance like sheep, certainly, but I think 'tis a regiment of white uniformed Egyptian soldiers marching towards Cairo, and that if their band that we hear."

"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 Trezar 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 lips with her little pearly teeth in the attempt to master all show of emotion."

## CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DESERT RACE—A DEADLIER Foe THAN MAN.

"On, still on, for liberty and perhaps for dear life as well. The perseverance with which the Egyptian cavalry followed after them convinced Captain Donnelly that a high reward had been offered for the recovery of Nellie, either by her parents or by the war minister, or perhaps unknown to either by both."

"That was a fact beyond question, but Frank never upbraided his humble but faithful follower for the blunder that he had made, for he knew that it was a mere blunder at the most."

stride the deeply in the sand that the little bodies, small birds and butterflies vanished. A flock of their pursuers just ahead and that was all." True, the number of their pursuers had diminished to nine, but nine is long odds against two, especially when armed with lance and sword, and though Pat had a lance also, he was unskilled in its use, which he learned properly in a day, no, not even in a month, whilst, as to their pistols, a man might make more of the use of a spear by day who would make an adept out by moonlight in every way so deceptive is it, besides which the captain felt that he would be afraid to use his revolver for fear of drawing a return fire upon themselves and of Nellie falling thereon.

"Be silent, Patrick, an' if it wasn't for the young leddy, wouldn't the captain an' meself jest enjoy it, an' that's all. We'd turn round an' ax' 'em holdly what they wanted, an' 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 visible, even his gallant heart might have quaked with fear."

"And yet hark to it roaring 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 no answer at the time, though truth to tell her lover's remark did not at all tend to reassure her."

"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."

"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."

"Well, I might wonder, for his Arab steed was exhibiting every symptom of equine alarm—throwing its ears back, rolling its eyes back, snorting, backing and also betraying a strong disposition to buck."

"Nellie," said he curtly, "we must change our course. We must ride this way." As he spoke he seized hold of her bridle and turned her horse's head half round, at the same time pointing toward the neighboring mountains.

He knew that could they but gain their lower slopes before the fearful sirocco, 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.

"My darling, for God's sake bear up. The mountains are very near." "Yes, but I can no longer see them, Frank. We seem to be travelling through the clouds instead of traversing the earth. Oh, it is terrible!"

"Another minute and it seemed as though sand, and sky, and air glowed with the light of a conflagration, whilst assuredly the heat of one was about and around them, and the roaring noise of one pounding in their ears as they still rode onward."

"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 smarting."

"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.)

At the meeting of the British Association at Aberdeen, says an article credited to "Exchange," in the Brooklyn Eagle, Sir John Lubbock 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 learn from them; to make, for instance, the dog understand us, rather than to understand the dog.

"Bedad, an' if they whin' left us in puce after all, an' just too whin' 'pon my soul, I thought they was getting the best av it, the poor, miserable, mane-spirited naysure. Och, mother o' Moses, an' it's the baste that wants to be a fatter him, bad cess to him, an' I wonders what's come over him now, at all at all, that's been behaving so decently all along."

A Sixteenth Century Song. FROM THE GERMAN, BY J. A. KNOWLES. Dame Nightingale thyself prepare, It is high time, the day breaks fair; There 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 sobe her breast in haste Till with thy message you relieve.

Clerk (who has been vainly trying to employ his time, to employ)—Shall I answer this letter now, sir? Employer—"Certainly not; if you do they will think we are doing no business. Wait four weeks."

## A Young Indian's Romantic History.

A tall young man with a complexion of the rich color of the ripe chestnut and long limbs as cleanly cut as those of Michael Angelo's statue of David, called upon President Cleveland the other day and asked the appointment of a cadetship at West Point. It was young Hole-in-the-Day, the son of the noted Chippewa chief, and now the king of all the Chippewas. I met him one morning, says the Washington correspondent of a Western paper. He is about 18 years old, is over six feet tall, and has an eye like that of a young eagle. Aromance blossomed around him, and it was at Washington where his father, the noted Chippewa king met the woman who became his mother. It was in 1867 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 Hole-in-the-Day, who had met the belle 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 begged 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 stern, 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 duty 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 wonderful how a serene, devout, intelligent, earnest mind, previously disciplined by its studies and reflections, may take in a deep imbuing of beauty and consolation. It mentally sees a latitude of calm above the circle of the storm, and inwardly hears amidst the deafening clamors 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 occurred 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 tomb, and the jocular couple went down into the wains 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 tinkled 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 stared up this secret, and one day, when Henry VIII was boasting about his wine, the fool 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. Whether 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 leader to all hearts, and leader to all eyes." Imitation of her is constant—imitation 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—hypocrisy. 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.

## Ill Temper

Is 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. Patman's Painless Corn Extractor, by quickly and painlessly removing them, insures good nature. Fifty imitations prove its value. Beware of substitutes. Patman's, sure, safe, painless.

"No," said the lapidary, fixing her eyes with a stony gaze upon the new boarder at the feet of the table, "no, it is not what I say, but what some body else says that distresses me."

We have several encyclopedias running around loose in this office, but they are as unsatisfactory as \$7 business suits. They are all silent as to how boarding-house mannae are made.