

EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

of Love and Wild Adventure, founded upon Startling Revelations in the Career of Arabi Pasha.

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

CHAPTER XXIX.

TREASURES OF THE MOUNTAIN TOMBS.

He spoke the scorpion easter pointed to the entrance of the mountain, but which was hidden by a luxuriant growth of plants bearing great waxen-looking

flowers that this must be the entrance of the tomb which his thoughts had been turning on all along, Frank Donnelly pointed his hand directly towards the entrance, and as he knew the scorpion easter might at any moment thrust its sting into his sleeve or thrust its sting into his eye, he was fastened secure

to the scorpion easter, and the scorpion easter, warned the surly and un-derlying guide that if he was bitten or scratched by either of his pets his retort would be thrust through his master's

head. "I am very tame," was the thoroughly cowed scorpion easter's answer, and the next minute the entire party plunged into the profound dark-

ness of the mountain tomb. Nellie, to her terror, for the pitchy blackness of the tomb calculated to inspire that feeling of terror, when they could be conven-

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ed into a second and narrower passage a loud rushing noise greeted their ears, like a flapping of ghostly wings, so that Pat began to patter a Pater Noster, making sure that the Afrits, or Giant Devils, were upon them, while Nellie uttered a little scream, and even Frank became utterly disconcerted.

Had he noticed the sly and exultant expression of the scorpion easter he might have been better prepared for what was to come and how to avoid its consequences, for, lo, the uncanny noises rapidly increased in volume, the semi-darkness became all at once full of fluttering wings, hideous little horned heads, and shrill squeaks, and then all in an instant the torch was extinguished and the three fugitives felt themselves beat about their faces by quickly flapping, skiny leather substances, whilst an intolerable stench assailed their nostrils, so that it is little wonder that in the sudden darkness, terror and confusion Frank's hand for an instant relaxed the tightness of its grip on the santon's beard or that he, taking advantage of the opportunity, with a wrench and a bound released himself altogether therefrom, and laughing shrilly and exultantly, rushed away with the certainty that he would not again be caught.

In another minute they could hear him shouting in the distance:

"Yallah! Yallah! By the ninety-nine names of Allah and the hundred and four-teen chapters of the Koran. By the fig and the olive and the soul of Khaled the blessed, you shall all die in the bowels of the mountains without ever seeing the daylight or the moonshine now. Yes, you shall so die and my lyx and ja'cal shall pick your bones, whilst your souls shall fizzle and fry forever and forever in the fiery pit of Borhut. You have cast dirt upon my beard and set my turban awry, you dogs, for it is not written that 'he who lendeth succor to the oppressor or the unbeliever shall ere long strike his knees in vain.' Wherefore, by every hair of the dogs that begot thee, Abou Seif the santon will take bitter vengeance for the indignities that ye have cast upon him."

And having thus spat out his venom, as it were, they could hear his rapidly receding footsteps, mingled with fresh peals of chuckling laughter.

"I wish I'd spit the old baste on me spear, which sure an' I'd have done if it hadn't been for the winged devils, an' the darkness, an' the not thinking of it until too late, at all at all," grunted Pat Monaghan.

"Just pass the spear over to me, Pat, to feel the way well in advance with, for I judge 'tis safer now to go on than to turn back, for that old rascal has gone to bring the Bedouins after us, and knowing all the ins and outs of this place we'd have no chance of overtaking him, even on horse-back," said Frank Donnelly.

"Lord preserve us from him and the likes of him," muttered Pat, as he passed the lance over Nellie's head, whom, as he took it, Frank comforted with the words:

"I feel sure that this passage will eventually lead to freedom, my darling, and the creatures that put out the lights and started us so much were but bats. I saw them distinctly. Now that the accustomed darkness that they delight in has returned again they trouble us no longer, you see, so let us get on once more."

He waited for no reply, but urged on his horse as he spoke, feeling the way with the long lance so that the animal should not knock its head against anything or plunge headlong down into some hole or pit.

It was, in fact, that kind of darkness that writers say "may be felt," or "may be out with a knife," and so on, so that it was anything but pleasant traveling when it was impossible to know what possible dangers might not be in the way.

More than once Nellie's Tremarr felt convinced that she heard the pattering feet of the jockal and of the still more fearful lynx coming after them, whilst Pat Monaghan's fears were still chiefly of the supernatural, so that every instant he expected that Djin or giant devil would spring upon him and bear him away, where or for what purpose he did not even dare to conjecture.

But imagination was soon destined to give way to reality, for when they had proceeded in this slow and cautious manner for about ten minutes, the path appearing to trend gradually downward the while, they heard the unmistakable sound of other hoofs in their rear and coming on at a much faster pace than their own.

Then, far behind them, there suddenly flashed a glow of ruddy light, and looking round they beheld the hideous scorpion easter coming down the subterranean at a speed that was wonderful for his years, holding aloft a torch in either hand and closely followed by a dozen or so of mounted Bedouins, whose bright lance points twinkled like stars above their scarlet shawl turbans.

"Lost, lost! We shall be sat upon and slain in this horrible subterranean," gasped Nellie, dropping her reins and clasping her hands together in an agony of terror.

"Bedad, but any how I'll kill some of them first, just for company, returned Pat Monaghan cheerily, who looked upon the Bedouins (even with the scorpion easter thrown in) as a great improvement on Djins and giant devils.

Frank Donnelly, however, had better words of consolation than Pat's, for he suddenly exclaimed:

"If there's a red light behind there's a white one ahead, Nellie, darling, and unless I'm greatly mistaken we will be out in the moonlight again before those fellows can come up with us."

CHAPTER XXX.

A COMBAT OF TWO TO TWELVE—AGAIN ON THE DESERT.

Frank Donnelly's words proved prophetic ones, for every minute now the light became brighter in their front, enabling them to push forward every whit as rapidly as they were pursued, so that presently they squeezed their horses one by one through a narrow

fissure that was hardly large enough to admit of their passage; indeed, Pat went so far as to declare that it was very like a "rich man struggling to get through the eye of a needle," he should think.

"An sure, yer Honor," he quickly added. "I don't see why we should let the spalpeens as are after us come any further at all at all, for sure we might defend this narrow opening agin long odds from now till the crack of doom, if need be, like those old Greeks and Romans used to do we read of in the poetry and the story books."

"Another fine idea of yours, Pat; and by St. Patrick, your namesake, we'll put it in practice. Is your revolver charged in every chamber?"

"Aye, I've reloaded it since I settled the camels and the drumbledollies."

"Good; mine is in the same condition. We will dismount, sling our bridles over our arms, and take up our positions one on each side of the opening, sheltered by the rocks, and by George we'll give those rascals pepper as they come up. Nellie, ride on a little way, my dear. We will overtake you presently."

"Oh, Frank! don't rush into any needless danger," pleaded the fair girl.

"No, darling; that we will leave our enemies to do. They come on unasked, and so they must take the consequences. Do as I ask you, Nellie."

She made no further opposition or observation, but rode on a little way and then drew rein.

Frank Donnelly motioned to her, however, to move a trifle more to the right, fearing that she was somewhat in the Bedouin line of fire.

When she had obeyed his mute sign he gave all his attention to the latter entry.

They were by this time near enough to require it, pounding along through the subterranean at the heels of the onward rushing santon under the full impression, no doubt, that instead of awaiting them just outside, the fugitives were hurrying down the mountain as fast as ever they could urge their horses.

They were soon undeceived on this point, however, for at the same instant "crack! crack! crack! crack! crack!" went Captain Donnelly's and Pat Monaghan's revolvers, the rapid reports going rumbling and roaring into the innermost recesses of the vast subterranean and awakening a score and more of echoes, which were quickly succeeded by those of the shrieks, howls, groans and execrations of the wounded and the dying as they fell clattering from their high d-m-pique saddles to the resounding floor of the passage, whilst those who survived spurred forward over their writhing bodies with shriller cries still, intent on taking vengeance on the slayers of their brethren before they could reload.

But Captain Donnelly and Pat Monaghan had six charges yet remaining in their revolvers, and now, stepping suddenly forward into view, they discharged them full in the faces and breasts of their swarthy foes, when so near that their tomsing and straining horses' heads were almost within arm's length of their muzzles.

Each bullet found its billet on this occasion, and down went the shrieking Bedouins, one over the other, and amongst them the santon, with a hole in his throat, out through which the blood gushed like a fountain.

As he went crashing down his weight burst open the basket at his back, and the great flesh colored serpents, gliding forth, sprang upon the fallen men, and the plunging, rearing horses, miasing fiercely and burying their poison fangs in their prey.

As for the Bedouins who still remained mounted and apparently unharmed, and in number they were but three, they wheeled their horses round and galloped back into the darkness of the tomb, whilst giving utterance to loud cries of horror and dismay.

Ere they had disappeared altogether from view Captain Donnelly and Pat were in their saddles and riding calmly forward to rejoin Nellie.

"Thanks to Pat's suggestion, we have got wholly rid of the rascals, for the three who still survive will let us depart in peace, I imagine," said Frank, and then he added, as a puzzled expression came over his fine countenance: "I wish that we knew how to retrace the mountain, for we are now on the side of the great desert, which stretches for hundreds of leagues toward the very centre of Africa."

"No, Frank, it cannot be," replied Nellie, "for I feel certain that that is Cairo which I see over yonder. And there, there are the Pyramids, too, and I feel equally sure that I can just make out a train steaming in that direction, the direction of the North Star, which must be Alexandria-ward, I take it."

"By all that's glorious, you are right, Nellie. Why, we must have come out on the same side of the mountain as that at which we entered. We have described the half of a half, or more likely of an oval, within the subterranean. I dared not have hoped for such good fortune. It saves me end of time."

"Be the saints, yer honor, an' it's a good down that we are into the bargain. It's just meself that knows this blessed plum tree, be the bit branch that I tore off in plucking some of the fruit, an' there it lies in the middle of the track to witness to the truth of me words," observed Pat.

All was as clear now as the sun at noon-day, and all that they seemingly had to do was to re-cross the desert till they struck the railway at the little village of Et-Tarraneh, where there was a station at which they would be able to take train for Alexandria, for the train, which they could still perceive, or to be more correct, the steam from her engine, was proof that the line between the capital and the great seaport had not yet been ripped up.

"After all, we may be aboard a British ship before dawn, darling," said Frank Donnelly, "for I dare say they'll be running trains from Cairo as often as circumstances will allow during the night, so cheer up."

Nellie was quite willing to do so, for 'tis much pleasanter to encourage hope than despair in the heart. As for Pat, he didn't require any encouragement at all, as it was not his nature to look at the dark side of anything.

So they made their way down the steep mountain side with ease and circumspection, and directly that they had reached the desert plain steered straight across it as nearly as possible in the direction of Et-Tarraneh.

If Captain Donnelly really thought that all their dangers were over he calculated sadly

without his heart, for at least eighteen miles of desert lay between them and the railway station, towards which they were steering, and from all directions troops, regular and irregular, were concentrating towards the capital to swell the forces of the War Minister.

The fugitives proceeded slowly at first, for their horses wanted breathing space, but the once more fresh bracing air of the desert was not long in at all events partially restoring their strength and spirits when they progressed more rapidly, and then it was that Captain Donnelly very shortly discovered that the desert in this direction was for the once not the desert at all.

For across it small bands of Bedouins seemed to be perpetually streaming, doubtless on their way to make up the sixty thousand irregular cavalry that Arabi Pasha had boasted he could have enrolled underneath his banner in less than a week, for well he knew that these mounted robbers would swarm like vultures to a feast, for quite as respectable as Turkish Baah-Baahs the Bedouin delights in slaughter and plunder quite as much as, according to Dr. Watts, dogs delight to bark and bite.

"Oh, if the moon were not quite so bright," thought the young officer to himself, for the grand luminary of night shed as clear and white a radiance over the sandy plain as a number of electric lights would diffuse over a boulevard or a street, and there were no shadows to take advantage of.

When Frank Donnelly had read of this desert ruse years previously he had never imagined that the time would come when he would be glad to avail himself of it himself.

It was quite effectual, however, for within the next hour they would certainly have been sighted and pursued had they been rash enough to have continued on their way; whilst owing to their precaution large parties of Bedouins passed quite near by without perceiving them.

Then, at last, the danger of discovery seemed to grow less and less, and their part of the desert to be getting empty again, so that they thought of once more remounting and continuing their journey, when, on suddenly looking round, Pat Monaghan beheld yet another party of Bedouins coming towards them, but following a course which betokened that they would pass much nearer by than any of the preceding bodies of the savage horsemen had done.

"Bedad, an' it's as straight as a bade line that the varmints are coming and if we would save our lives we'd better be up and away, yer honor."

"By Jove, I believe you're right, Pat. Up and away be it, then," rejoined his master, and the next instant he was undoing his horse's leadings.

When they had seen to their own steeds and turned to perform the same office by Nellie's, to the deaf and spirited girl had not only released the animal and got him on his legs, but had also mounted him and was quite ready for flight.

Before long, indeed, Donnelly felt that they were like three poor fawns trying to cross a cheboard, with the rival knights, bishops, rooks and queen all bent on rendering the attempt a matter of sheer impossibility.

As yet they were evidently unseen, but as he could hardly hope that they would continue so for long he was presently fain to yield to the inevitable and adopt a ruse.

He called a halt, told Nellie that there was nothing much to be alarmed at, but that nevertheless it was better to be cautious, and then held a brief consultation with Pat Monaghan, the result of which was that all three dismounted, forced their horses to lie down, gagged them so that they could neither neigh nor whinny, tied their legs so that for them to rise was an equal impossibility, and then in the course of a very few minutes raised a circular barrier of sand high enough to conceal both their steeds and themselves as they crouched down.

Her prompt action had saved a couple of minutes at the least, and that brief space of time might be of the utmost value under the circumstances.

Frank gave her a word or two of ardent praise and flung himself into his own saddle even whilst speaking them, nor was Pat slow in imitating his example, and just as they were perceived and the Moslem war cry of "Allah akbar! Allah, Allah! hu!" rent the air in their rear, accompanied by a great brandishing of scimitars and lances, the three fugitives were off at full speed again, Pat muttering something to the effect that "the devil might take the hindmost," yet for all that himself keeping in the rear, as he considered himself in duty bound to do, and answering the Bedouin defiance by twirling his own lance round and round above his head as though it were a shillelagh, whilst he howled out a genuine Irish hulla-balloo.

"Keep your breath to cool your porridge, Pat," exclaimed his master, somewhat annoyed. "This is no child's play, I would have you remember, so just postpone all vaporing until we are tearing along at the tail of the iron horse instead of on the backs of our own, my good fellow."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SOBER MOMENTS.

The weak sines become strong by their conflict with difficulties. Hope is born in the long night of watching and tears.—[Dr. Chapin.]

A new thought may be false; if it is it will pass away. When the new truth has come to life it bursts the old husk.—[E. Heber Newton.]

The best advertisement of a workshop is first class work. The strongest attraction to Christianity is a well-made Christian character.—[T. L. Cuyler.]

The golden harvest lies in the future, not the past. The true Eden is to come. Out of seemingly chaotic elements God is evolving His Kingdom of righteousness and joy and peace.—[Lyman Abbott.]

Even in this world martyrs shall have their judgment day, and their names which went down in the dust like a gallant banner trodden in the mire shall rise again all glorified in the sight of nations.—[Mrs. H. B. Stowe.]

Christ speaks as the high priest of the Divine nature, speaking as one who has come out from God and has nothing to borrow from the world. The essence of the upper world is brought as perfume on His garments.—[Horace Bushnell.]

It is the habitual thought that frames it-

self into our life. It affects us even more than our intimate social relations do. Our confidential friends have not as much to do in shaping our lives as the thoughts have which we harbor.—[J. W. Teal.]

Filial affection is the corner-stone of good morals and the most essential element of order and discipline in the State. Even in the republics of antiquity the rulers were styled fathers. The very name "father" is itself a law of justice and imposes the highest obligations.—[Bishop Ryan.]

They must needs move slowly who would move surely and successfully up the hill of knowledge. Haste does only harm; things must have their natural course, and they who cannot wait should cease all expectation and hope, and betake themselves to some other pursuit.

THE WORLD OVER.

A farmer in New Hampshire has been fined for cruelty in not providing shelter for his cattle during the late cold weather. He was the richest man in the neighborhood.

Nearly 80,000 acres of lands under water along the Connecticut shore have been sold by the State to oyster growers, and last year's taxes on this area (one-fifth of which is in use) yielded \$8,000.

A milkman slipped and fell in New London the other day in such a way that he went head foremost into a can from which he had removed the cover, and, as it was a tight fit, a tinSmith's services were required to extricate him.

Few monarchs can boast of progeny so illustrious as King Christian IX. of Denmark. Five out of his six children are married and have families. The eldest sons of each of these families are the prospective monarchs of Denmark, Greece, the British empire, Russia, and H-nover.

Autograph hunters are said to deluge Mr. Harris of the *Atlanta Constitution* with requests for his signature. A friend of his says he always drops such letters in the waste basket, but that when he goes to dinner the elevator boy amuses himself by filling out the blank cards and placing them in the return envelopes addressed "Joel Chandler Harris, Atlanta, Ga."

Two men called up the telegraph operator at East Weymouth, Mass., recently, and got him to go to the depot at midnight in order to send a telegram. As he entered the station the men drew revolvers and demanded the money in the safe, knowing it temporarily contained a large amount. Quick as a flash the operator whipped out a pistol and "got the drop upon the would be robbers, who fled in terror.

The purified fat of sheep's wool, which has been introduced into the drug market under the name of lanolin, is said to possess remarkable susceptibility to absorption by the skin. When one thousand parts of it are mixed with one part of a soluble metallic substance and applied to the scalp, a metallic taste is noticed in the mouth within a few minutes. It is thought the substance will be of great value for ointments.

According to the *British Medical Journal* the most flagrant dietetic errors on the part of poor people arise from ignorance of the nutritive value of foods. When they cannot buy meats, whose importance they recognize, they do not put proper articles in the place of it. They do not correctly estimate the high value of milk and eggs; and when obliged to use a largely vegetable diet they make no distinction between unwholesome vegetables and those which, like peas and beans, are rich in nitrogen and well calculated to supply the place of animal food.

Nearly three years have elapsed since Gambetta's remains were consigned to the grave at Nice, but nothing has yet been done to give even a decent appearance to his last resting place. An old friend of the departed statesman, who visited the cemetery on the anniversary of his death in order to strew flowers on his tomb, gives a melancholy account of the state of neglect into which it has been allowed to fall. He says it is only a temporary scaffolding, a pyramid of wood covered with wreaths and offerings. The barrier which surrounds it is half rotten. The great tribune, apparently, is forgotten already.

A member of the Geological Survey says that Salt Lake will be of great value in the near future, not only on account of the common salt it will produce, but also for the sodium sulphate it contains. The latter is separated in a flocculent precipitate by the cold weather of winter, and annually thrown up on the shore in enormous quantities. There are many other lakes in the far West whence an inexhaustible supply of commercial alkalis may be obtained at small cost. Mono Lake, Cal., alone being estimated to hold over 78,000,000 tons of sodium carbonate.

The peasant Indians of Central America hold some curious superstitions, of which the following are examples: When a child is ill the mother takes a drake, sings its tail feathers, and, muttering certain words, passes it over the patient. A woman feeds a parrot with a few pieces of terrilla and gives the child the crumbs which fall from the beak, as they will make it talk. Colic is due to the evil eye; in order to get rid of the disturbing influence the woman breaks four duck's eggs into a basin, and, having mixed them with rue, places the whole under the child's bed; if the compound be orbed in the morning the spirit has departed.

"Do Not" for the Driver.

Lord Hampden, who presided at a recent dinner of the London Cab-Drivers' Benevolent Association, commended to the members the following lines relating to the proper care of the horse, which, he said, he had hung up in his own stable:

Up hill—whip me not.
Down hill—hurry me not.
On level road—spare me not.
Loose in stable—forget me not.
Of hay and corn—rob me not.
Of clean water—stint me not.
With sponge and brush—neglect me not.

Of soft, dry bed—deprive me not.
Tired or hot—leave me not.
Stalk or cold—chill me not.
With bits and reins—oh, jerk me not.
When you are angry—strike me not.