

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE

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

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

CHAPTER XXXVII.—(CONTINUED.)

He gazed at the populace, having by the time accompanied the Khedival cortege to the gates of the Ras-el-Tin palace, in other words, as far as they could go, and now he was returning into the town, ripe for any species of mischief, and he knew that any considerable portion would come streaming back through the Place.

He was consequently with narrow lanes constituted short cuts by which he would be able to reach the Grand Square in the time that the calesche would take to do so, no matter how fast it was driven, and he was as quick as his bronzed legs (they were very swift ones) could carry him, and directly he gained the square he called out at the top of a most powerful voice such disjointed sentences as:

"The English fleet is steaming in to take the Khedive." "He has come to Alexandria to cast himself on the protection of the friends, the Feringhees and unbelievers." "The fifty swine exerts are coming to try away our tyrant, and when they have done their ironclads will shell the city and destroy the faithful and the mosques we worship Allah and the one true God."

Such utterances as these were calculated to attract immediate attention, as well as to excite the fiercest passions of the mob, by the Grand Square was by now at least half filled.

The wily enuncch had not, however, yet said his full say. He had secured a hearing surrounded himself with listeners, and now being gained he at once came out to the pith of that which he had to communicate.

"What think you?" he went on, in accents of fiery scorn. "The Christian dogs barkening to escape the fate that they have brought down upon the Faithful, who are to be fired at with shot and shell only because they want to govern themselves instead of being ruled and robbed by foreigners. They are running as rats run from a dog's paw; but they would rob us still, in their flight, and one will come along presently, ay, and I see his carriage at distance even now, who is running away with a beautiful Circassian damsel destined for the harem of the chosen people, the light of a darkened nation, the regenerator of the faith of Islam, the savior that is to be, the war minister, as you see I am."

He told this lie every bit as coolly as if it had been the truth, and as mention of the infamous insult that had been offered by a Kappi and an unbeliever to their of an hour (the greatest insult that can any possibility be offered to a Mohammedan), his listeners grew as furious as furies could grow.

We will take her to him. We will give her for you to take back to your father. We will kill the Kaffir who has cast dirt on our beads." These and many other speeches broke from the lips of those in the enuncch had stirred up to be his jaws, and whilst they thus expressed themselves they grasped their clubs and staves.

At this juncture an event occurred that well calculated to increase their fury, and which, though trivial in itself, has to make a contemporary history, and is necessarily thought by many to have been the circumstance that previously led to the uprising and the terrible massacres that followed.

At the spot where the enuncch was addressing the vilest passions of a small number of natives for his own and his mistress's selfish and evil purposes, a drunken sailor, belonging to one of the ships in harbor, had taken upon himself to sound-board a native donkey boy for having helped him in giving him his change.

At the moment of peace and quietude he might have lashed the youngster to his heart's content, and whether he had deserved it or not the notice would have been taken of the matter. Now, however, that the populace were so exasperated against Europeans, and without in force, some of them very naturally rushed to their countryman's assistance, whereat the Maltese began to lay out him with his stick, calling loudly for the while, and soon his cries brought (unfortunately) a lot of his fellow countrymen to his assistance, who had also been drinking somewhat heavily in a neighboring cafe.

Realizing that they could not bring their countrymen off without having recourse to something more than fists or sticks, these men had instant recourse to knives and pistols.

Half a dozen shots were fired by them, some more to frighten than to hurt, but that as it may, one, at least, of the natives fell dead, and the first blood being shed "tyrant and oppressor," as all Europeans were deemed, the fact had as quick as a deadly effect as the applying of a hot match to a train of gunpowder.

It might have imagined that in a single instant all these Arabs who until then had been crossing the square from one direction to the other, or standing in sullen or excited groups thereon, had been changed into furious and malignant fiends.

The native whom the Maltese had killed had held up aloft as a rallying point by six men, who continued to yell out what had been said with him by "the dogs of Kaffirs." Such shrill accents that every word could be heard from one end of the immense square to the other, and the answering shout "Down! Down!" as every Egyptian brandished his knife or bludgeon, determined that all Europeans who came near would have been for the Frankish leaders if, once having put up their pistols that morning, they had not taken them down again, under the false impression of the presence of the sovereign of Egypt and some thousands of additional soldiers in the square would frighten the mob into good behavior.

Into the glittering cafes, the tobacco shops, the hotels, the plate glass windowed emporiums of fashion, the banks, and in short, into every European establishment of the sort, the very heart of the European quarter, rushed the wild and infuriated fanatics, and their shrieks and groans and piteous cries for help might have been heard from within most of them, and whenever the murderous enthusiasts issued forth again, the clubs of all events the great majority were bespattered with blood and brains, and in some instances their big sharp knives were blood dripping as well.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

TORN ASUNDER—THE PRISONER OF THE ENUNUCH.

Matters were at this pass when the calesche containing Frank Donnelly and his wife, with Pat Monaghan stuck up as stiff as a ramrod on the box behind the driver, entered the square, but they were more than a third of the way through it ere either of them discovered the cause of the confusion and tumult which until then they had imagined to be occasioned by a boisterous rejoicing at the arrival in the town of the popular war minister.

It was Nellie who first exclaimed in terrified accents:

"Oh, Frank, it is murder that is being perpetrated. These are screams of agony that are mingled with the shouts and cheers. Look a look! on further, over there by the Peninsula and Oriental Hotel, they are running after and braining every European whom they can overtake. There, too, are some people being torn out of a carriage to be butchered. Oh, let us turn back or in another minute their fate will be ours."

Frank Donnelly was about to issue the order, but it was already too late, for as he rose in the carriage the myriads of Osman Oglon, the Princess Zenebe's age, swarmed around it, prompted thereto by such whispered sentences as "That is the Feringhee, though he is disguised as an Egyptian." "A Kaffir is attempting to escape in the skin of an Egyptian lion." "Have at him in the name of the prophet, and when he and his servant have been dragged out of the carriage, I will get into it and take the girl straight away to the harem of my lord and master, the saviour of Egypt and the chosen of the nation."

Thus up to the very moment of the attack had the wily enuncch worked both upon their anger and their gratitude, so that they surrounded and attacked the carriage with an excess of fury that convinced the young British officer that any attempt to parley with them would be worse than useless, and driven to desperation he tried to get at his revolver, bidding Pat to do the same and the driver to force his way along.

Instead of doing so, however, the Arab Jehu, all his sympathies being with his countrymen, made a clutch at Pat Monaghan's arm in order to prevent his getting at his hooting irons, and though the athletic Irishman would have shaken off his grasp in almost next to no time, he could not do so ere a bludgeon blow over his head knocked him off the box down under the wheels of the carriage, whilst his master, almost at the same instant firing his revolver at his foremost assailants, heard a faint snap, snap snap, without any report, which recalled the fact to his mind (with a thrill of horror at the conviction) that in his hurry he had forgotten to reload his weapon ere leaving the hotel.

It was too late to remedy the omission by drawing his sword, for ere it was half cut of its scabbard a dozen awfully hands had seized upon his arms, and their owners, by sheer force dragging him out of the carriage, would then and there have dispatched him had not a young Egyptian cavalry officer at that instant galloped up to the spot, exclaiming in Arabic:

"Hold, my brother. In killing the Feringhees you are dooming your beautiful city and perhaps your wives and little ones to destruction. His excellency the war minister requires all such for his prisoners, in order that by threatening to hang them in case a hostile shot is fired against the town he may deter the British ironclads from bombarding it. Perhaps in the end he will hang them all the same. We shall see."

Neither Nellie nor Orman Oglon heard half this speech, for the enuncch jumped into the carriage by one door as quickly as Frank Donnelly was hauled out of it by the other, and grasping hold of the veiled bride, so that she could not spring from the vehicle to her husband's fate, as it was evidently her half-formed intention to do, he leant forward and said to the driver:

"To the Ras-el-Tin Palace as fast as your horses can tear along, and you shall be paid with much gold—aye, with a purse half full of gold."

Away they then went at a terrific pace, past the flowering carol trees on the one side and the shattered and rifled shops and magazines on the other, where groups of Arabs sat squatting on the broad pavement coolly dividing their spoils, whilst those whom they had butchered lay mangled corpses within the half open doors, and a few young girls even inside the plate glass windows, which they had been redressing (in honor of the court having arrived brok) at the moment when the rioters had rushed in, and catching them unawares, beaten out their brains with their clubs.

Such and many another dreadful sight met her gaze, but she saw them all with her outward eye only, and without any terror whatever, for with the eye of the brain she still only beheld poor Pat Monaghan falling from off the box under the wheels and her husband of three hours dragged out of the carriage by a mob of seething demons, who perhaps ere this had dispatched them both with a score of cruel blows and stabs, for she had been too excited and hysterical to take any comprehending heed of the arrival of the Egyptian cavalry officer upon the scene, or of what he said or did in the matter

and even now she was more like a mad girl than a sane one, as well she might be. Often she attempted to throw herself out of the carriage, not only because she anxiously courted the same fate which she imagined had befallen her husband, but also by reason that even in her present condition she recognized the hideous, insulting countenance of the enuncch plainly enough, and felt vaguely convinced in her heart of hearts that he was conducting her to a fate that to her refined mind and Western prejudices would be infinitely worse than a sudden and agonizing death.

But alas, there were none to help her. Osman Oglon sat grinning maliciously by her side, with one arm thrown around her waist, and a drawn stiletto grasped in his other hand with which he kept vowing he would kill her if she attempted to uncover her face or otherwise attract attention.

There were certainly plenty of Egyptian police about, but when upon passing the open door of a station house she beheld a few Europeans, who had apparently rushed there for safety and protection, being massacred by these men, and their bloody and disfigured corpses flung forth into the street for the wandering dogs to prey upon, she shrank with horror and loathing from such wretches, and felt even in her present condition thankful that she had not ventured to call to them for aid, whilst Osman Oglon seemed to read her thoughts.

But soon the once gay Place Mohemet Ali is left far behind, and then the governor's palace is flashed past on the right, and a momentary glance is caught of the blue Mediterranean and of Fort Pharos, with the tall, white lighthouse, all as the extremity of a narrow point of land that stretched far out into the sea like a tongue.

But it was soon lost sight of again, and then the calesche turning sharply to the left and presently passing the hospital on the one hand and the high walls and huge iron gates of the arsenal on the other, reached those of the Ras-el-Tin Palace.

The well-known form of the gigantic enuncch clad in the gorgeous livery of his agaship (uniform he would doubtless have called it) was so well known to the sentries at the gates that they did not even trouble to challenge the vehicle, but let it pass in without any seeming notice, though doubtless they wondered what female was being brought to the palace in a common hack calash.

The stolid indifference that was written in the countenances of the soldiery appalled poor Nellie almost as much as the barbarities which she had previously witnessed, it looked to her so much as though they were accustomed to see helpless European girls pounced upon and brought to the palace in this manner, and she did not reflect that (as under momentary fear of Osman Oglon's dagger point) she was sitting quite still and also closely veiled, there was nothing about her to show them whether she was Christian or Moslem, or even whether she was yielding to force and threats or coming there of her own free will.

Neither did she know that ninety-nine out of every hundred Moslem girls would have thought it a great honor to be brought prisoners to the Khedival seraglio by the age of enuncchs, and as great a disgrace to be taken away therefrom, even to become the one wife of an honest man.

The calesche containing our lovely heroine and newly made bride has now been driven through the winding pathways of a garden wherein the flowers and fruits of every tropical country under the sun bloom luxuriantly, and are interspersed with a hundred different varieties of blossoming trees, which joyously flourish with their roots in the water, their heads to the sun and myriads of singing birds nesting in their branches, until at last pink walls and golden, or at least gilded roofs, in company with windows innumerable, flashed upon her vision from between the green waving boughs of acacias, acacias, fig, olive, palm, plum and carol trees, and she recognizes at a glance the famous palace of Ras-el-Tin.

But there are many winding and serpentine paths to be traversed still, bordered by beds of moss and pastures of flowers, and everywhere, in and out, about and around them are the little terra cotta channels of murmuring water, without which all their greenness and freshness would soon be scorched and withered; so that at last when the palace is really reached it is neither the front nor one of the side wings thereof that they are opposite to, but a portion thereof where the windows are few and far between, and defended with strong iron cross bars, as though they were those of a prison, whilst deep sunk in the thick wall Nellie observes a low arched door, painted in brilliant colors, and covered all over with deep cut and gilded Arabic characters.

Then, as her eyes rest on windows and on door by turns, she seems to see an imaginary fountain, throwing high into the air amber-hued waters, and the gleaming whiteness of bare necks and shoulders within the darkness of one of the deep-set windows, and Frank Donnelly standing beside her in his bright court uniform, with the baleful opal ring glittering on his finger, and lastly her mother coming toward them to tear them asunder, and as this phantasmagoric vision vanished like a dissolving view, the painted door is opened and she sees standing in the aperture an unveiled woman with her face painted like a clown's.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

IN THE POWER OF THE PRINCESS ZENEBE.

The reader will have already recognized in the female who stood awaiting Nellie at the outer door of the Khedival seraglio El-marr, the buffoon.

Osman Oglon got down out of the calesche, but never let go of Nellie whilst he did so. No sooner were both his feet planted on the ground than he lifted his captive out of the carriage as easily as though she had been a child, and then flinging to the Arab driver a purse, which from his clink seemed to be a tolerably full, he grasped Nellie by an arm and with gentle force led her in through the open door.

As it closed behind her the legend over the gates of a certain famous prison occurred to the poor girl's mind and she kept murmuring them again and again:

Abandon hope all ye who enter here! And well might she at all events abandon hope, for the hideous looking female juster looked the door in their rear with one of the bunch of huge keys that dangled at her girdle, and then seizing her other arm, helped Osman Oglon to lead her along several almost pitch dark passages, and then up

a staircase, at the top of which they came into the light again, and our lovely heroine found herself in a kind of spacious vestibule, that was illumined by three windows and thickly scattered with mats and squares of Turkish carpets and piles of cushions.

On some of the mats Nellie saw half-naked black girls lying like nymphs carved out of ebony, for the negroes of the Soudan are of most perfect form in their early youth, though they get gross, sometimes elephantine, with increasing years.

But Nellie only cast a passing glance on these girls, for her attention was almost immediately attracted by the vast and heavy cloth of gold bullion-fringed curtain that screened the whole of one side of the seeming vestibule, and by the two gigantic enuncchs with large and brawny limbs, and scarlet and white turbans and body cloths, who stood one on each side thereof, with pistols and daggers in their belts and great broad-bladed and naked scimitars grasped in their monstrous hands.

There was no more expression on their faces than if they had been carved from wood, nor would there have been, even if the most lovely girl in the seraglio had been stripped naked and led to death in their presence.

Osman Oglon made to these seeming statues a rapid sign, which remained unanswered. Perhaps, however, in this case as in others, silence and stillness gave consent, for without more ado the age raised the centre of the curtain and passed thereunder, dragging Nellie after him, and she being closely followed in turn by El-marr.

They now passed along corridor after corridor, having curtains on brass rods here and there at regular intervals, and which seemed to be the entrances to different chambers, in lieu of doors.

Sometimes a pretty little pair of yellow satin slippers or of red heeled shoes would be lying just outside one of these curtains, and Nellie remembered to have read that this was a sign that the lady within was engaged, and that even the Khedive himself did not dare to intrude upon her privacy in the face of such an intimation.

Behind some of the curtains music and singing could be heard, and in the rear of others voices raised in merriment or anger, but no weeping or other sound of sorrow came from any direction, and El-marr, the buffoon, drew Nellie's attention to the fact and bluntly told her to make herself happy.

But our heroine made no answer, for she knew that all replies would be equally vain.

At length she reached a curtain of much richer material than the others, and above which were two or three Arabic words engraved in gold, and now El-marr took the fair captive by a hand and Osman Oglon relinquished his grasp on her arm and raised the curtain for the two to pass under, which doing our unfortunate heroine found herself the next moment in a room that was furnished as usual with carpets and heaps of cushions only, and in the presence of a most beautiful but fierce eyed woman, who was reclining in an attitude full of unstudied grace upon a divan, whilst a little negress, naked to the hips, stood behind her wielding a punkah and a fly flap in one, so that she cooled the air and dispersed the little buzzing tormentors at the same time.

The lady had evidently been smoking, for the little snake-like stem of her chibouque was still coiled around one of her shapely arms, but the pipe was out, or at all events seemed to be.

She threw down the flexible stem as she gazed upon her trembling visitor (prisoner would be the better word, perhaps), and said with lips that quivered with rage the while:

"So you are come. The last time that we met was, I think, in the Cairo theatre when I sent you a note which up to this moment has been unacknowledged, whilst the first time that we ever encountered each other was upon the Choubrah road, one evening after sunset, when you were too intently admiring a ring upon a gentleman's hand, or maybe the gentleman himself, to take much heed of me. Was it not so?"

The taunting speech and the sneer wherewith it was accompanied effected two things, for they aroused the English girl's indignation while they dispelled her fears.

"The gentleman whom I was with was an old friend, a fellow-countryman and my affianced husband. At present he is my husband, for we were married this morning."

The princess's magnificent and stielike eyes actually blazed with wrath at this announcement, but the baleful light seemed somewhat to die out of them as she replied in the French tongue, which she knew that neither El-marr nor the negress could understand, but which she herself spoke even better than did her prisoner:

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

WINTER WRINKLES.

A hollow cost—Paying a man for digging a cellar.

Two heads are better than one—On a freak in a dime museum.

The most forward women look the most backward on the street.

"Buffaloes are bred in Kansas," it is said. They are most elsewhere.

A performance on the slack wire—Counting a billiard game.

A grocer calls his scales "ambush" because they lie in weight.

A photographer should always take the negative side of the question in a debate.

Advertising is a good deal like making love to a widow. It can't be overdone.

Lord Effe has deserted Gladstone, but it doesn't matter. The g. o. m. doesn't need a teeter.

A woman hates to pass a pretty bonnet in a store window, but she is always willing to go buy it.

The only new thing under the sun that we know of, is the blue patch on the seat of his pantaloons.

KILLING WOLVES BY HUNDREDS.

Queer Class of Men Who Hunt With Strychnine and Purely for Business.

There is a class of hunters only in the Yellowstone Basin, whose only ammunition is strychnine, and who hunt from November until April without taking a day off. They hunt for the money they can make, and they make a lot of it. If they made ten times as much nobody would begrudge them a cent of it, for the only game they hunt is wolves, and this wolf hunt has got many friends out there. I guess there must be at least 300 professional wolves that scour the Big Horn country in the Yellowstone Basin above the Bad Lands, and probably as many more work the Mill River region. They are known as wolvers, and they are different from any other class of hunters or trappers.

In the autumn of the year the wolvers begin to gather at the frontier posts where they do their trading. They dispose of all the furs they may have on hand, and then fit themselves out for the winter's campaign against the wolves. They take supplies enough to last them a long time, for they seldom return from the wilderness before spring. The principal item in their outfit is strychnine. The wolvers always travel in parties of half a dozen or so, and before they go into the wilderness they divide up the entire territory into sections, the boundaries of which they know as well as if they were run out and staked by a surveyor. Each party is assigned or draws a section, and on that alone he hunts. One party of wolvers would no more think of working on another party's section than they would think of putting strychnine in a comrade's mess. They are enabled to keep within their bounds by landmarks which years of successive hunting in the same territory have made as familiar as their own names. One party, for that matter, hasn't much excuse for getting over on another's territory, for a wolfing section will cover as much ground as the biggest county in Canada.

The first thing a party of wolvers do on reaching their section is to put up their cabin or repair their old one. These cabins are oinked with mud, and their sites are always in the centre of a good "wooding up" locality, so that there will be no danger of a scarcity of fuel, for one such winter as they have out there can make one good abode-bodied fireplace eat up an area of forest that would keep a whole Eastern town in fire wood for a year. Every cabin has a stone fireplace that will take in a log ten feet long, and so you can imagine how much of a fire can be built in one of them. Bonanza Mackay's palcos couldn't house a wolver for the winter more comfortably than one of these mud-daubed cabins in the very heart of the Bad Lands. There is no exclusiveness about these wilderness shelters, either. Every man's cabin is free to his neighbor. It often happens that a wolver in a day's tramp may find himself at night nearer some other party's cabin than his own, and he seeks its shelter just as freely and with no more hesitation than he would go to his own. But he never asks more than shelter. It is wolver etiquette to always carry plenty of provisions and to draw on your own store wherever you may be.

A good saddle horse and a pack horse or two goes with every wolver's outfit. If he does not care to use them for the time, they are turned out on the range, where they know how to provide for themselves, no matter how deep the snow is. A large store of the general provisions of the wolvers of an entire territory is always cached, and the location is known to all. Everything for the welfare and safety of the wolvers having been done, the real business of the winter begins. Each party is provided with hundreds of long, slender pine sticks sharpened at the ends. An elk, or as many as are needed, is killed, and the carcass cut up into small pieces. These are poisoned with strychnine, and each wolver fills a small sack with them. After each snow fall the wolvers start out. They make a circuit of miles, and at intervals sink one of the pine sticks in the snow, a piece of the poisoned meat being placed on the upper end, so that it is temptingly exposed above the snow. Two days later the wolvers go over the same route again with pack horses, skin the wolf carcasses that they pick up by the hundred, and fetch them into the cabins and prepare them for market. How many thousands of wolves are thus gathered in the Bad Lands by these persistent hunters in the course of a single season it is difficult to estimate, but the wolvers make from \$150 to \$300 a month apiece in the sale of the pelts they secure. Yet, so rapidly do the wolves increase, there is no perceptible diminution in their numbers.

A wolver never hunts anything else unless he needs game to supply his cabin. A dozen elk, deer, antelope or any other game animal might pass within gunshot of him every hour and he would pay no more attention to them than if they were so many crows. He is out after wolves, for business. That is all he thinks of, and all he wants.

Service of Song.

If a nation may be made to drift into war by the influence of martial music, why may not the spirit of peace be generated and infused by the influence of sacred music and song?

The poet Lowell says one of His sweetest charities is music.

In our porches there are old men and women, sad, hopeless, weary—long strangers to any gentle ministrations. In our prisons there are dull intellects and hearts hardened against open religious efforts; in our hospitals are suffering ones, so worn with pain, so weak, so near the world for which, alas! they have received no preparation—to all these might be borne, on the wings of song, the words of life from Him who came "to preach the gospel to the poor and heal the broken-hearted, to set at liberty them that are bound."

A Christian song has this advantage over a sermon—the truth in it touches the heart of the hearer unawares, when he is not on the defensive against the gospel.

Especially successful may the hymn be if some helpful thought is repeated over and over in the refrain of the choruses. This fastens on many a hearer and sings itself in his mind hours and days after it was heard.

Kindle the hearts of the people by sacred music, and the heart will readily edumate the head.