

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

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

Author of "NINA, THE NIBBLER," "THE RED VIKER," "THE RUSSIAN SPT," ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

HER DAUGHTER IS ALREADY MY WIFE BY MOSLEM LAW.

Nellie was in a very agitated and hysterical state by the time she got indoors. A glass of wine restored her in some degree, but her agitation grew stronger as she remembered when Arabi Pasha entered the room, closely followed by a Ulema or Moslem cleric in long flowing robes and a Protestant clergyman in orthodox black coat and white cravat.

"I hope you will not think me guilty of unbecomingly haste, Miss Trezarr," said Arabi Pasha, coming forward. "My time is so valuable to me, that I can devote but very little of it even to my nearest and my dearest. It is also of great importance, both for your own sake and your own, that you should be as quickly as possible regain the possession of your palace at Cairo, where at least the populace are much less incensed against your creed and race than they are at Alexandria, where, perhaps, in a very short while even the soldiers would refuse to fight for you. Your parents having decided that it will be for your supreme welfare that you become my wife, I have here a copy of my faith and one of your own, in which nothing may be wanting to make them a sacred one, and believe me when I say that in the future you shall never regret it, and here he came to a full stop and bowed for a reply.

"Oh, God, have pity on me. I believe you mean me well and that you love me, but I cannot marry you. I am not yet forty-four hours a widow and my heart is in the bloody grave of a murdered husband, and I cannot have a second husband, as the fanatics of your creed."

"The fanatics of all creeds murder upon the altar," replied the war minister, somewhat sternly, "and, besides, I gather from your priest (pointing towards the Anglican clergyman) that your marriage yesterday was a lawful one and that, therefore, you are no longer a widow. He says that being under no compulsion you really married with your parents' consent."

"How came you to learn that I was married at yesterday? I only informed my parents of the fact a quarter of an hour ago," said the heroine, sharply.

The war minister looked confused for a moment, but then made answer: "I cannot explain at length, but I know something that occurs in Alexandria, a necessity of my position and of the organized times. Come, Miss Trezarr, father, my own Nellie, surely you must know what is best for you? Your natural protectors and your best friends, your truest friends, and those that your interests most at heart. You yield to their advice and entreaties, I dare say."

"In all other matters but this present, I would die rather," said Nellie, looking very like a dead block and as if she had proved had not the Anglican clergyman came to the rescue.

"I do not doubt he was a well meaning man and, moreover, grateful to the war minister for having preserved his life, an event that taken place an hour previously."

"In France," said the minister, "which is not say is a Christian country—to a certain extent at least—parents marry their children without their having any voice in the matter, and I have been told that such marriages, as a rule, turn out happier than those wherein daughters are left to choose themselves. Perhaps it would not be to follow such precedent except in exceptional cases, but where such important matters are at issue as in the present instance—how—how—that is to say—"

"Quite so, my dear sir—quite so. I catch your meaning perfectly. And you would have added, if I hadn't interrupted you, that this is just one of those cases—aw—aw—where a beloved child is non compos mentis, reason of severe and repeated shocks to the system, and so really does not know what is good, proper and right for her to do."

"It is in excited tones from Mr. Trezarr, the clergyman nodded assent. Then the ceremony shall proceed," said Arabi Pasha, still more rapidly than before. "Your marriage is the dearest wish of both father and mother's hearts, we know it is for her future interest, happiness and welfare, and that her choice—that is to say her choice—is a noble-minded, large-hearted patriot, whom history will pronounce the greatest man of his age—the preserver of his country—the—the—the—and so on."

"It is at this juncture that an Egyptian domestic, somewhat showily appareled, enters in a tray of refreshments and laid it on the table. Arabi Pasha, who had turned round to retire, he winked at the domestic and also screwed up his mouth in a kind of a way, yet she noticed neither. The fellow did not seem to be one bit perturbed, for the next instant he perceived the same impressive though not particularly expressive pantomime right in Mr. Trezarr's face, as the banker stood somewhat from the rest and nigh unto the door, when he said in impressive, but low accents, "You'll get into a mess, old man; you'll fall between two stools, you and your daughter; and you'll be finished up by pressing something on the scrap of paper proved to be a cutting from the morning's Commerce, a daily paper published in Alexandria, and though he did not take time to read it all through, he caught its full significance. It was an official notice from the Khedive, that in view of the vast number of the population who were thrown out of work and actually starving, owing to the Egyptian and European places of business at Alexandria and Cairo, his highness would make against any loss at the hands of his subjects who would be bold enough to close their banks, counting houses, manufacturing shops or carry on their regular trades or businesses as usual; but

change in Nellie's parents' sentiments towards him, and equally plainly knew the cause.

"If after all I can climb to the top of the tree and maintain myself there I will show them that I remember it, and give them good reason for remembering it also," he muttered to himself, but as his two orderlies at this juncture entered the room in answer to his handclapping he turned round and said to them:

"Ratib and Khamin, escort these, my honored guests, below stairs and make such comfortable cells as you have at disposal as comfortable for them as possible, with carpets and other necessaries taken from the rooms above. Place at their service as a guard over them—a guard, I mean to say, for their protection—such men as you can depend on for fidelity, and remember that you two will have to answer to me with your lives, if necessary, for whatever evil happens to them whilst they are in your keeping."

Having thus issued his instructions he turned again to Mr. and Mrs. Trezarr and said: "You will do well to at once follow my orderlies, and to take your daughter, my wife, with you." He then again tried to take Nellie's hand, and this time she gave it him, for she did not like to part with any one in anger, especially when there was a possibility that she would never see them more. But when encouraged by this action, he essayed to kiss her, she once more repulsed him and his eyes flashed angrily as she did so.

He made no further effort, but said, somewhat pointedly: "Farewell, then, my wife, until we next meet," and nodding haughtily to them when he considered to be his father and mother-in-law he adjusted his sword and sallied out of the room.

No sooner had he gone than the orderlies (the same two who, on the preceding day, conducted Captain Donnelly to his place of his imprisonment), made a sign to the Trezarr party to follow them, which they lost no time in doing. They soon found themselves in a narrow passage, and descending a somewhat steep incline into what was evidently, from the humid smell that came up from below, some sort of a subterranean.

When they had got to the bottom they came to ranges of doors on either side, some of which were open, others closed and fastened with heavy chains and bars. A minute or two later she beheld her father and the clergyman pushed into one of these presumed dungeons, whilst a few seconds more saw her mother and herself the tenants of another, and before leaving them there one of the orderlies said in a mixture of French and Egyptian, which Nellie could just make out the meaning of: "We must look you up, but not so much to prevent your getting out as to hinder others from getting in to our throats. But that our lives would pay the forfeit we would gladly do that ourselves, but as his excellency would have our heads, even if others did it, we will take the greatest care of you, for great is the self love of most men."

"I don't think that anything can hurt us here," said Nellie, "for the ground rises outside even to half the height of the window, and the bottom of that is at least four feet above our heads as we stand upright. Oh, there is a strange noise at the door."

"I believe it is some one trying to speak to us through the keyhole. Hush, Nellie." At first it sounded like a mere blowing through the keyhole—a blowing that was first cousin to a human whistle, however—but on Nellie going close over to the door and bending her head down until it was almost on a level with the lock, the whistle changed into plainly articulated words, and this was what the words were: "I'm dumb, but I've my wits about me, so cheer up, for fair and easy goes far in a day and all's well what ends well, only the ending ain't come."

Then the voice ceased and the sound of stealthy receding footsteps took its place.

CHAPTER L.
STONE WALLS DO NOT A PRISON MAKE, NOR IRON BARS A GAGE.

Surely no prophesy, even of the Sphinx, could have been much more incomprehensible to the uninitiated than the one which had just been telephoned through the keyhole. It was intended to give hope, that was certain, and it was spoken in English, which perhaps, was the most hopeful thing about it, but more than those two facts had to be guessed at.

It is impossible to detect the natural tones of a man's voice when it is sent through such an orifice, more especially when it is reduced to a whisper, so that Nellie, convinced of the futility of the attempt, soon gave up even guessing, and her mother had never commenced to guess. Perhaps it would have been just as well had both ladies occupied their minds in that manner, since it would in some degree have relieved the monotony of their confinement, for it was impossible for either of them to climb up and look out of the upper portion of the little square window (the lower half was beneath the level of the ground outside) as Frank Donnelly had done in his cell the preceding day, but was not now doing.

The reader may wonder at this and think it most strange that he should not be seeing all that he could see of the momentous events that were occurring without. But the fact was that like a true Irishman Frank didn't care much about a row unless he could plunge into the very middle of it; and besides, he was turning the terrible excitement and the terrific din to (as he most sincerely hoped) better account in another way. For he had found in one of his pockets one of those knives that seem to comprise an entire tool chest, the majority of his instruments being crammed at the back by a crooked poker for getting a stone out of a horse's shoe, and the young officer had taken it into his head that with it he might be able to pick his way through a stone wall to freedom. He thought he remembered that the cell next to his own on the right was unoccupied and the door open. If, therefore, he could tunnel through the wall into it he would have no further obstacles to overcome save the living ones, and he decided that he would give it a try. So he sat to work at once, and as motion

lady, if ye was as deaf and dumb as me-self?"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SEASONABLE SMILES.

Awfully bored—Artesian wells.
A sweet letter—A candied a vowel.
Has a big boom—The fall schooner.
Gladstone's favorite composer. Chopin.
Isn't an attempt to prove an affibi self-denial?

A false face—The face of the girl who jilts you.
When the car drivers strike they do not break anything.
A vessel is called she because you see her bow before meeting her.

Four-dry men: Most saloonkeepers have had this experience.
Young ladies and young men too had better be fast asleep than fast awake.

"All men are equal before the law." Yes, before the law, but after it gets hold of them then it's different.
When a man planks down hisawl for his board is it a fair inference that his finances are knot hole?

A sure cure for cold in the head is to stop up the nose with beeswax and starve the cold out.
A witty fellow who was called on to drag off a large dead horse said it was a cold-hospital affair to move.

What is the difference between a farmer and a burglar? One tills the land and the other "lands" the till.
You may break, you may shatter that \$18,000 vase if you will, but the scent of the dollar will hang round it still.

Occasionally a good idea comes from Prussia. She has just ordered the poet Krasowski to return to prison.
Iron is much cheaper than gold, and still there is more demand for gold, and it requires some brass to get it.

The only way in which to permanently settle the Indian question is to permanently settle the country they live in.
The new song entitled "That bouquet I bought for a dollar," promises to be a greater favorite with the ladies than "Only a pansy blossom."

The difference between the modern pugilist and organized labor is that when the latter strikes it hits something.
A woman who was disguised as a man was found out from the fact that there were no suspender buttons in her pocket.

Why is a lawyer swindling a baby heir like a person taking in a breath of pure atmosphere? Because he is "taking in" a little fresh air.
"All the clothes he bought me was a bunch of hair and a nail brush," was the wall of a woman in court the other day, who was applying for a divorce.

"Wall," said the granger, "what be that sticker worth?" pointing to an ornate and intricate piece of time-recording mechanism on the shelf. "That, sir," said the clerk, "is a wonderful time-piece. It is worth two hundred dollars, and will run three years without winding." "Great Scott!" gasped the granger. "Three years without winding! Say, mister, how long would the thing run if she was wound up?"

Buried in a Stone Jar.

Near Burksville, Ky., on the Cumberland River, a man named Raven was one day fishing off the bank. This was in 1886, or a year later. The bank was of clay, six or eight feet above the water, and Raven sat with his legs hanging over. He had been sitting there for an hour, swinging his heels against the bank, when his boot struck something which gave out a curious sound, and he instinctively looked down. Between his feet he saw a stone jar, or at least a portion of one, protruding from the bank. It was at least four feet below the surface, and he had considerable trouble to unearth it. When he had done so, however, and removed the wooden cover fastened over the mouth, he found the contents to consist of a gold watch, three or four gold rings, six silver teaspoons, \$300 in Kentucky State bank bills, \$50 in gold, \$20 in silver half dollars, and about a quart of dimes and five-cent pieces. Although the jar was tightly corked, the dampness had got in and mildewed the bank notes until they fell to pieces in his hands. Had they been all right, however, they would have been of no intrinsic value, as all the State bank circulation had given place to greenbacks. Speculation as to who planted the jar brought no clue to the owner further than that it could have been no resident of the country. It had probably been in the ground many years, for the river had been eating away at the bank with each freshet, and finally brought a portion of the jar to light. It must have been buried six or eight feet from the bank at first.

A Canadian Dog Story.

A lad was crossing the fields in the country, some distance from any dwelling, when he was pursued by a large and fierce dog belonging to the gentleman whose land he was crossing. The lad was alarmed and ran for his life. He struck into a piece of woods and the dog gained on him, when he looked around to see how near the creature was, and, tumbling over a stone, he pitched over a precipice and broke his leg. Unable to move, and at the mercy of the beast, the poor fellow saw the dog coming down upon him, and expected to be seized and torn, when, to his surprise, the dog came near, and, proving the boy was hurt, instantly wheeled about and went for that aid which he could not render himself. There was no one within reach of the child's voice, and he must have perished there or have dragged his broken limb along and destroyed it, so as to render amputation necessary, if the dog had not brought help. The dog went off to the nearest house and barked for help. Not receiving the attention, he made another visit of sympathy to the boy, and then to the house, there making such demonstrations of anxiety that the family followed him to the place where the child lay.