

AN EGYPTIAN ROMANCE.

History 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 LII.

THE WAR MINISTER RETURNS SOONER THAN HE'S WANTED.

Captain Donnelly, notwithstanding the comprehensions in his outward appearance, comprehended his man as well as voice in the twinkling of an eye, and exclaimed joyously: "What! Pat Monaghan alive and kicking?"

"By the power that played before Moses, I've brought ye the duds that'll help the dazed lot of us to get off safe."

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"So you are anxious to shake the dust of Egypt from your feet? You are desirous to desert what you think to be a bettering and lost cause for a prosperous and triumphant one? You want to cheat me of the wife whom only a few hours ago you were so eager that I should take for one? But it is a wife's duty to cling to a husband in adversity as well as in prosperity, through evil report as well as through good report. Thus your daughter shall cling unto me."

He gnashed his teeth as he concluded, and, striding forward, seized Nellie by an arm; but no sooner had he done so than, his rage and indignation getting the better of his prudence, Frank Donnelly smote him in the face with all his might.

Arabi Pasha staggered, but recovered himself adroitly and the next instant the point of his sword was at the dragon's throat, who, folding his arms on his breast, awaited death undimly.

His undaunted demeanor it was that saved him, for the murderous look that had come into the war minister's eyes died out of them again and he sheathed his sword with a clash, saying:

"No, I will not be tempted into slaying a brave man, no matter how great the provocation."

"You will wrong him far more by stealing away from him his lawful wedded wife," said Frank.

"I am not conscious of doing any such thing," retorted the war minister indignantly. "Her parents declared unto me when I took her to wife that she was not yours, that it was an idle ceremony that had been performed between you. They should know, and I can hardly believe that they deliberately lied unto me, whilst, on the other hand I know that the ceremony which united us together was a holy, a solemn and a binding one according to my own creed. Thus, in my opinion, I lawfully and rightly claim her as my own, and thus do I seize upon her and give her in charge of my people."

And as he concluded Arabi Pasha once more pounced upon Nellie and this time swung her round into the arms of two of his followers, to whom he said:

"Take her out and mount her on one of the swiftest yet gentlest of our horses, and death to all who would rob me of her, for every man has a right to defend his own."

When Nellie had disappeared from view the war minister turned on her parents.

"You deserve no consideration at my hands. You are calculating, mercenary and heartless. I cannot express my contempt for you both. If you wish to accompany your daughter, for her sake you are welcome to do so."

"I wish to accompany my child, of course," said Mrs. Trezarr, in a tone and with a manner which she in vain attempted to make dignified. Her get up as a canny was against that, and, indeed, Arabi's fierce followers could not all of them restrain a grin.

"I, too, wish to go with my wife and child, your excellency," said Mr. Trezarr, with no attempt at dignity even, that article, if he still preserved any, having slipped down and hidden itself away in his boots.

No sooner had he thus delivered himself than the war minister, without deigning to make him and his wife any reply, shouted, addressing his followers generally:

"Take them away and mount them on quiet horses, and whilst preventing any attempt at escape, see that they come to no harm."

Whereupon the banker and his wife disappeared from view as suddenly as their daughter had done, leaving only Frank Donnelly, Pat Monaghan and the clergyman to be disposed of.

Arabi Pasha did not look as though he should take long about this lot.

"You are a man of peace," he said to the minister, "so here is a safe conduct, with my seal and signature attached, which will enable you to go in peace whithersoever you may feel inclined. Have no fear, for even the fierce Bedouins, who cannot read, know the seal well enough, and your showing it will render you as safe in the streets of Alexandria, even at a time like the present, as though they were those of London. No thanks, sir, but go. The way lies open and I have no time to listen."

Mr. Rollingsstone did not require to be twice bidden. He fixed the safe conduct against his head covering in such a way that the curious seal of yellow wax should be conspicuous even at a distance, and he drove a pin through both so that by no possibility should it get lost.

Then he set himself in motion as fast as a Rollingsstone could do, and so disappeared in a twinkling.

"Captain Donnelly," said the war minister then, with a grim smile, "we seem destined to encounter each other at the most inopportune moments, and perhaps I never felt so tempted to cut your throat as I do at the present one. If you were only armed—"

"That can now be managed," exclaimed our hero. "Bid one of your followers to lend me a weapon and here on this spot, foot to foot and blade to blade, we will decide who is the rightful husband of the fair girl who is your prisoner."

"Allah has decided that already, through the services of the Ulema. As for your petition, it is the request of a madman and as such is refused. My life is still my country's and not my own, and there are other reasons as well."

"I call you a brave and honorable man, and I look upon you as in every way worthy of my steel. As for the safe conduct, I might as well expect you to supply me with a swift dromedary to pursue you on. I am well content to be left to my own resources, and I thank you for the life that you have not taken, even though it lay at your feet."

"Then we understand each other. Adieu until we next meet. You have been liberated, I see, by a fool, but a fool is unaccountable for his own actions, therefore Allah forbid that I should punish them. With traitors and unfaithful ser-

vants it is very different. Dispatch me these drunken dogs who are wallowing under the table."

The last words were addressed to his followers in Arabic, and the next instant there was the simultaneous report of a pair of pistols and the sleeping men's brains were blown out as they lay.

The stern yet just deed accomplished, the war minister gave the word to retire, and he and his fierce followers immediately quitted the house, leaving the dragon captain and his faithful but disguised attendant apparently the only occupants thereof.

CHAPTER LIII.

THROUGH BURNING ALEXANDRIA AND OUT AT THE ROSETTA GATE.

"Pat," said his master, as the two passed out of the house, "tell me, in a few words as possible, how you have managed to impose upon the Egyptians so effectually as actually to get into their confidence. It might put me up to a wrinkle or two, you know."

"Bedad, yer honor, and its little that I've got to tell. You know about where ye left me. Well, the nagurs didn't think I was worth looking up; and for some reason or other seemed half afraid to kill me, and so they turned me out of doors with more kicks than ha'pence and told me to go to the devil."

"And what happened next, for I see that you did not take their advice?"

"Faith, no; for I'd found even Egypt a deal too hot for my tastes. But when I got out into the town I might as well have fancied myself in purgatory, and what wild flames an' the blood an' the screeching an' throat cutting, faith, Donnybrook fair would have been a Quakers' meeting to it. I got out of the way into what looked like an empty house, for I was never the chap to thrust myself into company where I wasn't appreciated at me proper value; but hardly had I lain myself down on a sofa when an Egyptian rushed into the room with five minutes of my laying myself down, and, luckily, before I'd time to fall asleep, and who, seeing me alone in me glory, thought, I suppose, that he'd send me to glory with a few inches of cold steel in me briquet. I got up quite politely to receive him, an' as his weapon was all point an' no edge, I clutched the blade, and at the end of a tussle got it away from him and then ranned it through him. I took his clothes and left mine behind, an' when I'd put on his duds, I methought me of a little bottle which I'd left in me waist pocket, an' which I'd appropriated for better or worse at the hotel we put up at."

"If it was whiskey you wished it a larger dose, I'll be sworn, Pat."

"It was labelled Pison, an' sure it was just the remains of what the landlord gave ye to color yer honor's face and hands with. I'd cellared it against eventualities through seeing it lying neglected on the carpet in one corner when I came in for me lady's traveling box. I'll be as good an Egyptian as any of them now, I says to myself as I rubbed it in, an' I think yer honor will allow that I've been a better Egyptian than most?"

"But how did you get back to the arsenal, and so impose upon everybody there?"

"Och, bedad, an' that was the easiest matter of all. I shammed dumb because I knew so little of their lingo, an' I played the fool to get into their good graces. They say here that the devil makes a rogue, but God makes a fool; so they beat the one and pet and pamper the other."

"They thought you were harmless as a dove, Pat, whilst in fact you were as artful as a fox, and so they let you go about the place unwatched, getting all these disguises and so forth, thinking the while that you had no more object in assembling them than a plundering jackdaw."

"Your honor's about right, which proves that in Egypt as well as elsewhere it takes a wise man to play the fool. I only hope we'll be able to teal a pair of horses before we've done."

"Well, say 'requisition,' for it has a better sound, Pat. Well, we go into the armory after all, so that we can defend ourselves if attacked and sell our lives dearly. But horses we must obtain, for I have sworn that I will follow my stolen bride throughout the length and breadth of Egypt before I will calmly surrender her up to a Moslem like Arabi Pasha."

"Bedad, and as long as yer honor follows up the young lady, so long will I follow up yer honor. But hadn't I better play dummy again, for here we are in the public street?"

"Yes, Pat; I think you had," answered his master, and they walked on in silence a while.

Not that there seemed to be much need for such a precaution, since the whole place seemed to be deserted, save by a few wandering dogs.

No sentries were at the arsenal gates, a white flag waved from the summit of the arsenal house, and on looking down the broad thoroughfare to the left the Ras-el-Tin palace was observed to be burning fiercely, the flames leaping out of every window and even upwards through gaps in the roof.

At this moment the sound of desultory firing proved that the town was not quite empty, the evidence being confirmed by an occasional piercing shriek; but Frank Donnelly guessed that the sounds were caused by those human vultures, who in all countries gather on such occasions like ravens to a feast, and who while engaged in robbing the wounded and the dead kill all who have strength enough left to struggle.

From such grim birds of prey they had little to fear, for a dozen of them would shrink away from two armed men just as a pack of wolves scamper off at the mere roar of a lion; so the two Irishmen walked on undaunted, grasping in their hands the loaded revolvers which they had appropriated from the war minister's private armory after he had taken his departure, as it now appeared, from the city itself.

Dotting the vast place in all directions were bodies of murdered Europeans, and on the pavement outside the Ottoman Bank they lay in heaps and in number to certainly upwards of a hundred, some with their throats cut, others with their heads slashed entirely off, nearly all with their limbs gashed or cleft in twain, and their trunks disfigured by many a hideous and vengeful wound. Women as well as men had been

served thus, and even many little children, and Frank Donnelly's blood boiled within him as he beheld the cruel sight, which, in truth, affected Pat almost as much as his master.

But whilst regarding it the latter heard a sound that at once attracted his attention. "Arrah, yer honor, it's in luck we are. There are horses calling to us from inside the corner of the garden on our right. They are surely plucked just under these carob trees."

"Come along and we'll soon see, Pat. If they are there we'll at once confiscate them."

They entered the garden through the wrenched off iron gate, and in a couple of minutes had discovered a couple of shaggy, long-tailed horses and also a camel tied to the trees, and all three carrying across their shoulders large sacks that were already two-thirds full of plunder.

They outdressed the sacks of spoil, readjusted the stirrup leathers, and mounting, rode out into the open place or square, meeting the rightful owners of the steeds before they had got a hundred yards on their way.

Instead of advancing and laying claim to the animals, however, they threw down such loot as they were carrying and run away. Captain Donnelly's bright scarlet cavalry cloak having apparently been the cause of their alarm.

Spurring after the horse rascals, he grabbed hold of the one that first caught up with and demanded a peremptory tone which way the army had gone.

"Out through the Rosetta gate and en towards Kafr Dowar," was the sullen answer.

"And the general and his staff? His excellency Arabi Pasha, I mean," continued Frank.

"Has followed the artillery train in the same direction," was the response.

Captain Donnelly asked no further questions, but let the trembling wretch go, who immediately rushed after his companions, whilst Frank turned towards his faithful follower and observed:

"I have no doubt the fellow spoke the truth, indeed, not knowing who I am, he could have no reason for deceiving me. At any risk I must follow, Pat, for wherever Arabi Pasha is there will my wife be also. Distrusting her parents, as he now evidently does, he will keep her under his own eye, of that be assured."

"Well, yer honor, he'll be a rogue if he does, and he'll be a fool if he don't. So, as sure as yer honor follows yer wife lest as surely I'll follow yer honor."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wife's Nerves.

There is not a wife living who would not resent being told that her womanly nature, her true self, was being destroyed, undermined by a too intense and absorbed devotion on the part of her husband; that she was daily losing womanly strength and force, and rapidly becoming a clog and impediment to her husband's progress, because of his indulgence. We hear a great deal said about the selfishness of men, but unbiased observers will have to admit that a great proportion of the selfishness that escaped from Pandora's box found refuge in the hearts of women.

Look about the world and see if you do not find as many husbands victims of a wife's nerves, headaches, or backache, as you find wives sacrificed to a husband's sins or weaknesses. Men's acts of selfishness are more apparent, as a usual thing; they are more flagrant. Woman's selfishness is more insidious.

A husband's comfort is wholly dependent on a wife. If she oncooses to revenge herself for any inattention or deprivation, there are thousands of petty ways open to her that a man would scorn to use. The writer calls to mind a pretty, girlish wife, who was excessively extravagant, and who had a most devoted husband. Sitting with a party of ladies one day when the subject of managing husbands was under discussion, she shook a pretty golden head, and with a merry laugh said, "I manage better than any of you; when Sammy don't do just as I want him to, I go to bed and stay there till he gives in." There was a burst of protests, but the young woman went on with perfect calmness. "You know, last week, you all thought I was ill. I wasn't. I wanted a hundred dollars for my spring dress and bonnet; Sammy would only give me fifty; but I tell you he was glad to give me the other fifty to get me up. I'd have stayed there until now, if he had not." And she looked around, with an air of triumphant pride. There are few women who resort to such methods—none worthy of an honest love; but are there not women who assume a cold, reserved, constrained manner if they are deprived of an indulgence or liberty, women who resent, perhaps unconsciously, any control over actions or expenditures?

Few wives or children stop to think how little, comparatively, of a husband's or father's income is expended on himself alone. The major part is devoted to home and its inmates. This financial abnegation is accepted as a matter of course by those at home and abroad, and the world makes a butt of the man who does otherwise; but surely the deepest devotion should be given in return from those who are benefited by it.

Formal Opening of the Canadian Pacific Railway.

The formal opening of the Canadian Pacific railway early the coming spring for through business to the Pacific will be a most interesting event and will mark an important epoch in the history of the great Northwest. There has been nothing sterner about the policy of the Canadian Government in its relations to this great enterprise, and that its liberality will be thoroughly appreciated and approved by the Canadian public so long as the road exists we cannot for a moment doubt. The building of the road has not only opened up an important through line between the ocean but has rendered it possible to settle and profitably occupy vast areas of country which would otherwise always have remained unoccupied except by wild Indian Tribes. Far beyond Winnipeg are many millions of acres, the possibilities of which for the production of small grains are almost unlimited. Already prosperous towns and communities are springing up all along the line as if by magic, and as was the

case with the Northern Pacific, regions are proving themselves to be exceedingly fertile which had been supposed to be almost sterile.—Railway Age.

A SHOT FROM THE SADDLE.

An Adventure with Apaches.

I never hear the Apaches mentioned without shuddering. It was in the summer of 1878; the Apaches were then peaceful, but an outbreak was expected at any moment. One day, while travelling by rail in New Mexico, and while engaged in conversation with an old settler about the probabilities of an outbreak, the old gentleman suddenly called my attention to

A SERIES OF PECULIAR SIGNS

which he discerned in the distance. Pointing his long, bony finger to a range of mountains, he said: "Young man, your eyes are better than mine; see if you can make it out." The clearness of the atmosphere rendered objects many miles away perfectly discernible. On the top of the Florida mountains, and on either side of a pass which cuts the range in twain, I could easily see two bands of Indians. From the midst of those on the south side of the pass there arose a perfectly

ROUND BALL OF SMOKE,

the signal of the Apaches. That signal was answered by the waving and turning of a blanket fastened to poles, by Indians on the opposite side of the pass. The latter were renegade Navajos. The old settler said the signs were unmistakable, the Apaches were about to go on another raid, but in his opinion they were going south and wanted the Navajos to go with them. When the train arrived at Dsming the facts known were reported to the troops stationed there. While staying in the town I learned that a party of miners had struck it rich in the Florida mountains, at a point about fourteen miles from there, and I resolved to visit the camp. I bought a beautiful blooded horse, fully sixteen hands high, very powerful, and which seemed possessed with the intelligence of a human being, and rode away. I found the camp without any trouble and learned that the stories of the miner's great find had been greatly exaggerated. In fact, they were pulling up stakes preparatory to leaving that day for a camp some miles distant. They begged me to accompany them, giving as a reason that the

INDIANS WERE AROUND THEIR CAMP

the night before and it was unsafe for me to return. As I had an engagement in Dsming that night I refused their offer and started on the return trip. The men accompanied me to the trail, where we parted. The trail at the foot of the mountain was abrupt, and ran through a small canon. Just as I emerged from the gorge I saw a sight that fairly chilled me to my marrow. About a quarter of a mile to the right of the trail were seven of the most hideous-looking soundrels I ever looked upon. They were a portion of Jaronimo's savages seated on ponies, and a glance showed me they were heavily armed with Winchester. Besides having their war-paint each wore a sort of skull cap, on the sides of which were fastened the horns of a deer. The moment I came out they set up a shout that

MADE MY BLOOD RUN COLD.

I couldn't go back to the miners with any certainty of finding them, for we had been separated an hour. To go ahead would probably result in a horrible death. To retreat and hide in some canon was impossible, for the devils would find me; to fight them in their own style would be madness, for they would starve me out. My only recourse was to make a race for my life. I knew I could depend upon my horse unless he should meet with some mishap, and my mind was quickly made up. I urged the splendid animal forward. He, too, seemed to appreciate the situation, for he leaped down the steep incline without a misstep, and

THE RACE FOR LIFE BEGAN.

The red devils, too, were urging their ponies to the utmost, and it looked as though they would head me off. At the touch of the spurs my horse fairly flew over the ground, and as the distance to the objective point grew less the excitement increased. I thought of her to whom I was to be joined the following month. It was my last trip, and should I be killed who would know it? Would the red devils leave enough of me by which I could be recognized, should they catch me? All these thoughts ran through my mind like lightning. I had reached a point where it was impossible for them to head me off, and I knew that unless my horse stepped in a hole I would win the race. I had still about four miles to travel when

MY HORSE STUMBLER.

Fortunately, however, I caught the horn of the saddle and saved myself from being thrown over the horse's head. He raised himself and was away like the winds, while the Indians, with a yell, began firing. Here was another trouble I had not anticipated. I did not fear being hit myself, but what if my horse should be disabled? The house and spires of the churches could easily be seen, and if I could only attract the attention of the people by firing I would receive their aid. I turned in my saddle while the

BULLETS WERE WHIZZING ABOUT ME

and taking a hasty aim fired at the nearest Apache. Whether I hit him or his horse I know not, but horse and rider rolled over and over on the ground. The Indians stopped, and, with demoniac yells, clustered around the fallen brave, while I, having no time to investigate, rode into town a very thankful man.

One of our brother journalists went into a barber shop the other day to have his hair cut and fell asleep during the operation. The barber, who awoke him when he had finished, said to him: "You are tired, I understand it. It's the same way with me when evening comes. Ah, this head work is something terrible."

"You want to Mentone for your health?"

"No, for my wife's; and I am pleased to state my trip was entirely successful."

"Ah, then she recovered?"

"No, sir, she died. I said it was successful."

A Jewess, engaged to marry a young man of her race at an early date, astounded the relatives by eloping with a Portuguese aeronaut. She wanted a husband accustomed to moving in the highest circles.

CHAPTER LIII.

SLAUGHTERED BY MENACED BY A SCORE OF SWORDPOINTS.

Slughtered like sheep they would have been but for Arabi Pasha himself.

Despite the disguises he recognized the entire party with the exception of Pat Monaghan, and he came to the very rational conclusion that the thoroughly well-disguised Irishman was one of his own people whom the Fenian by dint of threats had frightened into serving them.

Against the Europeans his rage knew no bounds.

Cursing his followers to recoil by a single wave of his sword, the only one that seemed to be clear, bright and unstained, he addressed Mr. Trezarr with:

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Advertisement for Pure Gold, mentioning various gold mining and investment opportunities.