

DAWN.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

A minute or two after the boat in which Arthur was being piloted to the shore, under the guidance of the manager of Miles' hotel, had left the side of the vessel. Mrs. Carr's steam-launch shot up alongside of them, its brass-work gleaming in the sunlight like polished gold. On the deck, near the little wheel, stood Mrs. Carr herself, and by her side, her martial cloak around her, lay Miss Terry, still as any log.

"Mr. Heigham," said Mrs. Carr, in a voice that sounded across the water like a silver bell, "I forgot that you will not be able to find your way to my place by yourself to-morrow, so I will send down a bullock-car to fetch you; you have to travel about with bullocks here, you know. Good-bye," and, before he could answer, the launch's head was round, and she was tearing through the swell at the rate of fourteen knots.

"That's her private launch," said the manager of the hotel to Arthur, "it is the quickest in the island, and she always goes at full steam. She must have come some way round to tell you that, too. That's her place, over there."

"Mrs. Carr comes here every year, does she not?"

"Oh, yes, every year; but she is very early this year; our season does not begin yet, you know. She is a great blessing to the place, she gives so much away to the poor peasants. At first she used to come with old Mr. Carr, and a wonderful nurse they say she made the old gentleman till he died."

"Does she entertain much?"

"Not as a rule, but sometimes she gives great balls, splendid affairs, and a series of dinner parties that are the talk of the island. She hardly ever goes out anywhere, which makes the ladies in the place angry, but I believe that they all go to her balls and dinners. Mostly, she spends her time up in the hills, collecting butterflies and beetles. She has got the most wonderful collection of Egyptian curiosities up at the house there, too, though why she keeps them here instead of in England, I am sure I don't know. Her husband began the collection when he was a young man, and collected all his life, and she has gone on with it since."

"I wonder that she has not married again."

"Well, it can't be for want of asking, if half of what they say is true; by according to that, every single gentleman under fifty, who has been at Madeira during the last five years has had a try at her, but she wouldn't look at one of them. But of course that is gossip—and here we are at the landing-place. Sit steady, sir; those fellows will pull the boat up."

Had it not been for the preoccupied and uncomfortable state of his mind, that took the flavor out of all that he did, and persistently thrust a skeleton amidst the flowers of every landscape, Arthur should by rights have enjoyed himself very much at Madeira.

To live in one of the lofty rooms of Miles' Hotel, protected by thick walls and cool green shutters, to feel that you are enjoying all the advantages of a warm climate without its drawbacks, and that, too, however much people in England may be shivering—which they mostly do all the year round—is in itself a luxury. And so it is, if the day is hot, to dine chiefly off fish and fruit, and such fruit! and then to exchange the dining-room for the cool portico, with the sea-breeze sweeping through it, and, pipe in hand, to sink into a slumber that even the diabolical shrieks of the parrots, tied by the leg in a line below, are powerless to disturb. Or, if you be energetic—I speak of Madeira energy—you may stroll down the little terraced walk, under the shade of your landlord's vines, and contemplate the glowing mass of greenery that in this heavenly island makes a garden. You can do more than this even; for having penetrated through the brilliant flowerbeds, and recruited exhausted nature under a fig-tree, you can engage, in true English fashion, in a game of lawn-tennis, which, done, you will again seek the shade of the creeping vines or spreading bananas, and in a springy hammock take your well-earned repose.

All these things are the quintessence of luxury, so much so that he who has once enjoyed them will long to turn lotus-eater, forget the painful and laborious past, and live and die at Miles' Hotel. Oh, Madeira! gem of the ocean, land of pine-clad mountains that foolish men love to climb, valleys where wise ones much prefer to rest, and of smells that both alike abhor; Madeira of the sunny sky and azure sea, land flowing with milk and honey, and overflowing with population, if only you belonged to the country on which you depend for a livelihood, what a perfect place you would be, and how peccol one could grow about you! a consummation which, fortunately for my readers, the recollection of the open drains, the ill-favored priests, and Portuguese officials effectually prevents.

On the following morning, at twelve punctually, Arthur was informed that the conveyance had arrived to fetch him. He went down, and was quite appalled at its magnificence. It was sledge-like in form, built to hold four, and mounted on wooden runners that rolled over the round pebbles with

which the Madeira streets are paved, with scarcely a sound, and as smoothly as though they ran on ice. The chariot, as Arthur always called it afterward, was built of beautiful woods, and lined and curtained throughout with satin, whilst the motive power was supplied by two splendidly harnessed white oxen. Two native servants, handsome young fellows, dressed in a kind of white uniform, accompanied the sledge, and saluted Arthur on his appearance with much reverence.

It took him, however, some time before he could make up his mind to embark in a conveyance, that reminded him of the description of Cleopatra's galley, and smelled more sweet; but finally he got in, and off he started, feeling that he was the observed of all observers, and followed by at least a score of beggars, each afflicted with some peculiar and dreadful deformity or disease. And thus, in triumphal guise, they slid down the quaint and narrow streets, squeezed in for the sake of shade between the double line of tall, green-shuttered houses, over the bridges that span the vast open drains; past the ochre-colored cathedral; down the promenade, edged with great magnolia trees, that made the air heavy with their perfume, and where twice a week the band plays, and the Portuguese officials march up and down in all the pomp and panoply of office; onward through the dip, where the town slopes downward to the sea; then up again through more streets, and past a stretch of dead wall, after which the chariot wheels through some iron gates, and he is in fairy-land. On each side of the carriage-way there spreads a garden calculated to make English horticulturists gnash their teeth with envy, through the bowers of which he could catch peeps of green turf and of the blue sea beyond.

Here the cabbage palm shot its smooth and lofty trunk high into the air, there the bamboo waved its leafy ostrich plumes, and all around the soil was spread like an Indian shawl, with many a gorgeous flower and many a splendid fruit. Arthur thought of the garden of Eden and the isles of the Blessed, and whilst his eyes, accustomed to nothing better than our poor English roses, were still fixed upon the blazing masses of pomegranate flowers, and his senses were filled with the sweet scent of orange and magnolia blooms, the oxen halted before the portico of a stately building, white-walled and green-shuttered like all Madeira houses.

Then the slaves of the chariot assisted him to descend, whilst other slaves of the door bowed him up the steps, and he stood in a great cool hall, dazzling dark after the brilliancy of the sunlight. And here, no slave awaited him, but the princess of this fair domain, none other than Mildred Carr herself, clad all in summer white, and with a smile of welcome in her eyes.

"I am so glad that you have come. How do you like Madeira? Do you find it very hot?"

"I have not seen much of it yet; but this place is lovely, it is like fairy-land, and I believe that you," he added, with a bow, "are the fairy queen."

"Compliments again, Mr. Heigham. Well, I was the sleeping beauty last time, so one may as well be called a queen for a change. I wonder what you shall call me next?"

"Let me see; shall we say—an angel?"

"Mr. Heigham, stop talking nonsense, and come into the drawing-room."

He followed her, laughing, into an apartment that, from its noble proportions and beauty, might fairly be called magnificent. Its ceiling was paneled with worked timber, and its floor beautifully inlaid with woods of various hue, whilst the walls were thickly covered with pictures, chiefly sea-pieces and all by good masters. He had, however, but little time to look about him, for a door opened at the further end of the room, and admitted the portly person of Miss Terry, arrayed in a gigantic sun-hat and a pair of green spectacles. She seemed very hot, and held in her hand a piece of brown paper, inside of which something was violently scratching.

"I've caught him at last," she said, "though he did avoid me all last year. I've caught him."

"Good gracious! caught what?" asked Arthur, with great interest.

"What! why, him that Mildred wanted," she replied, regardless of grammar in her excitement. "Just look at him, he's beautiful."

Thus admonished, Arthur carefully undid the brown paper, and next moment started back with an exclamation, and began to dance about with an enormous red beetle grinding its jaws into his finger.

"Oh, keep still, do, pray," called Miss Terry, in alarm; "don't shake him off on any account, or we shall lose him for the want of a little patience, as I did when he bit my finger last year. If you'll keep him quite still he won't leave go, and I'll ring for John to bring the chloroform bottle."

Arthur, feeling that the interests of science were matters of a higher importance than the well-being of his finger, obeyed her injunction to the letter, hanging his arm (and the beetle) over the back of a chair and looking the picture of silent misery.

"Quite still, if you please, Mr. Heigham, quite still; is not the animal's tenacity interesting?"

"No doubt, to you, but I hope your pet beetle is not poisonous, for he is gnashing his pincers together inside my finger."

"Never mind, we will treat you with caustic presently, Mildred, don't laugh so much, but come and look at him; he's lovely. John, please be quick with that chloroform bottle."

"If this sort of thing happens often, I don't think that I should collect beetles from choice, at least not large ones," groaned Arthur.

"Oh, dear," laughed Mrs. Carr; "I never saw anything so absurd. I don't know which looks most savage, you or the beetle."

you will frighten him and if once he flies we shall never catch him in this big room."

Here, fortunately for Arthur, the servant arrived with the required bottle, into which the ferocious insect was triumphantly stoppered by Miss Terry.

"I am so much obliged to you, Mr. Heigham, you are a true collector."

"For the first and last time," mumbled Arthur, who was sucking his finger.

"I am infinitely obliged to you, too, Mr. Heigham," said Mrs. Carr, as soon as she had recovered from her fit of laughing; "the beetle is really very rare; it is not even in the British Museum. But come, let us go in to luncheon."

After that meal was over, Mrs. Carr asked her guest which he would like to see, her collection of beetles or of mummies.

"Thank you, Mrs. Carr, I have had enough of beetles for one day, so I vote for the mummies."

"Very well. Will you come, Agatha?" "Now, Mildred, you know very well that I won't come. Just think, Mr. Heigham; I only saw the nasty things once, and then they gave me the creeps every night for a fortnight. As though those horrid Egyptian 'fellahs' weren't ugly enough when they are alive without going and making great skin and bone dolls of them—pah!"

"Agatha persists in believing that my mummies are the bodies of people like she saw in Egypt last year."

"And so they are, Mildred. That last one you got is just like the boy who used to drive my donkey at Cairo—the one that died, you know—I believe they just stuffed him, and said he was an ancient king. Ancient king, indeed!" And Miss Terry departed, in search for more beetles.

"Now, Mr. Heigham, you must follow me. The museum is not in the house. Wait, I will get a hat."

In a minute she returned, and led the way across a strip of garden to a detached building, with a broad veranda, facing the sea. Scarcely ten feet from this veranda, and on the edge of the sheer precipice, was built a low wall, leaning over which Arthur could hear the wavellets lapping against the hollow rock two hundred feet beneath him. Here they stopped for a moment to look at the vast expanse of ocean, glittering in the sunlight like a sea of molten sapphires and heaving as gently as an infant's bosom.

"It is very lovely; the sea moves just enough to show that it is only asleep."

"Yes; but I like it best when it is awake, when it blows a hurricane—it is magnificent. The whole cliff shakes with the shock of the waves, and sometimes the spray drives over in sheets. That is when I like to sit here; it exhilarates me, and makes me feel as though I belonged to the storm, and was strong with its strength. Come, let us go in."

The entrance to the veranda was from the end that faced the house, and to gain it they passed under the boughs of a large magnolia-tree. Going through glass doors that opened outward into the veranda, Mrs. Carr entered a room luxuriously furnished as a boudoir. This had apparently no other exit, and Arthur was beginning to wonder where the museum could be, when she took a tiny braham key from her watch-chain, and with it opened a door that was papered and painted to match the wall exactly. He followed her, and found himself in a stone passage, dimly lighted from above, and sloping downward, that led to a doorway graven in the rock, on the model of those to be seen at the entrance of Egyptian temples.

"Now, Mr. Heigham," she said, flinging open another door, and stepping forward, "you are about to enter 'The Hall of the Dead.'"

He went in, and a strange sight met his gaze. They were standing in the center of one side of a vast cave, that ran right and left at right angles to the passage. The light poured into it in great rays from skylights in the roof, and by it he could see that it was hollowed out of the virgin rock, and measured some sixty feet or more in length by about forty wide, and thirty high. Down the length of each side of the great chamber ran a line of six polished sphinxes, which had been hewn out of the surrounding granite, on the model of those at Carnac, whilst the walls were elaborately painted after the fashion of an Egyptian sepulcher. Here Osiris held his dread tribunal on the spirit of the departed; here the warrior sped onward in his charging chariot; here the harper swept his sounding chords; and here, again, crowned with lotus flowers, those who corpses lay around held their joyous festivals.

In the respective centers of each end of the stone chamber a colossus towered in its silent and unearthly grandeur. That to the right was a statue of Osiris, Judge of the souls of the dead, seated on his judgment-seat, and holding in his hand the scourge and the bent-headed scepter. Facing him at the other end of the hall was the effigy of the mighty Rameses, his broad brow encircled by that kingly symbol which few in the world's history have worn so proudly, and his noble features impressing those who gaze upon them from age to age with a sense of scornful power and melancholy calm, such as does not belong to the countenances of the men of their own time. And all around, under this solemn guardianship, each upon a polished slab of marble, and inclosed in a case of thick glass, lay the corpses of the Egyptian dead, swathed in numberless wrappings, as in their day the true religion that they held was swathed in symbols and in mummies.

Here were to be found the high-priest of the mysteries of Isis, the astronomer whose lore could read the prophecies that are written in the stars, the dark magician, the renowned warrior, the musician with his cymbals by his side, the fair maiden who had—so said her cedar coffin-boards—died of love and sorrow, and the royal babe, all sleeping the same sleep, and waiting the same awakening. This princess must have been well known to Joseph, that may have been her who rescued Moses

from the waters, whilst the babe belongs to a dynasty of which the history was already merging into tradition when the great pyramid reared its head on Egypt's fertile plains.

Arthur stood, awed at the wonderful sight.

"Never before," said he, in that whisper which we involuntarily use in the presence of the dead, "did I realize my own insignificance."

The thought was abruptly put, but the words represented well what was passing in his mind, what must pass in the mind of any man of culture and sensibility when he gazes on such a sight. For in such presences the human mite of to-day, fluttering in the sun and walking on the earth that these have known and walked four thousand years ago must indeed learn how infinitely small in the place that he occupies in the tale of things created; and yet, if to his culture and sensibility he adds religion, a word of living hope hovers on those dumb lips. For where are the spirits of those that lie before him in their eternal silence! Answer, withered lips, and tell us what judgment has Osiris given, and what has Thoth written in his awful book? Four thousand years! Old human husk, if thy dead carcass can last so long, what limit is there to the life of the soul it held?

"Did you collect all these?" asked Arthur, when he had made a superficial examination of the almost countless treasures of the museum.

"Oh, no; Mr. Carr spent half of his long life, and more money than I can tell you, in getting this collection together. It was the passion of his life, and he had this cave hollowed at enormous cost, because he thought that the air here would be less likely to injure them than the English fogs. I have added to it, however. I got those papyri and that beautiful bust of Berenice, the one in black marble. Did you ever see such hair?"

Arthur thought to himself that he had at that moment some not far from his heart that must be quite as beautiful, but he did not say so.

"Lo k here are some curious things," and she opened an air-tight case that contained some discolored grains and a few lumps of shriveled substance.

"What are they?"

"That is wheat taken from the inside of a mummy, and these are supposed to be hyacinth bulbs. They came from the mummy-case of that baby-prince, and I have been told that they would still grow if planted."

"I can scarce believe that the principle of life must be extinct."

"Wise people say, you know, that the principle of life can never become extinct in anything that has once lived, though it may change its form; but I do not pretend to understand these things. However we will settle the question, for we will plant one, and, if it grows, I will give the flower to you. Choose one."

Arthur took the biggest lump from the case, and examined it curiously.

"I have not much faith in your hyacinth; I am sure that it is dead."

"Ah! but many things that seem more dead than that have the strangest way of suddenly breaking into life," she said, with a little sigh. "Give it to me; I will have it planted," and then, with a quick glance upward, "I wonder if you will be here to see it bloom."

"I don't think that either of us will see it bloom in this world," he answered, laughing, and took his leave. (To be Continued.)

ONLY THE CLOCK STOPPED.

Mrs. Billtop's Brief Comment and Mr. Billtop's Elaborate Elucidation.

"Don't you suppose it's the weather, Ezra?" said Mrs. Billtops, looking up from her sewing at Mr. Billtops, who had just started up the clock that stood on the mantelpiece, and who had wondered as he shook it why it had stopped. The minute she spoke Mr. Billtops wondered why he hadn't thought of that himself, and he proceeded to say that he thought it was very likely; that the clock needed oiling anyway; that it had got kind of gummy and sticky, and the fall in the temperature was just enough to harden that gummy stuff around the bearings and stop it.

Mrs. Billtops didn't say anything to this; she just let him go on and talk; in fact, she rather liked to hear him talk; and as for herself, she was satisfied to be one that made the wheels go round without insisting on being seen at the crank.

But after the talk was all over she wound the clock.

ASKED TOO MUCH.

Some time ago a man entered an optician's shop with a view to purchasing a pair of glasses. After the usual questions as to age, etc., the would-be purchaser stated that he "wanted a pair he could read with."

A trayful of spectacles was produced, and one pair handed over, which the would-be purchaser affixed to his cranium, at the same time scanning a newspaper.

"Kindly hold the paper at arm's length." This was done. "Do they suit you?"

"No," was the reply.

"Try those. We have plenty to select from."

The second pair was tried with like result. The operation continued for some time, till at last the optician's stock was exhausted. Then an idea struck the optician.

"Can you read at all, my good man?" asked the optician.

"No! Didn't I ask you for a pair that I could read with?"

THE RULING PASSION.

Dr. Bones—Yes, my good man; you are dying fast.

Biker—Hurry, then, and give me my cyclometer. I'll make a record, or die trying.

PRINCE AND THE PICK-AXE

SEQUEL TO AN INTERESTING LITTLE INCIDENT.

A Miner at a Royal Party—His Pick Brought Him Into High Favour.

Although many people may have seen in the illustrated papers of England the pictures of the aged North Country miner handing a pick-axe to the Prince of Wales on the occasion of the latter's visit to the Earl of Durham, the miner in question, being the identical man, who, when the Prince, as a 16-year-old lad, had visited a Durham coal mine, had shown his Royal Highness how to pick coal with that very self-same pick, yet there is a sequel to that little incident which has not as yet, received any publicity, but yet which deserves being placed on record, being quite as characteristic of the Prince as of the miner.

When Lord Durham presented the old fellow to the Prince on the occasion of his visit north just before Christmas, he informed the Heir Apparent that the miner had frequently during the past forty years received offers to buy the pick with which the Prince had picked coal for an hour as a lad, and that in particular an American tourist had offered him as much as \$1,000 for the tool, which Collins, in spite of his being a labouring man, and as such the reverse of rich, had refused.

GAVE IT TO THE PRINCE.

"I should like to buy that pick," exclaimed the Prince, shaking the old fellow warmly by the hand, "and I am only sorry that I cannot afford to pay a bigger price than that offered by your American friend."

"But I would not accept anything for it, sir," interrupted Collins. "I have brought the pick here in order to offer it for your acceptance as a present, and I should be only too glad if your Royal Highness would condescend to take it."

"All right, old friend," exclaimed the Prince, "I will accept your gift. Keep it for the present, and I will send for it when I get back to town."

About a fortnight later the old miner received a letter addressed to "Henry Collins," and stating that General Sir Dighton Probyn had been commanded by the Prince and Princess of Wales to request his company at dinner at Sandringham. The letter likewise enclosed railroad tickets and directions what train to take. At the bottom of the card, which bore the Prince's crest, was a postscript in the Prince's handwriting, as follows: "Please bring the pick."

On arriving at the Wolverton station, Collins found one of the royal carriages awaiting him, and on reaching Sandringham, he was welcomed in the hall by the Prince, who, after presenting him to the Princess and to the other members of the royal party, conducted him in person to a bedroom, as is the hospitable custom of the Heir Apparent with guests who visit Sandringham for the first time.

AT THE ROYAL DINNER.

An hour later the old miner found himself seated at the royal table at dinner, the other guests being princess Victoria of Wales, Prince and Princess Charles of Denmark, and the Duke and Duchess of York. In spite of the newness of his surroundings, the sturdy old miner, who is in his 73rd year, did not betray the least embarrassment, but behaved with a simplicity, modesty, and at the same time absence of subservience that might have constituted a lesson in breeding to many a parvenue.

He created a most favourable impression, and after dinner the whole party adjourned to the room, which was devoted by the Prince to his special collection of sporting guns, rifles and hunting knives, where the pick was accorded a place of honor.

The miner remained at Sandringham for the night, and left on the following afternoon, after the Princess in person had shown him round her model dairy, her kennels and her garden, the Prince taking him over the home farm. And when he left he carried away with him beautiful autographs, portraits of his royal host and hostess, and their children.

That is the delicate manner in which the Prince and Princess of Wales acknowledged the obligation which the old miner had placed them under by presenting them with a pick for which he had refused \$1,000, and which he insisted on giving; and there is no doubt that nothing that the Prince could have done would have pleased or gratified the old fellow more than with being treated by his future King as he had behaved—namely, as a gentleman.

A GENEROUS OFFER.

Grandmother—O Thomas! Thomas! How can you bear to be all the time fighting?

Thomas—Why, 'cause I keep in training, of course! If you want me to I can put you into just as good physical condition as I am in 30 days.

FORCE OF HABIT.

Mrs. Brown—Dr. Blus is becoming dreadfully absent minded.

Mrs. Jones—Indeed?

Mrs. Brown—Yes; when Mrs. Smith asked his advice about her six-month-old baby he said he thought it would do it good to ride a wheel.

Hard... As a suit working... predicted some tin... another... X Cut... Which... to cost... be equal... store in... Country... Another s... and raw... arrived... BARGA... Tin Dip... Cream I... Hand I... Stand I... Curry... Horse B... Stable I... Hay K... Manure... No. 8 T... cop... Steel en... ber... Good G... Five Gall... W. E... UP... IMPLEM... Our... Win... Ge... Consisting of... CUTTER... and... ROBES... way... STOVES... Clar... ing... Stov... Stov... will... NEW W... BELL P... BERLIN... Stoc... at p... WAGON... rows... ROOT C... cu... found... CHAS... SHOW ROOM