CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and Vengeance of Harmachis, the Royal Egyptian,

SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

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INTRODUCTION.

NY THE recesses of the desolate Libyan Mountains that lie behind the temple and city of Abydos, supposed buryingplace of the Holy Osiris, a tomb was recently discovered among the contents of which were the papyrus rolls on which this history is written. The tomb itself is spacious, but otherwise remarkable only for the depth of the shaft, which descends vertically from the rock-hewn cave, that once served as a mortuary chapel to the friends and relatives of the departed, to the coffin chamber beneath. This shaft is no less than rightynine feet in depth. The chamber at its foot was found to contain three coffins only, though it is large enough for many more. Two of these, which in all probability inclosed the bodies of the high priest, Amenemhat, and of his wife, father and mother of Harmachis, the hero of this history, the shameless Arabs who discovered them there and then broke up.

The Arabs broke the bodies up. With unhallowed hands they tore the Holy Amenembat, and the frame of her who had, as it is written, been filled with the spirit of the Hathors-tore them limb from limb, searching for treasure amid their bones-perhaps, as is their custom, selling the very bones for a few plastres to the last ignorant tourist who came their way, seeking what he might destroy. For in Egypt the unhappy, the living find their bread in the tombs of the great men who were before them.

But, as it chanced some little while afterward, one who is known to this writer, and doctor by profession, passed up the Nile to Abydos, and became acquainted with the men who had done this thing. They rerealed to him the secret of the place, telling him that one coffin yet remained entombed. It seemed to be the coffin of a poor person, they said, and therefore, being pressed for time, they had left it unviolated. Moved by curiosity to explore the recesses of a tomb as yet unprofaned by tourists, my friend bribed the Arabs to reveal its secret to him. What ensued I will give in his own words, exactly as he wrote it to me:

I slept that night near the Temple of Seti. and started before daybreak on the following morning. With me were a cross-eyed rascal called Ali-Ali Baba I named himthe man from whom I got the ring which I am sending you, and a small but choice assortment of his fellow-thieves. Within an hour after sunrise we reached the valley where the tomb is. It is a desolate place, into which the sun pours his scorching heat all the long day through, till the huge brown bowlders which are strewn about become so hot that one can scarcely bear to touch them, and the sand scorches the feet. We rode on donkeys, for it was already too hot to walk some way up the valley-where a vulture floating far in the blue overhead was the only other visitor-till we came to an enormous bowider polished by centuries of the action of sun and sand. Here Ali halted, saying the tomb was under the Accordingly we dismounted, and, stone. leaving the donkeys in charge of a fellah boy, went up to the rock. Beneath it was a gmall hole, barely large enough for a man o creep through; it had been dug by jackals, for the doorway and some part of the cave were entirely silted up, and it was by means of tuis jackal hole that the tomb had been discovered. All crept in on his hands and knees, and I followed to find myself tn a place cold after the hot outside air, and, in contrast with the light, filled with a dazzling darkness. We lit our candles, and, the select body of thieves having arrived, I made an examination. We were in a cave the size of a large room and hollowed by hand, the further part of the cave being almost free from drift dust. On the walls re religious paintings of the usual Ptolemaic character, and among them one of a majestic old man with a long white beard, who is seated in a carved chair holding a wand in his hand. Before him is passing a procession of priests bearing sacred im

mistake I should have been dashed to pieces. Also, the bats continually flew into my face and clung to my hair, and I have a great dislike of bats. At last, after some minutes of jerking and dangling. I found myself standing in a narrow passage by the side of the worthy Ali covered with bats and perspiration, and with the skin ruobed off my knees and knuckles. Then another man came down, hand over hand, like a sailor, and, as the rest were told to stop above, we were ready to go on. Ali went first with his candle-of course we each had a candle-leading the way down a long passage about five feet nigh. At length the passage widened out, and we were in the tomb chamber, I think the hottest and most silent place I ever entered. It was simply stifling. This turn chamber is a source reveaut in the rock and totally devoid of paintings or sculpture. I held up the candles and looked around. About the place were strewn the coffin lids and the mummind remains of the two bodies that the Arabs had previously violated. The paintings on the former were, I noticed, of great beauty, though, having no knowledge of hiero-glyphics, I could not decipher them. Beads and spicy wrappings lay around the re-mains, which, I saw, were those of a man and a woman. The head had been broken off the body of the man. I took it up and looked at it. It had been closely shaved after death, I should say, from the general indications-and the features were disfigured with gold leaf. But, notwithstanding this, and the shrinkage of the flesh, I think the face was one of the most imposing and beautiful that I ever saw. It was that of a very old man, and his dead coun-

tenance still wore so calm and solemn, indeed so awful a look, that I grew quite superstitious (though, as you know, I am pretty well accustomed to dead people), and put the head down in a hurry. There were still some wrappings left upon the face of the second body, and I did not remove them; but she must have been a fine, large woman in her day.

"There is the other mummy," said Ali, pointing to a large and solid case that had



I WAS LOWERED BODILT. the appearance of having been carelessly

thrown down in a corner, for it was lying on its side. I went up to it to examine it. It was well

made, but if perfectly plain cedar woodnot an inscription, not a solitary god on it. "Never see one like him before." said Ah. "Bury great hurry, he no 'mafish,' no 'fineesh.' Throw him down there on side." I looked at the plain case till at last my Interest was thoroughly aroused. I had been so shocked by the sight of the scattered dust of the departed that I had made up my mind not to touch the remaining coffin-but now my curiosity overcame me, and we set

to work. Ali had brought a mallet and a cold chisel

I will only say that I here I shall never see such another look as that which was frozen on this dead man's face. Even the Arabs recoiled from it in horror and began to mutter pravers.

For the rest, the usual opening on the left side, through which the embalmers did their work, was absent; the finely cut features were those of a person of middle age, although the hair was already gray, and the frame that of a powerful man, the shoulders being of an extraordinary width. I had not time to examine very closely, however, for within a few seconds from its uncovering the unembalined body, now that it was exposed to the action of the air, began to crumble. In five or six minutes there was literally nothing left of it but a wisp of hair, the skull, and a few of the larger bones. I noticed that one of the tibiæ, I forgot if it was the right or the left, had been fractured and very badly set. It must have been quite an inch shorter than the other.

Well, there was nothing more to find, and now that the excitement was over, what between the heat, the exertion and the smell of mummy dust and spices, I felt more dead than alive.

1 am tired of writing, and the ship rolls. This letter, of course, goes overland, and I am coming by "long sea," but 1 hope to be in London within ten days after you get it. Then I will tell you of my pleasing experiences in the course of the ascent from the tomb chamber, and of how that prince of rascals, Ali Baba, and his thieves tried to frighten me into handing over the papyri, and how I worsted them. Then, too, we will get the rolls deciphered. I expect that they only contain the usual thing, copies of the Book of the Dead, but there may be something else in them. Needless to say, I did not narrate this little adventure in Egypt, or I should have had the Boulac Museum people on my track. Good bye-'Mafish Fincesh," as Ali Baba always said. In due course my friend, the writer of the letter from which I have quoted, arrived in London, and on the very next day we paid a visit to an acquaintance well versed in hieroglyphics and demotic writing. With what anxiety we watched him skillfully

dampening and unfolding one of the rolls and peering through his gold-rimmed glasses at the mysterious characters may well be imagined. "Hum!" he said, "whatever it is, this is

not a copy of the 'Book of the Dead.' By George, what's this! Cie-Cleo-Cleopatra! Why, my dear sirs, as I am a living man, this is the history of somebody who lived in the days of Cleopatra! Well, there's six months work before me here-six months, at the very least!" And in that joyful prospect he fairly lost control of himself, and skipped about the room, shaking hands with us at intervals, and saying: "I'll translate-I'll translate it if it kills me, and ve will publish it; and, by the living Osiris, it will drive every Egyptologist in Europe mad with envy! Oh, what a find! what a most glorious find !"

And O you whose eyes shall fall upon these pages, see, they have been translated, and they have been printed, and here they lie before you-an undiscovered land wherein you are free to travel!

Harmachis speaks to you from his forgotten tomb. The walls of Time fall down, and as at the lightning's leap a picture from the past starts suddenly on your view, framed in the gathered darkness of the

He shows you those two Egypts that the silent pyramids looked down upon long centuries ago-the Egypt of the Greek, the Roman, and the Ptolemy, and that other outworn Egypt of the hierophant, hoary with years, heavy with the legends of antiquity and the memory of long-lost honors.

He tells you how the smoldering lovalty of Khem (Egypt) burnt up before it died, and how fiercely the old Time-consecrated Faith struggled against the conquering tide of Change, that, drawn ever by the mystery of Mind, rose like the Nile at flood, and drowned the ancient gods of Egypt. Here, in his pages, you shall learn the glory of Isis the Many-shaped, the Executor of Decrees. Here you shall make acquaintance with the shade of Cleopatra, that "Thing of Flame" whose passionbreathing beauty shaped the destiny of empires. Here you shall read how the soul of Charmion was slain of the sword her vengeance smithied. Here Harmachis, the doomed Egyptian, being about to die, salutes you who follow on the path he trod. In the story of his broken years he shows to you what may in its own degree be the story of your own. Crying aloud from that dim Amenti where to-day he wears out his long atoning time. in the history of his fall, he tells the fate of hom who, however sorely tried, forgets his God, his honor, and his country.

ever to ever shall it be And woe to him who faileth! . . .

Even as I write, beyond the fertile fields, the Nilo is running red as though with blood. Bright before me beats the light upon the far Arabian hills, and bright it fails upon the plies of Abouthis. At Abouthis, within the temples, still do the priosts make orison, but me they know no more; still the sacrifice is offered, and the stony roofs echo down the prayers of those who pray. Still from here, from this lone cell within my prison tower, I, the Word of Shame, watch thy fluttering banners, O Abouthis, flaunting from thy pylon walls and hear the chants as the long procession winds from sanctuary to sanctuary.

O Abouthis, lost Abouthis! my heart goes out toward thee! For the day comes when the desert sands shall fill thy holy places Thy gods are doomed, O Abouthis! New faiths shall make a mock of all thy holics, and centurion shall call unto centurion across thy fortress walls. I weep-I weep tears of blood; for mine is the weakness that brought about these evils and mine forever is their shame.

Behold it is written hereafter: Here in Abouthis was I born, I, Har-

machis, and my father, the justified in Osiris, was High Priest of the Temple of Sethi. And on that same day of my birth was born also Cleopatra, the Queen of Egypt. In those fields I passed my youth watching the baser people at their labors, and going in and out at will among the great courts of the temples. Of my mother I knew naught, for she died when I yet hung at the breast. But ere she died, so the old wife, Atoua, told to me, she took from a coffer of ivory an uræus of pure gold and laid it on my brow. And those who saw her do this thing believed that she was distraught of the divinity, and that in her madness she foreshadowed that the day of the Macedonian Lagidæ was endedfor Ptolemy Auletes (the Piper) then wore the double crown-and that Egypt's scepter should once again pass to the hand of one of Egypt's true and royal race. But when my father, the High Priest Amenemhat, who even then was full of years, for I was his only child and the child of his age (she who was his wife before my mother having been for what crime I know not, cursed by Sekhet with the curse of barrenness) ; I say

when my '...'ter came in and saw what the dying woman had done, he lifted up his hand toward the vault of heaven and adored the Invisible, because of the sign that had been sent. And even as he adored, behold ! the Hathors filled my dying mother with the Spirit of Prophecy, and she rose in strength from the couch and thrice prostrated herself before the cradle where I lay asleep, the Royal asp upon my brow, and cried

"Hail to thee, fruit of my womb! Hail to thee, Royal child! Hail to thee, Pharaoh that shalt be! Hail to thee, God that shalt purge the land, Divine seed of Nekt-neb, the Osirian. Keep thou pure, and thou shalt rule and deliver Egypt and not be broken. But if in the hour of trial thou dost fail, then may the curse of all the Gods of Egypt rest upon thee, and the curse of thy Royal forefathers, the justified, who ruled the land before thee, even from the age of Horus; then in life mayest thou be wretched, and after death may Osiris refuse theo. and the judges of Amenti give judgment against thee, and Set and Sekhet torment thee, even until such time as thy sin is purged, and the Gods of Egypt, called by strange names, once more are worshiped in the temples of Egypt, and the staff of the Oppressor is broken, and the footsteps of the foreigner are swept clean, and the thing is accomplished as thou in thy weakness shalt cause it to be done."

of Prophecy went out of her, and she fell head with a sword; and the eunuch drew dead across the cradie where I slept, so that forth the signet of Pharaoh as warrant for

off; but seeing that they were Greeks of Alexandria, the people would not, for the Egyptians love not the Greeks. Then they cried out that they were on Pharaoh's busi-

ness, and still the people would not, asking what was the business. Whereon a cunuch among them, who had made himself drunken in his fear, told them that they came to slay the child of Amenembat, the High Priest, of whom it was prophesied that he should be Pharaoh and sweep the Greeks from Egypt. And then the people feared to stand longer in doubt, but brought boats, not knowing what might be meant by the man's words. But one there was among them-a farmer and an overseer of canals-who was a kinsman of my mother's and had been present when she prophesied; and he turned and ran swiftly for three parts of an hour, till he came to where I lay in the house that is without the north wall of the great temple. Now, as it chanced, my father was away in that part of the Piace of Tombs which is to the left of the large fortress, and Pharaoh's guards, mounted on asses, were hard upon us. Then the messenger cried to the old wife, Atoua, whose tongue had brought about the evil, and told how the soldiers drew near to slay me. And they looked at each other, not knowing



FOR A MOMENT THEY WAVERED. what to do; for, had they hid me, the guards would not have stayed their search till I was found. And the man, gazing through

the doorway, saw a little child at play. "Woman," he said, "whose is that child !" "It is my grandchild," she answered, "the foster brother of the Prince Harmachis; the child to whose mother we owe this evil case.'

"Woman," he said, "thou knowest thy duty; do it!" and he again pointed at the child. "I command thee, by the Holy Name!" And she trembled exceedingly, because the child was of her own blood ; but, nevertheless, she took the boy and washed him and set on him a robe of silk and laid him on my cradie. And me she took and smeared with mud to make my fair skin darker, and took my garment from me, and set me to play in the dirt of the yard, which I did right cladi-Then the man hid himself, and presently

the soldiers rode up and asked of the old wife if this were the dwelling of the High Priest Amenemhat! She told them yes, and bade them enter, and offered them honey and mink, for they were athirst.

Thereafter the cunuch that was with them asked if that were the son of Amenembat who lay in the cradle, and she said: "Yes -yea," and began to tell the guards how he would be great, for it had been prophe sied of him that he should one day rule them all.

Thereon the Greek guards laughed, and And when she had spoken thus, the Spirit one of them, seizing the child, smote off its

After this the years passed on, nor did 1 being very little, know any thing of the great things that came to pass in Egypt; nor is it my purpose have to set them out. For I, Harmachis, will speak only of those things with which I have been concerned.

And as the time went on my father and the teachers instructed me in the ancient learning of our people and in such matters appertaining to the gods as it is meet that children should know. So I grew strong and comely, for my hair was black as the hair of the divine Nout, and my eyes were blue as the blue lotus, and my skin was as the alabaster within the sanctuaries. For now that these glories have passed from me I may speak of them without shame. Strong I was also. There was no youth of my years in Abouthis who could stand against me to wrestle with me, nor could any throw so far with the sling or spear. And much I vearued to hunt the lion; but he whom I called my father forbade me to hunt, telling me that my life was of too great worth to be so lightly hazarded. But when I bowed myself before him and prayed he would make his meaning clear to me, the old man frowned and answered that the gods made all things clear in their own season. For my part, however, I went away wroth, for there was a youth in Abouthis who with others had slain a lion that fell upon his father's herds, and, be-ing envious of my strength and beauty, he set it about that I was cowardly at heart, in that when I went out to hunt I slew naught but jackals and gazelles. Now, this was when I had reached my seven weith year and was a man grown.

It chanced, therefore, that as I went sore at heart from the presence of the High Priest, my father, I met this youth, who called to me and mocked me, bidding me know the country people had told him that a great lion was down among the rushes by the banks of the canal which runs past the Temple, lying at a distance of thirty stadia from Abouthis. And, still mock-ing me, he asked me if I would come and help him slay this lion, or would I go and sit among the old women and bid them comb my side lock. This bitter word so angered me that I was near to falling on him; but in place thereof, forgetting my father's saying, I answered that if he would come along I would go with him and seek this lion, and he should learn if I were indeed a coward. And at first he would not, for, as men know, it is our custom to hunt the lion in companies; so it was my hour to mock. Thereon he went and fetched his bow and arrows and a sharp knife. And I brought forth my heavy spear, which had a shaft of thornwood, and at the end thereof a pomegranate in silver, to hold the hand from slipping; and together, in silence, we went side by side to where the lion lay. When we came to the place it was near sundown, and there, upon the mud of the canal bank, we found the lion's slot, which ran into a thick clump of reeds.

"Now, thou boaster," I said, "wilt thou lead the way into yonder reeds, or shall I!" And I made as though I would lead the

"Nay, nay," he answered, "be not so mad! The brute will spring upon thee and rend thee. See! I will shoot among the reeds! Perchance, if he sleeps, it will arouse him." And he drew his bow at a venture.

And how it chanced I know not, but the arrow struck the sleeping lion, and, like a flash of light from the belly of a cloud, he bounded from the shelter of the reeds, and stood before us with bristling mane and yellow eyes, the arrow quivering in his flank. He roared aloud in fury, and the earth shook.

"Shoot with the bow," I cried, "shoot swiftly ere he spring !" But the courage had left the breast of the

boaster. His jaw dropped down and his



aloud :



ages. In the far corner of the tomb on the right hand from the door is the shaft of the mummy pit, a square-mouthed well cut in the black rock. We had brought a beam of thernwood, and this was now laid across the pit and a rope made fast to it. Then who, to do him justice, is a courageous thief-took held of the rope, and, putting some candles into the breast of his robe, placed his bare feet against the smooth sides of the well and began to descend with great rapidity. Very soon he had vanished into the blackness, and the agitation of the cord alone told us that any thing was going on below. At last the rope ceased shaking, and a faint shout came rumbling up the well, announcing Ali's safe arrival. Then, far below, a tiny star of light appeared. He had lit the candle. thereby disturbing hundreds of bats, that flitted up in an endless stream and as silently as spirits. The rope was hauled up again, and now it was my turn; but as I de fined to trust my neck to the hand-overand method of descen! the end of the cord lowered bodily into ' se sacred depths. Nor was it a pleasan journey, for if the master of the s'tuation above had made any

with him, and having set the coffin straight he began upon it with all the zeal of an experienced tomb-breaker. And then he pointed out another thing. Most mummy cases are fastened by four little tongues of wood, two on either side, which a fixed in the upper half, and passing into mortises cut to receive them in the thickness of the lower half, are there held fast by pegs of hard wood. But this mummy case had eight such tongues. Evidently it had been thought well to secure it firmly. At last, with great difficulty, we raised the massive lid, which was nearly three inches thick, and there, covered over with a deep layer of loose spices (a very unusual thing), was the body.

Ali looked at it with open eyes-and no wonder. For this mummy was not as other mummies are. Mummies in general lie upon their backs, as stiff and calm as though they were cut from wood; but this mummy lay upon its side, and, the wrappings notwithstanding, its knees were slightly bent. More than that, indeed, the gold mask, which, after the fashion of the Ptolemaic period, had been set upon the face, had worked down, and was literally pounded up beneath the hooded head.

It was impossible, seeing these things, to avoid the conclusion that the mummy before us had moved with violence since it was put in the coffin.

"Him very funny mummy. Him not 'mafish' when him go in there," said Ali. "Nonsense!" I said. "Who ever heard of a live mummy?"

We lifted the body out of the coffin, nearly choking ourselves with mummy dust in the process, and there beneath it, half hidden among the spices, we made our first find. It was a roll of papyrus, carelessly fastened and wrapped in a piece of mummy cloth, having, to all appearance, been thrown into the coffin at the moment of closing.

Ali eyed the papyrus greedily, but I seized it and put it in my pocket, for it was agreed that I was to have all that might be discovered. Then we began to unwrap the body. It was covered with very broad, strong bandages, thickly wound and roughly tied, sometimes by means of simple knots, the whole work bearing the appearance of having been executed in great haste and with difficulty. Just over the head was a large lump. Presently the bandages covering it were off, and there, on the face, lay a second roll of papyrus. I put down my hand to lift it, but it would not come away. It appeared to be fixed to the stout, seamless shroud which was drawn over the whole body and tied beneath the feet, as a farmer ties sacks This shroud, which was also thickly waxed, was in one piece, being made to fit the form like a garment. I took a candle and examined the roll, and then I saw why it was fast. The spices had congealed and glued it to the sack-like shroud

It was impossible to get it away without tearing the outer sheets of papyrus. At last, however, I wrenched it loose and

put it with the other in my pocket.

Then in silence we went on with our dreadful task. With much care we ripped loose the sack-like garment, and at last the body of a man lay before us. Between his knees was a third roll of papyrus. I secured it, and then held down the lights and looked at him. Being a doctor, one glance at his face was enough to tell me how he had died.

This body was not much dried up. Evi dently it had not passed seventy days in natron, and therefore the expression and izeness were better preserved than is usual Without entering into particulars

CHAPTER L

OF THE BIRTH OF HARMACHIS; THE PROPH ECY OF THE HATHORS; AND THE SLAT-ING OF THE INNOCENT CHILD. Y OSIRIS who sleeps

at Abouthis, I write the truth. I, Harmachis, hereditary priest of the Tempie, reared by the 2 divine Sethi, aforetime a Pharaoh of Egypt, and now justified in Osiris and ruling in Amenti. I, Har-ASSISE machis, by right divine and by true S-11-5 descent of blood King of the Double

Crown and Pharaoh of the Upper and Lower Land. I, Harmachis, who cast aside the opening flower of our hope, who turned him from the glorious path, who forgot the voice of God in hearkening to the voice of woman. I, Harmachis, the fallen, in whom are gathered up all woes as waters are gathered in a desert well, who have tasted of every shame, why by betrayal have betrayed, who, in losing the glory that is here have lost of the glory that is there, who am utterly undone-I write, and, by Him who sleeps at Abouthis, I write the truth.

O Egypt! Egypt! dear land of Khem, whose black soil nourished up my mortal part-land that I have betrayed-O ye Gods !- Osiris !- Isis !- Horus !- ye Gods of Egypt whom I have betrayed !- O ye temples whose pylons strike the sky; ye tem-ples whose faith I have betrayed! O Royal blood of the Pharachs of Eld, that yet runs within these withered veins-whose virtue I have betrayed !- O Ri, ht divine of Kings betrayed by me !-- O Invisible Essence of all Good! and O Fate, whose balance rested on my hand-hear me; and, to the last day of utter doom, bear me witness that I write the truth

What, then, is a man! He is a feather, but a feather blown by the wind. He is a fire, but a fire born of the fuel. He is . spirit, but a spirit having wings wherewith to sail to either destiny. He may choose the good, and on him doth rest the evil that he does. He is the helm unto the boat of Fate: he is the shadow that goes before the sword; he is the dream that presages the truth. There is no Chance; for man in his hour doth direct the Chance, and, as with a stylus, doth map upon the tablet of the world the thing that he brought about So hath the Invisible desreed, and so for

I awoke with a cry.

But my father. Amenembat, the High Priest, trembled, and was very fearful both

because of the words which had been said by the Spirit of the Hathors through the mouth of my mother, and because what had been uttered was treason against Ptolemy. For he knew that if the matter should come to the cars of Ptolemy, Pharaoh would send his guards to destroy the life of the child of whom such things were prophesied. Therefore, my father shut the doors, and caused all those who were there to swear upon the holy symbol of his office, and by the name of the Divine Three, and by the soul of her who lay dead upon the stones beside em, that naught of what they had seen and heard should pass their lips.

But among the company was theold wife, Atoua, who had been the nurse of my mother, and loved her well; and in these days, though I know not how it hath been in the past, nor how it shall be in the future, there is no oath that can bind a woman's tongue. And so it came about that by and by, when the matter had become homely in her mind, and her fear had fallen from her, she spoke

of the prophecy to her daughter, who nursed me at the breast now that my mother was dead. This she did as they walked together in the desert carrying food to the husband of the daughter, who was a sculptor, and shaped the pictures of the holy gods in the tombs that are fashioned in the rock-telling the daughter, my nurse, how great should be her care and love toward the child that one day should be Pharaoh and drive the Ptolemies from Egypt. But the daughter, my nurse, was so filled with wonder at what she heard that she could not keep the tale locked within her breast, and in the night she awoke her husband, and, in turn, whispered of it to him, and thereby compassed her own destruction, and the destruction of her child, my foster-brother. For the man told his friend, and the friend was a spy of Ptolemy's, and thus the tale came to Pharaoh's ears. Now, Pharaoh was much troubled thereat, for though when he was full of wine he would make a mock of the Gods of the Egyptians, and swear that the Roman Senate was the only God to whom he bowed the knee, yet in his heart was he terribly afraid, as I have learned from one who was his physician; for when he was alone at night he would scream and cry aloud to the great Serapis, who, indeed, is no true God, and to other Gods, fearing lest he should be murdered and his soul handed over to the tormentors. Also, when he felt his throne tremble under him, he

would send large presents to the temples, and ask a message from the oracles, and more especially from the oracle that is at Philae. Therefore, when it came to his ears that the wife of the High Priest of the great and ancient temple of Abouthis had, ere she died, been filled with the Spirit of Prophecy. and prophesied that her son would be Pharaoh, he was much afraid, and summoning some trusty guards-who, being Greeks, feared not to do sacrilege-he dispatched them by boat up the Nile with orders to come to Abouthis and cut off the head of the child of the High Priest and

bring it to him to a basket. But, as it chanced, the boat wherein the guards came was of deep draught, and the time of their coming being at the lowest ebb of the river, it struck and remained fast upon a bank of mud that is opposite the mouth of the road that runs across to the plains of Abouthis, and as the north wind was blowing very flercely it was like to sink. Thereon the guards of Pharaoh called out to the common people, who is bored at lifting water along the banks of the rive. to come with posts and take them

the deed and showed it to the old wife. Atous, bidding her tell the High Priest that his son should be a King without a head

And as they went one of their number saw me playing in the dirt and called out that there was more breeding in yonder brat than in the Prince Harmachis; and for a moment they wavered, thinking to slay me also, but in the end they passed on, bearing the head of my foster-brother, for they loved not to murder little children.

But, after awhile, the mother of the dead child returned from the market place, and when she found what had been done she and her husband would have slain Atous. the old wife, her mother, and given me up to the soldiers of Pharaoh; but my father came in likewise and learned the truth, and he caused the man and his wife to be seized by night and hid away in the dark places of the Temple, so that none saw them more. But I would to-day it had been the will of the Gods that I had been slain of the sol diers and not the innocent child.

And thereafter it was given out that the High Priest Amenembat had taken me to be as a son to him in the place of that of Harmachis who was slain of Pharaoh.

CHAPTER IL.

OF THE DISOBEDIENCE OF HARMACHIS; OF THE BLAYING OF THE LION; AND OF THE SPEECH OF THE OLD WIFE, ATOUA.

ND after these things Ptolemy the Piper troubled us no more, nor did he again send his soldiers to Abouthis to 26 prophesied that he should be Pharson. For -三大 the head of the child, my foster-brother, was brought to him by the cunuch as he sat in his palace of marble at Alexandria, flushed with Cyprian wine, and played upon the rith flute before his women. And

at his bidding the cunuch lifted up the head by the hair for him to look on. Then he laughed and smote it on the cheek with his sandal, and bade one of the girls crown Pharaoh with flowers. And he bowed the kace, and mocked the head of the innocent child. But the girl, who was sharp of tongue-for all of this I heard in years-said to him "that he did well to bow the knee, for this child was indeed Pharaoh, the greatest of Pharaohs, and his name was the Osiris and his throne was Death."

At this saying Auletes was much troubled, ad shook and trembled, for, being a wicked man, he greatly feared the entering into Amenti. So he caused the girl to be slain, because of the evil omen of her saying, crying that he would send her to worship Pharaoh whom she had named. And the other women he sent a way, and played no more upon the flute till he was once again drunk on the morrow. But the Alexandri ans made a song thereon, which is still sung about the streets. And this is the beginning thereof:

Ptolemy the Piper played Over dead and dying: Piped and played he well. Sure that flute of his was made Of the dank reed sighing

O'er the streams of hell.

There beneath the shadows gray, With the sisters three, Shall be pipe for many a day. May the Frog his butler be! And his wine the water of that countrie-Ptoiemy the Piper!



fingers unloosed their hold so that the baw fell from them. Then with a loud cry be turned and fied behind me, leaving the lion in my path. But while I stood waiting my doom-for though I was sore afraid I would not fly-the lion crouched himself, and, turning not aside, with one great bound swept over me, touching me not. He lit, and again he bounded full on the boaster's back, striking him such a blow with his great paw that his head was crushed as an egg thrown against a stone. He fell down dead, and the lion stood and roared over him. Then 1 was mad with horror, and, scarce knowing what I did, I grasped my spear, and with a shout I charged. As I charged the lion lifted himself up on his hinder legs to greet me, so that his head stood up above me. He smote at me with his paw, but with all my strength I drove the broad spear into his throat, and. shrinking from the agony of the steel, his blow fell short and did no more than rip the skin. Back he fell, the great spear far in his throat. Then rising, he reared in pain and leapt twice the height of a man straight into the air, smiting at the spear with his fore paws. Twice he leaped thus, horrible to see, and twice he fell upon his back. Then his strength spent itself with his rushing blood, and, groaning like a bull, he died; and I, being but a lad, stood and trembled with fear, now that all cause of fear had passed. 29.62

-SL Joseph's academy, at Greensburg. Pa., has adopted the phonograph in teaching elocution. It magnifies defects of enunciation, and at a recent test a pupil honestly tried to repudiate as not his own a speech it had recorded. He could not believe he was so faulty.

-The number of converts in the Japan mission of the American board has increased in fifteen months from 4,226 to 7,998. a gain of 2,867. This is the most remarkable record of any mission connected with the board, with the exception of the great gathering in the Sandwich islands.

-It is calculated to make the British feel small as a nation when they read that a special commissioner sent over from Japan to report upon the condition of Great Britain under Christianity has made a feature in his report of the amount of drunkenness he saw, and recommends the Japanese not to adopt the British religion