UNION OREGON.

THE STARLESS STRIPES.

A REPORTER'S RAMBLE THROUGH A GEORGIA CONVICT CAMP

A Large Brick Making Concern-How the Prisoners Are Worked, Fed and Guarded-The Sweat Box for Disorderlies-Better Grub Than Many Were Used To.

Nestled in the vale of the Chattahoochee is a village of something over 200 inhabitants.

Of these, 185 are under the ban of the law, and, like the Israelites of old, are making bricks for the mighty piles in the populous cities of the land.

From the mountains of West Virginia to "Tampa's desert strand" you may find these bricks, and the finger prints upon them are made by the clasp of the hands of felons.

Wearied of the common cussedness of the police station, the Nighthawk hied him away to this village by the river to spend an hour among the starless stripes of a Georgia convict camp. Capt. Woodruff, the superintendent,

was found, and showed the visitor through the works.

There are 185, about 10 per cent, whites, and among the number of negroes, twenty-two women.

Everything is life and activity. Some are engaged in hauling clay from the clay fields several miles down the river; others are manipulating the dirt through the two machines that prepare it for the mill; a deaf and dumb man was shoveling it into the hopper and several were taking out the bricks.

Fifty bricks a minute is the record of one of these.

"A TURKISH BATH." "Step in there," said Capt. Woodruft, "and you can see how it works."

The unsuspecting newspaper man stepped inside.

Slam! The darkness was palpable. The air

was suffocating. "Wonder if this is a practical joke," thought the prisoner, as he gasped for breath and reached out his hand in search of something to hold on to. The sweat broke out on face and hands, and just then the door was raised and the Nighthawk scrambled out with feelings of relief indescribable,

"That is what we call a 'Turkish bath,' and we give the boys one occasionally, remarked Capt. Woodruff, with a smile. Out of these dryers busy hands were trundling bricks to the big kilns.

Seventy-two varieties of ornamental and pressed brick, besides the common grades, are made here, and the beautiful twin Corliss engines go whirling around. rain or shine, all the livelong day.

The farm attached to the works consists of many acres of river bottom, and here are grown hundreds of bushels of corn, many tons of hay, barrels of sorghum sriup and vegetables innumerable. Collards, cabbages, rutabages and white turnips are grown on the rich slopes for the maintenance of the con-

victs. Fat pigs are raised on the refuse and ten big uddered milch cows graze on the meadows. This is the farmer side of the subject, and on farms many of the hands

are kept constantly employed. What goes with the crops? Well, you see, each and every convict is a man with an appetite. He may loose his character, sacrifice his reputation and consign his rights and franchises as a citizen to the dingnation bow-wows, but he retains his appetite, and the longer he remains the more robust becomes his

capacity in that line. The way they fatten up is frequently proved by weighing them when they come in and at intervals afterward. The increase shows how rapidly they grow and thrive.

CHAINGANG GRUB. Far be it from me to try and induce any respectable citizen to emigrate to Chattahoochee, and when I speak of its attractions I do it without hope of reward, fear of punishment or any of the motives that cause real estate men and boomers to

But when I walked into the kitchen and got a sniff of the grub that the women were cooking, I tell you I had to choke down a sob.

prevariente.

And I got so hungry and staved so hungry that when I got back to Bolton, in the gloaming, the first thing I did was to buy a box of sardines.

But this is a digression. Some of the women attend to the cooking, and the big bake oven turns out loaf after loaf of corn bread, from nice sifted meal, which, when broken into "pones," reminds one of the old plantation kitchen. A big caldron is filled with vegetables and wholesome bacon,

and set a-boiling. The tin dinner pails are washed clean and in each is placed the materials for a square meal, and these are passed to the convicts as they come in from their work. Each one takes his pail and carries it with him into the stockade, where

he cats as he pleases. The rations are three quarters of a pound of bacon a day, bread and vegetables, with sirup ad libitum.

If "Oliver Twist wants more" he gets

it, and no complaint of short rations is

heard among them. At noon ten gallons of fresh milk are dispensed among them every day. Twice a week fresh beef and rice are furnished; twice a week they have flour, and those who do extra work and make money of their own have whatever else they wish,

Many of them have far better food and more of it than they had at home .-Atlanta Constitution.

Non-Professional Advice. Sly Young Lady-Doctor, can you tell me what is the most rapid way to gain

Doctor (gruffly)-Sit down and peel a peck of onions.—Burlington Free Press. THE KING'S DAUGHTER.

Whin you was out a lady called, A lady foine and fair, Wid swate blue eyes, and purty mouth, And lovely banged up hair.

And whin she asked of you was in, Says I, "No, mum. she's not: But of you'll lave your card wid me, I'll see it's not forgot."

"Ob. niver moind," says she; "I came A little news to bring About some poor we're doing for -I'm dau'ther av the king."

Thin, howly saints: I lost me wita, And curtesied down so low; That whin the princess left the door,

But gettin' quick me senses back, arried down the strate And, bowin' low, says I to her,

'Pray won't your hoighness wait?" She looked at me and smiled most swate, Wid all her white teeth showin'; "No, not today; I'll come again, 'Tis toime I must be goin'

Now, though I am a dimmycrat, All kings and queenses hatin', And bein' an American, All white folks equal ratin',

I'd loike to know the princess' name. And who moight be her father, And what she's doin' over here So far across the wather.

And of her royal hoighness wants A maid to wait upon her, I'll do it on these blissed knaes, Sure's me name's O'Connor -Mary L. Henderson in The Century.

THE STUDY OF MAN.

Nature, Not Text Books, the Means of Learning Human Nature.

When Alexander Pope wrote "The Proper Study of Mankind is M.a.," he gave expression to a far reaching truth, illustrated every day. To understand man in his various moods, to be able to control and guide him, is to be a king among men. Self control is the first fruit of each study rightly carried on, and then follows the control of others-not as an exacting master, but as a guide and friend. The leaders in business, in politics, in war, the men who attain eminence in the active affairs in which large numbers are associated, although they may not have set out to make a study of man, and may, in fact, be unconscious of their attainments, have nevertheless acquired a knowledge of themselves, which gives them self control, and a knowledge of the moods, impulses and weaknesses of others that enables them to take control as leaders. Such power is not necessarily associated with a high degree of culture in other directions, nor, on the other hand, does the possession of general intelligence necessarily include this power. The contrary is very frequently the case -literary culture, arising from a close study of books, depriving one of that intimate association with men which is essential to a knowledge of their dispositions, emotions and passions.

Even the books that "hold the mirror up to nature" present but a partial and imperfect view of man. The true student must go to nature herself for instruction It is this circumstance that sometimes gives rise to wonderment at the success who fail to consider the great value of study of man to those who would be guides or leaders, or who are called upon to manage large bodies of men. He who learns by study, observation or experience when to humor, when to command. and how to play upon the hopes, ambitions, cupidity or fears of others, so as to get them to do his bidding, has mastered the greatest of all instruments, beside which the playing upon a pipe is indeed simple. There are men of this kind who. having special aptitude for command. soon learn, unconsciously it may be, how to lead, guide or drive others. They come to the front in war, in politics and in business life, and succeed oftentimes in spite of defects in their scholastic training, while their better educated rivals, lacking knowledge of men, fail alto gether, or if they rise above the ranks

gain only subordinate places. Until within recent years there have been scarcely any attempts to make a man a school study: nor is it to be expected that the study as now carried on will take the place of experience in raising up managers of men. Yet it is worth while for those who find themseives deficient in this respect to formally begin the study in their own persons as in that of others. Self study is always useful, for it develops unexpected weaknesses that may be corrected if there is a disposition to improve, and it at least gives suggestions as to the weaknesses of others, through which they may be controlled or managed.

When Hamlet, having vainly importuned Guildenstern to play upon the pipe, throws it upon the floor, he exclaims: "Why, look you now how unworthy a thing you make of me. You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass, and there is much music. excellent voice in this little organ, yet cannot you make it."

an that passage a strong figure of speech is presented, illustrating what may be done by those who have made a proper study of mankind. They can day upon humanity as skillfully as the musician plays upon the pipe.

Guildenstern lacked knowledge more than Hamlet lacked advancement, but there were doubtless others even in that day who could have sounded Hamlet from his lowest note to the top of his compass, and have guided and controlled him. At all events, the ruder instruhents represented by common men may be prayed upon, and it is those who have made the study recommended by Pope who do play upon them, and become leaders among men. It is a study that all can undertake; the subjects are innumerable, and the guide book to them all is ever present in the student's own person.—Baltimore Sun.

They Made a Splendid Board. Bagley-Well, old man, I'll expect you to-night.

Bailey-I'll be there. Bagley-Oh, by the bye, if you don't mind you might wear your new trousers, and we can have a game of chess .-

The Arab Dominion in Africa.

But the problem of Arab dominion is not on the coast at all, but in the interior of Africa. On the coast the European states can make their influence felt, but it extends no further than a narrow strip of land, beyond which barbarism reigns supreme. And here we arrive at one of the most remarkable phenomena of the age in which we live and the planet we inhabit. The aboriginal inhabitants of Central Africa are savages, sunk in heathenism, afflicted by the evils and weaknesses of savage life, and perhaps inferior in mental and physical vigor to the stronger races of mankind.

Over them has passed, like a tempest from the east, a horde of men of another and a stronger race, which marks them out for slavery and destruction. The Arab invasion of Africa is characterized in every part to which Europeans have penetrated by desperate valor in arms. by an utter indifference to human life, and, above all, by an enthusiastic and

fanatical belief in the faith of Islam. They remind us of those ardent followers of the prophet who, in the first ages of Mohammedanism, bore his blood stained standard and his intolerant creed from Spain to the confines of China, and wellnigh overthrew the faith and civilization of the ancient world. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, they are the same men-the living inheritors of the passions, the valor and the faith of the sol-

diers of Mohammed. Before the strength of the Christian states they are now reluctantly compelled to bow; but over the unarmed and untutored native races of Africa they are supreme. Accordingly, what we are now witnessing in Africa, since it has been partially opened to our view, is an amazing recrudescence and fermentation of Mohammedan power. On the Congo it is not the native population, but the bloodthirsty Arab slave dealers, who oppose the progress of civilization; the natives ask for protection from these for

midable tyrants, On the Nile the fierce chiefs of this new warfare have made Khartoum a seat of power and authority over the neighboring tribes, for since the overthrow of the Egyptian government in the south they are masters of the Soudan. The capture of that important position, and the defeat and death of the heroic champion of civilization who perished there, were much greater events than they even seemed to be at the time they occurred; for they established a power, whether it was that of the Mahdi or any other name, which commands the interior and the river.-Edinburgh Re-

A Dangerous Drug.

Cocaine, as is now well known, is a very valuable but an exceedingly dangerous drug, and M. Dufournier has lately published in The Archives de Medecine the remarkable results of his investigations into its use. Cases where accidents have occurred are very numerous, and there is hardly a surgeon using cocaine who has not had occasion to witness them. As early as in 1887 Dr. Matof this man or the failure of that by those | tison published the account of forty such instances and the roll of victims who have lost their life from a dose of cocaine has now reached as high as nine. In a large number of cases it has given rise to a species of poisoning, from which the patient usually recovers. Among the phenomena characterizing this form of poisoning, one observed in a patient of Dr. E. Bradley is worthy of mention. This patient was taken with facial paralysis, from which he did not recover for six months. Other symptoms are hallucinations, great excitement and cerebral agitation, and, finally, Dr. Leslie Calloghan in one case saw the entire body covered by a scarletiniform rash.

Dr. Szunman, wishing to remove a large wart situated at the base of the thumb of a young girl of 20, injected under the skin, close to the wart, one cubic centimeter of a one-in-ten solution of cocaine. The patient felt no pain, but as the little wound was being sewed together she suddenly lost color and fainted, her pulse became weak and slow, and her hands and feet stiffened. Water was dashed in her face and she recovered consciousness, but she did not regain at once her sense of feeling, as she kept asking where her hands were. By this time the stiffening had extended to the whole of her person, but these alarming symptoms quieted down little by little, and by half an hour's time they all came to a happy end. This case represents the mildest form of comine poisoning. Between this form and the cases in which death ensued come in a series of severer forms, in which the alarming symptoms lasted three hours to five or six days .- prevent maseat the silence on his lips, that St. James Gazette.

Curious Figures on the "surplus." The weight and bulk of the gold and silver coins now held in the United States treasury form the subject of much inquiry among people of a mathematical turn co mind, one of whom has ascertained that the gold alone weighs 601 tons of 2,000 pounds, and that the silver weighs 8,000 tons. Corded along the highway, as wood is corded, the gold would make a wall 4 feet high and 4 feet thick for a distance of 335 feet. The silver, if similarly packed in a solid wall, would extend 4,248 feet, or about five-sixths of a mile. If packed in carts, a ton to each cart, the procession would be nearly 33 miles long, of which distance the carts containing gold would cover two and one-half miles, and the silver ladened carts a fraction over 301 miles. -St. Louis Republic.

A Cure for Diphtheria.

The following remedy was discovered in Germany and is said to be the best known: At the first indication of diphtheria in the throat of a child make the room close; then take a tin cup and pour into it a quantity of tar and turpentine, equal parts. Then hold the cup over a fire so as to fill the room with fumes, The little patient, on inhaling the fumes, will cough up and spit out all the membranous matter, and the diphtheria will pass off. The fumes of the tar and turpentine loosen the matter in the throat thus affording the relief that has baffled the skill of physicians.—New York Tel-

CLEOPATRA.

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

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD, Author of "King Solomon's Mines," "She," "Allan Quatermain," Etc., Etc., Etc.

Blustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOOD

VILLE and GREIFFENHAGEN The strength withfu me began to rea felt my life ebbing at its springs. Death drew near to me, and his shape was Silence. He entered at my heart, entered with a sense of numbing cold; but my brain was still alive, I could yet think. I knew that I was drawing near the confines of the dead. Nav. I was dving fast, and oh, the horror of it! I strove to pray and could not; there was no more time for prayer. One struggle and the stillness crept into my



I SAW THE WORLD AS IT HAD BEEN BEFORE MAN WAS.

brain. The terror passel; an unfathomable weight of sleep pressed me down. I was dying, I was dying, and then I was dead-nothingness!

A change-life came back to me, but between the new life and the life that had been was a gulf and difference. Once more I stood in the darkness of the shrine, but it blinded me no more. It was clear as the light of day, although it was still black. I stood; and yet it was not I who stood, but rather my spiritual part, for at my feet lay my dead self. There it lay, rigid and still, a stamp of wful calm sealed upon its face while I gazed on it.

And as I gazed, filled with wonder, I was caught up on the Wings of Fiame and whirled away! away! faster than the lightning flash. Down I fell, through depths of failf empty space, set here and there with glittering crowns of stars. Down for ten million miles and ten times ten million, till at length I hovered over a place of soft, unchanging light, wherein were Temples, Palaces and Abodes, such as no man ever saw in the wildest visions of his sleep. They were built of Flame, and they were built of Blackness. Their spires pierced up and up; their great courts stretched around. Even as I hovered they changed continually to the eye; what was flame became blackness, was the flash of crystal, and there the blaze of gems shone even through the glory that rolls around the city which is in the Place of Death. There were trees, and their voice as they rustled was the voice of music; there was air, and as it blew its breath was the sobbing notes of song.

Shapes, changing, mysterious, wonderful, rushed up to meet me and bore me down till I seemed to stand upon another earth.

"Who comest" cried a great voice. "Harmachis," answered the Shapes that changed continually, "Harmachis, who hath been summoned from the earth to look upon the face of Her, that Was, and Is, and Shall Be. Harmachis, Child of

Earth!" "Throw back the Gates and open wide the Doors!" pealed the awful voice. "Throw back the Gates and open wide the Doors. Seal up his lips in silence, lest his voice jar upon the harmonies of heaven; take away his sight, lest he see that which may not be seen, and let Harmschis, who hath been summoned, pass down the path that leads to the place of the Unchanging. Pass on, Child of Earth; but, before thou goest, look up that thou mayest learn how far thou art

removed from earth." I looked up. Beyond the glory that shone about the city was black night, and high co its bosom twinkled one they star. Behold the world that thou hast left,"

said the voice, "behold and tremble. Then my lips and eyes were touched and sealed with silence and with darkness, so that I was dumb and blind. And the gates rolled back, the doors swung wide, and I was swept into the city that is in the place of Death. Swiftly I was swept I know not whither, till at length I stood upon my feet. Again the same voice pealed:

"Praw the vail of blackness from his of Earth, may see, hear tand understand, and make adoration at the shrine of Her, that Was, and Is, and Shall

And my lips and eyes were touched once more, so that my sight and speech came

Behold! I stood within a hall of blackest marble, so lofty that scarce even in the rosy light could my vision reach the great groins of the roof. Music wailed about its spaces, and all adown its length stood winged spirits fashioned in living flame, and such was the brightness of their forms that I could not look thereon. In its center was an altar, small and square, and I stood before the empty altar. Then again the voice

"O Thou that hast been, art, and shalt be: Thou who, having many names, art yet without a name; Measurer of Time; Guardian of the Worlds, and the Races that dwell thereon; Universal Mother born of Nothingness; Creatrix uncreated; Living Splender without form, Living Form without Substance; Servant of the Invisible; Child of Law; Holder of the Scales and Sword of Fate; Vessel of Life, from whom all Life is, to whom it again is gathered; Recorder of Things Done; Executer of Decrees-hear! Harmachis, the Egyptian, who by Thy will hath been summoned from the earth, waits before Thine Altar, with ears unstepped, with eyes unscaled, and with an open heart. Hear and descend! Descend. O Many-shaped! scend in Flame! Descend in Sound! Descend in Spirit! Hear and Descend!"

The voice ceased and there was silence. Presently, moved thereto by I know not what, I raised my eyes from between my hands wherewith I had covered them, and I saw hanging over the altar a small dark cloud, in and out of which a flery serpent

Then all the Spirits clad in flame fell upon the marbie floor, and with a loud voice

adored; but what they said I could not understand. Behold! the dark cloud came down and rested on the Altar, the Serpent of fire stretched itself toward me; and with its forky tongue touched me on the forehead and was gove. Fre) within the cloud a voice, sweet and 1 s and clear,

speke in heavenly accents: Depart, ye Ministers, leave me with my servant whom I have summoned. Then like arrows rushing from a bow the

flame-clad Spirits leaped from the ground and sped away. "O. Harmachis," said the voice, "be not afraid. I am She whom thou don't know as Isis of the Exceptions: but-a --- |se I --- | strive no Thou to learn the is beyond thy strength. For I am all things, all life is my spirit, all Nature is my raiment. I am the laughter of the child, I am the maiden's love, I am the mother's kiss, I am the Child and Servant of the Invisible that is God, that is Law, that is Fate-though myself I be not God and Fate and Law. When winds blow and oceans roar upon the face of Earth thou hearest my voice; when thou gazest on the starry firmament thou seest my countenance; when the spring blooms out in flowers, that is my smile, Harmachis. For I am nature's self, and all her shapes are shapes of Me. I breathe in all that breathes. I wax and wane in the changeful moon. I grow and gather in the tides. I rise with the Suns. I flash with the lightning and thunder in the storms. Nothing is too great for the measure of my majesty, nothing is so small that I can not find a

be bade Me also be. I bowed my head-I could not speak, for

home therein. I am in thee and thou art in

me, O Harmachis; that which bade thee

I was fear-smitten. "Faithfully hast thou served me, O my

servant," went on the low, sweet voice; greatly hast thou longed to be brought face to face with Me here in Amenti; and greatly hast thou dared to accomplish that desire. For it is no small thing to cast off the tabernacie of the flesh, and, before the appointed time, if only for an hour, put on the raiment of the spirit. And greatly, O my servant, have I, too, desired to look on thee here where I am. For the Gods love those who love them, but with a wider and deeper love, and under One who is as far from Me as I am from thee, mortal, I am a God of Gods. Therefore I have caused thee to be brought hither, Harmachis; and therefore I speak to thee, my servant, and bid thee commune with Me now face to face, as thou didst commune that night upon the Temple towers of Abouthis. For I was there with thee, Harmachis, as I was in ten thousand other worlds. It was I, O Harmachis, who laid the lotus in thy hand, giving thee the sign which thou didst seek. For thou art of the kingly blood of those who served Me from age to age. And if thou dost not fail thou shalt sit upon that kingly throne and restere my ancient worship in its purity, and sweep my temples from their defilements. But if thou dost fail, then shall Isis become but a memory in Egypt.

The voice paused, and, gathering up my strength, at length I spoke aloud. "Teil me, O Holy," I said, "shall I then

"Ask Me not." answered the voice, "that which it is not lawful that I should answer thee. Perchance I can read that which shall befall thee, perchance it doth not please me so to read. What can it profit the Divine, that hath all time wherein to await the issues, to be eager to look upon the blossom that is not blown, but which, lying a seed in the bosom of the earth, shall bloom in its season? Know, Harmachis, that I do not shape the Future; the Future is to thee and not to Me, for it is born of Law and of the rule ordained of the Invisible. Vet art thou free to act therein, and thou shalt win or thou shalt fail according to thy strength and the measure of thy heart's purity. Thine be the burden, O Harmachis, as thine in the event shall be the glory or the shame. Little do I reck of the issue. I who am but the Minister of what is written. Now hear me. Always will I be with thee, my servant, for my love once given can never be taken away, though by sin it may seem lost to thee. Remember then this: If then dost triumph, great shall be guerdon; if thou dost fall, heavy indeed shall be thy punishment, both in the flesh and in the land that thou callest Aments. Yet this for thy comfort; shame and agony shall not be eternal. For, however deep the fall from righteousness, if but repentance holds the heart, there is a path- a stony and a cruel path-whereby the height may be elimbed grin. Let it not be thy let to follow it, Harmachis! And now, because thou hast lov d me, my servant, and, wandering through the maze of fable, wherein men lose themselves upon the earth, mistaking the substance for the spirit, and the altar for the God, hast yet grasped a clew of Truth the Many-faced-and because I love thee and look on to the day that, perchance, shall come when thou shalt dwell blessed in my light and in the doing of my kely tasks-because of this, I say, it shall be given to thee, O harmachis, to look upon the face of Isis-even unto the eyes of the

Messenger, and not die the death. Behold?" The sweet voice ceased; the dark cloud upon the altar changed-it grew white, it shone, and seemed at length to take the shrouded shape of woman. Then the golden snakes crept from its heart once more, and, like a living diadem, twined itself about the

cloudy brows. Now suddenly the vapors burst and melted, and with my eyes I saw that Glory, at the very thought of which my spirit faints. But what I saw it is not lawful to utter. For, though I have been bidden to write what I have written of this matter. perchance that a record may remain, thereon have I been warned—ay, even now, after these many years. I saw, and what I saw can not be imagined; for there are Glories and there are shapes which are beyond the reach of man's imagination. I saw-then, with the memory of that sight stamped forever on my heart, my spirit failed m and I

sank down before the Glory. And as I fell, it seemed that the great hall burst open and crumbled into flakes of fire around me. Then there was a sound as the sound of worlds rushing down the cataracts of Time-and I knew no more!

CHAPTER VIL

OF THE AWAKING OF HARMACHIS: OF THE OF THE UPPER AND THE LOWER LAND, AND OF THE OFFERINGS MAD! TO THE PHARAOH.

AGAIN I woke, to ded myself stretched at length upon the some flooring of the relation of Isis that is at Abouthis. By me stood the old Priest of the Mysteries, and in his hand was a lamp. He bent over me and gazed earnestly upon my face.

"It is day—the day of thy new birth—and thou hast lived

new birth-and thou hast lived to see it, O Harmachis!" he said at length. "I give thanks. Arise, Royal Harmachis - nay, teil me naught of that which has fallen thee. Arise, beloved of the Holy Mother. Come forth, thou who hast passed the fire and learned what lies behind the

darkness. Come forth, O newly born!"

I rose, and walking faintly, went with him, and passing out of the darkness of the Shrines, came once more into the pure light of the morning, filled with thought and wender. And then I went to my own chamber and slept; nor did any dreams come to trouble me. But no man, not even my father, usked me aught of what I saw pon that dread night, or after what fashion

I had communed with the Goddess. After all these things which have been written, for a space I applied myself to the worship of the Mother Isis, and to the further sludy of the outward forms of the mysteries whereto I now hold the key. More over, I was instructed in matters politic, for many great men of our following came secretly to see me from all quarters of Egypt, and told me much of the hatred of the people toward Cleopatra, the Queen, and of other things. At last the hour drew nigh; it was three months and ten days from the night when, for awhile, I left the flesh, and yet, living with our life, was gathered to the breast of Isls, on which it as agreed that with due and customary formality, although in utter secrecy, I should be called to the throne of the Upper and Lower Land. So it came to pass that. as the solemn time drew nigh, great men of the party of Egypt gathered to the number of thirty-seven from every nome, and each great city of their nome, coming together at Abouthis. In every guise they came - some as priests, some as pilgrims to the Shrine, and some as beginner at mor atten was my uncle, Sepa, who, though he cand himself as a traveling doctor, had much ado to keep his loud voice from betraying him. Indeed, I myself knew him tuereby, meeting him as I walked in thought upon the banks of the canal, notwithstanding that it was ausk and that the great cape, which, after the fashion of such doctors, he had thrown about his head, half hid his face.

"A pest on thee!" he cried, when I greeted him by his name. "Can not a man cease to be himself even for an hour! Didst thou but know the pains that it has cost me to learn to play this part-and now thou read-

est who I am even in the dark!" And then, still talking in his loud voice, he told me how he had traveled hither on foot, the better to escape the spies who ply to and fro upon the river. But he said he should return by the water, or take another guise; for since he had come as a doctor he had been forced to play a doctor's part, knowing but little of the arts of medicine; and, as he greatly feared, many there were between On and Abouthis who had suffered therefrom. [In Ancient Egypt an unskillful or negligent physician was liable to very heavy penalties .- Ed. J And he laughed loudly and embraced me, forgetting his part. For he was too whole at heart to be an actor and other than himself, and would have entered Abouthis with me bolding my hand, had I not chid him for his folly.

At length all were gathered. It was night when the gates of the Temple were shut. None were left within them, save only the thirty-seven, my fath r, the High Priest Amenembat; that aged Priest who had led me to the Shrine of Isis; the old wife, Atona, who, according to ancient custom, was to prepare me for the anomiing; and some five other priests, sworn to secrecy by that oath which none may break. They gathered in the second hall of the great Temple, but I remained alone, clad in my white robe, in the passage where are the names of six-and-seventy ancient Kings, who were before the day of the divine Sethi. There I rested in darkness, till at length my father, Amenembat, came, bearing a lamp, and, bowing low before me, led me by the hand forth into the great hall. Here and there between its mighty piliars lights were set that dimly showed the sculptured. images upon the walls, and dimly fell upor the long line of the seven-and-thirty Lords Priests and Princes, who, seated upon caryen chairs, awaited my coming in silence. Before them, facing away from the seven Sanctueries, was set a throne, around which stood the Priests holding the sacred images and banners. As I came into the dim and holy place the Dignitaries rose and bowed before me, speaking no word, while my father led me to the steps of the throne, and in a low voice bade me stand before it

And then he spake: "Lords, Priests and Princes of the ancient orders of the land of Khem-nobles from the Upper and the Lower Country, here gathered in answer to my summons, hear me. I present unto you, with such scant formality as the occasion can afford, the Prince Harmachis, by right and true descent of blood the descendant and heir of the ancient Paaraohs of our most unhappy land. Priest is he of the inmost circle of the Mysteries of the Divine Isis, Master of the Mysteries, Hereditary Priest of the Pyramids which are by Memil, Instructed in the Solemn Rites of the Holy Osiris. there any among you who hath aught to

urge against the true line of his blood?" He paused, and my Uncle Sepa, rising from his chair, spoke: "We have made examination of the records and there is none, O Amenembat. He is of the Royal blood, his descent is true."

"Is there any among you," went on my father, "who can duny that this Royal Harmachis, by sanctions of the very Gods, bath en gathered to Isis, been shown the way of the Osiris, been admitted to be the Hereditary High Priest of the Pyramius which are by Memfi, and of the Temples of the Pyramias?

Then rose that old Priest who had been my guide in the sanctuary of the Mother and de anawer: "There is none, O Amenemhat; of my own knowledge know I these

Once more my father spake: "Is there any among you who hath aught to urge against time Royal Harmachie, in that by wickedness of heart or life, by uncleanness or falsity, it is not fit or meet that we should crown him Lord of all the Lunds?" Then rose an aged Prince of Memfi and made answer: "We have inquired of these

matters; there is none, O Amenembat!" "It is well," said my father; "then naughtis wanting in the Prince Harmachis, seed of Nekt nebf, the Osirian. Let the woman Atoua stand forth and tell to this company those things that came to pass when, at the hour of her death, she who was my wife prophesied over this Prince, being filled with the spirit of the Hathers "

Thereon old Aloua crept forward from the shadow of the columns and carnestiy told those things that have been written. "Ye have beard," said my father; "do ye believe that the woman who was my wife spake with the divine volce?"

'We do," they answered. Then my Uncle Sepa rose and spake: Royal Harmachis, thou hast heard, Know now that we are gathered here to crown thee King of the Upper and the Lower Lands thy hely father, Amenen hat, renouncing all his right on thy behalf. We are met, not, indeed, in such pomp and ceremony as is due to the occasion - Air that which we do must be done in secret, lest our lives and the cause that is more dear to us than life should pay the forfeit-but yet. with such dignity and observance of the ancient rites as our circumstances may command. Learn, now, how this matter hangs, and if, after learning, thy mond

Pharach, and swear the oath! "Long bath Khem grouned beneath the mailed heel of the Greek, and trembled at the shadow of the rioman's spear; long bas the ancient worship of its Gods been des-

consents thereto, then mount thy throne, O