

The Oregon Scout

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STUDIES AT THE DEPOT.

The Great Trio—The Late Man, the Late Man and the Left Man.

Whoever doubts the prevalence of universal law has but to watch the departing trains from a railroad depot. There is always a late man, a last man and a left man. They are readily distinguishable. However much they may differ in physical attributes, the instant they enter the magic region of a train they are metamorphosed into their standard types.

The late man heels and toes it along the station platform under high pressure indignation. It registers itself in the shake of his head, the nervous change of his grip sack from one hand to the other, his defiant stare at the conductor, his go-ahead-if-you-dare glance at the steaming locomotive, and the volume of assertions written upon his face, that every thing else in the world is wrong excepting himself. He places his foot upon that train as if to hold it fast until the last allowable second.

The last man has lost all starching confidence; he has abandoned hope, reason, indignation. As he whirls through the gate, like a gale around a corner, he has but one purpose in life—to catch the very tip end of the rear-most portion of that train, if he has to chase it through all eternity. Going at his maximum speed, he takes no thought of life, its surroundings, its troubles, its cares. His coat-tails and grip-sack might belong to another universe, in so far as severance of knowledge of them from himself is concerned. Beyond the vision of smoke puffs and a moving mass ahead of him, his wild stare takes no cognizance. He is a wound up automaton with a grip sack and a purpose. The concentration of his thoughts upon the moving engine would hypnotize it if it was susceptible to mesmeric laws. He cranes his neck forward; he projects his body as if to hook on to something with his nose; he throws his free hand ahead to its uttermost extension; he condenses every muscular power into a lag motion; he spurts. There is a frantic grab at the rear hand-rail of the train; a jerk, a swing and he rides a block or so with the ratchet edges of four steps holding him by the back, his feet treading space in search of a foothold and his gripsack anchored to some friendly post on the last vertebra of the flying train.

The last man is a concentrated desire; but the left man is an attenuated void. The hydrant sign of a plumber's shop is an intellectual wonder and a phenomenal acrobat compared to him. As the train gate slams before him he comes to a statuesque halt. The speed of his arrival and the suddenness of his stop, shoots astonishment to his face to leave it there, fixed as a mask upon a wooden god. For an instant his skull is as a vacuity to which a seed squash is as a plethoric pudding. Then his allotment of original sin swells to the occasion with unimpeded fervor. He glances stealthily about to see who is looking at him. Conscious of a full dose of inward depravity, he smiles with the benignity of one who, having forgiven all and everybody, is ready to become a cherub. He quickly slips his gripsack behind him, and with a face set to catch sympathy remarks to the nearest stranger that he is much disappointed that the friend whom he came to meet did not arrive on that train. Seeking the nearest corner, for the seclusion proper to a swear, he loosens his safety-valve and blows off until all about him is blue.

Watch him! In a few moments he is an innocent interrogation mark before the Bureau of Information.—Detroit Free Press.

COUNTRY AND CITY.

Town Life Disqualifies People for Unremitting Exertion.

It has lately been pointed out, as the outcome of an exhaustive investigation, that of the leading judges, lawyers, physicians, clergymen, publishers, editors, bankers, manufacturers and merchants of New York, not over ten per cent were born on Manhattan Island.

There is something, apparently, in the atmosphere and vital conditions of a metropolis which tends to disqualify its natives for unremitting and triumphant exertion in the struggle for existence. The same phenomenon has often been observed in London and in Paris.

The causes may be obscure, but that they are deep-seated, and inseparable from large conglomerations of human beings, seems evident from the persistence of the race-type in countries whose cities have been repeatedly occupied by foreign invaders. Thus in Spain, where the Roman colonists settled in the towns, and left tillage to the conquered people, there is not now a trace discernible of Roman blood. In Syria, although its cities remained in the hands of Greeks for upwards of nine centuries, or from the time of Alexander to the time of the successors of Mohammed there now remains scarcely a vestige of the Greek domination.

What is even more noteworthy, the sedentary Arab population is dying out, and its place is taken by an inflow from the rural districts, which have been inhabited by the same Aramaic stock since the dawn of history. But the most striking example of the fugitive character of urban population is furnished by the Nile land, whose cities in historical times have been successively tenanted by Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabs and Turks. They would be solid to-day but for the incessant recruitment of their inhabitants from the *fellahs*, whose race-type is identical with that of the subjects of the Pharaohs depleted on the walls of the rock tombs at Thebes.

The laws of nature seem to have pronounced a curse upon the dwellers in great cities, and from the view-point of industrial and vital statistics it is unquestionably true that God made the country and man made the town.—N. Y. Ledger.

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.

This then I did. That night at the great feast of Cleopatra I sat right to Antony, who was at her side, and wore the poisoned wreath. Now, as the feast went on, fast flowed the wine, till Antony and the Queen grew merry. And she told him of her plans, and of how even now her galleys were being drawn by the canal that leads from *Babastus* or the *Peusis* branch of the Nile, to *Clymas* at the head of the Bay of *Hierapolis*. For it was her design, should Caesar prove stubborn, to fly with Antony and her treasure down the Arabian Gulf, where Caesar had no feet, and seek some new home in India, whither her foes might not follow. But, indeed, this plan came to nothing, for the Arabs of *Petra* burnt the galleys, incited thereto by a message sent by the Jews of *Alexandria*, who hated Cleopatra and were hated of her.

Now, when she had made an end of telling him, the Queen called on him to drink a cup with her to the success of this new scheme, bidding him, as she did so, steep his wreath of roses in the wine, and make the draught more sweet. This, then, he did, and it being done, she pledged him. But when he was about to pledge her back, she caught his hand, crying "Hold!" whereat he paused, wondering.

Now, among the servants of Cleopatra was one *Eudostus*, a steward; and this *Eudostus*, seeing that the fortunes of Cleopatra were at an end, had laid a plan to fly that very night to Caesar, as had done many of his betters, taking with him all the treasures in the palace that he could steal. But this design being discovered to Cleopatra, she determined to be avenged upon *Eudostus*.

"*Eudostus*," she cried, for the man stood near, "come hither, thou faithful servant! Seest thou this man, most noble Antony; through all our troubles he hath clung to us and been of comfort to us. Now, therefore, he shall be rewarded according to his deserts, and the measure of his faithfulness, and that from thine own hand. Give him thy golden cup of wine, and let him drink a pledge to our success; the cup shall be his guerdon."

And still wondering, Antony gave it to the man, who, stricken in his guilty mind, took it, and stood trembling. But he drank not.

"Drink, thou slave, drink!" cried Cleopatra, half rising from her seat and flashing a fierce look on his white face. "By *Serapis* so surely as I yet shall sit in the Capitol at Rome, and thou dost thus flout the Lord Antony, I'll have thee scourged to the bones, and the red wine poured upon thy open wounds to heal them. Ah! at length thou drinkest! Why, what is it, good *Eudostus* art sick? Surely, then, must this wine be as the water of jealousy of those Jews, that hath power to slay the false and strengthen the honest only? Go, some of you, search this man's room; he thinks he is a traitor!"

Meanwhile the man stood, his hands to his head. Presently he began to tremble, and then fell, shrieking, to the ground. Anon he was on his feet again, clutching at his bosom, as though to tear out the fire in his heart. He staggered, with livid, twisted face and foaming lips, to where Cleopatra lay watching him with a slow and cruel smile.

"Ah, traitor! thou hast it now!" she said. "Frithee, is death sweet?"

"Thou wanton!" yelled the dying man, "thou hast poisoned me! Thus mayest thou also perish!" and with one shriek he flung himself upon her. She saw his purpose, and swift and supple as a tiger sprang to one side, so that he did but grasp her Royal cloak, tearing it from its emerald clasp. Down he fell upon the ground, rolling over and over in the purple duff till presently he lay still and dead, his tormented face and frozen eyes peering ghastly from its folds.

"Ah!" said the Queen, with a hard laugh, "the slave died wondrous hard, and pain would have drawn a word from him. See, he hath borrowed my garment for a pall! Take him away and bury him in his liverly!"

"What means Cleopatra?" said Antony, as the guards dragged the corpse away; "the man drank of my cup. What is the purpose of this most sorry jest?"

"It serves a double end, noble Antony! This very night would that man have fled to Octavianus, bearing of our treasure with him. Well, I have lent him wings, for the dead fly fast! Also this, thou dost fear that I should poison thee, my Lord; nay, I know it. See now, Antony, how easy were it that I should slay thee if I had the will. That wreath of roses which thou dost steep within the cups is dewed with deadly bane. Had I, then, a mind to make an end of thee, I had not stayed thy hand. O Antony, henceforth trust me; sooner would I slay myself than harm one hair of thy beloved head! See, here come my messengers! Speak, what did ye find?"

"Royal Egypt, this we found. All things in the chamber of *Eudostus* are made ready for flight, and in his baggage is much treasure."

"Thou hearest?" said she, smiling darkly. "Think ye, my loyal servants all, that Cleopatra is one with whom it is well to play the traitor! Be warned by this Roman's fate!"

Then a great silence of fear fell upon the company, and Antony sat also silent.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WE LEARNED OLYMPUS AT MEMPHIS: POISONING; SPEECH OF ANTONY TO HIS CAPTAINS; PASSING OF ISIS FROM THE LAND OF KHEM.

OW must I, Harmachis, make speed with this, my task, setting down that which is permitted as shortly as may be, and leaving much untold. For of this am I warned, that Doom draws on and my days are well-nigh sped. After the drawing forth of Antony from the *Timonion* came that heavy time of quiet which heralds the rising of the desert wind. Antony and Cleopatra once again gave themselves up to luxury, and night by night feasted in splendor at the palace. They sent ambassadors to Caesar; but Caesar would have none of them; and, this hope being gone, they turned their minds to the defense of *Alexandria*. Men were gathered, ships were built and a great force was made ready against the coming of Caesar.

And now, aided by Charmion, I began my last work of hate and vengeance. Deep I wormed myself into the secrets of the palace, concealing all things for evil. I bade Cleopatra keep Antony gay, lest he

should brood upon his sorrows; and thus she sapped his strength and energy with luxury and wine. I gave him of my draughts—draughts that sank his soul in dreams of happiness and power, leaving him to wake to the heavier misery. Soon, without my healing medicine he could not sleep, and thus, being ever at his side, I bound his weakened will to mine, till at last little would he do if I said not "It is well." Cleopatra, also grown very superstitious, leaned much upon me; for I prophesied falsely to her in secret. Moreover, I wove other webs. Great was my fame throughout Egypt, for during the long years that I had dwelt in *Tape* it had spread through all the land. Therefore came many men of note to me, both for their health's sake and because it was looks that the burden ear of Antony and the Queen; and, in these days of doubt and trouble, fair were they to learn the truth. All these men I worked upon with doubtful words, sapping their loyalty; and many I caused to fall away, and yet none could hear an evil report of what I had said. Moreover, Cleopatra sent me to *Memfi*, there to move the *Priests* and *Governors* that they should gather men in *Upper Egypt* for the defense of *Alexandria*. I was to speak to the *Priests* with such a double meaning and with so much wisdom that they knew me to be one of the initiated in the deeper mysteries. But how I, *Olympus*, the physician, came thus to be initiated none might say. And afterward they sought me secretly, and I gave them the holy sign of brotherhood, and thereupon bade them not to ask who I might be, but send no aid to Cleopatra. Hence, the *ass* looks after the burden ear of Antony and the Queen's grace only could the worship of the Gods endure in *Khem*. So, having taken counsel of the holy *Apis*, they promised in public to give help to Cleopatra, but in secret sent an embassy to Caesar.

This then it came to pass that our little aid *Egypt* give to its hated *Macedonian* Queen. Thence from *Memfi* I came once more to *Alexandria*, and having made report, continued my secret work. And, indeed, the *Alexandrians* could not easily be stirred, for, as they say in the market place, "The ass looks after the burden ear and the master." So long had Cleopatra oppressed them that the Roman was like a welcome friend.

Thus the time passed on, and every night found Cleopatra with fewer friends than that which had gone before, for in evil days friends fly like swallows before the frost. Yet she would not give up Antony, whom she loved; though to my knowledge did Caesar, by his freedman, *Thyreus*, make promise to her, should she give up Antony, or even betray him bound. But hereto a woman's heart (for still she had a heart) would not consent, and, therefore, of necessity must we hold him to her, lest Antony escaping or being slain, Cleopatra might ride out the storm and yet be Queen of *Egypt*. And this grievous me, because Antony, though weak, was still a brave man and a great; and moreover, in my own heart I mixed a touch of the *Stoic* and his little children, whom I hold in guard, and gave myself. O, Antony! Antony! why dost thou doubt me!

Then Antony threw down his sword upon the marble, and, casting himself upon the couch, hid his face, and groaned in bitterness of spirit.

But *Charmion* smiled, for she it was who had sent secretly to *Seleucus*, her friend, counseling him to surrender forthwith, saying that the will of *Seleucus* would no light be made, and that very night Cleopatra took all her great stores of pearls and emeralds—those that remained of the treasure of *Menekra*—all her wealth of gold, ebony, ivory and cinnamon, treasure without price, and placed it in the museum of granite, which, after our Egyptian fashion, she had built upon the hill that is by the Temple of the *Isis*. These riches she piled up upon a bed of flax, that when she fired it might perch in the flames and escape the greed of money-loving Octavianus. And in this tomb henceforth she slept, away from Antony; but in the day time still she saw him at the palace.

But a little while after, when Caesar with all his great force had already crossed the *Canopic* mouth of the Nile, and was hard on *Alexandria*, I came to the palace whither Cleopatra had summoned me. There I found her in the *Alabaster* Hall, royally clad, with light in her eyes, and her hair and *Charmion*, and before her *Thyreus*, and stretched here and there upon the marble bodies of dead men, among whom lay one yet dying.

"Greeting, thou *Olympus*!" she cried. "Here is a sight to glad a physician's heart—men dead and men sick unto death!"

"What doest thou, O Queen?" I said affrighted.

"What do I do justice on these criminals and traitors; and, *Olympus*, I learn the ways of death. Six different poisons have I caused to be given to these slaves, and with an attentive eye have watched their working. That man," she pointed to a *Nubian*, "he went mad and raved of his native deserts and his mother. He thought himself a child again, poor fool! and bade her hold him close to her breast and save him from the darkness which drew near. And that Greek, he shrieked, and shrieked, died. And this he wept and prayed for pity, and in the end, like a coward, breathed his last. Now, note the Egyptian yonder, he who still lives and groans; the first he took the draught—the deadliest draught of all, they swore—and yet the slave so dearly loves his life he will not leave it! See, he yet strives to throw the poison from him; twice have I given him the cup, and yet he is athirst. What a drunkard have we here! Man, man, kneel thou not that in death only can peace be found! Struggle no more, but enter into rest." And even as she spoke, the man, with a great cry, gave up the spirit.

"There!" she cried, "at length the *farcis* played—away with those slaves whom I forced through the difficult gates of *Joy*!" and she clasped her hands. But when they had drawn the bodies thence she drew me to her and thus she spoke:

"*Olympus*, for all thy prophecies, the end is as I said. Caesar he conquered, and I and my Lord Antony be last. Now, therefore, the play being well done, 'till I make ready to leave this stage of earth in such fashion as becomes a Queen. For this cause, then, do I make trial of these poisons, see-

ing that in my person must I soon endure those agonies of death that to-day I give to others. These drugs please me not; some wrench out the soul with cruel pains; and some too slowly work their end. But thou art skilled in the medicines of death. Now, do thou prepare me such a draught as shall pangless steal my life away." And as I listened the scene of triumph filled my bitter heart, for I knew now that by my own hand should this ruined woman die and the justice of the Gods be done.

"Spoken like a Queen, O *Cleopatra*!" I said. "Death shall cure thy ills, and I will brew such a wine as shall draw him down a slumber friend and sink thee in a sea of slumber whence, upon this earth, thou shalt never wake again. Oh! fear not Death."

Death is thy true friend; and, surely, sinless and pure of heart shalt thou pass into the dreadful presence of the Gods!"

She trembled. "And if the heart be not altogether pure, tell me—thou dark man—what then? Nay, I fear not the Gods! for if the Gods of *Isis* be men, there shall I queen it also. At the least, having once been royal, royal shall I ever be."

And as she spoke, suddenly from the palace gates came a great clamor and the noise of joyful shouting.

"Why, what is this!" she said, springing from her couch.

"Antony! Antony!" rose the cry—"Antony hath conquered!"

Swiftly she turned and ran, her long hair more singly, the crowd I followed her, more slowly, down the great hall across courtyards to the palace gates. And here she met Antony, riding through them, radiant with smiles and clad in his Roman armor. When he saw her he leaped to the ground, and, all armed as he was, clasped her to his breast.

"What is it?" she cried; "is Caesar fallen?"

"Nay, not altogether fallen, Egypt; but we have beat his horsemen back to their trenches, and, like the beginning, so shall be the end, for as they say here: 'Where the lead goes the tail will follow.' Moreover, Caesar has my challenge and if he will but meet me hand to hand, soon shall the world see which is the better man, Antony or Octavian." And even as he spoke and the people cheered, there came the cry of "A messenger from Caesar!"

The herald entered, and, bowing low, gave a writing to Antony, bowed again, and went. Cleop'ra snatched it from his hand, broke the seal, and read aloud:

"This answer to thy challenge: Can Antony find no better way of death than beneath the sword of Caesar? Forward of challenge now! And thereafter they cheered no more.

The darkness came, and ere it was midnight, having feasted with those friends who to-night wept over his woes and to-morrow should betray him, Antony went forth into the gathering of the Captains of the land forces and of the fleet attended by many, among whom was I.

And when all were come together he spoke to them, standing bareheaded in their midst, beneath the radiance of the moon. And thus he most nobly spoke:

"Friends and companions in arms! who yet cling to me, and whom many a time I have led to victory, hearken to me now who to-morrow, may lie in the dumb dust, disempowered and dishonored. This is our design; no longer will we hang on poised wings above the flood of war, but will straightway plunge, perchance, thence to snatch the victor's diadem, or, failing there, to drown. Be now but true to me, and to your honor's sake, and still may you sit, the most proud of men, at my right hand in the Capitol of Rome. Fail me now, and lost is the cause of Antony and lost are ye. Hazardous indeed must be to-morrow's battle, but many a time have we stood and faced a fiercer peril and ere the sun had sunk once more have driven armies like desert sands before our gate of valor and counted the spoils of hostile cities. What have we to fear! Though allies be fled, still is our array as strong as Caesar's! And show me but as high a heart, why I swear to you, upon my princely word, to-morrow night shall I deck yonder *Canopic* Gate with the heads of Octavian and his captains! Ay, cheer, and cheer again! I love that martial music which swells not as from the different lips of clarionets, now 'neath the breath of Antony and now of Caesar, but rather out the hearts of honest men who love me. Yet—now I will speak low, as we do speak o'er the bier of some beloved dead—yet, if Fortune should rise against me and if, borne down by the weight of arms, Antony, the soldier, dies a soldier's death, leaving you to mourn him who ever was your friend, this is my will, that after our rough fashion of the camp I here declare to you. You know where all my treasures lie. Take it, most dear divisions, and in the memory of Antony, make just division. Then go to Caesar and speak thus:

"Antony, the dead, to Caesar, the living, sends greeting, and in the name of ancient fellowship and of many a perilled brave fellowship and of many a perilled brave fellow, I bid thee, if thou wilt, to give them to me and that which he hath given them."

"Nay, let not my tears—for I must weep—overflow your eyes! Why, 'tis not manly; 'tis most womanish! All men must die, and death were welcome were it not alone. Should I fail, to your tender care I leave my children—if, perchance, it may avail to save them from the fate of helplessness. Soldiers, enough to-morrow at the dawn we spring at Caesar's throat, both by land and sea, swear that we will cling to me, even to the last issue!"

"We swear!" they cried. "Noble Antony, we swear!"

"'Tis well! Once more my star shines bright; to-morrow, set in the highest heaven, it yet may shine the lamp of Caesar down! Till then, farewell!"

Therefore, when Antony went, I went not, but stood back in the shadow watching the faces of the lords and captains as they spoke together.

"Then it is agreed?" said he who should lead the fleet. "And this we swear to, one and all, that we will cling to noble Antony to the last extremity of fortune!"

"Ay! ay!" they answered.

"Ay! ay!" I said, speaking from the shadow; "being and die!"

Fiercely they turned and seized me. "Who is he?" quoth one.

"'Tis that dark-faced dog, *Olympus*!" cried another. "*Olympus*, the magician!"

"*Olympus*, the traitor!" growled another; "put an end to him and his magic!" and he drew his sword.

"Ay! slay him; he would betray the Lord Antony, whom he is paid to do!"

"Hold awhile!" I said in a slow and solemn voice, "and beware how ye try to murder the servant of the Gods. I am no traitor. For myself, I abide the event here to Caesar! I serve Antony and the Queen. I serve them truly; but above all I serve the holy Gods; and what they make known to me, that, lords, I do know. And this I know, that Antony is doomed, and Cleopatra is doomed, for Caesar conquers. Therefore because I do honor you, noble gentlemen, and think with pity on your wives left widowed, and your little fatherless children, that shall, if ye hold to Antony, be sold as slaves; therefore I say: Cling to Antony if ye will, and die; or flee to Caesar and be saved! And this I say because it is so ordained of the Gods."

"The Gods!" they growled; "what Gods? Slit the traitor's throat and stop his ill-omened talk!"

"Let him show us a sign from his Gods, or let him die; I do mistrust this man," said another.

"Stand back, ye fools!" I cried. "Stand back—free mine arms—and I will show you a sign!" and there was that in my face which frightened them, for they freed me and stood back. Then I lifted up my hands, and, putting out all my strength of soul, searched the depths of space till my Spirit communed with the Spirit of my Mother *Isis*. Only the Word of Power I uttered, not as I had been bidden. And the holy mystic of the Goddess answered to my Spirit's cry, falling in awful silence upon the face of earth. Deeper and deeper grew the terrible silence; even the doors ceased to howl, and in the city men stood still as if dead. Then, from far away, there came the ghostly music of the sistras.

Faint it was at first, but ever as it came it grew more loud, till the air shivered with the unearthly sound of terror. I said naught, but pointed with my hand toward the sky. And behold! boomed upon the air, floated a vast vail shape that, heralded by the swelling music of the sistras, drew slowly near, till its shadow lay upon us. It came, it passed, it went toward the camp of Caesar, till at length the music slowly died away, and the awful shape was swallowed in the night.

"'Tis *Bacchus*!" cried one. "*Bacchus*, who leaves lost Antony!" and, as he spoke, from all the camp there rose a groan of terror.

But I knew that it was not *Bacchus*, the false God, but the *Divine Isis* who deserted *Khem*, and, passing over the edge of the world, sought her home in space, to be no more known of men. For though her worship is still upheld, though still as she is here and in all Earths, no more doth Isis manifest herself in *Khem*. I hid my face and prayed, but when I lifted it from my robe, lo! all had fled and I was alone.

CHAPTER XXX.

OF THE SURRENDER OF THE TROOPS AND FLEET OF ANTONY; THE DEATH OF ANTONY, AND THE DROWNING OF HIS WIFE.

THE MORROW, at dawn, Antony came forth and gave command that his fleet should advance against the fleet of Caesar, and that his cavalry should open the land battle with the cavalry of Caesar. Accordingly, the fleet advanced in a triple line, and the fleet of Caesar came out to meet it.

But when they met, the galleys of Antony lifted their oars in greeting, and passed over to the galleys of Caesar; and together they sailed away. And the cavalry of Antony rode forth beyond the Hippodrome to charge the cavalry of Caesar; but when they met they lowered their swords and passed over to the camp of Caesar, deserting Antony. Then Antony grew mad with rage and terrible to see. He shouted to his legions to stand firm and await attack; and for a little while they stood. One man, however—that same officer who would have slain me on the yesterday—strove to fly; but Antony seized him with his own hand, threw him to the earth, and, springing from his horse, drew his sword to slay him. On high he held his sword, while the man, covering his face, awaited death. But Antony dropped his sword and bade him rise.

"Go!" he said. "Go to Caesar, and prosper! Once I did love thee. Why, then, among so many traitors, should I single thee out for death!"

The man rose and looked upon him sorrowfully. Then, shame overwhelming him, with a great cry he tore open his shirt of mail, plunged his sword into his own heart, and fell down dead. Antony stood and gazed at him, but never a word he said. Meanwhile the ranks of Caesar's legions drew near, and so soon as they crossed spears the legions of Antony turned and fled. Then the soldiers of Caesar stood still, mocking them; but scarce a man was slain for they pursued not.

"Fly, Antony, fly!" cried *Eros*, his servant, who alone with me stayed by him. "Fly ere thou art dragged a prisoner to Caesar!"

So he turned and fled, groaning heavily. With him I went, and as we rode through the *Canopic* Gate, where many folks stood wondering, Antony spoke to me:

"Go thou, *Olympus*, go to the Queen and say: 'Antony sends greeting to Cleopatra, who hath betrayed him! To Cleopatra he sends greeting and farewell!'"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

A speedy settlement of the Behring sea controversy seems improbable. It is expected, however, that a temporary arrangement may be made for this season.

The E. H. Hammond Beef Company of Chicago and the Central Trust Company have issued to Alex Harvey of New York a mortgage of \$1,645,000 on all their property in all cities from Albany to Chicago. The Hammond Company is incorporated under the laws of Great Britain, and the mortgage calls for an English equivalent of \$1,645,000 in American money. The mortgage will be divided and sold to English capitalists.

SNAKES IN IRELAND.

Good St. Patrick's Work Endone by a Topsy American Showman.

From Ireland comes the news that snakes have appeared in that country. It seems that about five years ago a showman named Wilson came from America with a show of living wild animals. He landed his show at *Queens-town*, and gave exhibitions up through *Ireland* with more or less success. But one night at the little town of *Amraugh*, in *Tipperary*, Mr. Wilson got very drunk and attempted to clean out his own show. The constabulary force sought to interfere, and (whether as a means of self-defense or in a spirit of humor, I know not) Mr. Wilson turned all the wild animals loose. Of course this created a terrible uproar, and for a week the neighborhood was in a state of wild excitement. The wild beasts were duly either captured or killed, but for three years no trace of the den of snakes left loose on that memorable night could be found. Meanwhile Mr. Wilson went to prison for two years.

Two years ago the people in the neighborhood of *Amraugh* began to miss poultry and pigs. Several vagabonds fell under suspicion, were apprehended, and were locked up. But the depredations continued, and finally a farmer's lad testified that upon returning late one night from a merry-making he had seen the evil one in the guise of a serpent making way with a pig across a field. The village priest took the lad in hand and questioned him closely, but nothing could shake the fellow's testimony. About this time other people detected similar fiends in the act of like depredations, and at once arose a hue and cry that the spot was a damned one, and had been given over to the devil for his diabolical practices. Special prayers were said and the devil was publicly denounced, but the depredations continued, and presently from *Castelrairie*, a town twelve miles distant, came word that his satanic majesty had begun operations in that locality, his victims in this instance and in this place being sheep, not poultry and pigs.

In this dismal emergency the Bishop was most properly appealed to, for the parish priests were at their wits' end and their parishioners were well-nigh crazed through fear. The Bishop promised to investigate the affair, but instead of resorting to conventional ecclesiastical methods, that holy and sagacious man enlisted the services of two shrewd detectives from *Dublin*, the intellectual center of *Erin*. The Bishop fancied that the devil was doing his unholy work by proxy—not in the guise of dragons and serpents, but in the person of certain lawless characters too lazy to work and just knavish enough to steal.

The detectives, laboring under this heresy, made their investigations quietly, and in the course of a fortnight reported to their employer that the depredations at *Castelrairie* and *Amraugh* had indeed been committed by serpents, the detectives themselves having seen and watched the same upon three distinct occasions seize, kill and carry off their prey. The serpents were described as dark of color and fully fifteen feet in length. They killed their victims by coiling about their bodies.

The story was discredited by the clergy and laity until, as good luck would have it, a correspondent of the *Freeman's Journal* (at *Dublin*) recalled the significant, not to say portentous, circumstance that the numerous and divers species of snakes which had escaped from the *Wilson* show about three years previous had never been captured.

Then of a sudden the mystery was cleared up and hands for the extermination of the monsters was speedily organized among the vengeful peasantry. Three of the snakes were shortly thereafter seen, pursued and killed in the bog east of *Amraugh*; the largest of the snakes measured four feet; in the maw of each was found a pullet. About a month thereafter a fourth snake was killed near *Castelrairie*; this snake upon being cut open was found to contain very many little snakes which immediately glided into the grass and escaped before the astonished rustics could apprehend them. Subsequently, stimulated by the advertised reward of half a crown and a special dispensation for every snake, alive or dead, the country people caught eleven of the smaller snakes—none measuring more than seven inches in length. Then the snakes seemed to disappear, and no further depredations being noted, the excitement gradually died out.

But it is now reported, after a lapse of two tranquil years, that snakes have suddenly appeared at and around *Ballingal*, an agricultural region thirty miles north of *Castelrairie*, the country seat of the *Earl of Denison*. These snakes are of a strange species; though none have been captured, they are said to be of enormous length, breadth, thickness, voracity and ferocity, and to make a noise when moving like the clatter of dice in a box; they kill by biting, and they have created great havoc among the flocks of his Grace the Duke, as well as in the coops and sties of the peasantry. Simultaneously serpents similar to the *Amraugh* and *Castelrairie* varmints have appeared still further to the eastward, and have caused such a panic that the country folks are afraid to venture out of doors after nightfall.

The theory is that in five years the reptiles left loose by the wretched *Wilson* during his rihald drunken frenzy have multiplied so numerously that a militant union of Church and State will be necessary to restore the island to the virgin condition in which the good St. Patrick left it.—*London Cor. Chicago News*.

The annual report of the Peabody Trust for the maintenance of good homes for the working classes in London shows the birth rate in the houses kept by the trust to be 8.72 per 1,000 above the rest of London, and the death rate nearly 1 per 1,000 below the average, while the infant mortality is only a little over half the average. The trust has spent over \$6,350,000 in providing buildings for 39,374 persons. The average earnings of each family are about \$3.75 per week, and the average weekly rent about \$1.20. The rate per room is 32 1/2 cents per week.