The Oregon Scout

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DLDEST WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

& Negress Who Has Documents Showing That She Was Born in 1745.

In the northeastern portion of Dallas, Tex., between Bryan and Live Oak streets, and fronting the Houston and Texas Central railway, lives Aunt July Sole, who has but recently grown too old to take in washing. The cabin in which she lives is a 'rude hovel, and yet it is kept as neat as a pin. It is surnounded by a dozen huts of the same kind, though not so well kept, all hudded together in an irregular colony. The railway people have forced their night of way with barbed wire to keep the horde of pickaninnies off the track, but in vain. They crawl through the fangs of the fence and gather upon the wood in such numbers that the cautious engineer finds it necessary on passing through Freedmantown to use both bell and whistle.

After the train had passed the other day The Republic man crawled through e wire fence, and with difficulty found the cabin of the "Ole Furginny Aunty." She sat in a low chair and smoked a blue alay pipe. As she raised her face slowly and her wrinkled features were first seen the writer involuntarily asked himself: "Is it alive?" When she spoke her tremulous and cracked voice increased his astonishment. But it was not only alive, but it smoked and talked.

"My name is July Cole," she said. "I elonged to Col. Cole in Furginny, and be fit de Britishers wid Gen. Washington. Norfolk was my home, sir; right on de sea. My mammy come from de Cape in Afriky, and my daddy went back dere. My mammy was named Lucretia, and was give to Col. Cole by Gen. Washington's lady, who had many servants. I was brought to Henry sounty, Tennessee, and sold to Thomas Waters. I had great-grandchillun den. After I helped to settle Tennessee I was sold to William Rabb for lan'. Mars Jef come to take me home to Tennessee, but ole man Rabb wouldn't let me go wid him. Den I lived on Rabb's Creek, helow La Grange, Tex. I was took away from my husband and two chillun in Tennessee, and my ole man he run away and followed me till dey caught him wid dogs right on de banks of de Mississippi river. Yes, sir, right dar in de bed of de river, whar de hill is and de high trees, and right down by de boat in de dark-fur he was runnin' to git on de biet wid me. But dey caught 'im and I never saw 'im any more'

On being asked her age the old woman began to rise slowly, holding, in the meantime, to the chair for support.

"I doesn't know by de figgers, but I knows by happenin's," she said. She moved to an old trunk, which was covered with rawhide with the hair on and maked with big headed brass tacks. From this she drew an old letter on blue paper, which she says was "de paper" riven to Mars Waters by Mars Cole when

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.

"Tis a sad hour for song, O Queen !" said Charmion; but, nevertheless, she took her harp and sang, and thus she sang, very soft and low, the song of the Syrian Meleager:

> " Tears for my lady dead, Heliodere! Sait tears and strange to shed,

Over and o'er "Go tears and low lament,

Fare from her temb; Wend where mp lady went, Down through the gloon

"Sighs for my indy doud, Tears do I swad. Long love remembered, . Mistress and friend!

"Bad are the songs we sing. Tears that we shed: Empty the gifte we bring. Gifts to the dead.

" Ah! for my flower, my love,

Hades hath takes! Ah! for the dust above. Scattered and shaken!

" Mother of blade and grass, Earth in thy breast. Lull her that gentlest was Gently to rest!

The music of her voice died away, and se sweet and sad it was that Iras began to the torment of thy deathless love! O Anweep, and in Cleopatra's stormy eyes the tony! I come, my Antony! I come to thine bright tears stood. Only I wept not; my own dear arms! Soon I shall find thee, and tears wore dry.

when I lie dead, Charmion. And now farewell to music and on to the end. Olympus, shall sav."

I took the parchment and the reed, and thus I wrote in the Raman tongue:

"Cleopatra to Octavianus, Greeting: This an hour when, rather than endure those thou the spoils of victory. But in thy tri- die. umph Cleopatra can not walk. When all is

Princes, treading with a firmer step, pass through the sates of Wrong into the Royal dwelifuge of the dead. This only doth Egypt ask of Casar, that he suffer her to lie in the tomb of Antony. Farewell."

This, therefore, I wrote, and having sealed it, Cleopatra bade me go find a messenger, dispatch it unto Cosar, and then return. So I went, and at the door of the tomb I called a soldier, who was not on duty. and, giving him money, bade him take the letter unto Cæsar. Then I went back, and there in the obamber stood the three women in silence, Cleopatra clinging to the arm of Iras, and Charmion a little apert watch-

mass of sorrow! Look/ look! Who am If"-She stared upon me wildly "Oh! oh!" she shricked, throwing up

her arms; "at last I know thee! By the Gods thou art Harmachis! Harmachis risen from the dead !" "Ave, Harmachis risen from the dead to

drag thee down to death and agony eternal ! See thou, Cleopatra: I have ruined thee as thou didst ruin me! I, working in the dark, and helped of the angry Gods, have been thy secret spring of woe! I filled thy heart with fear at Actium, I held the Egyptian. from thy aid, I sapped the strength of Antony, I showed the portent of the Gods unto thy captains! By my hand at length thou diest, for I am the instrument of Vengeance! Run do I pay thee back for ruin, treachery for treachery, death for death! Come hither, Charmion, partner of my plots, who betrayed me, but, repenting, art the sharer of my triumph, come watch this fallen wanton die !' Cleopatra heard, and sank back upon the

golden bed, groaning: "And thou, too, A moment so she sat, then her imperial

spirit burnt up glorious before she died. She staggered from the bed, and, with arms outstretched, she cursed me.

"Oh, for one hour of life!" she crieat: "one short hour, that therein might I make thee die in such a fashion as thou canst not dream, thou and that false paramour of thine, who betrayed both me and thee! And thou didst love me! Ah, there I have the still! See, thou subtle, plotting priest!" and with both hands she rent back the royal robes from her bosom; "See, on this fair breast once, night by eight, was thy head pillowed, and thou didst sleep wrapped in these same arms. Now, put away their memory of those canst! I read it in thine eyes that mayst thou not! No torture which I bear can, in its sum, draw algh to the rage of that deep soul of thine, rent with longings, never, never to be reached! Harmachis, thou slave of slaves, from thy triumph depths I snatch a deeper triumph; and conquered, yet I conquer! I spit upon thee, I defy thee, and dying, doom thee to

wrapped in a love undying and divine, to-"'Tis a heavy song of thine, Charmion," gether will we float through all the depths said the Queen. "Well, as thou saidst, 'tis of space, and lips to lips and eyes to eyes a sad hour for song, and thy dirge is fitted drink of desires grown more sweet with to the nour. Sing it o'er me once again every draught! Or if I find thee not, then shall I sink in peace down the poppied ways of Sleep; and for me the breast of Night, take yonder parchment and write what I whereon I shall be softly cradied, shall yet seem thy bosom. Antony! Oh, I die! Come, Antony, and give me peace!"

Even in my fury I quailed beneath her scorn, for home flew the arrows of her is the state of life. At length there comes winged words. Alast and alast it was true, The shaft of my vengeance fell upon my burdens that o'erwhelm us, putting off the own head; never had I loved her as I loved body we would take wing into forgetful- her now. My soul was rent with jealous ness. Carsar, thou hast conquered; take torture, and thus I swere she should not

"Peace!" Loried; "what peace is there lost, then must we go to seek the lost. Thus for thee? Oh! ye Holy Three, hear now in the desert of despair the brave do har- my prayer. Osiris, loosen Thou the bonds vest resolution. Cleopatra heth been great of Hell, and send forth those whom I shall as Antony was great, nor, in the manner of summon! Come, Ptolemy, poisoned of thy her end, shall her fame be minished, sister Cleopatra; come, Arsinoe, mur-Slaves live to endure their wrong; but dered in the sanctuary by thy sister



and deck it royally, so that n I may give its dumb audience to the messengers of Cæsar as becomes the last of Egypt's queens.'

I spoke no word in answer, for my heart was very heavy, and now that all was done, I was weary. Together, then, we lifted up the body and laid it on the golden bed. Charmion placed the urseus crown upon the ivory brow, and combed the night-dark hair that showed never a thread of silver, and for the last time shut those eyes where in had shone all the changing glories of the sea. She foided the chill hands upon the breast whence passion's breath had fied. and straightened the bent knees beneath the broidered rebe, and by the head set flowers, and there at length Cleopatra lay, more splendid now in her cold majesty of death than in her richest hour of breathing beauty. We drew back and looked on her, and on dead Iras at her feet.

"It is done," quoth Charmion; "we are avenged; and now, Harmachis, dost follow by this same road !" and she nodded towards the phial on the board.

"Nay. Charmion. I fly-I fly to a heavier death. Not thus easily may I end my space of earthly penance."

"So be it, Hazmachis, and I. Harmachis-I fly also, but with swifter wings. My game is played. I, too, have made atonement. Oh! what a bitter fate is mine, to have brought misery on all I love, and, in the end, to die unloved. To thee I have atoned; to

my angered Gods I have stoned; and now I go to find a way whereby I may atone to Cleopatra in that Hell where she is, and which I must share, for she loved me well, Harmachis; and, now that she is dead, methinks that, after thee, I loved her best of all. So of her cup and the cup of Iras I will surely drink."

And she took the phial, and with a steady hand poured that which was left of the poison into the goblet.

"Bethink thee, Charmion," I said; "yet mayst thou live for many years, hiding these sorrows beneath the withered days. "Yet I may, but I will not! To live the prey of so many memories, the fount of an undving shame that night by night, as I lie sleepless, shall well afresh from my sorrow-stricken heart to live, torn by a love I can not lose. To stand alone, like some storm-twisted tree, and sighing day by day to the winds of heaven. Gaze upon the desert of my life, while I wait the hingering lightning's stroke. Nay, that will not I; Harmachis, I had died long since, but I lived on to serve thee - now no more thou needest me, and 1 go h, fare thee well! forever thee well: or not again shall I look upon thy face, and where I go thou goest for thou dost not love me who still dost love that queenly woman thou hast hounded to the death. Her thou shalt never and thee I shall never win, win. and this is the bitter end of fate. See, Harmachis! I ask one boon before I go, and for all time become naught to thee but a memory of shame; tell me that thou dost forgive me so far as thine is to forgive, and, in token thereof, kiss me-with no lover's kiss, but kiss me on the brow, and bid me

pass in peace." And she drew near to me with arms out stretched, and pitiful, trembling lips, and gazed upon my face.

"Charmion," I answered, "we are free to act for good or evil, and yet methinks there is a fate above our fate, that, blowing from strange shores, compels our little sails of purpose, set them as we will, and drives us destruction. I forgive thee, Charmion, as I trust in turn to be forgiven, and by this kiss, the first and the last, I seal our peace." And with my lips I touched her brow.

She spoke no more; only for a little while she stood gazing on me with sad eyes, then she lifted the goblet, and said : "Royal Harmachis, in this deadly cup I pledge thee; would that I had drunk of it ere ever I looked upon thy face, Pharaoh, who, thy

LENT.

O, Jack, this is no time for nonsense! Tis the senson for fasting and prayer. You're praying to me, on your kness now? Well, you should be ashamed to be there!

I wow that you're worse than a pagan When you swear, as you do, that a shrine is built in your heart to a goddess, And the name of that goddess is mine!

What's that? No, I am not repenting; Not a bit; for the heartaches my eyes Have given you? That isn't the reason

I appear to a pentent's guise I know that there's nothing so fetching As a prayer book and plain gown of gray?

I know that I'm never so pretty As when, eves closed, I'm posing to pray?

O, Jack, now you're downright insulting! I declare if I'd dreamed that gray gown Would please you, I'd never have bo Vould piease you, I'd never have bought it; I'd have gotten that new shade of brown!

But hark! There the bells ring for vespers O, Jack, do, for goodness' sake, go! The fact is, we've got a new rector, And a layman like you has no show

We flirted and danced through the gay time. And I might, had I thought you'd a cent, Have given you my heart; but just now, Jack Don't you see that I couldn't? It's Lent? -Boston Globs

Disappointed Lovers Form a Society.

A society of disappointed lovers has been formed at Wilmington, Del, A dozen well known young men, including a lawyer, several politicians and a merchant, met in a hotel, where the nature of the organization was explained. It is designed as a mutual consolation society. and any man to be eligible to member ship must have been engaged and the engagement must have been broken by the fair one. The constitution requires every man to shun female society at all times. and a violation of the rules is punished by expulsion. The men appended their names to the constitution and related their experiences in the courting line .-Boston Journal.

Thousands of English Bridegrooms.

In England last year there were no less than 369 bridegrooms above 70 years ten excuse for their absence. This worof age, and of these one took a girl of 17 another one of 19 and four others kept under 21 Between 60 and 70 years of age 2,084 men married. Three of them took girls under 18 and twenty-seven during the sessions. others were content with partners who had not reached their majority As many as 4,576 males whose ages ranged between 50 and 60 were also brought to the altar, and here again a score of the wives were in their teens. A hundred were not more than 21 and 248 were tyranny. By a unanimous vote the under 25.-Manchester Courier.

Death Rate Among Old Soldiers.

How rapidly the death rate among the old soldiers is increasing is shown by the reports now being received at the office of Col. Gray, adjutant of the department of Wisconsin, G. A. R. Thus far 160 out of 263 posts have reported, and the death list numbers 184, whereas the total number of deaths reported by Wis consin posts last year was 129. This made a death rate of 11 per 1,000, but if the 100 posts yet to be heard from show the same proportionate mortality as those that have already reported the rate for 1889 will not be far from 20 per 1,000.

-Chicago Ledger.

that a German paper should contain an advertisement offering to supply rich American women to needy Germans of position. The advertisement may be and probably is a mere swindle; but that such a thing should be advertised is in itself significant. The advertiser appeals to Germans having titles or official positions -and this includes practically the respectable male population of Germanyto write to him in order to be put into communication with American heiresses wich fortunes up to four millions. All is

to be private, photographs are to be inter-

changed, and the whole thing is strictly

honorable. The untitled heiress has been so much on the hunt for nobles that the transactions have, as it were, passed into the market, and the fortunes of rich young ladies are quoted upon the matrimonial exchange. There is nothing new in the situation. Since the days when the world thought only of marrying and giving in marriage until the flood came there has aiways been a marriage market; but it has been left to our own days to make the thing into a matter of advertisement and quotations. It is the low water mark of the vulgarization of the institution of matrimony; and, rightly or wrongly, the proceeding has lately identified itself paricularly with American women of formne. Nobody can mistake the tendency of the last ten years in the matrimonial market. It has been an openly avowed parter of money for titles; and it has perhaps done more than anything else to vulgarize the marriage ceremony .-- London Globe.

No Gum, No Art.

Detroit has an art school, the principal beneficiaries being a class of young women. The conductor of the school is Professor John Ward Dunsmore, from England. Recently Professor Dunsmore issued an order that all pupils must be punctual in attendance, or submit a writried the young ladies, but they bore the wrong in dignified silence. More recently Dunsmore issued another law. No pupil should be allowed to chew gum

This assault upon the free born American's dearest fad was too much, and an indignation meeting was held. The boss gum chewer of the class was made president, and she declared that the object of the meeting was to protest against British young ladies decided that Professor Dunsmore must go or they would desert the school in a body. The directors of the Museum of Arts have not less than \$200,-000 invested in the enterprise, and have a long time contract with Professor Dunsnore. The action of the young women places them in an unpleasant predicament. If the professor is retained the class will desert. If he be removed he will appeal to the courts to enforce payment of his salary during the time for which he was employed .- St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Ice Boating in Canada.

Perhaps there has not been for a long time a winter so favorable to ice boating as the last, and there was quite a boom in ice yachting, especially on Lake St. Louis. Six members of the Valois Boat club went out for a fast trial trip, and although the wind was not blowing a gale, it was a good stiff breeze from the northwest. The clubowns two boats. one a Hudson river model, the other a new purchase last year in Toronto. The latter was used, being somewhat faster. The lake was like glass, and it took but two tacks to reach beauharnois, thirteen miles distance. Here they were met. by three local boats, and a trial of speed ensued which ended in the complete discomfiture of the locals. The boat was pointed homewards at 4:30 to a minute, and in fifteen minutes later the crew were standing on the ice at the Point Claire boat house, after having a slow start out of Beauharnois bay and two stops on the road down. It was one of the most pleasant and fastest sails ever had by the boys, and it is safe to say the mile a minute would have been easily done had there been no stops .--Montreal Star.

Heiresses in the Market. It is characteristic of the present day

the was sold. Only the lower half of the cheet remains, the other having evidently been taken off by time, and the only legi-Me portion of the writing purports to give the date of Aunt July's birth. The only words are "was born Dec. 19, 1745."

The writer had heard that she was 145 years old, but of course he believed nothing of the kind. The appearance of the old negro and the evidence produced by her to prove her age were astonishing.

"Dey says I is er hundred and fortyfive year ole, an', honey, I spee' it is so." "What is your earliest remembrance, sunty? Do you remember Gen. Wash-

"I never seed him," she said, "but I knows when he was general, and I knows when he was president, too. I heerd Mars Cole say when de tea was flung outen de Boston ship. I has seed de Tories, an' my brother was wid Mars Cole when he went into de war wid de Britishers. Dat war was seven years, and Mars Cole he got shot in de arm. I members when dey fit de French an' Injuns, too, sir."

It took quite a while to get all this out of the aged creature, who is very feeble. She had only one want-smoking tobacco -and that was supplied, after which the writer left her at her low, hairy trunk atting away her documents,--Cor. St. Louis Republic.

Love for Horses.

Once in the horse business always in the horse business might be put down as a proverb. I have known a good many men to get tired of race horses and sell out, but unless they sold out on account age or issirmity they have always gome back to it. Look at Will Barnes. He sold his stables a few years ago and swore he would never own another horse. He is now in the market buying a lot of yearlings, showing that he means tostay in the business. I could name a number of others who have done just what Barnes has done. There is a fascination bout racing that sticks to a man through Ife.-Interview in St. Louis Globe-Demoerst.

Social Opportunities Are Equal.

There is no good reason why the mechanic should not play the piano or the banjo if he is so inclined; none why he should not keep himself clean and reopectable and go into society; none why the doors of mansions should not open es wide to him as to the salesman in a re. If the daughters of Squire Tinsel bok down upon a mechanic and smile upon a counter jumper, the former may ansole himself that he is no loser by the preference, and that he may save the noney the latter expends upon concert tickets and carriages .- Oliver Optic's Letter.

A Peculiar Ballet Bez.

Probably the most extraordinary sysem of voting was in Hupgary, where the ballot boxes were immense casks and the ballot poles from four to six feet long, which the citizen carried and deposited for his favorite candidate with peculiar pride .- Detroit News.

ing the twain

"If indeed thou art minded to make an end, O Queen," I said, "short is the time, for presently will Consur send his servants in answer to thy letter," and I draw forth the phial of white and deadly bane and act it upon the board. She took it in her haud and gazed there-

"How innocent it seems!" she said; on. "and yet therein lies my death. Tis strauge.

"Aye, Queen, and the death of ten other folk. No need to take so long a draught " "I fear," she gasped. "How know I that it will siny outright! I have seen se many die by poison and scarce one hath died outright. And some! an, I can not think on them !"

"Fear not," I said, "I am a master of my craft. Or, if thou dost fear, cast this poison forth and live. In Rome mayest thou still and happiness; sye, in Rome, where thou shalt walk in Cæsar's triumph, while the laughter of the hard-eyed Latin women shall chime down the music of thy golden chains."

"Nay, I will die. Oh, if one would but show the path."

Then did Iras loose her hand and sten forward. "Give me the draught, Physician." she said. "I go to make ready for my Queen.'

"Tis well," I answered; "on thy own head be it !" and I poured from the phual into a little golden gobiet.

She raised it, and low she curtaied to Cleopatra, then, coming forward, kissed her on the brow, and Charmion she also Rissed. This doue, tarrying not and making no prayer (for Iras was a Greek), she drank, and, putting her hand to her head, last nily feil down and died.

"Thou seest," I said, breaking in upon the silence, "It is swift."

"Aye, Olympus; thine is a master drug! Come now, I thirst; fill me the bowl, lest Iras weary in waiting at the gates !" So I poured afresh into the goblet; but this time, making protense to rinse the cup, I mixed a !' o water, for I was not minded

that she should die before she knew me. Then did the royal Cleopatra, taking the goblet in her hand, turn her lovely eyes to heaven and cry aloud :

"O ye Gods of Egypt1 who have deserted me, to you no longer will I pray, for deal are your cars unto my arying, and blind your eyes unto my griefs! Therefore I make entreaty to that one friend whom the Gods, departing, leave to helpless man. O Royal Death! sweep hither on thy cloudy pinions, whose shadow circles all the earth, and give me ear! Thou King of Kings! who, with an equal hand, bringest the fortunate head to one pillow with the slave, and by thy i, y breath dost waft the bubble of our life far from these fields of Earth. draw near and save! Imis me where winds blow not and waters cease to roll! Hide me where Casar's legions can not march! Take me to a new dominion and crown me Queen of Bleep! I am in labor of a Soul! See, it stands new born upon the edge of time! Now, now. go, Breatk! Come, Death! Come, Autony!" Aud, with one giance to heaven, she drank and cast the gobiet to the ground.

Then at last came the moment of my pent-up vengeance, and of the vengeance of Egypt's outraged Gods, and of the failing of the curse of Menka-ra.

"What is thisf ' she cried. "I grow cold, but I die not. Thou dark physician, thou man, betrayed me !"

"Peace, Cheopatral Presently shalt thou die and know the fury of the Gods! The curse of Menka-ra hath fa len! It is fluished! Look upon me, woman! Look upon this marred face, this twisted form, this hyang

SHE LOOKED; SHE SAW THE AWFUL SHAPES.

Cleopatra; come Sepa, tortured to death of Cleopatra; come, Divine Menka-ra, whose body Cleopatra tore, and whose curse for greed she braved; come one, come all who have died at the hands of Cleopatra! Rush from the breast of Nout, and greet her who murdered you! By the link of mystic union, by the symbol of the Life, Spirits, I summon you!"

I spoke, while Charmion, affrighted, clung to my robe, and the dving Cleopatra, resting on her hands, swung slowly to and fro. gazing with vacant eyes.

Then the answer came. The casement burst asunder, and on flittering wings that great Bat entered which last I had seen hanging to the eunuch's chin in the womb of the pyramid Her. Thrice it circled round, once it hovered o'er dead Iras, then it flew to where the dving woman stood. To her it flew, on her breast it settled, clinging to that emerald which was dragged from the dead heart of Menka-ra. Thrice the black Horror screamed aloud, thrice it beat its bony wings, and lo! it was gone. Then ouddenly within that chamber sprangup the S apes of Death. There was Arsinee, the beautiful, even us she had shrunk beneath the butcher's unife. There was young Ptolemy, his features twisted by the posoned cup. There was the majesty of Menka ra, crowned with the unsus crown; there was grave Sepa, his flesh all torn by the torturer's hooks; there were those poisoned alayes; and there were others without number, shadowy and dreadful to behold ! who, thronging that narrow chamber, stood silent ly fixing their glassy tyes upon the face of her who slew them!

"Behold! Cleopatra !" I said. "Behold thy peace, and die! "

"Ayel" said Charmion. "Behold and die! thou who didst rob me of mine honor and Egypt of her king !"

She looked, she saw the awful Shapes. Her spirit, burrying from the flesh, mayhap could hear words to which my cars were deaf. Then her face sank in with terror, her great eyes grew pale, and, shrieking Cicopatra fell and died; passing with that dread company to her appointed place.

Thus, then, did I feed my soul with yen genuce, fulfilling the justice of the Gods, and yet knew myself empty of all joy there For though that thing we worship doth bring us ruin, and Love being more pitiless than Death, we in turn do pay all our sorrow back; yet must we worship on, yet stretch out our arms toward our lost De sire, and pour our heart's blood upon the shrine of our discrowned God.

For Love is of the Spirit and knows not Death.

CHAPTER XXXII.

Claund ION un. clasped my arm, to which she had clung in terror. (1-2 "Thy vengeance, thou dark Harmachis," she said, in a hoarse voice, "is a thing hideous to be-- hold I O lost Egypt, with all thy sins thou wast indeed a queen. Come, and me, prince; let us stretch this poor clay upon the bed

shall rule in sins outworp, ye periec peace o'er worlds I may not tread, who yet shall sway a kinglier scepter than that I robbed thee of, forever fare thee well.

She drank, cast down the cup and for moment stood with the wide eyes of one who looks for death. Then he came, and Charmion, the Egyptian, fell prone upon the floor, dead; and for a moment I stood alone with the dead.

I crept to the side of Cleopatra, and, now that none were left to see, I sat down ou the bed and laid her head upon my knee, as once before it had been laid; in that night of sacrilege beneath the everiasting pyramid. Then I kissed her chill brow and went from the house of death "avenged, but sorely smitten with despair."

"Physician," said the officer of the guard as I went through the gates, "what passes yonder in the monument! Methought I heard the sounds of death."

"Naught passes; all hath passed." I made reply, and went; and as I went in the darkness I heard the sound of voices and the running of the feet of Caesar's messengers Flying swiftly to my house, I found Atous waiting at the gates. She drew me into a quiet chamber and closed the doors.

"Is it done?" she asked, and turned her wrinkled face to mine, while the lamp-light streamed white upon her snowy hair.

"Nay, why ask-I know that it is done." "Ay, it is done and well done, old-wife; all are dead ; Cleopatra, Iras, Charmion -- all save myself."

The aged woman drew up her bent form and cried: "Now let me go in peace, for 1 have seen my desire upon thy fees and the foes of Khem-la, la! not in vain have I lived on beyond the years of man. I have seen my desire upon thy enemies-I have gathered the dews of death, and thy foe hath drunk thereof. Fallen is the brow of pride! The shame of Khem is level with the dust! Ah-would that I might have seen that wanton die!"

"Cease, woman, cease! The dead are gathered to the dead. Osiris holds them fast, and everlasting silence seals their Pursue not the fallen great with in sults. Up-let us fly to Abouthis, that all may be accomplished.'

"Fly thou, Harmachis! - Harmachis. fly !- but I fly not. To this end only I have ingered on the earth. Now I untie the knot of life and let my spirit free! Fare thee well, prince, the pilgrimage is done! Harmachis, from a babe have I loved thee, and love thee yet! But no more in this world may I share thy griefs. I am spent. Osiris, take thou my spirit!" And her trembling knees gave way, and she sank to

She was already dead, and I was alone upon Then I turned and want, no man hinder ing me, for all was confusion in the city, and departed from Alexandria in a vessel I had made ready. On the eighth day I landed, and, in the carrying out of my purpose traveled on fast across the fields to the holy shrines of Abouthis. And here, I knew the worship of the gods had been lately set up again, in the temple of the divine Sethi (for Charmion had caused Cleopatra to repent of her decree of vengeance and to restore the lands that she had seized, though the treasure she restored not), and the temple having been purified, now, at the season of the feast of Isis, all the high priests of the ancient temples of Egypt were gathered together to celebrate the coming home of the gods into

(TO BE CONTINUED.

An Elephant's Venerable Age.

The journals of Ceylon have recently mentioned the denth of an elephant that was well known on the island, and had been seen by several generations of Englishmen. He was called Sello, and had belonged to the last of the kings of Kandy. He was one of the hundred elephants that was taken by the English government in 1815, when the Kandyan dynasty was overthrown. At this epoch the elephant was said to be 15 years old. If this is correct, he died a natural death at the age of 89 years .- Boston Budget.

A Powder That Should Be Popular.

A London beautifier has invented a new face powder, warranted not to rub off. Powder puffs need no longer be carried about in mysterious pockets, as this powder remains just the same for quite twelve hours. The hand or arm that is burnished with it leaves no mark on a black coat sleeve. This ought to be a great relief to the minds of sentimental young couples. A face powder that tells no tales is as great a boon in its way as a gunpowder that makes no noise -New York Commercial Advertiser

Where Checks Are Handled.

There are clearing houses in all the principal cities of the United States, doing yearly business amounting to over \$52,000,000,000, while the total amount done by English clearing houses is about \$38,000,000,000. As showing what an amount of money is represented by the New York clearing house, the amount of money handed through that institution during the past year was over \$33,000. 000,000, while the London clearing house did over a billion of dollars less business -New York Letter.

Sight After Thirty Years.

A remarkable case of return of sight in one eye is reported from Waterbury. Conn. The lucky person is a John Mc-Donald, aged 74. He had been totally blind for 30 years, having been rendered so by sand unintentionally thrown in his eyes by a friend. He is unable to account for his now good fortune, and phy sicians are also in a quandary to provide an explanation.-Philadelphia Ledger

The Antarctic expedition, advocated

so warmly by the Australians, will start probably during the summer of 1891 under the direction of Professor Nordenskiold. The expenses will be shared by the Australian Geographical society, the Victoria Royal society and Baron Oscar Dickson, of Gothenburg, who has done so much already for polar exploration.

Dr. Know, the German physician who discovered antipyrine, is said to have made more than a million dollars from the sales of the drug to sufferers from the grip.

It is reported from St. Petersburg that the Russian physician. Dr. Bapchinski, has discovered that diphtheria is easily curable by inoculation of erysipelas.

A Big Bullet Story.

One of our prominent ranchers has been laid up for several weeks with a very sore foot, caused by what appeared to be a huge carbuncle on the heel. Monday afternoon the swelling broke and an old time bullet emerged from the fester. rie was a soldier in the rebellion and was shot in the fleshy part of the leg, between the hip and knee, at the battle of Antiotam.

The bullet was never extracted, and he has suffered more or less pain at various times ever since, the sensation apparntly working down the limb as the missile slowly worked its way toward the surface. Two years ago his knee was so lame that he was unable to walk for some months, and the lameness was caused by the bullet in its passage by the joint. He is now rapidly regaining good health, and has had the relic of the hot times made into a watch charm .-ridley Herald.

An Easter Egg Costing \$4,000.

A Parisian firm has made an Easter egg for a wealthy Spanish lady at a cost of \$4,000. It is a most ingenious piece of mechanism, and is made entirely of pure white enamel. It is provided with doors and slides, the inside being engraved with Easter gospels. The opening of a boor sets a tiny bird singing and a mudeal apparatus going, which is capable of playing twelve airs .- Paris Letter.

Mercantile Troubles in China.

The Foochow (China) Echo says the losses incurred by tea men during this season are computed at \$30,000,000, and failures of other traders have amounted a to more than half that sum.-Chicago dail.

The World's Telegraph Lines.

According to a recent official return she length of the telegraph lines on the globe is at present about 600,000 miles, or 26 times its circumference at the equator.-London Standard.

their holy place.



