

The Oregon Scout CLEOPATRA.

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FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Simmering at 180 degrees is preferable, in cooking meats, to boiling at 212 degrees. Much heat is wasted in raising water to needlessly high temperatures in cooking.

—In bottling catsup or pickles boil the corks, and while hot you can press them into the bottles, and when cold they are tightly sealed. Use the tin-foil from compressed yeast to cover the corks.

—A good way to prepare sweet, tender beef or mutton for invalids is to slice thin, spread it on a plate, salt it to the taste, and let it stand several hours. Coffee made of rice, nicely browned, is an excellent remedy for sickness of the stomach, cholera morbus or diarrhoea.—Old Homestead.

—Savory Eggs: Hard-boil four eggs and cut them in two; remove the yolks and fill the whites with a mixture of pounded olives, tongue, anchovy, a little beetroot and capers; season each with a few drops of salad oil, or a squeeze of lemon, and grate over each the yolks of the eggs; serve on crisp dry toast.

—Sometimes in the morning one has no coals good for broiling over an open fire. Take a sheet-iron saucepan and heat very hot; lay the steak flat on it, and in half or three-quarters of a minute turn over. In four or five minutes it is cooked done. Place the steak on a heated platter, and sprinkle with salt and pepper. Pour over it a tablespoonful of melted (but not hot) butter.—Country Gentleman.

—Molded Rice: Three cups cold water, one-half cup sweet milk or cream, one cup rice. Start the rice in cold water and cook forty to fifty minutes or until tender. When about done heat the milk to almost boiling and stir it in gently, breaking the grains as little as possible. Cook a few minutes longer, then turn the rice into cups and set it away to cool. Serve with cream and sugar.—Western Rural.

—Rich Potato Cakes: Bake a dozen of very fine potatoes, remove the peels and cut away all the dark spots; weigh off three-fourths pound, and pound into it one-fourth pound of butter; then add one-fourth pound of pulverized sugar, two ounces of dry and sifted flour, the yolks of two eggs and a pinch of salt. Form it into a rather soft paste, then flour the board, roll it out nice and sleek, stamp or cut into any shape preferred, place them on a greased baking-sheet, egg them over, and bake in a moderate oven. Bake rather crisp. These can be flavored with essence, if approved.—

—Bread Sauce for Game: Roll a pint of dry bread crumbs and pass half through a sieve. Put a small onion into a pint of milk and when it boils remove the onion and thicken the milk with a half pint of sifted crumbs. Take it from the fire, stir in a heaping teaspoonful of butter, a grating of nutmeg, pepper and salt. Put a little butter in a frying pan and when hot throw in the half pint of coarse crumbs remaining in the sieve, put in a pinch of cayenne pepper and stir them over the fire until they assume a light brown color, taking care that they do not burn. For serving put a plump roast quail on a plate, pour over it a tablespoonful of the crumbs. The sauceboat, plate of crumbs and current jelly should be passed one after the other.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A MOHAMMEDAN WEDDING.

Some of the Peculiarities of the Moslem Marriage System.

An "English marriage in high life" without either bride, bride-maids or other palpitating ladies on view, would smack strongly of Hamlet with the character role omitted. What, too, could the assembled gentlemen do, deprived, as they would be, of those pleasant feminine criticisms of the guests and dresses which obtain on such occasions? There are some masculine eyes which consider weddings rather melancholy affairs, even under the best circumstances, but they would be infinitely more so without the presence of lovely woman. That is, from the European standpoint. Mohammedans of good position take precisely the opposite view. The Calcutta native papers lately gave a long and graphic account of the marriages of two young men, the sons of a local magnate. Nautes, illuminations, flags, furniture and decorations are described in the most minute details. But no mention is made of the brides, nor does a single feminine name appear in the lengthy list of guests who attended. Fifteen hundred turned up, including maharajahs, nawabs, mirajahs and syuds galore, and the affair went off beautifully in every way. But poor Nourmahal did not even get a peep at it, unless surreptitiously through some chink in the senana. It is further stated that all the guests made a point of offering felicitations to the bridegrooms, but no good wishes did they bring for the brides. Yet, odd to say, all seem to have enjoyed themselves greatly, or the festivities would not have been prolonged until far into the night. Unless, therefore, we assume that Asiatic human nature is altogether different from European, some advantage might possibly accrue to English society from experimenting with the Moslem marriage system.—London Globe.

—The boundary line between the United States and Canada is not "imaginary," as most people suppose. The fact is the line is distinctly marked from Lake Michigan to Alaska by cairns, iron pillars, earth mounds and timber clearings. There are 385 of these marks between the Lake of the Woods and the base of the Rocky Mountains. The British placed one post every two miles, and cast on their faces are the words "Convention of London, October 20, 1818." Where the line crosses lakes, mountains of stone have been built projecting eight feet above high water mark. In forests the line is defined by felling trees for a space a rod wide.

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.

I gained the city. It was on the seventh day of the feast of Isis. Even as I came the long array wended through the well-remembered streets. I joined in the multitude that followed, and with my voice swelled the chorus of the solemn chant as we passed through the pylons into the imperishable halls. How well known were the holy words:

"Softly we tread, our measured footsteps falling

Within the sanctuary seven-fold!

Soft on the dead that liveth are we calling.

Return, O Isis, from thy kingdom cold,

Return to them that worship thee of old."

And then, when the sacred music ceased, as of oldtime on the setting of the majesty of Ra—the high priest raised the statue of the living God and held it on high before the multitude. With a joyful shout of "O Isis, our hope! O Isis! O Isis!" the people tore the black wrappings from their dress, showing the white robes beneath, and, as one man, bowed before the God. Then they went to feast, each at his home; but I stayed in the court of the temple. Presently a priest of the temple drew near, and asked me of my business; and I answered him that I came from Alexandria, and would be led before the council of the high priest, for I knew that the holy priest—

were gathered together debating the tidings from Alexandria. Thereon the man left and the high priest, hearing that I was from Alexandria, ordered that I should be led into their presence in the second hall of columns—and so I was led in.

It was already dark, and between the

great pillars lights were set, so that

light shone from the crown of the Pharaoh of the upper and the lower land. There, too, was the long line of dignitaries seated in their carved chairs and taking counsel together. All was the same. The same cold images of kings and Gods gazed with the same empty eyes from the everlasting walls. Ay—more! Among those gathered there were five of the very men who, as leaders of the great plot, had sat here to see me crowned, being the only conspirators who had escaped the vengeance of Cleopatra and the clutching hand of time. I took my stand on the spot where once I had been crowned, and made me ready for the last act of shame, with such bitterness of heart as can not be written.

"Why, it is the physician Olympus!" said one—"he who lived a hermit in the tombs of Tape, and who but lately was of the household of Cleopatra. Is it, then, true that the queen is dead by her own hand, physician?"

"Yes, holy sirs, I am that physician; also Cleopatra is dead by my hand."

"By thy hand! Why, how comes this! though well she is dead, forsooth, the wicked wanton!"

"Your pardon, sirs, and I will tell you all, for I am come hither to that end. Perchance among you there may be some—methinks I see some—who nigh eleven years ago were gathered in this hall to secretly crown one Harmachis, Pharaoh of Khem."

"It is true," they said; "but how knowest thou these things, thou, Olympus?"

"Of the rest of those seven-and-thirty nobles," I went on, making no answer, "are two-and-thirty missing. Some are dead, as Amenemhat is dead; some are slain, as Seps is slain; and some, perchance, yet labor as slaves within the mines, or live afar, fearing vengeance."

"It is so," they said; "alas! it is so. Harmachis, the accused, betrayed the plot, and sold himself to the wanton Cleopatra."

"It is so," I went on, lifting up my head. "Harmachis betrayed the plot and sold himself to Cleopatra; and, holy sirs—I am that Harmachis." The priests and dignitaries gazed astonished. Some rose and spoke; some said naught. "I am that Harmachis; I am that traitor, treble steeped in crime—a traitor to my Gods, a traitor to my country, a traitor to my oath. I come hither to say that I have done this. I have accused the divine vengeance on her who ruined me and gave Egypt to the Roman. And now that, after years of toil and patient waiting, this is accomplished by my wisdom and the help of the angry Gods, behold, I come, with all my shame upon my head, to declare the thing I am, and take the traitor's querdon!"

"Mindest thou of the doom of him who hath broke the oath that may not be broken?" asked he who first had spoken, in heavy tones.

"I know it well," I answered; "I court that awful doom."

"Tell us more of this matter, thou who wast Harmachis."

So, in cold, clear words, I laid bare all my shame, keeping back nothing, and ever as I spoke I saw their faces grow more hard, and knew that for me there was no mercy; nor did I ask it; nor had I asked, could it have been granted. When at last, I had done, they put me aside while they took counsel. Then they drew me forth again, and the eldest among them, a man very old and venerable, the priest of the temple of the divine Hathshpu at Tape, spoke in icy accents:

"Thou, Harmachis, we have considered this matter. Thou hast sinned the three-fold deadly sin. On thy head lies the burden of the woe of Khem, this day enthralled of Rome; to Isis, the mother mystery, thou hast offered the deadly insult; and thou hast broken thy holy oath. For all of these sins there is, as well thou knowest, but one reward, and that reward is thine. Naught can it weigh in the balance of our justice that thou hast slain her who was thy cause of stumbling; naught that thou comest to name thyself the vilest thing who ever stood within these walls. On thee, also, must fall the curse of Meska-ra, thou false priest! thou forsworn patriot! thou Pharaoh, shameful and discredited! Here, where we set the double crown upon thy head, we doom thee to the doom! Go to thy dungeon, and await the falling of the stroke! Go remembering what thou mightest have been and what thou art, and may those Gods who, through thy evil doing, shall perchance ere long cease to be worshipped within these holy temples, give to thee that mercy which we deny! Lead him forth!"

So they took me and led me forth! With bowed head I went, looking not up, and yet I felt their eyes burn upon my face. Oh! surely, of all my shames, this is the heaviest.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

OF THE LAST WRITING OF HARMACHIS, THE ROYAL EGYPTIAN.

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Oh! Dear land of Khem! as in a dream I see thee; I see nation after nation set its standard on thy shores, and its yoke upon thy neck; I see new religions without end, calling out their truths upon the banks of Sibir, and summoning thy people to worship; I see thy temples—thy holy temples—crumbling in the dust—a wonder to the sight of men unborn, who shall peer into thy tombs and desecrate the great ones of thy glory; I see thy mysteries a mockery to the unlearned, and thy wisdom wasted like waters on the desert sands. I see the Roman eagles stoop and perish, their beaks yet red with the blood of men, and the long lights dancing down the barbarian spears that follow in their wake; and then, at last, I see thee once more great, once more free, and having once more a knowledge of thy Gods—aye, thy Gods with a changed countenance and called by other names, but still thy Gods.

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Still in my ears must ring that low laugh of triumph—the murmur of the falling fountain, the song of the nightingale—[Here the writing on the third roll of papyrus abruptly ends. It would almost seem that the writer was at the moment broken in upon by those who came to lead him to his doom.]

THE SIBERIAN ROAD.

A Railway Seven Thousand Miles Long to Traverse a Rich Region.

The members of the Russian colony here read with much interest the special dispatch announcing that the Imperial Government had determined to begin work at once upon the Trans-Siberian railroad. The importance of the work both to Russia and to the United States, on account of our Alaskan possessions, was the theme of much conversation. It was the general impression of Russians here, and of those Americans who have interests in Alaska or who have been there, that it was a work of far greater importance than was generally realized. Much of Siberia along the great Amoor, Ob, Jenesei and Lena rivers is described as being much like Nebraska and the Dakotas in appearance and resources. While it is colder, it is being peopled by a hardy race. Immense products of wheat, barley, oats, vegetables and hardy fruits are expected from it.

Vice President Niebaum, of the Alaska Commercial Company, who is also Russian Vice-Consul, is well acquainted with General Annekoff, the builder of the Transsiberian railroad, who will have to do with the building of the Transsiberian railroad, and has great confidence in his ability. Mr. Niebaum estimates that on an air line the distance from St. Petersburg to Vladivostok is close to 5,000 miles, but that in spanning the space between these points, in order to conform with advantageous valleys and passes, the road will traverse from 6,000 to 7,000 miles. He says the project has been before the Russian Government for many years, and is a great financial undertaking, but that probably the \$200,000,000 estimated will complete the work.

Mr. Niebaum thinks that in crossing the great Ob, Jenesei and Lena rivers ferry-boats will be used, because they are very wide and often overflow. The Jenesei, he says, often overflows in the spring of the year until it is sixty miles wide. "I think," said he, "the survey was made to Vladivostok last year. They are now building from Vladivostok to Hankow, where they make steamer communication with the Usnutei; and from that to the Amoor."

A boom is expected at Vladivostok something like that which has been seen at some of our Pacific ports on the completion of a transcontinental line, although from the difference in people and resources, it will have another character. It is not expected to be sudden or to cause great inflation, but to be steady and sure. In regard to the statement that one reason for building the road is that thousands of Chinese are swarming over the boundary and taking our gold and precious stones, Mr. Niebaum says that some years ago several thousand Russians and others crossed over into the Chinese Territory, established towns and founded a novel republic something like the Transvaal. They called the country New California, indicating that Californians were there; they dug a good deal of gold and built up a flourishing region. The Chinese were incensed at the invaders, rose in arms against them and drove them out. Probably, he thinks, it is the same Chinese who are now invading the Russian territory.

It is thought that the beginning of work on the Transsiberian railroad will act as an incentive to private capital or to the United States or Canadian Government to build a road from Vancouver to Behring Straits, thus forming with the Russian system the last remaining part of the railway to complete the girdle of the earth.—San Francisco Chronicle.

HEY led me to the prison chamber that is high in the Pylon tower, and here I wait my doom. I

know not when the sword of fate shall fall. Week grows to week, and month to month, and still it is delayed. Still it quivers unseen above my head. I know that it will fall, but when, I know not. Perchance I shall wake in some dead hour of midnight, and be hurried forth; perchance they are now at hand. Then will come the secret cell. The horror! The nameless coffin—and at last it will be done.

Oh, let it come—let it come swiftly! All is written. I have held back nothing. My sin is sinned. My vengeance is finished. Now all things end in darkness and in ashes, and I prepare to face the terrors that are to come in other worlds than this. I go, but not without hope I go; for though I see her not, though no more she answers for my prayers, still I am aware of the holy Isis, who is with me for