CHAPTER XXV.

The Dumaresq family was on board a great P. and O. steamer bound for Venice. Mr. Dumaresq and Harold were there only to say good-by; so also was Anne. She had yielded to the Seymours' solicitations to remain with them until they left Alexandria; and they purposed going in the course of the following week. They had taken passages straight to England. This plan suited Anne Carteret better than one which involved a lengthy stay in Italy or Switzerland. She wanted to settle down to a wholesome, hard-working English life as soon as possible. Also she foresaw trouble for the Seymours on or before the voyage. Mrs. Seymour grew worse instead of better; and the doctor had told Anne that he feared lest her illness should take a very serious turn. Some injury to the heart might be apprehended in consequence of the position of the internal tumor from which she suffered. If so, it was possible that her life might suddenly and speedily be closed. She would be spared much pain and weakness; but Anne was sorry to think of Clare thus left alone. Denzil Lawrence had totally disappeared; he had gone, no one knew whither, on the morning after his interview with her, leaving a brief penciled note to inform his aunt of his departure, and to cancel his engagement with Clare. A note for Clare was inclosed. As he was gone Anne felt safe to stay.

Mr. Dumaresq sat on a bench, exchanging some last words with his wife. The crowd of passengers and visitors surged around them; the children came and went; Michelle, a few steps removed, leaned over the bulwarks and looked toward the shore.

Anne Carteret, shut up in the Hotel de l'Europe with Mrs. Seymour and her daughter, saw and heard very little of political matters. Everything seemed perfectly tranquil, and Mrs. Seymour was particularly bitter concerning the folly and cowardice of the people who had "run away directly there was a trifling riot in the town."

At last one day she fainted when she was dressing, and then she yielded to Anne's urgent request that she would lie still.

"Well," she said, "perhaps it is no use in fighting any longer. Only, there's one thing, Anne; if I give in now I shall never get up again. I thought I should have been able to go on board next week and get as far as Malta. I have a great objection to being buried in a heathen country. In six months I shall be dead and buried!" She put up her trembling fingers to her eyes as if to shut out the light of day. Anne thought she would have wept. But when she took away her hands her eyes were as dry as dust. "But for you, Anne Carteret," she said harshly, "I should have seen the fulfillment of my dearest hopes before I died."

Anne bore it. She could bear anything, she thought, that this dying woman might say. She had borne so much from her uncle when he lay upon his death bed—scoffs and sneers and bitter words. But Mrs. Seymour's bitter words were harder to bear than even the admiral's had been.

"If there is anything I can do for Clare, Mrs. Seymour, I will do it."

"What would you do for her, Anne?"

"I would not sacrifice her happiness to mine," said Anne.

"Ah!" said Mrs. Seymour quickly, "if you mean that—it is all I want. I don't ask you to bind yourself further."

Not a word upon the subject was ever breathed while Clare was in the room. Clare was not to be told yet. Nevertheless, it seemed to Anne as though Clare must be blind not to see what was coming. On the Friday and Saturday of that week Mrs. Seymour slept a great deal, or rather fell into a kind of stupor, from which she was roused with difficulty. Sunday morning dawned, and she was worse.

Anne looked out of her window that morning and noticed the brightness of the scene beneath it. She had been kept in the house for some days and she fancied that the trees in the square looked particularly fresh and green and the groups of gayly clothed Arabs and Nubians around the great tank particularly cheerful. The bells rang out as usual for the various Christian services; the cafes were crowded, the flower sellers' baskets brilliant; the whole place seemed bright, peaceful and calm.

Soon after lunch Clare came to her like a piteous child.

"Anne," she said, "I wish you would go to mamma. She looks so white and strange. Do you think she is very ill?"

"I fear she is, dear Clare," said Anne, putting her arm round the girl's slight figure.

Clare burst into tears at once. The idea of danger had not occurred to her before.

"Oh, what shall we do?" she cried. "Do send for the doctor! And come and see her yourself at once."

Anne found that, as Clare had said, Mrs. Seymour's face had a peculiarly white, drawn look. The stupor into which she had fallen seemed also unusually deep. So Anne sent a note to the doctor and then thought of medicine which had been ordered when these alarming fits of semi-stupor came on. Owing to some carelessness of Hammond's, the bottle was nearly empty. She hastily threw on her bonnet and cloak, and said she would go herself and get it filled at the chemist's. To send Hammond, or a bowab, would involve unnecessary delay.

It struck her, when she left the hotel, that some unusual excitement seemed to prevail amongst the people. She accomplished her errand safely, but, upon leaving the shop, she found that her return was likely to be more difficult. A crowd was gathering; cries and shouts were heard in the distance; she saw men running as if for their very lives. She had not far to go, and she involuntarily quickened her steps almost to a run; but when she entered the square she saw a sight which chilled her blood and turned her sick with horror.

Here the crowd had surged up, nobody knew from whence; Arabs carrying heavy knobbed sticks formed the chief element in it. Yells of passion and of rage, followed by terrible cries of agony, broke upon her ear. What could it mean? Had the Arabs risen upon the Europeans? Strange stories of Mohammedan brutality toward Christians rushed into her mind.

She might well fear. This day was the eleventh of June, and the street riots which had simultaneously broken out in three different places, as though by preconcerted signal, had merged themselves into a cruel fight, and a massacre of the Europeans. And Anne was in the very midst of it.

CHAPTER XXVI.

A carriage containing two or three Europeans was driving along the street. Anne, wedged into a doorway, and unable to speak or stir, saw the Arabs stop the horses and throw themselves upon the unfortunate men in the carriage with howls of savage joy. The Arabs were armed with bludgeons; their victims were, of course, defenseless. Blow after blow fell; knives gleamed; cries of terror and moans of pain began to be heard. Anne caught sight of blood streaming down the face of one European—he seemed to be a Maltese or an Italian; she saw a stick uplifted, descending; and then she covered her face. But the terrible blows went on, and so did the cries and moans. When the crowd swept past, and a little portion of the pavement was clear, she saw a huddled, shapeless mass, which once had been a man.

A hand suddenly touched her arm. She had not the strength to cry out, but she turned upon her assailant a look so desperate in its defiance, born of deadly fear, that he started back. But it was no assailant—no Arab, wild with demoniac exultation; it was an Englishman, a friend. With a gasping sob of utter relief she held out her hands to Paul Eastlake.

"Why are you here? Come quickly," he said, with a face which had grown pale at the sight of her. Then he took hold of her arm, and compelled her to move forward. But for his aid she might have remained spellbound by the very hideousness of the sights and sounds around her. They had not gone two yards before a dying man rose in the pathway, displayed a ghastly wound, staggered a few steps and fell dead at their very feet. A child fled shrieking from its pursuers—she did not see the end, but Eastlake did, and shuddered. She felt the thrill of horror run through his whole frame. Then he grasped her arm more firmly than before, and told her to run for her life.

They had almost reached the hotel door when they were perceived and followed. The fury of the Arabs was not generally directed against women, and Anne was safer than she knew; but Eastlake was in imminent danger. It was a wonder that the door opened to receive even Anne; but almost before she had time to beat at it with her hands, for she could not find any other way of knocking, it was opened, and she was drawn inside. Not so Eastlake, however. She tried to drag him in with her, but in vain; he was warding off a blow which seemed likely to fall upon her from the knobbed sticks which the Arabs were using. She fancied she saw it fall upon his head and shoulder.

She cried aloud for help, but the door was shut. She indeed was safe, but he was left outside to the mercy of the mob; and neither prayers, tears nor solicitations had any effect upon the frightened keepers of the doors. And at last Anne's entreaties were cut short by an attack of faintness; and when she came to herself she was stretched upon her own bed upstairs, and Hammond was sobbing piteously at her side.

She staggered to her feet and asked after Mrs. and Miss Seymour. Mrs. Seymour was still insensible; Clare was crouching in one corner of the room, crying hysterically. Anne shook off her weakness and went tremblingly to comfort her. She found the other English ladies who were staying at the hotel collected together in another room. Some had ventured to look out of the windows, until driven away by the hideous sights outside. One of them had seen a child literally torn in twain. And then they looked no more.

Outside the house the shout of triumph rose and swelled and sunk and rose again. Anne strained her eyes to see whether by chance she could discover the figure of Paul Eastlake among the struggling groups; but he was nowhere to be seen. And then a sudden sound from Mrs. Seymour's bed made her look round. The sick woman was sitting up; her eyes were dilated, her lips parted with apparent alarm. Anne hurried to her side. A frightful change was passing over Mrs. Seymour's countenance.

"Arabs! A massacre? Why are we here, then? Clare, my child—my child!—let me go to her!" And she actually tried to get out of bed, she who had been too weak to move a limb an hour before. Anne told her of Clare's safety, and lovingly detained her, but the poor lady did not seem to hear. "It is Denzil's fault! Denzil ought to have taken us away!" And then she lifted her voice and called aloud: "Denzil! Denzil! Come and save her, Denzil!"

Clare rushed in at the sound. Her mother suddenly threw her arms up above her head, uttered a gasping, suffocated cry, and fell back upon the pillow. In vain they tried all remedies within their reach; the last word had been spoken; the last breath spent in a cry for the safety of her child. Mrs. Seymour would no longer be able to fight Clare's battles and strive for her happiness and comfort. The mother had left her daughter alone at last.

Scarcely had they ceased their offices around her lifeless frame when a crash of martial music burst upon their astonished ears. The soldiers were parading the square, playing, as was their wont, Arabic and European music by turns. The emeute had suddenly and entirely collapsed.

Early next morning Mr. Dumaresq appeared at the house to see how Anne had fared. He was much shocked on hearing of Mrs. Seymour's sudden death, and undertook all arrangements for the funeral, which would have to take place on that very day. Late at night a message was sent round by one of the officials, warning all English ladies that they had better go on board the ships then lying in the harbor as soon as possible. There were very few ladies remaining in Ramleh by this time; but such as were left were packing up with some precipitation, and the greater part of the gentlemen of the place had resolved to leave their houses for the present to the care of servants, and take up their abode in Alexandria. Mr. Dumaresq strongly pressed upon his niece the necessity of leaving Egypt at once.

"You have nothing to detain you now," he said; "and that poor girl had better go back to England. Has she nobody to look after her?"

"There is her cousin—Mr. Lawrence."

"Ay, yes. Do you know where he is?"

"No."

Mrs. Seymour's funeral took place on Monday evening. Mr. Dumaresq and one or two gentlemen attended it; but it was not thought safe for ladies to go, and Anne was therefore debarred from following to the grave the poor woman whose last days she had tried to soothe. Clare had quite broken down; she was ill enough to cause serious apprehension; and Anne was only anxious now to get her on board ship, away from a place which must always be full of painful associations to both of them. They were fortunate enough to secure passages in a vessel that would leave on Thursday; and one or two ladies were also going, who promised to do everything in their power toward making the voyage easy for Miss Carteret and her friend.

They were to go on board about midday on Thursday. The steamer would not start until the evening, but noon was the safest time for the embarkation, and for the drive through the town to the Marina, as at that hour the Arabs were generally fast asleep in the sun. It wanted some forty-five minutes to the time when the departure from the hotel was to take place. Mr. Dumaresq was talking to Anne; Clare was lying down to rest before the fatigue of the drive; Hammond was packing. And in the midst of the conversation between uncle and niece, the door of the sitting room received an impatient knock, and then burst open to admit—Mr. Denzil Lawrence.

(To be continued.)

ECCENTRIC WILLS.

Queer Bequests that Have Been Made by Wealthy People.

Although an old wheelbarrow is not the most elegant or convenient vehicle in which to take one's rides abroad it does not logically follow that because a man nor woman prefers that mode of locomotion he or she is mentally incapacitated, says the Washington Times. Yet this very conclusion was asked of a Paris court the other day in the case of an old spinster, Mdlle. Borniche, the daughter of an eccentric father. The father had curious ideas on art and spent considerable sums of money to further his notions. He had no objection to the acedemic, a toleration his daughter does not seem to have shared, as she was in the habit of decorating her statues with vine leaves, and when she could not get these she would drape them with cloth.

Mdlle. Borniche left all her fortune for the founding of a maternity hospital and her heirs are contesting the will, trying to make out that the old lady was not quite sane. The French law is in favor of property going to the heirs of a person, so the will is likely to be upset in favor of the contestants.

However, records go to show that the most eccentric wills have been made by persons perfectly sane in every relation of life. Few persons would question the lucidity of Ben Jonson, for instance, yet he commanded his executors to bury him upright, so that he might be in readiness at the day of judgment. Richard, the Dauntless, Duke of Normandy, willed that he should be buried under the porch of the church at Fecamp, "in order that he might be trodden upon by all those who entered the sacred building." This wish was complied with, but a few years later an abbot had the body removed to the front of the altar. Richard's son, not to be outdone in humility, requested to be buried in the cemetery, but under the gutter-pipe of the church.

Ben Jonson's reasons for wishing to be buried upright were slightly different from those of Sieur de Chatelet, who made similar provisions, saying: "I desire to be buried upright in one of the pillars of the church, so that the scum may not march on my stomach."

The arrangements for their "long rest" of two famous Dutch painters breathe neither the spirit of humility nor that of pride, but simply the spirit of conviviality and love of life that distinguish their fellow worthies of the brush. Shortly before his death, which took place at Amsterdam in the beginning of the eighteenth century, the celebrated seascape painter, Bakhuysen, purchased several pipes of the best wine procurable, had it bottled and sealed and stocked it. After which he placed in a purse sixty-eight gold pieces. When his will was opened the money was found to be left to his friends on the condition that they should give a dinner on his grave and drink the wine until there was not a drop left of it.

Martin Heemskerk, the second Dutch painter, left his fortune to be divided into so many parts, each part to dower annually a maiden of his native village, on the condition that the wedding festivities should take place on his grave. These testators, it is well known, were perfectly sane in body and mind when they made their wills, which, it will scarcely be gainsaid, were eccentric: why should Mdlle. Borniche not have made a sane will in her periods of eccentricity?

Pray for a Sure Thing.

A method of educating children in vogue among the Pathans of Peshawur is certainly original. The mothers pray daily that their children may grow up and be successful thieves. Education along this line is considered of second importance to only one thing—physical strength. Travelers who have been to Peshawur bear witness to the efficacy of this method of educating the young.

Some people look happiest when they have bad news to tell.

THE LAST OF HIS REGIMENT.

His face is bronzed by summer's suns,
His locks are white as winter's snows,
His form is bent, his eye is dim,
For war and age have left their woes.

Yet bravely steps the veteran,
And proudly beats the old, worn drum.
To him no music half so sweet
In days gone by or days to come.

No comrades march with him to-day
Along the narrow village streets,
The last of all his regiment,
No soldier face his vision greets.

In trenches rude their bodies lie,
And glitt'ring stars lone vigils keep.
No more the bugle call to arms
Shall rouse them from their dreamless sleep.

From Appomattox to the Gulf,
The Mississippi to the main,
Neath Southern skies, in alien soil,
They rest in long surcease from pain.

The rough, gray stone with legends brief
Reveals their home beneath the sod;
And some, perchance, lie with the dead
Unknown to man, but known to God.

To others happier fate awards
Repose beneath their native clime;
And now the mounds above their dust
Take on the green of glad springtime.

By loving eyes their graves are watched,
And loving hands fond off'rings bring
Of roses, lilies, violets,
No fairer flowers deck bier of King.

But while no comrades keep him step,
The veteran treads not alone
The way that to God's acre leads
Past fruitful fields with daisies strewn.

A lad of soldier ancestry
Strides by his side—a drummer true
And troops of happy children bear
Their tribute to the Boys in Blue.

With heads uncovered, bended low,
They pay the meed to valor due.
The simple prayer, the glist'ning tear
Proclaim their faith and love anew.

The last of all his regiment,
All honor to this passing type.
The last of that Grand Army host
For Death's grim harvest soon shall ripe.

DECORATION DAY.

A Story for the Little Ones.

ONE bright Sunday morning in April, many years ago, the telegraph wires could be heard repeating the same things all over the land. "Tic, tic; tic-tic; t-i-c, tic, tictic; tic, t-i-c, tic; t-i-c; tic, t-i-c; t-i-c, t-i-c, tic," they called out, and the drowsy telegraph operators sat up in their chairs as if startled by the words the wires were saying. Any looker on could have seen that something dreadful was being told by the wires. Even the bravest among the operators trembled.

Then came the rapid writing out of the fearful words that the slender wires had uttered, the hurrying to and fro, and messenger boys were seen flying to the great newspaper offices and the homes of the mayors of the cities, and to the churches where the people were already beginning to assemble. For the deep-toned Sabbath church bells high up in the steeples had been ringing out their welcome to all, even the strangers in their midst. "Bim, baum, bim," they sang, which everybody knew meant, "Come to church, dear people. Come, come, come." And the people strolled leisurely along toward the churches. So one family after another filed into their pews, while the organist played such soft, sweet music that everybody felt soothed and quieted by it.

In many of the churches the prayer was over, the morning hymn had been sung, when a stir and bustle at the door might have been noticed, as the messenger boys, excited and out of breath, handed their yellow envelopes to the ushers. First one and then another read the message, and from some of them escaped in a hushed whisper the words, "Oh, God! Has it come to this?"

And all looked white and awe-struck. The head usher hurried tremblingly down the aisle, and, without waiting for the clergyman to finish reading the announcement of the week, laid the telegram upon the pulpit desk.

The clergyman, somewhat surprised, glanced at the paper, stopped, gasped, holding on to the desk, as if he had been struck a blow by some unseen hand. The congregation knew that something terrible had happened, and their hearts seemed to stop beating as they leaned forward to catch his words.

"My people," said he, in a slow, deliberate tone, as if it were an effort to steady his voice, "I hold in my hand a message from the President of the United States." Then his eyes dropped to the paper which he still held, and now his voice rang out clear and loud as he read, "Our flag has been fired upon. Seventy-five thousand troops wanted at once. Abraham Lincoln."

During the next two weeks men came home, hurried and excited, to hunt up law papers, or to straighten out deeds, saying in constrained tones to the pale-faced women, "I will try to leave all business matters straight before I go." There were solemn consultations between husbands and wives, which usually ended in the father's going out, stern faced and silent, and the mother, dry-eyed, but with quivering lips, seeking her own room, with eyes that showed she had been weeping. There were gatherings in the town halls and in the churches and school houses all over the land. The newspapers were read hurriedly and anxiously.

And when little Robert looked up earnestly into his grandmamma's face and asked, "Why does mamma not eat her breakfast?" grandmamma replied, "Your papa is going away, my dear—papa is going to the war, and may never come back to us. But you and I must be brave about it, and help him get ready." And if Robert answered, "Why is he going to the war? Why does he not stay at home with us? Doesn't he love us any more?" then mamma would draw her boy to her and, putting her arms around him, and looking into his eyes she would say, "Yes, my darling, he loves us, but he must go. Our country needs him, and you and I must be proud that he is ready to do his duty." Then Robert would go to his play, wondering what it all meant, just as you would have wondered if you had been there.

Then came the terrible, terrible battles,

"YOUR PAPA IS GOING AWAY, DEAR."

more awful than anything you ever dreamed of. Men were shot down by thousands, and many who did not lose their lives had a leg shot off, or an arm so crushed that it had to be cut off. Still they bravely struggled on. It was for their beloved country they were fighting, and for it they must be willing to suffer, or to die. Then the men who had not been killed or who had not died of their sufferings came marching home again, many, alas, on crutches, and many who knew that they were disabled for life. But they had saved their country. And that was reward enough for heroic hearts. Though many a widow turned her sad face away when the crowd welcomed the returning soldiers, for she knew that her loved one was not with them, and many little children learned in time that their dear fathers would never return to them.

Then by and by the people said: "Our children must grow up loving and honoring the heroic men who gave their lives for their country." So in villages and towns, and cities, monuments were built in honor of the men who died fighting for their country. And one day each year was set apart to keep fresh and green the memory of the brave soldiers, and it has been named "Decoration Day," because on this day all the children, all over the land, are permitted to go to the graves of the dead soldiers and place flowers upon them.

Birth of the Day.

It comes to us of to-day like a strange, tragic dream, this memory of a war of more than three decades ago, when the sound of shot and shell rent the silence and peace of the beautiful summer days, and there was a vacant chair in the home of every patriot in the land. Then the soldiers were divided into two factions, the boys in blue and the boys in gray. Now they are united in one band—those that are left—and they are all boys in gray. Time has given them their uniform.

The blue was mingled with the skies,
And we were boys in gray.

Southern women gave to our country its first Memorial Day—the women of Alabama, who paid tribute to their soldier dead on April 26, 1866.

The first formal services in commemoration of the soldiers who gave their lives for the Union was on May 5, 1868, by order of Gen. John A. Logan, who was at that time commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic.

The first State to take legislative action on Memorial Day was New Jersey, and New York was the first State to make it a legal holiday. Congress adjourned as a mark of respect to the memory of the men who had died fighting their country's battles.

On the first occasion when the order was general for an observance of the day, which was that proclaimed by Gen. Logan, there was a great display of soldiery, and most pathetic scenes were witnessed, for the scars of war were yet fresh. At Arlington, where 15,000 soldiers reposed, Gen. Garfield—afterwards President of the republic—made an oration that melted all who heard it to tears. It was not only a magnificent tribute to the dead, but a classic and valorous lesson of encouragement to the living. It was on that occasion that he uttered the grand peroration:

"If silence is ever golden, it must be here beside the graves of 15,000 men, whose lives were more significant than speech, and whose death was a poem the music of which can never be sung."

In Memoriam.

My broken soldiers, made of lead,
Are buried in the garden bed,
And lovely flowers o'er them play,
For this is Decoration Day.
—Harper's Round Table.

Men in Gray Predominate.

"It has often been said of the veteran soldiers, when they have appeared on parade, as upon Decoration Day," said an observer, "why, how many young men there are among them! but that cannot be said many years longer. There are still to be seen in the ranks numbers of men comparatively young in appearance, but I was struck on last Decoration Day by the number who have now grown gray."