

PRISONER OF ASSIOUT.

It was a sultry December day at Melinet Habu. Gray haze spread dim over the rocks in the desert. The arid red mountains twinkled and winked through the heated air. I was weary with climbing the great dry ridge from the tombs of the Kings. I sat on the broken arm of a shattered granite Rameses. My legs dangled over the side of the colossal fragment. In front of me vast colonnades stood out clear and distinct against the hot, white sky. Beyond lay bare hills; in the distance, to the left, the muddy Nile, amid green fields, gleamed like a thin silver thread in the sunlight.

He came down. A dabbah was passing, and in it was a foreigner, a very great prince, an American prince of great wealth and a great friend of the sultan. Perhaps the effendi knows him. He was Cyrus P. Quackenbush, and he came from Cincinnati.

great white mule, and on its back, scarcely able to sit up, a sorry figure! "He was wrapp'd round in bandages and swathed from head to foot like a man sore wounded. His face was bruised and his limbs swollen. But he upheld one hand in solemn warning, and in a loud voice again cried to the executioner: 'In Allah's name, Hassan, let there be no execution!'"

READING FOR SUNDAY. The After Time. There cometh a time for laughter. There cometh a time for tears. But ever there cometh after. A time and a place for tears. We have not the time for the sick of the worldly strife. Cometh the peace—the quiet—That quicken the souls of life.

with small brilliant flowers with and without foliage. These make charming tea-gowns, and the tea-gown is still a highly popular dress. It is not likely that it will ever go wholly out of style. It is too graceful, too comfortable, too picturesque to be forsaken.



Santa Claus Soap. It is not an experiment; it has been tested, and its enormous sale is due solely to its merit.

It takes a million pounds of ink every fifteen minutes to print the paper and revenue stamps. The only paper in Tucker county, Virginia, is handmilled. The poor-farm cost \$20,000, and he has it all to himself. The State of Massachusetts has arranged to aid the 163 small towns that have no free public libraries in their effort to secure them.

THE HEART NEVER GROWS OLD.

The heart never grows old. How pleasant the thought as lovels grow gray, And how distinct on the forehead the lines of age.

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