THE HOME LIFE.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
Snug as birds inte a nes',
Fishin', hoein', choppin' wood,
Like a [illegible] should;
Plowin', weedin', [illegible] coos,
Dinner bell can't ring too soon;
Gimme my share 'ith the res',
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
An' one asks me why, I sez:
Home is home, and blood, I say,
Is thicker n water any day;
When yer sick yer folks is 'round,
Like as when yer safe and sound;
Gimme home and nothing less,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
[illegible]
[illegible]
Fry [illegible] pork an' beans;
Things is [illegible] is good,
No place like [illegible] for food
[illegible] address,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

Jes' ther home life suits me bes',
Allus [illegible] will, [illegible] yes,
One harsh word to millium sweet,
This yere home life cain't be beat;
Little comforts mount up still,
Like as how an hour-glass will;
Laughin' kids in dirty dress,
Jes' ther home life suits me bes'.

—H. Cochrane, in Toronto Globe.

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.

Illustrated by NICHOLL, after CATON WOODVILLE and GREIFFENHAGEN.

CHAPTER XV.

OF THE AWAKING OF HARMACHIS; OF THE SIGHT OF DEATH; OF THE COMING OF CLEOPATRA, AND OF HER MANY COMFORTABLE WORDS.

ONCE MORE I awoke; 'twas to find myself in my own chamber. I started up. Surely I, too, had dreamed a dream. It could be nothing but a dream. It could not be that I woke to know myself a traitor! That the opportunity had gone forever! That I had betrayed the cause, and that last night those brave men, headed by my uncle, had waited in vain at the outer gate! That Egypt from Abu unto Athu was even now waiting—waiting in vain! Nay, whatever else might be, this could not be! Oh, 'twas an awful dream that I had dreamed! A second such would slay a man! 'Twere better to die than to face such another vision sent from hell. But though the thing was naught but a hateful fantasy of a mind o'erstrained, where was I now? Where was I now! I should be in the Alabaster Hall, waiting till Charmion came forth.

Where was I? And, O ye gods! what was that dreadful thing whose shape was as the shape of a man!—that thing draped in blood-stained white and huddled in a hideous heap even at the foot of the couch whereon I seemed to lie!

With a shriek I sprang at it, as a lion springs, and struck with all my strength. Heavily fell the blow, and beneath its weight the thing rolled over upon its side. Half mad with terror, I rent away the white covering; and there, his knees bound beneath his hanging jaw, was the naked body of a man—and that man the Roman Captain Paulus! There he lay, through his heart a dagger—my dagger, handled with the sphinx of gold!—and pinned by its blade to his broad breast a scroll, and, on the scroll, writing in the Roman character. I drew near and read, and this was the writing:

HARMACHIDI·SALVERE·EGO·SUM·QUEM. SUBDERE·NORAS·PAULUS·ROMANUS·DISCE·HINC·QUID·PRODERE·PROSIT.

"Greeting, Harmachis! I was that Roman Paulus whom thou didst suborn. See now how blessed are traitors!"

Sick and faint I staggered back from the sight of that white corpse stained with its own blood. Sick and faint I staggered back, till the wall stayed me, while without the birds sang a merry greeting to the day. So it was no dream, and I was lost! lost! lost!

I thought of my aged father Amenemhat. Yea, the vision of him flashed into my mind, as he would be when they came to tell him his son's shame and the ruin of his hopes. I thought of that patriot priest, my uncle

"SO MY MESSENGER HAS FOUND YOU!"

Sepa, waiting the long night through for the signal which never came. Ah, and another thought followed swift! How would it go with them? I was not the only traitor. I, too, had been betrayed. By whom? By yonder Paulus, perchance. If 'twere Paulus, he knew but little of those who conspired with me. But in my robe had been the secret lists. O Amen! they were gone! and the fate of Paulus would be the fate of all the patriots of Egypt. And at this thought my mind gave way. I sank and swooned even where I stood.

My sense came back to me and lengthening shadows told me that it was afternoon. I staggered to my feet; there still was the corpse of Paulus, keeping its awful watch above me. Desperately I ran to the door. 'Twas barred, and without I heard the tramp of sentinels. As I stood, they challenged and grounded their spears. Then the bolts shot back, the door opened, and radiant, clad in Royal attire, came the conquering Cleopatra. Alone she came, and the door was shut behind her. I stood like one distraught; but she swept on till she was face to face with me.

"Greeting, Harmachis," she said, smiling sweetly. "So my messenger has found thee!" and she pointed to the corpse of Paulus. "Pah! he has an ugly look. Ho! guards!"

The door was opened, and two armed Gauls stepped across the threshold.

"Take away this carrion," said Cleopatra, "and fling it to the kites. Stay, draw that dagger from his traitor breast." The men bowed low, and the knife, rusted red with blood, was dragged from the heart of Paulus and laid upon the table. Then they seized him by the head and body and staggered thence, and I heard their heavy footfalls as they bore him down the stairs.

"Methinks, Harmachis, thou art in an evil cause!" she said, when the sound of the footfalls had died away. "How strangely doth the wheel of Fortune turn! But for that traitor," and she nodded toward the door by which the corpse of Paulus had been carried, "I should now be as ill a thing to look on as he is, and the red rust on yonder knife would have been gathered from my heart."

So it was Paulus who had betrayed me.

"Ay," she went on, "and when thou camest to me last night, well I *knew* that thou camest to slay. When, time upon time, thou didst place thy hand within thy robe, I knew that it grasped a dagger-hilt, and thou wast gathering thy courage to the deed which little thou didst love to do. Oh! it was a strange, wild hour well worth the living, and greatly, from moment to moment, did I wonder which of us twain would conquer, as we matched guile with guile and force to force.

"Yea, Harmachis, the guards tramp before thy door, but be not deceived. Knew I not that I do hold thee to me by bonds more strong than prison chains; knew I not that I am hedged from ill at thy hands by a fence of honor more hard for thee to pass than all the spears of all my legions, thou hadst been dead ere now, Harmachis. See, here is thy knife." And she handed me the dagger. "Now slay me if thou canst." And she drew near and tore open the bosom of her robe, and stood waiting with calm eyes.

"Thou canst not slay me," she went on, "for there are things, as I know well, that no man—no such man as thou art—may do and live; and this is the chief of them—to slay the woman who is all his own. Nay, stay thy hand! Turn not that dagger against thy breast; for if me thou mayst not slay, by how much the more mayst thou not slay thyself, O thou forsworn Priest of Isis! Art thou, then, so eager to face that outraged Majesty in Amenti? With what eyes, thinkest thou, will the Heavenly Mother look upon her son who, shamed in all things and false to his most sacred vow, comes to greet Her, his life-blood on his hands! Where, then, will be the space for thy atonement—if, indeed, thou mayst atone!"

Then I could bear no more, for my heart was broken within me. Alas! it was too true—I dared not die. To such a pass was I come that I did not even dare to die! I flung myself upon the couch and wept—wept tears of blood and anguish.

But Cleopatra came to me, and, seating herself beside me, she strove to comfort me, throwing her arms about my neck.

"Nay, Love, look up," she said. "All is not lost for thee, nor am I angered against thee. We did play a mighty game; but as I warned thee, I matched my woman's magic against thine, and I have conquered. But I will be open with thee. Both as Queen and woman thou hast my pity—ay, and more; nor do I love to see thee plunged in sorrow. Well was it and right that thou shouldst strive to win back that throne my father seized, and the ancient liberty of Egypt. Myself as a lawful Queen had done the same, nor shrunk from the deed of darkness whereto I was sworn. Therein, then, thou hast my sympathy, that goes ever out to what is great and bold. Well is it also that thou shouldst grieve over the greatness of thy fall. Therein, then, as woman—as loving woman—thou hast my sympathy. Nor is all lost. The plan was foolish—for, as I hold, Egypt never might have stood alone; for though thou hadst won the crown and country, as without a doubt thou must have done, yet was there the Roman to be reckoned with. And for thy hope learn this: Little am I known. There is no heart in this wide land that beats with a truer love for ancient Khem than does this heart of mine; nay, not thine own, Harmachis. But heavily have I been shackled heretofore, for wars, rebellions, envies, plots have hemmed me in on every side, so that I might not serve my people as I would. But thou, Harmachis, shalt show me how. Thou shalt be my counselor and my love. Is it a little thing, O Harmachis, to have won the heart of Cleopatra, that heart—fie on thee!—that thou wouldst have stilled? Ay, thou shalt unite me to my people, and together will we reign, linking thus in one the new kingdom and the old. Thus do all things work for good—ay, for the very best—and thus, by another and a gentler road, shalt thou climb to Pharaoh's throne.

"See thou this, Harmachis: thy treachery shall be cloaked about as much as may be. Was it, then, thy fault that a Roman knave betrayed thy plans? that, thereon, thou wast drugged, thy secret papers stolen and their key guessed! Will it, then, be a blame to thee that, the great plot being broken and those who built it scattered, thou, still faithful to thy trust, didst serve thee of such means as Nature gave thee, and win the heart of Egypt's Queen, that, through her gentle love, thou mightest yet attain thy ends and spread thy wings of power across the rolling Nile? Am I an ill-counselor, thinkest thou, Harmachis?"

I lifted my head, and a ray of hope crept into the darkness of my heart; for when men fall they grasp at feathers. Then, for the first time, I spoke.

"And those with me—those who trusted me—what of them?"

"Ay," she answered, "Amenemhat, thy father, the aged Priest of Abydos; and Sepa, thy uncle, that fiery patriot, whose great heart is hid beneath so common a shell of form; and—"

Methought she would have said Charmion, but she named her not.

"And many others—oh, I know them all!"

"Ay!" I said, "what of them!"

"See thou, Harmachis," she answered, raising and placing her hand upon my arm, "for thy sake I will show mercy to them. No more will I do than must be done. I swear by my throne and by all the Gods of Egypt that not one hair of thy aged father's head shall be harmed by me; and, if it be not too late, thy uncle Sepa will I also spare, ay, and the others. I will not do as did my forefather Epiphanes, who, when the Egyptians rose against him, dragged Athinis, Pausiras, Chesuphus and Irobashtus, bound to his chariot—not as Achilles dragged Hector, but yet living—round the city walls. I will spare them all, save the Hebrews, if there be any Hebrews; for the Jews I hate."

"There are no Hebrews," I said.

"It is well," she said, "for no Hebrew will I ever spare. Am I then, indeed, so cruel a woman as they say? In thy list, O Harmachis, were many doomed to die; and I have but taken the life of one Roman knave, a double traitor, for he betrayed both me and thee. Art thou not overwhelmed, Harmachis, with the weight of mercy which I give thee, because such are a woman's reasons—thou pleasest me, Harmachis! Nay, by Serapis!" she added with a little laugh, "I'll change my mind; I will not give thee so much for nothing. Thou shalt buy it from me, and the price shall be a heavy one—it shall be a kiss, Harmachis."

"Nay," I said, turning from that fair temptress, "the price is too heavy; I kiss no more."

"Bethink thee," she answered, with a heavy frown. "Bethink thee and choose. I am but a woman, Harmachis, and one who is not wont to sue men. Do as thou wilt; but this I say to thee—if thou dost put me away, I will gather up the mercy I have meted out. Therefore, most virtuous priest, choose thou 'twixt the heavy burden of my love and the swift death of thy aged father and of all those who plotted with him."

I glanced at her and saw that she was angered, for her eyes shone and her bosom heaved. So, sighing, I kissed her, thereby setting the seal upon my shame and bondage. Then smiling like the triumphant Aphrodite of the Greeks, she went thence, bearing the dagger with her.

Not yet did I know how deeply I was betrayed; or why I still was left to draw the breath of life; or why Cleopatra, the tiger-hearted, had grown merciful. I did not know that she feared to slay me lest, so strong was the plot and so feeble her hold upon the Double Crown, the tumult that might tread hard upon the tidings of my murder should—even when I was no more—shake her from the throne. I did not know that because of fear and the weight of policy only she showed scant mercy to those whom I had betrayed, or that because of cunning and not for the holy sake of woman's love—though, in truth, she liked me well enough—she chose rather to bind me to her by the fibers of my heart. And yet this will I say in her behalf: Even when the danger-cloud had melted from her sky she kept her faith, nor, save Paulus and one other, did any suffer the utmost penalty of death for their part in the great plot against Cleopatra's crown and dynasty. But many other things they suffered.

And so she went, leaving the vision of her glory to strive with the shame and sorrow of my heart. Oh, bitter were the hours that could now no more be made light with prayer. For the link between me and the Divine was snapped, and no more did Isis commune with her Priest. Bitter were the hours and dark, but ever through their darkness shone the starry eyes of Cleopatra, and came the echo of her whispered love. For not yet was the cup of sorrow full. Still hope lingered in my heart, and almost could I think that I had failed to some higher end, and that even in the depths of ruin I should find another and more flowery path to triumph.

For thus those do who wickedly deceive themselves, striving to lay the burden of their evil deeds upon the back of Fate, striving to believe their sin may compass good, and to murder Conscience with the sharp plea of necessity. But naught can it avail, for hand in hand down the path to sin rush Remorse and Ruin, and woe to him they follow! Ay, and woe to me, who of all sinners am the chief!

CHAPTER XVI.

IMPRISONMENT OF HARMACHIS; THE SCORN OF CHARMION; THE SETTING FREE OF HARMACHIS; THE COMING OF QUINTUS DELLIUS.

FOR a space of eleven days was I thus kept prisoned in my chambers; nor did I see any one save the sentries at my door, the slaves who in silence brought me food and drink, and Cleopatra's self, who came continually. But though her words of love were many, naught would she tell me of how things went without. She came in many moods—now gay and laughing, now full of wise thoughts and speech, and now passionate only—and to every mood she gave some new-found charm. Full of talk she was as to how I should help her make Egypt great and lessen the burdens of the people and fight the Roman eagles back. And though at first I listened heavily when she spake thus, by slow advance she wrapped me closer and yet more close in her magic web, from which is no escape. My mind fell in time with hers. Then I, too, opened something of my heart, and somewhat also of the plans that I had formed for Egypt. And she seemed to listen gladly, weighing them well, and spoke of means and methods, telling me how she would purify the faith and repair the ancient temples—ay, and build new ones to the Gods. And ever she crept deeper and more deep into my heart, till at length, now that all things else had gone from me, I learned to love her with all the unspent passion of my aching soul. I had naught left to me but Cleopatra's love, and I twined my life about it, and brooded o'er it as a widow o'er her only babe. And thus the very author of my shame became my all, my dearest dear, and I loved her with a wild, deep love that grew and grew, till it seemed to swallow up the past and make the present as a dream. For she had conquered me, she had robbed me of my honor and steeped me to the lips in shame, and I, poor, blinded wretch! I kissed the rod that smote me and was her very slave.

Ay, even now, in those dreams which will come when sleep unlocks the secret heart, and sets all its terrors free to roam through the open halls of thought, I seem to see her royal form, as erst I saw it, come with arms outstretched and love's own light shining in her deep eyes, with lips apart and flowing locks, and stamped upon her face the look of utter tenderness that she alone could wear. Ay, still, after all the years, I seem to see her come as erst she came, and still I wake to know her an unutterable lie.

And thus one day she came. She had fled in haste, she said, from some great council summoned concerning the wars of Antony in Syria, and she came, as she had left the council, in all her robes of state, and in her hand the scepter, and on her brow the uræus diadem of gold. There she sat before me laughing; for, wearying of them, she had told the envoys, to whom she gave audience in the council, that she was called from their presence by a sudden message come from Rome; and to her the jest seemed merry. Suddenly she rose, took the diadem from her brow, and set it on my hair, and on my shoulders her Royal chlamys, and in my hand the scepter, and bowed the knee before me. Then, laughing again, she kissed me on the lips and said I was, indeed, her King. But, remembering how I had been crowned in the halls of Abouthis, and remembering also that wreath of roses whereof the odor haunts me yet, I rose pale with wrath and cast the trinkets from me, asking her how she dared to mock me—her caged bird! And methinks there was that about me that startled her, for she fell back.

"Nay, Harmachis," she said, "be not wroth! How knowest thou that I mock thee! How knowest thou that thou shalt not be Pharaoh in fact and deed!"

"What meanest thou?" I said. "Wilt thou, then, wed me before Egypt? How else can I be Pharaoh now?"

She cast down her eyes. "Perchance, love, 'tis in my mind to wed thee," she said gently.

"Listen!" she went on. "Thou growest pale here in this prison, and little dost thou eat. Gainsay me not! I know it from the slaves. I have kept thee here, Harmachis, for thine own sake, that is so dear to me; and for thine own sake, and thy honor's sake, must thou still seem to be my prisoner. Else wouldst thou be shamed and slain—ay, murdered secretly. But here can I meet thee no more; therefore to-morrow will I free thee in all save in the name, and thou shalt once more be seen at Court as my astronomer. And this reason will I give—that thou hast cleared thyself; and, moreover, that thy auguries as regards the war have been auguries of truth—as, indeed, they have, though thereon have I no cause to thank thee, for methinks thou didst suit thy prophecies to fit thy cause. Now farewell; for I must return to those heavy-browed ambassadors; and grow not so sudden wroth, for who knows what may come to pass 'twixt thee and me!"

And, with a little nod, she went, leaving it on my mind that she had it in her heart to take me to husband. And, of a truth, I do believe that, at this hour, such was her thought. For, if she loved me not, still she held me dear, and as yet she had not wearied of me.

On the morrow Cleopatra came not, but Charmion came—Charmion, whom I had not seen since that fatal night of ruin. She entered and stood before me, with pale face and downcast eyes, and her first words were words of bitterness.

"Pardon me," she said, in her gentle voice, "in that I dare to come to thee in Cleopatra's place. Not for long is thy joy delayed, for thou shalt see her presently.

I shrank at her words, as well I might, and, seeing her vantage, she seized it.

"I come, Harmachis—Royal no more! I come to tell thee that thou art free! Free thou art to face thine own infamy, and see it thrown back from every eye that trusted thee, even as shadows are from water. I come to tell thee that the great plot—the plot of twenty years and more—is at its utter end. None have been slain, indeed, unless 'tis Sepa, who has vanished. But all the leaders have been seized and put in chains, or driven from the land, and their party is no more. The storm has melted ere it burst. Khem is lost, and lost forever, for her last hope is gone! No longer may she struggle—now for all time must she bow her neck to the yoke, and her back to the rod of the oppressor!"

I groaned aloud. "Alas, I was betrayed!" I said; "Paulus betrayed us."

"Thou wast betrayed! Nay, thou thyself wast the betrayer! How came it that thou didst not slay Cleopatra when thou wast alone with her? Answer, thou forsworn!"

"She drugged me," I said again.

"O Harmachis!" answered the pitiless girl, "how low art thou fallen from that Prince whom once I knew! thou who dost not scorn to be a liar! Yea, thou wast drugged—drugged with a love philtre! Yea, thou didst sell Egypt and thy cause for the price of a wanton's kiss! Thou Sorrow and thou Shame!" she went on, pointing her finger at me and lifting her eyes to my face, "thou Scorn!—thou Outcast!—and thou Contempt! Deny it if thou canst. Ay, shrink from me—knowing what thou art, well mayst thou shrink! Shrink and crawl to Cleopatra's feet, and kiss her sandals till such time as it pleases her to trample thee in thy kindred dirt; but from all honest folk *shrink!—shrink!*"

My soul quivered beneath the lash of her bitter hate, but I had no words to answer.

"How comes it," I said at last in a heavy voice, "that thou, too, art not betrayed, but art here to taunt me, thou who once didst swear that thou didst love me! Being a woman, hast thou no pity for the frailty of man?"

"My name was not on the lists," she said, dropping her dark eyes. "Herein is an opportunity! betray me also, O Harmachis! Ay, 'tis because I once did love thee—dost thou, indeed, remember it?—that I feel thy fall the more. The shame of one whom we once have loved must in some sort become our shame, and must ever cling to us in that we blindly held a thing so base close to our inmost heart. Art thou also, then, a fool? Wouldst thou, fresh from thy royal wanton's arms, come to me for comfort—to *me* of all the world?"

"How know I," I said, "that it was not thou who, in thy jealous anger, didst betray our plans! Charmion, long ago Sepa warned me against thee, and of a truth now that I recall—"

"'Tis like a traitor," she broke in, reddening to her brow, "to think that all are of his family and hold a common mind! Nay, I betrayed thee not; 'twas that poor knave Paulus, whose heart failed him at the last, and who is rightly served. Nor will I stay to hear thoughts so base. Harmachis—Royal no more!—Cleopatra, Queen of Egypt, bids me say that thou art free, and that she waits thee in the Alabaster Hall."

And shooting one swift glance through her long lashes, she curtsied and was gone.

So once more I came and went about the Court, though but sparingly, for my heart was full of shame and terror, and on every face I feared to see the scorn of those who knew me for what I was. But naught I saw, for all those who had knowledge of the plot had fled, and for her own sake no word had Charmion spoken. Also Cleopatra had put it about that I was innocent. But my guilt lay heavy on me, and made me thin and wore away the beauty of my countenance. And though I was free in name, yet was I ever watched; nor might I stir beyond the palace grounds.

And at length came the day that brought with it Quintus Dellius, that false Roman knight who ever served the rising star. He bore letters to Cleopatra from Marcus Antonius the Triumvir, who, fresh from the victory of Philippi, was now in Asia, wringing gold from the subject kings wherewith to satisfy the greed of his legionaries.

Well do I mind me of the day. Cleopatra, clad in her robes of state, attended by the officers of her Court, among whom I stood, sat in the great hall on her throne of gold, and bade the heralds admit the Ambassador of Antony the Triumvir. The great doors were thrown wide, and amidst the blare of trumpets and salutes of the Gallic guards, clad in glittering golden armor and a scarlet cloak of silk, came the Roman in, followed by his suite of officers. Smooth-faced he was and fair to look upon, and with a supple form; but his mouth was cold, and false were his shifting eyes. And while the heralds called out his name, titles and offices, as a man who is amazed he fixed his gaze on Cleopatra, who sat on her throne radiant with beauty. Then, when the heralds had made an end, and he still stood thus, not stirring, Cleopatra spoke in the Roman tongue:

"Greeting to thee, noble Dellius, envoy of the most mighty Antony, whose shadow lies across the world as though Mars himself now towered up above us petty Princes—greetings and welcome to our poor city of Alexandria. Unfold, we pray thee, the purpose of thy coming."

Still the crafty Dellius made no answer but stood as a man amazed.

"What ails thee, noble Dellius, that thou dost not speak?" asked Cleopatra. "Hast thou then wandered so long in Asia that doors of Roman speech are shut to thee? What tongue hast thou? Name it and we'll speak therein—for to us are all tongues known."

Then at last he spoke, in a soft, full voice: "Oh, pardon me, most mighty Egypt, if I have thus been stricken dumb before thee; but too great beauty, like Death himself, doth paralyze the tongue and steal our sense away. The eyes of him who looks upon the fires of the mid-day sun are blind to all beside, and thus this sudden vision of thy glory, Royal Egypt, did o'erwhelm my mind, and leave me helpless and unwitting of all things else."

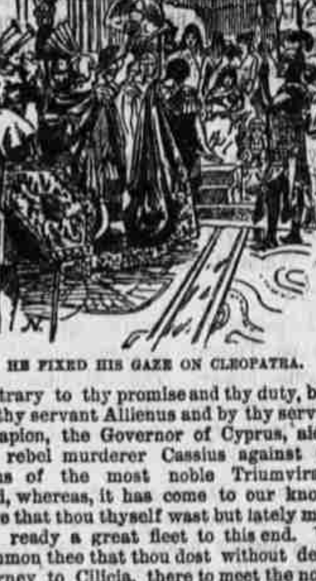
"Of a truth, noble Dellius," answered Cleopatra, "they teach a pretty school of flattery yonder in Cilicia."

"How goes the saying here in Alexandria?" replied the courtly Roman. "'The breath of flattery can not waft a cloud,' does it not? But to my task. Here, Royal Egypt, are letters under the hand and seal of noble Antony treating of certain matters of the State. Is it thy pleasure that I should read them?"

"Break the seals and read," she answered.

And bowing, he broke the seals and read.

"The *Triumviri Reipublicæ Constituendæ*, by the mouth of Marcus Antonius, the Triumvir, to Cleopatra, by grace of the Roman people, Queen of Upper and Lower Egypt, send greeting. Whereas, it has come to our knowledge that thou, Cleopatra, hast,



HE FIXED HIS GAZE ON CLEOPATRA.

contrary to thy promise and thy duty, both by thy servant Allienus and by thy servant Serapion, the Governor of Cyprus, aided the rebel murderer Cassius against the arms of the most noble Triumvirate. And, whereas, it has come to our knowledge that thou thyself wast but lately making ready a great fleet to this end. We summon thee that thou dost without delay journey to Cilicia, there to meet the noble Antony, and in person make answer concerning these charges which are laid against thee. And we warn thee that if thou dost disobey this, our summons, it is at thy peril. Farewell."

The eyes of Cleopatra flashed as she hearkened to these high words, and I saw her hands tighten on the golden lions' heads whereon they rested.

"We have had the flattery," she said, "and now, lest we be cloyed with sweets, we have its antidote! Listen thou, Dellius. The charges in that letter, or, rather, in that writ of summons, are false, as all folk can bear us witness. But it is not now, and it is not to thee, that we will make defense of our acts of war and policy. Nor will we leave our kingdom to journey into far Cilicia, and there, like some poor suppliant at law, to plead our cause before the court of the noble Antony. If Antony will have speech with us and inquire concerning these high matters, the sea is open and his welcome shall be royal. Let him come hither. That is our answer to thee and to the Triumvirate, O Dellius!"

But Dellius smiled as one who would put away the weight of wrath, and once more spoke.

"Royal Egypt, thou knowest not the noble Antony. Stern is he on paper, and ever does he set down his thoughts as though his stylus were a spear dipped in the blood of men. But face to face with him, thou, of all the world, shall find him the gentlest warrior that ever won a battle. Be advised, O Egypt! and come. Send me not hence with such angry words, for if thou dost draw Antony to Alexandria, then woe to Alexandria, to the people of the Nile, and to thee, O Egypt! For then will he come armed and breathing war, and hard shall it go with thee who dost defy the gathered might of Rome. I pray thee, then, obey this summons. Come to Cilicia; come with peaceful gifts and not in arms. Come in thy beauty, and *tricked in thy best attire*, and naught hast thou to fear from the noble Antony." He paused and looked at her meaningly; while I, taking his drift, felt the angry blood surge into my face.

Cleopatra, too, understood, for I saw her rest her chin upon her hand while the dark cloud of thought gathered in her eyes. For a time thus she sat, while the crafty Dellius watched her curiously. And Charmion, standing with the other maidens by the throne, she also read his meaning, for her face lit up, as in the evening lights a summer cloud when the broad lightning flares behind it. Then once more it grew pale and quiet.

At length Cleopatra spoke. "This is a heavy matter," she said; "and, therefore, noble Dellius, must we have time to let our judgment ripen. Rest thou here, and make thee as merry as our poor circumstance allows. Within ten days shalt thou have thy answer."

A moment the envoy thought, then, smiling, made reply: "It is well, O Egypt; on the tenth day from now will I attend for mine answer, and on the eleventh I sail hence to join Antony my Lord."

Once more, at a sign from Cleopatra, the trumpets blared, and, bowing, he withdrew.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Physical Training.

Inquiries extending over a period of forty years, made of about three hundred members of the Cambridge and Oxford University crews instituted by Dr. Maclaren, director of the university gymnasium at Oxford, have elicited facts which may be accepted as experimental evidence of the value of physical training in a class of cases in which the conditions of life are mostly favorable, hence affording a test from which practically every element except the purely muscular one is eliminated. The benefits experienced by the members of these crews are stated to be an increase of stamina, of energy, enterprise and executive power, and of fortitude in endurance of trials, privations and disappointments—"a goodly list of benefits bearing on the mental and moral as conspicuously as on the physical side of the question," says Dr. Maclaren, "for, in the struggle for existence, failure is more likely to result from inability to endure trials and disappointments than from merely physical weakness—the statistics of suicide bearing out this statement.—The Argonaut.

A LARGE, sunny room should be selected for the invalid, if without a carpet so much the better. Sunshine as a disinfectant is worth bushels of chloride of lime.

THE Sahara Desert and the United States have almost exactly the same number of square miles.

From Fremont Nebraska.

I have had scrofula until it made my life a burden. I was inexpressibly miserable sick, weak, sleepless and unhappy; desiring that the short time which seemed to have been alloted to me on this earth would hasten to an end. I tried doctors' treatment and medicine, and travel, but none of these did any good, for the scrofula gradually grew worse. One physician who I traveled far to see, and to whom I had paid $150, gave up the case as hopeless after three weeks of treatment, and others as prominent physicians tried hard to cure it, but were equally as unsuccessful. I then gave up all other medicines and took only Swift's Specific(S. S. S.) Four bottles of that medicine cured me, and for the past four years I have had as excellent health and I am as free from disease as anybody living. Words are inadequate to express my gratitude and favorable opinion of Swift's Specific (S. S. S.)

The above is an extract from a letter written under date of July 18, 1889, F. Z. Nelson, a prominent and wealthy citizen of Fremont, Nebraska.

His Child Got Well.

Swift's Specific (S. S. S.) cured my little boy of scrofula, from which he had suffered a long time. I had tried physicians and great quantities of other medicines without avail. A few bottles of S. S. S. did the work. He is now enjoying the best of health and has not had any symptoms of the disease for over a year.

W. A. CLAYTON, Addie, N. C.

Treatise on Blood and Skin Diseases mailed free. SWIFT'S SPECIFIC CO. Atlanta, Ga.

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E. Bainbridge Munday, Esq., County Att'y, Clay Co., Tex., says: "Have used Electric Bitters with most happy results. My brother, also, was very low with Malarial Fever and Jaundice, but was cured by timely use of this medicine. Am satisfied Electric Bitters saved his life."

Mr. D. I. Wilcoxson, of Horse Cave, Ky., adds a like testimony, saying: He positively believes he would have died had it not been for Electric Bitters.

This great remedy will ward off as well as cure all Malaria Diseases, and for all Kidney, Liver and Stomach Disorders stands unequaled. Price 50 cts. and $1 at Adam's drug store.

Hibbard's Rheumatic Syrup cures rheumatism by striking at the seat of the disease and restoring the kidneys and liver to healthy action. If taken a sufficient time to thoroughly eradicate such poison, it never fails.

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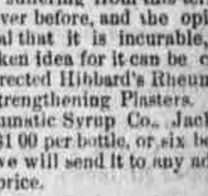

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These pills are scientifically compounded, uniform in action. No griping pain so commonly following the use of pills. They are adapted to both adults and children with perfect safety. We guarantee they have no equal in the cure of Sick Headache, Constipation, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, and as an appetizer, they excel any other preparation.

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