

The Last Egyptian

now courses in my veins; for the father, giving so little to his progeny, can scarcely contaminate it, whatever he may chance to be."

The other, paying little heed to this discourse, the platitudes of which were all too familiar to his ears, reflected deeply on the strange discovery he had made through this unconventional Egyptian.

"Then," said he, pursuing his train of thought, "your knowledge of your ancestry and the life and works of Ahtka-Rā was obtained through your grandmother?"

"Yes."

"And she has not disclosed to you how it is that she knows all this?"

"No. She says it is true, and I believe it. Hatatcha is a wonderful woman."

"I agree with you. Where did she get the money that enabled her to amaze all England with her magnificence and splendor?"

"I do not know."

"Is she wealthy now?"

Kāra laughed.

"Did I not say we were half starved, and live like foxes in a hole? For raiment we have each one ragged garment. But the outside of man matters little, save to those who have nothing within. Treasures may be kept in a rotten chest."

"But personally you would prefer a handsome casket?"