CHAPTER XLVII.

SHOWS WHAT RESULTED FROM A PORGOTTEN PAIR OF SHORS.

There was nothing to be done, simply because it was too late to do anything.

The heavy footsteps had already reached the centre one of the three rooms, and now a shrill fomale volce was heard exclaiming in not very excellent French;

in not very excellent French:

"Those are my child's screams! They are
torturing her! They are surely killing her!"

There was a single word in response, and
the princess, dropping her whip, exclaimed:

"It is my brother, the Khedive! Oh, I
an lost! I am lost! What shall I say or

Then in an instant hor face changed its expression, and selving hold of Nellio by one of her anowy shoulders, she hissed in her ear, whilst her brilliant eyes seemed to emit rays of light:

ear, whilst her brilliant eyes seemed to emit rays of light:

"Now it is your turn to have vengeance upon me, My life is in your hands and you know it. The secret of the opal ring and the lotus flower will destroy me. Well, be it so. I would sooner enjoy another buffet as you than oringe to you for pity."

She smote her with both clouched fists at once and as hard as the could strike, and as Nellis ataggered backward with a gasp and a half choking sob, she herself turned sharp round with quivering nestrils, compressed lips and flashing eyes, looking like a superb Cleopatra defying her Roman conquerors, to face those that were coming to disturb her at her inhuman sport, while Elmarr, the buffoon, flew to the other end of the reom, and crouching down hid herself behind a pile of cushions.

The next instant, or rather that very instant, the doer was deaked open, and in the apaliture Prince Tewfik, the Khedivo, came to a full stop, whilst Mrs. Trearr, rushing in, was met by Nellio half way, who, with a paroxyam of sobbing, threw herself into the maternal arms, which, as well as the maternal cloak, was thrown around her.

"What is the meening of this scene?"

around har.

"What is the meening of this scene ?" demanded the Khedivs, furiously, of his sis-

ter.
"You had better ask her. You don't expect me to oriminate myself, and I am far too proud to excuse or to attempt to excuse myself, even to you," was the disdainful an-

The princess knew that did her smarting victim tell the story of the lotus flower and of the opal ring as rhe had related it to her only the preceding day, her doom would be death for having received one of the male sex within the sengillo walls, and how could ahe hope that she would not tell it after such barbario treatment as she had just received at her hands?

What was her astonishment when she heard the Feringhee girl exclaim:

"Oh, your highness, I don't wish to say anything. I wen't say anything, I have no malico. I only want to forgive the princess and to go away with my mother, that is all."

Her highness gave a great gasp as of relief, but srid no word of thanks, and the proud, deliant look atill remained on her countenance.

ocuntenance.

Indeed the Khediva looked the most relieved of the two, for he world undoubtedly have executed justice upon his sister according to strict Moslem law, he yet seemed to feel very glad that Nellie had saved him the recentive of doing so. the necessity of doing so.

A quarter of an hour later Nellie quitted the Ras el Tin palace between her father and mother and surrounded by the armed guards of the war minister, but Prince Towfit, the Khedive, quitted it not, for despite all the representations and revalations that Mr. Trezarr had made to him concerning his immediate seleure, trial and execution for treasen to the state if he remained on Egyptian soil, on Egyptian soil he was determined to remain notwithstanding.

Nellie and her rescuers had hardly mounted to take her, and not belt ministed with some curiosity whither they were about to take her, and not belt ministers with such vague answers as "for a place of safety, my dear," and he on, the plied the question again and again until Mr. Trezar was driven at last to stolaim:

"We are going to the war ministers's." A quarter of an hour later Nellie quitted

was criven as issue of scotsin;
"We are going to the war ministers's."
"I would rather die than marry the war minister. And, besides, I have not need widow twenty-four hours," said Neilie,
"A widow? The child has taken leave of ner senses," gasped Mr. Trepur.



"No, " have not "No, "have not. I wish to heaven that I had," walled out Nellie. "I was married to poor Frank in the Cathelic church here

to poor Frank in the Cathelic church here yesterday morning. enly a couple of hours before he was killed by the mob whilst we were on our way to the harbor."

It will be remembered that Arabi Pasha had told the Trezarrs nething at all of this, as he had not the slightest desire that Nellie should know that her Christian husband atill lived, for he trusted that her grief, her despair and that state of bedily and mental prostration in which the victim can hardly be said to care what havpens to her would be said to care what happens to her would cause the lovely girl to obey her parent's wishes in all things.

Those parents, however, were perfectly bothered and bewildered at what their

bothered and bewildered at what their child had just told them, though it was not long before Mr. Trenarr thought he saw a way out of the scrape.

"Oh, a Popleh ceremeny is nothing," raid he. "You were brought up a Protestant, Nell, and a Romanish marriage is, of course, no more binding on yeur conscience than jumping ever a broomstick would be. Buildes, the—the poor fellow is dead—was killed two hours after you were—were imposed upon by a lot of nonsense. Of course, I'm sorry for him, very; but for all that, you are as much Miss Tresarr and as little Mrs. Donelly as ever yeu were."

"I am so much Mrs. Donelly, papa, that

"I am so much Mrs. Donelly, pape, that I shall retain the name all my life through, and I, myself, choice the service of the Cath-olic chamber of the most holy, soums, binding and God blessed of all marriage services," replied our heroinefirm-

What answer Mr. Tremarr would have made to such a terrible speech as this, had he been able to make any reply at all, it is benefic to tall, but as it was he opened his mouth to let a stone in instead of wisdom int—a stone that caused him to swallow two of his teeth and a great deal of blood from a cut lip as well.

This missile proved to be the advance grant of many such, and from that point all the way to the arsenal the crowd strove its atmost te get at the European whom the soldiery were guarding.

At last, however, the arsenal gates were resered and spenned and the Treasure and What answer Mr. Trecarr would have

THE "BABYS" PORTRAIT!

BY JOHN DEED, TOBORTO.

Steady now, young "Unatterbox 1" Rosy cheeks and raven locks; Mamma wants your portrait now, Smile again and smooth your brow ! Touch your mouth with finger-tips, Pearly teeth and ruby lips; Papa's pride and mamma's pet, High upon a cushion seat !

Rolling eyes of azure blue, Watching, wendering, "what's a do !"
While the artist smiles and grins, Ere he to his task begins. Steady now, young "chatterbox 1" Sly as any little fox :-Tinkling bells-the signal given-"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven i

For a mizute silence reigns. Pleasure leaps in all our veins, Baby's picture's now complete, Lifelike, true, and oh, so sweet ! Every one is positive Never was such negative; Beauty smiles at beauty's self, Each one huge the little olf !

Soon a dainty frame is made, In the frame the portrait laid, Where it lay for many a day. As the years roll'd swift away, Oft the mother looked and smiled At the picture of her child. Now a happy blushing bride, Still her father's joy and pride.

But at last there came a day When the bride must pass away, Claimed by lover of her own, Happy in that love alone; And, 'mong presents rich and rare, Oue was prized-a portrait fair-Smiling as in days of yore, New a "Chatterbox" no mere 1

their escort gained the haven of shelter, though followed by a perfect rain of missiles from behind the hastily reclosed barriers, TO BE CONTINUED.)

A Hopeful Electrical Invention.

It is a remarkable fact that while almost It is a remarkable fact that while almost every month new uses are discovered for electricity, yet, as a matter of fact, for aixty years there has been no new means invented to produce the electrical current it self. We have te depend upon the zinc plate immersed in a bath of acid chemicals, for on friction for which a steam-engine must be used. But the destruction of the zinc in the one case, and the use of the ateam in the other, involves a waste of power which in all, save a few particulars, makes electricity too costly to use either as an illuminant all, save a few particulars, makes electricity too coatly to use either as an illuminant or a metive power. An electrical light is very powerful, but gas or oil is very much cheap'r. A train of cars was run by electricity thirty years ago, and cost four times as much as steam. But now comes to the front Henry B. Ford, who claims to have discovered the secret of the cheap production of electricity. If he has succeeded, it will make the greatest raysolution known to tion of electricity. If he has succeeded, it will make the greatest revolution known to the history of industry. This new process diseards the steam on fee, zinc, and the solds, and relies upon carbon in it, cheapest and most accessible forms. Mr. Ford claims that with distillary slops, the debris of a gas house, the muck from a swamp, he can produce an electric current sufficiently powerful to replace steam and produce light. Common sait or ocean water is all he needs with the carbonized materials, to induce the Common salt or ocean water is all he needs with the carbonized materials, to induce the current. If his invention is what he claims for it, a steemthly cange to sea with some waste carbon, one tenth the volume of the coal which is now indispensable, and a me tive can be developed which will cost but a trifle, and yet will be powerful enough to propol the heaviest and largest steamers from centinent to continent. If there is anything in this invention, its possibilities are simply incalculable. are simply incalculable.

The pleasures of the world are decelt ial; they promise more than they give Ther trouble us in seeking them, they de not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in loang them.