

CHAPTER XLVII.

SHOWS WHAT RESULTED FROM A FORGOTTEN
PAIR OF SHOES.

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 female voice was heard exclaiming 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 am lost! I am lost! What shall I say or do?"

Then in an instant her face changed its expression, and seizing hold of Nellie by one of her snowy shoulders, she hissed in her 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 at you than cringe to you for pity."

She smote her with both clenched fists at once and as hard as she could strike, and as Nellie staggered backward with a gasp and a half choking sob, she herself turned sharp round with quivering nostrils, 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 Elmar, the buffoon, flew to the other end of the room, and crouching down hid herself behind a pile of cushions.

The next instant, or rather that very instant, the door was dashed open, and in the aperture Prince Tewfik, the Khedive, came to a full stop, whilst Mrs. Trezarr, rushing in, was met by Nellie half way, who, with a paroxysm of sobbing, threw herself into the maternal arms, which, as well as the maternal cloak, was thrown around her.

"What is the meaning of this scene?" demanded the Khedive, furiously, of his sister.

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

The princess knew that did her smarting victim tell the story of the lotus flower and of the opal ring as she had related it to her only the preceding day, her doom would be death for having received one of the male sex within the seraglio walls, and how could she hope that she would not tell it after such barbaric 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 won't say anything. I have no malice. I only want to forgive the princess and to go away with my mother, that is all."

Her highness gave a great gasp as if relieved, but said no word of thanks, and the proud, defiant look still remained on her countenance.

Indeed the Khedive looked the most relieved of the two, for he would 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 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 Tewfik, the Khedive, quitted it not, for despite all the representations and revelations that Mr. Trezarr had made to him concerning his immediate seizure, trial and execution for treason to the state if he remained on Egyptian soil, on Egyptian soil he was determined to remain notwithstanding.

Nellie and her rescuers had hardly gone outside the palace gates when she inquired with some curiosity whether they were about to take her, and not being satisfied with such vague answers as "To a place of safety, my dear," and so on, she plied the question again and again until Mr. Trezarr was driven at last to exclaim:

"We are going to the war ministers."

"I would rather die than marry the war minister. And, besides, I have not been a widow twenty-four hours," said Nellie.

"A widow? The child has taken leave of her senses," gasped Mr. Trezarr.



THE "BABY'S" PORTRAIT!

BY JOHN MERRIE, TORONTO.

Steady now, young "Chatterbox!"
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, wondering, "what's-a-do!"
While the artist smiles and grins,
Ere he to his task begins.
Steady now, young "chatterbox!"
Sly as any little fox;—
Tinkling bells—the signal given—
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven!"

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

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,
One was prized—a portrait fair—
Smiling as in days of yore,
Now a "Chatterbox" no more!

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 every month new uses are discovered for electricity, yet, as a matter of fact, for sixty years there has been no new means invented to produce the electrical current itself. We have to depend upon the zinc plate immersed in a bath of acid chemicals, or 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 steam 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 or a motive power. An electrical light is very powerful, but gas or oil is very much cheaper. 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 revolution known to the history of industry. This new process discards the steam-engine, zinc, and the acids, and relies upon carbon in its cheapest and most accessible forms. Mr. Ford claims that with distillery 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 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 steamship can go to sea with some waste carbon, one tenth the volume of the coal which is now indispensable, and a motive can be developed which will cost but a trifle, and yet will be powerful enough to propel the heaviest and largest steamers from continent to continent. If there is anything in this invention, its possibilities are simply incalculable.

The pleasures of the world are deceitful; they promise more than they give. Their trouble us in seeking them, they do not satisfy us when possessing them, and they make us despair in losing them.