

out of the arm, and thereafter bandaged up the limb in such a fashion that the effusion of the blood was wholly stopped, and the pain rendered at all events bearable.

Directly he could stand it they eagerly questioned him concerning the latest doing at Alexandria and at Cairo, for Captain Donnelly doubted not that he had been in the former city during the preceding day, when he knew that he must have quitted the capital several hours later than themselves.

"Yes, the train had left the terminus at Cairo at three in the morning, but nothing of much moment had occurred during the night, except that more soldiers had come into the city, and order had been somewhat restored. Some of these troops had been dispatched by the war minister to protect the European refugees at the railway station from the mob, and to see that the rails were not ripped up or the trains wrecked in any way."

Then he added "that every train was searched by the soldiery, ere it started, for a young lady who had run away from her parents, rich banking people, called—well, he had forgot exactly what they were called, but that was no matter, and anyhow she must have been a brave girl to leave her parents at times like these."

As may be imagined, Frank Donnelly lost no time in shifting the scene (or rather his inquiries) from Cairo to Alexandria at this juncture.

"Quiet? No I can't say that matters are over quiet there, if it comes to that," was the reply of the wounded guard. "The storm hasn't broke yet, but 'tis hourly expected to burst, and when it does it will be something more than a passing squall I reckon. Anyhow that seems to be the general opinion, for all who can get away from the place are getting away as fast as ever they can. But, Lord bless you, there are not ships enough to carry them."

"The devils there are not. Think you then that I shall be detained there?"

"If you succeed in getting to sea in less than a week I shall be surprised. Why, whole crowds rushed off this morning in the hope that the earliest arrivals would be able to book places aboard the P. and O. mail steamer at Port Said, and more than nine-tenths of 'em had to return disappointed."

This was sorrowful news indeed, for up to that moment Frank Donnelly had looked forward to being married to Nellie in the dawn, and their eating their breakfast together aboard some vessel or other bound to some port of Europe at the very least if not to England direct.

He looked the disappointment he felt to the very full, and his face might have borne the expression longer had not his lovely charge at last almost suddenly recovered her senses and exclaimed in wondering tones "Why, where are we?"

"In a train my darling, and also close to the end of our journey, thank God!"

"That indeed we are in," said the guard, "for there's Lake Mariut on our left and Lake Abukir on our right, and if you look out of the window straight ahead you will see the Pharos lighthouse and the blue sea beyond it."

"There do you hear all that, Nellie?" said Frank encouragingly.

"Yes, dear, and I'm waiting for you to add that our troubles and dangers are nearly over."

"Assuredly, darling, assuredly; as much over as the night is over, for don't you see day's gray dawn in the East? The sun will be up in a few minutes."

"Oh what a fright I shall look going through the streets in broad daylight with my arms bare to my shoulders and this most comical head-dress on."

Frank laughed, for he knew that when a woman once begins to think of her personal appearance she is literally free both from pain and terror.

"There are plenty of close babs in which you can shrink from public observation until you are engulfed in a private room of a European hotel, from whence you can send out and in a very short while supply any deficiencies of your wardrobe. Why we are in the heart of civilization again."

"Barbarism veneered with civilization, you mean, Frank. Oh, give me in preference the frailest skiff in the most tempest-tossed sea. I have been through that this night which all my life through will cause me to shudder and turn pale whenever the word Egypt is mentioned in my hearing. But we shall be on the sea in an hour, shall we not Frank?"

He was saved from uttering a soothing

falsehood by the train at this instant rumbling into the station, so he said instead, "Here we are at last!"

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

MERRY MOMENTS.

Money doesn't make the man; and it isn't every man who makes the money, either.

The clergyman having remarked that there would be a fine nave in the church, an old lady whispered that she knew the party to whom he referred.

Nurse (to young husband)—"I am glad to announce, sir, that you have a beautiful, bouncing son." Young husband (excited)—"Er—boy or girl?"

She—"So you are writing a novel?" He—"Yes." She—"And what will it contain?" He—"Four divorced women and a society scandal." She—"Won't that be lovely?"

A little girl was seated at the table opposite a gentleman with a waxed moustache. After gazing at him for several moments, she exclaimed: "My kitty has got smellers, too!"

Wife, before a lion's cage, to husband—"What would you say if the bars were to suddenly break and the lion to eat me up?" Husband (drily) "I should say he had a good appetite."

A certain actor appeared in a pantomime upon all all fours, performing the role of a donkey. "For the first time," said his critic, "Mr. X. has failed to present worthily the character of an ass!"

"Did you ever think what you would do if you had the Duke of Westminster's income?" Village Pastor—"No; but I have sometimes wondered what the Duke would do if he had mine."

Teacher—"Now, Klaus, if I say the father blessed his six children, is that active or passive?" "That is active." "Correct; and what is passive?" "The father was blessed with six children."

A clergyman who married four couples in one hour the other evening remarked to a friend that it was "pretty fast work." "Not very," responded his friend; "only four knots an hour."

The man who thaws himself out with a Tom and Jerry when the thermometer is hugging the zero notch, Brother Beecher says, is a better citizen than the prohibitionist who goes to bed cold and shoves his wife's feet out of their warm place.

Mrs. Gruffy was a guest of Mrs. Goodsell. One morning Mrs. Goodsell saw Mrs. Gruffy using the wrong toothbrush. "Bless me, Mrs. Gruffy, you are using my toothbrush!" "Am I? Well, now, you'll excuse me; I thought it was the chambermaid's."

Judge to prisoner—"Your name?" Prisoner—"Henry." Judge—"That's your Christian name. What's your family name?" Prisoner—"My father was a Polo. I have never been able to pronounce his name."

Mr. Fogg (reading from morning paper)—"Why, my dear, this is very sudden. Our friend Mrs. Smith, has died." Mrs. Fogg—"Mrs. Smith? You don't say so! How very glad I am we had her to tea last week!"

Lady (to applicant)—"What wages will you expect as nurse?" Applicant—"How could it be the baby, mum?" Lady—"Seven months." Applicant—"Without laudanum, mum, two dollars an' a half a wake; wid laudanum, two dollars."

There is a singular incongruity about the human race. A man will never hire an auctioneer unless he is continually "knocking-down," but a clerk that does the same thing is discharged.

"Why didn't you come when I rang?" said a Texas lady to her servant. "Because, I didn't hear de bell." Hereafter when you don't hear the bell you must come and tell me so. "Yes'm."

Sewing girls are paid seventy-five cents a dozen for making shirts, and yet a married woman won't sew a button on one until she has been promised a pair of diamond earrings and a seal skin mackin.

"George Washington offered himself to five women before he was accepted." Well, no wonder; it got out that he never told a lie, and the women, of course, thought he wasn't quite right in the upper story.

An exchange says: "The Chinese have no humor; they cannot understand a joke." This explains why the Chinamen get mad when hoodlums smash their windows. We have always had a suspicion that John couldn't understand a joke.

The Poet's Corner.

Gold.

—For Truth.

BY KARL BLOOMGART.

[The following is by a German gentleman whose familiarity with English is yet somewhat limited. Notwithstanding this disadvantage the poem contains undoubted evidences of true poetic genius.]

How this word gold seduces all mankind,
Renewing evil as drink, senses blind;
The dearest friend becomes your greatest foe,
And robs the soul in dark and constant woe.
Slaves to afluence, the heart we consign,
From feeble childhood down the steep of time,
Struggling and grasping, even begrudging God
Thanks for existence, whose bounties we plod.
A little gain inflames the feeble mind,
And rouses that passion which, to judgment blind,
Finds no pleasure but to augment the purse,
Reckless grasp off the better feelings cure;
Then self-interest displays its beastly part,
For we seldom good to others impart;
But revel in pomp, of millions debate,
And scorn the poor wretch of lowly estate;
Little possessors of the virtues of life
Are those that for power and opulence strive;
Devil's conscience, safe as a rock, is sense,
Charity to such seems a rank offence;
For when poverty gasps for breath at their door
It's politely invited to hush dark shore.

Charity above all should be our guide
And use it oft to sun some darkness night.
The wide mercy of heaven gives us day
So rich to poor can great blessings convey.
Many with gold cover their weaker part
And with fair display strive to mimic heart;
Thus the sponge, when pressed, the liquid flow,
And again absorb when dip'd below
So many give poor for a passing blind,
Then retake again the same measure prim'd.
Cold charity thus, in compulsive streams,
May yield a moment then again redeem
The current of its former gaudy flow,
And glide unperceived thro' a world of woe.

But wretch is he when conscience disclose
That Heaven's bright eye his counterfeit knows!
O why, then, yield to superficial art,
And from the soul let truer sense depart,
When on its lone our high hopes rely
To reach the land beyond the azure sky!
Then happy they who few riches possess—
Appar'd in nature's conscience find'st rest,
For they who shun this intoxicating fold
Find truth their servant, and wisdom their gold.

But what numbers rebel when God would guide
Their golden streams where poverty prelude.
Still hard as the metal forever their heart,
Till death alone rends that life could not part.
Poetry burns give rich their heights sublime,
Then give again, add seconds to their time.
Should we expect the lamp to give us light,
Experience teach to oil 'er life's night?
How unjust we are, what convincing display
Is render'd by nature's e'er righteous way!
Rivers, amassing the boundless ocean
Resemble poor life in constant motion;
And so would labour with dimming strain,
Didst not the sea succor its current again.
O, unexpected roll these shadowy clouds!
With sorrow, remorse, e'en with death empower'd.
Then study well what may and may not be,
Forego your gold you must, to reach eternity.
And remember'd is he when, 'neath the sod,
Who gave free his bounties and trusted his God;
And no monument more splendid prize,
Than this, "I have lived, and help'd others rise."

On the Hurry of This Time.

AUSTIN DOMON.

With slower pen men used to write
Of old, when "letters" were "polite,"
In Anna's or in George's days
They could afford to turn a phrase
Or trim a straggling theme aright.

They knew not steam; electric light
Not yet had dazed their calmer sight;
They meted out both blame and praise
With slower pen.

Too swiftly now the hours take flight!
What's read at morn is dead at night;
Scarcely space have we for art's delays,
Whose breathless thoughts so briefly stay.
We may not work—ah, would we might!
With slower pen.

Don't You Think So?

BY MARGARET BYTNER.

It's all very well to be jolly
When everything's going just right;
When, in summer skies showing no hint of
A shadow, the sun's shining bright;
When around you your merry friends cluster
With many a laugh-bringing jest,
And wherever you turn you discover
The world in its gala robe dressed.
But, ah! 'tis sublime to be jolly
When mirth-loving spirits have fled:
When your path is in gloominess shrouded,
And the tempests bellow over your head;
When fainter hearts beg you to cheer them,
Though your own heart be lonely and drear,
And you scarce can help doubting if ever
The darkness will quite disappear.

The bird that sings sweetly when golden
The earth is and gentle the wind,
When the bees hum their joy o'er the honey
That, hid in the flowers, they find,
When, rying in beauty and fragrance,
Red roses and white lilies grow,
And butterflies, splendid in rainbow
Through their airy realm fit to and fro,
Is a dear little songster; but dearer
Is the bird that its joy-giving strain
Undaunted thrills loudly and gayly
In spite of the chill and the rain;
For that to be jolly 'tis easy
In sunshine there isn't a doubt;
But, ah! 'tis sublime to be jolly
When there is naught to be jolly about.

Twilight.

The day is done, now is the time
To hush the voice of mirth;
Twilight unfolds her gentle wings
And spreads them o'er the earth.

Sweet hour of meditation!
Would thou didst longer last!
'Tis now that memory bears us back—
Back to the happy past.

Forgetful of all bitterness
That mingled in life's stream,
Only of all the brightest flowers
Weave we our twilight dream.

Beside the hearth the magic veil
Of years, soft rolls aside;
And, with a saddened wisdom gained,
Span we a chasm wide.

Oh, recollections sweetly sad!
All, all life's brightest rays—
The sunny hours of childhood—
Flown with those by-gone days.

Within the busy siege of day
Old memories bring no thrill;
No other hour so stirs the soul
As twilight, calm and still.

The Present.

PHOEBE CARY.

Waste not moments—no, nor words—
In telling what you could do
Some other time; the present is
For showing what you should do.

The Sculptor's Christ.

BY BENJAMIN M. BINGHAM.

'Twas Dannecker, the sculptor great,
Who toiled through years, nor thought of rest,
To make a statue of our Lord,
Of all his work to be the best.

The last stroke made, a child he called,
And slow unveiled the statue high;
'Who is this image, child?' he asked,
And watched the face and wondering eye.

"Some great man it must be, I know!"
And shook her head with childish grace;
Then turned away and left him sad:
He'd failed, 'twas not the Saviour's face.

Again he wrought with cunning hand,
Once more he called the child from play
To where the marble statue rose;
And asked again, "Who is it, pray?"

Her eyes grew light with dimpled smiles:
'Tis "Suffer little children," he—
The very one, he says it now;
His face, you see, is just "Come to me."

The sculptor bowed his head in tears,
'Tis finished now, no more I ask;
The best this hand can carve is made;
My day of life has wrought its task."

True Faith.

BY MARY R. SWEIGHT.

"You tell me that your child is dead,
And yet you greet me with a smile,
And let the sunshine flood your room,
And with a song your grief beguile!"

"And why not smile? If she had gone
To dwell in sunny Italy,
To gaze upon those placid slopes
And wander by that summer sea;

"Would I not joy to follow her
In thought beneath those classic skies,
To note with every changing scene
The rapture in her glad young eyes?"

"Yet with my winging joy, alas!
Always a brooding fear would mate,
Not knowing where along the way
Some nameless foe might lie in wait."

"But now for her, with love enshrouded
No evil thing can work its spell;
Safe tallied from all she treads
The fields where living fountains well."

"Then why not smile and open wide
My windows to the blessed light,
Since she forevermore abides
In that fair land that knows no night?"

Deeds Not Words.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

If words could satisfy the heart,
The heart might find less care;
But words, like summer birds, depart,
And leave but empty air;
The heart, a pilgrim upon earth,
Finds often, when it needs,
That words are as little worth
As just so many weeds.

A little said—and truly said—
Can deeper joy impart
Than hoards of words, which reach the head,
But never touch the heart;
The voice that wins its sunny way,
A lonely home to cheer,
Hath oft the fewest words to say;
But oh! those few—how dear!

If words could satisfy the breast,
The world might hold a feast;
But words, when summoned to the test—
Oft satisfy the least!
Like plants that make a gaudy show,
All blossom to the root;
But whose poor nature cannot grow
One particle of fruit!