

his way to the house of the Persian merchant where he had placed the girls. As his chariot stopped at the door the merchant appeared on the threshold and made a profound prostration. He had until the arrival of Amuba at the town been in entire ignorance that those who had placed the girls under his charge were other than they seemed. He knew indeed from their ignorance of his language that the girls were not Persians, but supposed that they were female slaves who had been brought from a distance, with a view, perhaps, of being presented as an offering to the king.

After a word or two with him, Amuba and Chebron entered the house and ascended to the apartment which had been set aside for the girls. They were standing timidly at one end of the room, and both bent profoundly as he entered. Amuba for a moment paused in astonishment, and then burst into a fit of laughter.

"Is this your sister, Chebron, who thus greets her old friend in such respectful fashion? Am I myself or some one else?"

"You are King Amuba," Mysa said, half smiling, but with tears in her eyes.

"That is true enough, Mysa; but I was always prince, you know. So there is nothing very surprising in that."

"There is a great difference," Mysa said; "and it is only right where there is such a difference of rank—"

"The difference of rank need not exist long, Mysa," Amuba said, stepping forward and taking her hand. "Chebron, who is your brother, and like a brother to me, has given me his consent, and it rests only with you whether you will be queen of the Rebu and Amuba's wife. You know that if I had not succeeded in winning a throne I should have asked you to share my lot as an exile, and I think you would have said yes. Surely you are not going to spoil my triumph now by saying no. If you do I shall use my royal power in earnest and take you whether you will or not."