

had prompted him to interpose a far-stretching regimen between himself and his nominal sovereign and master, so that by no possible chance could the Khedive lay claim to any of the applause that he knew would be lavished on himself.

She still stood at the window, earnestly praying to herself that Frank might soon return and at once take her away—anywhere, so long that it was out of Alexandria, aye, even to the desert again.

It never struck her that there could be others from whom she had more to fear than from Arabi Pasha himself.

But it was destined to occur to her before very long, nevertheless, for when regiment after regiment of Egyptian soldiery had again marched past, they were succeeded by a continuous roll of carriages, containing, though for a long while she remarked it not, a portion of the harems of the Khedive, of the war minister and a few others of the great pashas who had accompanied him.

She was destined to make this discovery in a single instant, when she all at once saw a hideous black face leering at her from the box of a gilded and curtained caleche, and the next instant beheld one of those curtains drawn aside by a tiny but swarthy hand, and another face gazing up at her filled her with a greater degree of terror than the war minister and the hideous black eunuch's united could have done, for those magnificent yet tigerish looking eyes had been bent upon her twice already, once while driving with Frank along the Ohoubrah road and again from behind a latticed box at the Cairo Opera House, and it was assuredly from the owner of those eyes that the written warning had come which had threatened her, though vaguely enough with so terrible a doom.

#### CHAPTER XXXVII.

##### THE MASSACRE IN THE GREAT SQUARE.

When some five minutes later Frank Danelly emerged into the Rue de la Colonne Pompee, on his way back to the Hotel d'Orient, he found it almost empty, for the Khedival procession had swept by and the populace had followed it.

His caleche (he had endeavored to procure a close cab or other carriage, but in vain) had therefore not the slightest difficulty in getting along, and no sooner had it drawn up at the hotel steps than, first ordering it to await his return, he ran indoors and upstairs to Nellie.

He found her lying on the sofa with her eyes closed and looking deathly pale.

No sooner did he burst into the room, however, than she sprang to her feet and throwing herself into his arms exclaimed:

"Oh, take me away from here. Take me at once, Frank!"

"That's what I've just come to do, my love. The carriage waits at the door, and I dare say Pat is already on his way upstairs for your box. Is it ready for him?"

"Yes, Frank, there. And I have only to put on the hat and jacket that I got from Marie."

"And the yashmack that I advised you to procure. One was to be had I suppose?"

"No, Frank, I could not get one, and I would not allow Marie to risk going out. I have, however, a very thick veil, and I hope that will do very nearly as well."

"I doubt not but that it will do quite as well, my darling; indeed, I believe that it would be now quite safe to traverse the streets with your face uncovered, for the storm seems to have passed away, in proof of which all the shops and banks have opened again."

"The storm is at all events not over for us, Frank, for Arabi Pasha is in Alexandria. He recognized me at the window as he passed under in his carriage, and so did two others, the beautiful but terrible woman whose life you saved and who gave you that opal ring, and the hideous black man who seems to be always with her."

"Well, my dear, it doesn't much matter, for in a quarter of an hour we shall be aboard a French ship, and a French ship is to all intents and purposes French territory."

Nellie said not another word, but rushed into the adjoining bedroom, and hurriedly put on the natty little hat and jacket that she had purchased from Marie.

Then she muffled up her pretty face in the hideous green veil and re-entered the sitting-room just as Pat Monaghan was moving out of it with her box on his shoulder.

A couple or three minutes later they

were driving away from the hotel door, Frank and Nellie inside and Pat Monaghan on the box beside the driver.

"And so we are really on our way to a steamboat bound for Europe, Frank?" Nellie spoke the words as though she desired to be convinced again of their truth.

This strange conduct of hers caused her husband to laugh as he rejoined:

"Yes, Nell, we really are, and what is more she sails within an hour and so we shall sit down to dinner in all probability out of sight of land."

"Oh, that will be glorious," exclaimed the new made bride. "And Arabi Pasha could not tear me out of the French ship, even under the plea that it was to restore me to my parents, could he? That is what causes me most apprehension."

"Your marriage certificate proves that you no longer belong to your parents, but only to your husband, so of course he could not tear you from me, my darling."

"Now I am satisfied. Now I do not believe that I am one bit afraid, Frank."

Poor girl, she might not have expressed herself so confidently had she but known that the hideous eunuch age, of the Khedival seraglio was within both eye and ear shot, and waiting but a favorable opportunity to pounce down upon and bear her off as an eagle swoops down upon a dove.

He was furthermore resolved to make that opportunity if he did not find it ready made.

Concealed behind one of the Ionic pillars that assisted to form a portico of the hotel door, he heard the route to the harbor given to the driver of the caleche by the landlord, Monsieur Bonoeur, as the one whereon his guests would be least likely to meet with unpleasant interruption, and no sooner had he been thus made aware that the carriage would be driven through the Grand Square, or Place Mehomet Ali, as it is more generally called, than he resolved that it should get no further.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



#### "COME, LET US LIVE FOR OUR CHILDREN."—*Frabel.*

BY JOHN IMRIE, TORONTO.

Gathering wildflowers in the wood,  
Joyous and free as the air;  
Happy days of early childhood,  
Touched not by sorrow or care.

Break not the spell of their gladness,  
Let not the sorrow creep in;  
Shield them from trouble and sadness,  
Soon will earth's worries begin.

Listen to story and prattle,  
Join in their joy and their glee;  
Sould not their din and their rattle,  
Make them to feel they are free.

For other years will come apace,  
Brimful of care and toll as ours;  
When they will fill our vacant place,  
And bless the memory of these hours.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

To make a horse sleek and its hair bright and glossy, feed it on whole wheat or wheat-bran.

The quantity of food that a man absolutely requires is neither more nor less than will supply the daily waste—in other words, enable him to perform his mental and physical work and still keep intact the weight of his body.

A good mixture for chapped hands is composed of carbolic acid fifteen grains, the yolk of one egg, glycerine three drams. A little of this is to be rubbed into the hands several times a day if the skin is not broken.

To clean discolored marble: Take two parts of sodium carbonate, one of pumice-stone, and one of finely-powdered chalk;

mix into a fine paste with water. Rub this over the marble, and the stains will be removed; then wash with soap and water.

A German test for watered milk consists in dipping a well-polished knitting needle into a deep vessel of milk, and then immediately withdrawing it in an upright position. If the milk is pure, a drop of the fluid will hang to the needle; but the addition of even a small proportion of water will prevent the adhesion of the drop.

To brighten and polish nickel-plating on a bicycle and prevent rust, apply rouge with a little fresh lard or lard-oil on a wash-leather or a piece of buckskin. Rub the bright parts, using as little of the rouge and oil as possible; wipe off with a clean rag slightly oiled. Repeat the wiping every day and the polishing as often as necessary.

Articles of food fried in drippings are not only more palatable than those fried in lard, but more wholesome. Indeed there are many persons whose stomachs will fight against any food fried in lard, yet take kindly to that where dripping has been used. It may be utilized too not only for frying, but for pastry purposes, in the making of which good beef dripping is far preferable to the common butter.

Suet combined with salicylic acid has been pronounced by the German army surgeons to be a cure for extreme sweating of the feet. Two parts of pure salicylic acid are combined with one hundred parts of the heat mutton-suet and applied to the feet. The War Minister of Germany has ordered the preparation to be introduced into the army medical stores.

A farmer writes that twenty-five years ago he set split white oak posts for his garden fence, putting about a peck of air-slaked lime about each, and they are all good yet. He attributes their good condition to the effect of the lime, in which he is doubtless correct. A board that has been used in a mortar-bed and thoroughly saturated with lime is almost indestructible from decay.