

can find none. Now Walid, you, and your men must watch in the city and cut of it, for I must not see the King's face more till that rebel be found. And now I must to other business, for it is said ere many days we shall be shut up in Hesece. King Shedad comes at the head of a mighty army, to regain his kingdom."

"Hesece can never be taken," Walid said, confidently.

"Nay, that is not so certain," Malec responded. "Hesece is strong, and it has food to keep it for years. But a great army can cut off its supply of water. The reservoir in the city will not contain enough for many weeks. Besides, the people of Hesece, do not love the new King. Already their hearts have gone from him, and they sigh for the return of the old one. I besought King Modar to choose out his faithful ones and retire to the Garden of Irem. There he might defy the armies of the Queen of Sheba even."

"The armies of the Queen of Sheba he will have to meet," said a third voice.

"Who spoke?" cried Malec.

There was no answer, but in the gathering gloom the two friends saw a figure glide stealthily away and disappear among the rocks.

"It was the voice of Al Ammin," said Malec; "but pursuit is useless; we could not find him in the dark among the gloomy rocks, and he, doubtless is not alone."

Silence followed. The night had now fallen and a feeling of awe and dread began to creep over even the resolute Malec. As continual dropping wears away stones, so continual threatening of danger and repeated omens of evil began to shake his resolute atheism. As a giant vampire bat wheeled silently by him he started and cursed it in the name of the infernal gods, then with a little laugh he remarked that the forms of superstition clung to those who disbelieved the fables. "Nevertheless," he continued, "my soul sits serene and calm. I know no good in life but to seek my own happiness. I know no future but to lie down and be at rest. To me the stars read no prophecy, the wind of night bring no bodings, the divining arrows tell no secret thing. All the vicissitudes of life cannot move me; and were the firm world itself to crumble and fall I would but bow my head and die."

Even as he spoke a dreadful tremor shook the solid ground—a sickly heaving and tossing of the earth followed by a shivering motion which lasted for a minute or more. A rock loosened from the mountain side dashed thundering past the pair, and Walid crouched trembling to the ground. When he looked up Malec stood erect, his face pale but composed, his hand in his bosom, his form erect, like one who expects the stroke of death, and is not afraid to meet it.

NEW HALL.

The Brethren of Alexandra Lodge, No. 158, Oil Springs, have just completed their New Hall. The size of which is 65x32 feet. The upper part being devoted to Masonic purposes. The Lower part is intended for a public Hall, we are informed that the building is clear from debt, reflecting much credit upon the enterprise of our brethren in this thriving part of the Dominion.