

depreciated the movement, saying: "No, no not to me; not to me; but allow me to conduct your excellency to the quarters of Major General Sir Drury Lowe, who, I am sure, will accept your surrender on parole and refuse to accept from you a weapon which he will feel, though he may not perhaps say it, that you neither drew without reason nor sheathed without honor." Then he motioned to his men to surround their prisoner.

Arabi Pasha seemed to be much affected by this courteous speech.

"Thank you," said he; "your words have blunted the keen edges of your countrymen's weapons. They have lightened my heart also, and furthermore made me wish to lighten yours in turn. As soon as your duties allow, go straight to my house (palace it was called in the days of my prosperity, but no matter, for palace or house, any one will paint it out to you if you do not know it already), and therein you will find one who still in every way deserves your love and who with little effort has made a better man of me after, by great efforts, I had failed to make a worse woman of her. Take her again to your heart, well assured that she richly merits all the love that an honorable and proud man can bestow on her."

Is there any need for assuring the reader that Frank Donnelly followed this advice as soon as ever he had delivered Arabi Pasha over to General Sir Drury Lowe?

Attended only by Corporal Monaghan (whose sergeantcy loomed in the near distance for many acts of personal gallantry that he had performed during the campaign, and which would almost to a certainty give him the bronze cross of honor as well) he rode through the streets to the war minister's late abode, and on reaching it entered it without any invitation, the color of his coat being under the circumstances of the case quite sufficient passport.

He was too delicate minded, however, to seek to pass behind the harem curtain in like manner, and so merely signifying to the age of eunuchs what he wanted, and that she had better be brought to him safe and uninjured or that his life should answer for the consequences.

The threat was amply sufficient and the jet black Sudan negro screamed and disappeared, returning in less than five minutes with Nellie walking beside him.

Who shall describe the rapture of that meeting, wherein the husband and wife who had been separated almost as it were on the steps of the altar met again after a lapse of so many weeks, every one of which had been so full of perils to each of them?

So oblivious were they of their surroundings that Pat Monaghan felt himself called upon to keep a very close watch on the age eunuchs lest he should play them some dirty trick or other with his scimitar or pistols, of which he seemed to be quite capable.

While the three were thus employed there came the sudden rustle of silk skirts and Mrs. Trezarr hove into view like an old-fashioned line of battleship under full sail.

"Here comes the bitter after the sweets—the nasty phylax after the lump of sugar, instead of before it," thought Pat Monaghan to himself.

But for once the shrewd Irishman was mistaken, for instead of resembling a bitter stringent Mrs. Trezarr was as sweet as molasses and thanked Frank Donnelly so unctuously for his "rescue and preservation of them all," that he felt sure he was an accepted son-in-law at once; while the hearty and genial greeting of Mr. Trezarr, when he just as suddenly turned up another direction, converted the decided impression into a positive conviction.

"You will protect the inmates of this house where I have been so kindly treated by one and all from any chance of insult or injury, won't you, Frank?" pleaded Nellie, anxiously.

"Certainly, my love, though they have only such a thing to fear from their own countrymen and most decidedly not from British soldiers. Yet, nevertheless, I will place half a dozen of ours to guard the house, and I'm sure such a precaution will meet with the approval of the general."

So, when Nellie had bidden a grateful and affectionate adieu to the Valide Khanum and assured her that no harm could happen to her, to any of the other ladies, and that her husband was safe under the protection of one of the British generals and could not be surrendered up to the revengeful Khedive without a guarantee from that prince that he should be fairly dealt with (which items of information she had previously obtained

from Frank), the party of five made an immediate move from the war minister's palace to Shepherd's Hotel, which was already open and doing a brisk business, and there, over champagne and other welcome refreshments, the Trezarrs and mere did the "Bless you, my children," business with an amount of gush and protestation that would have been highly comical and slightly disgusting had it not chanced to be also most particularly welcome, for such a father and mother-in-law could be patiently borne with for a short while for the sake of so beautiful and darling a bride.

A few lines more will conclude our tale. There is no need for us to enter minutely into events that have become matters of history. How the Sultan of Turkey played with the hare and ran with the hounds, and so lost the respect of all parties, is too well known to be commented on here; as well as that the Khedive Tewfik would have had his fallen rival murdered in secret, on the principle that dead men tell no tales, had not Great Britain taken the greatest care that such an act of barbarity and injustice should not be perpetrated.

But the tales that were told as a consequence of this convinced the English government, when too late, that they had made a most egregious mistake in interfering with Arabi at all and had been beguiled into mistaking a great national uprising and heroic struggle for freedom for a mere military rebellion conducted and set on foot by three ambitious colonels.

As for the Princess Zeneb, the Khedive's sister, her fate is a mystery. She has never been heard of since the fall of her secret lover and affianced husband. She worked in the dark on his behalf like a noxious and venomous spider, and she is by now either buried alive behind the harem curtain or lying dead in the narrow prison house of the grave.

The sole token that she has left behind for the world to see and wonder and puzzle over is a bracelet exhibited in the window of the most famed goldsmith in Paris—a bracelet made from pure virgin gold sent by her to him along with the desire in which it was to be wrought, and in which the names of Arabi and Zeneb are worked into a clever cipher on the inside of the ornament, whilst the outside is embossed with scenes emblematic of her lover's anticipated triumph and her brother's hoped for defeat and fall. Strange sentiments for a sister.

Major Donnelly and his fair young wife now reside on the former's estate in Ireland, whilst Sergeant Major Monaghan has quitted the army to become his butler.

THE END.

An Enterprising Woman.

Madame Astie de Valsayre, the female fencer, who called out and fought Miss Shelby on the famous field of Waterloo because the latter had called her an idiot, is evidently prepared to go anywhere and do anything. She was one of the first persons who offered themselves to be inoculated by M. Pasteur, and she is now in communication with a Swedish doctor who, it is said, frees people into insensibility and restores them to perfect health, strength and spirits after a year or two. Should Dr. Grusdibach, the experimenter in question, refuse to treat the eccentric lady, she announces her intention of proceeding with her former antagonist, Miss Shelby, to help M. de Braxa to civilize the Congo blacks.

French Tales of Englishmen

A Paris paper informs its readers that the Prince of Wales's recent visit to the gay capital was for the purpose of borrowing a sum of £50,000. It further states that the Prince went on to Cannes, where he played baccarat with Lord Dufferin, that that nobleman lent £250,000 on the occasion, and, being unable to pay want home and blew out his brains. The imagination of the free press, untrammelled by fact and unblinded by considerations of probability, attains to a growth that rivals Jonah's gourd or Jack's beanstalk.

For the Year 1886

No better resolution can be made than to resist unyielding any of the substitutes offered as "just as good" as the great only sure pop corn cure—Patman's Palatable Corn Extract. It never fails to give satisfaction. Beware of poisonous flesh eating substitutes.

The Poet's Corner.

—For Truth.

What Did It.

BY M. A. M.

I saw a heap upon the stair—
A mortal with dejected air,
And garments rent and soiled hair,

One hand hung limp, and told at sight
He had been worsted in the fight;
The other clutched a paper tight.

"Poor wretch!" I said, the while I thought
That bill had all this ruin wrought—
His rent was due, and he had nought.

So with a heart all pitying,
I nearer drew and read the thing;
Oh, horror! 'twas an "Ode to Spring."

I started, for within my vest
Another "Ode" was fondly pressed;—
It was my latest and my best.

And I might have been buddled there—
Upon that "Herald" office stair!
This thought it was that blighted my hair.

—For Truth.

My Desires.

Two great desires fill my breast,
And so completely do they hold
All else beneath them, that it seems
All others fade away like dreams;
They are not worth the being told.

These two desires are so strong
They hold my being in control.
They wrap my heart as in a flame,
I have no life, no other aim,
These only can my mind console,

They grow together like oak and vine,
Each nourished by the parent earth,
And each ascending toward the sky,
The one, to adorn and beautify,
The other, to impart the strength.

The one is holy, calm and clear,
Stronger, I ween, though not so wild.
It hath its answers in itself;
'Tis not the desire for gain or pelf,
But to be wholly purified.

From sin, from evil desires and strife
Made meet for the eternal life,
This—this above all else I want;
With my earthly lot to be content,
Waiting to see my Lord's intent.

But the other is so wild and strong,
I sometimes fear it leads me wrong;
And yet it leads me up in prayer
To Him, Oh God and art thou near
To hear thy children's cry!

I could not worship at a throne
Where I could not unclasp the book
Of my most secret soul, and lay
Its every desire before the One
Who hears and answers prayer.

And so I bring this one desire,
With faith I pray, "Oh Father, give
Of earthly love to me a share,
Or grant that I no longer live
With a heart so full of care."

And thus the strong emotions rise,
And the question comes to me,
Can faith survive a great test?
Be still my soul! Be still and see
Thy Master knoweth what is best!

Still let me worship at thy throne,
And trust thee though thou slayest me;
It is not all of life to live;
The future, which by faith I see,
Will bring the joys life cannot give.
TORONTO, ONT.

The Wild Sower.

BY EDITH N. THOMAS.

Up and down the land I go,
Through the valley, over hill;
Many a pleasant ground I sow,
Never once I reap or till;
Fain and fain I sow and sow,
Leave no hayrick in the field.

Farmer goes with leathern scrip,
Bills the harrowed earth with seed;
In the self-same score I slip
Germs of many a lusty weed,
Though I scatter to his track,
I possess nor bin nor sack.

He sows wheat, and I sow tare,
Rain and sunshine second toll;
Tame and wild these acres share,
Wrestling for the right of soil,
I stand by and clap my hands,
Cheering on my urchin bands.

Mine the cockle in the rye,
Thorned thistle, large and fine,
And the daisy's white fringed eyes,
And the dodder's endless twine;
Mine these flowers five that blind
Every blade and stalk they find.

Mine the willow, hot and bright,
Setting summer made on fire,
Mine the alkweed's spindles white,
Spinning Autumn's soft attire,
Golden-rod and aster then
I bring up by bank and glen.

Whose flesh to the woods,
Whose buildeth on the plains,
I, too, seek those solitudes,
Leading on my hardy trains;
Thorn and briar, still man's lot,
Crowd around the frontier cot.

Many serve me, unaware,
Shavvy herds that ceaseless roam,
And the rovers of the air,
Passing to their winter home;
More than these upon me wait,
Wind and water bear my freight.

Thus, a sower wild, I go,
Trafficking with every clime,
I'll the fruit fulger sow
That shall vex your harvest time;
Otherwise, ye told stooped man,
Eden's case were come again.

An Improper Story.

BY BURDETTE.

It ain't just the story, parson, to tell in a crowd
like this,
With 'the virtuous matron a frownin', an' obd-
in' the gigglin' miss,
An' the good old deacon a noddin' in time with
his patient snore,
An' the shocked a'lect of the Capital, stalkin'
away through the doors.

But then, it's a story that happened, an' every
word of it's true,
An' sometimes we can't help talkin' of the things
that we sometimes do.
An' though good society coldly shuts its doors
onto "Foamster Jim,"
I'm thinkin' there's worse people there a bet-
ter known than him.

I mind the day he was married, an' I danced at
the weddin', too;
An' I kissed the bride, sweet Maggie—daughter
of Ben McGrow.
I mind how they sat up housekeepin' two
young, poor, happy fools,
When Jim's only sock was a heavy truck an'
four Kalmuck y mules.

Well, they lived alone contented, with their
little joys and cares,
An' every year a baby come, an' twicet they
came in pairs;
Till the house was full of children, with their
shoutin' and playin' and equala,
An' their slavin' an' laughin' and cryin' made
Bedlam within its walls.

An' Jim, he seemed to like it, an' he spent all
his evenin' at home,
He said it was full of music an' light, an' peace
from pit to dome,
He joined the church, an' he used to pray that
his heart might be kept from sin—
The stumblin' at prayin'—but he a'lects
used to bow when he'd begin.

So, they lived along in that way, the same from
day to day,
With plenty of time for drivin' work, an' a little
time for play;
An' growin' around 'em the sweetest girls and
the liveliest, manliest boys,
Till the old gray heads of the two old folks was
crowned with the homeliest joys.

Wh? Come to my story? Well, that's all. They're
livin' just like I said.
Only two of the girls is married, an' one of the
boys is dead.
An' they're honest, an' decent an' happy, an'
the very best Christians I know,
Though I reckon in brilliant company they'd be
voted a little slow.

Oh, you're pressed for time—excuse you! Sure,
I'm sorry I kept you so long;
Good-bye. Now we looked kind o' bored like,
an' I reckon that I was wrong
To tell such a commonplace story of two such
commonplace lives,
But we can't all git drunk an' gamble an' fight,
an' run off with other men's wives.

Say an Encouraging Word.

BY FRANCIS S. SMITH.

Say an encouraging word to the weary,
They to whom life seems all darkness and
drear,
Or, kindly retrace their sad hearts may light-
en.

One smile of love their existence may brighten,
Say an encouraging word to the erring,
Sin-biased, down-cast, crushed and despair-
ing,
Even when
One word in

Say an
"I've
saw
One lov-
him.

Say an
"Mour-
When
One lov-

Say an
"Tis
And
How