Cambria :: Freeman,
Is Published Weekly at
EBENSBURG, - - - PENN'A.
BY JAMES G. HASSON.

Guaranteed Circulation, - 1200.

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One copy, 1 year, cash in advance.....$1.50
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do do if not paid within the year.. 2.25

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VOLUME XXIV. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 21, 1890. NUMBER 4.

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MIRIAM.

The Romance of Heatherleigh Hall.

By MANDA L. CROCKER.

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"Yes," she assented, seemingly much relieved, "an' thin ye'd have to see the gallery, too, ma'am, with its foine paintings, shure; every wan sees the gallery, ma'am."

This settled it, and we soon passed from the deep shadows of the central hall out through an open court, and back once more into the cozy servants' quarters. Here we found old Ancil Clarkson sitting by the fire with a mug of beer for company, and waiting for the prospective "tay" Peggy had in view.

The next day Clarkson took a large brass key from a ring in the wall, and unlocking the fateful drawing-room door, bade me enter.

It was a spacious apartment, elegantly furnished. The high-backed, carved chairs and deep sofas stood in formal stiffness on either side the room, blending their dark outlines with the somber shade of the stained oak wainscoting. The two deep windows heavily curtained with rich damask hangings depending from their ancient-looking rings opened out on a veranda, whose ornamental row of carved pillars put me in mind of knights in armor.

At the opposite end of the apartment was a fire-place, whose massive mantel was decorated with curious vases and ancient relics, of which Peggy could not give the history.

In their niches, flanking the fire-place, were two pieces of exquisite statuary, standing out in ghostly relief in the shadows.

The shining surface of the polished floor was covered here and there with costly rugs of "Turkish design," as Peggy said.

But after all there was an unbending, uncompromising air about the drawing-room that prompted me to be brief in my visit. Our footsteps made an unwelcome sound of obtrusive impression that grated on my ears as we walked about in the hollow silence, and I felt a repugnance creeping over me which I had not experienced in the other apartments.

"The gallery nixt," murmured Clarkson, locking the door of the drawing-room behind us. "Oi don't mind the gallery, ma'am, though its histhory is forninst the whole of Haythorleigh in its theribleness."

I made no reply. I was coming closer to the object of my visit, the portrait of Miriam, and my promise to be fulfilled.

CHAPTER V.

The gallery! I never can forget it, or rather, the memory of those faces will never slip from my mental vision.

There were portraits on the walls, in groups and in pairs. Some of them were noble-looking and of pleasing countenance, while others looked down at me with a frowning face, as if to say: "Why do you intrude on our silent existence."

There were faces smiling forth from their wealth of long, sunny curls, and stern visages sporting powdered queues and looking coldly down over their great, stiff ruffs with an aristocratic stare.

I viewed each face with deep interest as the old housekeeper gave me its name and history as far as she knew, as we went from one to another down the long, narrow apartment.

"Here," she said, in a voice of pitying tenderness, as she crossed the floor to the opposite wall, "here are the portraits of the puir, unforthunate childer as has bin sint away from Haythurleigh by the theible distiny ov the house."

She paused before a row of portraits with their faces turned to the wall and folded her arms, while the great pearly tears rolled down her withered cheek. A strange

"MIRIAM," I SAID, NERVOUSLY.

yearning sensation seized me, supplanted by a nervous, chilling agitation. It was the first time I had felt my self-possession leaving me since I came to the Hall; standing there before the group of ill-fated sons and daughters branded with disinheritance, a flood of emotions indescribable rushed over me, and I mutely motioned Peggy to go on.

Gently, then, she turned the face coming first in order over. A bright face met my sympathetic vision, with a half-serious, half-playful expression. "Elmich," said Peggy, "an' that's all Oi know ov 'im, because his curse fell long forninst me loife." The next, a beautiful face with dark, expressive eyes and perfect mouth proclaimed her the daughter of a proud family. "Agatha," said Peggy, wiping off the dust with a caressing movement. "An' its her, ma'am, that ran away with a young Frinch Count, because the family couldn't bear the lolkes ov a Frinchman. She died, poor thing, away off in France, somewhere on the banks o' the Seine. An' she niver coom back arthur her family forbid her liver showin' her proud, wilful face again at the Hall."

There were two more portraits of the broken-hearted, disinherited children who had gone out from the doors, and of whose fate none at the Hill cared to know after the gates had been shut against them. The next face was that of a handsome young man, whose dark, soulful eyes looked into mine as if to say, "pity me." "Allan," Clarkson murmured, as the fascinating orbs appealed to us, "puir Allan he was sint away in disghrace, ma'am, all because he loved a cottage lassie insthead ov the wan his family chose out ov the high carcles."

"Did he ever come back?" I asked, pitying this promising young face so early clouded because of vanity.

"Ooh hoon!" moaned Peggy, "an' Allan was niver the wan to come back, ma'am. He married the lassie and took her with him whin he left the counthry, me Leddy."

"And you know nothing more of his history then?" I asked, catching a last glimpse of the dark, honest eyes as she turned the portrait back to the wall.

"No more'n ye know ov the dead, ma'am; only a rumor now an' thin, an' rumors don't count for any thing."

But when the housekeeper put her withered hand, trembling with increased agitation, on the rim of the last reversed portrait, I felt that I was to look on the face of Miriam.

A deft movement of the trembling hand, a lowering of the crimson cord and the proud, beautiful features of my friend's unhappy child swung over to the dim, dreamy light of the long, silent gallery.

"An this wan is the puir, proud-hearted childer of me Leddy Parcival," sobbed Clarkson.

"Miriam," I said, nervously.

"The same, ma'am," replied Peggy, choking back a sob, while her warm Irish heart ached for the vision of the proud face which had nestled on her bosom in years agone.

Should I tell her of Miriam? I looked into the smoldering fire of the eyes on the canvas, and caught the answer as if by intuition. No!

The picture fascinated me strangely. There was something about it so inexpressibly sweet, yet so proudly sorrowful withal, that my whole soul went out to the sad, imperious woman, buried, as it were, at Bayview, with more fervency than ever before.

What a tale those firmly-shut lips might unfold could they speak. What a dearth of paternal affection, what loneliness of life could the Miriam beyond the sea reveal if she chose to tell it all!

And this was the portrait, then, I was to carry home with me, and has yet, had no plan to assist me in keeping my rash promise.

Poor girl!" I said softly, as Clarkson turned the face to the wall once more. Daughter of my friend, and come to this: her proud face turned to the wall in the hall of her ancestors!

I could not trust myself to say more, and Clarkson led the way to a corner, where the shadows were fittingly the thickest, and startled me by saying in a curious tone: "An' here is the masthur, ma'am, a hangin' all alone; all alone! The Leddy Parcival niver had her portait painted. She would niver sit for it, ma'am, and she was perfectly roight in it, too, arthur knowin' ov the throubles coomin' down on her daughther from the long loine of mistheries. She didn't want her face to appear in the Haythurleigh gallery, at all, at all!"

Clarkson's last sentence gave me an idea, and I could almost have shouted for joy at the promising proposition, but controlling myself with an effort, remembering in time that it must be matured, I gave my attention to the race of Sir Rupert.

Clarkson drew back the crape covering, and put aside the window curtains in order to let in more light. A gleam of sunlight flickered for a moment across the painting. Truly he must have been gruff and obstinate, judging from the heavy frowning brows and sinister-looking eyes, but there yet under the uncompromising exterior I fancied I could see a deep, corroding grief, that, blighting his life in its prime, had mixed for his remaining days "the wormwood and the gall."

"And this is he who roams about the Hall?" I questioned, taking my eyes from the stern countenance on canvas and turning to Peggy.

She nodded in the affirmative, and drew the crape back over the portrait of the "masthur of Haythorleigh," as she would say, and together we left the gallery.

We had now been over the Hall, with the exception of a few apartments of "no intherest at all," and the library. To this last-named room we turned our attention. It was on the first floor, just across the central hall from the fateful drawing-room. Nearly one whole side of the apartment was taken up with books. I looked at the hundreds of richly-bound volumes on the oaken shelves, after Clarkson pulled a heavy tasseled cord and drew back a long silken hanging of green, which hid the majority of the books from view, and wondered who next would aspire to the ownership of such a collection of elegantly-bound volumes.

"They're as the masthur left 'em," remarked Peggy, breaking in on my speculative reverie, "an' he was a great man for the books, too, ma'am."

"Tell me the story of Miriam now," I said, crossing the room to a great deep chair, with its inviting cushions, that stood by the elaborately-carved secretary in the corner.

"Niver a bit ov it will Oi be afthur tellin' ye's in this part o' the hall, ma'am. Oi'd be afthur gettin' into me own solde ov the house afore Oi've a wurrud to say about it at all."

"Agreed, Peggy," I answered, glad to humor her by going anywhere, if I only might hear the story of the daughter of my friend.

Once more in her "own solde ov the house," Clarkson lighted her pipe and sat down where the bright sunshine streamed in through the white dimity-curtained windows. I could not blame her for wanting to get back into her own cheerful rooms again, for I felt happily relieved of the shadows myself.

CHAPTER VI.

And now comes the story of Miriam as I heard it from the lips of Peggy Clarkson and her husband during my stay at the Hall. After it, the sad, tragical end of Sir Rupert, supplemented by a strange experience of my own while beneath the ancestral roof.

Twenty years before the utter desolation of the Hall a little tid bit of mortality was laid tenderly in Lady Percival's arms, and great tears fell silently on the lace fabric of its dress, while her white lips murmured: "Sorrow's child." While the baby face nestled unconsciously on the fair mother's bosom the mother heart made agonized moan over her first-born.

This was the welcome Miriam received as she lay wondering at the gray October dawning heralding her advent into this curious world of ours.

Lady Percival remembered the terrified look of the attendants' faces when it was announced that a daughter was born "to me Leddy."

It was then that the legend of the house of the Percivals came up before her with menacing power.

Down the ancestral lines had come the tradition, fulfilled to a fault, they said, in the generations preceding this last ill-fated child.

When Lady Percival was yet a happy bride Clarkson had communicated to her the story of the hereditary curse, coloring her narration vividly as she went on in detail to prove its correctness. And this is the maledictive tradition: The eldest child

PEGGY'S STORY OF MIRIAM.

of each generation, if a daughter, and the youngest, if a son, would live to incur the lasting hatred of their paternal parent. The curse entailed on the hapless offspring dated away back to some wicked old ancestor who had, by some evil power, handed down his wrath to the innocent, because of the wretched life he had led. This antecessor, so ran the legend, was "a youngest child" and had wedded the "eldest daughter" of a house which had become alienated from him because of his dissipated life. The wife had gone back to her family hearth and forsaken him entirely, and he had hated her with bitter hatred for her desertion.

Perhaps Clarkson would have never dared to tell the fair young wife of this terrible tradition, but it happened to the wife of Sir Rupert as it had to the other unfortunate and sorrowing mothers. It was a part of their destiny to unravel the legend in spite of imposed secrecy.

Lady Percival, on her first visit to the Heatherleigh gallery, had been strangely impressed with the trio of portraits whose bright faces, reversed, gave to them an air of mystery.

She had asked her husband why they were hung so strangely, and he had grown pale and agitated, and had answered evasively, at the same time leading her away with some remark entirely foreign to the question.

Being curious concerning the portraits, and mystified by her husband's unsatisfactory reply, she sought an interview with Clarkson, telling her of Sir Rupert's inexplainable demeanor during her visit to the gallery. Thus it happened that she heard the legend of her husband's ancestors related.

And the housekeeper had, with all the superstitious influence of her Irish nature, impressed on the susceptible mind of her mistress the weight of the withering sorrow of this woeful legend.

Yet it had never come to her, after all, as forcibly as when the innocent, upturned face on her agonized bosom proclaimed her the mother of "the eldest child—a daughter."

Then Lady Percival had shuddered and wept over the sleeping infant, gathering her closer to her aching heart and wailing: "Oh! my darling! my precious child; my ill-fated one! May the kind Father, in His mercy, spare thee from this awful thing—a father's hatred."

With her tear-wet cheek pressed to that of her child Lady Percival could hear the pitying tones of the housekeeper once more as she ended the recital. "Ah! me Leddy, an' Oi'm sorry for ye's that's niver hear'n tell o' the lolkes ov this therible thing, that cooms to all ov 'em that's born under the curse. Thim faces what's turned away from ye, ma'am, is ov thim ez has bin banished from the house. They hev to bear it, me Leddy, for there's not ony thing to sthand forninst, an' many's the prayer for marcy an' forgiveness ez has coom from broken hearts within these walls, an' niver been listened to, mayther."

Now, with the birth of her daughter it all came back so painfully and vividly, that to her superstitutive soul it seemed that the trio of reversed faces on the wall of the gallery gazed down in pitying sorrow on the little form so dear to her mother's heart.

And Sir Rupert walked the corridors silent and glum, little thinking that the delicate flower of a wife knew of the trouble entailed by the birth of the daughter. His only comfort lay in the thought that she was blissfully ignorant of it all as he paced up and down in an aimless march. But the bitterness of the wormwood he had hoped to keep from her cup had been put to her lips through his reticence in the rudest and most thoughtless manner.

The season of gloom ushered in by Miriam's advent gradually became dispelled, and the sunlight of happy content shone from Lady Percival's sweet eyes and illumined the visage of Sir Rupert as the child grew, beautiful, bright, and above all else, affectionate.

It was then that hope sprang up in the bosom of the mother.

She would watch as the child grew; watch and palliate any dislikes, smooth down any differences which might spring up between the two she loved.

She, with her great wealth of affection, would avert, or at least modify, any trouble threatening an estrangement.

To this hope Lady Percival clung as Miriam developed into beautiful childhood.

Sir Rupert seemed very fond of his bright little daughter, and spent many hours with her after she was old enough to prattle her childish witticisms to his paternal ear. He seemed to have forgotten the ancestral anathema, as he amused the child by the hour, driving or strolling about for her pleasure. Perhaps he was trying, in ceaseless endeavor, to foil the evil influence hovering over the house, and with a father's love break its spell in this generation. Thus the fond mother argued, not dreaming that deep in the heart of her husband there lurked a terrible dread of the day when the happy days should have an ending, darker and more sorrowful than death. He was certain the evil days would fall, and he was right.

The clouds of fate were already in the horizon of the fair heavens, although the fair mother, trusting and ever hopeful, perceived not their baleful gathering.

And so it happened that one day arrived when the black cloud of vengeful darkness came between the sun and the dial, and all their lives were henceforth shadowed by the storm-cloud without a silver lining.

They were walking in the park, all three, in the lovely weather and Miriam, running on before her parents, was to all appearances the very embodiment of beauty and affection. Her bright curls flying in the soft sweet air, and her tiny red boots twinkling over the close-cut sward as she sported among the trees, delighted the eyes of the mother. She looked up with a word of affectionate admiration on her lips, only to see such a strange, yearning look on the face of her husband that she forgot her remark in the chill of apprehensive terror which seized her. Such an expression of deep emotion on the countenance of Sir Rupert could never be forgotten. Ah! what could it mean? Why should she, of all others, ask!

Her heart refused its usual beating, and the trees seemed as if in a mist, while her husband's face she saw as one sees faces in a troubled dream.

Then she put her trembling hand on his arm and looked the wretched question she did not dare to put into words.

Sir Rupert started as if from a terrible dream, and looked down into the face of pale, frightened inquiry a moment, as if trying to read her thoughts. "She is older in heart than in years," he replied, slowly, with a drear sadness in his voice she knew in a lifetime, and said, in a voice as strange as his look: "I have tried, God is my witness, to love the child and break the power of the decree which will estrange us, and I find it is useless. I can not love my child!"

He covered his face with his trembling hands, as if entirely overcome by the baleful intent of his own words, and leaned against the door-way screen. "I can not," he moaned, "avert mightier decrees than my own!"

Miriam seemed to understand, in part, her father's great grief, for she shuddered visibly and ceased her violent weeping, hid her face in Lady Percival's gown and remained silent.

Seeing this demonstration of fear, Sir Rupert went over and, bending down, with white lips pressed the last kiss he ever bestowed on his child on her sunny ringlets, while the tears rolled down the face of heart-broken Lady Percival.

CHAPTER VII.

And after the scene closing our last chapter Lady Percival never saw another happy day. From that wretched day on, until her decease, her existence was but a living death.

Not many months after the death of Lady Percival there fell a shadow over another home a beautiful country seat near Heatherleigh. This one was the lovely home of a former friend of the Percivals. But it was not the shadow of the silent reaper's sickle. No, it happened in this case to be that of the grim-visaged horror of polite society—poverty, and the stricken was the pleasant residence of Beechwood Terrace, and the home of the Fairfaxes.

With one fell swoop, uncompromising failure had swept the luxurious ease and careless contentment from the elegant stone mansion, and its aristocratic inmates found themselves suddenly stranded on the ruins of its former prosperity.

So when the mother of invention sat down in the handsomely-furnished apartments to devise different arrangements from those of simply enjoying life, she sent a thrill of horror through the veins of their dwellers.

To be thus thrust out of their rank in life and society, and reckoned with the plebeians, was a trying ordeal. The common lot of the financially unfortunate cast a disheartening influence across their day. The social circles began to forget them, and no member of the proud, refined family felt the neglect more keenly than the eldest son, Arthur, who had, hitherto, many warm friends within the radius of the *bon ton* of Hastings.

To be thus ignored, many a less susceptible heart than his had found a bitter fortune; then marvel not when Arthur grew morbid over his changed life, and looked upon their circumstances as something savoring of a criminal offense.

Society snubbed, society talked and speculated, until, driven almost to despair, Arthur determined to retrieve the loss of property in part, at least, abroad. To this end he resolved to embark in a mining enterprise with an uncle in the coal mines, which promised unbounded success.

But paramount to all the grievances he endured in consequence of his unfortunate circumstances, there was a wretched dread of a possibility of more magnitude and importance to him.

In his palmy days he had been a welcome visitor at Heatherleigh, and had been a favorite of the house, with the exception of Sir Rupert.

He, however, had treated him kindly, although he could not lay claim to a title. This mark of favor young Fairfax did not accord to the real reason, but was pleased to consider it in the light of meritorious worth. Had he, for an instant, imagined that the master of Heatherleigh was only condescending to him, in consideration of the wealth and influence of his family, his visits to the hall would never have been made in the free and easy manner of an intimate friend of its occupants.

But Sir Rupert's kindly tolerance flattered him, and the sincerity of Lady Percival pleased him exceedingly; but, after all, it was really the society of Miriam which had held him spellbound in those days.

Thrown into her charming company continually, his heart had gone out to her in a sacred attachment before he was hardly aware of it. But when Miriam, who at first had received him shyly and with reserve, had grown to welcome him with cordiality and heightened color, he awoke to the knowledge that he loved her passionately. And often, too, he had flattered himself she was not indifferent to him.

After this awakening it was only natural for him to indulge in dreaming of a happy day "to be," when the beautiful daughter of the Percivals would consent to unite her destiny with his.

Little did the young lover know of the sad days of reverse and keen sorrow the future held in store for Miriam as his wife.

But since Lady Percival's death he had intruded on the sorrow of the hall but little, for Sir Rupert had seemed so silent and grieved, and Miriam had not been visible.

And now, after his own reverses had fallen, would Sir Rupert ever be kind to him again? Knowing his eccentric ways, and of late years his strange reserve, he dreaded to risk a visit to the gloomy old gentleman since the failure of his father, and since by it he had fallen out of rank with the Percivals.

How the news of his family's changed circumstances had been received at the hall he had no way of finding out, and now it had affected the one sweet friend of his life on whose yea or nay hung his future happiness he knew not.

[To be Continued.]

KEEPING HIM BUSY.

How a Couple of Foxes Tired Out a Canine Persecutor.

In the spring of 1888 a pair of red foxes took up their home on a Dakota farm. They dug several holes on a knoll in a wheat-field, and soon after four "kits," or young foxes, arrived. Every day, while harrowing and sowing wheat in the field, says the farmer, I saw the two old foxes lying on the little mound in front of their home. The kits rolled about in the sun, played with the bushy tails of their parents and enjoyed themselves apparently as much as a group of kittens.

One morning a neighbor came to work in a field adjoining, bringing with him a dog, and the dog, with all the curiosity of his kind, soon began the investigation of both farms.

He was still a long distance from the fox-den when I heard a sharp, warning bark and saw the kits disappear. As I looked, the mother fox lay on the mound, her ears erect, her nose on the ground, all attention. The father of the family, with his big tail swinging in the wind, trotted toward the dog.

Can he intend to attack him? I wondered. I had never heard of such a thing, and the dog, though not a large one, was still larger than the fox. But Reynard knew his business better than I. He approached the intruder until the dog saw him, when both stopped for an instant, and then the dog gave chase. The fox, with a bark of defiance, turned and ran in a direction away from his home.

At first the dog seemed to gain rapidly upon the fox, but I watched them for nearly a mile before they disappeared in the prairie grass and concluded that the fox was able to keep out of the other's way.

In about an hour the dog returned from a fruitless chase, and for a time he contentedly followed his master. Then he began prowling around again.

All this time the mother fox had remained on the mound, a picture of quiet vigilance, but now, as the dog ventured near, she rose and trotted toward him, and the dog was soon chasing her over the prairie. Hardly had they disappeared when the male trotted back from some hiding-place and took the position vacated by his mate. The dog returned after a time, unsuccessful as before.

During the day he was again and again tempted to a chase, first by the male and then by the female, and, while the one kept him busy the other watched over the young, who did not show themselves after the first sight of the dog.

It is hard to say which we admired most—the bravery of the pair in challenging the dog to a race that would have proved fatal had he caught them, their ingenuity in taking turns so that each might be fresh when chased, their skill in leading him away from their young or their cleverness in throwing him off their track when far enough away.—Youth's Companion.

LOSING A VACUUM.

How Mike's Kindness Was Rewarded by an Ungrateful Creature.

The teacher of the Roseville High School was a young man with an ardent love of science, and the boys and girls had all caught something of his spirit. Twenty homes in Roseville gave evidence of the experimental work which was being carried on by the young people, and mothers and aunts held indignation meetings over the bugs and toads and snakes and birds, alive and dead, that appeared in unexpected places. One day Frank Newman found an unusually handsome mud-turtle, nearly as large as his hat, in which he carried it home.

That evening after tea there was an excited meeting of young people on the lawn. Tennis was forgotten as the boys discussed ways and means of preserving this turtle's fine shell. Finally they decided to and asked their teacher's advice. Mr. Dean was full of interest. He told them that he had once cleaned a shell of this sort very easily, after he had killed the turtle by putting him under a glass receiver and pumping out the air with an air-pump.

Next day, therefore, the zoology class assembled after school in Mr. Dean's class-room to witness the experiment. Frank Newman put the big tortoise under the receiver, and Mr. Dean pumped out the air until the creature lay limp and lifeless, sprawling out of its shell.

"It is a painless death," said the professor. "We will leave him here until morning, to be sure that life is extinct, before we remove the body from the plastron and carapace."

On his way to the class-room, early the next morning, Frank Newman met the janitor, with his dust pan full of fragments of glass.

"Sure, Masther Newman, it's throuble you're makin' with yez animals and the glass bells," said he. "That big, expinsive one in Misther Dean's room is smashed in silvereens by that shelled baste you left shut up—and here they are!"

"But he was dead!" cried Frank. "How could he break the receiver?"

"Faith, I fetched him to life, the poor craythur! I found him there a-gaspin' when I went to sweep out the room yesther evening, just afther ye'd gone, and I thought you'd been forgetting him, so I saved his life fur him; and then look how he broke the glass bell!"

"You saved his life for him! How?"

"Sure and I just slipped a thin book under one side of the glass, to give him a bit of fresh air. And to pay me he had to go and hump himself up and kick over the bell and smash it, bad luck to him!"

"Where is he now?"

"He's found the bad luck," said Mike, with a slow smile. "I was some mad, to spake the thruth, when I saw what he'd done, and before I stopped to think I'd picked him up from the floor where he was prancing about and give him a fling out of the window. And there I see one of thim little rascals from the patch a-licking off down the road wid him."

"Well, Mike, I hope that in the future you'll not meddle with our experiments," said Frank, with some irritation. "We left the turtle over night in the receiver because we wished it to be there. If you hadn't let in the air the accident would not have happened. You see we had a vacuum," he concluded, condescendingly.

"Sure, was the craythur a vacuum?" said Mike, with great respect. "I thought 'twas just a common mud turtle!"—Youth's Companion.

MOHAMMEDAN POWER.

The Establishment and Extension of Arab Dominion in Africa.

But the problem of Arab dominion is not on the coast at all, but in the interior of Africa. On the coast the European States can make their influence felt, but it extends no further than a narrow strip of land, beyond which barbarism reigns supreme. And here we arrive at one of the most remarkable phenomena of the age in which we live and the planet we inhabit. The aboriginal inhabitants of Central Africa are savages, sunk in heathenism, afflicted by the evils and the weaknesses of savage life, and perhaps inferior in mental and physical vigor to the stronger races of mankind. Over them has passed, like a tempest from the east, a horde of men of another and a stronger race, which marks them out for slavery and destruction. The Arab invasion of Africa is characterized in every part to which Europeans have penetrated by desperate valor in arms, by an utter indifference to human life, and, above all, by an enthusiastic and fanatical belief in the faith of Islam. They remind us of those ardent followers of the prophet who, in the first ages of Mohammedanism, bore his blood-stained standard and his intolerant creed from Spain to the confines of China, and well-nigh overthrew the faith and civilization of the ancient world. Indeed, if we are not mistaken, they are the same men—the living inheritors of the passions, the valor and the faith of the soldiers of Mohammed. Before the strength of the Christian States they are now compelled reluctantly to bow; but over the unarmed and untutored native races of Africa they are supreme. Accordingly, what we are now witnessing in Africa, since it has been partially opened to our view, is an amazing recrudescence and fermentation of Mohammedan power. On the Congo it is not the native population, but the bloodthirsty Arab slave dealers, who oppose the progress of civilization; the natives ask for protection from these formidable tyrants. On the Nile the fierce chiefs of this new warfare have made Khartoum a seat of power and authority over the neighboring tribes, for since the overthrow of the Egyptian government in the south they are masters of the Soudan. The capture of that important position, and the defeat and death of the heroic champion of civilization who perished there, were much greater events than they even seemed to be at the time they occurred; for they established a power, whether it was that of the Mahdi or any other name, which commands the interior and the river.—Edinburgh Review.