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SYNOPSIS.

Beswick, an English engineer, who has been fourteen years in the employ of the Khedive of Egypt, has a son who has just graduated from Oxford. The boy is interested in Egyptology and the father is constantly sending him curiosities. One day, while in the company of his faithful and trusted servant, Ali Hasan, Beswick finds a scarab in his son's hand. Suddenly Ali makes a savage attack on his master, attempting to wrest the scarab from his grasp. He is frustrated by the arrival of help, but not until he is badly hurt about the head and unconscious. Arthur Beswick hastens from England to his father's bedside. The latter is ill for some time, when he partially recovers. The scarab is again found in his tent. Arthur explains that it is a "heart scarab"—a stone which is often put in the place of the heart, in a body that is moribund. He attempts to decipher the hieroglyphics, but is unable to get further than "Amen." The father notices a strange look come into his son's face as he holds the stone. Arthur leaves the tent with the scarab in his hand.

PART II.

You may judge if those that followed were anxious days. My recovery, though, though in the plagues of heat and flies, was now retarded by my anxiety about my boy, who seemed utterly changed from that unhappy day when the heart scarab was found. Neither he nor I ever mentioned the stone, and I cursed myself a dozen times a day for my folly in supposing it could have any magic power over him; yet I was unable wholly to disbelieve it.

My son had grown neglectful, or perhaps I should say forgetful, of me. He was kind to me when he thought of me or my comfort, but otherwise he would sit in profound thought, as if puzzling over some problem, scarcely noticing when said Yusuf attended to my wants. Once only I asked Arthur for some attention, and when I said that he performed the little service mechanically, his thoughts far from it, it hurt me so that I never asked again. Indeed, I was so like to relapse into my former illness that Dr. Casaldi, a clever Italian doctor, but no physician of mind, was as puzzled as he was distressed. It was in a state of half delirium, pressing anything but recovery, that I lay one night when a dark form glided to my side and a welcome cup of cool water was held to my lips.

"Salam alicum, Effendi," whispered a well remembered voice; "it is little care thou hast since I left thee, and thy son was bewitched of Queen Amenritis."

"Greeting to thee, All, son of Hasan," said I, "precisely, for indeed I was ill enough, and where is thy club?" "The Effendi knows," replied Ali, with the utmost composure, "that I meant him no harm. But he is a strong man and I was fain to strike dead, and even then failed in what I would have accomplished."

"I know that thou art as honest as a fool may be," I muttered. "What maggot breedeth in thy brain now?" "Not in mine, Effendi, but in thy son's," returned Ali. "Thou art weak. I know; but stronger thou shalt never be till thy son's madness is cured. It is best that thou shouldst rise now. Said Yusuf sleeps soundly."

"I am inclined to think that the entire household was sleeping the sound sleep which comes of Eastern drugs," said Yusuf as one dead. The young German physician left in charge by Casaldi, who had been called away for the night, made no sound. The native servants, whose sleep is usually so deep, yet so light, made no stir as Ali Hasan, with infinite tenderness, half led, half carried me to the tent next mine, where my boy lay sleeping.

Spite of my giddiness from the unaccustomed exercise, I could but feel keen anxiety as I looked down upon him. His young face was flushed and damp with perspiration, his hair was tossed and disordered. He slept un-

restfully, muttering in his fevered visions, and I could see that his right hand gripped tight the accursed heart scarab.

Bending over the sleeping figure, Ali Hasan seemed, as well as I could see in the dim light of the moon, to hold some substance to the nostrils. A pungent smell filled the room, and Arthur, with a sigh, sank back upon his pillow in sleep as profound as said Yusuf's.

"Is it the will of the Effendi that I should take away the heart of the witch?" "Is it the will of the Effendi that I should take away the heart of the witch?" asked Ali Hasan, and seeing that I was too weak to reply or resist, he attempted to wrest the stone from Arthur's grasp, but in vain. Then from the folds of his black gown all produced two small, smooth rods of ebony. Using these in some way that I could not quite see or understand, he pried apart the clenched fingers. Just as the stone left his hand the lad uttered a low moan of pain or distress. Hastily Ali slipped into his hand another stone of the same size and shape as that which he had called the heart of the witch, and the sleeper nestled closer on his pillow as one who is wholly comfortable.

For perhaps ten minutes Ali stood

motionless by the bedside, then he lifted me in his arms and bore me back to my own tent. "Effendi," said he, "now that thou knowest all is well with the youth, sleep. When thou art stronger I will come again."

And almost before he had left the flap of the tent behind him, I was asleep. "Positively, dad, I'm ashamed of you!"—these were the first words I heard next day. "You get lazier and lazier. Not content with sleeping all night you sleep half the day. There must be witchcraft in the place. Not a soul of us all was awake until long after daybreak, but you're easily the worst of the lot."

It was my boy again! Fresh and hearty and deft of touch, he was smoothing my pillow and brushing

me down with his hands, and I was

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the most beautiful of salutes, the latter with an air of complete bewilderment. "Come," said I; "let the ponies rest while Ali Hasan tells us that which is to be told."

Together we sat down with our backs to a rounded hillock of sand and Ali began his tale. "The Effendi knows all," he said, "but it is well for this young master to learn that the stone which Ali robbed him in his sleep was the black heart of the witch Amenritis. Ages ago she lived and wrought such woe on earth that my people have never ceased to tell, from father to son, the tale of it. Whether it was her beauty or her black art I know not, but never did eyes of young man fall upon her but he became as one mad, forgetting her he loved, forsaking wife or children for her sake. And the reason of such magic was this, that in her youth she died one day, and the priests prepared her body for entombment with the other princes and princesses of the blood. But when her heart of flesh had been removed and the heart-stone had been put in place, she straightway rose and was whole again, so that naught was said of her having died. And she knew all things that the dead know, and because her heart was of stone she had no mercy, but was the better pleased the more suffering she caused. And all the people were glad when she died, except, indeed, those whom she had bewitched, and these not often recovered."

"Do you believe all that Ali?" I demanded.

"The Effendi knows that it is easy for men to make lying records upon stone or papyrus, or for other men

to make them up, but I never looked upon his race again.

Mrs. Arthur Beswick is a fine young woman, of the sort that was best bred in Britain. I always think, in the days when I was a young man—tall and straight and proud, and kind with a kindness that does not make one like me feel either so old or helpless or so foolish as in his heart he knows himself to be, but is rather like frank good fellowship.

They came to Egypt, my son and my daughter, in the spring after the things about which I have been telling you, and since then nothing has happened for six years that I don't suppose that in all that time in our English home I had thought twice of the heart of Amenritis; or that I would have thought or written of it now, but that yesterday, as I sat reading my Egyptian paper, with specs on nose and a grandchild on each knee to take care of me, my eyes fell on this paragraph: "A STRANGE CRIME RECALLED."

Our readers, who have been some years in Egypt, will recall the felonious assault made in 1888 upon Beswick Bey, the engineer, by one Ali Hasan, who was never tried for his crime, and whose motive, if not insanity, has never been ascertained. That this Ali will now never be punished by the Egyptian law, as he is gone before a Higher Court, it was found last Tuesday with his throat cut, under circumstances almost proving suicide, in a low native quarter of Cairo. In his right hand a curious dark stone scarab or amulet was so tightly grasped that it was buried with him in the water."

"Oh, Arthur," I cried, and as Hon. Arthur Beswick, A. M. and M. P. (and other titles and initials that I forget) came to me, I handed him the paper without a word.

"He must certainly have been insane," said my son, as he finished reading the account.

But neither he nor I said aught to Helen Beswick of the heart of the Queen-witch Amenritis. (The End.)

Preparing. Manager—I have a new leading lady. Reporter—No; but she's very busy making one.—Exchange.



THE VISION CAME TO ME AGAIN AND AGAIN.

away the flies that plagued Pharaoh before me. I felt worlds stronger for my long sleep, and the lifting of my load of anxiety.

"Tell me all about her," I said, upon sudden impulse, as I looked at the lad.

"Such powers of perception in a mere young man are no' canny," said he, with something of a blush. "Indeed, I'd gladly do so, but there's so confoundedly nothing to tell yet, don't you see. She's well; I haven't even a photograph, but she's the jolliest sort you ever saw; really beautiful, you know. She's the sister of Lupton, my chum in Brasenose, and as good on skates or with a racket or golf club as himself. And I don't know whether I'm getting on with her particularly, because a most inconsiderate old ruffian of a dad that I happen to possess, would insist on being brained by a perfect paragon of a niece at a confoundedly inconvenient moment, and then—"

"Why, my boy, that's hard lines," I interrupted; "to have to leave Helen to come to this beastly oven, and then to be brained by a perfect paragon of a niece at a confoundedly inconvenient moment, and then—"

"I've been thinking about what I shall do, as I've been lying here," said I, "which was a clear lie, and may the Lord forgive me it and worse in the last I've been in Egypt long enough. There's a few shillings here and there for you and me to spend in the old home, Arthur, and I think I'll be seeking it soon."

"But it would be madness for you to go to England at the beginning of winter," cried Arthur, in real concern.

"Well I know that," said I. "I must go north in the spring and by easy stages, to get the sun of the south out of my old bones. And I have affairs to settle here. But when you wed the woman of your choice, be it next spring or the next, I shall be ready to say good-bye to the Nile and the desert."

"Really?" The boy's look was worth seeing. "Why, it's not such a graceless old dad as I thought; or else the club of the virtuous Ali Hasan has had a marvelous effect upon your intellects. Believe me, sir," he added, more seriously. "I shall do the best I can to win you home."

When there is little need of spinning long tales, as I do, I recovered almost like magic. Old Casaldi was sent packing. It is what Arthur called one of life's little ironies that we're always so glad to get rid of the man who saves our lives. In a shorter time than I dare say, lest it be thought untrue, Arthur and I were scouring the country on our ponies; the fever camp was broken up, and we moved to Cairo.

It was the day before this happened that the boy and I were padding through the sand, which everywhere borders the green belt, when we came upon a tall, black-robed figure in waiting for us.

"Arthur," said I, "this is Ali, son of Hasan, a good and true man. All Hasan is the young master of whom I have spoken to thee."

The East and the West greeted each other, the former with the profound salaam and that touching of the forehead which I shall never cease to think

long after to mistake the reading of true words. But what an honest son tells from the lips of his father—that is the truth."

"The inscription on the stone read: 'Amenritis, the Life Dispensing Favorite of Set.'" said Arthur. "It was really most extraordinary. It seemed bewitched I could not bear to let it go out of my hand, and at night there came to me the vision of a slender proud and beautiful young woman, again and again. She had bare feet and wore massive anklets of many coils, and a long, white, clinging robe. She was dark even for an Egyptian."

"Because she was no Egyptian," said Ali Hasan. "She was of the dark people from the South who overran the land before the Persians. She was the wife of Ra-Menkheper and the mother of Queen Shep-en-afet, wife of Psammetichos. It was she whom the young master has described, even her statue as it stands today in the great museum of Ghizeh, chiseled by the hand of one she had bewitched. But the young master—being a Frank and easily ashamed—has not told all; he has the black witch's heart drove from his mind all thought of the fair girl in English who loves him; and of the father whom he came to help; how the heart of the Queen-witch retained the magic power it has always held. It has been many times lost and found, buried by priests or women and sought for by those it held enslaved. It was because I wished to get it away speedily, before it did its mischief, that I struck the Effendi dead, and he overcame him with the drug as I later did the young master and all who lay in the tents, but first it was necessary to travel many days and nights to procure it from the holy hermit of the ancient Memphis faith, and I was loth to wait so long."

Travelers shudder with horror at the thought of the train-wrecker who stealthily undermines the supports of a railway bridge and precipitates a passenger train with its load of precious human freight to a horrible death by fire and water. There is a deadlier enemy than the train-wrecker that menaces not only travelers but stay-at-homes. Its name is indigestion, and it slowly undermines the supports that hold up the bridge of life and yearly precipitates untold thousands into the dread valley of consumption. If people will only always be right, caution they can avoid this calamity and even remedy it after it has occurred if they will act in time.

All cases of indigestion and every disease that has its inception in indigestion or faulty nutrition are cured by Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It cures 95 per cent of all cases of consumption. It cures wasting diseases. It is an unfailing remedy for nervous prostration. It is the great blood-maker, flesh-builder, and nerve tonic. Thousands have testified to its merits. There is nothing else "just as good." Druggists sell it.

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THE VIRGINIUS CASE.

From the Detroit Tribune.

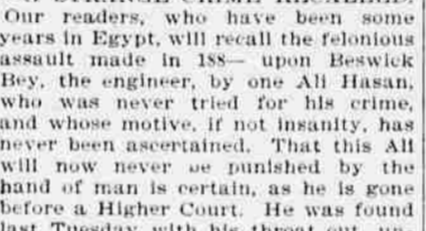
It is the general reputation of the United States that its citizens are not given government protection abroad. It has been the humiliating resort of Americans more than once when threatened with danger in distant lands that they have been compelled to appeal to the British government for protection. The most shameful affair of all was the Virginius case of 1873. At that time Cuba was making a struggle for liberty and sympathy was strong in this country. The Cubans needed arms and ammunition, and there were adventurous spirits who would take the chance of delivering them. Hellegent rights were not recognized, and war was not supposed to exist. Captain Joseph Fry, in company with several Cuban patriots, had a conference, and a purchase of arms was agreed upon. Captain Fry was a Floridian and had been a brave officer in the confederacy. He obtained possession of an old blockade runner, the Virginius, and with an American crew he put in at the port of Port Au Prince, Haiti, where the arms were loaded to be delivered on the east coast of Cuba.

She was hardly at sea, when a Spanish gunboat, the Tornada, which had been a companion blockade runner during the days of the rebellion, came in sight, and the Virginius was headed at full speed for Jamaica. It was so close that some person of the Virginius' crew had betrayed the intentions of the commander to Spanish authorities. The engineer appeared to be unable to get any speed out of the boat although full of steam, and the furnaces until flame poured from her funnels. The Tornado overhauled her rapidly, and the Virginius, after throwing overboard most of the arms, was compelled to surrender. Captain and crew and the half dozen Cubans on board were taken to Santiago de Cuba, and after trial by court-martial, were condemned to death. After the Cubans had been shot down their heads were hacked off and carried about on pikes and horses were driven over the bodies until they were trampled into shapeless masses.

On Nov. 7, 1873, Captain Fry and 53 of his men were marched out to be shot. The American consul attempted to protest, but was met by a Spanish officer in his house. The 54 men were compelled to kneel with their backs to a platoon of Spanish soldiers, and although the firing squad was but 30 feet from the condemned, Captain Fry was the only man killed outright. While the 53 men were writhing in agony on the ground the soldiers rushed upon them and thrusting the muzzles of their guns in their mouths they finished the bloody work. There were 38 more condemned to die next day, but Captain Fry's Lampton Lorraine was at Kingston, Jamaica, with the British steamer Niobe. He steamed for Santiago de Cuba with all speed, and was ashore before his ship had dropped anchor, claiming to represent the citizens of the United States as well as England, he commanded the execution to be stayed or he would bombard the city immediately. This saved the lives of 32 American citizens. When the Niobe afterward came to New York the miners of Nevada presented the gallant captain with a silver brick with the motto: "His is braver than water," but when a vote of thanks was presented to the national congress, to the disgrace of the nation it was laid on the table.

The affair was settled with dollars and cents and the restoration of the Virginius, but she was so badly damaged that she foundered off Cape Fear on her way to the United States. Diplomacy and cash settled a difficulty which threatened to give the insurgents their liberty. Spain was troubled with an unsettled hand at home, and had the United States been precipitate enough to avenge the outrage as provocation for war, a vast amount of suffering and bloodshed would have been prevented for Cuba would have been an independent government for the last 25 years.

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