

Then I went down by the river and was taken up by a Nile boat and brought to a new city which is called Alexandria.

My manner and tongue were strange. The people were not like the Thebans of former days. I had no wealth nor friends. Yet I must have bread, so I went early in the mornings to the Nile banks and gathered Lotos blossoms which I sold in the city. Thus I lived for many weeks.

When I began to know the city and the people, I heard often of Cleopatra, their queen. She was beautiful—more beautiful than any mortal had ever been. She had conquered the western warriors by her loveliness when her armies failed. Even now a new foe had risen up and was vanquishing her forces. Yet no one doubted should she seek to overcome her conqueror by her charms, she could do so, and no one doubted that she would when necessity required it.

I was eager to behold this queen. I wondered if she were as fair as the princess Ne-ne-hofra, whose image still haunted me. One day as she was passing through the streets, I saw her. It was during a feast of Isis and the queen, clad as is the goddess, sat on a high throne raised aloft on a magnificent barge drawn by white horses. Priests offered sacrifices on an altar before her, while about her was gathered her court. But the splendor by which she was surrounded paled before the glory of her beauty. One glance I had at her face. Then in amazement I cried aloud: "Ne-ne-hofra!" She turned and looked at me. A puzzled expression came into her face, but I was pushed aside by the crowd and could see her no more.

Now it was not many days thereafter that the city of Alexandria was besieged by the western warriors who are called Romans. The queen's resistance was hopeless. There came a great defeat and her chief ally and commander slew himself. And soon arose rumors that the queen had besought the presence of the conqueror, had endeavored to subdue him by her beauty and had failed. Then was consternation in the city, for all knew now that its cause was lost and all awaited with dread the coming of the enemy.

I was standing on the eve of the Romans' entrance into the city with my basket of Lotos blossoms, near the gate of the queen's palace. No one was buying, no one was selling, now. All day I had sold nothing. Suddenly a young and handsome woman, whose disarranged dress was such as is worn by the queen's household, came out of the palace gate and approached me. She wished to buy flowers—the whole basketful. She gave me a gold coin and left me wondering at her strange purchase. And then I noticed that the golden asp—the Asp of Isis, which I had worn always, was gone from my arm.

On the morrow the Romans entered the city, but Cleopatra was dead—stung by an asp concealed in a bunch of Lotos blossoms, it was said.

She was embalmed and buried in a magnificent sarcophagus of sculptured marble. And when they placed her in heaped high with the Lotos blossoms she had always loved. Then the heavy stone lid was lowered, crushing them over her.

As I turned away I saw before me a tall, thin man in strange eastern dress. Under his huge, yellow turban was a face marked with hundreds of fine lines, and his eyes were bright and flashing. "It is the law of Karma," he said, "from the beginning it was so, and so must forever be." I could not tell the meaning of his words, and his

garb was strange, but his face was the face of Het-Su, the priest, and on his wrist was coiled the golden Asp of Isis. ALEXANDER.

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STORIES BY AMY BRUNER.

JOAN OF ARC.

The captain did not for a moment dream what sort of a woman he was speaking to. She was small and pale, and timid looking—she would sicken at the sight of blood.

"Are you sure you can take the boy?" he said, "he is hurt worse than you think."

"Yes, yes, I'll go myself."

"No, there is danger."

But the woman was gone. The man did not know that this pale woman was a heroine. He did not know that she heard voices strange to others' ears, that she saw spirits bending towards her—why should she fear bullets, why tremble at the sight of blood? He did not know that the heart of this little woman was just as brave as that other which beat to mad triumph beneath the hammered corslet of Joan of Arc.

UTTER LONLINESS.

The low sod shanty clung to the prairie like a burnt sun flower. The wind came on from the west, turning the stretching distance into a yellow sea. Miles and miles of golden rod, rosin-weeds, and sun flowers, and these only for the long grass tangled dry at their stalks.

Here the sod house stood, where the wind lapped up the dust from the endless grey road, and swept on again to

the east. The sinking roof shuddered under its matted straw like the sick brain of a solitary man at some unknown fancy. Shudder at nothing? At nothing. The yellow prairie, the brown and stretching desert, and nothing else. The woman pressed her thin hands against her temples. She tore the string from her apron. It would be night when he would return. It was always night when the stage stopped. Nobody—nothing—only the yellow prairie. The woman shuddered—the straws shifted on the matted roof.

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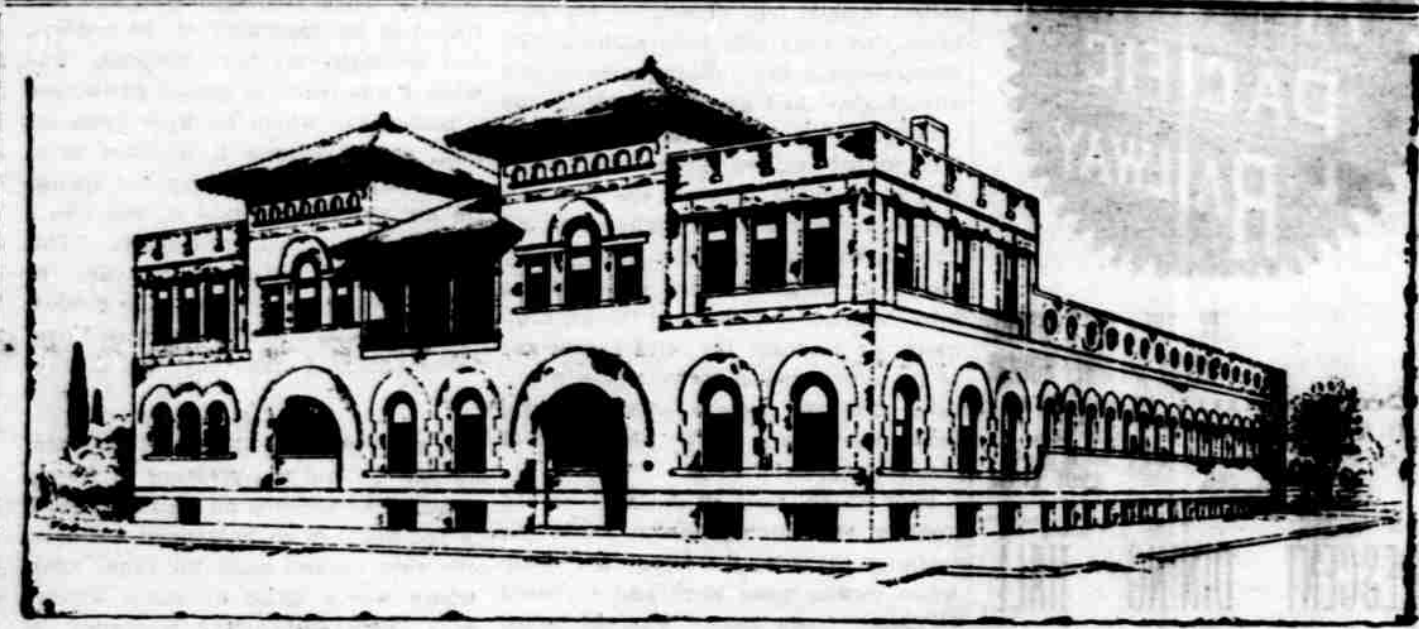
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SHERIFF SALE.

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN, that by virtue of an order of sale issued by the clerk of the district court of the Third Judicial district of Nebraska, within and for Lancaster county, in execution wherein Sarah Waters is plaintiff and Fabien S. Potvin et al. defendants. I will, at 2 o'clock p. m., on the 30th day of March, A. D. 1897, at the east door of the court house, in the city of Lincoln, Lancaster County, Nebraska, offer for sale at public auction the following described real estate, to-wit:

The east half of the northeast quarter of section twenty-eight (28), in town ten (10), north of range six (6), east of the 6th p. m., in Lancaster County, Nebraska. Given under my hand this 26th day of February, A. D. 1897.

John J. Trompen, Sheriff.



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