

OUR CHILDREN.

I looked at the happy children,
Who gathered around the hearth;
So blithe they were, no children
Could happier be on earth.

CLEOPATRA.

Being an Account of the Fall and
Vengeance of Harmachis, the
Royal Egyptian,

AS SET FORTH BY HIS OWN HAND.

BY H. RIDER HAGGARD,
Author of "King Solomon's Mines,"
"She," "Allan Quatermain,"
Etc., Etc., Etc.

CHAPTER XVIII.
THE TOMB OF MENKARA: THE
WRITING OF THE BREAD OF DEATH.
THE DRAWING FORTH OF THE TREASURE;
THE DWELLER IN THE TOMB; FLIGHT OF
CLEOPATRA AND HARMACHIS FROM THE
PLACE.

HE STOOD within a
small, arched chamber,
paved and lined
with great blocks of
the granite stone of
Syene. There before
me, hewn from a single
mass of basalt shaped
like a wooden chest
and resting on a sphinx
with a face of gold—
was the sarcophagus of
the divine Menkara.

And, we stood and gazed,
at the weight of the silence
and the solemnity of that holy
place seemed to crush us. Above us,
cubit over cubit in its mighty measure,
the Pyramid towered up to heaven
and was kissed of the night air.
But we were deep in the
bowels of the rock beneath its base.

"See," I whispered, pointing to a writing
daubed with pigment upon the wall in the
sacred symbols of ancient times.
"Read it, Harmachis," answered Cleopatra,
in the same low voice; "for I can not."

Then I read: "I, Ramesses Miamud, did,
in my day and in my hour of need, visit
this sepulcher. But, though great my
need and bold my heart, I dared not face
the curse of Menkara. Judge, O thou
who shalt come after me, and, if thou wilt
be pure and Khem as I was utterly distressed,
take thou that which I have left."

"Where, then, is the treasure?" she
whispered. "Is that sphinx face of gold?"
"Even there," I answered, pointing to
the sarcophagus. "Draw near and see."

"Pharaoh Menkara, Royal Son of the
Sun."
"Pharaoh Menkara, who didst lie
beneath the heart of Nout."

"Nout, thy Mother, wraps thee in the spell
of Her holy name."
"The name of thy Mother, Nout, is the
mystery of Heaven."

"Nout, thy Mother, gathers thee to the
bosom of the Gods."
"Nout, thy Mother, breathes on thy face
and utterly destroys thee."
"O Pharaoh Menkara, who livest forever!"

springing, and that which remains have I
These children's hearts to move;
And the story of the serpent
In death to the stricken dove;
'Tis an angel alone can touch them,
That that angel's name is Love.

For what the world may fancy,
And whatever the wise men say
Of our nineteenth-century progress,
Of a new and better day,
Still it takes a soul to make a soul
Now, as in the olden day.

—Spectator.

And to the end of the keeping of this secret
have I, Menkara, set up a Temple of my
Worship, the which I have built upon the
eastern side of this my House of Death. To the
sacred High Priest of this my Temple
shall it be made known from time to time.
And if any High Priest that shall be, do reveal
this secret to another than the Pharaoh, or
Her who wears the Pharaoh's crown and is
called upon the throne of Khem, according to
his law, then shall he be slain, and his name
written, now to thee, who, sleeping in the
womb of Nout, yet shall upon a time stand
over me and read, I say, judge thou! and if
thou judgest evilly on these shall fall the
curse of Menkara. From which there is no
escape. Greeting as farewell."

"Thou hast heard, O Cleopatra," I said
solemnly; "now search thy heart; judge
thou, and for thine own sake judge justly."

"I fear to do this thing," she said presently.
"Let us go," I said.
"Is it well," I said, with a lightning of
the heart, and bent me to lift the wooden
lid. For I, too, feared.

"And yet what said the writing of the divine
Menkara?"—twas emeralds, was it not?
And emeralds are now so rare and
hard to come by! Ever did I love emeralds,
and never can I find them without a
flaw."

"Tis not a matter of what thou dost love,
Cleopatra," I said; "tis matter of the need
of Khem and of the secret meaning of
thy heart, which thou alone canst know."

"Ay, surely, Harmachis, surely! Aflame
not the need of Egypt great! There is no
gold in the treasury, and how can I defy the
Roman if I have no gold? And have I not
sworn to thee that I will wed thee and defy
the Roman; and do I not swear it again—
yea, even in this solemn hour, with my hand
upon dead Pharaoh's heart? Why, here is
that occasion whereof the divine Menkara
did dream. Thou seest it is so, for also the
Hem of Harmachis or some other Pharaoh
draws forth the gems. But no; they left
them to this hour because the time was not
yet come."

"Even as thou wilt," I said again; "for
then it is to judge, since if thou judgest
falsely, on thee will surely fall the curse
from which there is no escape."

"No, Harmachis, take Pharaoh's hand and
I will take his—Oh, what an awful place
is this!" and suddenly she clung to me.
"Method thou a shadow yonder in the
darkness! Methought that it did move
toward us and then straightway vanish!
Let us go! Didst thou see naught?"

"I saw naught, Cleopatra; but maybe it
was the Spirit of the divine Menkara, or
even the spirit of her whom round its mortal
tenement. Let us then be going; right
glad shall I be to go."

"He made as though to start, then turned
back again and spoke once more.
"Two naught—naught but the mud
that in such a house of Horror doth bring
forth those shadowy forms of fear it breeds
to see. Nay, I must look upon these
emeralds indeed; if I do, I must look! Come
—to work! and stopping she with her own
hands lifted from the tomb one of the four
diamonds, each sealed with the graven
 likeness of the head of the protecting deity,
 that held the holy heart and entrails of the
 divine Menkara. But in those jars was
 nothing found, save only what should be
 there."

and beneath we found a covering of
coarsest linen; for in those days the
craftsmen were not so skilled in mat-
ters pertaining to the embalming of the
body as now they are. And as the linen
was written in an oval, "Menkara, Royal
Son of the Sun." This linen we could not
so wisely ignore, so firm it held to the body.
Therefore, faint with the great heat,
choiced with mummy dust and the odor
of spices, and trembling with fear of our
unholy task, wrought in that most awesome
and holy place, we laid the body down,
and with knife ripped away the last covering.

"It is too late to ponder," she answered,
lifting her white and beautiful face and
flung her blue eyes, all lit with terror,
upon mine own. She took the dagger, and
with set teeth the Queen of this day plunged
it into the dead breast of the Pharaoh of
three thousand years ago. And even as she
did so, from the opening of the shaft
where we had left the cunuch there came
a gurgling sound; we leaped to our feet,
but heard no more, and through the opening
the lamp-light still streamed down.

"It is naught," I said. "Let us make an
end."
Then with much toil we hacked and rent
the hard flesh open, and even as we did so
I heard the knife-point grate upon the gems
within.
Cleopatra plunged her hand into the dead
breast and drew forth somewhat. She held
it to the light, and gave a little cry, for
from the darkness of Pharaoh's heart there
 flashed into light and life the most beau-
 tiful emerald that ever man beheld. Perfect
 it was in color, very large, without a
 flaw, and set in a frame of strange form,
 and on the under side was the name, in
scribed with the divine name of Menkara,
 Son of the Sun.

Again, again, and yet again she plunged in
her hand and drew from Pharaoh's breast
great emeralds bedded there in spices.
Some were fashioned and some were not;
but all were perfect in color, without a
flaw, and in value priceless. Again and
again she plunged her hand into the dead
breast, till at length all were found,
and there were one hundred and forty and
eight such gems as we have known in
the world. At the last time that she
 searched she brought forth not emeralds,
 indeed, but two great pearls, wrapped in
 linen, such as never had been seen. And
 of these pearls more hereafter.

"No it was done, and all the mighty treasure
lay glittering in a heap before us. There
 it lay, and there, too, lay the regalia of gold,
 the spiced and alicy sealed wrappings,
 and the torn body of white-haired Pharaoh
 Menkara, the Queen, the over-living in
 Amenut."

"We rose, and a great awe fell upon us,
 for as the deed was done our hearts
 were no more upon the rage of revenge,
 search—no great an awe, indeed, that we
 could not speak. I made a sign to Cleopatra,
 she grasped the hand of Pharaoh and
 I grasped his feet, and together we
 lifted him, climbed the sphinx, and placed
 him once more within his coffin. On him
 I piled the torn mummy cloths, and on them
 laid the lid of the coffin."

"And now we gathered up the great gems,
 and such of the ornaments as might with
 ease be carried, and these I hid, as many as
 I could, within the folds of my kilt. And
 those that were left did Cleopatra hide upon
 her breast. Heavily laden with precious
 treasure, we gave one last look at the
 dreadful, solemn place, at the great sar-
 cophagus, and the sphinx whereon it rested,
 whose face of awful calm seemed to mock
 us with its over-arching smile of wisdom.
 Then we turned and went from the tomb."

"At the shaft we halted. I called to the
cunuch, who stood above, and methought
 that a faint mocking laugh answered me.
 The cunuch with terror to call, Cleopatra
 and I would surely die, and I thought
 of being strangled and quick, methought
 I had gained the passage. There burst the lamp
 but the cunuch I saw not. Thinking surely
 that he was a little way down the passage
 and asleep—no, in truth, he hid! I made Cleopatra
 make fast the rope about her middle,
 and with much labor drew her up. Then,
 having rested awhile, we moved on with
 the lamps to seek the cunuch."

"He hath been stricken with terror, and
leaving the lamp, hath fled," said Cleopatra.
"Ah, ye Gods! who is that cunuch?"

"I poured into the darkness, thrusting out
the lamp, and then in what their light fell
on—this, at the very dream, whereof my
 soul dreamed! There, facing us, his head
resting against the rock, and on either side
his hands played upon the floor, sat the
cunuch—dead! His eyes and mouth were
open, his fat cheeks dropped down, his thin
hair yet seemed to bristle, and on his countenance
was frozen such a stamp of hideous
terror as will mighty turn the boldness
of man. And I fixed by his slender claws,
one to his chin, hang that mighty but
whisk, spring from the neck, and entered the
pyramid, vanished in the sky, but when
returning, had followed us to its depths.
There it hung upon the dead man's chin,
silently reaching itself to and fro, and we
could see the fiery eyes shining in its evil
head."

"Aghast, utterly aghast, we stood and
stared at the hateful sight; till presently
the lid opened his huge wings, and, leaving
his head, sailed to us. Now he hovered
before Cleopatra's face, facing her with his
breast toward her, and with a woman's
shrill cry, came down upon her. She
shrilled, she shrieked, she screamed, and
fell down the well into the sepulcher. I
fell against the wall. But Cleopatra took
a leap upon the floor, and, covering her
head with her arms, she shrieked till the
hollow passages rang with the echoes of her
cries, that seemed to grow and double and
rush along in volumes of evil sound."

open, and we sped through them; the last
only did I stay to close. I touched the
stone, as I know how, and the great door
creaked down, shutting us off from the
presence of the dead sphinx and the Horus.
But that had done upon the woman's chin
the scar of a white chamber with the
enriched panels, and now we faced
the last steep ascent. Oh, that last ascent!
Twice Cleopatra slipped and fell upon the
polished floor. The second time—twas
when half the distance had been done—she
let fall her lamp, and would, indeed, have
rolled down the side had I not saved her.
But, in doing thus, I, too, set full my lamp,
that I might see my way; and so, hand in
hand we were in the darkness. And per-
chance about us, in the darkness, hovered
that awful Thing!

"No have!" I cried. "No have, no have,
and struggle on, or both are lost! The way,
though steep, is not far; and, though it be
dark, we are not alone to him in this
straight shaft. If the gems weight thee,
canst thou away?"

"Then it was that I saw the greatness of
this woman's heart; for in the dark, and
notwithstanding the terrors we had passed
and the anxieties of our state, she clung
to me and clambered on up that fearful
passage. On we clambered, hand in hand,
with bursting hearts, till there, by the
mercy or the anger of the Gods, at length
we saw the faint light of the moon creeping
through the little opening in the pyramid.
Our struggle more, now the hole was
gained, and, like a breath from Heaven,
the sweet night air played upon our faces.
I leaped through, and, standing on the pile
of stones, lifted and dragged Cleopatra
after me, she fell on the ground and then
rushed down upon it motionless."

"With trembling hands I pressed upon the
turning stone. It swung to and caught,
leaving no mark of the secret place of entry.
Then I came down, and having pushed
away the pile of stones, turned to Cleopatra.
She had awakened, and notwithstanding the
dust and grime upon her face, so pale it
was that at first I believed she must be dead.
But, placing my hand upon her heart, I felt
it stir beneath, and, being spent, I flung
myself down beside her upon the sand to
gather up my strength again."

(to be continued.)

Without Employment Life Would Be One
Long Span of Wretchedness.
God put Adam in the garden of Eden
to dress it and to keep it. Herein He
recognized, even in the earthly paradise, the
universal law of work—employment for
hand and brain. Doubtless this law will prevail
even in the celestial paradise. Without em-
ployment eternal life would be eternal
wretchedness.

The late fearful disaster in the Cam-
pana valley left the survivors dumb of
speech, feature, speech, sorrowful and
thriftless. Outside help was organized the
stricken multitude and set them to work, restoring
for the press were struck with the immedi-
ate bearing for the better in look and tone
and bearing.

In any great calamity, whether impending
or already come, nothing is so helpful as
expressing employment. Men working at
the pumps to save, if possible, the sinking
ship, do not suffer in a tenth part as much
as those who stand gazing in the face of
death. No kindly occupation of the battle
field equal in horrible experience the pain
of the line which must simply hold its
ground without retreating the fire of the
enemy.

Next to the abject poor we may pity the
inheritors of vast wealth, who are too often
without stimulus to exertion, and indeed are
often excluded from it by foolish social no-
tions. Amusements form a sorry substitute
for actual employment for they cannot
lose their power to please. The great
multitude enjoys the blessed reaction of regu-
lar, adequate work, and their children are
to be pitied if their fathers' industry does
them to a life of pleasure.

Many persons whose minds, for want of
wholesome activity, have fallen into an
unhealthy state, have been saved from inec-
uancy or suicide, through the calling out of
their sympathies in behalf of others. Much
work is the more helpful in that it brings
into play the best part of one's nature, the
part most happy in its reflex influence.

Not a few successful men retire from
business at a comparatively early age to en-
joy, as they term it, a period of rest. Such
men generally make a sad mistake. Their
employment is not half what it was before,
and they are fortunate if the tendency of
the brain to atrophy with years be not ad-
dily hastened by the cessation of its life-long
activity.

John Quincy Adams kept off his post in
Congress to the last, not because of politi-
cal ambition nor an aversion of govern-
ment, but because he was used to working
and he could not rest. He was a man of
endless energy, and he could not rest. He
was a man of endles energy, and he could
not rest. He was a man of endles energy,
and he could not rest.

THE DUTIES OF LIFE.
Whatever They May Be, They Should Be
Cheerfully Performed.
Every life has its purpose for being.
That there are not always fulfilled, and
argue the blindness and necessity of the
one who is content to exist, and die, in the
best sense of the term. Not a plant that
springs from the bosom of the earth but
fills its own part in the design of creation;
and since this rule applies to the most insignificant
of earth's objects, with what reason
or sense can man hope to evade the
universal responsibility. To merely exist is
not to live; it is to participate and bestir
the very sense of life. To live is to be a
living, active force in the world's destiny, and
whether one be a great or humble factor in
what his time accomplishes, a factor he
must be, if he would not treat the very
idea of living. All men are not endowed
with equal faculties; all can not be flaming
lights of honor upon the world's highway;
such men, within the limitations which the
creator has imposed, contribute to the im-
portance of the world. The fellow who
performs his allotted part as thoroughly as does
the light-house, either one could not be
withheld for the other, and if the brilliant
beacon attracts more attention than does
the fog-horn, it but fulfills its mission,
which the other does equally well. All are
not to be heroes; all need not be heroic
lancers; but whether fitted for lance or
pistol, there is a part to be performed by
each life, and the fact of one living or
dying, or the performance of his duty,
is not to be forgotten. No man's life is
more valuable than another's, and every
man's life is more valuable than his own.
The life of the humblest laborer
contributes to the grand scheme of
creation, and the life of the noblest
man is no more valuable than his own.

FIRESIDE FRAGMENTS.

—Simmering at 180 degrees is pre-
ferable in making soups, to boiling at
212 degrees. Much heat is wasted in
boiling water to needlessly high tem-
peratures for cooking.

—A good way to prepare sweet, ten-
der loaf of suet for invalids is to
steep it in alcohol for a plain, salt it to
the taste, and let it stand several hours.
Coffee made of rice, nicely browned, is
an excellent remedy for sickness of the
stomach, cholera morbus or diarrhea.—
Old Homestead.

—Savory Eggs. Hard-boil four eggs
and cut them in two; remove the yolks
and fill the whites with a mixture of
pounded nutmeg, tender anchovy, a lit-
tle butter and capers, season each
with a few drops of salad oil, or a square
of lemon, and grate over each the yolks
of the eggs, serve on crisp dry toast.

—Sometimes in the morning one has
no food good for breakfast over an open
fire. Take a sheet-iron saucepan and
heat very hot, lay the steak flat on it,
and in half of three-quarters of a minute
turn over. In four or five minutes it is
cooked done. Place the steak on a
heated platter, and sprinkle with salt
and pepper. Pour over it a tablespoonful
of melted (but not hot) butter.—
Country Gentleman.

—Mashed Hens. Three cupfuls water,
one half cup sweet milk or cream, one
cup rice. Start the rice in cold water
and cook forty to fifty minutes or until
tender. When about done heat the milk
to almost boiling and stir it in gently,
breaking the grains as little as possible.
Cook a few minutes longer, then turn
the rice into cups and set it away to
cool. Serve with cream and sugar.—
Western Rural.

—Rich Potato Cakes. Bake a dozen
of very fine potatoes, remove the skins
and cut away all the dark spots, weigh
off three fourths pound, and pound into
one fourth pound of pulverized sugar,
two ounces of dry and sifted flour, the
yolks of two eggs and a pinch of salt.
Form it into a rather soft paste, then
roll the board, roll it out nice and sleek,
stamp off cut into any shape preferred,
place them on a greased baking sheet,
egg them over, and bake in a moderate
oven. Bake rather crisp. These can be
savored with cassava, if approved.—
The Housewife.

—Pudding for Goume. Roll a pint
of dry bread crumbs and pour half of
them through a sieve. Put a small onion
into a pint of milk and when it boils re-
move the onion and thicken the milk
with a half pint of sifted crumbs. Take
it from the fire, stir in a heaping tea-
spoonful of butter, a grating of nutmeg,
pepper and salt. Put a little butter in
a frying pan and when hot throw in the
half pint of coarse crumbs remaining in
the sieve, stir a pinch of cayenne pep-
per and stir them over the fire until
they assume a light brown color, taking
care that they do not burn. For serving
put a plump roast quail on a plate, pour
over it a tablespoonful of the crumbs.
The sauceboat, plate of crumbs and cur-
rant jelly should be passed one after the
other.—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A MOHAMMEDAN WEDDING.
Name of the Facilitator of the Moslem
Marriage System.
An "English marriage in high life"
without either bride, bride-maid or other
plattening ladies on view, would smack
strongly of Hamlet with the character
role omitted. What, too, could the as-
sembled gentlemen do, deprived, as they
would be, of those pleasant feminine
criticisms of the guests and dresses
which obtain on such occasions? There
are some masculine critics who consider
weddings rather melancholy affairs, even
under the best circumstances, but they
would be infinitely more so without the
presence of lovely women. That is,
from the European standpoint. Moham-
medans of good position take precisely
the opposite view. The Calcutta native
papers lately gave a long and graphic
account of the marriage of two young
men, the sons of a local magnate,
Nawab, (illumination, flags, furniture
and decorations are described in the
most minute details. But no mention is
made of the bride, nor does a single
feminine name appear in the lengthy
list of guests who attended. Fifteen
hundred turned up, including maharajahs,
nobles, mirans and ayas galore,
and the affair went off beautifully in
every way. But poor Nourmahal did
not even get a peep at it, unless corrup-
tively through some chink in the
masonry. It is further stated that all the
guests made a point of offering felicita-
tions to the bridegroom, but no good
wishes did they bring for the bride.
Yet, odd to say, all seem to have en-
joyed themselves greatly, or the festivity
would not have been prolonged until
far into the night. Unless, therefore,
we assume that Asiatic human nature is
altogether different from European,
some advantage might possibly accrue
to English society from experimenting
with the Moslem marriage system.—Lon-
don Globe.

Economy in the Kitchen.
A wise economy is a splendid quality
in a man. Without it even the highest
calculus genius may come rather over-
expensive. But it must be intelligent
economy. What is generally known as
stupid economy is really a waste of money.
An Old Bohemian, in a truly sought but
extraneous of the most possible kind,
and in the most openly foolish disguise,
never go in for that sort of economy
saving which consists in the use of
cheap materials—such, for instance, as
sawdust or cotton-fleece for poetry
and lying, or inferior-mineralized cheap
fish, fat, poultry, vegetables, fruit,
etc. You will always find the best
articles the cheapest in the end. Let
your economy be quantitative, not qual-
itative. Take it for granted that a lit-
tle of what is really good will go a
longer way than a great deal of inferior
trash. While cheap food is plenty, but
always use good better. If you must
employ a substitute, take pure salt.
The expenditure of waste in every depart-
ment of the kitchen, the latter and
more, is the only true economy.—N.
Y. Ledger.

The Body Next Door.
Was W. having the lady next door be-
cause she always seemed so well and
happy? (She calls a life and I don't. I
like to change places with her!) At last
she made the acquaintance of the subject
of her own, and this is what the lady told
her: (Happily I of course I am, for I enjoy per-
fect health. My dear Mrs. W., your own
body is why you are not happy. You are
suffering from functional derangements. I
was a martyr to female weakness for years,
but Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
cured me, so it will cure you if you will try it.
It is guaranteed to give satisfaction in every
case of female irregularity.)
Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription
Lancaster, Massachusetts and London, England.

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