The Day of Resis

BY

LILLIAN

FRANCES

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BY

LILLIAN FRANCES MENTOR.

ILLUSTRATED BY

HARRY L. V. PARKHURST.

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CHAPTER I.

THE STRANGE DOCUMENT.

THE following letter and document were the first causes of the long journey, and strange adventure.

"DEAR MISS CAMERON:—You will probably be much surprised to hear from me in this out-of-the-way place, but knowing the pleasure you take in everything pertaining to Africa, I thought you might be interested in a matter which came before my notice recently.

Some months ago I joined a hunting party bound for the interior of Africa, and on our return march at Rehenoko we fell in with another caravan bound for the coast. Having a common destination, Zanzibar, we travelled together. An Abyssinian, Sedai by name, was in charge of this caravan. He is a large, powerful man, and very intelligent. I often talked with him during the long marches, and one day he told me that he had on this trip, come across a strange manuscript, a part of which he had been able to decipher, but some

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words of which he could not make out. He asked me to help him decipher the difficult phrases; so that evening, after everything had been made snug for the night, Sedai produced a piece of goat-skin, on which was inscribed the following strange tale.

'Name Philip Harding—English—left England July 6, 1801—Zanzibar, February 16, 1802—expedition just left Bagamayo—myself and nine other sailors started to overtake it—on 26th, lost our way—wandered long and far—hostile tribes—fight—four men killed—others escaped—three die with fever, reach mountains—one man killed by lion—discover opening into mountain—make torches and enter—companion starved—discovered line of broken stones—followed these—found bridge—crossed this—followed stones again—found secret door—Land of On—people thought me from another planet—lived in temple—strange people—no knowledge or connection with outside world—highly civilized in their way—have strange Day of Resis—mysterious cermonies on this day—people never mention it—day sacred—here nineteen years one month and sixteen days—made escape—looked five days for opening key—remove dstone set in cliff behind palm tree under eagle's rock mountain— lifted lever seen in spring— rock door turned giving time to pass through—passed into cave—crossed bridge—dropped torches in lake, am lost—exhausted—starving—if document ever found write friends—growing weaker—can write no mo ——'

Here the writing ended. The first part, or that part which had been written before entering the cave was in regular lines, but the last was evidently written after entering the dark cave, or passage, as the charac-

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ters were scattered and very irregular. Sedai intends placing the matter before the next party who are about to enter the interior, and have them look up the mysterious cave and land. He says that the old man, of whom he got the manuscript, is still living, and knows the entrance to the cave, in which he found the body of Harding still warm, and on it this strange document.

Sedai is a trustworthy fellow, or otherwise I would take no stock in his story, or manuscript.

Hoping you may find some interest in this strange tale, I am,

Very Sincerely Yours,

FRANK BOYD."

Such was the letter and weird tale which came in Enola Cameron's mail one morning in the early nineties. Only the fact of hearing from Frank Boyd in Zanzibar surprised her. The story in itself did not surprise her, for she had so long made a study of Africa and its dark secrets, that nothing pertaining to it seemed strange to her. She was as enthusiastic in this research as most women were in studying the art of dress and beauty. She had met the great explorer Stanley during his late visit to New York, and had read the story of his travels again and again. She had met Herbert Warde socially, had overhauled his trophies to her heart's content, and his books had also been added to the long shelf of African works in her library. Here poor Jameson's story had filled her eyes with tears, and here, too, she had escorted Glave that she might, in confidence, reveal to him the one great desire of her heart, and to learn from him the possibil-

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ity of its fulfillment. She had studied the history of the dark continent from every obtainable source.

Works, which for the average woman held no attraction, aroused in her the liveliest interest. Her enthusiasm had reached such a pitch that but one course seemed open to her, namely, to experience the adventures which had made the names of Baker, Grant, Speke, Livingstone and Stanley famous. She had passed her twentieth birthday; she was of medium height and well-rounded figure, brimming over with health and strength, as was shown by her clear, rosy complexion and bright eyes, which lighted up with enthusiasm as new thoughts opened to life in her active brain.

There was nothing of the so-called New Woman about her; far from it; she was a womanly woman with a great sympathetic heart and kindly nature. She was an orphan, her parents having died when she was yet a child, leaving her with a life-long friend of the mother. This was Mrs. Graham, a most estimable woman, wealthy and moving in the best circle in the city in which they lived, Enola had long since learned to look upon Mrs. Graham and her kind husband as her second parents, and she was as dearly loved by them as were their own children. She had a snug fortune of her own and was thoroughly independent.

But now that she had made up her mind to go to Africa and ascertain the truth, or fallacy, of the tale which had just reached her, she felt a little hesitancy in broaching the subject to her friends. But she was not the one to be intimidated so easily, so went direct to the library, where she knew that Mr. Graham and

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Harry, the son, would be, and opened the subject at once.

"Uncle," she said (she always called her second parents uncle and aunt), "I am going to Africa, and will want your help."

Mr. Graham's glasses fell from his nose, so suddenly did he look up.

"To Africa," said he; "Well, has it come to this."

"Exactly," said Enola. "Now don't look as if I had declared my intention of committing suicide, although in your eyes I suppose the two are synonymous."

"When do you start?" asked Mr. Graham. Having long since learned that to cross Enola was to make her the more determined to carry out her own plans.

"To-day or to-morrow, or as soon as you can make preparations. Now remember, I am only suggesting this adventure; you are the real instigator of the project, and have asked me to accompany you, you know."

"Well, if that isn't a woman for you," said Mr. Graham, laughing in spite of himself. "You come here declaring your intention of going to Africa, asking my help and then tell me that it is I who must assume all responsibility. Well, I will do it for your sake, but I hope it is not to be out of the regular beaten paths of travel in Africa, for it might not be pleasant, you know, fighting hostile natives with a woman about." And Mr. Graham again laughed.

"The woman will take care of herself, never fear," said Enola. "But seriously, uncle, I never would have asked you to accompany me on this journey, but for your having spoken some time ago of your inten-

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tion of going to France to spend your vacation, and the thought occurred to me that you might care to go with me for two reasons. First, of course, to be my escort, and secondly, because the adventure would please you. And as for the danger, from what I can glean from Mr. Boyd's letter, I should say that we will not meet with any great amount of this, for, from the coast to the mountains, the road leads through a comparatively open country, and if we start now we will get to Zanzibar about the right time to enter the interior. I anticipate but very little trouble in reaching the mountains. What will happen after that I cannot say."

"The adventure will just suit my ideas of such things," said Mr. Graham, "and I will go with you gladly. And you want to start immediately?"

"Why, yes," said Enola. "This man Sedai was to present the matter before the first party entering the interior, and if we should wish to be the ones to discover this strange land, we must lose no time in getting to Zanzibar. It will not take long to make preparations, will it?"

"Well, no," said Mr. Graham. "We will take but very little with us from this country, for everything can be obtained in Zanzibar. Let us see," and he consults a New York paper. "To-day is Friday and the Paris sails from New York next Wednesday. We can leave here on Sunday evening if you wish to, and mother and Nellie can get packed in that time, and arrive in New York Tuesday morning. We can make what few purchases we need, and go on the steamer that same night. Now what do you think of that for quick work?"

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"I see you are quite as enthusiastic as myself in this matter," said Enola. "But where will we leave Auntie and Nellie while we are making our longer journey?"

"Oh, they can stop somewhere in Europe," said Mr. Graham, "or go on to Zanzibar if they wish, and wait there for our return. I am afraid, Enola, that you will have harder work to convince them of the advisability of this trip, than you have had with me."

"I am afraid so," said Enola, "but you must help me."

"I will do the best I can," said Mr. Graham.

"But look here, said Harry," who had kept perfectly quiet up to this time. "Where do I come in?"

"Why, Harry, I supposed you understood that you were to accompany us," said Enola. "Your father is perfectly willing, I know, and your mother will not object when she learns that I am determined on going. It will be pleasanter to have you with us, for there will be so few of us at the most, and among strangers home faces will be very comforting."

"It will have to be pleasant or otherwise," said Harry, "for I intend accompanying you, most certainly. I wouldn't see you take such a journey without me. There ought to be two of us with you anyway Enola, so that in case anything should happen one of us, you would still have another to protect you. It is a serious thing I should judge, to have to trust wholly to the half savage negroes who will make up your escort. So we must guard against any contingency."

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"Very well," said Enola, "then it is settled that we start on Sunday night."

"Sunday night if you can get ready and I can get accommodations on the steamer," said Mr. Graham.

"Don't worry about me, uncle," said Enola. "Look out for yourself and Auntie. I will be ready," and saying this Enola turned and left the room.

Harry had long since learned to love Enola, but she had told him positively when he approached her on the subject of marriage, that she only thought of him as a brother, but that sometime she might learn to think of him in a different way; until that time, however, he must not mention the subject again. Harry had promised, and so the matter had rested; but he had not forgotten her words, and he now saw a chance, while on this long journey, to win the love he craved.

He was twenty-eight, and by hard work, and strict attention to his duties, had been promoted to the position of cashier in the bank of which his father was president. He and his father had both left the bank for an indefinite period just a few days before our story opens, fully decided on taking a long vacation, spending the time in Europe. So Enola's plans had not upset theirs to any great extent; they would now take a trip into Africa, instead of through Europe.

When they had thought the matter over for some time, they came to the conclusion that the African trip would be more to their liking, for they were both good hunters and lovers of adventure. So Harry and his father lost no time but went out that same afternoon and made purchases of shot guns, rifles and pistols, fishing tackle, and some of the more necessary

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medicines. They trusted to getting everything else which they might need in New York and in Zanzibar.

That evening at the dinner table, the subject was brought up before Mrs. Graham and Nellie. Both objected, but when Mr. Graham and Harry both avowed their intention of accompanying Enola, then the ladies gave their consent.

Sunday came around and the party had gotten all ready and started for New York. Arriving there some few purchases were made, and then in the evening the party boarded the great steamer which was to carry them to Southampton. The following day opened up bright and beautiful, Enola remarking that this foretold success. The steamer left the dock early and moved slowly down the bay, past Governor's Island, Bedloe's Island, the Statue of Liberty, and then along the Staten Island shore, past Quarantine, the forts, Fire Island, Sandy Hook, and then, after a glimpse of Coney Island, Brighton, Manhattan Beach and Far Rockaway, the steamer turned her nose toward the Old World, and land was soon out of sight. The trip was an enjoyable one, the steamer not breaking her record, but still reaching Southampton in less than seven days. They did not tarry in England, but took one of the Channel steamers for Boulogne Sur Mer, and arriving here boarded a train for Paris, which city was reached the same night. The following day Mr. Graham looked up a steamer for Alexandria, and learned that one sailed for that port on Saturday from Marseilles. This was Thursday, so no time must be lost in reaching Marseilles. Sleeping accommodations were secured on the night train, and the following morning found them in the quaint old city. The day

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was spent in taking a drive along the Mediterranean. It was at a time when the Reviera is generally crowded, and the beautiful driveway was filled with elegant equipages.

The following morning they took the steamer for Alexandria.

This was the most delightful part of the trip. The sky never looked so blue, the water never so calm, the sun never so bright, and the air never seemed so pure as on this two weeks' trip, from Marseilles to Alexandria. Stops were made at Algiers, Tunis and at several other points before reaching Alexandria, and at these different places, the boat stopping for a few hours, our friends disembarked, and made short excursions over the towns.

At Alexandria a freight steamer was found bound for Madagascar, and arrangements were made with the Captain to give the ladies his cabin, Mr. Graham and Harry being satisfied with humbler quarters. Down through the Suez Canal, into the Red Sea, out through the Gulf of Aden and then into the Indian Ocean, and the little steamer headed due south. This trip was rather slow but without much hardship, the Island of Zanzibar was at last sighted, and, later in the day, they were taken off in lighters.

"The civilized part," as Enola called it, of the journey was finished, and it remained now to make preparations for that other journey, which might prove less agreeable and a great deal more dangerous.

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CHAPTER II.

INTO THE HEART OF AFRICA.

AFTER landing at Zanzibar, the labor of equipment began. Bales of cloth and boxes of wire, innumerable colored beads and trinkets were shipped to Bagamayo in charge of reliable Zanzibari, the most trustworthy of African carriers.

Harry first looked up the reputation of Sedai, the Abyssinian, and finding this to be good, he then went in search of the man himself. He was found on the quay with a lot of natives, and upon Harry telling him what he wanted, he followed him to the hotel. Sedai was a monstrous fellow, standing fully six and a half feet high, and built like a Hercules. His skin was of a bronze color, smooth and shiny; his eyes were piercing black, his forehead high, and his face above the average in intellect for one of his race.

"You remember Mr. Boyd, do you not?" asked Mr. Graham, when the hotel had been reached.

"Perfectly well," answered the Abyssinian.

"And you believe that the mysterious Land of On exists?"

"I do."

"I wish to make that belief a certainty. Will you join us and get together a proper number of carriers and natives to insure comparative safety in making the journey?"

"Gladly," said Sedai.

"You shall have something more than the usual

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amount paid for such services, for the journey may entail more than the usual amount of work and danger."

"I shall expect nothing more than I have been accustomed to getting," answered the Abyssinian.

"We will decide on that later," said Mr. Graham, "but tell us now of the finding of the goat-skin."

"I will do so," said Sedai. "When on my last expedition, far up in the country, I heard this story from the mouth of an old man. It may be false, but I believe it to be true. Umsaga, that is the name of the old man, said: "One day when I was quite a boy I was out hunting on the mountain side, and among the undergrowth disclosed a flat stone, which had at some remote period covered an opening about four feet square, in the side of the mountain. Being curious to know whither the hole led, I entered, but had gone only a short distance when I heard a groan. This scared me but I determined to learn what it was that had made the noise. I returned to the outside and procuring a torch, again entered the cave, and followed in the direction from which the sound came, and had not gone far when I almost stumbled over the prostrate body of a man. I felt it and found it still warm, but upon close examination found that life was extinct. He was of the white race, but exposure and starvation had tanned and drawn the skin tight over the bones, By his side was a knife, and clutched in his hand was a piece of goat-skin, on which he had cut strange characters, which I could not decipher. I took the goat-skin and never again entered the cave."

"This was the old man's story," continued Sedai,

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"and offering him a piece of cloth for the goat-skin, he eagerly accepted it and I left him."

"And you could read it?" asked Mr. Graham.

"I was for a time in the service of an Englishman in my own country and knew some English. I have learned more since, but I could not make out all of the letters. With Mr. Boyd's help, however, all was made plain. It is here," and Sedai saying this, handed the parchment to Mr. Graham.

The party gathered around Mr. Graham and examined the goat-skin closely.

"And the old man never sought to solve the mystery?" said Harry.

"So he said," answered Sedai.

"This parchment tells us how to leave this strange country, when once it is entered," said Mr. Graham, "but it does not tell how to find the secret door which is to admit us."

"The sailor found it," said Enola, "and it seems to me that we ought to.'

"Well, we will never know until we get to the point where we may expect to find it," said Mr. Graham. "How far is it, Sedai, to this mountain, through which we will have to go to find the strange country?"

"About three hundred miles," said Sedai, "through a country not difficult to travel, and among natives not usually hostile."

"Can you be ready to start to-morrow?" asked Mr. Graham of Sedai.

"I can," said Sedai.

"Then be at Bagamayo to-morrow at daybreak, ready to start."

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"I will be there," answered Sedai, and with this he left.

That day a Mr. Bruce called on Mr. Graham, making a request to accompany the expedition, and Mr. Graham, having looked up his reference and found that he was a Scotchman of first-class standing both socially and financially, he consented to his accompanying them. Later in the day the party crossed over to Bagamayo, so as to be there for an early start in the morning.

Early on the following morning the caravan was drawn up and carefully inspected by Mr. Bruce, Mr. Graham, Harry and Enola. Twenty donkeys and one hundred carriers, with one cart, were to transport the goods of barter. A double relay of six carriers was detailed to carry each of the sedan chairs of Mrs. Graham and Nellie, after having learned that the country through which they would pass would be open, and the tribes not hostile had decided to accompany the caravan. They were desirous of seeing the strange land and people. Mr. Graham, Mr. Bruce and Harry had procured horses from an Arab in Bagamayo, and when the caravan was drawn up it made an imposing sight, and one well calculated to inspire hostile tribes with a wholesome fear.

At six o'clock, with the sun shining brightly, and amid the shouts of many Arabs and natives who had assembled to see them depart, the caravan moved slowly out of Bagamayo. The American flag was unfurled, and floated merrily in the breeze at the head of the column. Out through a narrow lane they passed, the sun speeding to the west, beckoning them on. Loveliness glowed around them, the fertile fields,

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rich vegetation, strange trees bordering their path, the jubilant sounds of many insects, the cry of cricket and pewit, all seemed to tell them that they had started.

The first camp was only five miles distant, and the next few days were spent in completing the preparations for their long land journey. After all was in readiness the caravan again started. From here on the roads were mere footpaths, leading through fields in which naked women were at work, who looked up and giggled as they passed. Passing on they entered an open forest. Reaching the Kingini, they passed over a bridge of felled trees, made by some previous party.

Harry came to the side of Enola's chair and laughingly said:

"One would think from the half-sad expression in your eyes, that you were already regretting having taken this trip."

"You are mistaken, Harry; I was simply lost in admiration of the beautiful scene about us."

"Yes, it is beautiful," said Harry, "but it is so different from what I have been used to, that I often find myself thinking, or wondering if it is not all a dream, and if I will not wake up some morning in my room at home, and find that I have only visited these lands in my dreams."

"Yes, it is decidedly out of the ordinary," laughed Enola, as she saw the serious look in Harry's face; "but if you were as well read in African history and lore of the people as I am, you would accept all this as genuine at once. Listen. For centuries Africa has been known as the Dark Continent. The edges of this immense tract have been known as far back as

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history goes. Egypt, on the North, is the oldest government on earth; while the nations bordering on the Mediterranean and Red seas, were actors in the earliest recorded histories, Still, Africa to-day is an unknown land. That Africa was a rich country, was proven by the treasures brought from the interior by the rivers Nile, Niger and Congo. That it was populous, was demonstrated by the millions of slaves furnished by the native tribes to the outside world. For curiosity alone, explorations were made in the early part of the century; but it remained with Livingstone to first open up the Dark Continent, and with Stanley, to pierce its very heart. Africa is to-day, however, a mystery which, it seems, will never be penetrated. Strange stories come to us of people never seen by white men, of customs foreign to all history, of abandoned cities, of desolated countries. Africa is synonymous with mystery and darkness, and nothing seems strange to me which is connected with it."

"Such words should be convincing," said Harry, "but my education in life has been too practical to realize that there is so much mystery left in the world in this, the nineteenth century."

"It will all be real enough before we get back to civilization, I have an idea," said Enola.

"Well, it looks real enough now," said Harry. "This moving caravan, those hippopotami in the river, and the antelope in the forest, all scout the idea of there being anything uncanny about our present surroundings."

And so days passed, some amid pleasant surroundings, and others in a part of the country not so agreeable.

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One day they passed through a continuous jungle. The path was only a foot wide, each side being bordered with thorny plants and creepers, the spiky twigs of which were as sharp as needles. The entire party was badly scratched with these irritating twigs, and the caravan was in a sad plight when it reached Msuwa that night. The chief of this tribe was very kind to the tired and wounded party, however, and they remained in this camp two days. After leaving here, the country was open and beautiful, presenting a natural park, and the roads were good.

They reached the Ungerangeri River on the evening of the twenty-fourth day, where they encamped, and on the following morning crossed the river and entered the Wakami territory. Five days later they reached the Wassagahha district. Here several of the party were stricken with fever, and several days were lost, but all getting better at last, the caravan again moved on. Away off to the North and West, could be seen a long range of mountains, in which, Sedai informed them, was situated the hidden country of "On."

Shortly after leaving here they entered a very wild tract. Numberless antelope, spring-bok, zebra and giraffes were seen, but upon their approach they would scamper away. Here was a hunter's paradise. What nobleman's reserve in civilization could compare with this vast expanse of field and forest? How small and insignificant would they seem in comparison! The first herd of elephant was also seen here, but they passed them by without disturbing them. That evening they entered the Usugara district, and although the mountains were a considerable number of miles nearer, they still looked just as far away. The atmos-

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phere in this country is so clear it makes distances very deceiving. It was a mountain world which they looked upon, for peak beyond peak, cone beyond cone, fold above fold, they rolled away like so many waves.

"We shall soon descend into the valley and across this to those distant mountains directly west of us, at the base of which we shall find the village in which lives the old man of whom I obtained the parchment. We will reach there in four marches," said Sedai.

"And you say there are lions and tigers in the valley?" said Mr. Bruce.

"Yes," answered Sedai, "and this part of the journey will be very dangerous."

And this proved to be true, for two evenings later, when the supper had been eaten and all had been made snug for the night, Harry and Enola came very near falling victims to one of these ferocious beasts. They had wandered a little distance from the camp, and had sat down on a mossy bank for a few moments' talk before going to bed. They had been here only a short time when they heard a rustle in the bushes, and turning they saw, standing not ten yards away, with his yellow eyes glowing through the semi-darkness, and his long tail swaying from side to side, an immense lion. Harry had not brought his rifle, and they were at the mercy of the beast. The lion seemed to realize this, for he quietly settled down on his haunches and watched them intently.

"Listen," said Harry, and his lips hardly moved, "he will make a leap for us, and when he does, stoop low and run toward him. We will try to pass under

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him while he is in the air, and before he alights and turns we may be able to reach camp."

"I understand," said Enola.

The lion again rose to his feet, and then settling on his haunches prepared to spring.

"Be ready," said Harry. "Now," and he darted forward, but stopped again as soon as he could, for Enola's hand had left his and she had fallen. There she lay with the lion's paw resting across her breast. Harry could see that she had neither lost consciousness nor presence of mind, for she was gazing steadfastly into the eyes of the huge beast.

It was a terrible moment. Harry was afraid to move or cry for help, for fear of the lion seizing Enola and making for the bush.

All this time the lion was watching Harry intently, seeming to know that interference would come from that quarter. But he was as powerless to help Enola as if he had been bound hand and foot. He could see that she was becoming weak from terror and loss of blood, and that she could scarcely breathe owing to the weight of that fearful paw on her breast. Her eyes closed several times, and Harry could see that she would soon be unconscious. Something must be done. Would the lion, if he made a rush for him, turn his attention from Enola long enough for her to get out of reach? It mattered little what became of himself if he could but save Enola.

Harry seized a short piece of wood lying near him and made a rush for the lion. The lion raised on his haunches as Harry struck him a powerful blow between the eyes.

"Roll out of the way," said Harry.

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Enola rolled over once and then staggered to her feet, but sank down again too weak to move farther. The lion was dazed for an instant by the blow, but only for an instant, and with a lightning stroke of the paw, struck Harry on the shoulder, knocking him senseless and bleeding on the ground.

"Help," cried Enola, but the sound was so faint that she despaired of its reaching the camp. Nevertheless it was heard, and the commotion caused the lion to turn to see what was happening. That look was his death warrant, for a bullet struck him squarely in the eye, and he rolled over with scarcely a groan, dead. One paw was lying across Harry's neck, as though defying them even in death to take his prey from him.

Mr. Bruce rushed up gun in hand, and with several of the carriers bore Enola and Harry to the camp. Restoratives were administered and Enola soon regained consciousness, but Harry lay in a stupor for hours. Both were badly torn by the claws of the lion, and it was several days before the caravan could move on.

The journey from here on, was through an open forest, watered by numerous streams which sprung from the mountains. Their progress was somewhat impeded by these streams, but two evenings later they camped near the village in which dwelt the old man, who was going to show them the entrance to the cave. Was he still alive and would they find him?

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CHAPTER III.

IN THE CAVERN.

EARLY the following morning, Sedai went into the village to find the old man Umsaga. After much inquiry he learned that the old man still lived but was very feeble. He went to his hut and telling him what he wanted, and that he would be well paid for the information which he would give to the party, the old man agreed to go. Sedai had to support him, for he was too feeble to walk alone. They reached the camp and Sedai acting as interpreter, Mr. Graham asked Umsaga :

" Do you know where the opening to the cave is?"

The old man made quite a long speech, which when interpreted ran as follows :

" I will show you the opening on condition that you take none of the carriers or soldiers with you, and for this service I demand one hundred yards of cloth, and one pack of beads. The opening is about four hours' march from here, and one of your men will have to carry me to the place, as I will not allow either my countrymen, or your carriers to accompany us. If you will agree to this I will go with you to-day, to-morrow, or any time that you wish."

" We will remain here to-day to settle up with our carriers, and to-morrow morning we will have him show us the opening."

Sedai interpreted this to Umsaga, and then helped him back to the village.

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The caravan had only been engaged to go this far, but it was decided to have it wait three months for them. If they had not returned at the end of that time, the carriers need wait no longer. They had paid the natives well for their work, and had promised them still more for the return trip if they would but wait for them. They hoped that these inducements would hold them until the expiration of the three months. Arrangements were made with the chief of the village to give sustenance and shelter to the members of the caravan during this time.

Late in the afternoon, the goods promised Umsaga, besides a liberal present to the chief were sent to the village, after which the remaining bales and boxes were carried up the mountain side to a place designated by Umsaga. This place was near the opening of the mountain, and here the party camped for the night.

Early the following morning, Sedai went into the village and helped the old man up the mountain. Umsaga directed them in the way to go, and it was not long before they reached a level spot well up on the mountain. The trees in this vicinity appeared to have been planted in the far distant past, with a peculiar regard for regularity. A broad avenue of stately trees of an unknown species to the travelers, led directly to the face of the cliff. It suggested that the hand of man had long ago intended that they should serve as a hint of the possibilities within the mountain.

The party moved through the avenue and halted at the extreme end. Here the high cliff seemed to stop all further progress, but Umsaga hobbled up to the rock barrier and with the help of Sedai, removed some of

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the bushes growing at the base, and disclosed a large flat stone leaning against it. This, Sedai with difficulty moved aside, opening to view an entrance about four feet in diameter. All started forward and gazed intently into the darkness. It required considerable courage to even think of entering this dark passage which the sunlight penetrated but a few feet.

For hours the men labored in transferring the bales and boxes to the cavern, where they were to remain until their return. Torches had been procured from the natives, and lighting one of these the party started on their long underground journey. The passage was very narrow for about twenty yards, and was very smooth and clear cut, but at the end of this distance a vaulted cave, lofty and wide, opened before them. The dim light of the torch lit up this vast subterranean cavern but indifferently, the roof being so high that it could just be seen in the darkness.

The goods were stored safely and the journey commenced in earnest. The men carried what provisions and torches they thought would be needed in the march across the cave. They had gone but a short distance when Enola and Harry, who were a little in advance of the others, stumbled over something, which the light of the torch revealed as the body of a man. The skin, dry as parchment was drawn tightly over the bones; the eyes were sunken; the head was covered with a growth of long hair; the hands, which with their long finger-nails looked like talons, clutched the garment at the throat, as if the man, when dying, had tried to tear it away, in order to gain greater freedom to breathe. This garment was all that the body was clothed in, but around the neck of the dead

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was a chain of gold engraved in a peculiar manner and in which diamonds and opals were set. The ends of the chain were attached in front to a strange red stone, that resembled liquid fire.

Mr. Graham unfastened the garment, and slipped it off. A solid substance was discovered inserted in the middle of the back, and slitting the garment with a knife, a piece of thin, highly polished hard wood was revealed. Tracings were found on it which seemed to be the diagram or map of a country; but these were so dim it was difficult to discover what they represented. After studying further, however, a circle was seen in the corner with the word "ON" written in its centre. This then told the tale; this was a map showing the location of the mysterious country. On the other side were more tracings. A straight line was drawn from one corner to the centre, where a hole about an inch deep was cut. On the opposite side of this hole the tracing continued in a straight line, but just before reaching the corner it turned to the left and ended at the edge of the block. Nothing more could be made out until Mr. Bruce, who had looked at it more closely, and whose eyes seemed keener than those of the others, discovered the letter "u" and a little ways further the letters "g" and "e." All looked at the tracing intently for a few moments trying to guess the riddle. It was finally decided that the "u" was the first letter of underground, and "ge" the last two letters of passage. This then was the path to be followed through the cave. Along the edge of the block could be faintly discerned the name "Philip Harding;" this was the body of the man who long ago had visited the mysterious

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land, and had suffered and died in this cave. This was he who had given them the knowledge of the hidden country, and who, years after, was staring at them with those sightless eyes that seemed to warn them back.

"How terrible," said Mrs. Graham.

"Yes," said Enola, "my heart turns sick at the sight. And to think that he died so near help and liberty."

"And do you still feel like going on?" asked Mr. Graham.

"Yes," said Enola, "for now my doubts are at rest; all the fears that I had of this strange country being a myth are gone. Success seems sure now and all our long journey has not been in vain. But how strange that this body should have lain here all these years and not decayed."

"There must be some preserving quality in the atmosphere of this cave," said Mr. Bruce, "or else the body would have turned to dust long since."

"But come," said Mr. Graham, "we must yet find the line of broken stone which is mentioned in the document."

"Yes," said Mr. Bruce, "the block would be of little use to us in this vast cavern without some better guide than its tracings."

So the party began looking for the string of broken stone, and found it but a short distance from the body. From here on the cave widened, and the roof became too lofty to longer be in the rays of the torch. Monstrous stalactite formations hung from the ceiling, and tremendous stalagmite pillars reached from the floor into the darkness far overhead. These pillars were of

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fantastic shapes. Some were perfectly symmetrical, others irregular, but all were of wondrous beauty, their surfaces being covered with delicate tracery as fine as lace. On every hand could be heard the dropping of lime-water forming new pillars. Ages must have passed since this cave was cut out of the solid rock by the action of some subterranean sea, or by a weakening and wasting away of the lighter strata, or by some tremendous convulsion of nature, which, raising but the upper part of the mountain, had left this vast open space.

A little further on a halt was made for the midday meal, and after this had been partaken of, Harry and Enola walked a little apart from the others, and sat down on some of the broken stone to talk over their future plans.

"Harry," said Enola, "I am a little slow in doing so, but I want to thank you for having saved me from the jaws of that fearful lion. While I was lying beneath the paw of that awful beast, I for one short moment wished that I had not come."

"And what did you think I would do?" asked Harry.

"Just what you did do," said Enola, "A brave man could not have done otherwise. But there are few brave men when it comes to a question of their own lives, or those of others. There must be no selfishness where bravery is to play a part, and it is this unselfishness that must be rewarded, and I can only do this by thanking you, and by telling you that I appreciate the brave act."

"Let us forget that fearful moment," said Harry. "It was little enough to do for a life-long friend, and

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I would do the same thing over again a thousand times if the opportunities should offer."

"Let us hope that they will not," said Enola.

"It is hard to tell in this strange country," said Harry.

At this moment, they heard a loud shout to the right. They could see their friends rushing in the direction of the sounds, and Enola and Harry hurried to join them. Nellie was standing wringing her hands and trying to explain how she and Mr. Bruce were walking along leisurely, when he suddenly dropped out of sight, the torch being extinguished leaving her in utter darkness. She had called to him, but receiving no answer, had shouted for the others, whom she could just see in the torchlight some distance from her. Taking torches they went to where Mr. Bruce had so mysteriously disappeared, calling to him constantly. They proceeded carefully for fear of falling into the same pit; and it was well that they did so, for before them, gaping as if anxious to swallow up the whole party, was an abyss opening into the very bowels of the earth. They leaned far over the edge and peered into the darkness, calling, but no answer came to them, and they felt assured that Mr. Bruce was lost.

Harry brought a coil of fine silk rope, and fastening one end to a stalagmite, prepared to descend into the darkness. Sedai pushed him gently aside, however, and taking one of the torches between his teeth, he let himself down. Down, down he went, until he could see a black torrent rushing madly through the crevice. He saw a rock near him, and swung so as to land upon it. He could see but a few feet about him

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and Mr. Bruce was nowhere visible. He called again and again, and once he thought he heard a faint answer. He grasped the rope and jumped into the stream and let it bear him down until, clinging to a jagged rock he saw Mr. Bruce. He swung toward him, and catching him under the arms, began working his way back. This was tedious work, and would have been an impossibility to a man not endowed with Sedai's herculean strength, but happily Sedai was equal to the task and soon had Mr. Bruce on the rock. He gave the signal to those above, and tying the rope under Mr. Bruce's arms, he was pulled to the surface. The rope came falling back, and Sedai, hand over hand, rejoined his companions. It took some time to restore Mr. Bruce to consciousness, but he was finally brought around.

After he became stronger he said that he had fallen head first, but hearing a rush of waters, he clasped his hands above his head in the manner of divers, and thus broke the blow which his head otherwise would have sustained. He had gone down a hundred feet he thought, but had then began to rise again, and reaching the surface he had grasped the first object which his hand came in contact with, which proved to be the rock upon which Sedai had found him. Then he saw Sedai coming and lost consciousness. The party moved no farther that day but on the following morning they took up the journey with renewed vigor.

They had but one fear, and that was as to the possibility of their finding a door when they had reached the other side of the cavern. This did not worry them a great deal, for the path laid out for them to follow both by the broken stones and the tracings on

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the block of wood, led to one point and this would undoubtedly be near the stone door, but the secret of the spring had not been learned, and they might have trouble in finding it.

CHAPTER IV.

DEATH FACES THEM.

THE next morning they had gone but a short distance when they came to a vast inland lake. The bridge mentioned in the manuscript stood before them, and mounting this they startled to cross the lake. They had followed this about four miles when they came to a break in the solid masonry. The hole was fully eight feet wide, and it was a serious question as to how they were to get to the opposite side; but Sedai offered to tie the rope to his arm and leap across. The end of the rope could be fastened and the ladies and Mr. Graham could cross over, while Mr. Bruce and Harry could make the leap as did Sedai.

This Sedai did, and fastening one end of the rope to one of the huge stones, which had evidently come from the break, Mr. Bruce and Harry held the other end, and Mrs. Graham and Enola worked their way slowly across. Nellie then grasped the rope and was half way over, when a terrible commotion was heard near the bridge, and a spout of water was sent thirty feet into the air. The whole party was deluged; the torches were put out, and when their first surprise was

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over, they saw with horror that Nellie had loosened her hold on the rope and had dropped into the water. Hastily relighting the torches, they saw Nellie disappearing in the swift current. It took but a second for Mr. Bruce to throw off his jacket and plunge in after her. He hoped by the help the current and his long easy strokes to overtake her. He could just see her above the surface of the water about one hundred yards ahead of him, evidently fast giving out. He strained every nerve, put forth every effort, resorted to every means to force himself through the water, and he could see that he was gaining slowly. He called to her to keep her hands and feet moving and to keep up courage. He could see her beating the water making frantic efforts to keep afloat, but her struggles were becoming weaker and weaker, and at last they ceased altogether and she began to sink when he was only a few feet away. Making one grand final effort he caught her by the hair just as she was sinking beneath the surface.

Grasping her about the waist, and holding her head above the water with one arm, he tried to swim out of the current. This was a hard task, but he was an excellent swimmer, and nearly succeeded. But the struggle was an unequal one and having but one hand to use, he soon found that the current was getting the better of him. He now threw Nellie over his shoulder and grasping her dress between his teeth, he in this way gained the use of both hands, and soon made his way into more quiet water. Turning he saw the flickering torches far in the distance, but close at hand were two round balls that shone like fire. The water was terribly agitated and he soon found himself

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struggling against waves like those thrown up by the paddles of a steamboat.

Nearer and nearer came those fearful eyes, and Mr. Bruce thought all was lost. Happily for Nellie she had fainted, so she was spared the terror of this new danger. Mr. Bruce was not one to give up, however, as long as there was a shadow of a hope, and he was thinking hard to devise a means to escape this monster. Those eyes were nearing him, and in an instant he would feel the hot breath in his face. Down he sank holding Nellie about the waist. Rising to the surface again he started for the lights. He was afraid to look back for fear of seeing those fearful eyes following him. Larger and larger grew the lights, nearer and nearer he came to his friends. His strength was fast failing but he must not give up when so near to those who could rescue them. A few strokes more and he was in the radius of the torchlight, and a shout of encouragement from his friends greeted him. This seemed to rouse Nellie for she gave a long sigh.

"Throw your arms about my neck and hold on for your life," said Mr. Bruce, and Nellie having done this it left his mouth free, and he breathed with greater ease.

"Look behind you," called Mr. Graham, and looking over his shoulder, he saw those awful eyes again, with the huge black body, following them. He turned and faced the monster again, just as it was opening its cavernous jaws. Once more he sank bidding Nellie to hold her breath. The huge mass passed over him, and coming to the surface he saw the great black body going straight ahead at a fearful speed. The serpent made a big circle and then turned and came toward

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them again. Mr. Bruce was nearly exhausted and felt that he could not risk again that terrible plunge under the passing monster, and still have strength to reach the pier. He could see Harry and Sedai preparing to swim to them, and knew that Nellie and he were safe if the terrible serpent did not make another charge on them. Sedai now came towards them holding a flaming torch. Back of them but a few yards could be seen the sea monster again making for them. They were fast nearing the bridge. The rope was thrown to them and Mr. Bruce fastening this around Nellie's body, she was pulled out of the water. It was then thrown to Mr. Bruce and Sedai, just as the terrible monster opened his jaws. Sedai thrust his blazing torch into the creatures mouth, and then with Mr. Bruce, hurried hand over hand up the rope.

The water was lashed into foam by the struggles of the serpent, and bullets from Harry's revolver seemed to have no effect. They got a good look now at the monster. The largest part of the body was just back of the head and tapered from this to the end of the tail. The head was at least six feet long, and flat, or nearly so. The wide jaws, when open, showed a double set of irregular teeth. The tongue was forked. A large horn about three feet long sprang from the head just back of the nostrils, and from this to the point of the tail was a succession of smaller horns. Just back of the large horn or tusk, was a hole through which the monster forced a stream of water high into the air. Three great fins on either side of the body were tipped with long claws looking as if they might be used for crawling. Its rage was terrible when mad-

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dened by the flaming torch and by the escaping of its prey.

The party now hurried on over the bridge after they had transferred the packs by a succession of leaps across the break. The monster followed them for awhile but finally turned and swam away. They reached the end of the bridge about two hours later, and calculated that it must be about ten miles long. Leaving the shores of the lake they again followed the line of broken stone, and two days later reached the opposite wall.

For awhile they sought a possible opening in the wall, but could nowhere detect any evidence of human handiwork. To and fro they went, pressing hard upon every piece of rock which projected from the wall. This they kept up all of the first day, and they laid down to rest that night pretty well disheartened. Their provisions were getting low for they had calculated in getting through in much less time. They had been living on short rations for the past twenty-four hours, but now they had but a few crackers left. They still had hopes, however, of finding this secret door on the morrow, when they would find food in plenty on the other side of the wall. The following morning after a frugal repast of dry crackers, they again began the search. They first examined the wall directly in front of them, but could see no crack or crevice which might indicate the presence of a door. They had carefully followed the line of broken stone, and they might reasonably expect to find the door at the end of this.

Striking on the rock with a hammer at different places, they could not distinguish any difference in tone, which would indicate a thinner part of the rock

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wall. They examined the rock for about four hundred feet, and all seemed perfectly solid. They discovered in their search many holes about four feet square, two feet wide, and three feet deep. These were arranged along the side of the cavern, having been cut in the wall, and upon close inspection they found them to contain what proved to be mummies. These were wrapped in heavy sacking, many of the envelopes being of fantastic colors. Harry took one of these bundles from its place and cut it open. A number of cloth coverings were found under the outside wrapping, and then came a covering of large leaves which crumbled into dust when exposed. Next to the leaves was a wrapping of fine silk. This having been removed the body was discovered. It was that of a man who must have been more than six feet in height when alive. The head was brought forward between the knees, which were drawn up; the skin was dry and hard and drawn closely over the bones; the hair was long and still retained a beautiful lustre. The head was small but beautifully formed; the hands and feet were also small and symmetrical. Inside the covering were a number of gold balls about one half inch in diameter; two characters were engraved on one side of each of these balls. Examining them closely, Mr. Bruce declared that the hieroglyphics were undoubtedly Egyptian. Around the neck of the mummy was a chain of gold set with diamonds and opals. This chain was similar to the one found around Harding's neck, but the bright red stone was missing.

Eight o'clock had arrived and they were still searching for the opening. A supper of crackers had been eaten. They were already suffering from the pangs

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of thirst. The water gourds which had been refilled before leaving the lake were again empty. The food, with the exception of a few crackers, was gone.

Mrs. Graham and Nellie laid down to get a few hours' rest, but Enola, with the men of the party, kept bravely on in search of the opening. Midnight came and found them still searching. Hungry and thirsty, they, too, at last lay down, feeling that they must reserve their strength as much as possible. Their few hours of sleep, however, did not seem to refresh them, for the thirst had made them restless. The whole party arose about the same time and the search was soon taken up again. They examined the wall more closely, going farther on either side, but with no success.

Late in the afternoon Mrs. Graham became so feverish for want of water that Sedai started with two large gourds for the lake. If they should find the opening in the meantime, they were to leave directions as to how to open the rock door, and then pass on. About midnight Mr. Graham also became delirious, and Mrs. Graham's and Nellie's lips were so swollen that they could scarcely articulate. Mr. Bruce and Harry, although suffering terribly, still kept up the search. All night they tramped up and down the cave, trying to find the secret opening. Toward morning they became so famished and their tongues and lips were so parched and swollen they could not make each other understand what they were saying. Enola alone seemed to retain her clear and unfailing senses.

Mr. Bruce and Harry had thrown themselves on the ground at last, thoroughly worn out, their lips and

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tongues swollen terribly. Mrs. Graham and Nellie were mumbling something in their delirium which was unintelligible. This drove Mr. Bruce and Harry nearly frantic, and again they arose and took up the search. Their breath came hard through their parched throats, and their eyes were wild and glaring. Mr. Bruce walked over to where Mrs. Graham and Nellie were lying, and suddenly drawing his knife, he slit the sleeve of his jacket and shirt, and made a deep incision in his arm; then carefully raising Nellie's head with his other arm he let the warm blood from the wound drop between her half-open lips; then going to Mrs. Graham he partially alleviated her sufferings in the same way. Finally overcome with weakness Mr. Bruce fell back, and Harry, who had stood by looking at the strange sight, but hardly realizing what Mr. Bruce was doing, now came up, and tearing off the sleeve of the shirt, bound the arm tightly above the wound. Enola stood watching this self-sacrificing act on the part of Mr. Bruce, and when Harry had bandaged his arm, she turned and walked toward the wall, mumbling something to herself. Harry saw that she, too, was fast becoming delirious, but he was powerless to help her, he being almost too weak now to again take up the search.

He arose to his feet, however, and again joining Enola, they together staggered from point to point of the wall, feverishly looking for some indication of a revolving stone. Hours had passed since Sedai had left them, but they seemed like years to his suffering companions. Praying for his return, praying for deliverance from this cavern, Enola felt her senses leaving her. She fought against this but to no purpose.

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Harry finally sank to the ground in a delirium. Enola gazed at him for a moment, and making one final effort, stumbled along leaning against the wall for support. She had gone but five or six paces when her strength gave way entirely, and she sank back upon the rock floor. Death seemed inevitable.

CHAPTER V.

THE CITY OF ON.

BUT Enola had not lost consciousness entirely when she sank to the floor. She had rested there only a moment, when she thought she felt something pushing her. She half rose, and looking over her shoulder thought she saw a ray of light. Could she be dreaming? Was this some awful torturing vision come to torment her in her fearful suffering? No. She could see the sun, the sky, and far away she caught a glimpse of a beautiful city. She now realized it all; her weight upon this particular part of the floor had set the door to moving. She must move through the opening quickly. Her senses were roused to action by this revelation. She knew the door would revolve and close again perhaps forever.

She had by some strange fatality accidentally found the means of opening it, for which they had searched so vainly, but while in such a semi-conscious state she might not be able to repeat the operation. She knew where to find the spring on the other side, and as the opening began to grow smaller, the door slowly swing-

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ing into its place again, she gave one frantic leap and turned to find herself cut off from the rest by the solid wall of rock.

From the ground she began to tear bits of grass and succulent weeds, and partially allaying her thirst with these, she hurried to the point which might be, she thought, the hiding place of the spring. Almost tearing the flesh from her hands in pulling the underbrush away, she was rewarded by seeing a loose piece of rock set into the solid cliff. Removing this the lever was before her. It took nearly all the strength she had left to move the lever, but she was rewarded at last by seeing the door swing on its pivots again. Peering through the opening she saw the light of a torch moving quickly toward the door, and she knew that it was Sedai returning. Sedai had caught the glimpse of daylight, and hastening his steps, he had moistened the lips of the sufferers, and when the door again swung open he hurried through with Mrs. Graham, and as often as Enola would lift the heavy lever he would carry out another of the prostrated companions.

One by one, all were carried out, and Sedai returned for the arms and accoutrements. Ladened with these he lacked the rapidity of motion necessary, and the massive stone as it revolved, caught him squarely between the shoulders. Slowly the grinding mass pressed closer, while Enola, petrified with horror for the moment, pressed her hands to her throbbing temples. Finally, realizing the fearful position that Sedai was in, she seized one of the rifles, and using it as a lever, placed it in the crack of the door and threw her whole weight against it. At the same time Sedai,

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with a herculean effort of his mighty muscles, strained every nerve, pushed himself through, and fell on the ground bruised and bleeding. Enola, taking one of the water gourds which Sedai had tramped so far to fill, placed it to the lips of the noble fellow, and then gave the others a very little. Her strength now gave out again and she sank down thoroughly worn out.

The few drops of water had partially roused the others, and Mr. Bruce especially seemed to have regained complete conciousness. He looked about him, but it had grown dark and he could see nothing; but he could hear, and the cries of many beasts reached his ears. He tried hard to remember how he had come here, and wondered where his companions were. The cries of the wild beasts, however, brought him back to himself, and he knew that a fire must be built or the beasts would be on him. He rose and began looking for some dry twigs with which to build the fire; he stumbled over something, and stooping, he found it to be one of his companions. He felt about him and found a torch, and lighting this, he saw the rest of the party lying about him. He started a fire, and not a moment too soon, for the cries of the animals were growing dangerously near; and a little while after he saw two bright eyes looking at him from out the darkness; then all about him he could see those glaring eyes. The number was growing, and Mr. Bruce becoming thoroughly alarmed, roused the others, and all gathering near the fire, waited for further developments. They were jackals, as nearly as the party could make out; and occasionally one a little bolder than the rest, would come within the circle of light; but a ball from one of the rifles would stop

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him, when his bloodthirsty comrades would jump on the body and devour it in an instant. They increased in numbers until those in the rear, crowding forward, pushed the foremost nearer and nearer the fire, it became necessary to use the rifles as clubs and beat them back.

The situation had become most alarming when the roar of a lion almost in their midst struck terror to the hearts of the travelers, and made the jackals scamper off into the jungle. A crashing of the underbrush was followed by another mighty roar, and looking, our friends could just see, in the outer edge of light, two tawny monsters about to engage in a combat, evidently over the possession of a beautiful lioness which was moving about urging the lions on. The two lions sprang at each other simultaneously, and meeting in midair, down to the earth they fell, fastened together by teeth and claws. Over and over they rolled, biting and snarling, and striking murderous blows with their powerful paws. It was a magnificent battle, and in spite of bleeding wounds, raged furiously for a quarter of an hour, when, through loss of blood, the blows became weaker, and the biting less fierce. The royal combat was drawing to a close. Suddenly, as though determined to win or lose all in one final struggle they separated and once more came together in savage fury. A terrific blow from the paw of the one laid open the neck of the other, but not soon enough to check the fearful crunch of the powerful jaws upon the throat of his opponent, and in a moment the writhing mass lay quiet on the ground, dead.

Our friends had stood gazing at the awful fight with a horrible fascination, and it was some minutes

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before they could take their eyes off the fallen foes. When they did, and looked at the east they saw that dawn was breaking.

As the shadows faded before the rising sun the sounds from the forest grew less and less, until nothing was heard but the songs of the wakening birds. Slowly the dawn crept into the heavens. The gray turned to pink, the pink to a rich red and then to a yellow, and the sun rose in all its equatorial splendor. A mist hung over the landscape, but gradually this was dissipated before the hot rays of the sun, and the country and city of On lay before them.

They were standing on a small plateau on the eastern slope a lofty range of mountains or cliffs. As far as the eye could reach westward, these mountains rose in perpendicular cliffs, thousands of feet into the air. A few miles east of them the range turned in a northerly direction, and extended on and on until the eye could follow it no farther. The mountain descended about six hundred feet from where they were standing, and ended in a beautiful valley.

In their immediate vicinity was a dense jungle, and to the north of a magnificent forest. At the base of the mountain was a wide river, and on the opposite bank of this was a stone wall fifty feet in height. Beyond this wall stretched a beautiful valley, dotted with numerous groves and small lakes. To the north-west of them a few miles rose the tall towers of a vast and beautiful city, all glistening in the sunlight. The city rose from the valley to the top of a high hill on the summit of which was a grand structure, probably a temple.

The scene was ineffably grand, and our friends looked on it in wonder.

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"Are you now convinced Harry that there are a few real things in Africa?" asked Enola.

"The scene before me would hardly convince me of this," said Harry, "for everything seems too beautiful to be real."

"Disabuse your mind of its being a dream?" said Enola. "It is a most sublime reality, and a happy ending to the horrors and sufferings of the cavern. But look, do you not see a body of horsemen yonder? Probably they saw our fire last night and are coming to investigate."

The horsemen were lost to view for a moment but again appeared to the party as they came out on a clear stretch of road. In a short while the men had arrived at the wall, and opening a gate in this which was at the end of the bridge, they waited for our friends to approach. The travelers moved slowly toward them, and as they came nearer the men dismounted and made a respectful obeisance. These men were the handsomest and most beautifully formed ever looked upon. They were fully seven feet high, and their figures showed great strength and suppleness; their heads were rather small but beautifully shaped; the skin was a light bronze color, soft and healthful-looking; the face was covered with a short beard of dark brown color; the eyes were large, dark, and full of expression; the nose straight and well-proportioned.

Each wore a loose garment with large flowing sleeves; this tunic was belted in at the waist by a girdle of gold; sandals were fastened to the feet by golden lacings extending to the knee; a round helmet was worn on the head, but as our party approached

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these helmets were removed disclosing short curly heads of hair.

Their steeds were of the same species but much larger than the ordinary zebra, standing at least eighteen hands high; they were beautiful creatures, with small heads, arched necks and finely shaped bodies and limbs; stripes encircled them from the tip of the nose to the tail; the manes and tails nearly touched the ground.

The trappings of the animals were gorgeous; the bridle was of polished gold wire with large ostrich plumes reaching up from the headpiece; the reins and martingales were made of white leather heavily studded with precious stones which glistened in the sunlight; the saddle was flat, being nothing more than a pad made of cloth-of-gold and without stirrups.

As our friends approached them, the men stood leaning against their steeds, holding their helmets in their hands. The rest of the party having halted, Mr. Graham went up quite close to the natives and by signs made them understand that they were tired, and hungry, and wanted food and shelter. One of the men showed by signs that he knew that which Mr. Graham wished to convey, and that they would send to the city and get other beasts to carry them there. Four men now left the band and rode off toward the city, and about two hours later the adventurers were surprised to see approaching them a body of at least one thousand zebramen and in front six monstrous white elephants.

With the greatest care all were helped upon the backs of the royal beasts, but Enola was given the largest, whitest and most richly caparisoned. These ele-

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phants were partially covered with cloth-of-gold, and on each of their backs was a comfortable howdah shaded by a canopy of palm branches.

When all was in readiness they started with Enola's elephant in the lead. The cavalcade moved slowly over the beautiful highway on through green fields, along the shores of miniature lakes, over low eminences, past well-cultivated farms, under stately palms and eucalyptus trees until the white city was seen but a short distance away. Here some of the party left the cavalcade and rode on ahead.

Shortly after this the road widened into a wide well-paved boulevard, lined on each side by lofty trees, and bordered by beautiful villas built of an exquisite pinkish white stone which resembled Mexican onyx. These villas were broad and deep, and moderately high; a wide flight of steps led up to each entrance which was easily twenty-five feet high, and which was sheltered by a portico, with immense pillars supporting its roof. The surrounding grounds were large, delightfully shaded and bright with flowers.

On the cavalcade moved, through the broad avenue, the houses becoming larger and more magnificent as they approached the centre of the city.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BANQUET.

THEY came at last to a large opening, at least one thousand feet square and paved with exquisite onyx. In the centre of this square was a huge column, sur-

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mounted by a statue of magnificent workmanship. Surrounding this statue were five immense fountains. In each was a heroic statue of a woman with her head thrown back, from whose mouth spouted a stream of water high into the air. The arms were outstretched with the palms of the hands turned upward, and from these also sprang streams of water. Beyond the fountain, facing the avenue through which they had entered the square, was a stone sphere ten feet in diameter, on the top of which was a beautifully carved chair of onyx inlaid with gold. A man was seated in this chair who was probably thirty-five years old and of immense build. As the cavalcade approached he arose, showing to the full his magnificent figure. This personage afterwards proved to be the King.

The square was thronged with the inhabitants of the city, the porticos and roofs of the surrounding houses being filled with the populace.

The men were magnificent specimens of the human race. The women were six feet six inches in height, of stately figure and dignified bearing; their heads were small but well-shaped; the hair was of a dark brown color fastened in a coil at the back of the neck. A band of gold passed around the forehead just below the hair and was studded with precious stones. They wore loose, flowing robes of white silken cloth drawn in at the waist with a girdle of gold; around each neck was a golden chain set with diamonds and opals; these chains were similar to those worn by the men but of finer workmanship.

As the King raised his hand the mighty throng broke forth in beautiful song, the King moving his hand right and left as if directing. The voices of the

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men were deep and melodious, and those of the women soft and musical. When the song was finished, the King turned his back to our friends, and facing the magnificent building on the summit of the hill, made a movement with his right hand. The doors of the temple were thrown open, and a band of beautiful young girls came forth singing the same song that the populace had sung. Merrily these maidens came tripping toward the square, the great throng of people making an opening through which they could pass.

Upon reaching the space before the great sphere of stone, they waited for the occupant of the throne to descend, then fastening gold cords to the tusks of the elephants they led them toward the temple, the populace falling in behind. Slowly the maidens led the animals over the beautiful square, through the mass of eager and interesting people, all of whom made deep salaams as they passed on through the wide avenue which led to the temple and past the magnificent buildings to the summit of the hill. When nearing the temple ten men came forth, each wearing a long robe of embroidered white silk.

The elephants were stopped at the main entrance of the temple, and immediately fell to their knees, when the party dismounted. Carefully the priests assisted them to the pavement and then walked before them burning sweet smelling incense from silver vessels, which they swayed to and fro. Through a wide court with a lofty colonnade on either side, up a broad staircase with battlemented towers they proceeded, and then entered a hexagonal hall, one hundred and fifty feet square. From here they passed into a second court of quadrangular form. All around the court ran

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arcades, forming chambers or recesses open in front, with long silken curtains hanging from the top of the arcade, and caught up at the sides to be used when needed. The roofs of the chambers were supported by columns, the beauty of conception, and the exquisite finish of which, astonished our friends. The decorations were most elaborate. Nobly sculptured statues occupied spacious niches, and showed that those who executed them were masters of their art. The quadrangle itself was about three hundred and fifty feet square.

Enola was led by a priest to one of the semi-circular chambers and the curtains were drawn. Each of the others was shown to one of these recesses.

Enola, upon entering the chamber, looked about her and was surprised to see the preparations made for her. In the centre of the chamber was a beautiful designed square onyx table, supported by four spheres. Upon this table, in great profusion lay girdles and circles of gold, all heavily studded with diamonds and opals, similar to those worn by the native women but of more exquisite design ; also gold pins, bottles of gold, filled with delightful perfumes, golden combs and highly polished mirrors of silver. Upon a smaller table at the far end of the chamber was a ewer filled with perfumed water. Near this table, resting on an onyx sphere, was placed an extinguished lamp of fine workmanship. Couches were in various places in this luxurious apartment ; upon one of them lay a gown of silk and gold with short flowing sleeves, and near it another gown of pinkish white silk which was evidently meant to be worn as an undergarment.

Across the end of the chamber were hung heavy silk curtains, which, when parted, disclosed a bath

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sunken in the floor. About the bath stood six of the maidens who had conducted the party to the temple. The maidens stood motionless watching Enola as if waiting for her to come to the bath. Enola hesitated for a moment, then determined to accept the situation and walked towards the bath. The maidens disrobed her, and leading her into the bath, forced her gently backward in a reclining position with her head resting on an onyx head-piece, and then poured the perfume from the golden vessels over her body, rubbing her gently with a silken towel while doing so.

She being tired and worn out, the luxury of the perfumed bath, with the pleasing treatment of the maidens, rested and refreshed her.

After remaining in the bath for some time the maidens raised her in their arms, and carrying her to a couch laid her down and rubbed the moist skin until it was perfectly dry. They then sprinkled scented powder over her body, rubbing it gently; then motioning her to arise, the undergarment was thrown over her shoulders, after which one of the maidens dressed her hair in a low knot on the back of her head. A band of gold was placed over her forehead and then the outer robe was donned. This was fastened in at the waist by a girdle of gold; the necklace from Harding's neck was brought to her, but Enola noticed that none of the maidens touched it with their naked hands, and she soon divined that in some way her royal reception was connected with the necklace and its flame-colored stone. Enola was then led to an alcove before which a curtain was hung, and then the curtain being drawn aside she found the alcove faced on either side with polished silver mirrors. She was surprised at the

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lovely picture she presented, in rich gown and golden bands around her head and waist, making her appear like an ancient Egyptian goddess.

The long tramp through the cavern with its scarcity of water and clean garments had left Enola in a pitiable plight, and this sudden change was most gratifying to the natural pride of the woman. Enola was next conducted to a couch and a pair of sandals were fitted to her shapely feet; these were laced as far as the knee with silken cords. One of the maidens left them for a few moments, and upon her return, motioned to Enola and the others to follow her. They passed into the quadrangular court and from here into one of the other semi-circular chambers. Here on a long onyx table was spread a sumptuous repast.

Enola was led to a seat or couch at the head of the table, and half reclining upon the soft cushions, while waiting for her friends, looked in wonderment at the elaborate prodigality in the equipment of the room.

The sides of the chamber were hung with heavy silk curtains alternating white and red, on which scenes of the chase, of banqueting and of worship were gorgeously embroidered with gold thread. Exquisite sculptures rested upon spherical pedestals. Lion, tiger and leopard skins covered the floor, and upon the ceiling, beautifully carved, was an immense eagle with outstretched wings, the tips reaching almost to the ends of the chamber. In the talons of the eagle was a scroll upon which were engraved strange hieroglyphics. At one end of the chamber a human skeleton was standing, the only discordant object in the entire funishings. The table was of semi-circular form, and was covered with flowers, fruits and chalices of

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wine. The flowers were held in high, beautifully carved vases of gold and were profuse and fragrant. In the center of the table a tiny fountain threw forth a spray of perfumed water.

Enola was lost in admiration and did not hear a slight noise behind her, and was suddenly startled by the immense figure of the King as he entered and stood before her. She motioned him to the couch and he sank down beside her. He kept his eyes intently upon her, but noticing his look of respectful admiration Enola was half amused, and soon began a conversation by signs all of which were readily understood by the King. The rest of the party now came in, each of the ladies accompanied by three maids, and the men by two male servitors each.

Nellie and Mrs. Graham were attired much the same as Enola; Mr. Graham, Mr. Bruce and Harry were dressed as the native men, but their garments were of a finer quality of silk.

Upon entering the chamber the male servitors retired and six maidens took their places. Nellie was given a seat next to Enola, and next to her came Mr. Bruce and then Harry; Mrs. Graham sat next to the King with her husband at her left.

When all were seated, a strain of exquisite music from some hidden orchestra of stringed instruments burst forth. The King gave a command and fifteen maidens came tripping in singing a pretty song, their harmonious voices blending deliciously with the music. Seven of the maidens carried gold dishes containing chipped ice, while the others carried cups in one hand and a vase of honey in the other. They rested the cups on the tables and after filling them partly with

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honey added wine from the chalices and then dropped into the cups some of the chipped ice, stirring this gently with small golden ladles. This done they stepped back and the King raising his cup, waited for the others to do so; when they had done this the King arose and looking toward the skeleton at the end of the room, raising his cup and saying a few words, drank the contents. All had followed the King in his movements, and as the cool beverage touched their lips it seemed that they had never tasted anything half so sweet or refreshing. Months had passed since they had known such luxuries as ice and wine and they emptied their cups almost greedily, hoping that the etiquette of the feast would allow them to drink long and unsparingly of the delicious beverage.

The maidens bore the cups away, and others brought in trays containing small silken napkins and golden finger bowls filled with perfumed water. Other maidens brought in trays, covered with figs, fresh herbs, chipped ice and eggs of a peculiar kind in tiny cups of gold.

Thus far not a word had been spoken; the King, however, seemed surprised at the silence, and probably surmising the reason pointed to his lips and then to the guests, making them understand that he would like to hear them talk. Enola took upon herself to instruct the King as far as possible in English, pointing to different articles on the table and then naming them. Onrai, for this was the King's name, named the articles slowly after her and then gave the names in his native tongue.

Mr. Bruce, who had listened intently to the names given the articles by the King, and who had carefully

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studied a piece of papyrus upon which the King had inscribed some characters when passed to him, declared the characters to be Egyptian hieroglyphics or closely resembling them. He had been a close student of the Egyptian hieroglyphics while at college, and had spent many spare moments in the great British museum going over the ancient inscriptions in the vast collection of that home of relics. He had noticed also the inscription upon the pennant held in the eagle's talons on the ceiling, and the characters above the skeleton at the end of the room. All these convinced him that the strange people around him had originally come from Egypt, but it must have been thousands of years before, for the language and written characters of the ancient Egyptians had been obsolete for centuries. The skeleton in the banqueting hall was an old Egyptian custom, and this but added to the belief that these people had originally sprung from that race.

"One would think," said Harry, "that we had been taken from the world of hurry and bustle which we so recently knew, and set back two or three thousand years into this ancient city."

"Yes, it all seems very strange," said Mr. Bruce, "but I must admit there is novelty in the change at least, and for my part I am enjoying it immensely."

"Well, I never expected to find iced wine in the heart of Africa," said Mr. Graham.

"Nor I," said Mrs. Graham, "nor cups of gold from which to drink it."

"Truly, we must have discovered a city of the gods," exclaimed Mr. Graham.

"Yes," said Mr. Bruce, "one could easily imagine

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from the beauty of the city, the stateliness and courtesy of the people, and the delights of the feast, that we have dropped into something supernatural."

The music changed to a livelier measure, and the maidens tripped more lightly to and fro as the feast progressed. Roast kid with wine sauce, composed the third course, and when this was removed, the finger bowls were again passed among the guests. Then, after more iced wine and honey, a delicate kind of fish was served, after which came fowl, followed by sliced fruits covered with shaved ice, and accompanied by a new and delicious wine. The feast ended, the King arose, and leading the way with Enola at his side, passed into the large court, where they witnessed a magnificent entertainment.

CHAPTER VII.

THE LAW OF THE LAND OF ON.

FOUR weeks of constant enjoyment passed. The greatest kindness had been shown the explorers by both king and subjects. The most sumptuous repasts were set before them; the most beautiful robes were presented to them, and the most glorious entertainments gotten up for their delight. Their attendants anticipated their least desires and the King himself personally supervised the festivities. Great hunts had been projected and carried out; excursions through the beautiful country had been made on the backs of white elephants; points of interest in the city had

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been visited ; moonlight rambles through the beautiful groves had been taken, and there seemed no prospect of diminution of enjoyment.

They were living under the laws of three thousand years ago. Little had been learned of their history or religion, for they had not become sufficiently acquainted with the language to have these things imparted to them. With Mr. Bruce's help, however, they had learned that these people were closely affiliated with the ancient Egyptians. Onrai had promised to give the party some of the laws that night.

During the four weeks which had passed so pleasantly, the adventurers had studied closely the people and their country. The rays of the sun were intensely hot during the day, but owing to the thickness of the onyx walls of the temple and the system by which air was forced over blocks of ice, the apartments were delightfully pleasant and cool. The streets during the day were deserted, but as evening came on the people would leave their homes and promenade the principal thoroughfares and squares, enjoying the cool and refreshing breezes which sprung up from the south as the day declined. The people themselves were the most remarkable feature of this strange country. The women stood fully six feet and six inches high and the men seven feet.

Another very noticeable thing was the total absence of aged people. In all their excursions they had not met a man or woman who looked to be past middle life. Had they discovered a fountain of youth, which, when bathed in, gave them a long lease on life with health and beauty? No cripples or infirm people were seen, all being robust and healthy. All resembled

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each other. It could be seen that their dispositions varied to some extent but not radically, since all seemed inspired by the same motives. They were easy in their movements and very graceful.

After four weeks of studying these people and their lives, our friends considered them the happiest mortals they had ever known, for they did not seem to have a care or trouble in the world.

That evening Onrai took the evening meal with them as usual and after this was over, and they had repaired to the large court, Enola said:

"Onrai, you promised to tell us of your laws to-night and we are waiting patiently to learn the government of such a happy people."

"Our laws are simply nature's law," said Onrai. "In the first place, the laws governing our physical welfare are very strict, for we believe that happiness springs from a strong constitution and a healthy body. Our tables are spread with an abundance of viands, but just so much must be eaten and no more. We have certain hours for work and certain hours for entertainment and recreation; the hours for work are few, because we believe that overwork is injurious to the constitution and this we always try to prevent. Our people are educated in religious laws and language between the ages of seven and twelve."

"Who are the teachers?" asked Enola.

"We are all teachers," answered Onrai. "In our temples of learning all above the age of twenty have their days for teaching. This is considered one of the lightest duties, and we arrange the days so that they may come directly after those of the hardest toil."

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"But is it with all other occupations as it is with teaching?" asked Mr. Graham. "Do you not assign certain work to those who are most proficient in that work?"

"We have none who are more proficient in one thing than another," answered Onrai. "Between the ages of twelve and twenty, our young people devote certain hours each day to the study of trades and professions. They may work for two weeks on a farm, and for the next two weeks study architecture, and so on until they arrive at the age of twenty, when they are as well versed in one thing as in another."

"But are there no differences in the intellects of the people?" asked Mr. Graham. "Are not some brighter and more clever than others?"

"No," said Onrai. "Our duties are simple and easily learned, and when we have once mastered them thoroughly, what difference would it make, if, as you say, some should be brighter than others."

"But," said Enola, "Do you not have those who go beyond the things taught them and develop new principles and invent new contrivances, which might make their duties less irksome, their labors less arduous?"

"No, we have none such," said Onrai, "or, if we have, their ideas never take shape or form, for the one great law is to be content with what is taught us. Look about you, see this beautiful country, the grand palaces, the statuary and paintings; could we conceive of more beautiful architecture, or grander statuary, with which to adorn these beautiful palaces? No, I think not. We have certain lines to follow in architecture, certain forms to copy in our statuary, and certain rules to observe in our painting, and these

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lead to but the one thing, and that is, perfection, which, when once reached cannot be surpassed.

"Tell us more of the laws," said Mr. Graham.

"After the physical welfare of our people is looked after, we make it imperative that they study, and learn and adhere to the laws governing the spiritual being. Our religion teaches us that if we abuse the body and die before our time we shall not enter the great hereafter; we shall be condemned to everlasting punishment. This religious law, and the dire future for those who break it, makes all observe it, and consequently you see no sick or infirm about you. We are taught to believe in one God, and live so that we may enter a home of everlasting bliss when we have lived out our lives on this earth."

"Tell us how you punish murder and stealing," said Mr. Bruce.

"Stealing, murder?" asked Onrai.

"Yes, taking from another that which belongs to him, either property or life."

"These are unknown to us," said Onrai. "We are all equal; we have the same duties to perform, the same garments to wear, the same things to eat and drink. Why should we take from another that which we have ourselves?"

"Is there no buying and selling?" asked Mr. Bruce.

"No," said Onrai, "We all share alike. When a citizen wants a certain article he has but to ask for it and it is his. We have an abundance of all things, at all times and it is as free to one as to another."

"What are your laws concerning marriage?" inquired Enola.

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"Our religious laws govern this," replied Onrai. "At the age of eighteen the young people are taken before a council of ten and a careful examination is made of both physical and mental health. These examinations are reported on tablets and at the age of twenty they are again summoned and a husband or wife is allotted."

"But love," said Mrs. Graham, "does not love enter into the compact at all?"

"No," said Onrai, "We are taught by our religion, not to allow ourselves to love until married. Those, who from association learn to seek one young person more than another, are brought before the council of ten and steps are taken to prevent a recurrence. It is by this law that we have attained a point in physical culture which shows a race of healthy, strong and vigorous beings. In the course of events there are occasional errors which render it necessary to forbid the further production of children. When the young people are examined, if any organ seems at all weak a companion is selected in whom that organ is at its best. If three decided weaknesses are found, the person is not allowed to marry. Dispositions and tempers are also considered by the council before selection is made. We, of course, in our short lives, cannot notice the great effects such a method brings about, but reason tells us that it must be a safeguard to the strength of the people."

"But what of the history of your people, Onrai?" asked Mr. Bruce.

"Our history is unknown to us," said Onrai. "The history of the people is not divulged. They know the events which occur during their own lives, and that is

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all. At the expiration of each king's reign, the nistory of his reign in inscribed on a tablet of hard wood, and this is placed in a secret chamber. Those who are living at the time of his death are forbidden to ever mention the events of his reign when his successor has ascended to the throne."

"We are greatly disappointed," said Mr. Bruce. "We have become very much interested in your country and people, and we had hoped that we might learn their history."

Onrai at this moment called an attendant to him, and speaking a few words to him the attendant withdrew. Presently the High Priest came forward, and Onrai held quite a conversation with him, after which he turned to our friends, and said:

"The High Priest informs me that he knows of no law which would forbid your entering this secret chamber, and there read from the tablets the history of our country and people."

Our friends were much surprised at being granted this privilege, and thanking Onrai, they repaired to the Secret Chamber with the High Priest. While going to the chamber with the priest, he informed the party that he was entrusted with certain religious secrets which the rest of the people were not allowed to know, but as far as the history of the country was concerned he was forbidden, as were all others, to consult the tablets. Upon arriving at the Secret Chamber, a secret spring was touched, and an immense stone door turned on a pivot, much the same as the door to the cave. After entering the Priest showed them the location of the secret spring on the inside, and also the location of the most ancient tablets, and then retired,

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The great gate swung shut and they were left alone in the immense chamber which contained the unknown records of the history of On. They removed a great number of tablets, until those bearing the earliest dates were uncovered, and found them in a state of excellent preservation. With Mr. Bruce's knowledge of ancient hieroglyphics he was able to decipher most of the inscriptions; by deciphering certain portions it was not difficult to fill in between without the labor of actual translation. The research stretched over several days, but condensed, the account ran as follows:

"During the reign of Amenophis of Egypt, the country was scourged by numerous and grievous plagues, and the people were sorely tried. These plagues were inflicted upon the Egyptians by the God of the Israelites, as a punishment for the severe treatment of the latter race. One Moyses, who had been reared in the royal house of the Pharaohs as a son, adopted the religion of the Israelites and was chosen by them for their leader to deliver them out of the land of Egypt. But they had no remedy at hand and still bowed in submission to the fearful task imposed upon them until Moyses at last saw a favorable opportunity for their deliverance. Reminding them of their former freedom, and of the God of their fathers, and that their cause was His, he prevailed upon them to regard their deliverance as an article of religion, and they again became a united people in their determination to seek refuge from the oppression of the Egyptians in the wilderness, which was the dwelling place of their kindred and the seat of their God. Then the fearful plagues were visited upon the people of Egypt and they became desperate.

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"Many Egyptians in the vicinity of Goshen, the dwelling place of the Israelites, had accepted the religion of that people, and seeing no end to the plagues which were scourging this country, they gathered together and determined to emigrate to some distant land where they could live in peace and happiness, and without fear of molestation from their idolatrous countrymen. At the final meeting of these people, On, of the city of Goshen, and the land of Egypt, was chosen as their leader, and it was determined to follow the Nile as far as expedient, until they had reached such a land as would suit them for a dwelling place. It is I, On, who am now inscribing this record. There were six thousand and six hundred of us, men, women and children. To leave Egypt together would create suspicion, so choosing forty sub-commanders, an equal number of companies set out at stated intervals and marched until the southern boundary of the country had been crossed, when all were consolidated and marched into the vast interior. When all were united, preparations were made for the great journey. Boats were built, and many provisions were procured, for we knew not the country into which we were going, or how long it would take to reach a desirable land in which to take up our abode. When all was in readiness we embarked in the boats and followed the Nile until coming to the many streams which comprise its source. Here we disembarked, leaving the boats in the river. Towards the south we marched, the journey being very slow, tedious, and fraught with much sickness and danger. Strange tribes of people we met, much darker in color than we, and very hostile. We struggled on for many weary leagues, fighting the

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strange people and being a prey to fever and wild beasts. Our band was altogether discouraged; still I pleaded with them, telling them that we would, sooner or later, come to an uninhabited country with fertile fields and cooling streams.

"We came at last to a lofty range of mountains, running north and south, extending, peak beyond peak, far to the westward. Following the mountains south, for many leagues farther, the range suddenly turned west. Still following along their base, we came to a beautiful open country. Here we decided to take up our dwelling.

"We had been here but a short time when one of the men discovered a hole in the side of the mountain. Ten men were sent to explore the vast cave which this opening led into. At the end of three days they returned and told us that an immense lake of water had stopped their further progress, and that they had returned for boats. These were made, and with them the men again started. Many times did the sun rise and set before they again returned, but at last they came with a story which made us all joyful. They had crossed the lake but had been lost on the opposite shore, and had wandered for many days until they saw a ray of light and making for it found an opening which led into a beautiful country, stretching far to the west and north. They explored a part of the country, finding numerous lakes and rivers, and then returned to tell of the wonderful hidden land.

"After a consultation it was determined to pass through the mountains and take up a permanent abode beyond. Preparations were made and together we started. The lake was crossed, the opening found

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and we reached the country which was to be the scene of our remaining life and death. Our numbers were taken, and it was found that during the two years' march to this land we had lost more than half of our band. But three thousand and two hundred remained of the six thousand and six hundred which had started from Egypt. Fifteen hundred of those remaining were men, the women and children having succumbed more readily to the hardships of the journey.

"A site for a city was picked out and a part of the country cultivated. Our land abounded in wild animals and fruits so we were well-provided with food. A quarry of beautiful hard stone was found and we determined to build our city of this. The architects drew up the plans for the city and work was commenced. The Temple, which when finished will be the grandest which the world has ever known, will stand in the northern end of the city on a slight eminence. The streets are to be broad and paved. At frequent distances will be squares for public amusement, and parks for recreation will be placed conveniently near the city. We made two discoveries which have helped us in the manufacture of necessary implements and added to our comfort. A mine of gold was found, and in a cavern through which the wind rushes like a blast from a mountain of snow we found a lake of pure ice. This ice was of great thickness and it took us a great while to cut through it. We have also a mountain of iron, a field of diamonds and a forest of wood so hard that we find great difficulty in cutting it. On blocks of this wood I am now inscribing the infant history of our country.

"I am growing very old. My people have increased

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rapidly and great work has been done. The City and Temple are fast nearing completion; most of the streets are paved with hard stone and cultivated fields are about us; we have measured the length and breadth of our country and find that it is nearly three hundred miles square. We have driven the wild animals from our cultivated land into a section near the mountains, and at the border of this vast land of jungle and forest we are building a wall fifty feet high to keep the animals within bounds. We also built a stone viaduct to cross the lake in the cavern and several across the river which flows at the base of the southern mountains. During the building of these viaducts hundreds were engaged in keeping the laborers furnished with meat, the animals being skinned and dressed for food in the cavern. The inhabitants who died during the first twenty years of our settlement here were embalmed, and their bodies placed in the niches of the rock in the cavern. After this date the dead were cremated and this is now a law. I am now ninety years old and we have been in this country fifty years. The city and country has been named "ON," in honor of me, because I led the people to it, and I have been the people's chosen King since we left Egypt. I have laid down the laws which are to govern the people for all time. These laws I have made simple and just, guarding against any contingency or cause for dissension, profiting by the experiences of other countries. I have tried to formulate laws which will not allow of jealousies or covetousness.

"Again, the laws are aimed to make a race of people grand in physical strength and beautiful in moral character. All are equal in the eyes of the law. All

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are made to work at the different vocations. All are furnished with the same provisions and raiment. The best artisans have laid down rules to be followed by the people in architecture, sculpture, painting, and in the making of ornaments. The best agriculturists, the foremost of our quarrymen and miners have made new inventions and laid down rules which will lighten and facilitate their labors.

"To the religion taught by the Israelites I have added nothing. From their teachings I learned that they expected to have the Son of their God visit them at some future time. They also taught us that there was a great and eternal hereafter which was to be entered into after death, and I have made this hereafter so bright and beautiful that my countrymen will hail with delight their day of death. I have also made it possible to stop the over-increase of our people by a certain law. To guard against intemperate habits of any kind, by which so many diseases and so much unhappiness are brought into the world, I have established a law that all dying because of intemperance or over-indulgence in any of the necessary things of life will enter into everlasting punishment. I have made the delights of our future life so bright that my people will guard against everything which might bring on disease and premature death. Already the effects of these laws have been seen, for disease is passing away and my people are striving in every way to live until their day of death.

"I alone of the many Kings who are to follow me are allowed to reign for so many years. I have given myself the right to reign thus long because I wish to have my laws well-established before abdicating in

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favor of another. I have found that some of the laws first laid down were defective and by still retaining my sceptre I have been able to correct them. To the High Priest I have given certain knowledge which is denied the remainder of the people, and this knowledge is to be guarded by him as a sacred commandment to be imparted only to his successor.

"The language of my forefathers I have changed but little. I have added some few words from the language of the Israelites and a few from the Syriac. I have made the language as simple as possible as well as the hieroglyphics. The history of the reign of each King shall be inscribed on tablets of wood and placed in the secret chamber of the Temple but the people are to know nothing of their former history. This is done to keep them from knowing anything of the outside world. I wish them to believe that the world is bounded by the mountains which enclose their country; for thus believing they will remain together and will never undertake needless excursions into other countries, which would result in war and bloodshed. I wish them to be a peacable, law-abiding people believing that they are the people and that theirs is the only country.

"I have fitted to the opening in the mountain a stone turning on pivots and opening by a secret spring, of which I alone know the secret. Those who fitted the stone were forbidden to speak of it and they have long since died, and the laws forbidding access to the inscribed history have been so well kept that none of my countrymen to-day are aware of the existence of an outside world.

"This is not a history, but a simple outline of the

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events which led to our emigration, the long journey, and the discovery of the country and the laws which I have made. I have inscribed this during my few leisure hours more for recreation than aught else. The history of our people and country will be found inscribed on the King's tablets.

"I have made the one holiday of the Land of On, 'The Day of Resis,' and this day, if all of my laws are adhered to, will be the happiest day in the lives of those who participate in its ceremonies."

CHAPTER VIII.

THE ROYAL HUNT.

MRS. GRAHAM had, during the past few weeks, given herself up to the comforts of her delightful boudoir, seldom accompanying her friends on the many excursions which were projected for their pleasure. The splendid attendance, the magnificent apartment, the sumptuous table, all tended to make her new life a happy one. It was just suited to the fastidious tastes of such a woman as Mrs. Graham, and she had determined to startle her native city with a reproduction of many of its delightful features.

Nellie had enjoyed the new life quite as much as her mother but in a different way. With Mr. Bruce she had visited every nook and corner of the Temple, and had taken sketches of the principal courts, colonnades and terraces, intending to copy them in oil at home. Then they had taken long walks through the

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city and visited the schools in which Nellie was especially interested; had remained one whole day in the provision market, where the inhabitants went each morning for the day's supplies, and another in the mills where the cloth for wearing apparel was woven. They had spent many happy hours in the fine art studio, where beautiful statues were being carved out of blocks of onyx, and where pictures were being painted on flat pieces of hard wood.

There was also the school of architecture, where students between the ages of twelve and twenty were busy working out the difficult problems and drawings. In this building also were made the gold ornaments which were used in every household in rich profusion, in the shape of girdles for the waist, bands and ornaments for the hair. It was noticed that certain models were used for all these different works of fine art, and that nothing new was ever executed. As Onrai had told them, though, the models were perfect and nothing more beautiful could be conceived. They had also visited the parks, squares and principal thoroughfares, and had taken an interest in studying the architecture and furnishings of the different residences. All places were open to them and the greatest attention was paid them wherever they went.

This constant association and similarity of tastes had brought these two closer together, and although Mr. Bruce had never yet mentioned his love to Nellie, still he felt that she reciprocated that love.

Mr. Graham, sometimes accompanied by Harry, but oftener alone, had gone everywhere. He was in his element, for, astride of a beautiful zebra, he would take long rides into the country and spend whole days fish-

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ing on the small lakes, or at other times, would venture a short distance into the great hunting reserve. In this grand expanse of wild jungle and forest could be found every known species of African animal, and Mr. Graham was especially delighted in the hunting of large game. The laws governing these hunts were rather strange ; the smallest of each species of animal was killed, the largest always being left. The same laws which governed the inhabitants were applied to the wild animals and also to those domesticated, allowing the larger to mate and bring forth healthy offspring. If a colt or baby elephant should be dwarfed at birth, or show any ailment afterward, it was instantly killed. By observing this law with the domestic animals, and in killing only the smaller of the wild animals, the whole race had become large and powerful.

Harry seemed to be the only unhappy one in the party. This was easily accounted for. During the long excursions the King would be at Enola's side constantly, and Harry had hardly found time to speak with her alone since they had arrived in this, as he called it, barbarous land. Onrai always dined with the party and sat at Enola's right. Harry had been given a seat the farthest from her ; whether this was done intentionally or not, Harry could not say, but he fumed in silence. After the evening meal, Enola would invariably accompany Onrai to the terrace where they would sit until near midnight. Occasionally Harry would have a short talk with Enola in the morning, but even then their conversation was of Onrai.

Sedai had been given a home with one of the inhabitants and was enjoying the new life greatly. He had

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been given a zebra and spent most of the time on its back . Once each day he would go to the Temple to see his friends, and while there would tell of his exploits among the fair woman of the city. Because he was one of the party he was looked upon with great admiration. As he was but little below the height of the native men and was only a shade darker in color, the inhabitants had been led to believe that he was one of their own race, but had in some mysterious way left his own land and visited that planet from which the strangers were supposed to have come. The women smiled on him, the men treated him with the greatest respect and he could hardly help liking this new life. He had come up to the Temple on this morning to join the party in the royal hunt.

The rifles which our friends had brought with them they had never used for fear of the natives coveting them when they learned their value in the hunt, but now they felt, because of the great respect which had been shown them, that they and everything pertaining to them was held as sacred by the natives, and they had decided to use the guns on to-day's hunt.

The morning was bright and the hour early when the party started. Enola and her friends were seated on huge black elephants with long formidable tusks and trained to the hunt. Around the neck and also around the body, just back of the howdah of each elephant was a band of gold, in which were embedded the handles of large pointed daggers, the blades pointing outward. These were placed for the protection of the elephants and of those who rode them. The rest of the party rode zebras which were to-day only plainly caparisoned. The weapons of the natives consisted

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of large cross-bows with quivers of flint-pointed arrows, daggers with long, narrow blades and- axes with short handles.

About one hundred comprised the party, all well armed and impatient for the hunt. They traversed the same road over which our friends had been conducted when they first came to the city, and very soon passed through a huge gate on the border of the hunting reserve and then across the long stone bridge. Before going through the gate, the zebramen had all dismounted, leaving the zebras to graze in a near-by field until they returned. These men were to beat and cut the bush, to stir up the game and also to make a pathway for the hunters. The footmen went forward, and with huge clubs in one hand and axes in the other, opened up a passage-way. A little while later an open forest was reached and passed; the trees of this forest were literally alive with monkeys which chattered and made grimaces as the party passed. Deer were seen scampering away, and occasionally a huge boa constrictor could be seen crawling through the high grass or suspended from the limb of a tree waiting for its prey. On the opposite side of the forest a thick and almost impenetrable jungle confronted them, but the bush-beaters went to work again and a way was opened up.

Suddenly a roar was heard which was almost deafening. The elephants stopped and began to move their huge ears forward and back and give short cries similar to those of a baby. The men immediately scattered, dividing equally and moving to the right and left. Soon they had formed a circle about two hundred feet in diameter, and then commenced to

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close in toward the centre. This was slow work but they knew that it would not last long, as the lion or lioness would make a dash for liberty or jump at one of the party. Mr. Graham had directed his elephant near the circle and from his elevated point of view he could occasionally catch a glimpse of a tail above the bush. The men were slowly closing in on the lion and Mr. Graham held his rifle in readiness to get the first shot. Suddenly the lion raised on his haunches so that his head appeared above the bush. This was enough for Mr. Graham, and taking a quick aim at the head, he fired. The lion dropped, and the natives stood aghast at the sound of the shot and the sudden flash of fire and smoke which followed. Mr. Graham slipped from the back of the elephant and made for the bush and, with the help of an axe, which he was wielding, was fast nearing the lion, when the huge beast leaped into the air and struck him fairly on the side of the head. Mr. Bruce, who had half-expected something of the kind, had been waiting for the lion to leap, and as he appeared above the bushes, had aimed at a point just behind the brute's shoulder and fired. Mr. Graham had been stunned by the powerful blow of the lion and Mrs. Graham screamed and fainted. Leaving the backs of their elephants, Onrai, Harry and Mr. Bruce hurried to their companion's assistance, and soon reached the spot where he and the lion lay together. He was insensible and bleeding badly from his wound and with the lion lying dead over his lower limbs. Harry and Mr. Bruce called some of the natives, and together they moved the body of the lion, after which they carried Mr. Graham

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to an open place where his wound was washed and wine being poured between his lips he was soon restored to consciousness. Mrs. Graham was revived by Enola and Nellie, and Mr. Graham refusing to return, he again took his place in the howdah and the hunting party proceeded after leaving a number of the natives behind to skin the lion.

Mr. Bruce's shot had struck the lion just behind the right shoulder and the bullet had penetrated the heart. It was lucky for Mr. Graham that it did so, for the lion, being maddened with pain, would soon have torn him to pieces. The King and his men looked at the lion carefully, turning it over and over, trying to find the marks of wounds such as their arrows would have made. Harry took his rifle, and handing it to the King, showed him how to hold it properly, and then how to aim it, telling him to aim at one of the lion's paws. He did so, and pulled the trigger. The King dropped the gun as soon as it was discharged, alarmed at the loud report it had made so near his ears. Harry and the King went up to the lion and pointing to its huge paw, Harry showed Onrai the hole made by the bullet. He was greatly surprised, but could not understand it. Harry then showed him one of the cartridges and explained to him how the concussion caused the powder to ignite, forcing the bullet from the tube and through the gun-barrel with such swiftness as to penetrate anything that it came in contact with. Onrai slowly shook his head as if it were still a puzzle to him.

They again took up the march through the jungle, and presently came to a large stream which must have found its outlet in the river at the base of the moun-

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tains. They followed the bank of the river for some distance, until they came to a stone bridge over which they passed. Another open forest was entered, and here was seen the first herd of elephants. Upon catching sight of the elephants which our friends were riding, the curiosity of the herd was aroused, and they came crowding about the hunting party by scores. So quick had been their movements that the men on foot had time to do nothing but climb trees. These elephants were huge monsters, but did not seem ill-disposed towards our friends. They were very curious, and could not understand the queer things on the necks and backs of the domesticated elephants. They came crowding around our friends, shoving their trunks up into their faces and under the saddle-cloths, as if trying to find out all they could about these strange visitors. Occasionally one would come too close to the elephants of our party, and would be pricked by the long daggers about their bodies, when it would give a cry and retreat. The tame elephants paid no attention to the others, seeming to consider them as beneath their notice. They probably looked upon these denizens of the forest as our friends would on a band of savages. Their curiosity satisfied, they slowly retreated through the forest, throwing their enormous trunks into the trees and breaking off limbs half the size of a man's body. The men came down from the trees and the party again took up the march.

They had proceeded but a short distance when a shriek of terror from Mrs. Graham caused all to look in her direction. A huge gorilla had sprung from a neighboring tree and seized her with his powerful arm, showing his white teeth and chattering wildly. For

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an instant all was confusion. Harry sprang to the rescue and before the animal could drag Mrs. Graham from the elephant, his rifle was emptied of its deadly load and the gorilla laid writhing on the ground.

With two such experiences in such a short time it was deemed expedient to abandon the hunt for the day, and though Mrs. Graham was sorry to cause this break in the programme she could not but admit her desire to leave a place so fraught with danger. So back through the jungle and forest, over the bridge and through the gate, and along the white road, the cool evening breeze now refreshing them after the fearful heat of the day, the party made its way toward the city.

CHAPTER IX.

THE GOLD MINE AND CAVE OF ICE.

THE shock of the day before had left Mrs. Graham in a very nervous condition. Having arrived at the Temple, she was given into the hands of her attendants, who soon had her in the perfumed bath, and with a treatment much resembling our massage, she was soon brought out of her nervousness. Still to-day she was far from feeling like herself, and when Onrai had proposed a trip to the gold mine and quarries, she declined to go.

Mr. Graham, having already visited these places, decided to remain with his wife.

Onrai had each day since their arrival, projected

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some novel excursion or entertainment for our friends, the preparation for these always being both elaborate and complete. So much of interest was to be seen in this strange city and country, our friends never tired of these excursions. Many things were seen which contrasted favorably with similar contrivances in their own country. The streets were paved with the beautiful onyx, and were always scrupulously clean. There were no sidewalks, the pavements stretching from lawn to lawn. These pavements were cleaned once a day with a combination of sweeper, watering cart and dirt gatherer in one, which did its work most effectually. The contrivance, but for the material used in its construction, the striped animals pulling it, and the queer costumes of the drivers, would have caused no comments on the streets of an American city; for it looked like the invention of some modern genius.

This had been used, however, as had every other contrivance or machine, since the foundation of the city. In fact, the city or country must have been founded by a race who had reached a high point in civilization, for their architecture, their fine arts, their implements of manufacture and farming, all showed deep thought, careful study, and great knowledge of the principles involved. And the laws which were made to govern the people were perfect, and, being carried out, left perfect results.

But our friends had not seen all the wonders of this strange country, or the works of its people; nor had Onrai given to Enola or the rest of the strangers, any idea of the immense resources of this land. They had many things to learn still, and one thing in particular,

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which would startle and surprise them. Our friends were happy though, and not one of them had as yet given a thought to the returning to their homes. This life was so pleasant, every feature of it so enjoyable, they had little time or desire to think of aught else. The time would come, however, when a longing to see their friends left behind, to once more taste the delights and pleasures of modern civilization, to be where people talked and acted as themselves, would take such hold on them that they would wonder how they ever could have found any pleasure in this strange city and among a people which knew nothing, or cared to know nothing, but what had passed down to them from the founder of this country, who had lived thousands of years before.

But as yet this longing had not come to disturb their peaceful thoughts, and to-day, as they were about to start on another excursion to see more of the wonders of this strange country, they were never happier. As was customary on such occasions, our friends were mounted on the white elephants, accompanied by the king and ten zebramen, who acted as on escort.

Their first stop was to be at the onyx quarries, five miles distant. They started early, so as to reach the farthest point before the middle of the day, when the heat was so intense, it was hard to withstand it.

Their way led through a broad avenue lined on either side by tall palms, back of which were beautiful palaces, the large entrances being open, showing their dark, cool interiors. Many of the inhabitants were also on the street, enjoying the fresh morning breeze. Some were lounging about the broad terraces, while

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others were seated on onyx chairs, in the great gardens surrounding each house.

The sun, just rising above the eastern mountain, the songs of the birds, the perfume of the flowers wafted to them by the cool morning breeze, the beautiful palaces with the white-robed inhabitants loung-ing about them, the broad, paved avenue with the white elephants and beautiful zebras, moving stately along it, left but one thought in the minds of our friends, namely, that they would willingly brave the hardships, trials and dangers of their past journey, for this one short hour in the beautiful city of On. The paved avenue reached on as far as the Cave of Ice, which the party was to visit before their return.

At last the immense quarry of onyx was reached, and our friends stood in wonder, gazing at its great extent. At least forty acres of onyx had already been taken from the quarry, and huge blocks of the beautiful stone lay finished on the broad pavement, while others were being placed by means of levers, on rollers in readiness to be moved to the new building in course of construction in the city. Some of these blocks measured twenty feet in length, being five feet square.

These were moved to the city, and placed in position by means of rollers and derricks, the huge elephants doing most of the work. About the quarry were a great many beautiful columns, capitols, pedestals, stones for arches, balustrades, stairs, and roughly hewn statues, ready to be moved to the school of fine arts. A great many men were at work, all taking the greatest interest in their labors. The king explained that these men discontinued work at eleven o'clock, and were through for the day. At three o'clock another

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body of men went to work, and continued until seven in the evening. The following morning another body of men would take up the work, and so on, until each company of workingmen had taken their turn at the work in the quarries. From the time one company of men leave the quarry for any one of the other duties, which had to be performed, two weeks elapsed before they again returned. Four hours comprised a day's work, and each day found the men at different employment from the one preceding it, until all of the different vocations had been temporarily filled.

The party now continued their journey, passing the gold mine on their way to the cave of winds, or ice. Arriving at the latter place, before going into the cave they were taken into a small house and given very warm garments of untanned lion skins, their attendants telling them that the air was very cold in the cave and the heavy garments would not feel uncomfortable. The King taking the lead, they were led to a large arched opening into the side of the mountain. Torches were carried by the attendants who preceded them.

A loud rumbling, which resembled the noise made by the great cataract of Niagara, soon fell on their ears, and this increased in volume as they penetrated farther into the mountain. The passage for some distance after entering, was about ten feet wide and that many high and large cakes of ice were piled up on each side as if waiting transportation. The passage soon widened until they found themselves in a large cave, the sides of which could not be seen in the darkness.

The air was growing colder each moment and the

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awful rumbling had become almost deafening. Far on ahead could be seen numerous lights flickering in the darkness, and upon our friends asking the King what this meant, he told them they were used to light the lake on which men were cutting ice. Here the torches were exchanged for a kind of lantern with a globe of mica, and before our friends had proceeded much further they realized why this was done, for a howling wind struck them broadside nearly knocking them from off their feet. The wind and the deafening noise it made in its wild rush through this subterranean passage was terrible. It was fearfully cold, too, and the attendants went among the party and adjusted the warm fur hoods over the heads and faces, leaving space only for the eyes and nose. Even these precautions did not save our friends from the piercing cold, for the blood had been accustomed to the equatorial heat on the outside and this quick change could not but make them shiver. Mr. Bruce calculated that the extreme cold would lower the mercury to 40 degrees, Fah., below zero, but he might have been mistaken, so long had it been since he experienced such freezing atmosphere.

On they went, fighting against the wind and cold until they reached the shore of the lake. Here about one hundred men were at work cutting ice, using a sort of long saw and an axe with a very large but narrow blade. The men were bundled up very carefully and worked very fast. The lake extended as far as could be seen in the darkness and was one solid sheet of ice with the exception of the place cut by the men, and even a film was already beginning to form over this. Near where our friends were standing was a

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flume or chute declining towards the entrance of the cave. The blocks of ice were brought to a point directly under this and being caught in a fork were raised by means of a windlass to the flume, where they were sent sliding to the entrance. An acre of ice was cut one day, and the following day another acre was cut, and by the next day, or at the end of forty-eight hours the ice had gained a thickness of ten inches over the acre that was cut on the first day. Thus had it gone on for centuries, each day an acre of ice being cut and supplied to the inhabitants. Each palace was furnished a quantity of ice sufficient for its needs. It was used for cooling the atmosphere as well as for drinks and preserving provisions.

Our friends now being thoroughly chilled, and having seen all they wished to, they left the cavern and as soon as the villa was entered, attendants took charge of them, and disrobing them, plunged them into a hot bath, after which they were given a good rubbing and dressed in the clothes which they had worn upon arriving. After this a meal was served them.

At three o'clock a start was made for the gold mine, and upon reaching this they were put into large cages and lowered down, down, down, until the very bowels of the earth must have been reached. They could see by the light of the torches, as they were lowered, the abandoned shafts which centuries before had probably been mined.

Down they went until the bottom was at last reached and they left the cage to explore the mines. The air was fearfully hot and would have been unbearable but for the cool air forced into the mines from above. Miners were at work, wearing nothing but a breech-

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cloth. The quartz found at this depth was the richest our friends had ever seen or heard of. Mr. Graham calculated that it would assay about eighty per cent. pure gold, and the quartz was easily mined. Not many men were working in this mine, as the quartz was so heavy with gold, that but very little was needed to satisfy the demand.

Our friends wondered no longer at the profusion of gold ornaments and implements. Here was enough gold apparently to furnish the world for hundreds of years. The shaft which they were now working was easily one hundred feet wide and ten feet high. Just think of quartz assaying sixteen hundred pounds to the ton and thousands of tons in sight! Still these people did not consider it as valuable as iron, of which latter they had plenty, but which they found so hard to work. Onrai explained to our friends that the miners only worked one hour at a time and there were months at times when the mines were not worked at all, owing to an over-supply of gold. Truly these people were rich if they only knew it, but wealth was an unknown word to them.

The party, after being shown through some of the unused shafts, where there was also plenty of quartz, but of an inferior quality, was hoisted to the surface. The mill for crushing the quartz was shown them and the process proved very interesting.

They returned to the city in the cool of the evening, well satisfied with their day's excursion. The longer our friends remained in this strange country, and the more they saw of its beauties and wealth, the more they were astonished at its vast resources. But they had seen only a small part of its wonders.

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CHAPTER X.

THE JOURNEY TO THE LAKE.

In the centre of this vast country was an immense lake, covering at least fifteen thousand square feet, and this was filled with almost every conceivable species of fresh-water fish. This lake was undoubtedly fed by springs, for no inlet had ever been found. The river was its outlet, and this, as has been said before, emptied its waters into a large gulf, or hole in the ground which had a subterranean outlet.

For a long time our friends had wished to visit this inland sea, but their days had been so taken up with their other pleasures, a visit to the lake had been quite impossible, heretofore. However, the day was fixed for the long-looked-for pleasure, and they were about to start. It was intended that three days should be spent on this journey, one in going, one in fishing and the next in returning.

Mr. Graham was here in his element, for he found more real pleasure in fishing than in any other sport; and then, from what he could learn, this fishing excursion was liable to have its adventures, for it was said, that not only were there small fish in this lake, but also marine monsters too fearful for description and still more fearful to come in contact with. He would rather that the ladies remain in the city, but all were determined to go, so he gave his consent.

The morning, like all others in this fair land, was beautiful, and early, even before the sun had risen, the

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party started from the Temple. The ladies on the backs of the huge elephants, and the men riding ahead on sleek, well-groomed zebras, made a picture as they rode through the beautiful streets.

The populace was already astir, and the royal party was greeted on all sides with that respectful salute which was so graceful, but which had so little humility in it. A road new to the visitors was now taken, one which led in a straight line due northwest, and which was smoothly paved with onyx. This road, or avenue, was lined with tremendous trees, the thick foliage of which met and mingled a hundred feet above their heads, making a vast shady arch through which the sun's rays could not penetrate. As far as their eyes could reach this tree-arched avenue extended.

"How far is it to the lake?" asked Nellie.

"Twenty miles, according to your method of measuring distances," answered Onrai.

"And does this magnificent avenue extend so far?" asked Enola.

"Not only to the lake," answered Onrai, "but it borders its shores, its entire circumference."

"And is it all paved as it is here?" asked Harry.

"Yes, throughout its entire length," added Onrai.

"And has this been done recently?" asked Enola.

"Recently," answered Onrai, "I do not understand you."

"Has it been done during your reign or the reign of your predecessor?" exclaimed Enola.

"No, it has not been done during my reign or during my life, so I, as a consequence, know nothing of the time of its laying," answered Onrai.

"But it must have been laid but a short time," said

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Enola, "for not one of these beautifully polished stones shows the least defacement."

"Oh, that counts for naught," said Mr. Bruce, "for they are placed together so carefully, and the onyx itself is so hard, there is no possibility of its chipping."

"This is called the Avenue of On," said Onrai, "and not only circumvents the lake, but stretches on from the opposite side to the farthest corner of On, or to the great field of brilliants."

"To the field of brilliants? Tell us of this, Onrai," said Enola.

"Far away in the direction in which we are now going is a large field devoid of all verdure. Rocks from the size of a zebra's hoof to those half as large as the Temple cover the ground. The cliffs which surround our country at this point are seamed and very irregular, which shows that at some remote age the rocks which now cover the field were torn from them, and having been ground and crushed in their rush to the level field, have finally there found a resting place. But these stones and rocks do not entirely cover the field, for there seems to be an ashy substance and in places a bluish sandstone, and covering these are small, white brilliants as pure, white and clear as the water from a spring. During the day these stones catch the sun's rays and gleam forth like polished silver but with a brilliancy much more intense. But at night when the great white sentinel rises in the heavens and throws its soft light on these stones, they look like the reflection of stars in the lake. I have never looked upon this field but once at night and it impressed me then as being the grandest sight in our whole land."

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"Diamonds," said Mr. Graham.

"May be so, or they may be nothing but brilliants, as he calls them," said Mr. Bruce.

"But do you use these?" asked Harry.

"Yes, we use them," said Onrai, "the larger ones in our slingshots for killing small game; the smaller ones we polish and use for ornamentation. They are very hard, harder than onyx, and we find it very difficult to polish them."

"You are undoubtedly right, Mr. Graham, said Mr. Bruce. "They must be diamonds."

"How strange it is that these people think so little of everything on which civilization places the greatest value," said Enola.

"Yes," answered Mr. Graham, "but it is because these articles, gold and diamonds are so plentiful. I doubt not but that if these were as plentiful in our world we would care but little for them."

"May be," said Mr. Bruce.

It was now high noon, and although the sun's rays did not reach them, still the day was very hot and it was decided best to wait over for three or four hours in one of the farm villas which they were now opposite. They accordingly dismounted, and although the house was unoccupied at the time, still the same comforts and conveniences which were found in all of these charming villas were also found here. After partaking of a light lunch of iced wine and honey and cake, the party retired for a short siesta.

The sun was well toward the western horizon when they again took up their journey and now a cool breeze had sprung up which made the ride along the shady flower-scented avenue, delightful in the extreme. They

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now began to meet the fishermen with their day's catch on their way to the city. There were a great many of these for the lake furnished most of the fish for the entire populace. These fish were carried in a sort of kettle which was partly filled with ice; this kettle was swung between two zebras, the back saddles of which were connected by the rod from which the kettle hung. So well-trained were the zebras to this work that they went along perfectly and one man was able to manage eight or ten of these teams.

Now through the trees in the distance could be seen the blue waters of the beautiful lake. As far as the eye could reach stretched the calm waters, the surface as smooth as glass. As they drew near the shore numerous small boats could be seen.

"These are the boats of the fishermen," said Onrai, "and that black speck well down toward the horizon is the island Myrrh, on which is a villa in which we will spend the night."

"But can we reach it before dark?" asked Mr. Bruce.

"We will have to," said Onrai, "for it is not safe to be on the lake after nightfall."

"And why?" asked Enola.

"Because of certain sea monsters which inhabit its waters," said Onrai.

Mr. Bruce looked at Nellie and the thought occurred to both.

"Can these fearful monsters be like the one which so nearly proved our death in the cave?"

"These marine animals are not seen during the day for they lie at the bottom of the lake as long as the sun is shining, but when the glorious orb of day has

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set and can no longer cast its hot rays on their hideous bodies, they then come to the surface and very often fearful fights occur among them. They prey on each other and after one of these nights of terrible battle I have seen the surface of the water red as far as the eye could reach, and may be several of their ugly dead bodies would be floating about the water near the island."

"It is fearful," said Mrs. Graham.

"Yes, it is the one fearful thing in this fair land of ours," said Onrai.

They now reached the shore and Onrai signaled one of the boats to approach. These boats, long and narrow, were propelled by six oarsman. They almost flew through the water and in a very short space of time the boat which Onrai had signaled drove its bow far up on the shore of the island. Those who had accompanied the company thus far, were to wait on shore until the following morning when Onrai and his friends should return. The boatmen pulled a quick stroke and in a half hour the island was reached.

Attendants had anticipated them and had prepared the evening meal and all were soon enjoying the delights of fair On's cuisine.

CHAPTER XI.

THE FIGHT OF THE SEA MONSTERS.

THE island on which they now were was very small, not being more than one half mile in circumference. In fact it was a mere dot on the surface of this vast

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inland lake, but it was of considerable importance, nevertheless, for here the King made periodical excursions, and often took up his residence for weeks at a time in its charming villa. From the shore on which the party landed, the island rose gently to the centre, and on this slight eminence stood the villa. On the opposite side the shores were precipitous, rising in a cliff about fifty feet high. Bordering this cliff had been built a low, onyx wall and the intervening space between this and the villa had been laid out in a magnificent garden, filled with the redolent flowers so numerous in this country.

It was this delightful spot, shaded by immense palms and eucalyptus trees, which so pleased the King and which brought him here so frequently. From this garden could be seen the cliffs far away to the south and east and the fertile country lying between, and on the opposite side of the lake spreading on and on until merged into the blue horizon. Even from the broad dining hall, in which the party were now sitting, could be caught glimpses of the city as it lay bathed in the bright moonlight far away, and occasionally dim lights could be seen which shone from the open villa of the pink-white city.

"Look," said Enola. "Is the scene not grand?"

"Yes," said Harry, "the most exquisite picture I ever looked upon."

"It is because of this natural picturesqueness that I visit this island so frequently," said Onrai. "To me it has no equal, and I can conceive of nothing more beautiful."

"No," said Enola, "nothing could be more beautiful, for here we have every element which goes to make

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up a grand landscape; the distant city standing on the gentle slope of the foothills, the towering cliffs beyond, their jagged rocks softened by the moonlight; the broad fields, the noble forests, and about us the blue waters of the lake."

"Truly a good country to live in," said Mr. Bruce.

"Yes, a fair country, with which God has dealt most kindly," said Mr. Graham.

The party arose and through the broad halls and lofty entrance they went into the garden; across this and near to the stone wall reclining seats had been placed for them. The scene which now met their gaze was ineffably grand. The lake lay before them like a sea of liquid silver the surface scarcely ruffled by the soft evening breeze; beyond, the shore of the mainland with its flickering lights, dimmed by the bright rays of the moon, and beyond these the magnificent panorama already described. The party sat for a long time lost in contemplation of the magnificent scenery.

"Look," said Enola, "a boat."

"No, Enola, not a boat," said Onrai, "for it means death to any who may venture on the lake at night."

"It may mean death, Onrai, but nevertheless some one of your countrymen has undertaken the hazardous journey to-night, for see, the lights in the bow shine brightly," replied Enola.

Onrai had arisen as Enola had spoken, and stepping to the wall looked long at the black object coming toward them, then resuming his seat, he said:

"No, it is one of the monsters; those lights are its fiery eyes."

A shudder ran through the frames of all present excepting Onrai, who had long since become ac-

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customed to look upon these fearful sea serpents. On the black mass came, growing larger and larger as it neared them. Remembrances of the fearful race with and escape from the monster in the cavern came to the minds of those who had participated in this dreadful scene, and Mrs. Graham arising, said:

"Onrai, you will pardon, I hope, a woman's faint-heartedness, but I cannot look upon the scenes which we have been told by you will shortly take place near us; so with your kind permission I will retire to my apartment."

"You have my permission most assuredly, Mrs. Graham, and it grieves me to think that I have been the cause of this disturbance of mind. When these monsters come together the battle will be fearful, and if the other ladies feel that they cannot witness it, it would be better for them to retire also, for see! other monsters are now coming, and the fight will soon commence."

At this Nellie arose and together with her mother they entered the villa.

As Onrai had said, other black masses were now seen and the glow of red eyes shone through the semi-darkness from all directions. On came their bodies growing larger as they came nearer. Now the foremost had reached the base of the cliff and raising its huge body half out of the water, threw its ugly head back and fastened its glittering eyes on those who were watching its movements from above. The moon shone full on its long, dragon-like body and the party shuddered with horror as they recognized in it the exact counterpart of the sea-monster of the cave. After gazing on those above it for a full minute, and

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then realizing probably that they were out of its reach, the monster became enraged and, throwing itself back into the water beat the surface with its wing-like fins and long tail until almost lost to view in the foam thus created. But others had now come close to the rock, and as the number increased the water was blackened by their dark bodies. It was a mass of writhing, horror-depicting sea reptiles, and as they wound in and out under and over each other, their eyes glowing the while, it was enough to make the stoutest heart grow faint.

Suddenly one of them, which had been crowded close to the rocks by the great number from behind, and finding it impossible to extricate itself in any other way, dove, and piercing the body of the one next to it, held it half out of water, pinioned on its formidable horn.

"Ah, the battle has commenced," said Onrai.

"It is fearful," again said Enola.

"Horrible but fascinating," said Mr. Bruce.

"This is but the beginning," said Onrai. "In a few moments the whole seething mass will be engaged in one grand battle royal. If, Enola, you think you cannot look on this hideous spectacle, it would be better for you to retire now."

"No," said Enola, "I wish to see it all."

They again turned their attention to the monsters. When the beast had been pierced by the horn of its companion, it had given out a fearful groan like that of a dying man. This seemed to be a signal, for immediately the beast began to beat the water with fins and tail, until the spray was forced upward almost splashing our friends. In fact the lake looked as if it

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had been struck by a hurricane so turbulent had the waters become. All this commotion was but preliminary, however, for it soon ceased, and all was perfectly quiet for a moment, when, as if moved by a common impulse the battle commenced in earnest.

Each had, seemingly, during the short interval of rest, selected its prey or opponent, for as far as could be seen the fight was a succession of duels, not more than two being engaged at once in tearing each other to pieces. Fastening their fiery eyes on each other they would retreat for a short distance, and then, with heads thrown back and their enormous jaws opened, would make a rush for each other, coming together with sickening force, their huge jaws crunching into each others bodies, or, perhaps fastening jaw into jaw. Then they would writhe and squirm, beating each other with their fins and tails. Upon becoming exhausted, if one or the other had not been overcome with the struggle they would disengage themselves, and retreating, rest for a moment and then make another rush for each other. Now they would dive, ripping each other with their murderous tusks, frequently both being beneath the surface, but the agitation of the water telling that the fearful battle was being continued far beneath.

Again they would rise to the surface, their bodies torn and lacerated, and blood from the gaping wounds dyeing the water a crimson red. One would finally succumb and the survivors, after giving their fallen antagonists a parting thrust, would swim away until outside the seething, battling mass. Here it would nurse its wounds, waiting seemingly for the horrible struggle to end. Here also it would be joined by

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other victors, but these undoubtedly having the proper respect for the fighting powers of those about them, would not again take the risk of being annihilated.

The duelling was becoming less fierce each moment for the weaker were fast being overcome and the survivors joining their victorious comrades. All this time the dreadful groans continued. Now the last victor had vanquished his foe and joined the others.

"Ah, the battle is finished," said Mr. Bruce.

"No, not yet," said Onrai. "Watch the line of victors."

These had formed a straight compact line, and as if by a signal, they charged on the bodies of the dead and wounded floating on the surface. Their movements were as swift as lightning, and like a body of well-drilled cavalrymen they charged, killing the helpless wounded, and lacerating the bodies of the dead. Then they again retreated and, as the first faint rays of morn streaked the eastern heavens, they sank beneath the surface, leaving the bodies of their victims to rot in the heat of the equatorial sun.

When the party again reached the mainland, they were taken to the villa in which they were to spend the night. The men returned to the lake in the evening and watched the process of cutting up the monsters, and taking from them the fat which produced the oil. The remains of the animals were then piled in heaps and burned. One hundred and four had been killed the night before, but how many still remained to be slaughtered by their mates?

As the men stood watching the scene, Onrai said:

"This sight is even becoming loathsome to me; let us return to the villa."

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As they were crossing the broad avenue, a suspicion of music was wafted from the direction of the city. It was so faint that our friends could not say whether it was the music of distant harps, or the song of some night bird, far away. They stopped for a moment and listened, but the sound not again being heard, they resumed their walk toward the villa.

Onrai had also stopped and seemed to be listening, but had offered no explanation until they again started for the villa. Our friends seemed to think he could explain this distant music if he wished to, and they looked at him inquiringly. Noticing this look, Onrai said :

In two months comes the Day of Resis. It is our custom during the two months previous to this day to sing songs of praise at this hour each evening."

"Are they songs of joy and happiness?" asked Mr. Bruce.

"They are," said Onrai. But he would say nothing further on the subject.

CHAPTER XII.

THE NIGHT OF PRAYER.

As the night came on and the glorious moon rose high into the heavens, bathing all in its silvery rays, the very beauty of the scene made our friends forget the horrors of the night before. They had assembled in the garden, and the swinging chairs, as they were moved slowly backward and forward by the attendants,

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were conducive to rest and comfort. They were far enough removed from the lake to be entirely free from any suggestions which its busy scenes might make.

Near Enola stood the great white elephant, which she rode on all journeys, its huge body towering into the air and nearly touching the lower boughs of the trees. This elephant had become so attached to Enola that it seemed happy only when with her, and she had requested of Onrai that he allow "Gip," as she had named it, to come into the garden while they were there. He had now taken hold of the rope with his trunk and was swinging the chair as carefully as could be done by the attendants. Occasionally he would let out that peculiar cry so much like an infant's, when Enola would hand him one of the sweets which she always had about her when he was near.

Several of the zebras were also grazing in the garden and the deer, which were numerous, would come up now and then, and with their great liquid eyes, gaze into the faces of our friends. There was no timidity in these animals, for they were all treated so kindly, and had so long been made pets of, that all fear of the human form had left them.

The lofty trees, the flower-bedecked garden with the animals wandering through it, the perfumed air, the pink onyx villa in the background, the silk-robed party swinging lazily to and fro, the attendants standing near, and above all, the glorious moon, made an enchanting scene. Suddenly, as if in a dream, too faint almost to be heard, was wafted on the evening breeze a strain as sweet and indistinct as the low melody of

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an Æolian harp. Onrai half rose and as the music grew stronger he became erect, and bowing his head, almost whispered, "'Tis the night of prayer."

The attendants discontinued the swinging of the chairs and also bowed their heads. Our friends, half aroused from the sweet languor into which they had fallen, looked with wondering eyes at Onrai. The exquisite music was coming nearer and nearer, and now could be discerned harmonious voices mingling with the strains of the harp. On and on they came, the music growing louder and stronger, but losing none of its sweetness. Onrai and the attendants still stood with bowed heads, and in a subdued voice, Onrai was evidently repeating a prayer. So impressive was the beautiful music and the devout attitude of those about them, our friends were deeply moved, and had now also arisen and were standing with bent heads and clasped hands, breathing a prayer.

Now those who were making such sweet music had reached the villa, and our friends raising their eyes, looked upon a picture. Standing in the foreground, with his arm thrown over the neck of the zebra, from which he had dismounted, and holding in one hand a shepherd's hook, was a white-robed priest. Grouped in a semicircle about him, were a number of maidens all carrying tiny torches. Back of them was a body of men, and still further in the background were the elephants and zebras which had brought the party from the city.

As they stood there, Onrai approached and spoke to the priest in the native tongue. Then, with the King leading, they went direct to the villa and entered.

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"How strange," said Enola, when Onrai with his visitors had left them alone.

"Strange indeed," said Mr. Graham. "Can it be that they bring unexpected news from the city?"

"It is hard to tell," said Mr. Bruce. "But I think not. It is evidently a celebration of one of their religious rites. From the solemn proceedings I should say that this was so."

Just then Onrai was seen approaching them and when he was directly opposite, he said:

"'Tis the night of prayer, come;" and turning, he retraced his steps with our friends following.

They were led through the wide hall to a spacious apartment in the rear. This apartment was the exact counterpart of the large devotional chamber in the Temple, but somewhat smaller. Subdued lights were placed at frequent intervals about the sides of the apartment, and others hung from the lofty ceiling. In the centre was a wide, crescent-shaped platform, and standing about its base were those who had so recently come from the city.

As the King entered with our party the natives commenced playing on their native harps, and the low, sweet music penetrated to the very souls of our friends. Onrai led them to the platform on which seats had been placed; then the priest also mounted the platform, and facing the King, commenced reading in the native tongue from one of the polished tablets of wood. He then passed this to the King and he, arising, read from it the same inscription. Then the priest raised his hand, and all joined in a chant, the maidens accompanying the voices on the harps. It was solemn but grand and very impressive. The chant ended, the

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priest again turned toward the King and began speaking, the maidens in the meanwhile playing a sweet refrain on the harps. The priest having finished speaking, the King arose, turned his face heavenward and prayed:

"God our Father, God of the Heavens and earth, God of On, God of all, as the flowers turn their faces to the great orb of day, so we on this night of prayer, turn our faces to Thee. O God, we know that all blessings come from Thee and we thank Thee. We thank Thee for the fertile fields, the green pastures, the silvery waters, the shady forest, the life-giving sun of day, the soft-lighted moon and cool breezes of the night. We feel Thy presence O God, we know that Thou art near us. Still be with us and when our time has come take us home to Thee, our God, our Father."

Onrai ceased praying and the sweet voices and the music of the harps again broke forth. Now the voices grew fainter, the music more subdued, the lights growing dimmer and dimmer. Now the voices were almost whispering, the strains of music are dying, dying, the lights are flickering. At last all is hushed and dark. Suddenly the Temple was flooded with brilliant light, a glorious grand flood of song and music burst forth. More brilliant becomes the light, louder and grander grows the music, as if from a thousand voices, as if from a thousand harps. Now comes a troop of maidens robed in shimmering white, singing and playing. Lightly they trip over the polished floor, their forms swaying and their limbs bending gracefully as they dance.

Our friends hold their breath for fear of losing one strain of the sweet music; they lean forward eagerly

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to catch every movement of the willowy figures. All is grand beyond conception. The music becomes more soul-stirring, the dance grows quicker, the lights blinding in their brilliancy. Our friends arise in their eagerness to see and hear. 'Tis glorious!

Suddenly the maidens leave the room, the song and music cease the lights are darkened. 'Tis over.

The night of prayer with its grand and imposing ceremonies had passed, and now the party had again assembled and were partaking of the morning meal preparatory to starting on the day's journey. It was yet very early, for in this equatorial climate the journeys had to be taken in the cool of the mornings and evenings. The sun's rays in the middle of the day were too hot to withstand. Through the open door could be seen the elephants and zebras trapped and waiting for the start. Nearby stood, not only the attendants, but also the party which had arrived the night before. Turning to Onrai, Enola asked:

"Are those who came from the city also to accompany us, Onrai?"

"Yes," answered Onrai, "it is essential that they should go with us, for we shall not have returned to the city before the night of prayer shall have again come, and on this night we must have a priest and attendants."

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CHAPTER XIII.

THE ACCUSATION.

THE heat of the day had been excessive, but our friends had not suffered to any great extent because of the shade which the avenue trees had afforded; and then they had rested during the midday hour, and had not taken up the journey until late in the afternoon. Then, too, the brisk trot of the animals, as they moved over the smooth stone pavement, had created a breeze which was very cooling to the riders; but as they emerged from the forest, dark clouds were seen rising out of the west; dark, forboding clouds, which portended rain and probably a hard blow. The forerunner of this equatorial storm reached them before they arrived at the villa, in the shape of quick, rapidly moving gusts of wind, which would overtake them and moving on would leave the air perfectly calm, hot and humid, until the next gust would spring out of the ground seemingly, and fly after its leaders.

The riders hurried on, one minute fanned by a refreshing breeze and the next almost sweltering in the dead calm. But they suffered only a short time, as the villa was reached and once inside its cool, onyx walls, all thought of the humidity of the outside was forgotten, and the on-coming storm was only thought of as making the air cool for the morrow's journey. After dinner the travelers went into the garden and hardly any signs were seen now of the approaching storm; in fact, the evening was much the same as had been many others since their arrival. They retired

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late but had not slept long when the wind rose almost to a gale. The storm was a novelty, and our friends never having seen an equatorial storm, all arose and went on the terrace.

The elephants had already sniffed the approaching storm and began to throw their trunks in the air, moving their huge ears back and forth, all the time making those funny sounds, which seemed so strange in such large animals. The storm meant to them a refreshing bath, coupled with a feed of grass and herbs washed by the cooling rain; they gloried in it. The zebras were already grazing, or half buried in the long grass, were rolling and kicking, happy to be free from bridle and saddle.

Onrai alone, of all the party, after going onto the terrace, seemed to be worried over the storm. He had gone to one end of the terrace, and now stood looking intently at the black mass of clouds which were rolling on, coming nearer and nearer, and reaching out huge, dark arms toward the earth. He was muttering in the strange tongue of his people:

"An omen. Is our great God angry? Have my people failed in their duties? Have we neglected our work? Have we treated lightly our teachings? No; but our God is great. He sees all things, and goes deep into the hearts of his people, and he knows even if they contemplate doing wrong. Oh!——" Onrai raises his hand to his forehead, and pressing it tightly against his throbbing temples, he staggers and almost falls.

"Can this thing be?" he gasped. "Is this a warning to me, the King of the Land of On? Is this to show me that God knows my sinful thoughts and would check them before it is forever too late? Oh,

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my God, spare me!" he cries, and sinks into one of the onyx chairs near him. His powerful frame shook like an aspen leaf; his breath came in gasps; his hands twitched nervously; his eyes almost started from their sockets as he gazed on the black clouds, which seemed to engulf him. Unable to look upon the fearful sight any longer, he sprung to his feet, and shading his eyes with his hand as if to hide from view those fearful clouds, he staggered towards the entrance. He struck something as he hurried forward, and started back frightened. Looking up he saw that it was Enola, and raising his hand as if to warn her back, he said:

"You, too? Have you come to accuse me at this moment? Could you not have spared me?"

Onrai again started for the entrance, but Enola noticing the pained look in his face, and being totally at a loss to know why he should address her in this manner, caught him by the light tunic as he was passing her. He stopped and looked at her with frightened eyes.

"Onrai," said Enola, "don't look at me in that way. How have I offended you? Tell me, is it I or one of my people?"

Onrai looked at her, his heroic figure standing erect, his shoulders thrown back as if to defy the influence which Enola was exerting over him. But his face was deathly pale and his hands clutched nervously as they hung by his side; his eye never flinched, however, as he looked at her.

"Onrai, do not look at me so," said Enola, stepping back, growing afraid of that unbending figure and steely gaze.

"What have I done?" she continued. "I come to

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seek you to-night to thank you for the happy, happy day which you have given me; for having suggested this pleasant journey. The beautiful music of the evening made me forget for a time this duty, but I thought of it as I retired to my apartment and was glad of the opportunity which the storm afforded me to thank you yet to-night. My heart was light as I came from the villa, expecting to find that great, noble Onrai glad to see me and ready to hear my thanks, but I find him excited and nervous, and when he sees me he speaks as I never heard him speak before. Tell me, oh, tell me, Onrai, what have I done?"

Enola stopped near the entrance and waited for Onrai's answer.

"What have you done?" he said. "Everything. You have come from that planet home of yours and have stolen into our land in the night; but we have received you as guests and have treated you as we would those who come from afar and sought our hospitality.

"Myself and my people have done all in our power to make your sojourn in our world a happy one. From that world of yours, far above, in one of those shining stars which twinkles and throws its soft light on us on the clear beautiful nights, we believe that your people have for ages looked down on us, and have learned our life, our customs and our secrets. This we have learned to believe since you have come among us, for before that time we knew nothing of another people. And you come to us with the chain of the high priest about your neck, and this is proof that you know the great secrets of the high priests and those of the Day of Resis. For this reason we have looked for you to respect our laws and customs. To all but me

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you seem to have done this. I have just begun to believe that you, and may be your people, have no respect for the sacred laws that govern me, the King of On. To-night has been a revelation to me. Never before, during my life, has there come such a storm at this season. I looked at the dark heavens and saw the black clouds hurried on by the mad winds, almost sweeping the earth, and I could see in it only a warning. Then it flashed over my bewildered brain that the warning was meant for me. I had sinned. But why had I sinned? Because tempted by you who knew our laws, and knew the fearful punishment which would be the King's who would dare disobey these laws. You who cared naught for all these, but still threw out your alluring temptations, your subtle fascinations, in order to entrap me. But God has spoken in this storm and I am saved. Listen to His voice," and as he ceased speaking a fearful peal of thunder broke through the air as if in answer to him.

Enola stood aghast during this accusation, unable to account for this fearful change in Onrai's conduct toward her, until he had mentioned the storm, and then she realized that it was this unusual phenomenon which had wakened in his mind the sin he was committing in loving her; she must let him know that these fascinations were only those which God had given her, and that the seeming allurements were but the graceful acknowledgments of his many courtesies. But how to tell him, how to convince him! He still stood like a statue, like an accusing Apollo who had but little mercy for one who had caused him even a moment's pain. To suffer for even an instant was such a new sensation to the man, and it was so acute withal,

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that for the time he could find no forgiveness for the one who had caused it, and he stood contemplating Enola, for the moment a savage, glaring at the one who had caused him a moment's pain, and whom he had in his power to torture as he saw fit.

He forgot his love for her for the moment; he only remembered that she had hurt him, and when the first great fear of the discovery was over, he grew hard and cold and wanted revenge. Enola saw that she had blind superstition to deal with, superstition whose birth was in sin, and she knew that it would be hard to convince Onrai of her innocence. But this she must do; so taking a step timidly toward him, she raised her hand as if she would touch his arm, but when he saw this movement he involuntarily drew his arm away as if afraid that her touch would contaminate him. The movement hurt her more than all his harsh words had done, and she partially turned as if to walk away, but remembering the fearful consequences that might ensue unless Onrai's mind should be disabused of this fearful mistake which he had made, she turned again, and placing her hands behind her, walked up to him and looking him straight in the eye, said:

"Onrai, look at me. Do you see any guilt or flinching in my eye? Do you think that I, who have the same faith in the same God that you have, could look at you now if I were guilty, and too, when this fearful storm is raging, which you call the voice and anger of God? No, Onrai; you and your people have a mistaken idea when you think we knew your life, customs and laws before we came to your world. We did not even know that your people existed; but we

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knew that there was a world here and we determined to visit it, and learn whether it was inhabited or not. So we came and found this glorious land and this beautiful, justice-loving people. And never until to-night have I learned to think that they had any but the grandest minds, with the most charitable thoughts for those who had been thrown in with them for awhile. I understand your laws but imperfectly, and I do not understand why you should treat me thus, or accuse me of wishing to make you sin or suffer because of an unusual phenomenon. Search your mind, Onrai, and see if it was not yourself who sinned willingly and not because I have tempted you; ask yourself if in any way I have been less modest than your native women; whether I have sought you, or you me; whether I have not avoided you rather than sought you. Ask yourself these questions, and then accuse me if you can." And as Enola finished speaking, she drew herself up nobly and started to walk toward the entrance. She had nearly reached this when Onrai stepped forward and almost in a whisper, said:

"Enola, wait; wait; let me think; let me think; my brain is whirling; I cannot see all clearly yet; but it is growing brighter. Oh, Enola, forgive, forgive me. I cannot now tell you the great sin which I thought was your making, but which I can now see was all my own. The laws of the Land of On are stringent on this point, and if I should give up to the temptation I would be killed. To be killed for sinning means not only the death of the body, but the everlasting torture of the soul. It is a fearful thing for any of us to sin, but how much more so is it for the King, the chosen one, who is the people's choice not

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because he is the greatest physically, but the purest of mind, if there can be one purer than the others. But I have sinned unwittingly, and it is because of this that I was so ready to accuse you. But I look at you now and see in that clear, unflinching eye, that smooth brow and erect body, no guilt. You are innocent, Enola; innocent and I ask forgiveness. It seems strange that I should use the word to one on earth, for it belongs to God, and is never used among us. But I have wronged you fearfully and I know not how else to make amends. Forgive me, Enola," and as he finished, he took her hand and raised it to his lips.

Enola was crying, for the pleading words of this strong man, this King, touched her strangely.

"But tell me, Onrai, of this strange sin, that I may know," she said.

"No," Onrai answered, "it would be a greater sin to tell it to you. But listen; what is that fearful rumbling sound?"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE STORM.

So absorbed had Enola and Onrai been in their talk that the storm had been forgotten for the moment. But it had not abated but had rather grown fiercer and blacker, until now it was so dark that objects only a short distance away could not be seen. The elephants could be heard stalking through the garden, and occasionally their hugh bodies and also

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the zebras would be lit up by the lurid lightning. But the wind had died down to almost a calm a few moments before, and nothing had broken the stillness of the night but the sharp peals of thunder which would follow the brilliant lightning.

But as Onrai spoke, a rumbling was heard, not like distant thunder, but less distinct, like the rattling of a distant railway train, the sound being regular but growing louder each moment. The others of the party now joined Enola and Onrai, and the attendants grouped themselves about the terrace. There was no fear depicted on their faces, or shown in their actions, but there was the greatest wonderment. This was something unheard of, a storm like this promised to be, in the heart of the dry season; still fear was unknown to them, or that fear which is caused by a possibility of bodily suffering. They simply wondered and did not even try to make out the mystery.

Now the elephants seemed to scent danger, for they would sniff the air and then give out that peculiar cry. The zebras had gathered together in one part of the garden and would neigh in a pitiful manner as if expecting danger. The rumbling grew louder and more distinct and now sounded like the falling of many trees. The heavens were lurid with flash after flash of lightning, this lending a fearfulness to the scene which was awful. Now the elephants came up quite near to the terrace as if trying to find a place of refuge, and standing together with their backs turned toward the storm waited for the worst. Then the trees gave out a gentle wail as they were touched with the first breath of the wind; then they began to sway and groan as if in mortal agony. Each moment the

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wind grew more fierce, the lightning more vivid, the rumbling more deafening.

"Is this not unusual, Onrai?" asked Mr. Graham.

"It has never before happened at this time of the year," said Onrai. "At this season we never expect rain and depend wholly on the heavy dews to moisten our vegetation."

"It seems to be very fierce. Are your storms all like this?" asked Mr. Bruce.

"We have very hard storms accompanied by very strong winds, but I have never seen, or heard anything like this. Listen; is it not growing worse?" and Onrai's face for the first time looked troubled.

"Yes, very much worse," said Harry, "and I would advise that we all go inside the villa."

"No, Harry," said Enola, "let us remain outside until driven in. The sight is too grand to lose."

"I am willing to remain but it is much safer inside during a storm like this," said Harry.

Now the noise drowned their voices and conversation was given up. The air seemed full of electricity; the flesh tingled with it; the nostrils inhaled it and a copperish taste was left in the mouth.

"Look," shouted Enola, "what is that fearful mass approaching, and hear that terrible sound. It is like the dashing of thousands of waves against the rocks, or the tearing asunder of mighty mountains."

This was true; and now in the lurid lightning could be seen the dark clouds flying over Mother Earth, crushing all in its way. On the left of the villa was an open space, probably five miles broad, and on the far edge of this, as Enola spoke, could be seen the black cloud approaching. It seemed to take everything in

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its course and now the air was filled with all kinds of debris; huge logs of wood and even large boulders were seen flying through the air. It was a seething, hurling mass, made more awful by the ear-piercing noise and the continuous lightning.

"A cyclone," shouted Mr. Graham, but his voice could hardly be heard above the fearful din. "Hasten," he continued, "into the house," and leading his wife by one hand and Nellie by the other he hurried toward the entrance.

Onrai took Enola by the arm and was hurrying with all speed toward the large arch, when Enola, looking at the elephants, saw Gip looking pitifully at her and extending his trunk toward her as if begging her to help him. "Poor Gip," she said, and freeing herself from Onrai's retaining arm, she walked to the edge of the terrace and patted the elephant on the trunk stretched toward her.

"Come Enola or it will be too late," said Onrai. But it was even then too late, for Enola had leaned too far over the edge and losing her balance, fell to the lawn beneath. The distance was not great and Enola was not hurt, so she picked herself up and started for the steps leading to the terrace. But the wind had now grown so fierce she could hardly keep an upright position, and before she realized it she was being hurried forward with a speed which almost took her feet from under her. On by the steps she sped, unable to battle against the wind and force her way up these.

Gip had followed her, wonderingly at first, but at last, seeming to realize her peril, quickened his pace and just as the wind was about to hurl her to the

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ground, he grasped her about the waist with his powerful trunk and turned toward the terrace again; but the awful wind was even stronger than this mighty animal, and he was losing ground each step. Bravely he battled, holding Enola far above his head, his trunk encircling her body just tightly enough to keep her from slipping through its folds. His great body now began to sway in the gale and it looked for a moment as if both elephant and Enola would be picked up and swept into the fearful, swirling holocaust overhead.

Gip knew his danger, so turning his back to the storm he hurried on with it. At first he traveled only in a trot as if reluctant to give up to the power of the storm, but his pace grew faster and faster as this fearful power asserted itself, until he was flying over the ground, he seemed to no longer touch the ground so rapid was his pace. He had thrown Enola over on his back so that she could rest her limbs, but he still kept a firm hold on her with his trunk, and they kept up the mad rush together. The air was filled with debris of all kinds and Enola was afraid to open her eyes for fear of being blinded. On they rushed, the elephant keeping up the mad pace before the wind. One moment it would be as black as Erebus; the next the lightning's glare would break through the dirt filled atmosphere. It was a seething mass, a hurricane sweeping all before it; twisting trees from their roots or snapping their huge trunks like straws; sucking up great quantities of water as it crossed inlets of the lake; picking up in its mighty grasp cows, sheep, deer, zebra and all other animals excepting the huge elephants, whose great weight kept them from being carried from earth.

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Enola was lying flat on Gips's back, he holding her there as if he understood that she would be drawn from his grasp if he allowed her to sit up for even a moment. Grandly the noble beast fought against the fearful storm; the awful pace had now kept up so long he was fast giving out, and Enola could feel his grasp growing weaker, and feel the weary limbs give way when they would strike the earth; his breath came quick and he was gasping like a dying human being; but he kept on fighting, still fighting that enemy which was each moment getting the best of his efforts.

He stumbled and fell to his knees, but he was up again in an instant and hurrying before the wind; again he fell, and this time his huge body lay flat on its side, but he had held Enola aloof and she had been only slightly jarred. A groan escaped the noble beast as he tried to regain his feet. "Brave Gip!" said Enola, as she patted him on the trunk. "Once more, Gip, just once more, my noble friend, and we may yet escape." Gip made a supreme effort, and regained his feet. The thought now occurred to Enola that if she could guide the elephant out of this current of wind which was hurrying them on to destruction, they might yet be saved. She had seen the attendants touch the elephants on the right or left side of the head when wanting them to move in either direction, and she determined to try it. Reaching her hand out as far as she could, she was just able to touch the right ear of the elephant.

She struck this with her open hand, saying, "Try it, Gip, good Gip," and Gip, with strength nearly gone, turned as much to the right as possible, and beating against the strong wind, hurried on as fast as his

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weakened condition would allow him. In thus beating against the storm in an oblique direction, it brought them in a direct line with the flying debris, and Enola began to be bruised by the sticks and small stones which filled the air. She could hardly breathe either, for the dust and dirt which were swept up by the swirling current. She tried to protect her face with her hands, but these were soon raw and bleeding with the sand blast. Her eyes were filled with dirt, and her throat was dry and parched with the inhalation of the dirt-filled atmosphere.

She was suffering fearful agonies, and her suffering was growing worse every moment; she tried to hold her face closer to the elephant's back, but she was too weak now to make any exertion at all. On the great, brave beast moved, his body swaying with the wind, and each minute looking as if he must give up the struggle. Now the fury of the storm seemed to have grown worse, and the next instant it seemed to be abating. This would give hope to the suffering girl and to the animal, and a moment's breathing space in which they could recuperate slightly and prepare for a renewed effort.

It was just after one of these momentary spells of comparative quiet, that Gip, reeling and almost falling, had tried to pull himself together for another trial. His massive body seemed almost rigid as he stopped for a moment and braced himself; he half released his hold on Enola, and she, almost exhausted, felt that the grand fortitude of the animal and his sublime strength had given way, and that hope was indeed gone. But no; Gip shook all over; and, his nerves again relieved, made a last effort to go on. Painfully

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he strode on, never for a moment leaving the course which Enola had started him on.

The air seemed to grow thicker with sand and dust, while above them and all about them were flying logs, trees and stones. Enola was bruised and bleeding and she was on the point of fainting, when she opened her eyes for a moment, and just in time to see a huge tree fly through the air, and strike Gip fairly on the side of the head. Down he went like a shot, carrying Enola with him, but still holding her in his trunk. He had made a brave fight and lost.

CHAPTER XV.

IN THE TRACK OF THE STORM.

SEDAI, who had been such a prominent figure in the first part of the journey, and who had played such a part in the real cause of the expedition, had not been forgotten since reaching the Land of On, but so many new and strange things had come up to occupy the time and minds of our friends, and so many attendants had been placed at their disposal, Sedai had not been called upon to perform the many little duties to which he had become accustomed, and he was left to enjoy himself much as he saw fit. He had accompanied the party on the first part of the journey, but the King wished to send word back to the city, of the change in the programme and of their intention to proceed to the far end of the country before their return, and Sedai had offered to carry the message. Not

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that native messengers were wanting, but Sedai seemed to find more enjoyment in the delightfully cool and comfortable city than he did riding through the somewhat heated country.

But he had been too long accustomed to the march, and the white companions of the past few weeks had become too dear to him, to long remain away from them; so after spending one day in the city, he determined to start out and overtake the party. But now a strange thing occurred. Far off in the west, just creeping up from the horizon, rose a dark cloud, at first no larger than a zebra, but growing in size each moment and fast approaching the city. It soon overcast half the heavens and the entire populace was standing in the streets gazing at this wonder. The cloud had cut off the twilight completely and now, while it was yet early, darkness was over all, a darkness which was appalling. The populace exchanged looks of wonderment, but offered no explanation of this strange freak of the elements.

Sedai, who had long been accustomed to seeing these fearful electric and wind storms, was surprised to see the wonderment in the faces of these people. Turning to one who was near him, he said:

"Why do you gaze at the heavens in that way; have you never before seen a storm?"

"Many of them," answered the man, "but never at this time of the year, and never at any time as fierce a one as this promises to be."

"It does indeed look very threatening," said Sedai.

The night grew even darker, and then the lightning broke through the black clouds for a moment illuminating the beautiful city which the inhabitants had

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for the first time in their lives, failed to lighten. The thunder rolled up from the west, making a deafening roar, and still the people stood gazing, so overpowered were they by this strange event. And now the fitful gusts of wind reached them, and then a few drops of rain fell; and listen: what is that fearful sound. It is not thunder, for the thunder is roaring peal on peal and cannot be mistaken. This is something else. It can be heard only when the thunder rests for a moment. And it is growing nearer, and a little longer and it seems to be almost on them.

Like a flash it comes to Sedai.

"It is the simoon," he cries, in such an alarmed voice that all look at him in surprise. Again he called out, "the simoon." And now the natives all crowded around asking him what he meant. He had not learned the language sufficiently to make them understand by words, but by making signs he explained to them how the great winds sweep over the earth, leveling houses, trees and all else to the ground. Even then they showed no signs of fear. But one of them happened to remember the King, and that he, with the strange guests, was somewhere in the country, over which he storm was now approaching.

"The King," the man cried, and then, the others catching his meaning, and realizing the King's danger, the cry of "the King" rose high above the roar of the storm.

Sedai grasped the situation at once and knew that the King and his friends must be in imminent peril. The storm had come up just at that hour of the evening when the party, having rested during the heat of the day, might be expected to be on the road. If this

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was true and they were near no villa at the time, they must have fallen victims to the storm. But the populace was also fully aroused now, and already men were appearing in the streets astride of zebras, waiting only for others to congregate when they would hurry on to the rescue of the King and his party, if it was not already too late.

Sedai also brought out his zebra and joining the party, they started for the shore of the lake, knowing that somewhere near this would be found the King and his party. They started down the Avenue of On with the hope of reaching the King and his friends in time to help them, but the air was now becoming thick with sand and even sticks and stones, and the rescuing party were riding right in the face of this merciless hurricane. The zebras held their heads far down and moved on determinedly. Their riders lay close to their necks, endeavoring in this way to protect their faces. But it grew worse. The zebras, now thoroughly blinded, stumbled on, making heroic efforts to keep up the uneven struggle, but their pace was growing slower and slower and there seemed to be no chance for their getting much further. Suddenly Sedai's zebra turned to the right and left the avenue, the others followed. The party dared not open their eyes to see where the zebras were taking them, but after a little while noticing a cessation of the pitiless rain of sand and gravel, they opened their eyes as well as they could, and found that the animals had left the road and had sought shelter from the fearful storm near one of the farm villas. They had stopped under the east wall which protected them to some extent.

The men hurriedly dismounted and led the zebras

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to the large stable in the rear. All realized that it was useless to try to proceed further in the pitiless storm; it would only be death to do so, and they could not help their friends if they were in such a condition as the storm promised to put them in if they continued. Another hour of that fearful onslaught of gravel and sand, and small sticks and twigs, and every man would be dead. So they determined to wait until the storm would abate, when they would hurry on and give assistance to their friends, if it was not forever too late.

The inky blackness of the night, lit up only occasionally by the lightning, the fearful peals of thunder, the roaring of the storm as it rushed madly on, made the night one never to be forgotten. It must have been several hours past midnight before it abated in the least, and after it had once spent its wild fury it died quickly, and in a very short time it was perfectly calm.

Sounds of wounded and distressed animals could now be heard, pitiful in their mournful cries; trees could still be heard falling, and the night-birds which had escaped the fury of the storm, again took up their flight, giving out most dismal screeches. But the storm had passed, and Sedai and his party were again moving slowly along the avenue, for the night was still dark and many fallen trees now covered this beautiful highway.

So hurrying was out of the question, but the zebras, who had had their eyes washed out in the stable, and keen-sighted and sure-footed now, they went along at a good pace, considering the condition of the road. But it was so dark, and they had now proceeded far

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enough on their journey to expect to meet couriers from the King and party, if there were any left to tell the tale. Torches had been procured at the villa at which they had sought shelter, and lighting these, they carried them high above their heads with good effect. The lights threw weird shadows along the avenue as they picked their way through the debris. The storm seemed not to have touched the avenue or the grand trees bordering it, but had taken a course parallel to this, the outer edge of which had come very close to the southern border of the avenue. It was not, then, the avenue shade trees which occasionally lay across it, but the forest trees which covered the fields on each side. So close, however, had the tornado or cyclone come to the avenue, that some of the branches of its bordering trees had been cut off as with a knife.

Occasionally, in the glare of the torches, a wounded or dead animal would be seen. In one instance, a deer had been killed by a falling tree, and its mate, which had probably been with it at the time, now lay beside its dead licking the eyes and face. Again, a zebra had been torn and lacerated by the fierceness of the storm, and as it saw the lights and the familiar forms of the zebra in the cavalcade, it made a painful effort to rise and follow. Sedai seeing its suffering, dismounted and killed the poor beast, thus putting it out of its misery. The onyx pavement was covered with dead and wounded birds, the storm having played greater havoc among the winged inhabitants, than among any of the other.

At last faint streaks of dawn lighted up the eastern heaven, and gradually it grew lighter, until the great hot sun burst forth, its rays disclosing a scene of fear-

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ful devastation. But our friends had but little time to notice all of this. They were looking for the wounded or dead bodies of the King and his party. But look as they might, they could not see either a wounded or dead zebra or elephant, in this part of the avenue. This was probably because these animals had stables, into which they could run if they chose, and as all the buildings were of onyx, and built to stand for centuries, the storm's violence had no effect on them.

The rescuing party's progress had necessarily been slow, for they were not only hindered by fallen trees and other debris which strewed the avenue, but a great deal of time had been taken up in looking over the ground carefully, they fearing that if they did not do this, they might pass some of their wounded friends. They had now reached the lake, and the numerous inlets, or bays, which stretched into the mainland for a short distance, showed, from the appearance of their banks, that they had also received harsh treatment by the storm. Near one of these, lay, with its body half twisted in two, one of the sea monsters which had been sucked from the stream and hurled against a neighboring tree. Many fishermen's boats were strewn along the banks smashed to splinters. The villa in which the King and party had spent the night of prayer, was visited by the rescuers, but the bewildered attendants here could only say that the King and his party had left the morning before, and had not again returned. Then Sedai, and those with him, after exchanging their poor, tired zebras for fresh ones, and after a hasty meal, pushed on. They might reasonably suppose that the party had reached a point at least twenty miles farther to the northwest before

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the storm broke in its fury; but it might have been that they saw the storm approaching even before those in the city did, and fearing serious consequences had turned back. In this case the rescuers might expect to meet them at any time now and especial care was taken to look behind each fallen tree or pile of debris.

An elephant had been taken along from the last villa in hopes that he might be able to sooner detect their near approach to any of his companions used by Onrai and his party. These animals are very sagacious and their senses are very acute, they being able to hear the slightest noise or see the most minute object, while their scent is only equaled by a bloodhound.

Carefully this great beast picked his way, stepping gingerly over the fallen trees and testing each bridge with his fore legs before venturing to cross it. The distance between the villa and where our friends might expect to be found, if safe, was now half covered and the rescuers had gained heart with each step forward, for if those whom they were seeking were not found within the next few miles, they would know that they were safe. Suddenly the elephant stopped, and sniffing the air gave a sharp, quick cry. Looking to the left the party saw the huge body of an elephant, and beside it that of a woman.

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CHAPTER XVI.

ENOLA FOUND.

ONRAI had seen Enola slip and fall, and then carried away from him, with the greatest anguish. He stood for a moment gazing at the retreating figure, and saw the noble elephant grasp her. He now thought her safe and started toward her, but the storm caught him in its folds and he was also being hurried before it. But the attendants had been watching him and Enola from the entrance, and seeing him hurried on by the storm, they formed a line by clasping hands, and throwing this human barrier across the terrace they prevented the King from being blown further by the storm, and before he could realize it, he was hurried into the villa and was standing among his friends and attendants. The action had been so quick that he was at first bewildered, but the truth having suddenly dawned upon him, he made a rush for the door.

"Back, man," said Mr. Bruce, throwing himself across his path. "What would you do? Do you not know that it is sure death to venture forth in this storm?"

Onrai stopped and looked at Mr. Bruce almost scornfully, then said:

"And would you let Enola perish?"

"No, not if the giving of my life would save hers," said Mr. Bruce, "but to throw myself into that howling vortex, would mean instant death, and in no way could I help Enola. We must wait until the storm

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abates and then look for our friend. She has the protection of the only living thing which can help her now, her good friend, Gip. God grant that his powerful strength may prove mightier than the power of the storm," and as he finished speaking, Mr. Bruce raised his hand to his eye and brushed away a tear.

Onrai turned away and paced the long hall like a caged lion, his hands crossed behind his back, and his body slightly bent forward, as if ready to spring through the open entrance and run, as soon as the elements would permit. Harry, who was also crazed with pain because of the fate of Enola, was also on the alert to give Onrai a race in his rush to rescue his friend.

The storm grew fiercer each moment and the noise more fearful. Mr. Graham stepped up to Mr. Bruce and with a white face, said, "No human being could possibly live in that storm; it is fearful."

"Yes, the most terrible I have ever seen," said Mr. Bruce. "But let us hope that in some way Enola has reached safety."

"If I could only hope; but I cannot, that storm would kill every hope," said Mr. Graham.

"Enola was not in the heart of the storm," said Mr. Bruce. "She was not carried into the centre of that seething, swirling tornado. She was only in the outer edge, and maybe the elephant was sagacious enough to work its was out of danger. Let us hope so at least."

But hope seemed futile when they looked into that fearful on-rushing storm.

"Look," said Mr. Bruce. They all turn toward the door. The elephants had gathered beneath the trees

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in one corner of the garden, and here, bunched together they had resisted the storm, but as Mr. Bruce spoke, the storm had reached the height of its fury, and the elephants no longer being able to withstand its power had been blown forward, some of them falling and the others tumbling over them. Those that were able to keep their feet had been rushed forward with such force, that in striking the trees they were crushed and badly wounded; those that were left prone on the ground were rolling over and over in their efforts to regain their feet, the wind blowing them over again before they could stand erect.

Most of the zebras had run to the stables when they actually realized their danger, but others, which had remained to graze the fresh grass until too late, had been drawn into the circling, whirling mass and hurried on.

Onrai was still pacing the floor, almost crazed with the thought that Enola was in fearful peril and he unable to help her. Frequently he would walk to the door and clasping his hands, cry in an agonized voice: "Will it never cease?" It was now three hours after midnight and the fierce winds had slackened, and the storm seemed broken. All were watching it now with an eager look, praying for its speedy death. The attendants went into the stables, and in a little while brought zebras to the terrace, and Onrai with his guests and twenty attendants started in search of Enola. But the night was still very dark and the torches helped them but little. Every foot of ground was gone over carefully. They did not keep in the avenue, but to the right, or in a direct line with that taken by Gip as he left the garden.

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Several elephants were lying about the garden or in the surrounding fields, dead or too badly disabled to work. In the clear light of day Gip could have been easily distinguished from any of these, but in the darkness all looked alike, and each prostrate form was examined carefully, and in some cases ropes were thrown about the legs and the elephant turned over, the party thinking that Enola might possibly be lying crushed beneath it. But none of these proved to be Gip, and the party moved slowly on.

"I feel hopeful that the elephant with Enola has escaped," said Mr. Bruce to Onrai, as they rode along.

"Oh, I hope so," answered Onrai, "but it was fearful," and he shuddered.

"But tell me, Onrai, when you have such storms as these, are many of your people killed?" asked Mr. Bruce.

"We have never before had such a storm, never during my life. We have some storms in this season, but never like this, and death has never resulted. The death and ruin which I have seen to-night appalls me. Never before have I, or any of my race, I believe, experienced such sensations as these fearful sights bring forth. I cannot understand why this should be. That it is a visitation of our God, I know; but why? That the punishment is just I cannot doubt; but for what is this punishment? I or my people have sinned, but I know not what this sin is, unless——" and Onrai's face turned ghastly pale in the glare of the torches.

"Unless what, Onrai?" asked Mr. Bruce.

"Unless it be in a way of which I cannot tell you," said Onrai, "or, unless my people have failed, in my

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absence, to carry out certain rites preparatory to the Day of Resis, which must not be neglected."

Mr. Bruce looked at him for a moment with the intention of asking him something further regarding this strange day, but something kept him from doing so.

The dawn was breaking and it seemed that these hours had been spent in a fruitless search. But so careful had been the search, that all felt assured that Enola had not been passed. They had covered but few miles, but in this space the whole width of the storm's track had been carefully looked over.

"I cannot see how the elephant could have held out sufficiently long to reach this distance," said Mr. Graham to Mr. Bruce, "and I think that it is convincing proof, that the beast beat his way out of the trail of the storm and took a circuitous route back to the villa."

"If that was so," answered Mr. Bruce, "he should have reached the villa before we departed, or else we would have met him on the way."

"No, I think that we will yet find both the elephant and Enola safe," said Harry, "who then joined them, but probably too exhausted to return, and awaiting assistance. See there," and as he spoke all looked in the direction of the avenue and saw a party of natives, headed by Sedai, approaching.

"They are coming towards us," said Onrai. "Let us meet them."

They started towards the approaching party, Onrai in the lead. He turned his zebra to one side to go around a pile of debris, when, upon reacling the far side of this, he pulled up his zebra so quickly, that it nearly dismounted him. His eyes were bulging from

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their sockets and a groan left his lips; he seemed paralyzed, so rigid had he grown. The rest of the party had now come up, and also Sedai and his followers, and all looked in the direction in which was Onrai, and there, half hidden by the debris and great body of the elephant, lay Enola, her robe almost torn from her body and her face and hands black and bleeding.

CHAPTER XVII.

"SHE IS MAD."

As both parties met and looked down on the bruised and blackened face of Enola, a cry of horror went up from each one of them. Hope had still had life as long as there was any uncertainty, but now it had met its death.

"Look," said Harry, "the elephant is not dead. See, he is trying to move his head."

Hurriedly the party dismounted, and Onrai lifted Enola carefully in his arms. She had fallen across Gip's outstretched trunk when the crash came, and here she now laid. When Onrai lifted her up, Gip tried to raise his head, but this he could not do. The whole side of it was crushed in, or the lower part of it was, and he looked up with pitiful eyes, begging help from the party bending over him.

Onrai still had Enola in his arms when Mr. Bruce came up and said:

"Lay her down on the grass, Onrai, until I can make

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an examination. Quick, she may yet be living; the elephant is."

Carefully Onrai laid her on the grass, holding her head in his lap. Mr. Bruce bent down, and placing his ear to her heart, said:

"She yet lives. Quick, bring me a flask of brandy." A flask was handed him, and placing this to the lips of Enola, poured a few drops down her throat. "Bring some water," he again commanded, and this having been handed him, he bathed her bruised face and hands with it. She was badly lacerated, the cuts not being deep, but so many of them that an inch of whole skin could scarcely be found.

Harry looked as long as he could, but finally walked away; the sight of his loved one in this condition crazing him.

But for the faint beating of the heart, all would have pronounced her dead, for it could scarcely be hoped that one so terribly cut and bruised could survive. Even the body had not been spared, and great blotches of flesh had been torn from it by contact with the flying debris.

"Is there hope?" almost whispered Onrai.

"I cannot say," said Mr. Bruce. "But if blood-poisoning does not set in, I should think, with her splendid constitution, she might get well. But she has laid here for hours exposed, and it is greatly against her chances for recovery. She must be taken where women attendants can help her, and that immediately." And Mr. Bruce had to again place his ear over the region of the heart in order to tell whether she was yet alive.

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"See, she opens her eyes," said Harry, as he again comes up.

Yes, it was true, she had opened her eyes, but only for an instant, and then closed them again.

"Enola, look; do you not know us?" said Harry, as he bent over her.

Her eyes again opened, and she tried to part her parched and bleeding lips, but she had not yet the strength.

"There may be some hope now, I think," said Mr. Bruce.

Hurriedly a litter was made from the blanket taken from the elephant, and with one of her friends at each corner of this, Enola was carried to the nearest villa. This was not far away, and, when reached, attendants were found in waiting, and Enola being carried to one of the large, cool and comfortable apartments, she was soon under the care of female attendants. Carefully they bathed the bruised and bleeding body, and under Mr. Bruce's orders they anointed and bandaged the cuts. Finally, after long and hard work, and after hope of resuscitating her was nearly lost, she opened her eyes.

Mr. Bruce was standing at her side at the time, and seeing that she had regained consciousness, and that danger for the time was passed, he carried the glad news to the anxious ones waiting for his report. All immediate anxiety being allayed they breathed freer. Onrai, who now felt at liberty to return to the city, began to make preparations for so doing, he feeling that at such a time his presence was greatly needed among his people. Accordingly he took a few of his attendants, and after making arrangements for hourly

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messengers to he sent him, giving full account of Enola's condition, he started. Just before leaving, Enola opened her eyes, and after a moment, uttered the one word, "Gip."

It was perfectly natural that returning consciousness should bring to memory the fearful experiences of the night before and of the brave animal which had fought so nobly to protect, and save her life. In their anxiety for Enola all thought of poor Gip had been forgotten, but when she spoke his name and they knew that she was anxious about him, and when they remembered all that he had done for her, they censured themselves for having forgotten him for even a moment.

Onrai gave orders to some of his people to go to the assistance of Gip, and to do all in their power to relieve the noble beast, if yet alive. Mr. Bruce, not being needed for the time in the sick-room, went with the party as did also Sedai. The great animal heard them coming, and tried to raise his shattered head, but could not. A slight movement of the trunk was the only sign of life he could give. Mr. Bruce had not made a study of the anatomy of the elephant, and he understood very little about them, but he determined to do all he could for the animal.

Gip had unfortunately fallen on his right side and it was necessary for them to turn him over. This was no easy task; in fact it looked at first as if this could not be accomplished; but Mr. Bruce quickly thought out a plan which proved successful. Large ropes were tied to the legs of the side on which the animal was lying, and by a long and hard pull he was turned over onto the unbruised side. A groan, almost human in

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its intensity, escaped the crushed beast, as he was pulled over but he seemed to understand that his friends were there to help him. Mr. Bruce commenced at once to examine his wounds.

The lower side of the head had been crushed and the body for half its length was lacerated. He had fallen on these wounds and the sand and gravel which covered the ground had worked into the wounds and were now held there by clotted blood. Water was brought from the lake and poured into the wounds until cleansed of all dirt, and then soothing liniments were poured into them. Gip did not make a movement, the great intelligent beast realizing that all this washing and anointing was being done to help him. It was a question as to how they were going to bandage the huge body, and after careful consideration this was deemed impossible until he could stand, as they could not carry the bandage about the body otherwise. The head, however, was lifted by the exertions of a dozen of the attendants and great, white silk bandages were carried around the monstrous hulk. Pails of water were now brought and he drew in great draughts with his trunk. Food was also brought where he could reach it. Everything that could possibly be done for his comfort was done, and two men were left to watch over the animal until evening, when he was to be again bandaged, and, if possible, gotten on his feet and taken to the villa.

Mr. Bruce now hurried back to the villa. He had been gone for some time and he feared that Enola might need his attention. He had considerable misgiving regarding her speedy recovery, or even her recovery at all, for she had been fearfully bruised and

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cut, and had been so long exposed afterward, that there was great fear of blood-poisoning setting in. He realized what this wonderful woman had undergone in these few short hours, and he doubted if another could have passed through such an ordeal and lived. But Enola had a perfectly healthy constitution and Mr. Bruce had a faint hope that this intrepid girl might pull through.

As he entered the villa, Nellie, who had been sent for, met him in the hall, and to his look of inquiry, said,

"She has awakened but her mind is gone; she is mad."

CHAPTER XVIII.

ONRAI VISITS THE PRIEST.

ONRAI hurried on to the city. At frequent intervals on his journey he met couriers from the city, all hurrying to give him the details of new discoveries of the storm's devastation. The track of the tempest, as he now followed it, so shortly after its fearful advent, showed ruin and death everywhere. But so far no loss of human life had been reported and the King felt more than thankful for this. As the inhabitants would meet the King, they would look at him in the same wondering way as they had at the storm the night before, they were evidently seeking an explanation from their King, of the phenomenon. When they did ask him why

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such ruin had overtaken them, he would invariably answer by saying that there was sin among them. Then they would look one at the other as if wondering, if it were he or she who was guilty.

Arriving at the city, he found the populace awaiting him. On all previous occasions when Onrai had been away from the city for a season, upon his return the people had been glad to see him and had met him at the city limits with harps and glad songs. But now they stood and looked with no joy in their faces; but this was easy to account for. The people had never before in their lives had one little thing to occur to disturb the even tenor of their existence. Their lives were simply one long, happy or perfectly contented existence, they knowing no pains or sorrows.

The seasons came and went, each occupying just so many months, never varying greatly one from the other, for it was perpetual spring in this delightful country. But at one season more rain fell than at another, and for several months of each year rain never fell. Severe storms were very infrequent and such storms as the one of the night previous had never been known before. And this had happened right in the middle of the dry season. It was not so much this latter fact probably which made the people wonder, as it was the death and ruin which it left in its wake. This the people could not understand, for life to them was a sacred thing, even those animals of a meat-serving kind, never being allowed to be killed wantonly, or where there was no use in the slaughter. Why had the poor dumb beasts been killed in this way? There was a world of inquiry in their looks as they stood perfectly still, and saw the King pass.

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But Onrai heeded them not. He hurried on past the great square and up the broad avenue to the Temple, where the head priest was awaiting him, and as the King drew up, the priest approached him, saying, "You have come, oh King. Throughout the night I have prayed for you and those with you. You are safe, God be praised," and taking Onrai by the hand he led him into the Temple.

"It was your prayers then which brought us to shelter before the storm overtook us," said the King. "But tell me, you who know all of the sacred writings, what has caused this death-dealing and destroying storm. I can only believe that our people are sinning. Tell me, do you not think this so?"

"I have made research, knowing that both you, King, and the people would want to know the cause of the storm, and I too have wished to learn the reason. I find among the sacred writings words admonishing us to do right at all times and if laws were broken and the inhabitants of this great Land of On treated lightly, the commands laid down for their good and prosperity, they would be made to suffer in such ways as God would devise. I also find that God will give warning to the good of coming events. I do not know what to think, but I hardly believe that our good people are sinning."

"Are there any motives which might make us break the laws?" asked the King.

"I think not," answered the priest, and as he said this, he looked at the King and was surprised to see his face so pale. "No, it must be a warning," he continued.

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"But what unusual event can come to our country?" asked Onrai.

"Was not the storm of last night an unusual event?" asked the priest, "and should this not be a sufficient warning to us to guard against all such? I believe that naught else can come to the Land of On but the wars of the elements, and if these visit us, it is God's will and they purpose some good."

"If it be God's will, he must have some object in it," said Onrai. "But tell me, priest, did the Kings of On ever marry?"

The question almost staggered the priest and he started back for the moment unable to answer. But controlling himself he came forward and looked Onrai straight in the eye, asking sternly, "Why do you ask? Do you not know that it means death to the King who even contemplates marriage? Were not the sacred teachings imparted to you when you were yet young, and have these not been told you many times since and expanded on, and explained? And does not the law say that the King shall not marry? I cannot understand you, King."

Onrai's face was puzzled as he looked at the priest as he spoke.

"I hardly understand myself," said the King. "I have indeed read the great laws and have heard them read since my earliest childhood, and I know that the King cannot marry and that there are great and good reasons given for his not marrying. But God forgive me if I have thought for one moment that this law was unjust. I am King, chosen by the people because of my physical attainments and stature. I am strong, powerful; through my veins courses the

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blood of endless generations of perfect manhood; every nerve, every tissue, every muscle tingles with life; I have been trained until my naturally healthy sinews are as hard as the black metal which we dig out of the foothill of the cliffs; my whole being vibrates with health and vitality and for these reasons I am chosen King and denied a wife; I of all men who should be granted a mate," and as he ceased speaking he strode up and down the Temple, his powerful form shaking like an aspen; his breath came quick and short; his hands opened and shut nervously.

The priest looked at him in wonderment and seemed at a loss to know how to answer him. But he must say something to this rash man, this ruler of the people, who was supposed to be pure, to be sinless. If others should hear him talk in this mad way the consequences might be fearful. He stepped in front of the King as he came near him and said, "Onrai, are you not mad? Do you not realize the consequences of such ravings? Do you not know that death awaits you if you give up to such sinful thoughts? Oh, Onrai, King, brother, great and good, strong and beautiful, drive these fearful thoughts from your mind; smother these emotions, which can only lead you to destruction. Remember that endless line of ancestors of whom you speak, and let not an act of yours disgrace their memory or make sorrowful the people who chose you for their King. Tell me, oh my brother, what it is which has wrought this great change in you," and then, seeming to remember the strangers, he clutched Onrai's arm nervously and said, "Tell me, is it they?"

"Of whom do you speak," asked the King.

"Of the strangers," answered the priest.

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"Why should you suspicion our guests," asked Onrai. "Is it just to them, who for the time may expect only the kindest treatment from us? I do not like this," but as he spoke, his heart smote him for being the first to suspicion the good motives of the strangers.

"Forgive me, King," said the priest. "I had but your interest at heart and thought only of you when I spoke; but I could not suspicion you of fostering such thoughts unless encouraged by some one. And I could not suspicion any of our people, for they have too great a reverence for our holy laws to ever speak on such subjects. Then, who could I think of but they of the fair skin? But I was wrong, forgive me."

"No, it has been nature itself, this strong vital power which permeates my being, which has prompted the thoughts. I cannot be held responsible for these thoughts, but only for nurturing them, and allowing them to influence me in doing wrong. It has not reached this point yet and it never shall. If I am weak in the body I am strong here," and Onrai tapped his forehead.

"Now, you are the Onrai I have known since a boy," said the priest. "But Onrai be careful; guard against temptation, as our sacred writing commands us to do. Come to me and tell me if you are again tempted; I have never had such thoughts as yours and I can better counsel and advise you. And if others should hear you vent such thoughts, the whole populace would soon know it and the end would be death. Let me again admonish you, my King, to fortify your mind against such temptations. If certain ones create such

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thoughts, go not near them," and the priest, with this advice, left him.

Onrai walked down the main hall of the Temple, his mind trying to throw from it the gloomy thoughts which the priest's negative assertion had raised. So the hope, which sprung into being when he saw Enola's innocence, could not be cherished; the fulfilment of it could never be realized. The thought was maddening and Onrai goaned aloud in his fearful agony.

"God help me in this struggle," he cried, "is it sin, can it be sin, this longing to be like other men, be allowed to take unto myself a wife? I cannot believe that it is, but the law says "No," and I, with every impulse fighting against it, must comply."

He now left the Temple and walked down the broad avenue. Word had gone forth that the King would speak at the large open square, and crowds who had seen the King come to the city had now, with their friends gathered and were waiting with those same wonder-depicting countenances, for the King to come and tell them why the strange storm had come and ruined the Land of On. Walking straight to the fountain, Onrai mounted the dais and glancing about him for a moment at the hushed, bewildered Onians, said:

"It has pleased our great God to give us a warning; this warning admonishes us to be careful, watchful and diligent. If any among you have sinned or are sinning, this fearful storm tells you to turn from the evil of your ways; if you have intentions of sinning, it speaks to you a warning, but I cannot believe that my people are sinning. I look among you to-day and see not one guilty face. You are bewildered, in wonder-

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ment, but this is not guilt. It can be a warning to us of some disastrous event which may visit our fair land. It may be that it will all be revealed to us later, but let us not be worried, but obeying the laws, go on in our happy way. The fearful storm has caused no loss of life of our people, and we may believe from this that God was not angry with us. Let us be watchful of coming harm, but let us not live in dread, for such will destroy happiness. The storm has left a vast track of ruin behind it, but ruin easily righted. We must, for the time, give up all other occupations and repair the damage done by the storm. Only let the food be furnished and the city kept clean. All traces of the devastation will soon be gone and we will forget, or it will only be a memory to us after a short time. Our guests from the faraway planet escaped injury, all but one and that one was the fair and sweet Enola, who is so much loved by you all. But I left her better and she will recover, for God would not take one of our guests, and leave our people unharmed."

As if in denial of Onrai's words, a messenger stepped to the edge of the crowd and waved a piece of papyrus over his head. Onrai saw him at once and raising his hand, said :

"A courier has just arrived from the villa in which lies the fair Enola. I must hasten to this villa as these people are our guests, and I should be with them. Again I pray of you, be watchful, and keeping from sin, be happy and contented as in the past."

Onrai ceased speaking and descending to the pavement took the message from the courier. It read as follows :

"Enola lives, but her reason is dead." His face

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turned ashen and he jumped on to the zebra held for him by an attendant, and dashed off madly down the avenue. The populace watched his retreating figure in still greater wonderment, and the attendants who followed him were soon left far in the rear, as the zebra which he rode was fleeter than any other in the land. On the King rode, each moment urging the zebra to greater efforts, each moment shortening the distance between Enola and himself. The avenue had been almost cleared of fallen trees by the large body of men who had immediately gone to work after the storm, and Onrai hardly met with any obstructions in his mad rush. It was growing dark now and Onrai had ridden nearly fifty miles that day, but he showed no fatigue as he bent well over the zebra's shoulders and urged it on. He had but one thought, an excruciating one: "Enola was mad." The agony of that thought. She would no longer look at him with those beautiful eyes or speak to him in those charming accents, or smile on him with those lips which seemed only made to kiss. Mad, mad, mad; the word rang in his ears, the zebra's hoofs seemed to pound it out of the flinty pavement, the birds in the air were screeching it; everything seemed to be telling him the fearful story. On, on he rushed with unabated speed, the zebra reeking with sweat and panting as if it would drop each moment, its eyes bulged and glaring, until, pulling up in front of the villa, and Onrai jumping from its back, the beast falls dead.

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CHAPTER XIX.

ONRAI CONFESSES HIS LOVE.

YES, it was only too true. The sufferings of that mad ride before the storm and the long exposure had unbalanced Enola's reason. As Mr. Bruce entered the apartment after visiting Gip he found two women attendants struggling with her trying to prevent her leaving the couch, while Mrs. Graham was standing near trying to reason with her. But there was no longer any reason in Enola. She had awakened to oblivion, her mind groveling in darkness.

Mr. Bruce walked up, and looking at Enola closely, saw that she was in a high fever; feeling her pulse he knew that she was in a very dangerous condition. His troubled look told the story to Mrs. Graham and Nellie as they stood watching him anxiously. He sent for the small medicine chest which they had brought with them from the States, and which they had thought to place with the equipments when starting on this excursion. From this he took medicines that would allay the fever, first giving Enola a quieting powder. This had to be forced down her throat as she closed her teeth tightly and refused to take anything. It soon had its effect and as her muscles relaxed and bruised limbs became quiet, Mr. Bruce could better diagnose the disease.

After a careful examination he came to the conclusion that she was suffering more from a nervous fever

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than anything else, caused by the fearful suspense, suffering and exposure of the night before.

"Is there any hope for her?" asked Harry, who had come into the apartment.

"I cannot say," said Mr. Bruce, "but we will hope until the disease has run its course and the change comes."

"But of her reason," questioned Harry. "If she lives, will her mind always be clouded?" and Harry's look of agony was fearful.

"That I cannot say, for unfortunately, I am not an expert in mind diseases," answered Mr. Bruce. It may be though only the ravings of a fever-racked brain, and when this has passed she may regain her reason."

"God grant that this may be true," said Harry.

Mr. Bruce was a great advocate of ice in cases of fever and he had at once ordered a liberal use of this. Fortunately Mrs. Graham and Nellie were with Enola, for they had both had experience as nurses and knew just what to do, and then their love for her would insure her the very best of treatment.

The day rolled by and Enola had not yet come out of the long sleep into which the morphine had thrown her. Harry had strolled up and down before the door of the sick chamber, stopping occasionally to listen, hoping to hear signs of returning consciousness from within. But all had remained quiet and Harry had kept up the vigil from without. He had suffered fearfully in those few short hours since Enola, snatched by the storm, had been carried away, giving her up only after it had destroyed the greatest gift of God—reason. It seemed an age to him, these few short hours and the suffering had grown more intense as the

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day advanced, and the possibilities of returning life and reason grew less. Harry was not one to say much or to carry his heart on his sleeve, but his love for Enola was deep and sincere, and his suffering now fearful as a consequence. He had seen Enola's growing friendliness or infatuation for the King and this had wounded him terribly. Still he had so much faith in her that he could not doubt but that she would be perfectly true to herself in the matter, and if, in the meantime she should learn to love Onrai, she would tell him candidly.

But the thought was torturing, the very possibility of his losing her after these long years. The barbarous grandeur, so it might be called, of the King and his people, was enough to turn the head of any woman or man, for that matter, and he could not blame Enola if she should turn from him to the King. Yet there was something about these people which could not be understood, a certain mystery unsolved and unsolving; they had now been among them several weeks, and had been let into all their mode of life, their customs, habits, and nothing, seemingly, had been kept from them; but there had been mentioned a certain day, the Day of Resis, over which there hung a cloud. This had only been mentioned unguardedly, and there seemed to be a secret connected with it, which was not to be divulged to the vulgar ears of the strangers. Harry had hopes that the uncertainty of this mystery would guard Enola from allowing herself to form an alliance with the King, an alliance which might make life a hell ever afterwards.

Harry was not superstitious, but there was a certain dread of the future with these people; a sort of pre-

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monition of coming evil; that before long this pleasant life would end, and a something would occur which would make the party forever regret the day they entered this strange country. These thoughts might have been occasioned by the fear that Enola was being infatuated by the subtle influence of the King; an influence, which he, Harry, thought lay in the mystery overhanging the entire race. But when Enola would once come to believe as he did, that there was a future life with these people, which was the very reverse to the one they were now enjoying, she would at once turn a deaf ear to the love-making of Onrai. But had he made love to her? Harry could not make himself believe that Enola would allow this from one whom she had known but such a short while; and then Onrai, when Harry came to think of him, was such a great, powerful man, so straightforward and free from all deceit, so brave and strong; he looked a lover, and yet he did not know. One thing Harry was assured of: Onrai did not make love to Enola with those simple nothings which make up the wooings of modern lovers in civilized countries. And it might be the total absence of these idiotic expressions which won her friendship and esteem, and finally, love. It might be the grand physique and strength of the man which attracted her. But at any rate, Harry would not relinquish all hope of yet winning Enola, and when he thought of that mysterious something which threw a sort of shroud over the future of these people, he felt almost confident that Enola would not allow herself to become entirely infatuated, or, as it has been said, allianced with this King.

But now this slender hope had been shattered.

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Enola lay at death's door physically and mentally, with but slight hopes of regaining bodily health, and less of her ever regaining her reason. For the first time Harry regretted their ever having started on this hazardous journey, but when he thought of the determination of Enola, and realized that she would have come at any rate whether he had or not, he felt glad at least that he was now here to help her. He must be resigned and await the future. But this was easier said than done, especially when the one great loved one was lying at death's door. Again he stopped and listened, and hearing no sound, walked to the entrance, and looking out saw Onrai dash madly up on his winded charger and dismount. Onrai almost stumbled over Harry as he hurried through the entrance. Looking up almost angrily, he was about to make some passionate remark, when, seeing that it was Harry, he grasped him by the shoulders, and said, hoarsely :

"Tell me quickly, how is she ?"

"The same," answered Harry. "Still mad, and no hope."

"It is fearful !" cried Onrai, as he dropped his hands from Harry's shoulders and commenced pacing the floor.

Harry watched the suffering of this strong man, and for a time, almost gloated over the thought of this rival's agony. But why should he feel this way? Had not Onrai been open and above board with him, and did he, Onrai, ever suspect that he had a rival in himself? So if they were to be rivals, let it be an open and square fight, and not for a moment harbor such

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miserable jealous thoughts. Going up to Onrai, he said :

"Tell me, King, why do you take such an interest in us—in Enola? We are your guests, certainly, but your interest in us is even greater than we might expect from you, our host."

"I cannot answer you," said Onrai, "further than as you have suggested, it is because you are my guests. You come to us strangers; you knew not what to expect when you threw yourselves on our bounty, but you trusted us, and for that reason you are deserving of every attention which we can give you."

"But pardon me, Onrai," said Harry, "if I ask you a pointed question. I saw your fearful agitation as you witnessed Enola being borne away from you last night in the teeth of the storm; I saw that you suffered far more than if you had only a friendly interest in her; and I saw you to-night when you came tearing up the driveway and then up the steps of the terrace, the dead zebra testifying that you must have ridden like mad: I see you now, your face pale, your eyes bloodshot, your whole appearance displaying mental anguish. Have you not a personal interest in Enola, and is not this interest prompted by a feeling deeper than friendship?"

Onrai now stood with his arms crossed over his breast, his bearing erect and scornful, as if to give Harry the impression that he was accountable to himself alone for his actions and did not recognize Harry's right to question him. He stood looking at Harry for some time after he had finished speaking, as if debating with himself as to whether he would answer

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him or not. But his just nature asserted itself, and he said:

"Your question is a strange one, but I feel that you have some right to ask it; for you have been Enola's companion for years and must have a brotherly regard or love for her. I cannot blame you, now that I remember the difference in our lives, for this solicitation for her future. But have not my attentions to Enola been honorable? Do you think that I, the King of the Land of On, chosen by the people because they knew that I was pure of mind, do you think that I could so far forget my natural traits or early teachings, as to have any but the purest thoughts of Enola, and do you not know that the Kings of On cannot marry?"

"So I have learned," answered Harry, "but are you not still a man, and as a man have you not human emotions and passions? Because you are a chosen King, is the ruling passion, love, driven from your heart?"

"No, I would to God that it was," answered Onrai, and his face betrayed his fearful agony of mind. "No, this passion is still ours, but sufficient strength is given us to keep it in check. We must smother it and cast it out. We must so interest ourselves in our people as to forget all else."

"But can you do this?" asked Harry. "Is not love all-powerful? Even among your people, who are supposed to keep it in check until after marriage? You have lived, Onrai, thirty-five years; have you not in that time felt the delightful sensations of love, and have you found it possible to smother it?"

"Yes, I have loved," answered Onrai. "But it came over me like a dream and was so subtle in its movements that I did not realize that it had taken pos-

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"No, I would to God that it was."—*Page* 154.

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session of me until a long time afterwards. But an unlooked for event opened my eyes to my sin and the knowledge of it nearly crazed me."

"Your sin?" asked Harry. "Do you consider it a sin when you did not realize that it was love that had taken possession of you? I would not call it by such a name."

"Still it was a sin," said Onrai, "for I had allowed myself to be drawn into its meshes without even making an effort to extricate myself. To escape this tempter it is necessary that we guard against the influences which lead to it, and I have not done this."

"But, King, could you, after your discovery, tear this love from your breast and go on as if you had never experienced this grand emotion?" questioned Harry again.

"I must," answered Onrai, "for it would be death for me to nurture it and allow it to influence my life, which it would do if I did not kill it. Still, the struggle will be terrible, and I know not how it will end. It is too early now in the fight, perhaps, to expect great results, but I almost doubt my strength to overcome its machinations. But I must see her," and Onrai hurried toward the door of Enola's apartment, Mr. Bruce having beckoned him to come.

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CHAPTER XX.

THE AGONY OF ONRAI.

THE day must have seemed interminable to the wounded elephant as he lay on the hard, sand-covered earth. All that could be done for his comfort, however, had been done; his wounds had been dressed again in the evening and repeated efforts had been made to get him on his feet, but without success. They had, though, gotten him on his haunches and he seemed easier in this position. They had gone to the villa and procured ropes and a sort of pulley, which they were now rigging to one of the trees above Gip. They thought that by getting him on his feet he might be able to walk to the villa stables, as the trouble all lay in the right foreleg, which had been sprained by the log striking it. The block and fall had been rigged and the rope worked under the immense body and fastened in a loop; then two other elephants were hitched to the other end of the rope and started. They moved slowly, and as the rope tightened about Gip's shoulders, he did all in his power to help regain his feet. But his help was not needed for the two elephants lifted him bodily until his forelegs were pulled from off the ground, his hind feet alone touching; then he was lowered until the forelegs again touched the ground, and after awhile, when he had become used to the weight, the rope was taken from about his body and the other two elephants taking up a posi-

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tion, one on either side of him, he was gently urged to take a step forward.

It was painful to see the effort he made to walk. His right foreleg was stiff and he had to limp in a distressing manner. It took a long time to reach the villa stables, where a soft bed had been made for him with a sling rigged above, so that he could be raised or lowered as the attendants saw fit.

"I declare," said Mr. Bruce, "it does me good to see the brave animal housed. If it were not for him we would not now have even a small hope of Enola again being with us, alive and well."

"It is a small hope, indeed," said Mr. Graham. "But it is a hope, and even that is better than knowing that the bruised and mangled body lay buried under a pile of debris. Gip, you do not realize the full significance of your brave act. It may mean health and happiness or it may mean suffering and mental death. God forbid that it should be the latter."

Mr. Graham and Mr. Bruce now turned and went into the house and direct to Enola's apartment. She lay still in that death-like sleep into which she had fallen after taking the morphine. Mr. Bruce looked at her anxiously, and stepping up to her couch, felt her pulse.

"Her fever is abating," he said, and I can now say there may be some hope of her recovery. When I first felt her pulse this morning it was beating at the rate of 105; but the smallest rise in this and she could not have survived," and saying this, Mr. Bruce proceeded to rebandage the swollen and inflamed face and limbs. Now that the fever was checked he feared blood-poison, and especial precaution against this had

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to be taken. As Mr. Bruce and the attendant unwound the old bandages, Enola opened her eyes and looked about her in a half-dreamy way, but there was no intelligence in that look; the eyes were dull and seemed to recognize none of the friends about her; her lips parted and she again breathed the word "Gip." That was all. Everything else was forgotten, friends, past, all was wrapped in darkness now.

"The experiences of that night must have been terrible," said Mr. Graham, as he looked upon Enola with tearful eyes.

"More terrible than we can even imagine," said Mr. Bruce, "but the strong constitution may bring her back to health and happiness again; I feel more hopeful now."

Nellie, who was standing by one of the large curtained arches at the far end of the room for a moment, breathing the fresh air from the garden, exclaimed hurriedly:

"Father, come quickly, it is Onrai dashing madly up the drive. Look, he is now at the terrace. Oh! his poor zebra has dropped dead, and he hurries up the steps. He looks wild, crazed by the experiences of the past few hours."

"He will come directly to the apartment," said Mr. Graham. "Mr. Bruce, warn him back."

Mr. Bruce stepped into the wide corridor and motioned to Onrai to remain where he was. Coming back into the room, he said:

"Care must be taken when the King comes in, for he is not the Onrai we have known for the past few weeks. One short night and day has changed him

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wonderfully. He may, in his impetuosity, do something which will injure our fair patient."

"How strange," said Mrs. Graham, "that he should have changed so. Why, only yesterday, as we rode along, happy and without a care, I thought to myself that I had never seen a man so thoroughly free from all care and trouble as Onrai."

"I think," said Nellie, "that an explanation is easy enough to find."

"Then tell us, Nellie," said her mother.

"Why, he has fallen in love with Enola and the events of the past few hours have crazed him. We do not wonder at ourselves for being buried in grief at Enola's sufferings, and it is but natural that Onrai should feel the same."

"Don't say that," said Mrs. Graham. "It would grieve Harry deeply if he suspected such a thing to be true."

"I doubt not that but Harry has seen the trend of things, for I have watched him closely lately and he seems to be worried," said Mr. Graham, "but he would never admit it."

Enola had fallen into the stupor during this short conversation and this was probably better so, for any violent movement would loosen the bandages and open the wounds afresh, and this must be avoided. As she lay partially on her side, a full view of her bandaged face could be had; nothing but the eyes could be seen however, the remainder of the face being entirely covered. She looked like one dead and with scarcely a breath stirring the gauze over her nostrils, and with the white silk robe falling about her, one could easily believe that she had succumbed to the excruciating

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sufferings. Just at this moment Mr. Bruce stepped to the arch and motioned Onrai to enter.

"Be very quiet," said Mr. Bruce, as the King came forward hurriedly. Harry also came up quickly, and together they entered the apartment where the dearest one on earth to them, lay at death's door.

Both stepped up to the couch, and as Onrai's eyes fell on the white bandages and saw only the discolored eyelids, he fell back exclaiming in an agonized voice, "Dead;" then, almost beside himself with grief, he rushed forward and falling beside the couch would have clasped her in his arms had not Harry, who was also suffering untold agony, caught him by the arm and held him back. Mr. Bruce also stepped up and said calmly;

"Onrai, what would you do. Do you not realize that such an act on your part would endanger her life? Calm yourself and do not ruin the small chance which this poor girl has for recovery."

Onrai arose and stepped dack slowly, his whole frame convulsed with strong emotion. Drawing his hand over his eyes he said slowly.

"She is not dead then, thank God. Forgive me, I should not have acted thus for her sake and my own." Then looking about him and seeing several native women attendants in the apartment, his glance fell on the floor, for the first time in his life ashamed of his own actions.

Mr. Graham noticing the look of humiliation and guessing its cause, felt for this strong man to the bottom of his heart, and taking his arın, said;

"No, Onrai, she is not dead; but come with me, I would talk with you."

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