

painted wainscoting, a huge four post bed with yellow curtains, and a pretty view from the windows. in the middle of the floor we saw our box standing in all its dignity, uncorded, and ready. then it was the terrible fact broke upon our minds that the key was left behind. my sufferings during the few seconds before i found courage to confide this misfortune to our new friend were considerable. when i did tell her, the calmness and good nature with which she received the confession were both surprising and delightful. the lock doesnt look a very uncommon one, she said, as she opened the door. i dare say i may find a key to fit it. whats the matter said a voice outside. it was the irish gentleman. she explained. keys said the irish gentleman; got lots in my pocket, besides their being totally unnecessary, as im a capital hand at lock picking. let me see. with which he slipped in, seeming quite as much at his ease as in the drawing room, and in another second had squatted upon the floor before our box, where he seemed to be quite as comfortable as in the arm chair he had left. here he poked, and fitted, and whistled, and chatted without a pause. ive locks and keys to everything i possess he cheerfully remarked; and as i never lock up anything, theres no damage done if the keys are left behind, which is a good thing, you see, as i always leave everything everywhere. do you make a principle of it asked the young lady, coldly. im afraid i make a practice of it. he had opened the box, and was leaning against the bed post, with a roguish twinkle in his brown eyes, which faded, however, under the silent severity of the red haired young lady, and gave place to a look of melancholy that might have melted granite, as he added: im all alone, you see, thats what does it. i believe im the skill and his own strength. and it had wounded her when occasionally her brother in law had suggested economy, and had reminded her, in his straightforward way, of her narrow means, and the uncertain future of her children. at this she was deeply offended, for she ventured to say that her relatives could never, with all their gifts, compensate for the insults they heaped upon her; and thus taught them by experience that we quarrel with no one more readily than with the benefactor whom we can never repay for all the good he bestows on us. nevertheless, when her brother in law asked the hand of her daughter for his son, she willingly gave her consent. nefert and paaker had grown up together, and by this union she foresaw that she could secure her own future and that of her children. shortly after the death of the mohar, the charioteer mena had proposed for neferts hand, but would have been refused if the king himself had not supported the suit of his favorite officer. after the wedding, she retired with nefert to menas house, and undertook, while he was at the war, to manage his great estates, which however had been greatly burthened with debt by his father. fate put the means into her hands of indemnifying herself and her children for many past privations, and she availed herself of them to gratify her innate desire to be esteemed and admired; to obtain admission for her son, splendidly equipped, into a company of chariot warriors of the highest class; and to surround her daughter with princely magnificence. when the regent, who had been a friend of her late husband, removed into the palace of the pharaohs, he made her advances, and the clever and decided woman knew how to make of isis, charmian returned to lochias earlier than she herself had expected. she had met her brother, whom she did not find at kanopus, at berenikes, and after greeting dion on his couch of pain, she told archibius of her anxiety. she confided to him alone that the queen had committed barines fate to alexas, for the news might easily have led the mother of the endangered woman to some desperate venture; but even archibiuss composure, so difficult to disturb, was not proof against it. he would have sought the queens presence at once if necessary, forced his way to it; but the historian timagenes, who had just come from rome, was expecting him, and he had not returned to his birthplace as a private citizen, but commissioned by octavianus to act as mediator in putting an end to the struggle which had really been decided in his favour at the battle of actium. the choice of this mediator was a happy one; for he had taught cleopatra in her childhood, and was the self same quick witted man who had so often roused her to argument. his share in a popular insurrection against the roman rule had led to his being carried as a slave to the tiber. there he soon purchased his freedom, and attained such