

and before the others could follow her she had opened a door hidden behind some tapestry near the bed, and fled into the garden. the night was hot and gloomy. heavy clouds gathered in the north, and wreaths of mist, like a hot vapor bath, swayed over the crisply foaming wavelets that curled the lustreless waters of the mareotis lake. the moon peeped, pale and shrouded, out of a russet halo, and ghostly twilight reigned in the streets, still heated by the baked walls of the houses. to the west, over the desert, a dull sulphurous yellow streaked the black clouds, and from time to time the sultry air was rent by a blinding flash sent across the firmament from the north. there was a hot, sluggish wind blowing from the southwest, which drove the sand across the lake into the streets; the fine grit stung; and burnt the face of the wanderer who hurried on with half closed eyes and tightly shut lips. a deep oppression seemed to have fallen on nature and on man; the sudden gusts of the heated breeze, the arrow like shafts of lightning, the weird shapes and colors of the clouds, all combined to give a sinister, baleful and portentous aspect to this night, as though skies and waters, earth and air were brooding over some tremendous catastrophe. gorgo had thrown a veil and handkerchief round her head and followed the priest with an aching brow and throbbing heart. when she heard a step behind her she started for it might be constantine following her up; when a gust of wind flung the stinging sand in her face, or the storm flash threw a lurid light on the sky, her heart stood still, for was not this the to do that. true, but what man has done, man can do. im certain its our best chance. not for me; or for me, said the other two. well, look here, said walter; it would be very dangerous of course, but while we talk our chance of safety lessens. you two stay here. ill try the razor; if i get safe across i shall reach bardlyn village in no time, and there i could get some men to come and help you over. do you mind i wont leave you if youd rather not. oh, walter, walter, dont run the risk, said power; its too awful. its lighter than ever on that side, said walter; im not a bit afraid. im certain we could not get safe down, the other way, and we should die of exposure if we spent the night here. remember, were only had one or two sandwiches apiece. its the last chance. oh, no, you really shant, dear walter. you dont know how terrific the razor is. ive often heard men say that they wouldnt cross it for a bag of gold, said power. dont hinder me, power; ive made up my mind. good bye, power; good bye, ken, he said, wringing their hands hard. if i get safe across the razor, i shant be more than an hour and a half at the very latest before i stand here with you again, bringing help. good bye; god bless you both. pray for me, but dont fear. so saying, walter tore himself away from them, and with an awful sinking at heart they saw him pass through the spot where the mist was thinnest, and plant a steady step on the commencement of the razor path.

chapter sixteen. on the razor. the brave boy knew well that the fate of the others, as well as his own, hung on his coolness and steadiness, and stopping for one moment to see that he lang the king means to prolong his abode among our neebors owre the water, his hair braind irish subjects, whose notions o loyalty hae excited sae mony preposterously antic exhibitions by that volatile race o people i am not in possession, answered dashall, of any information on the subject. by the manes of the priest, exclaimed mr. oshaughnessy, but the king god bless him has visited the land of green erin, accompanied by the spirit of harmony, and praties without the sauce of butter milk be his portion, who does not give them both a hearty welcome arrah, what mane you by a preposterous exhibition by hecky, the warm hearts of the sons and daughters of st. patrick have exhibited an unsophisticated feeling of loyalty, very opposite indeed to the chilling indifference, not to say worse of it, of those his subjects at home; and as sir william, the big baronet of the city, said in the house that gives laws to the land, why should not his majesty be cheered up a little this effusion of loyalty was well received, and dashall and his cousin cordially united in the general expression of approbation. this is a vera weel, said the northern; but an overstrained civility wears ay the semblance o suspicion, and fulsome adulation canna be vera acceptable to the mind o delicate feeling; for instance, there is my ain country, and a mair ancient or a mair loyal to its legitimate sovereign there disna exist on the face o the whole earth; wad the king condescend to honor wi his presence the palace o holyrod house, he wad