

his power was indeed gone; and then his rage broke forth in oaths.

"What foul fiend has stepped in upon my authority?" he cried. "Why does this thing live? Oh! sever these bonds!—Ardle—McDonald—Oliver Gurrard—if ye do not set me free, I'll have the last drop of blood that runs in your veins!"

As soon as the chieftain had spent his power in oaths, Oswald stepped forward and demanded attention. His first words were to Wolfsfang.

"Foul fiend, I have somewhat to say to you—some explanation to make—and, when I have told you what I have to tell, you will understand that my purpose is not to be shaken. When I first saw this lady I felt a new life springing up within me. I felt a new set of instincts; in short, there seemed to have arisen a new source of emotion in my soul. Ere I knew who she was, this influence was wondrously deep, and my nature was struggling to free itself from thy bonds. But, when I knew that she was my mother—my own dear, blessed, loving mother—so pure, so gentle, and so kind—"

At this point the youth was interrupted by an exclamation of astonishment from Carrie.

"Ah!" he said, turning to her and extending his hand. "I must lead you to my mother. You will love her, I am sure." He conducted her to Lady Pieton's side, and then added: "This is my mother, Carrie. Love her and trust her; and I'll tell you how I found her at some other time. She knows Lester already, as they met ere they came in here."

Oswald saw the two ladies embrace each other with grateful fondness, and then he turned once more to the bound chieftain.

"When I found my mother, sir, and knew that you had sought her life—that you had sent your bloodhounds to butcher her—I could have sent a bullet through your head with a keen relish. I am thankful, however, that you were not near to tempt me, for I would not have your blood upon my hands. When I heard my mother's story—when I knew that I was no child of yours, but that you had stolen me away from my home—that my father had sunk under the blow, and died in a distant land—and that you had done all this for revenge and for gold—then I resolved to punish you.

"But this was not all, Ryan Wolfsfang. I thought of the maiden whom you held here in durance. I thought how long she had suffered here—and I thought why she had suffered; and, as I thought, though my love for her may not have grown less, yet my sympathy grew stronger. I knew that you had kept her a prisoner—that you had offered her to me—that you would force her upon me, only to bind me more firmly to myself. The same bonds which were to unite Carrie Thornton to me were to bind me to you, that I might be a creature of yours; for you only saved me from destruction to make sure of my inheritance. I saw this, and my heart was opened.

"But there was something more. I thought of Maurice Lester; and it seemed that God had sent him to me to be the means of all this wondrous work. But for him I should never have found my mother. She would have perished as others have perished. Thus was Lester brought very near to my heart again. The strange sympathy which I felt with him when first we met was renewed and increased.

"All this I told to my mother, and she begged of me to return and save the American if I could. She bade me go save him, and to give him back his love. It was not hard for me to obey her, for my mind had been already framed to that same end. So I returned. As I came near the coast I saw some of your men at work, and I rode down that way. I found them assorting goods; and when they told me how they were assorting them, I suspected the plan you had in view. I gathered the men about me—thirteen of them—and told them that there was trouble in store. I assured them that their chieftain meant to play them false—that he had a golden project in view, and that he meant soon to leave them. Those men were ripe enough for my plan. They knew that I would not lie to them, and they speedily acted upon the hint I had given them. They gathered up the most valuable of all the merchandise they had overhauled; and, by this time, sir, they are away upon the Scotch coast with the heavy cutter.

"After this I came up to the castle. I stopped at the lodge and explained matters to Ardle, who joined me at once, as did these other three when they understood me. Then I inquired for the American. I will not tell you of the fearful shock I received when I learned that two of your murderers had gone to him. I will only tell you that I reached the spot just in season to save his life, though in doing it I

shot both of the villains who would have killed him. And thus, sir, was the last man of your cut-throat gang disposed of. There is not one left. Those who now stand about us have never sympathised with you; they have remained with you rather through misfortune than from choice; and now they will leave you. The few remaining servants will find their own level very quickly after their master is gone.

"And now," pursued the youth, taking a step nearer to the chieftain, "I must have you placed under lock and key until we are clear of this place. As soon as these men are beyond the reach of your wrath, old Marweda shall have permission to come and set you free; and, in twenty-four hours thereafter, the officers of the law will be made acquainted with the secrets of this old castle and its false beacon."

Wolfsfang did not rave after this, as those who stood around had anticipated. He seemed to feel too deeply for much speech. His fingers worked till the nails ate deep into the calloused palms; and his teeth were set till they sounded like the stones of a mill. Finally, Allan-McDonald lifted him from his seat, and led him towards the door. He strained once more upon his bonds, but he could not break them. Then he turned and looked towards Oswald—then swept the room with his gaze.

"MY TIME WILL COME!"

There was a terrible meaning in the words; and so there was terrible meaning in the murderous gaze he fixed upon those to whom he spoke.

"MY TIME WILL COME!—and that, too, before ye think!"

Was it not prophetic? But they took him away, and locked him up.

After this the Rev. Mr. McVoyal was dismissed, there being no more occasion for his attendance.

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The sun was just sinking behind the trees and crags when the stout woodman came to Oswald and informed him that he believed Wolfsfang was dying. The youth immediately accompanied the messenger back, and found the chieftain stretched upon a couch, gasping for breath. He hastened up and took the sufferer's hand, and asked him what was the matter. With a convulsive start the wrecker opened his eyes, and then a spasm seized him, which seemed almost to rend soul and body asunder.

"What is it?" the youth asked.

Wolfsfang raised himself upon his elbow, and gazed about him. His eye was wild, and great drops of sweat stood upon his brow. Presently he held his finger towards a small table which stood near at hand, and hoarsely whispered—

"What is that? Who brought it?"

Oswald saw the table—he saw what was upon it—and he understood the whole matter. Allan McDonald had found that apartment strong and secure, with the key already in the door; and in it he had confined his charge. And it was the place in which Lady Pieton had been confined; and the wine upon the table was that which the hag had prepared for the doomed lady; and Ryan Wolfsfang, in the fever of his frenzy, had almost drained the flagon!

"Ah," said Oswald, with a shake of the head, "you have drunk the death-potion which you prepared for my mother. Oh, most truly now has YOUR TIME COME! But it is not that of which you did plan in your vengeance! Ha!"

The wrecker chieftain made a spring for the youth's throat, but he did not reach it. A heavy, powerful hand was interposed—a hand which felled him to the floor—the hand of Death!

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Oswald Pieton went with his mother to the Duke of Northumberland, to whom they related all the circumstances connected with the wreckers and their castle. The duke took the matter in hand, and ere long the brave youth was free, a competent tribunal having fully and honourably discharged him from all liability to trouble on account of his relations with the outlaws. And, furthermore, the title of his father was restored to him.

Those few who had helped Oswald to break up the evil were pardoned; while those who had fled in the cutter sought other fields of action; some of them following the seas with an honest calling, and others, perhaps, falling again into evil ways.

The old castle was thoroughly overhauled, and the subterranean chambers emptied of their stores; and for some time afterwards the old fishermen upon the coast reaped quite a harvest of silver from showing visitors through the deep caverns where WOLFSFANG once did his dark deeds.

Oswald and his mother retired to Allondale, where faithful retainers had kept a comfortable home; and Maurice Lester and Carrie Thornton were forced to go with them.

"I must see the whole work done," the young baronet said. "You must please me in this. Come—'twill give me pleasure to see your happiness complete."

Maurice could not refuse, and Carrie would not; so the clergyman was sent for, and a great party called; and the love of the strange-fated wanderers of Columbia was sealed at God's sacred altar.

And Carrie loved young Oswald then—loved him with gratitude and with blessing—loved him the more in that he had given her so much else to love. And Lester loved him, too, and blessed him. And Oswald loved them both; and Lady Pieton loved them all. In fact, as Rosebud very aptly expressed it, "they all seemed to live in blessing and in loving."

THE END OF "THE FALSE BEACON."

TRAVELLING IN ARABIA.

IN no part of the world is travelling attended with greater difficulties and dangers to Europeans than in the deserts of Arabia and Syria. The nomadic tribes who inhabit these pathless wastes preserve to-day their ancient habits of plunder; but the traveller has less to fear from these than from other obstacles which impede his progress. Over considerable tracts of sand it may happen that years elapse without a drop of rain falling. An occasional patch of struggling verdure is fed by streams from the mountains; but these soon dry up during the summer. The heat is intense; and in some districts poisonous blasts from the north are experienced, parching the skin, and loading the air with fine sand, or occasionally with noxious vapour.

Notwithstanding every precaution that experience could suggest, much suffering occurs in crossing the deserts from the want of water. It would be scarcely possible, indeed, to make the journey at all, were it not for the aid of the camel, called by the Arabs "the ship of the desert." This invaluable animal, the most patient and docile of beasts of burden, is capable of making long journeys, requiring to drink only once in eight or ten days, whilst the scanty herbage of the sand suffices for its food. It will carry a weight of more than one thousand pounds, without being unloaded, for weeks; and will endure great fatigue and privation without much apparent inconvenience.

Some of the Bedouins, or wandering Arab tribes, employ a kind of palanquin for the conveyance of their women and children during their long journeys across the desert. These palanquins, which, however, are only possessed by the rich families, are called by the Arabs *aattaiich* (in the singular, *aattouch*). The *aattouch* is secured to the hump of the camel, which is covered with nets, often gaily ornamented in different colours. The body of the palanquin is composed of numerous hoops, drawn together, and twisted closely at the top, but extending apart and inclosing a considerable space at the bottom, where a seat is formed on the back of the camel. Upon the frame thus formed is stretched an ample covering of red woollen stuff, sometimes decorated with smaller strips of wool of various colours, while the whole is crowned, not ungracefully, with a plume of ostrich feathers. The *aattouch* is kept open or closed according as the custom of the tribe to which it belongs permits the women to show their faces or otherwise. Some of the Arab tribes are as rigid as the Turks in this respect, whilst others are much more lax. In each *aattouch* there is room for two women seated upon carpets, and for two or three children. The women carry with them a goat-skin filled with water, and a hand-mill for grinding corn. As the camel slowly paces his way, they prepare the flour, knead it, and make it into bread. When the day's march is over, and they reach a spot in which to encamp for the night, the bread is baked, usually on a stone, or sometimes in a dish (*adgin*), the whole process being essentially the same as that employed in the days of Abraham.

When the Arab tribes go to war, their *aattaiich* accompany them. During the fight, the women, from their elevated position, animate the combatants by loud cries, often calling upon them by name, reminding them that their prowess is witnessed by the daughters of the tribe. To suffer the *aattaiich* to fall into the hands of the enemy is, in the opinion of the Arabs, a deep disgrace; and such an event can only happen when one party has suffered not



THE AATTATICH, OR PALANQUINS, OF THE ARABS.

merely a defeat, but a rout. A scene of this kind has suggested to the artist the spirited sketch which we have engraved. A wealthy tribe has just been vanquished in a pitched battle, and the women, alarmed by the near approach of the enemy, are vainly attempting to escape. One of the camels

has been forced to kneel down with his burden, and, in the confusion, the *aattouch* is forced open, and its interior exposed to view, while behind, two other camels, still erect, bear the palanquin in its ordinary position.

As we look upon these curious contrivances, which

may be said to form the home of many wealthy Arab women, we cannot fail to be reminded of the marvellous readiness with which the human frame and constitution adapt themselves to the different conditions of life, arising from variations of climate and geographical position.