

San Pedro

PRICE, \$2.00 A YEAR.

face flushed as, or perhaps our evil glow; for
10 A. M. a gentleman called, and though I
hadly determined to deny him self to every one
might come, the reflection on his glance at the
(that the visitor was a man who had travelled in
that, and might possibly get in our hands
and induced her to see him.

I questioned him upon the matter at once. He
replied eloquently upon the hash-bowl business, and
told me that he had some of the drug in his
possession, and if we really wished to make the experi-
ment he would send us some. Of course we really did,
and about an hour after the mysterious hash-bowl
came a strange-looking, green powder, made ap-
parently from leaves or flowers.

We examined it with great interest, and took a few
carefully, according to direction. This was at 11
o'clock, but as the hour of 12 came, and we felt in re-
spect the same, Doug doubled, and I tripled the
same. Our second dose was at 12 o'clock, and the
third at 1 o'clock. The effects of the hash-

the human mind the slightest impression of the hearing the human mind that her good friend had sent her pulverized catnip or something equally innocuous, was probably at that moment, laughing at our expense.

Presently we went down to dinner, where Dora facetiously asked an old M. D. who sat opposite, what was the precise effect of catnip on the human system, and if increased the appetite as a general rule. Her remark, given in a tone and with the learned and professorial air of his profession, that what was commonly described as catnip, was a plant of the genus *Nicotiana*, and in some conditions of the membranous mesopile of allment, it might, or might not, in conjunction with the fluids there, form a highly odoriferous and pungent essential oil which would variously affect different people.

During the delivery of this very satisfactory opinion, Dora looked slyly at me, and when we retired from the dining room we amused ourselves over the perilous situation which we might or might not be in, according to the learned Doctor.

Dora, who is always witty, was especially happy on this occasion, and we remained convulsed until laughter seemed the most boundless and exultant pleasure in the world.

Just then some one tapped at the door for Dora, and we went to excuse her. I remember I did not open the door, but stood with my face close to it, and answered the questioner. A painful sense at length came over me. This person seemed to question me feverishly. I answered mechanically, in fact I was fast becoming a sphinx—my head expanded to the size of the room, and I thought I was an oracle doomed to respond through a ventriloquist.

The wicked laugh of Dora, and her soft words about me, recalled me partially to the fact that I was answering imaginary questions, but the phantom would not leave me, and I implied my friend to pass me from laughing—"Do you not see," I cried, "that I am gone." A terrible fear seized me, lest she should not heed my prayer. I continued in the most imperative manner I could command,—"Dora, you know that the expansive power of stone are very inextinguishable, and if you make me laugh, I shall be answered to the four winds." "My words had no effect," she laughed, and instantly I felt a concussion in my frame—a deafening explosion followed and I saw smoke in all directions. Then I heard the explosion of the fragments—a myriad of sounds seemed each other, until I was reduced to a most impenetrable powder, and caught by the breeze I was wafted into space.

Still was my consciousness preserved, and a tremendous sense of joy and perfect peace possessed me. Amid this delirious dream, the voice of Dora, which seemed all too mortal, bade me return. "Why do you leave me?" she asked. "Yes do not leave me."

an enemy, or, "The fear that Dora was suffering from cancer, and I made a great effort to dispel my hallucinations. We discussed at great length the problems of birth, life, and death. How unfortunate, I thought, that we had allowed to the last, for now I perceived that Dora's face grew black, and a noise that she was dying made me shudder. I sought to turn the course of our conversation. At that moment my eyes rested on some Egyptian vases in the room, and I led Dora to the place where they stood. Over them hung a picture of Cleopatra dying, and we mutually transfixed before it. The shadow of Egypt so suddenly upon the brow of the Queen, and there seemed a living answer in her face. The married, leonine, spoke. As we looked upon her in her gorgeous robes of State, the whole scene changed, and we were in Egypt. We passed through all the suffering of the unfortunate Queen—the poison of the asp couched on blood ash, and our difficult and painful breathing died on the air with hers. After a while, we returned to life, and Dora, shutting her eyes, turned the picture to the wall—no longer a picture to us, but the place, the time, the living reality.

"Let us shut out this terrible Egyptian world," said Dora, trembling; but we could not—the vases still remained, and the fearful scene we had passed was fresh upon our minds.

"We shall die!" cried Dora. "The poison of the asp is still here, and she clapped her hands over her heart. A bewildering fire came upon us, and just at this moment a clear, strange voice rang out from the air—

"Mortals, you have tampered with forbidden things! How dare you dare to return to the land of the Pharaohs? Verily 'ye have seen the wind, and ye shall reap the whirlwind!'

The voice uttered a sound like the roar and crash of waves, and I turned anxiously to my friend.

"How do you know our enemies?" she asked. Her face was horrible to behold, and I crossed the room to caress my own in a glow. Like her, I was black, and my limbs were stiff and cold.

"We are possessed! We are possessed!" cried Dora, throwing her arms out wildly, and tearing her long black hair. "That was the voice of our evil genius, O God! we are lost forever! The poison of the asp is withering and blackening my heart!"

A terrible scene of the damp, narrow grave came upon us, and struggling in vain for a breath of air, we cried aloud: "God! God! God!"

Dora fell at my feet, and stooping to raise her, I heard strange sounds about us, and stranger beings glided silently by. Were we in the land of spirits?

Never shall I forget that dreadful hour. How, did I say? It seemed a century, and at that moment, as I looked back to our unfortunate meeting with the Queen, it seemed a vista of eternity.

After a while I leant more fully, and I gazed at these beings, who ran killers and killed, and filled our room. The scene was still Egyptian, and so these mysterious forms fitted me to the best and chafed my limits, I plainly perceived that they were mummies! Yes, veritable, brown, dry mummies, wraped in life. They did not smould from four thousand years! They did not surely me in the land, but presently I perceived that they were left Dora on the sofa, and were attending that she was as well. I felt indignant, but, controlling my wrath, I cried out—

"Dear good mummies, don't let my Dora suffer! Go to her—chafe her limbs; she is worse than I am."

