

Wearied with waiting, and, in the end, doubting not that Gillespie's silence was only a cowardly method of severing himself from a distasteful tie, Helen Ralston at last returned home, and there, after two years, married one doubtless more worthy of her. A year later she moved to New Orleans, and only a few months ago I read the notice of her untimely death. Her father, too, has passed away. And as Gillespie had none but distant cousins to inquire after him, and they naturally lost all interest in him as soon as he had exhausted his little patrimony, there remained soon not the slightest tie to bind him to his native land. Therefore he remained in Egypt. I doubt, indeed, whether there was any power that could have drawn him away from that scene of his trial and disappointment. For a time he loitered about, a sobered man; not sane, indeed, but perhaps more nearly in his right mind than for many weeks past. Then gradually his condition grew worse again; and he would wander away for days at a time,—the impulses to stray coming upon him constantly with more frequency; until at last his nominal abiding-place knew him no more at all, and in the minds of many he became little more than a tradition. Sometimes there would be stories of a tall European, in Eastern costume, unnaturally aged, with long beard, and an eye gleaming with unwonted light, and marked in the centre of his forehead with a singular cipher, having been seen

at strange hours passing swiftly, like a ghost, through the streets of Cairo,—stopping, perhaps, to scan the cases where were displayed for sale the scarabæi, or other relics of antiquity, as though he sought to identify some missing object; and then again stealthily passing out of sight. At other times there would come reports of a similar figure gliding along over the desert, and entering some caravan upon its travels, where, with the reverence of the Eastern character for the mentally afflicted, he would be fed and cared for, until, after a few days, he would disappear from among them as suddenly and mysteriously as he had come. And there were frequent tales of how travellers, coming to visit the Sphinx, had sometimes seen a gaunt, wild figure sitting solitary in the sand before it, gazing up wistfully and longingly into the great, impassive stone face, and muttering softly and in pleading tones, long sentences in a strange tongue, as though seeking some kindly response or favor. And finally,—it was but two years ago,—these stories began to die away, for there came a time when no one saw him longer to know him. Whether at last he had wandered away into other strange lands; or whether, while in some caravan of pilgrims, his strength had given out, and he had been left behind to have his bones whiten upon the sand; or whether the plague had eaten away the remnant of his life in some foul lazar-house,—who now can tell?