

**MR. POTTER OF
TEXAS; A NOVEL**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649303038

Mr. Potter of Texas; a novel by Archibald Clavering Gunter

Except for use in any review, the reproduction or utilisation of this work in whole or in part in any form by any electronic, mechanical or other means, now known or hereafter invented, including xerography, photocopying and recording, or in any information storage or retrieval system, is forbidden without the permission of the publisher, Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd, PO Box 1576 Collingwood, Victoria 3066 Australia.

All rights reserved.

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

This book is sold subject to the condition that it shall not, by way of trade or otherwise, be lent, re-sold, hired out, or otherwise circulated without the publisher's prior consent in any form or binding or cover other than that in which it is published and without a similar condition including this condition being imposed on the subsequent purchaser.

www.triestepublishing.com

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

**MR. POTTER OF
TEXAS; A NOVEL**

MR. POTTER OF TEXAS

A Nobel

BY

ARCHIBALD CLAVERING GUNTER

AUTHOR OF

"MR. BARNES OF NEW YORK"

NEW YORK
THE HOME PUBLISHING COMPANY
7 EAST FOURTEENTH STREET
1888

CONTENTS.

BOOK I.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

	PAGE
CHAPTER I.—The Deserted Hotel, - - -	5
“ II.—Through the Streets of Alexandria,	19
“ III.—The First Gun, - - -	31
“ IV.—The Oath of the Arab Boy, - -	43
“ V.—The Nargileh Pipe of Niccovie, the Levantine, - - - -	54
“ VI.—A Moslem Mob, - - - -	70
“ VII.—The American Marines, - -	81

BOOK II.

ENGLISH JUSTICE.

CHAPTER VIII.—“The Girls Have Come !” - -	91
“ IX.—Home Again, - - - -	102
“ X.—The Honorable Sampson Potter, of Comanche County, Texas, - -	120
“ XI.—Honor Thy Father ! - - -	132
“ XII.—Mr. Potter Enters Society, - -	143
“ XIII.—The Returned Australian, -	154

BOOK III.

A WOMAN'S BATTLE.

	PAGE
CHAPTER XIV.—“All for my Darter!” - - -	166
“ XV.—An English Judge, - - -	176
“ XVI.—A Western Cyclone strikes Mr. Van Cott, - - - - -	190
“ XVII.—Which Loves Him Best? - - -	203
“ XVIII.—Poor Old Potter, - - - - -	220

BOOK IV.

MR. POTTER TAKES THE WAR-PATH.

CHAPTER XIX.—The Awakening of the Lion, - - -	233
“ XX.—A Night in Paris, - - - - -	241
“ XXI.—The Packet from Egypt, - - -	250
“ XXII.—The Flight of the Detective, - - -	256
“ XXIII.—The Apotheosis of Sammy Potts, - - -	265

MR. POTTER OF TEXAS.

BOOK I.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF ALEXANDRIA.

CHAPTER I.

THE DESERTED HOTEL.

"SIR, I have something to tell you !"

"My heaven ! Is there a woman—an English woman in this accursed place to-night ?" ejaculates the young man to whom she has spoken, turning with a start and looking at her in amazed horror, but still holding in his hand a revolver, the cartridges of which he has been carefully examining.

"I have come all the way from Europe to say to you something of great importance."

"There is nothing of importance now but to save your life !"

"My life ? Is our personal danger so imminent ?"

"There is death to every European man or woman in this city to-night. And they deserted *you* ?" This last is said in surprised astonishment, for he has noticed the unusual refinement and beauty of the woman speaking to him, the richness of her dress and jewels, though she is in the black of deep mourning, and the latent appearance of haughty command in her pose, notwithstanding there is in her manner and gaze, as she addresses him, a curious apologetic humility, as if she were ashamed of an indefinite something.

"They did not desert me!"

"Then how in Heaven's name are you here?"

"I saw them going away. The British Consul insisted on my leaving also; but I refused. I said I must see you, I had come so far to do so. They telegraphed from Cairo that you would surely be here this morning, and I waited, expecting you, till too late; then I hurried to the shore and found all communication with the ships cut off. What was I, a woman, to do in this strange city, not speaking an Eastern language? My dragoman brought me back again to the hotel, and then even he became frightened and left me. The sun went down, the gas burners would not light, and so I cowered alone in this vast, deserted, tenantless hotel, till I heard a step, and, following it, afraid to make a noise, but more afraid of missing help or aid, saw you light that candle, and, thank God! looked upon an English face. I have seen your photograph. You are Charles Errol, son of Ralph Errol, of Melbourne, Australia."

"Yes, and you are——?"

"Lady Sarah Annerley!"

"Lady Annerley? here—to-night—in Egypt?" mutters the young man, astounded; for the name she mentions is one that has often appeared as a leader of rank and fashion in all newspapers that chronicle the doings of the aristocracy.

"Yes," she replies, "Sarah, widow of Viscount Annerley, and daughter of the late Sir Jonas Stevens. I must speak with you for half an hour; I have come from Europe for that purpose!"

"Half an hour! If we stay here half an hour I shall be dead—and you——" He gives a horrified gasp at the thought that comes into his mind, for the more he appreciates the fresh exquisite patrician loveliness of the woman the more he is amazed and dismayed at the frightful nature of the danger that he sees surrounding her. "Don't you know," he continues rapidly, as if time were very precious, "that at this moment we are probably the only English man and woman alive in Alexandria to-night? That the instant the English admiral opens his guns upon the Egyptian batteries it will be the signal for these Eastern fanatics, who think themselves blessed by Allah in the deaths of unbelievers, to kill with fantastic

atrocities every European that is not in safety on board the ships that fled from the harbor to-day?"

For the time that this man is speaking to this woman is at eleven o'clock upon the night of the 10th of July, 1882, when every European inhabitant of Alexandria who could escape from that Egyptian city had fled for his life as best he might from Moslem revenge and hatred; deserting his home, occupation and worldly goods. All these had taken refuge upon the ships which had sailed away, their decks black with fugitives, leaving the harbor deserted save by the British squadron and a few foreign men-of-war; for the English Admiral had that day given notice to Arabi Pasha, who, half as rebel, half as patriot, controlled the Egyptian armies, that he would the next morning bombard the forts and batteries of Alexandria.

The place where this man and this woman are muttering to each other with pale lips is a deserted parlor upon the first floor of the abandoned Hotel de l'Europe; the light by which they see each other that of a flickering candle, for the gas works of the town have been deserted and the city is in darkness. Around them, as if to emphasize their loneliness and desolation, are articles of dress and open trunks, and furniture littered with robes, bric-à-brac, and even jewelry; showing the haste with which their European owners have fled for life and liberty from this Eastern political sirocco of destruction and death.

"Why did you not go with the rest in the steamers?" Errol continues hurriedly.

"I have been here but three days. They said every Englishman must come down from Cairo to escape. I expected you each hour."

"And I—that cursed dragoman!—why could he have kept me?—what object?" cries the young man striking his forehead. "A week ago I sent him into Cairo from Memphis and he said, 'Everything quiet,' so I took my time."

"I thought you would surely be here this morning."

"And so I would, but our train was stopped by the black troops that scoundrel Arabi has in reserve at Kafr-el-Dawar. I had to tramp it in, seventeen hot and dusty miles. I should never have found my way here but for lit-

the Osman, who knows every by-path in Egypt. How that puny Armenian beggar stuck to my long steps to-day is a mystery. However, I've hung on to these and they may help us." With this the young man resumes the inspection of his arms that Lady Annerley has interrupted, carefully testing the lock of a Remington sporting rifle that is covered with the dust of his long tramp.

"But I must tell you," says the woman, laying her hand upon his arm with a curious pathetic intensity, "I must tell you!" and would go on but he interrupts her by:

"My Remington seems to be dirty, give me a piece of rag!—your handkerchief, anything—tear a piece from that silk skirt; the owner 'll never miss it!"

And Lady Annerley obeying him, he continues: "Hold the candle up, please, so I can get a better look at the lock; this thing may save you as well as me."

As she does so she begins again: "This information I came from Europe to tell you concerns your father——"

But the click of the breech-loader interrupts her as the young man tests it and he remarks: "My father can wait, his life's not in danger; yours is——" and then *very* suddenly: "Blow out that candle!"

"Why?"

She gets no answer to this and gives a little suppressed shriek, for Errol has blown it out himself.

"Why did you do that?" she asks faintly.

For answer the young man points out of one of the windows. Lady Annerley has been so engrossed with what she has to tell that she has not heard the peculiar cries of a Moslem populace, the clank of arms, and the tramp of marching men that comes in at the window, growing louder and louder each second. She goes cautiously to the opening and looking out sees the street Mohammed Ali, that grand artery of Alexandria, full of commotion, noise and action. A regiment of Soudanese Arabs, followed by one of the black troops of Arabi Pasha, are tramping down the avenue to reinforce the batteries and forts of Ras-el-Tin. The blackness of Egyptian night that crushes the town with darkness compels the leading files of each company to carry torches, the flames from which illuminate and light up in vivid but ghastly brightness the swarthy faces, Eastern features and