

Fire, Life and Accident Insurance Agency.

represent the following Companies for Newcastles.

North British & Mercantile Fire Insurance Co. of England.

Alliance Fire Insurance Co. of England.

Phoenix Fire Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.

Western Fire Insurance Co. of Toronto, Ont.

British America Fire Insurance Co. of Toronto.

Keystone Fire Insurance Co. of Edinburgh.

Standard Life Insurance Co. of Edinburgh.

Travellers Accident Insurance Co. of Hartford, Conn.

Reliance Life & Savings Co. of Toronto, Ont.

April 8

New Carriage Works.

We have leased the Hecla Foundry opposite the Public Square, have moved in and are now ready for business of every description in the carriage line including TRUCKS and LIGHT WAGONS, PAINTING and REPAIRING in all its branches. HORSESHOEING done in first class shape.

Many years of experience enables us to give first class work, and anything entrusted to us will receive prompt attention.

J. RUSSELL, W. W. MITCHELL & L.



DENNIS DOYLE.

BOARD AND LIVERY STABLE

In Connection with the Waverley Hotel.

New Harness, New Horses, Everything to satisfy the public

ECITON

I have for sale at lowest prices, any or lot of American sewing machines, John Deere, and the latest improvements. The rolls are guaranteed solid white rubber. The ordinary family size I am selling for \$2.75.

I have made arrangements to keep constantly on hand the celebrated Wilcox washing machine, price \$4.50. A large lot of preserving kettles from 25c to \$1.00. Creamers and milk pails of the quality and lowest price.

J. H. PHINNEY

Grand Opportunity at the CHATHAM STEAM LAUNDRY.

To avoid disagreeable work and exposure during the winter months we are offering special rates for Family Washing, the small sum of One cent a piece for all unstarched goods (except flannels which have to be washed by hand), and starched goods will be done by us.

At Reduced Rates.

or washed, dried, and returned to be starched at home; thus avoid all cold and disagreeable work.

Give us one trial.

One man will never leave us. All kinds of fancy ironing and darning done in first-class style.

We also issue Coupons showing the number of shirts in your parcel. When you have coupons representing 30 shirts we will give you a dollar shirt free.

Chatham Steam Laundry

PROVISIONS

CONSISTING OF

Flour, Beef, Pork, Hams, Bacon, Tea, Sugars, Molasses, Barley, Peas, Soap, Lard, Bran and Feed, Rolled Oats and Standard Oatmeal and Cornmeal in bbls. and 4 bbls

Ontario and Moncton Cracked Feed, etc.

Store on Public Wharf.

J. A. RUNDLE.

GOTO Frank Massons FOR Tinware Enamelware Prices Right.

Estimates for metal roofing cheerfully furnished.

Tailoring

Mr. J. R. McDonald has resumed work opposite Messrs. D. & J. Ritchie's store where he will be pleased to see his old customers and friends.

Pressing, Cleaning & Repairing Done at short notice.

Make New Rich Blood

Parsons' Pills

"BLOOD PURIFIER MADE." Parsons' Pills are the best blood purifier known. Put up in glass bottles, one a dose. Recommended by many physicians.

Continued.

John has glimpses of these things on his way to the hotel, and although his mind is hardly in a condition to take much notice of such matters, they nevertheless impress him to a certain degree.

Well, indeed, must be the man who cannot grasp the wonderful beauty of such a scene. At another time John would have been surprised.

He reaches the hotel and at once engages a room. Supper is ready, and he sits down to a meal one can hardly procure outside of Paris itself, and served in French style.

If any one were watching John, his nervousness would be perceptible. From the table he seeks the office of the hotel.

"What can I do for monsieur?" asks the polite attendant, seeing him standing there expectantly.

"I desire to procure a guide."

"To-morrow?"

"Now—at once."

The clerk looks at him curiously. He cannot understand what such impetuous means.

He realizes that he is dealing with one who is different from the usual run of travellers.

"Monsieur does not, perhaps, know the danger involved in the night; for the Arabs do not often invade the old town after dark."

"Pardon me, my business is very important. I am not here for pleasure."

"A good idea. You will keep them in your safe," setting the action to the word.

"Now, monsieur will write his name."

"Done."

"Also the address."

"211, I don't quite understand."

"To which he would have them sent."

"Sent?"

"In case we see monsieur no more."

"Ah! Now I catch on," with a smile, as he adds the words: "Chicago, Ill., U.S.A."

"Chicago. I have heard of it; quite a place," remarks the clerk.

"Rather," dries. "The electric, please."

Then the clerk beckons to a man who has been lounging not far from John sweeps his eyes over him.

He sees an Arab gypsy, a swarthy fellow of stalwart build, dressed in the attractive costume of his race. John reads human nature fairly well, and he believes he sees a man who can be depended on.

"This, Monsieur is Mustapha Cadi. You can depend upon him always," and the clerk goes to his regular work.

The Arab makes the ordinary salutation, crossing his hands over his breast and bowing.

"The Arabs are very ceremonious never entering a room or being seated before a guest."

"You speak English?" asks John.

"Ah, yes," smiling, the clerk gently replies.

"I want to engage you in my service for some days, Mustapha Cadi."

"I have just come with a party from the wine caves of Chateau de la Roche, and the cemetery on Boulevard. I am now free, and in Monsieur's service."

"Two days?"

"I will make it four."

"Great is Allah, and Mohammed is his prophet. I shall not complain."

"Done it."

"I am very anxious to see some one whom I have reason to believe is in this city."

"Of course."

"You must take me to him to-night."

"I cannot say, it is for you to tell."

"Does this illustrious person live in any of the old Aljeiras?"

"His name?"

"Ben Taleb."

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Dandruff.

"Mamma, isn't this a frightfully maddening dandruff? What is that dreadful smell?"

"That is from the o'clocks, child. Hold your nose."

"How unreasonable you are, mamma! How can I do that and hold up my skirts?"

MINARD'S LINIMENT cures Burns, etc.

Why are you so sure he is live with you?"

"He remained 30 minutes on his knees on the ice with his gloves off putting on a pair of skates that other men have put on for me in less than three minutes."

MINARD'S LINIMENT relieves Neuralgia.

"At last," he said, "I am famous."

"Are you sure?" asked his wife.

"Well, I should say so," he replied.

"Why, they've begun to manufacture fool anecdotes about me."

A Sudden Chill often means sudden illness.

Pain-Killer is all that is needed to ward off. Unequalled for colds and diarrhoea. Avoid substitutes, there is but one Pain-Killer, Perry Davis' 25c. and 50c.

Thousands of Canadians can vouch for the efficacy of this powerful cough remedy, Perry-Davis' Cough Cure.

Manufactured by the proprietors of Perry Davis' Pain-Killer.

The Empathic Statement that The D. & L. Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate rheumatism and rheumatoid is based upon facts.

The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Don't let the new hired man say he was an expert day after day on the fishing. Can he save it?

Farmer—What does he think he is?—a specialist of the United States?

The D. & L. Plaster is doing a great deal to alleviate rheumatism and rheumatoid is based upon facts.

The D. & L. Plaster never fails to soothe and quickly cure. Manufactured by the Davis & Lawrence Co., Ltd.

Little Boy Searching.—Dr. Von Stan's Pineapple Tablets are not big nauseous doses that contain injurious drugs or narcotics—they are the pure vegetable papain—the medicinal extract from this delicious fruit, and tablets are prepared in a palatable form as the fruit itself. The remedy searches out the weak spots in the digestive organs—encourages and stimulates them—so in a box, 35 cents.—Sold by E. Lee Street.

It is said that people are right and left-eyed, just the same as they are right and left-handed. That accounts for the persistence with which so many persons look at things differently from ourselves.

MISS CADRICE.

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE

Author of "Doctor Jack," "Doctor Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York," Etc.

Continued.

The Arab shrugs his shoulders, a French trick that follows their conquests, and so is very suggestive.

"The Moorish doctor," he lives in the heart of the old town."

"Mustapha Cadi looks at the young man admiringly—curiously, for he cannot imagine what would cause such a man to seek a Moorish doctor."

"He is a man of great health and manhood, so that it can hardly be for medical advice he takes such chances to see the old Moor."

"Monsieur, I consent."

"It is well."

"I too, have conditions."

"That may alter the case," suspiciously.

"My reputation is dear to me."

"Naturally."

"It is my means of earning much money. Listen to me, I have taken Frank everywhere through this country, to Oran and even the far-away mines of the great Wanaabrey, yes, once even to the city of Fez, in Morocco; yet never has anything serious happened to those in my charge. We have been attacked by robbers in the desert, but we dispersed them with gun and yataghan. Here in Aljeira, many times, because for backsheesh have become impatient, and tried to enforce their demands, but I have taken them before the cadi, and had them punished with the bastinado. Ah! they know Mustapha Cadi, the guide, and give him a wide berth by daylight. But Monsieur, what might happen in the streets of the old town should a Frank go there at night, I am afraid to say."

"Still, you promised."

"Yes, Monsieur, my word, if the Monsieur agrees to the condition."

"Let me hear it!"

"I will procure a burmosee, you shall put the robe on, and be an Arab for to-night."

John draws a breath of relief. He smiles.

"Willingly, Mustapha. Let us lose no time, I beg of you!"

"Then, Monsieur, come."

As he passes a clerk that worthy bends forward to say:

"Does Monsieur know these people who have come from the steamer?"

John sees a list of names under his own.

"Professor Sharpe and wife."

"Lady Ruth Sharpe."

"Miss Pauline Potter."

"There they are, all present, and he hears the voice of Aunt Genie in the dining-room, even at the moment of his reading her name gently chiding a waiter for not serving the professor more promptly, always in a hurry, but generally good-natured and cheerful.

"They are friends of mine," he says, and then follows his Arab guide.

Once on the street John observes what is passing around him, and the sound of the grand staircase de mon-ventures, and crowds moving about.

Presently they come to a bazaar, where every article known to Oriental ingenuity from Zanzibar carpets, embroidered of Tunis, Damascus cutlery and odd jewelry to modern novelties can be found.

Here they enter a shop.

The guide selects what he needs, and John pays for it, wondering what sort of the spectral houses display in the wearing of an Arab costume.

Until they reach the border of the old town upon the hill-side, there is little of the old town to be seen.

He casts many inquisitive glances upon the guide and other Arabs whom they meet to see how they wear the burmosee.

"Now, Monsieur will allow me," says the tall guide, leading him into a dark corner.

There is some little difficulty experienced, but in the end John turns Arab, and the next instant he is a Moor.

Now their road ascends.

Here are in Aljeira, the old Arab town.

The passage is so narrow that at times John could easily touch the walls of the spectral houses on either side by extending his arms.

Every little while there is a short passage where a queer lantern burns dimly. Over a door, here and there, a light makes the residence of some Moor clear of the darkness. But there the passage-way would be totally dark, even on the brightest moonlight night.

They meet bearded and turbaned Arabs, who walk majestically and proudly as Lucifer, even without a piastre in their purses; even women veiled in black, wearing anklets, and with their nails stained with henna.

The men salute and Mustapha replies, while the disguised young American merely bows his head, which he has hidden after the manner of one who mourns.

Thus they advance.

Presently they turn sharply to the left, and enter a dark passage.

"We will wait here a few minutes," "But why?" asks the impatient doctor.

"You saw the group descending, Monsieur?"

"Yes."

"I recognized them as rival couriers. If they saw me, they would glance sharply at my companion. Perhaps for a moment they would stop to stare at a Frank through Aljeira at night. That would not count. If they believed I did some good thing, they would spread the news abroad, and I am afraid we would have trouble. Better a little delay than that," and he draws a finger across John's throat to signify the terrible stroke of a vengeful yataghan.

"I think you are right," replies John.

They hear the group go by, laughing and joking, and the passage is again clear.

"Again, forward, Monsieur," whispers the faithful courier, and leaving their hiding-place they push on.

They are in the heart of the old town, and a most singular sensation comes over John, as he looks all around to see the white walls, the solemn figures moving about, and hears sounds that never before greeted his ears.

It is as if he were in another world. While he thus ponders and speculates, his companion comes to a sudden halt. They are at the door of a house a little more conspicuous than its fellows, and Mustapha hastily gives the rapper a resonant clang.

CHAPTER XIII.

His manner gives the man from Chicago to understand that he has come to an end of his journey.

"What is it, Mustapha?" he whispers.

"Monsieur did not notice. Two Arabs, one a muzzelin, or priest, just passed us. They brushed against you. Perhaps they disturbed the burmosee; at any rate, their heads go together; they appear excited; they stop before; see, you can yourself notice; two more John looks at the guide, and the guide looks at him. The guide is a Moorish man, and John feels that he must make the most of it.

"The situation is a peculiar one, and John feels that he must make the most of it."

"Illustrious Moor, listen then while I relate the reason for my presence, why for months I have searched country after country for one who ever could be of service to me."

"Where is his courier, the faithful Mustapha Cadi, all this while?"

As he mentions him, the sheik claps his hands and the guide appears. He enters into a brief conversation with him in the Moorish tongue. John rightly guesses that the guide is relating the facts concerning their search for the house, and that he fears they may be attacked, if they leave by the same way they entered.

The old Moor smiles, and after answering, turns to the young man from Chicago.

"There is another way of leaving this place, and that is the way I will show you. They shall not harm you who comes to see Ben Taleb, if it can be prevented."

Then comes the ceremonious leaving-taking, and John manages to escape through this with credit. He has undoubtedly made a deep impression on the Moorish host, who, catching the crumbs falling from his father's table of knowledge, has aspirations above being the wife of a Moor, who may also have a burmosee.

At last they start off, with the slave in the lead, and after passing through several rooms, which John views with interest, arrive at a wall.

Acting under the advice of his guide, John has assumed the burmosee again, for Mustapha carried it on his arm when he appeared.

"We will pass through this door, and reach another street. Are you ready, Monsieur?"

John replies in the affirmative. The light is hidden under a basket, and the wall remains in its usual appearance. If they are fortunate, they will avoid the trouble that lay in wait at the door of the old Moor.

John no longer trembles in anticipation of what is to come. He has been disappointed, and yet bears his burden well.

His guide is yet cautious, believing that one is not safe until out of the woods. It is possible word may have been sent abroad among the strolling Moors and Arabs of the old town, that a Frank is wandering about in a burmosee under the care of Mustapha Cadi, and hence a search for him at attendant desperate conflict, will come.

CHAPTER XIII.

His manner gives the man from Chicago to understand that he has come to an end of his journey.

"What is it, Mustapha?" he whispers.

"Monsieur did not notice. Two Arabs, one a muzzelin, or priest, just passed us. They brushed against you. Perhaps they disturbed the burmosee; at any rate, their heads go together; they appear excited; they stop before; see, you can yourself notice; two more John looks at the guide, and the guide looks at him. The guide is a Moorish man, and John feels that he must make the most of it.

"The situation is a peculiar one, and John feels that he must make the most of it."

"Illustrious Moor, listen then while I relate the reason for my presence, why for months I have searched country after country for one who ever could be of service to me."

"Where is his courier, the faithful Mustapha Cadi, all this while?"

As he mentions him, the sheik claps his hands and the guide appears. He enters into a brief conversation with him in the Moorish tongue. John rightly guesses that the guide is relating the facts concerning their search for the house, and that he fears they may be attacked, if they leave by the same way they entered.

The old Moor smiles, and after answering, turns to the young man from Chicago.

"There is another way of leaving this place, and that is the way I will show you. They shall not harm you who comes to see Ben Taleb, if it can be prevented."

Then comes the ceremonious leaving-taking, and John manages to escape through this with credit. He has undoubtedly made a deep impression on the Moorish host, who, catching the crumbs falling from his father's table of knowledge, has aspirations above being the wife of a Moor, who may also have a burmosee.

At last they start off, with the slave in the lead, and after passing through several rooms, which John views with interest, arrive at a wall.

Acting under the advice of his guide, John has assumed the burmosee again, for Mustapha carried it on his arm when he appeared.

"We will pass through this door, and reach another street. Are you ready, Monsieur?"

John replies in the affirmative. The light is hidden under a basket, and the wall remains in its usual appearance. If they are fortunate, they will avoid the trouble that lay in wait at the door of the old Moor.

John no longer trembles in anticipation of what is to come. He has been disappointed, and yet bears his burden well.

His guide is yet cautious, believing that one is not safe until out of the woods. It is possible word may have been sent abroad among the strolling Moors and Arabs of the old town, that a Frank is wandering about in a burmosee under the care of Mustapha Cadi, and hence a search for him at attendant desperate conflict, will come.

A Friend's Advice.

When you find your kidneys are out of order, when you feel your back aches and pains and gives you endless misery, when you have to rise often in the night and endure torture during the day—take a box of

DOAN'S KIDNEY PILLS.

There are lots of people in your town, who have been cured of kidney trouble. Mr. T. Sargent, merchant tailor, Brockville, Ont., says they cured him of a severe attack of backache and kidney trouble. They cured Mrs. E. Ford, St. Thomas, Ont., of dropsy.

John N. B. says they cured her of distressing backache, from which she suffered for over six months.

From nearly every city and town in the Dominion we get statements similar to the above. People who have used them are able to say a good word for Doan's Kidney Pills.

Healed of Her Heart Hangs!

After doctors had said no cure—Accute heart disease had put Mrs. Fitzpatrick well nigh in the clutch of the "Grim Reaper." But Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart met her at the hospital door, offered her life, she accepted the great healer

and to-day is well and strong.

most pronounced symptoms of heart disease are: Palpitation, shortness of breath, weak and irregular pulse, smothering spells, swelling of the feet and ankles, tenderness and pain in the left side, chills, sensations, uneasiness if sleeping on the left side, fainting spells, hunger and exhaustion. Any one of these symptoms is enough to convince of the setting of heart disease—and any one of them, if neglected, may mean sudden death to the patient.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

Dr. Agnew's Cure for the Heart not only gives almost instant relief, but it is the most stubborn case it will effect a rapid and permanent cure. It is an untried nostrum. It is a heart-specific, it leaves no bad after-effects or depression. It acts directly on the nerve centers, induces nervous energy, dispels all weaknesses, and generally tones the system.

THE FAT IN

the food supplies warmth and strength; without it the digestion, the muscles, the nerves and the brain are weak, and general debility follows. But fat is hard to digest and is disliked by many.

Scott's Emulsion

supplies the fat in a form pleasant to take and easy to digest. It strengthens the nerves and muscles, invigorates mind and body, and builds up the entire system.

SCOTT & BOWNE, Chemists, Toronto.

Spring Weather Weakness

Try as you may, you cannot escape the weary, worn out, don't-care-to-work feeling that accompanies spring weather.

Brain is not as clear as it ought to be; there is languor and listlessness instead of energy and activity.

Burdock Blood Bitters is what people need this weather.

It sets the liver, bowels, and kidneys acting, whereby all poisons are eliminated from the system; cleans the tongue, improves the appetite, purifies and enriches the blood.

MISS MARY J. IRWIN, Holland, Man, writes:

"I have used Burdock Blood Bitters as a spring medicine for three years now and don't think there is its equal anywhere. When I feel drowsy and tired, and have no desire to eat, I get a bottle of B.B.B."

"I think it purifies the blood and builds up the constitution better than any other remedy."

CHAPTER XIII.

His manner gives the man from Chicago to understand that he has come to an end of his journey.

"What is it, Mustapha?" he whispers.

"Monsieur did not notice. Two Arabs, one a muzzelin, or priest, just passed us. They brushed against you. Perhaps they disturbed the burmosee; at any rate, their heads go together; they appear excited; they stop before; see, you can yourself notice; two more John looks at the guide, and the guide looks at him. The guide is a Moorish man, and John feels that he must make the most of it.

"The situation is a peculiar one, and John feels that he must make the most of it."

"Illustrious Moor, listen then while I relate the reason for my presence, why for months I have searched country after country for one who ever could be of service to me."

"Where is his courier, the faithful Mustapha Cadi, all this while?"

As he mentions him, the sheik claps his hands and the guide appears. He enters into a brief conversation with him in the Moorish tongue. John rightly guesses that the guide is relating the facts concerning their search for the house, and that he fears they may be attacked, if they leave by the same way they entered.

The old Moor smiles, and after answering, turns to the young man from Chicago.

"There is another way of leaving this place, and that is the way I will show you. They shall not harm you who comes to see Ben Taleb, if it can be prevented."

Then comes the ceremonious leaving-taking, and John manages to escape through this with credit. He has undoubtedly made a deep impression on the Moorish host, who, catching the crumbs falling from his father's table of knowledge, has aspirations above being the wife of a Moor, who may also have a burmosee.

At last they start off, with the slave in the lead, and after passing through several rooms, which John views with interest, arrive at a wall.

Acting under the advice of his guide, John has assumed the burmosee again, for Mustapha carried it on his arm when he appeared.

"We will pass through this door, and reach another street. Are you ready, Monsieur?"

John replies in the affirmative. The light is hidden under a basket, and the wall remains in its usual appearance. If they are fortunate, they will avoid the trouble that lay in wait at the door of the old Moor.

John no longer trembles in anticipation of what is to come. He has been disappointed, and yet bears his burden well.

His guide is yet cautious, believing that one is not safe until out of the woods. It is possible word may have been sent abroad among the strolling Moors and Arabs of the old town, that a Frank is wandering about in a burmosee under the care of Mustapha Cadi, and hence a search for him at attendant desperate conflict, will come.

CHAPTER XIII.

His manner gives the man from Chicago to understand that he has come to an end of his journey.

"What is it, Mustapha?" he whispers.

"Monsieur did not notice. Two Arabs, one a muzzelin, or priest, just passed us. They brushed against you. Perhaps they disturbed the burmosee; at any rate, their heads go together; they appear excited; they stop before; see, you can yourself notice; two more John looks at the guide, and the guide looks at him. The guide is a Moorish man, and John feels that he must make the most of it.

"The situation is a peculiar one, and John feels that he must make the most of it."

"Illustrious Moor, listen then while I relate the reason for my presence, why for months I have searched country after country for one who ever could be of service to me."

"Where is his courier, the faithful Mustapha Cadi, all this while?"

As he mentions him, the sheik claps his hands and the guide appears. He enters into a brief conversation with him in the Moorish tongue. John rightly guesses that the guide is relating the facts concerning their search for the house, and that he fears they may be attacked, if they leave by the same way they entered.

The old Moor smiles, and after answering, turns to the young man from Chicago.

"There is another way of leaving this place, and that is the way I will show you. They shall not harm you who comes to see Ben Taleb, if it can be prevented."

Then comes the ceremonious leaving-taking, and John manages to escape through this with credit. He has undoubtedly made a deep impression on the Moorish host, who, catching the crumbs falling from his father's table of knowledge, has aspirations above being the wife of a Moor, who may also have a burmosee.

At last they start off, with the slave in the lead, and after passing through several rooms, which John views with interest, arrive at a wall.

Acting under the advice of his guide, John has assumed the burmosee again, for Mustapha carried it on his arm when he appeared.

"We will pass through this door, and reach another street. Are you ready, Monsieur?"

John replies in the affirmative. The light is hidden under a basket, and the wall remains in its usual appearance. If they are fortunate, they will avoid the trouble that lay in wait at the door of the old Moor.

John no longer trembles in anticipation of what is to come. He has been disappointed, and yet bears his burden well.

His guide is yet cautious, believing that one is not safe until out of the woods. It is possible word may have been sent abroad among the strolling Moors and Arabs of the old town, that a Frank is wandering about in a burmosee under the care of Mustapha Cadi, and hence a search for him at attendant desperate conflict, will come.

CHAPTER XIII.

His manner gives the man from Chicago to understand that he has come to an end of his journey.

"What is it, Mustapha?" he whispers.

"Monsieur did not notice. Two Arabs, one a muzzelin, or priest, just passed us. They brushed against you. Perhaps they disturbed the burmosee; at any rate, their heads go together; they appear excited; they stop before; see, you can yourself notice; two more John looks at the guide, and the guide looks at him. The guide is a Moorish man, and John feels that he must make the most of it.

"The situation is a peculiar one, and John feels that he must make the most of it."

"Illustrious Moor, listen then while I relate the reason for my presence, why for months I have searched country after country for one who ever could be of service to me."

"Where is his courier, the faithful Mustapha Cadi, all this while?"

As he mentions him, the sheik claps his hands and the guide appears. He enters into a brief conversation with him in the Moorish tongue. John rightly guesses that the guide is relating the facts concerning their search for the house, and that he fears they may be attacked, if they leave by the same way they entered.

The old Moor smiles, and after answering, turns to the young man from Chicago.

"There is another way of leaving this place, and that is the way I will show you. They shall not harm you who comes to see Ben Taleb, if it can be prevented."

Then comes the ceremonious leaving-taking, and John manages to escape through this with credit. He has undoubtedly made a deep impression on the Moorish host, who, catching the crumbs falling from his father's table of knowledge, has aspirations above being the wife of a Moor, who may also have a burmosee.

At last they start off, with the slave in the lead, and after passing through several rooms, which John views with interest, arrive at a wall.

Acting under the advice of his guide, John has assumed the burmosee again, for Mustapha carried it on his arm when he appeared.

"We will pass through this door, and reach another street. Are you ready, Monsieur?"

John replies in the affirmative. The light is hidden under a basket, and the wall remains in its usual appearance. If they are fortunate, they will avoid the trouble that lay in wait at the door of the old Moor.

John no longer trembles in anticipation of what is to come. He has been disappointed, and yet bears his burden well.

His guide is yet cautious, believing that one is not safe until out of the woods. It is possible word may have been sent abroad among the strolling Moors and Arabs of the old town, that a Frank is wandering about in a burmosee under the care of Mustapha Cadi, and hence a search for him at attendant desperate conflict, will come.

CHAPTER XIII.

His manner gives the man from Chicago to understand that he has come to an end