(Continued from 1st page.)

CHAPTER II.

"Hallo, my son! Just ready for you," said Meryon.

"Honored lord, the prince commands your presence!" quavered the boy, agitatedly twisting together his slender fingers.

Seeing something was wrong, Meryon recognized the need of restoring Ebal's confidence by preserving a bold front.

"Commands it, does he? Isn't the old man overstraining himself a little? But of course you meant to say that he begs to supplicate the privilege of my company. Well tell him to keep his caftan on and I'll be round in the course of a day or two."

"Do not speak so, beloved lord! Hatipha has found us out and told his highness. Oh, if they kill you I will kill myself!" cried the child, bursting into tears.

Meryon, gently touched, expressed it in his American way by a laugh.

"Don't you fret, Ebal, my jewel; neither of us is going to quit this sinful and hollow life for sixty or seventy years to come, at least. You don't half knew me yet. I have but to clap my hands and say: 'Galah!' and the president of the United States would march into the palace at the head of the army, navy and New York police department, and snatch up the whole court by the scuff of the neck and dump it hard down on Blackwell's Island—yes, they would! Hand me that stocking. And talk about palaces! Wait till you see the white house. Ebal, you don't know luxury, gorgeousness, extravagance, intrigue and corruption until you're been naturalized in the states as a Jeffersonian democrat or Lincoln republican. This is a simple, innocent sort of a place. If Hatipha were to get among Tyard politicians that I knew, mistake him for a newborn babe, sir!"

"If we were there, mighty pleased Ebal, whose black eyes widely expanded while he drank in information. "How would I be!"

"Give your grip for we'll be leaving before long, all right. Hand me that necktie—no, the red one—I'm tired this morning! Now we're about ready, don't I? Wait in an hour; stay here quiet and be a good boy; do what I say."

As did the young America go to battle. In one way the odds was an unequal one, and no knew it better than he. But at least (and perhaps in other things) nothing is to be gained by a cross or apologetic attitude; Meryon was conscious, moreover, of possessing certain resources which, if not immediately subdued, might yet serve him in good stead. With wit, knowledge, tact and courage, even a single man may make headway against a host.

He strolled with an insouciant air towards that part of the palace wings in which the prince's guests lay. As he passed through the various courts, halls and corridors he was the object of a good deal of curious scrutiny from those who saw him, as if some had got abroad of his being in disgrace. He noticed, for his part, that there sign of bustle and excitement about which could have reference to himself. Had a military smack to them. Was in the air apparently. Meryon limited his interest for the moment to the war in which he was a personal one.

The prince's ante-room was a blaze of courtiers and attendants, among them. His unfriendly face wore a grimace of surprise as he caught Meryon's eye, the latter drew near and obviously ignored his greeting, turned his amorphous back upon him. Meryon, with a pleasant smile, put forth his right hand and caught the eunuch by the lobe of one of his huge ears, upon which as a pivot he swung him forcibly about. The creature squealed with pain and astonishment.

"Well, how is the old pudding-head this morning?" the American inquiringly. It mustn't forget his manners. Meryon tell his highness I have come him at once on particular business.

Astonishment of the rebuke was evident, but all except the courtiers were unanifestly pleased and eunuch is a personage in any case, this instance he is the average. Without getting up, he signed the slave that to announce him, thus ignoring the opportunity for a part of the incident had made salaamed humbly and quietly stepped aside as he bade good morning.

Meryon has been intimated great freedom and was accorded little ceremony in being the prince; he had at a court between lords and out of it been a musk rose among cabbage. Meryon thought his, even between his estate's haughty and the game must be played, and dangers lurked about, autocratic, stern-looking gentlemen sat cross-legged on cushions on a low dais, snaky stem of a pipe in right hand. He waited for a couple of minutes, one of whom kept his off him with a long-plume of ostrich feathers squatted at the feet, ready to refill it when ended.

At last the prince, who had lounged nonchalantly on his cushions, "Do you venture to come before I have signified my pleasure to receive you? Your lack of respect and ceremony amazes me!"

"Prince," replied Meryon, with imperturbable politeness, "I have a communication for your private ear—your private ear, prince," he repeated, with a slight gesture of the head towards Hatipha, who was fairly dancing up and down in the agony of his blood-thirsty impatience to recount his grievances.

His highness hesitated a moment, bending the full force of his glance upon the young artist, who encountered it with one full as steadfast and significant. "Retire!" he then said to the eunuch, waving his hand in dismissal.

"But, most illustrious son of Heaven," began the inflamed functionary, "you understand not."

"What!" roared the prince, in a sudden fury; "am I told by the filth that oozes beneath my feet that I understand not? Retire instantly, or that foul hide of thine shall be stripped from thy carrion cacass and serve as a mat for dogs to sleep on!"

This explosion fairly blew the unwieldy eunuch out of the room, turning green as he went with mingled terror and unglutted malignity. The American and the oriental were left face to face.

"Now, sir," the latter set out with the modified sterness of a monarch who has just enjoyed the satisfaction of scaring a subject half to death; but Meryon interposed with cool suavity.

"Since your highness desires ceremony, let me remind you that I have not been asked to take a seat. May I inquire if you expect me to conduct this interview standing?"

The prince's breath temporarily forsook him. Meanwhile he and Meryon eyed each other intently. Meryon by this time was roused to the pitch of being capable of anything. But his anger had the useful effect of collecting instead of scattering his faculties, and he was outwardly cool as sherbet and calm as a June morning. He was very different from the genial, careless young fellow who during the past six or eight weeks had amused and interested the potentate. Aiter a few pregnant seconds the prince, reflecting that they were alone (the mutes didn't count) and inwardly sensible of a spirit he had not calculated on, intimated that a place beside him was at the other's disposal. Meryon leisurely sat down and pursued his advantage

"Let us clearly understand each other, prince," he said. "I have hitherto met you with the informal confidence which a friend naturally observes towards his friend; but I must tell you that any attempt to impose on my good nature will be promptly checked. Is that plain or shall I more fully explain myself?"

Some real curiosity blended with the outraged dignity of his highness as he asked: "What do you mean by talking to me like that? Don't you know that by a nod of the head I can cause you to be bastinadoed, boiled in oil and bow-strung?"

Meryon smiled; the smile broadened to a chuckle, and the chuckle expanded into a loud and hearty peal of laughter.

The prince frowned, clutched his beard, kicked off a slipper, put his hand towards the gong and withdrew it, and then abruptly overcome by the mysterious absurdity of the situation, burst into roars of merriment as resonant as his guest's. Hatipha, hearing from without this combined uproar of mirth, uttered a scream of despair and waddled frantically away to harem, where he rent his robes and boxed the ears of whomsoever was not active enough to get out of his reach.

Ceasing at length and wiping the tears from his cheeks with the gold-embroidered satin cuff of his caftan, his highness panted out: "And now, what have we been laughing at?"

CHAPTER III.

Meryon did not at once reply. He took his cigarette case from his pocket, selected a cigarette and said to the Nubian of the nargileh: "Boy, a light." After obtaining it he drew in a whiff or two with a thoughtful air and then turned gravely to his host.

"Prince," he said, in a tone of icy distinctness, "it is fortunate for you that I did not take your bravado in earnest. If I thought," he continued, with a stern and keen look, "that you actually meditated violence to me and thereby to the all-powerful nation which I represent—if I believed that, within three months your kingdom would have been wiped from the map, and you and your subjects would be on your way to New York to become waiters in the public restaurants!"

There was a silence. Both smoked. Meryon with long, serene inhalations, his highness with short, sharp puffs. At last he said: "Your statement, Meryon Pacha, seems improbable. I have indeed heard that your nation is great, and I know that the ways of Allah are unfathomable. Injustice dwells not in my heart. You will admit that you have been hospitably entertained—" Meryon stiffly inclined his head, at the same time slightly lifting one eyebrow and shrugging the opposite shoulder—"but it has come to my ears that you have ventured to look upon and even to address communications to the princess, my daughter, apparently presuming her capable of deigning—"

Once more Meryon interrupted. "Prince, you employ words which I won't take from you. 'Deigning!' Does the tom-tit condescend to the eagle? It was my whim to lay aside the cares of sovereignty (which I must resume on my return home) and masquerade in this out-of-the-way little corner, for a while, as a mere traveling artist. But in birth, station and power you're simply not in sight, beside me, not to mention your interesting family."

The prince, by a nervous jerk of the elbow, upset the nargileh, which the Nubian deftly caught and replaced.

"I've been studying your little principality," resumed the other, "with a friendly disposition to do something to improve it. I heard you had a daughter, and it struck me she might be the means of my helping you. I'm unmarried, and though I could get a wife worth a dozen of her in New York or Chicago, to say nothing of Boston, yet I believe in occasionally crossing the higher strains with humbler blood, and I have had thoughts of honoring you and exalting her by a union with myself."

A dozen things rushing at the same instant to get uttered at his higness' single mouth, naturally got wedged, like people trying to escape from a burning theatre, and the prince became crimson, but said noting st all. Meryon went on:

"But a serious objection has arisen, for which you are primarily to blame, and which yon must remove if I am to go on with the sceme. Terah—though I'm confident she is a good little girl and personally incapable of evil—is, nevertheless, conventionally speaking, damaged goods. And it's your fault."

The novelty of his sensations was hypnotizing the prince. His eyes rolled outwards, and his breathing was stentorious. But he no longer attempted to address the meeting.

"Qui facit per alium, facit per se," the American continned; "you are to blame for the crimes of your head eunuch, for you ought to have known better than to intrust such a clumsy beast with such delicate responsibilities. Either from brute carelessness or worse this fellow, Hatipha, the other day, suddenly sprung Terah on me with her countenance in a condition which I shudder to describe. It—she—I—in short, her veil was down!" Here Meryon bowed his head upon his knees, and tremors shook his frame.

Inarticulate gurglings came from the prince's lips. Drops of sweat formed beneath the rim of his turban and ran down into his beard. This was a great day for him, never to be forgotton!

"Anyone less magnanimous and charitable than I would have turned his back upon her and you forever," the artist went on presently. "Such an outrage upon an unsuspecting guest can hardly be too severely resented. But compassion for Terah—who was really as much shocked as I was—and friendship for you led me to forbear. I caused word to be sent to her that, on certain conditions, I would try to overlook the matter. And I am now here, prince, to tell you what the conditions are."

His highness, with eyes goggling on vacancy, stretched out his arms in front of him and rapidly closed and extended his fingers. It is uncertain whether this indicated that he wished to catch hold of an elusive word, or of something more substantial. Either way it was expressive

"What I require," said Meryon, with stern impressiveness, "is your straight-out apology; and to prove its sincerity, it must take the form of delivering up Hatipha into my hands, to be annihilated as I see fit." Having thus delivered himself, Meryon took another cigarette from his case, signed to the Nubian for a light, and added composedly: "I have spoken!"

The spell upon his highness was broken. A confused roar proceeded from him, which perhaps set out to be a sort of laugh, but went on like the cry of a tiger thirsting for meat. He clapped his hands against his thighs, kicked off both his slippers (which the Nubian of the fan impassively restored to him, receiving in acknowledgement a violent kick in the stomach,) and betrayed other symptoms of strong feeling. Gradually the waves of emotion became less agitated, and allowed him to employ human methods of speech.

"Meryon Pacha," he said, "I have been indignant. I heard reports of you which made me wish to kill you. You have spoken, and made things look different. I am more indignant than before, and somebody must be killed, but I am willimg it should not be you. You have spoken of Hatipha; it shall be! I will discipline him. I will draw off his hide in strips an inch wide. I will burn out his eyes with hot needles. I will tear out his tongue, and cut off his hands and feet. I will rub his carcass with red pepper and sirup, impale him upon a stake ten feet long, and set him in the public square for the flies to eat. Yea, by the beard of the prophet, he shall be taught etiquette!"

Meryon mused and shook his head. "The punishment is too light," he finally said. "Ordinarily, I might be satisfied with it, for I am more forgiving and tender-hearted than a women. But the dog's offense demands some really adequate penalty. I think I must have him boxed up and sent to New York to be naturalized and run for mayor on his record. It is necessary, too, that my own countrymen should see that my honor is vindicated. I will think it over. In the meantime let him be shadowed."

"Is the penalty you made a very terrible one?" asked the prince

Meryon smiled wearily. "Merely to read the account of it in the newspapers is punishment enough for most crimes," he replied. "I hate to inflict it; but mercy is one thing, weak indulgence to sin, such as your proposition would amount to, is another. And from the reputation of the woman I marry every shadow of a stain must be removed."

"As to that," said the prince, whose natural suavity was returning, "though I suppose what you say of yourself and your nation is true, still I could easily—very easily—have your head cut off, and say to your people (when they came to ask) that youth had been killed by somebody else. But I, too, am tender-hearted, and what you say about the princess is certainly true, for Hatipha himself told me so—and other things! So I should like to have you for a son-in-law, especially if it would benefit my kingdom. But how would it benefit it!"

"Well, looking at it strickly as a financial measure, I should say it would benefit you about a lac of rupees' worth a year, very likely more—what with the summer visitors, the boom in trade and new openings for unmarried ladies." After a pause he added: "But, mind you, I haven't yet promised I'll take her. My system got a bad shock that day, and I may never get over it."

The prince was silent for a long time, doing more thinking than was perhaps good either for him or Meryon. At last he said:

"Allah is great. Man knows little, and sometimes lies. Your words, Meryon Pacha may be truth or not. You wish to live; you also wish, I think to marry my daughter; but whether you desire the good of my kingdom is as yet hidden from me. But there is a way, if you choose, to prove it."

"Yes?" returned Meryon, in an indifferent tone.

"Yes?" This morning I have news that the prince, my nearest neighbor, is going to make war on me. I am unprepared and need help. Beyond the country of my enemy lies another kingdom, whose king is my ally. If a messenger from me could reach him in three, days from now I should be safe. But if I send one of my own subjects he would be stopped and slain for his speech and features would betray him. But you, Meryon Pacha, could go in safety, for there is no war with your country, and since you are a sovereign, as you say, and able to destroy all who injure you, you have nothing to fear. I will give you a message to my ally which will tell him that you are my friend and are to be my son-in-law, and that my kingdom is in danger. Now, Meryon Pacha, will you do this thing to win the princess and save the kingdom?"

The American reflected a moment. The prince was ingeniously beating him with his own stick, so to say. The threat of war was probably a fact; but the secret embassy was devised as a means of getting rid of him without seeming to do so. On the other hand he could not, after his late magniloquence, decline to do his future father-in-law so ostensibly facile a service. There was but one weak point in his higness' argument. He put his finger on that.

"The letter which I am to take to your ally will make me known also to your enemy, if he searches me. He would treat me as a spy and I should have no ground of complaint."

The prince smiled an oriental smile. "You are prudent and far-seeing, Meryon Pacha," said he. "But if I protect you from this peril, will you accept the adventure?"

"Oh, well, I don't care if I do," replied the other, twisting his red mustachios. He already had a glimpse of an expedient for making the affair serve his own purposes.

"It is well," said his highness. "Return to me at sunset to-day and I will give you the final directions."

"All right," returned Meryon, briefly, and the interview ended.

[*To be continued.*]

DR. CHASE'S KIDNEY-LIVER PILLS CURE BACK-ACHE

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[*From Miramichi Advance of Oct 11.*]

Mr George Marquis of Chatham will be looked upon as a benefactor of smelt fishermen, sportsmen and others who may have the good fortune to procure stoves of the new pattern designed by him the first sample of which was put together at his well known shop at Chatham on Tuesday afternoon and shipped yesterday to Nepmac It is to be used in a moose-shooter's camp at Tabusintac and for that purpose as well as for heating and cooking in smelt-fishermen's shanties it is just the thing It is about 20 inches long, 14 inches from front to back and the same from bottom to top The bottom, top, door and dampers, etc are of cast iron and the sides and ends are composed of a sheet of 16 gauge sheet steel It will hold nearly twice as much wood as a star stove while owing to a new and peculiar form adopted in the bottom, it will burn either a small or large quantity of fuel, as may be desired It may also be fitted to burn coal There is a draft for forcing the fire and a damper for lessening the heat at will The top has two pot-holes and these may, by the removal of the dividing centre-piece, which is of the usual form, be converted into an oblong hole for a big boiler or oblong pan Altogether, the new shanty-stove seems to meet a requirement that is more than local, and the cost, $5, places it within almost everbody's ability to buy it Mr Marquis has just begun to fill orders, and it will be well for those who intend to fish smelts during the coming winter, as well as sportsmen and gunners who want to be comfortable and, at the same time, have a stove on which they can do quite a range of cooking to place their orders with him, as early as possible.

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That desirable property situate near Saint Paul's church, Upper Chatham, known as the DesBrisay property, running from the river to the rear lots and containing about ninety five acres. There is a good house and barn and a good deal of wood land with some ten acres cleared in front. There is also a good fishing privilege in front.

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Chatham, 26th March 1895.

MARY CHALMERS.

EXECUTORS' NOTICE.

All persons having any just claims against the estate of Patrick Lannon, late of the Parish of Beresford in the County of Gloucester, farmer, deceased, are requested to file the same, duly attested, with the undersigned, or either of them, within one month from date.

Dated Bellefune N. B. 30th September 1895.

JOHN CURRY,
H. O. POIRIER, } Executors,
M. TALBOT,

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FINAL NOTICE!

SCHOOL TAX.

I am instructed by Trustees to issue Executions for all School Taxes not paid this month, and therefore notify all concerned, in order that expense may be saved to them, as under the new administration of the amalgamated districts, rates must be promptly paid.

W. JOHNSTON,
Collector.

July 5 1895.

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This wonderful Nervine Tonic has only recently been introduced into this country by the proprietors and manufacturers of the Great South American Nervine Tonic, and yet its great value as a curative agent has long been known by a few of the most learned physicians, who have not brought its merits and value to the knowledge of the general public.

This medicine has completely solved the problem of the cure of indigestion, dyspepsia, and diseases of the general nervous system. It is also of the greatest value in the cure of all forms of failing health from whatever cause. It performs this by the great nervine tonic qualities which it possesses, and by its great curative powers upon the digestive organs, the stomach, the liver and the bowels. No remedy compares with this wonderfully valuable Nervine Tonic as a builder and strengthener of the life forces of the human body, and as a great renewer of a broken-down constitution. It is also of more real permanent value in the treatment and cure of diseases of the lungs than any consumption remedy ever used on this continent. It is a marvelous cure for nervousness of females of all ages. Ladies who are approaching the critical period known as change in life, should not fail to use this great Nervine Tonic, almost constantly, for the space of two or three years. It will carry them safely over the danger. This great strengthener and curative is of inestimable value to the aged and infirm, because its great energizing properties will give them a new hold on life. It will add ten or fifteen years to the lives of many of those who will use a half dozen bottles of the remedy each year.

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Sleeplessness,
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Neuralgia,
Pains in the Heart,
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J. A. HARDER, Ex-Treas. Montgomery Co.

CRAWFORDSVILLE, IND., Aug. 20, '86.

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My daughter, eleven years old, was severely afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance or Chorea. We gave her three and one-half bottles of South American Nervine and she is completely restored. I believe it will cure every case of St. Vitus' Dance. I have kept it in my family for two years, and am sure it is the greatest remedy in the world for Indigestion and Dyspepsia, and for all forms of Nervous Disorders and Failing Health, from whatever cause.

JOHN T. MISH.

State of Indiana, Montgomery County, } ss:

Subscribed and sworn to before me this June 22, 1887.

CHAS. W. WRIGHT, Notary Public.

HARRIET E. HALL, of Waynetown, Ind., says: "I owe my life to the Great South American Nervine. I had been in bed for five months from the effects of an exhausted stomach, Indigestion, Nervous Prostration, and a general shattered condition of my whole system. Had given up all hopes of getting well. Had tried three doctors, with no relief. The first bottle of the Nervine Tonic improved me so much that I was able to walk about, and a few bottles cured me entirely. I believe it is the best medicine in the world. I can not recommend it too highly."

MRS. ELLA A. BRATTON, of New Ross, Indiana, says: "I cannot express how much I owe to the Nervine Tonic. My system was completely shattered, appetite gone, was coughing and spitting up blood; am sure I was in the first stages of consumption, an inheritance handed down through several generations. I began taking the Nervine Tonic, and continued its use for about six months, and am entirely cured. It is the grandest remedy for nerves, stomach and lungs I have ever seen."

No remedy compares with SOUTH AMERICAN NERVINE as a cure for the Nerves. No remedy compares with South American Nervine as a wondrous cure for the Stomach. No remedy will at all compare with South American Nervine as a cure for all forms of failing health. It never fails to cure Indigestion and Dyspepsia. It never fails to cure Chorea or St. Vitus' Dance. Its powers to build up the whole system are wonderful in the extreme. It cures the old, the young, and the middle aged. It is a great friend to the aged and infirm. Do not neglect to use this precious boon; if you do, you may neglect the only remedy which will restore you to health. South American Nervine is perfectly safe, and very pleasant to the taste. Delicate ladies, do not fail to use this great cure, because it will put the bloom of freshness and beauty upon your lips and in your cheeks, and quickly drive away your disabilities and weaknesses.

INDIGESTION AND DYSPEPSIA.

The Great South American Nervine Tonic

Which we now offer you, is the only absolutely unfailing remedy ever discovered for the cure of Indigestion, Dyspepsia, and the vast train of symptoms and horrors which are the result of disease and debility of the human stomach. No person can afford to pass by this jewel of incalculable value who is affected by disease of the stomach, because the experience and testimony of many go to prove that this is the ONE and ONLY ONE great cure in the world for this universal destroyer. There is no case of unmalignant disease of the stomach which can resist the wonderful curative powers of the South American Nervine Tonic.

Large 16 ounce Bottle, $1.00.

EVERY BOTTLE WARRANTED.

SOLD BY DR. J. PALLEN & SON

CHATHAM, N. B.