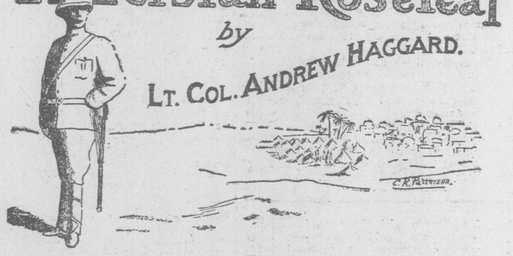
J. D. SWANSON,
Liberal Canadidate, Kamloops.

A Persian Roseleaf

by

LT. COL. ANDREW HAGGARD.



CHAPTER XXXVI.—(Continued.)

Kadijah made a grimace of pain, then, releasing herself, she said—

"Yunes is stiff-necked, and I can do nothing with him, or rather, could not do so, nor can I now entirely bend him to my will; his position is too firm with his cousin, the Khalifa Abdullah, whom, as I say, I am unable to entirely control. But what has happened is this—you will see that it is serious and indeed concerns you! Wad en Nejumi came to-day to the Emir Yunes, demanding that your father and Rabeh Abdallah, your husband the Imam, both of whom he hates, should be put to death."

"Put to death! Great and Almighty Allah! Why?"

"He has, or says he has, in his possession evidence of that which I already knew, proving that they were both acting in collusion with Sheikh Saleh of the Kabbabish tribe. Since the death of Saleh Bey some of his people have confessed to Nejumi that you yourself were, with the Hadji and the Imam, plotting to escape to Egypt. That is all, I know, that has been actually confessed, but Nejumi has added to the story, saying that the plot involved the murder of the Khalifa."

"Oh! how awful! But it is not true, Kadijah: I swear it on the Koran—it is not true!"

"No, I know it is not true. Nor should I personally have objected to your escape to your own country, for I am a foreigner myself. Nevertheless, when Wad en Nejumi said, as I heard, for I was listening, that unless Yunes put them to death at once he would denounce the Emir to the Khalifa, as harboring his would-be murderers, he weakened at once. From fear for his own fate, he said that he would do so, but stipulated that he should choose his own time and way of executing them. Then, as Nejumi was pressing Wad ed Dekeim to have them executed at once, I walked into the room, from where I was in hiding behind a screen. I said something to Wad en Nejumi, and he left. And then I had a tussle with Yunes for the mastery. I begged for the lives of the Hadji Mirza Ali Khan and Rabeh Abdallah."

"And oh! Kadijah, what was the result? If ever I was kind to you in the past, be merciful to me now!—tell me that you were successful. Oh! my dear husband! my beloved father—oh! what, what shall I do? I hope, at all events, if they are to die that they will execute me also!"

"Come, dry your tears, Lady Fatima," said Kadijah soothingly. "I was, after all, partly successful—that is, after I had showed my teeth, and also showed where Nejumi had lied."

"Partly successful! dear Kadijah, only partly successful?"

"Well, listen and be brave! Yunes said, that since he had stipulated to choose his own time for their execution, he would tell Nejumi that, as both the culprits were very useful to him, he would defer it until after the Egyptian expedition. And, of course, he would defer it altogether—but on one condition only, and that is for you to decide about—you have yet to agree to it, Lady Fatima."

"For me to decide," replied Fatima joyfully. "Why, dear Kadijah, of course I will agree to anything. What is it?"

"Well, that is right, and simplifies matters. The condition is that you consent to become an inmate of the Emir's harem. He long has heard of your beauty, and has been longing and waiting for an opportunity to possess you—especially as you are white, and not even the Khalifa himself can boast of a white woman in his whole seraglio."

"Oh! spare me any more, Kadijah! spare me any more—for the love of Allah! You, who say you loved Mahomed Ahmed alone, must know what love is! How can I, loving Rabeh Abdallah with all my heart, commit this terrible sin? Spare me, I pray!"

The wretched girl fell upon her knees and clutched the hem of Kadijah's garment imploringly.

"Well, it is for you to decide. It is your father and your husband's death—or that. But that is not all of the Emir's condition—the rest of it is that neither the Hadji nor the Iman are ever to imagine that the Emir has constrained you in any way. You are to appear to come willingly to him, when he sends me to make a demand for you, as a wife. You must claim from the Cadi a Mahomedan woman's right to a divorce, when she is not happy in her married life and seeks a release. If you do so, your husband is compelled by the religious law to grant it—yes, the triple divorce, three times 'Tallak'—which is irrevocable, and separates you for ever. But should you tell them the reason you do so, then they will surely die at once; for Yunes could not bear to appear disgraced in the eyes of these men, who have been his friends—his pride would not permit it."

"Oh Allah! Allah! Oh blessed Mahomed!—comfort me! guide me!"

"Remember this," said Kadijah, rising, "that I, who loved Mahomed Ahmed passionately and with my whole soul, knew how to repeatedly sacrifice with the man whom we both most loathed and despised—that very Sheikh Mahomed Sherif. That was when I too sought to have him taken back into favor by his Sheikh el Tarika, as at first he appeared disgraced in the eyes of the world, by which Mahomed Ahmed was considered then to have behaved wrongly. And if I could do that for my lover only, what ought you not to do for both father and husband? But farewell now. I will come for your answer to-morrow."

Kadijah left Fatima alone in her awful agony.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

A Woman's Agony.

Terrible was the din without. Owing to the obstructions being continually placed by the Emir Yunes in the way of Nejumi's departure, the latter-named Emir, while fretting with impatience, was reduced to the expedient of holding almost daily reviews of the troops, and practising the Dervishes in martial exercises. These reviews, being accompanied with the usual beating of drums and blowing of horns, made the air hideous. All of these concentrated sounds, and, in addition, the loud bugle notes of the band of the Bazingers, which was provided with captured Egyptian bugles, seemed to throb with one awful confusing clash through the brain of the unfortunate girl, left to her misery alone. With hands tightly clasped, set face and rigid features, Fatima stood in the middle of the apartment, staring at vacancy. While dimly realizing the horror of her situation, consecutive thought seemed impossible to her. At length, as the power of her brain overcame the effect of external influences, ideas commenced to formulate themselves in her mind—she was able to think. No longer hearing the nahas or the noggaras, the ombeyas or brass bugles, she vaguely picked up the Koran from its stand, and opened its pages at the first chapter.

"Bismillah hirr rehman nirr rahim." She had read no further, when she laid the book aside again, exclaiming scornfully, "Mockery! mockery! there is no God who is compassionate or merciful!—it is a lie. And if Mahomed is in truth the messenger of God, he is now, as he has been from the first, but the messenger of bloodshed, death, torture, misery! They bring no comfort to me from heaven—no help. No comfort and no help can I obtain either from any being on the earth! Alone am I in all this universe—solitary in my misery, without a comforter, without a guide! For my lips are sealed; if I open them it means death to those whom I love more than life itself. On the other hand, if I keep them closed, if I yield, what then?—dishonor to myself, coupled with separation for ever. No chance of escape for me from this awful, awful land. And escape was so near, it was all arranged—but now!"

In black, black despair, Fatima sank upon a divan, striving to obtain some inward light by which all might be saved; but no light came. For a time she thought of committing suicide—it would be easy, the Nile was close at hand. But she rejected that course as impracticable, not from the fear of death for herself—that would be a welcome release—but because she realized that, were she to kill herself, her father and her husband would most assuredly follow her to the grave. And who knew under what circumstances of preliminary atrocity? Their hands and feet might be cut off—their noses, their ears also—their eyes perhaps be seared with hot irons! Or they might, like Zeki Tummal, be slowly starved to death in a welled-up, coffin-shaped chamber.

Fatima shuddered with horror; no! she decided, she must not kill herself.

Had she for one moment doubted Kadijah, she would have determined to disclose everything to the Hadji and Rabeh Abdallah, upon their return from the review then proceeding. But she did not doubt Kadjah; she felt that the Gallah woman had spoken the truth in every respect, both as regarding her own wonderful career and concerning the intentions of the Emir Yunes. For all the friendship that he had shown to her father, his firmness was well known. What he said that he would do, that he did. Moreover, he never allowed himself to be baulked in the gratification of his lusts. Girl after girl, and even young married women, had been already dragged off to his harem—free Dongolese women and not slaves. They had been liberated again when he was tired of them, to return dishonored to their homes after a day, a week, or a month.

And was that, then, to be her own fate?—her awful fate!. Fatima shuddered so that it seemed as if she had the ague, when she thought of the defilement that she, a virtuous and loving woman, was called upon to undergo in the arms of this merciless tyrant. Then in indignation she rose to her feet, clenching her fists and teeth, and stamping with rage—"I will kill him first!—yes, kill him with his own dagger! Never, never will I suffer dishonor!"

But inexorable reason returning, whispered—"Yes, but if I kill the Emir Yunes that will not save Rabeh Abdallah—that will not preserve my father's life. Wad en Nejumi will be left, to wreak his vengeance—and in what manner? He is skilled in torture, and but later hanged some of his enemies head downwards—after mutilating them. No, I can not, dare not kill Wad ed Dekeim. What course, then, is there left to me? To yield, after first informing my dear ones of my reason for doing so, would only mean their death, for I know them. Rather would they slay themselves with me than live to witness my dishonor. And why should they die now that they are so near escape, about, perhaps, to behold the blessed sun in liberty once more? For Kadijah as good as said that they will go on the expedition; and, if they do, are not the chances greatly in favor of one or both obtaining freedom? If I yield, I will make it a condition with Kadijah that they shall go. I will put it, that to retain them now would mean their disgrace, and, should I consent to come willingly to Yunes, as his wife—oh, horror!—I cannot allow my nearest relations and the Emir's friends to fall under the shadow of dishonor. Yes, that would do—that would do, if only I could be brave and make up my mind to this awful sacrifice, which is to include my voluntarily demanding to be separated for ever from bugles, she vaguely picked up the Koran from its stand, and opened its pages at the first chapter.

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tion on her face, she called to her father's youthful wife, Ayesha, to come and assist her in preparing the evening meal, which was to be upon an unusual scale and accompanied by various kinds of spirituous liquors.

It was not long before the men, returning dusty and tired from the wearying evolutions, Fatima greeted them with a face which was pale but smiling.

"Kadijah has been here to-day to pay me a visit, and the sight of her face has given me the horrors. So I have determined that we will all have a merry evening and enjoy ourselves together. Ayesha and I have already prepared all kinds of nice things to eat and drink, so make haste to wash off the dust, and come and be happy."

Never a trace of care did the courageous girl show during or after the feast. When Ayesha had been sent home at an early hour, Fatima listened with apparent delight to the last details of the plot for their approaching escape, with affectionately bringing her father an extra cup of wine to drink to its fortunate accomplishment.

When the Hadji in turn had departed, the beautiful Persian lavished her attentions and caresses upon her husband with unusual fervour. So much so, that Lord Rothiemay, jovial and contented, sank happily to sleep by his young wife's side, feeling that he had never loved her more.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

Death or Dishonor.

The springs in the climate of the Soudan, had already developed into the commencement of the hot season, but, although some advanced parties of the Dervishes had been dispatched down the Nile towards the Egyptian frontier, the bulk of Nejumi's army remained in the province of Dongola. Here, owing to the presence of such large bodies of men and animals, and the extreme lowness of the Nile, upon whose shores were vast accumulations of filth, the season promised to be very unhealthy. Already was Wad en Nejumi complaining to the Emir Yunes that he had had several cases of cholera among his men, while typhus was common, but still the jealous Wad en Dekeim had refused to give the order for the departure of the main body.

Affairs, however, reached a climax between the two commanders in an interview which took place on the evening after Kadijah's visit to Fatima. Nejumi had previously seen Kadijah, who was present when the Emirs met for a heated discussion. What the Gallah woman then said settled the matter. She pointed out with decision, to Yunes, that Nejumi was in the right, that, owing to the low state of the river, the cataract at Hannek below the island of Argo was quite impassable for boats, as also were the Dal and other rapids lower down, and that, consequently, the Dervish army must necessarily march the greater part of the distance to Egyptian territory by land. Further, Kadijah pointed out that, while boats could be used for the transport of provisions a great part of the way, there would be a much greater distance throughout which all stores would have to be transported on camels. This, too, through a desolate and inhospitable country, notably the arid, stony district between Akasheh and Sarras, called Batan el Haggar or the Belly of Rock. Through this pass, along which ran the track of the now destroyed railway, wells were scarce and supplied but little water; the force could therefore only move along by detachments, or carry all its water in skins on the backs of camels. Speaking, therefore, in the Khalifa's name as well as her own, since the object of Nejumi's expedition was to avoid Wady Halfa and fall upon Assouan, two hundred miles further down the Nile, Kadijah insisted that the main body should depart at once. The Emir Yunes assented with a very bad grace, saying that Wad en Nejumi could start on the morrow for all he cared; it did not affect him in the least what he did with his rubbishy men. His personal troops, however, did not concern the Emir Nejumi, and he should send his own army of Jaalin on when he liked, under the Emir Haj Ali of that tribe; he should also send part of his bodyguard of Taaisha-Arabs and Bazingers at the same time. He had no doubt but that they would arrive in plenty of time to help Nejumi out of difficulties, rudely turned his back upon Nejumi, rudely turned his back upon Uejumi, and the two Emirs parted as enemies, hating each other more than ever. If ever they met again, it was evident there would be war to the knife between them.

Long before daybreak on the morrow, the former conqueror of Sennar and Khartoum commenced moving off, with his Batahin, Homr and other Arabs, most of whom were distrusted by the Khalifa; and when dawn broke his whole force was already some miles down the river.

It was not long after daylight, and the Hadji and his son-in-law had already departed to their duties at the Mudiriyeh, when Kadijah arrived once more at the door of Rabeh Abdallah's house.

Fatima, with set and determined face, made no other acknowledgment of her visitor's salutation, of Salaam Aleikhum, than to point to the divan.

Upon this Kadijah leisurely seated herself, at the same time making a casual remark about the weather, to which Fatima made a bare assent; her thoughts were, as the Gallah woman well knew, elsewhere.

The latter next made a remark to the effect that she supposed that her hostess had heard that Wad en Nejumi had already moved off with his main army from New Dongola, and would now be picking up his other detachments at various points down the Nile.

"Yes, I know, but I imagine that Wad en Nejumi's movements are not what you came here to talk to me about," answered Fatima with a cool and assured manner which somewhat discomposed her visitor, especially when she added pointedly—"Would it not be better, Kadijah, if you did not beat about the bush, but came to the point at once? I am no child, and this is no ordinary visit of politeness that you are paying me. I am ready to listen; say what you have to say. Ask that which you wish to ask; I am prepared with my answer." And she smiled a bitter smile, which was enigmatical and told nothing to be closely observant Kadijah.

"Nevertheless, Nejumi's departure does concern that which I have come to see you about, Lady Fatima, for he has departed as the deadly enemy of the Emir Yunes, whom he is prepared to attack at any vulnerbale point. In their final interview last night, he again accused Wad ed Dekeim of harboring traitors who had conspired against our Lord the Khalifa. Although the Emir boldly told Nejumi that he lied, in which assertion he had me to support him, he has, none the less, need of considerable courage, in order to maintain those supposed traitors in their important posts, instead of, by executing them, relieving his mind of all anxiety as to Nejumi's accusations in the future. Fortunately, his blind hatred of Wad en Nejumi inclines Yunes to dare him, and show that he despises him. But this alone will not be sufficient to induce him to show mercy by sparing two heads dear to you. Indeed, he is now even weakening upon the point, saying that he is not sure whether even the possession of your charms will sufficiently balance for him the risk of future trouble. He is, however, still thinking much about you."

"Then that simplifies matters for me!" exclaimed Fatima, as a ray of joy illuminated her grave countenance. "We can all three die together, and it would be the happiest way for all."

"No, Lady Fatima, it by no means follows that you would die. Even if your father and husband were executed, your life might still appear precious enough to the Emir Yunes to be preserved."

"For how long do you think he could preserve it?" laughed the Persian girl scornfully. "When he had slain by beloved husband, killed my dear father, do you think that I would live to please this bloody Emir? I have a hundred ways of killing myself, and should do so before ever I came into his power. Can you not see that the only object for retaining life would have been taken from me?"

"Yes, I can see! I saw before even you said it, and told the Emir that you would kill yourself. And then he asked me a great many questions about your personal appearance; after which he said that he was dying with impatience to see you, vowing that never could he allow one so beautiful to destroy herself, but that he must see your face and wohld first visit you alone in order to know whether indeed he can spare your husband and your father. It would, at all events, be a great pleasure to him to behold you."

"I am honored, but how does he know that I will consent? I have not said so, and none knows better than Yunes, the so-called Mismar ed Din, that it is 'haram' for him to behold alone the face of another man's wife. So what if I refuse him that pleasure, and, as I have a mind to do, only give him the opportunity he desires after death has set his seal upon my features?"

"Then, Lady Fatima, those whom you love will die also."

"Yes, Kadijah, they will die, and will prefer death, for they shall know all before they travel forth upon the bridge formed of one single hair that leads to Paradise. For think not that I will spare Wad en Dekeim in what he calls his pride. No, they who have been his friends shall assuredly know the treachery of this base man, and, in dying, carry with them the story of our wrongs to our Lord Mahomed—upon whom be peace!"

"But what, Lady Fatima, if I warn the Emir of your intentions, so that never more may either husband or father behold your face? Perchance I do not choose to allow you to do this thing; you know that Kadijah has power!"

"The power is now in the hands of one stronger than yourself," laughed back Fatima satirically. "You could not warn him if you would. You are at my mercy this moment. See this dagger! You cannot move." From under her vest, the beautiful Persian flashed forth a shining curved jambeah, with jewelled handle, and, stepping a pace towards where Kadijah sat, held it aloft menacingly.

"Now, Kadijah, what is to prevent me from taking from you that document you showed me yesterday, and also your name seal which is hanging from your neck? Then all I have to do is to call aloud to these Bazinger orderlies seated outside, to come and bind you as a traitorous slave woman, who has spoken ill of our Lord the Khalifa. You would have no proof that you were otherwise. I could then make use of your seal, to write such letters or orders as I chose. Or I could kill you now, without calling them in, and that before you could stir a little finger. Nor, I fancy—although you are seeking to ingratiate yourself with him by obtaining me to gratify his evil passions—would the Emir Yunes much regret your loss!"

Kadijah glanced up unflinchingly at the bright blade.

"By Allah! yes, Lady Fatima, it is true! You are stronger than I thought you were; and I, for all my cunning, have put my head into a rat-trap; for, as you say, although I am stronger than you, I could not move. You win my admiration; your design is a good one, but—you will not put it into execution. You could not find it in your heart to kill Kadijah, no, nor to rob her either. I know your heart too well. She is safe from your violence, and dead she cannot help you."

"It is true," replied Fatima, returning the dagger to its metal sheath with a clang. "I bear you no ill-will, and, in addition, know that Kadijah living is more likely to be of use to me than Kadijah dead. You are safe from me. I am, indeed, no murderess or robber. This dagger is for myself—when needed. But I have, maybe, taught you a lesson, to show how little the strongest know the fate that Allah may have in store for them, for in a minute they may become the weakest; so now, in this the day of your strength, be merciful, Kadijah. Be straightforward also. Something tells me you have not told me all the truth to-day, but have been employing words put into your mouth, for his own reasons, by Wad ed Dekeim. I do not believe that he has thought of changing his purpose."

Kadijah smiled a broad smile, displaying her shapely teeth as she did so.

"I thank you for your lesson, Lady Fatima, and shall remember it, especially as, even in the tussle of wits, you prove yourself my mistress. It is true that I have been lying, and true, moreover, that Yunes bade me lie. Far from changing his mind, Yunes is more set upon you than ever. He has seen you, and is mad with passion, and would stop now at nothing to make you his."

"The Emir Yunes Wad en Dekeim has seen me! How and when, in the name of all the evil Jinns?"

"Last night, after Wad en Nejumi left him, he bade me follow him without, to talk to him of you. Seeing bright lights shining through the musharabiyeh work of the windows of this house, he stopped me, saying: 'Do you notice that there is gaiety within there? She is making merry; moreover, on account of the heat, the centre of the wooden screen work has been raised in the upper chambers. I can see her, Kadijah, for myself, by merely mounting the minaret of the mosque.' Calling two of the slaves of his bodyguard, he set them to fetch the key of the minaret from the blind Muezzin, telling them to fly and not keep him waiting. In five minutes we were upon the top of the tower. Yunes, like myself, has the eyes of a hawk; he could see your every feature. Your father was just leaving, and when he had gone you embraced your husband passionately and then removed your upper garments. Although I urged him to leave, I could not tear the Emir from the minaret until you put out the lights. And now, Lady Fatima, he is willing to become your slave—you have but to ask, the Emir will obey. He sent me to-day in order, if possible, to arrange an early interview."

"Great Allah!" exclaimed Fatima, as her face became crimson. "Great Allah! to think that I have been so shamed."

She covered her face, staggered, and would have fallen, had not Kadijah stepped forward and supported her.

But Fatima, recovering herself, pushed the Gallah away from her.

"No, no, let me bear my shame alone now, as alone, to my misery, I shall have to endure it in the days that are to come. For I will be brave and, although my heart will be crushed with the agony, my purpose is decided, and awful will be the part that I muct play. Yet I do not intend to allow my husband and my father to be cruelly murdered when, by my self-sacrifice, I can save them. But of their absolute safety I must be assured, nor will I run the risk of a dishonor which would be endured in vain by permitting the Emir, as he basely proposes, to visit me in secret. If I am doomed to give myself for the sake of saving the innocent blood of those so dear to me, never shall that man—curses upon his head!—be alone with me until I am—his wife indeed. Only, therefore, when I have in my possession his written promise, sworn in the name of Allah and the Prophet—upon whom be peace!—that they shall not have a hair of their heads harmed, nor be dishonored in the eyes of men by being removed from their present honorable positions, will I consent to this wicked, shameful bargain with this Sheitan sent by Iblis from Jehannum itself. And, Kadijah, if he refuses this—I have my dagger; or should my dagger be taken from me, then are there other means of death—to find one of them will be easy!"

"He will not refuse—set your mind at rest on that point. He burns at fever heat. So great is his impatience that, though the fate of his whole army trembled in the balance, the Emir Wad ed Dekeim would not refuse. Their safety will be assured."

"Then will my dishonor be assured also! But since what is to be done will be none the better for waiting, the first steps must be taken at once. You write Arabic well, Kadijah—take that reed pen and I will tell you what to say, in a letter that must at once be dispatched to this fiend. When, sealed by you, it has been takenu by one of the Bazinger orderlies, I will disclose to you the horrible plan that I have conceived, by which to drink the cup of anguish to the bitter dregs."

Kadijah took up the kalam and paper and wrote at Fatima's dictation.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

To the Dregs.

In the middle of the day the Hadji and his son-in-law were returning from the Mudiriyeh in a very good humor. They were not perfectly assured of the Yuzbasha, Said Guma, commander of the Bazingers, who had been already bribed, and was, in addition, promised large rewards, and also assured of his two lieutenants. These three Bazingers were the only ones of the force in the secret, but they said that when once in the field and actually at the last moment in the presence of the Egyptian forces, they would with the greatest ease win over the whole of their men. The mere thought of regaining their liberty would be enough to make the enslaved Shilluks and Dinkas take the opportunity of deserting, and when, in addition, they were all to expect a pocket full of money, these poor wretches of the rank and file, who were never paid a dollar, would be wild with delight. The scheme also for the escape of Fatima had been perfected. As all who have had to do with troops composed of Soudanese negroes know well, these uncilivized barbarians will not move willingly, even to war, without taking a proportion of their women with them. Instead, therefore, of carrying out the original design of disguising Fatima as a Dinka boy, Said Guma had arranged to take her among his own women, and disguised as one of them.

By the Emir Yunes, Mirza Ali Khan and Rabeh Abdallah had also been spoken to most amiably. He had sent for them at a time when he was holding a letter in his hand, with the contents of which, judging from his expression, he appeared to be very much pleased. To the commandant of his bodyguard he imparted the information that although, merely to anger Nejumi, he had pretended that he intended indefinitely to delay the departure of his own men, such was not really the case. He therefore requested Mirza Ali Khan to finish off the arrangements as soon as possible with Haji Ali of the Jaalin, whom the Emir also called and spoke to at the same time. Although brave, this leader of the Jaalin Arabs was a weak-minded, good-natured man, lazy, and a poor commander. He owed his position to the fact of his having taken as principal wife the elder sister of Yunes, who had a strong will of her own and had insisted upon her husband's advancement. Knowing the laziness and incompetence of Haj Ali, the Emir Yunes urged his Emir of the bodyguard in secret, by apparently cooperating with the Jaalin commander to really lead him with advice on the line of march, and assist him with his preparations before his departure. Haj Ali, quite satisfied with the importance of his position as nominal leader of the whole of Wad ed Dekeim's troops, had also not scrupled to to tell Mirza Ali Khan that he would be glad of his assistance in any matters which could save himself trouble. The pair were good friends, as the wily Persian had been carefully cultivating the friendship of the Jaalin for months past. To Robeh Abdallah, Yunes confided a raya or sacred banner for the Bazingers, which he as their Iman was to lead before them in the day of battle. It was of green silk and inscribed in golden letters with the formula, "La ila illallah Mahomed ar rasul Allah."

(To be continued.)

Ottawa, Jan. 26.—J. P. Doherty, market inspector, dropped dead in his office on the Byward market at 9 o'clock this morning. He was a married man, over sixty years of age. Mr. Doherty was a member of several fraternal societies.

HARRY JONES,
One of the Liberal Standard Bearers in Cariboo.

SMA
GREA

WANTED—MALE H
Advertisements under this
a word each insert

WANTED—Young man for
must understand lumber
and have good references
Whittington.

WANTED—Two first-class
D. H. Bale, Elford street.

BOYS WANTED—At Briti
Paint Co., Belleville street.

WANTED—At once, on sal
penses, one good man in
with rig, or capable of han
to advertise and introduce
teed stock and poultry s
experience necessary; we
work for you. $25 a week a
Position permanent. Write
kins Manufacturing Co., Lo

ENERGETIC MEN WANTE
locality throughout Canada
our goods, tacking up sno
trees, fences and along road
tributing small advertisi
Commission or salary, $83
and expenses $4 per day.
ployment; no experience
write for particulars. Wm.
Medicine Co., London, Cana

I MADE $50,000 in five years
order business; began with
can do the work home.. S
booklet; tells how to get sta
ager, Box 570, Lockport, N.

ANY INTELLIGENT PE
earn $75 to $100 monthly co
for newspapers; sure, stead
canvassing; experience u
Send for particulars. Press
Lockport, N. Y.

WANTED—An office boy.
Humber, Government street.

SMART BOY WANTED—At
Campbell's, 48 Government s

WANTED—A boy, about 16,
wagon and to be handy a
Apply Wm. Acton, grocery,

WANTED—Messenger boys.
P. R. Telegraph Office.

HELP WANTED—The abov
over classified "want" a
Times attracts the attention
help in every line.

WANTED—FEMALE H
Advertisements under this he
less, a word each insertio

ANY INTELLIGENT PER
earn $75 to $100 monthly co
for newspapers; sure, steady
canvassing; experience u
Send for particulars. Press
Lockport, N. Y.

PANTS AND VESTMAKER W
Highest price paid and st
guaranteed to right party. J.
tailor, 32 Government street.

SITUATIONS WANTED—
Advertisements under this hea
a word each insertion

C. S. MOORE, late Public Work
ment, India, will act as cont
interpreter for Hindu labor.
O. Box 87. Phone B960.

ACTIVE MAN wants job as
or work of any kind. Addr
this office.

WANTED—Position in store
house by a first-class salesma
references. Box 93, Times.

POSITION as caretaker or ja
take care of old married co
15, this office.

CONTRACTORS—We can fu
with laborers, or any kind o
short notice; Poles, Slavs
Italians, Lithuanians, etc. Bo
ping Co., 18 Norfolk street,
City.

SITUATIONS WANTED—F
Advertisements under this hea
a word each insertion

THOROUGHLY experienced
wants sewing by the day in y
Terms $1.25 per day. Apply
street.

WHEN ANSWERING adve
under this heading please say
saw this announcement in th

WANTED—MISCELLANE
Advertisements under this hea
a word each insertion

WANTED—Copies of Daily Tim
tober 15th and 16th and Nov.
Good price will be paid for o
each date at Government Lib

WANTED—Comfortable, well
room, well heated night and
and bath. R., Times.

WANTED—Old copper, brass,
and any waste material. We
ers only in junk; we are ther
pared to pay the highest mar
Call or write for price list.
Junk Agency, 30 and 32 Store

WANTED — Unfurnished hou
rooms, modern convenience
moderate. Address Box C.

WANTED—16 room house, with
facing sea, near tram; must h
lute safe anchorage for yach
Navigator, P. O. Box 34, Victo

WANTED—Old coats and vest
boots and shoes, trunks, vali
guns, revolvers, overcoats, etc
cash prices paid. Will call a
dress. Jacob Aaronson's new
ond-hand store, 64 Johnson st
doors below Government street

SUNLIGHT SOAP COUPONS W
—Toilet soaps given in exch
these coupons by C. R. King
Wharf street, Victoria.

TO LET.
Advertisements under this head
a word each insertion.

TO LET—3 room cottage, furnis
plete, modern conveniences, 5
from Fort street car. Apply
Road, Spring Ridge.

HOUSEKEEPING ROOMS an
rooms to let in Bayard House,
dora street, near City Hall,
cold water.

BAKERY TO LET—In good or
all the necessary outfit. Apply
mises, 61 Pandora street.

TWO ROOMS TO LET—Furnishe
furnished, in town. Apply A.
stone, 53 Blanchard street, ne

TO LET—Close to City Hall, ni
room, with board, suitable
young men, modern convenie
reasonable terms. Address 50,

WANTED—To rent, small far
full particulars. Address Box

TO RENT—Suite of offices on
Bank of Montreal Building.
tion May 1st. Apply Bank of

FOR SALE.

A Second-Hand Store, with
stock of new and second-hand
the Coast, doing a good busine
be sold to settle differences; sm
ital required. Apply P. O. Box
toria, B. C.