The address slip pasted on the top of this paper shows the date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper with out paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on the 1st page.

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 21, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

BUSINESS NOTICE.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" is published at Chatham, Miramichi, N. B, every THURSDAY morning in time for despatch by the earliest mails of that day

It is sent to any address in Canada, or the United States (Postage prepaid by the publisher) at ONE DOLLAR A YEAR, payable invariably in advance.

Advertisements, other than yearly or by the season are inserted at *eight cents* per line nonpareil, for 1st insertion, and *three cents* per line for each continuation.

Yearly, or season advertisements, are taken at the rate of $5 00 an inch per year. The matter, if space is secured by the year, or season, may be changed under arrangement made therefor with the publisher.

The "MIRAMICHI ADVANCE" having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers Superior Inducements to advertisers. Address

Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

Robert Murray,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
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CHATHAM N B

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ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC
AGENT FOR THE
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—AND—
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Suits for slight alterations
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This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises.
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GOOD STABLING &C.
THOMAS FLANAGAN.
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NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE
We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
consisting of
SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE KIDNEY CURE AND NERVINE TONIC, DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, DR. CHASE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT ALSO DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE, CATARRH POWDER OINTMENT AND PILLS.
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Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.
The Newcastle Drug Store,
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Blankets! Blankets! Blankets!
The evenings are beginning cool and our housekeepers are beginning to think they will need new blankets. We have just received 3 cases of Canadian Home-made all wool blankets, which are selling at very low figures
Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special:—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at $4.50 per pair are splendid value.
W. S. LOGGIE CO. LIMITED.

DRS. C. J. & H. SPROUL
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Teeth extracted without pain by the use of Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
Artificial Teeth set in Gold Rubber & Celluloid
Special attention given to the preservation and regulating of the natural teeth
Also Crown and Bridge work All work guaranteed in every respect
Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone No 53
In Newcastle opposite Square, over J. G. Kurtz's Barber shop Telephone No 6.

WOOD-GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
FOR SALE
Laths,
Palings,
Box-Shooks,
Barrel Heading,
Matched Flooring,
Matched Sheathing,
Dimensioned Lumber,
Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLETT,
NELSON.

WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
PRINTING !! SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

THE MEDICAL HALL.
BATH GLOVES AND MITS.
SPONGES
A Beautiful Line of
TOILET SOAPS
from five cents to one dollar per cake
JUST ARRIVED
—AT—
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CHATHAM, N. B.
May 18, 1896.

INSURANCE.
The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased is continued by the undersigned who represents the following Companies:—
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
ALBION,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON, & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION
ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON
MANCHESTER.
JAS. Q. MILLER.
Chatham 20th Nov 1898.

HEAD QUARTERS.
THE HEADQUARTERS FOR DRUGS, PATENT MEDICINES AND TOILET ARTICLES
... IS AT THE ...
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE.
We have on hand now, as usual, a
LARGE & FRESH SUPPLY
of the different Mixtures Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
E. L. STREET, - - PROPRIETOR.

HOMAN & PUDDINGTON
SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Spruce Lumber, Laths and Anthracite Coal,
129 BROAD STREET,
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Correspondence and Consignments Solicited

IMPROVED PREMISES
Just arrived and on Sale at
Roger Flanaan's
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings
Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes &c. &c
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
R. FLANAGAN,
ST JOHN STREET CHATHAM

EQUITY SALE.
There will be sold at Public Auction, in front of the Law Chambers so called, in the town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the Fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity, made on the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897 in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley, Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and William McDougall is defendant, with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that piece parcel or lot of land situate lying and being in the Lockstead Settlement, Parish of Blackville, County of Northumberland, granted by the said William McDougall as by reference to the grant will more fully appear and bounded as follows to wit Beginning on the eastern side of the road from McLaggan's to Renous River at the northwest angle of lot number one hundred and nine purchased by Isaac Wade, in Lockstead Settlement, thence running by the magnet along the said road north five degrees and twenty minutes, west twelve chains and fifty links to a stake, thence north eighty four degrees and forty minutes east eighty chains, thence south five degrees and twenty minutes, east twelve chains and fifty links and thence south eighty-four degrees and forty minutes west eighty chains to the place of beginning—containing over a hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number one hundred and twelve, in Lockstead Settlement.

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiffs solicitor.

Dated the fifth day of January, A.D. 1898.
L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiff's Solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

For the want of purchasers, above sale is postponed till Tuesday, the 19th day of April next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, then to take place in front of the said Law Chambers.
Dated this 15th day of March, A.D. 1898.
ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

B. R. BOUTHILLIER.
MERCHANT TAILOR,
CHATHAM,
Keeps constantly on hand full lines of Cloths of the best
British, and Canadian Makes, Trimmings, etc.
GENTLEMEN'S GARMENTS
of all kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable terms.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
cut to order
Satisfaction Guaranteed.

SEALED TENDERS addressed to the undersigned, and endorsed "Tender for Summerside Work," will be received until Tuesday, 15th day of March, 1898, inclusively, for the construction of a breakwater at Summerside, P. E. I., according to plans and specification to be seen at the office of Mr J. B. Hegan, at Charlottetown, P. E. I., at the office Mr. C. E. W Dakin, Resident Engineer Halifax, N. S. at the office of Mr. W. J. McCordock, Supt. of Dredging, Custom House, St. John, N. B. and at the Department of Public Works, Ottawa.

Tenders will not be considered unless made on the printed form supplied, and signed with the actual signatures of tenderers.

An excepted bank cheque, payable to the order of the Minister of Public Works, *for ten thousand dollars* ($10,000), must accompany each tender. This cheque will be forfeited if the party decline the contract or fail to complete the work contracted for, and will be returned in case of non-acceptance of tender.

The Department does not bind itself to accept the lowest or any tender.

By order,
E. F. E. ROY,
Secretary
Department of Public Works,
Ottawa, 21st Feb 1898.

Newspapers inserting this advertisement without authority from the Department will not be paid for it.

FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT.
At The Old Stand Cunard Street.
SHORTS,
BRAN,
CORNMEAL,
CRACKED FEED
HAY AND OATS,
E. A. STRANG.
BUSINESS
Is Now Rushing!
COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR ORDERS!
Now is the time to order your printed forms for Winter and Spring business. Send your orders to
THE ADVANCE OFFICE
—FOR YOUR—
LETTER HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
CARDS,
RAILWAY RECEIPTS,
SHIPPING RECEIPTS,
ENVELOPES,
TAGS, ETC.
A full stock of paper, envelopes, tags and printers' stationery on hand. Come or send to
THE LEADING JOB-PRINTING OFFICE.
D. G. SMITH, CHATHAM.

EQUITY SALE.
There will be sold at Public Auction in front of the Law Chambers so called in the Town of Chatham in the County of Northumberland, on Tuesday, the fifteenth day of March next, at the hour of twelve o'clock noon, pursuant to the directions of a decretal order of the Supreme Court in Equity made on the Twenty-First day of December, A.D. 1897, in a certain suit therein pending, wherein Robert C. Boyes and James S. Fairley, Executors of the last will and testament of Scott Fairley, deceased, are Plaintiffs and Joseph Grady and Charlotte Elizabeth Grady are defendants with the approbation of the undersigned referee in Equity for the County of Northumberland, the lands and premises directed to be sold by the said decretal order and therein described as all that certain piece or parcel of land situate lying and being in the Parish of Blackville, in the County of Northumberland and Province of New Brunswick, bounded as follows:—Beginning at a stake standing on the northern side of the road from the Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, at the southwest angle of lot number two, purchased by John McKenzie, in the Bradalbane Settlement, east, thence running by the magnet north eighteen degrees east sixty-seven chains, thence south seventy-two degrees, east fifteen chains to a spruce tree, thence south eighteen degrees, west sixty-seven chains to a hemlock tree standing on the northern side of the aforesaid road, from Dungarvon River to McLaggan's, and thence along the same, north seventy two degrees west fifteen chains to the place of beginning containing one hundred acres more or less, and distinguished as lot number one in the Bradalbane settlement east, granted to the aforesaid Joseph Grady, as by reference thereto will fully appear.

Together with all buildings and improvements thereon and the appurtenances to the same belonging or in anywise appertaining.

Terms of sale—Cash. For further particulars apply to Plaintiffs Solicitor.

Dated the fifth day of January, A.D. 1898.
L. J. TWEEDIE, Plaintiffs Solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity

For the want of purchasers above sale is postponed till Tuesday, the 19th day of April next, at the hour of 12 o'clock noon, then to take place in front of the said Law Chambers.
Dated this 15th day of March, A.D. 1898.
ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

MACKENZIE'S
QUININE WINE AND IRON,
THE BEST TONIC AND
BLOOD MAKER
50cT. BOTTLES
WE GUARANTEE IT AT
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
TWO TRIPS A WEEK
....FOR....
BOSTON.
COMMENCING MARCH 22, the steamers of this Company will leave St. John every TUESDAY and THURSDAY morning at 8, standard, for Eastport, Lubec, Portland, and Boston.
Returning, leaves Boston MONDAY and THURSDAY at 3 a m Portland 5 p. m
Through Tickets on sale at all Railway Stations and Baggage checked through.
Passengers arriving in St. John in the evening can go direct to the Steamer and take Cabin Berth or Stateroom for the trip.
For rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent, C. E. LAFLEUR, Agent St John, N. B.

DERAVIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
ST. KITTS, W. I.
Cable Address: Deravin
LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES
CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.
The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called to Section 19 of the Timber Regulations which reads as follows;—
"19 No Spruce or Pine trees shall be cut by any Licensee under any License, not even for piling, which will not make a log at least 18 feet in length and ten inches at the small end; and if any such shall be cut, the Lumber shall be liable to double stumpage and the License be forfeited"
and all Licensees are hereby notified, that for the future, the provisions of this section will be rigidly enforced
ALBERT T DUNN,
Surveyor General

BOOTS! SHOES!
If you want a
First Class Article made to Order
come to the shop of Samuel Johnson.
The driving-boots that all the Lumbermen are looking for are made at this establishment, and a stock of them is now on hand.
All Hand-made work and Warranted.
Repairs made promptly.
Prices reasonable all round.
SAMUEL JOHNSON.
Building adjoining the Post Office, Chatham.

Z. TINGLEY,
HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,
SHAVING PARLOR
Benson Building
Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
Smokers' Goods generally

MARK YOU!
We have the best Studio, BEST operator, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to PLEASE every time.
IF YOU WANT PICTURE FRAMES,
PHOTOGRAPHS
—OR—
TINTYPES
COME AND SEE US AT
Mersereau's Photo Rooms.
Water St., Chatham.

[Copyright, 1898, by John Alexander Steuart.]

"And may I not return to Marabel in triumph?" I asked.

"Truly thou mayst, but something tells me thou wilt not. It was pleasant to sit with thee over the evening pipe or plucking the ripe fruit, hearing thee talk of thy country and adventures. But the bitter must be with the sweet. All things have an end, and that which once was becomes but a dream. The time of parting is at hand, and I shall lie awake on my bed at night thinking of the stranger who came from afar to cheer me in my solitude."

"And the stranger will think of thee with gratitude," I returned. "It is all he has to offer, and thou hast it in full measure. Wherever he may go, whatever may be his lot, he will remember thy kindness in the day of his trouble."

"It is surely enough," he answered, in a low voice that had a quiver in it. "When thou returnest to thy people, tell them that beneath the burnoose there beat human hearts. Now one last favour I ask of thee; thou art now a man of influence; I commend my Tabal to thy care, and the Lord prosper thee."

"May my best friend forget me if I forget thy son," I replied, and he thanked me with gushing eyes.

Early in the afternoon, in accordance with Abou Kuram's orders, Said Achmet, Tabal, and myself went to the castle, which presented a scene of frantic commotion. An esplanade or parade ground in front was thronged with gaunt, fierce-visaged troops, some on foot, some mounted on horses, and some on dromedaries, wheeling and plunging and rushing to and fro with maniacal yells and brandishing of weapons.

On first catching sight of them through a vista of palms and tamarisks, I thought that either they had suddenly gone stark mad or that the enemy, following up his successes in the field, had pushed on and captured the castle. It added to my amazement when Tabal, seeing what was going on, bolted forward, shouting frantically, as though he, too, were magically bereft of his wits. Having no taste to advance among the flying spears, I was meditating flight when Said Achmet touched me reassuringly on the arm.

"It is the Arzah" (a war-dance performed before going to meet an enemy), he said, with a smile. "They are getting up the spirit of war. Methinks it will be bad for the enemy."

Whatever might be the issue, there was no denying the imposing ferocity of that wild war-dance.

The men were armed with a variety of queer and uncouth weapons—ancient matchlocks, pistols, spears, swords, javelins, and daggers, which flew and flashed promiscuously as if a company of bedlamites had somehow possessed themselves of half a dozen armouries.

As soon as we were seen approaching a band of horsemen dashed to meet us, whirling their swords in the air so furiously that in spite of Said Achmet's assurance that the display was mere sport, I had an uneasy suspicion that they were bent on cutting us down by way of preliminary practice. But just at the crucial moment, when their lances were within a few feet of us, they wheeled with inconceivable quickness and dexterity, and dashed back the way they came, yelling savagely. Two or three times this manœuvre was repeated, each time with a madder dash and a quicker turning, then drawing up suddenly they faced us, saluting with a rigid precision that was in striking contrast to the wild movements they had just gone through.

They had scarcely turned to get back to their original positions when a great shout went up, and Abou Kuram, superbly mounted on a gay charger, came curveting and prancing on the esplanade with drawn sword. His appearance was the signal for another mad outbreak of the entire body of troops, horse and foot. Yelling and flourishing and throwing their weapons, they circled about him rather as if he were a captive for whose blood they thirsted than a commander whom they wished to honour, while he rode quietly through the maze, sitting his high-spirited horse like one born to the saddle. By and by the tumult died down, and Abou Kuram, still riding about, noticed Said Achmet and myself. With two or three bounds of his leaping steed he was beside us.

"Here thou art," he said, smiling down upon me. "It pleaseth me to see thee punctually, according to thy word. Hast said farewell to the good Said Achmet, for the time has come to mount and be off?"

"I am ready, my lord," I answered.

"It is well, for the shadows grow long, and the sun is hastening to his bed. Bring the little Fatima," he said, addressing a slave. "She waiteth for her master."

Accordingly a minute later my little mare, fully caparisoned, was led ambling into the parade ground. Addressing her, the slave made a pretty speech to the effect that she was going forth to great honour with the fair-faced stranger; that she was to obey his will, and that she would have her reward in a care that would preserve her from all ill-treatment, and that she would have dates to eat and sweet water to drink when the perils of the desert were past.

The intelligent brute whinnied, as if to say she perfectly understood him. Then the bridle rein was formally delivered to me, and she took a step toward me, as if acquiescing in the change of proprietorship. I stroked her gently as a token of good will, rubbing her face and speaking encouraging words in her ear after the Arab fashion. Having thus made an agreement, I fastened my green bag carefully to the saddle, embraced Said Achmet and mounted.

"Have my words exaggerated her excellence?" asked Abou Kuram, eagerly, coming close to me.

"Nay," I replied. "My lord has not spoken half the truth."

"And thou wilt see she is as good as she is beautiful," he said, a prophecy that was fulfilled to the uttermost, as this history will show.

Many who have never set eyes on him have been eloquent in the praise of the Arab horse. Poet and painter and romancer have vied in delineating his matchless excellences, physical and mental. But it is not until you have eaten and slept and fought with him in the desert, on the battle-field, beside the black tent in the place of pastures, until you have been his intimate friend and comrade, and learned to appreciate his coolness and courage, his power of endurance and gentleness and intelligence and loyalty that you can know his many high qualities. Yet perhaps only a poet could describe my Fatima, for in her were surely combined the perfection of equine virtue and beauty.

Never anything more lovely, more dainty and proud moved on four legs. She was neither big nor heavy, but her muscles were of whalebone, and her bones of the finest-tempered steel. Her limbs indeed were like wrought metal in the firmness, cleanness, and grace of them, and the trunk in exquisiteness of curve and symmetry of parts was such as a sculptor may have dreamed of, but has never matched in bronze or marble. The sum total of that animate loveliness—the silken bay coat, the softly sloping shoulders, the buoyancy of the curved back, the fiery pride of the arched neck, the full round haunches, the rich sweep of mane and tail, the sharp, daintly poised ears, the broad forehead, and the fine muzzle, and, above all, the spirit of the alert full orbed eye—is beyond the power of any artist save nature herself, nor does nature take such pains anywhere out of Arabia.

When Fatima found me in the saddle she began to glide through the giddy maze with an ease and fluency of motion that to me was like a foretaste of heaven. I plumed myself on my horsemanship, for one of the few things I learned thoroughly as a boy was to stick on the back of anything that could take a bit between its teeth, and no doubt I had now the conceit to hold up my head as a fit rider for the noblest of steeds. But, indeed, an old wife could have sat that supple, mincing creature with security, though the upward glance of her eye, with its intimation of suppressed fire, told that under different conditions she could behave in a totally different manner. I was afterward to prove how her spirit and behaviour varied with varying circumstances.

Presently the muezzin began to cry plaintively from the minarets, and the soldiers and citizens trooped off to the mosques to pray for pardon and victory, leaving only a few men to look after the beasts. As my company in worship would defile the sacred places of Moslem, I also remained behind.

When the worshippers returned from their devotions, the baggage camels were put into line and examined by the officers, the horses and dromedaries being made ready for their riders while the examination was proceeding. Then came supper, and in honour of the great occasion many sheep were slaughtered and roasted whole over big fires. The hissing carcasses had hardly time to take a brown crust when they were torn asunder and eaten in huge mouthfuls by a ravenous host, who washed down the burning meat with copious draughts of goat's milk. As I did not care to enter the lists in such a contest, I contented myself with a piece of doughy bread, some dates, and a cup of coffee.

When the meal was over, a characteristic ceremony was enacted. A calf only a few days old was led into the open space and killed with a sword, its blood being made to flow inward toward the castle. The animal's life extinct, every man who was to accompany the expedition stepped solemnly over the body, which was then burned, so that no dog or other unclean beast might eat any part of the flesh. This is supposed to bring good fortune, and an Arab army could not be induced to take the field without first observing the sacrificial rite. The calf safely cremated, the men immediately mounted their camels and horses and wheeled into line. Then Abou Kuram, going to the front, delivered a short oration on the glory of war and the bravery of his soldiers, which evoked uproarious applause from the flattered.

Ere it did away, the kettledrums were rattling and the cymbals clashing the advance, and, amid vociferous cries of "God save Abou Kuram; God give the victory to Abou Kuram," the strangely-assorted troops swung slowly into line. The huge serpentine procession wound tediously through the narrow, tortuous streets, in which two camels found it hard to march abreast, but its tardy coilings were enlivened by the caperings and shoutings of the mob who ran in front of us and hung on our heels, and, to their own immediate peril, squeezed and pressed on both sides of us.

On the outskirts of the town the people stopped, finding the pace on the open ground beyond their capacity in running, so they stood there and yelled themselves hoarse with blessings and good wishes, which we acknowledged with resounding cheers. As we deployed into open order for greater ease in marching, I caught a last glimpse of Said Achmet, who stood apart, waving his hands as if to signify he had a double interest in the receding column. Both Tabal and myself waved our adieu in return, and from me there went with it a heartfelt benediction.

CHAPTER XVII.
THE MARCH.

The details of the march need not be narrated at length. Our journey lay over scarred and blighted ground, and across sandy plains, and in and out among circular sandhills—loose, impermanent heaps, which the winds of the desert twist and curve and fling about in their wanton, lonely sport; desolate heaps that hide the bones of the perished traveller, and are forever moving their formless lips with a silent, stealthy motion, to suck in and overwhelm the living. No man knows the deep treachery of mother earth till he has wrestled with the noiseless forces of the desert.

The pace, however, was brisk, for man and beast were fresh and eager. Indeed, it was a perpetual surprise to me how the animals made such progress over the elusive path. The camels, swinging at a steady trot, had much the best of it, for when the hard hoof of the horse sinks and slips the elastic, spongy foot of the camel spreads like a web, and he passes as easily and safely over drifting sands as a snowshoer over smothering wreaths. It was then I first understood how truly the camel deserves its title of the ship of the desert, for he does pass along their liquid way, so the camel treads his unstable course over the sandy wastes. Yet the horses, too, had uncommon lightness and skill in making way where every step forward was a half-step backward.

To the horseman the first sensation of a desert ride is as if he were poised on springs of ineffable delicacy, which swayed gently on the slightest pressure. Much of this luxurious ease is due to the yielding track, but something also to the springy motion of the Arab horse. To the saddle nothing whatever is due, since it is merely pieces of the hardest wood, roughly nailed, and bound with thongs of rawhide. On an English horse and a macadamized road it would reduce a trooper to helplessness in an hour; and, indeed, with all the suppleness and softness of the true Kohlan Arab saddlery is apt to pain the inexperienced. The Arabs themselves are aware of no discomfort because they are as hard as the wood they bestride.

On the first night we marched steadily till set of moon, then halted for food and rest. I could not half admire the quickness with which the fires were lighted with withered grasses and shrubs, and the good-humoured alacrity of the cooks in preparing the meal. To be sure it did not call for any elaborate exercise of art, for the rations consisted of nothing daintier than coarse flour, salt, and dried dates, with some packages of coffee. The cooks took two or three handfuls of flour apiece, poured water on it from a skin and kneaded it into a dirty dough with dirty hands. It would be profane in an Arab cook to have clean hands, and so he keeps them religiously filthy, thus giving those who eat his preparations the benefit of many unsuspected ingredients.

The dough, which was wet perhaps half-way to the centre, was beaten out into thick cakes, which were laid on the glowing embers and covered with hot ashes. They were left thus till converted into a sodden, soapy paste, then taken out, and eaten as hot as they could be swallowed. I nibbled the edge of one, but, finding my teeth stick in it, I ate a handful of dates, took a drink of water, and then, wrapping my burnoose close about me, threw myself on the ground and slept the sweet sleep of the weary.

It seemed I had not lain five minutes when the kettledrums were beating the reveille. The gray dawn was only beginning to glimmer, but already the camel-men were quarrelling with their grunting beasts, and our bakers were busy with the glutinous compound they called bread. We heartily swallowed some mouthfuls of it straight off the burning coals, with a few dates and a drink of musty water apiece, and were off again.

For awhile the air was deliciously cool and refreshing, and the glories of the opening day in the lone wilderness as the sun broke through his curtain of white mist were such as a man beholds with awe and remembers with reverence. But the blazing orb soon turned the dewy freshness to a sweltering, blistering heat that was trying to the nerves and temper of men toiling through shifting sands and conical mounds of volcanic slag. Yet no man complained, only as we mopped our streaming faces the conversation lagged, and here and there a man gave a low involuntary moan. Save such intermittent noises and the dreary, monotonous, sift, sift, sift, of animals' feet in the sand, there was not a sound. When the sun mounts in his might, desert travellers are apt to fall silent.

Toward noon, when we had almost reached the point of utter dissolution, we gained the crest of a low ridge, whence, looking to the north-west, we saw what evoked a cry of gladness from nearly every throat in the company. It was an oasis, a tiny spot of green, with a clump of trees in the midst, shining like an emerald in a broad drab setting. We knew there was a well there, and Tabal, with the privilege of a guide, suggested we should halt and replenish our water skins. But Abou Kuram answered curtly that we were not yet in need of water; that the time for rest had not come, and that in forced marches men had to think more of speed than of comfort.

There was a general look of disappointment at this speech, which urged Tabal to appeal again and to advance reasons for stopping.

"When I desire thy counsel, I will tell thee," returned Abou Kuram, shortly. "Look thou to the way and leave the rest to me. And methinks thou hadst better mend thy pace."

After this no man durst speak, and keen as was the disappointment, there was no murmuring—only the men sat a little more grimly and prodded a little more viciously with their riding sticks. As we passed, many a man turned with yearning eyes to the verdurous spot, thinking perhaps he should be dead ere another came in sight.

If the forenoon had been hot, the afternoon had an atmosphere of living fire. Yet we toiled on, dissolving and open-mouthed, and wondering how long we could stand the burning lances of the sun.

I speak of the rank and file. As for Abou Kuram, he seemed to be oblivious of heat or thirst or fatigue. How I envied him! While my mouth was cracking, he was evidently as cool and moist as a ripe pear. Koor Ali, who rode beside me, must have noticed the painful twitching of my lips, for looking in my face with an expression of concern, he asked if I was thirsty.

"As dry as a baked brick," I croaked.

Koor Ali's son, Ahmed, a lad about my own age, rode beside us, and on hearing my raven voice, burst into a fit of laughter.

"What art thou laughing at, Ahmed?" demanded Abou Kuram, turning slightly in his saddle. Ahmed pointed to me.

"The stranger croaketh with thirst," he said, "ere we are half way over the desert."

I tried to explain but failed; my mouth was as a rusty machine that had not moved for a century.

"Give him thy water-skin, Koor Ali," said Abou Kuram, "lest he faint. It were ill to die in the desert," he added, smiling at me.

The water was dingy and beginning to smell badly, but just then a stagnant pool would have been sweet, and I took a huge gulp. Taking another, I held it in my mouth for a minute, then squirted it out, sending it, as if by pure accident, over the sprightly Ahmed.

"By my faith, I like not to be spat on by an infidel," he cried, grasping his spear as if to have at me.

The laugh was now on my side, though I perceived the danger of indulging in it.

"'Twas but an accident," I said, apologetically. "Yet it is good and will cool thee."

I tried to propitiate him by handing him his father's water skin to drink, but he disdainfully declined.

"Nay. I am not a babe like thee," he said. "Thou shouldst have brought thy mother with thee," and he tossed his head as if he were safe from the weakness of thirst in a desert land.

Three mortal hours of panting toil and dripping sweat had yet to pass ere Abou Kuram ordered a halt, and then it was but to dismount, swallow a mouthful of dry dates, and foul, lukewarm water, and scramble into the saddle again. Through the broiling afternoon we stewed and gasped and pushed on, fainting, never drawing rein till sundown, when we stopped for prayers and the evening meal. I had scarcely eaten when I was asleep on the sand, and my eyes appeared to have just closed when those abominable drums were beating the order to mount and march again. Words cannot tell how sore and tired I was, or how I longed to lie down and be at peace. The feeling was as if some one had pounded me limp and nature was slowly stiffening up again with the joints all out of place, and every muscle and ligament stretched beyond endurance. But as the Arabs said nothing of fatigue, I would have cut my tongue out rather than complain.

Continued on 4th Page.

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