The address slip pasted on the top of this page has a 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 without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th Page

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 14, 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 East 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,
ETC' ETC., ETC.
CHATHAM N B

G. B. FRASER,
BARRISTER & ATTORNEY NOTARY PUBLIC
AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

"THE FACTORY"
JOHN McDONALD,
(Successor to George Cassady)
Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
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Builders' furnishings generally
Lumber planed and matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.
Stock of DIMENSION and other Lumber CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
THE EAST END FACTORY, CHATHAM, N. B

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A MAN: to sell Canada grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Bulbs and Bulbous Plants, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Seed Potatoes, etc. We catalogue only the hardiest and most popular varieties that succeed in the coldest climates. New season now commencing; complete outfit free, salary and expenses paid from start for full time, or liberal commission for part time.

Apply now, addressing nearest office, and get choice of territory.

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12.31.96

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The subscriber is prepared to furnish stone for building and other purposes.
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J. L. TWEEDIE
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F. O. PETTERSON,
Merchant Tailor
Next door to the Store of J. B. Snowball, Esq
CHATHAM - - N, B.
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Suits or single Garments.
Inspection of which is respectfully invited.
F. O. PETTERSON.

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ADJOINING BANK OF MONTREAL,
WELLINGTON ST, - - - CHATHAM, N. B.
This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests Sample Rooms on the premises.
TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of all trains.
GOOD STABLING, &C.
THOMAS FLANAGAN,
Proprietor

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, CHASE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT ALSO DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE, CATARRH POWDER OINTMENT AND PILLS.
MUNYON'S REMEDIES.
Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.
The Newcastle Drug Store,
E. Lee Street Proprietor.

Manchester House.
Blankets! Blankets! Blankets!
The evenings are becoming cool and our housekeepers are beginning to think they will need new blankets. We have just received 3 cases of Canadian Home-made all wood 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. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use 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. KEITH'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 FOR 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—
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
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. G. MILLER.
Chatham, 29th Nov. 1893.

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 Muisions, Linaments, 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,
COR. SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.
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 Wills, 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
al 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 Dodwell, 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 forms 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, in place 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

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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 8 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 on the train.
For rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent.
C. E. LAEDLER, 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 F 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, 1893, by John Alexander Steuart.]

Satisfied with having frightened my molesters, and anxious to prove my pacific intentions toward the company in general, I returned the pistol to my belt. Seeing this, the chopfallen story-teller sneaked back for his beast, taking care as he led it off to keep its body between him and me. The crowd hesitated a moment, as if uncertain which performer to patronize; then went trooping after the clown in evident expectation of further diversion elsewhere. My impulse was to follow and spoil the fun; but, remembering the discretion which is the better part of valour, I turned aside and went in another direction.

I had not gone a hundred yards when I felt a gentle touch on the arm, and looking round found at my side an elderly Arab of venerable and benignant aspect. As my eyes met his he bowed with a cordial gravity, and held out his open palm in his, waiting for him to speak.

"I was in the midst of the congregation when the jester derided thee and made the people laugh," he began, in a kindly tone. "I saw thee pull out thy weapon and aim at the fool who smote thee with his riding-stick, and I trembled for thy safety, for assuredly hadst thou slain him thy own blood had watered the ground. When the jester slunk away and the people followed, I hastened after thee to speak with thee, and if thou be in need of aught I possess, know of a surety it is thine. If thou art a hungered, thou shalt eat; if thou art thirsty, thou shalt drink; if thou art weary, thou shalt wash thy feet and rest. Said Achmet hath himself been a wanderer, and knoweth the distress of a stranger in a strange land."

Greatly surprised, though thrilling with joy and gratitude, I replied: "I am indeed a stranger in a strange land, cast on the shore like driftwood, to be tossed and made the sport of fate. But thy kindness puts new spirit in me."

"Art thou hungry?" he asked, looking me in the face.

"Hungry, thirsty, and spent," I answered.

"Come with me, my son," said the Arab, graciously. "I would fain learn who and what thou art, and how thou camest hither, where, I doubt, if any man of thy nation ever set foot before. But long tales fit not a hungry belly. When thou hast eaten and rested, peradventure thou wilt tell me thy story."

He led the way, I walking by his side in silence, for it is contrary to Arabian etiquette to make a tired man answer questions. We wound for a long distance through circling streets, now turned aside under the shadow of clustering palms into a small but luxuriant garden, fraught with flowers and musical with babbling water. From the garden to the house was but a step.

A black slave met us as we entered, and at a word from his master brought a pile of cushions to the khawah, or reception room, for me, placing them near the stove, which is the place of honour. Then, bringing water, he took off my shoes and washed my feet, a piece of attention that was strange, but exceedingly refreshing.

After awhile came the food. This consisted of a large piece of boiled mutton, a kind of batter made of ground wheat and melted butter, boiled rice, fresh dates, figs, sour camel's milk and coffee—real Mocha, that never by any chance comes to Western lands. The stuff that deluded Englishmen gulp down as coffee an Arab menial would not put to his lips. The truth is that the untravelled Briton never sees Mocha. What passes with him as such is only the refuse of all the plantations of Arabia, and often of plantations outside of Arabia, gathered in the interest of shippers, and greatly to the prejudice of occidental palates and stomachs. The pale, flavourless berries sent to Western Europe and America are to the rich, brown, aromatic berries valued by Eastern peoples what the sour crab apple is to the luscious nectarine, yet the swells of London and Paris drink the muddy mixture served to them as coffee with symptoms of delight. Truly, ignorance has its enjoyments and consolations. As for myself, my nose never comes over a cup of the English preparation without causing me an inward shiver of disgust.

The meal was all brought in together, heaped on one huge wooden trencher, and what had been on the fire was eaten scalding hot with the fingers, for the Arabs scorn the frivolity of knives and forks. I found no difficulty whatever in reverting to the methods of Adam. The batter I could make nothing of, since it was like putty in my hands, and the mutton seemed none too cleanly dressed, but on the rice and fruit I fell with the furious zeal of a famishing man, being indeed as empty as a dry well.

The meal finished—literally finished, for Arab hospitality enjoins that a guest shall eat while a morsel remains—we washed our hands, an operation that was highly necessary, and went into the garden to smoke the pipe of peace under the umbrageous cover of date palms.

I cannot express the luxury of reclining in that verdurous scene, watching the sun descending to "his chambers" in the west. Put mind and body at rest after racking both; let fruits and blossoms and green masses of foliage take the place of a baked and blasted wilderness. After a raging fever of thirst let water plash and sparkle in fountain and stream. Instead of torrid, noxious blasts, let—

Gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils.

and, above all, let a sense of human cordiality and sympathy replace the distress of the outcast, and you may dimly conceive my feelings of quiet joy and deep content. Everything was in unison with my mood, from the mystic splendours of the encircling mountains to the soft beauty and incense of the radiant, mellowy groves close at hand. We spoke not a word. In delicious silence we saw the gold waning, and the rose flushing, and mountain, plain, and tree shining in a shifting glory that was like an effluent flood of light and colour from the open doors of heaven. Then down dropped the sun, darkness rushed upon the land, and we went inside. Said Archmet lost no time in reminding me of the promise to tell my story.

He listened to it with the immovable countenance of the sphinx, sucking quietly at his pipe, his eyes fast on the ground. When the recital was over, he raised his face to mine.

"Thou hast been in great peril, my son," he said, "and such as thou never couldst have escaped except the hand of God were with thee. Of a surety thou art reserved for some great work."

I asked him if he had any idea who and what the men were who had plundered and fired the brig, and almost impulsively he answered:—

"Dogs and thieves and murderers, and, if it be possible, worse. I know them, the evil offspring of Cain. They have had their polluting hands on me; they have made me suffer. Their deeds reek with iniquity. They are men, look you, whose heads should not be on their shoulders. That is it. But let us not talk of such vile dogs. It is a pollution. It polluteth the mouth to name them."

Finding him so strangely moved, I was at a loss how to proceed, but at a venture I inquired the name of the town.

"The city is called Marabel," he rejoined. "Thou shalt know it all. It is not so mighty a city as Bombay; neither is it so rich. Yet it is a famous place, and we have a great governor. It will please me to present thee to him. But perchance I may inquire what thou meanest to do?"

"How can the driftwood cast on the beach know what the next wave will do with it?" I answered.

He smoked a little more thoughtfully at this, as if he were pondering something.

"We are a people by ourselves," he remarked, slowly, after the space of a minute. "For ages too many to be numbered we have been what thou seest us. I have travelled—I know what changes are in other parts of the earth, but we change not, save to go from youth to age, from our mother's care to the darkness of the grave. As the son is, so was the father, and so the father's father, even to the generations afar off, when the patriarch Abraham built the only house of Mecca, and Job, after manifold sufferings, was enriched for keeping his soul's integrity, and numbered the increase of his flocks and herds and gathered the overflow—gold from that which was for wheat, and silver from that which was for barley. (The Arabs believe that Abraham built the Caaba, and that after proving the righteousness of Job God sent two clouds which rained gold and silver on his thrashing floors till they ran over). The children of Ishmael have been the same since the beginning, like the sun, and the moon, and the stars.

"Yonder hills, my son, have yielded more to time than the seed of Hagar, and the sea has been farther moved from its place than they. As a people, we abide by ourselves. No ships go from hence to far lands. Therefore if thou desirest to return to thine own country it may be hard for thee. And I grieve to tell thee that sojourning has many perils, for my people are incensed against the race a stranger. Three moons have not passed since an Egyptian spy was slain and torn asunder in a public place, and the blood of a Persian who came seeking what was not his is yet wet on the ground. Yet let not these things dismay thee. I know an evil countenance when I see it. Thine pleads for thee; therefore thou shalt abide with me. Moreover, a man of thy nation once gave me my life. It would be a long tale to tell, but I will remember it to his race forever. For all these things tarry with me for a time, and while I have store thou shalt not want. And if thine ears are open to counsel there is one thing more I would say."

"Speak," I said, earnestly. "If thy wisdom equal thy goodness, it will indeed be well with me if I attend to thy counsel."

"Mortal knoweth not what may come to pass," said the Arab, solemnly, "only God and His holy prophet. This, then, is my counsel—that thou make thyself as one of us. Already, to my astonishment, thou art master of our tongue. As thou canst be an Arab in speech, be one also in apparel. Thus far honour our country and be assured it will stand to thee."

"It shall be as thou wilt," I answered.

Said Achmet got to his feet, with an eager smile.

"Good!" he cried. "See if I make not as likely a follower of the prophet of thee as the best of them." Whereupon he began hastily to search out the clothes that were to effect my transformation.

He was fastidious in having me orthodoxly arrayed. My long shirt was spotless white, my turban was of fine yellow silk, my mantle was black and gold, a gorgeous scarlet sash that would fitly have adorned a queen encircled my waist, and my naked feet were put in costly sandals.

"By my faith, as genuine a child of the desert as ever I set eyes on!" exclaimed Said Achmet, when I was habited in my flowing robes. "But one thing thou yet lackest."

He ran into an inner room, and brought forth a small silver-hilted sword, supported by a richly-wrought, variegated belt of camel's hair and leather, set off with silver edgings. "Thou shalt wear this," he said, warmly. "It once belonged to the head of the faith himself, and never before dangled by the side of an infidel. Nay, nay; what said I? Thou wilt pardon the unthinking haste of the tongue. Not an infidel, an allen—that is to say, a stranger such as thou art." Partly to cover his confusion, partly to show the heartiness of his friendship, he insisted on investing me with the badge of honour himself.

"Fit to be a sheik, by the glories of Al-Raschid," he said, stepping back in admiration, when he had buckled on the weapon. "I tell thee that great are the swordsmith and the maker of garments. Who conferreth distinction like them? Thou art no longer as straddling tongs. Thou hast the grace of the waving palm; thou bendest as the willow by the brook. On a war-horse thou wouldst be the bravest of warriors. Yea, and in the shadow of the court, in the place of judgment, who could so fitly deliver laws? In every line and look of thee, save mayhap in the fairness of thy face, thou art a son of Ishmael. And the Arabian sky will quickly take that fair cast out of thee. Then of a truth thou shalt be as ourselves!"

He walked deliberately round me, noting with words and beams of delight each point of resemblance to the true-born Arab. He could not enough admire, though I suspect his pleasure in my gallant equipment was rather due to his own share in it than to the dignity and naturalness with which I carried it. Suddenly he got grave.

"Thou reminded me of them I would fain have about me," he said, with something of a sigh. As if to explain his change of manner he added:—"I had three sons. One sleepeth beneath the green waves that bore thee hither; one lies deep under sands heaped upon him by the fingers of the lone desert wind. The third is even now doing battle, or it may be he has gone the way of his brothers. My heart is solitary at the thought that I may never look on him again. And thou art so like him. He resembled thee in youth, in suppleness, in bearing, in goodliness of appearance, his eye had the hardihood of thine, and his arm the same readiness to strike."

His comparisons were cut short by an imperative knocking at the door, which replaced his look of sadness by one of alarm.

"What meaneth this?" he said, with bated breath, as he bent his ear to hearken. The knock was almost instantly repeated, with an added imperiousness and emphasis. "It must be a summons from the Governor," he said, glancing at me with an expression of anxiety, as he rose to meet his visitors.

It was as he suspected. A dozen of the castle guards, armed to the teeth, clustered about the door, and it was evident they were excited. Said Achmet endeavoured to temporize, but he was peremptorily ordered to stand aside, and the men, with weapons drawn, pushed past him. Without a word they seized me and began dragging me toward the door. The idea of resistance comes strong upon one so unceremoniously handled without cause, and I had swift thoughts of trying the quality of Said Achmet's silver hilted sword. He perceived the danger, and rushed to my side.

"As thou valuest thy life, resist not," he whispered, hurriedly. "The Governor has sent them to take thee. Go, and rely on my aid."

In the grip of a dozen armed fanatics it would indeed have been folly to make opposition. So, merely begging that I might be permitted to take my green bag, I quietly suffered myself to be thrust into the midst of a bristling clump of spears. The greatest malefactor on earth could not have been more jealously guarded or more ignominiously hustled. I had just one word of encouragement. In passing through the door I got a whisper from Said Achmet that he would be at the castle by sunrise on the morrow to testify in my favour. His meaning was not clear, but it was solacing to have even one friend at so dubious a juncture.

The winds seemed to bear intelligence of my arrest. No sooner had we quitted the garden than we were in a clamouring crowd, bearing links, that shed a grotesque and lurid light on the strange scene. As I knew that in Arab towns the inhabitants are rarely abroad after sunset, the demonstration was evidence of unusual, indeed, of extraordinary, commotion.

The people, pressing about us, speculated aloud on the doom that was in store for me, and their auguries were anything but cheering. What was more disquieting, they once or twice showed a disposition to take matters into their own hands. If they had done that, I have a notion this history would never have been written. As I listened to the shoutings and mutterings about me I had a very vivid remembrance of Said Achmet's tale of the Egyptian and Persian.

"Here may be the very place where they were killed," I thought to myself, as we went along. "Here their blood may have been poured out. These walls may have echoed their dying groans." And sometimes in sudden flares and sweeps of the torches the crimsoned ground had gruesome suggestions of violent deeds.

On reaching the castle walls, which were surprisingly thick, we entered through a narrow gateway, flanked with towers, to a sort of esplanade, crowded with soldiers. Then we entered an outer court, passing through another narrow gate to an inner. This also we traversed; then we passed through several crooked corridors, till we came to a gap in a dead wall. Into this I was thrust, a door was banged and bolted behind me, and I was alone, in utter darkness. A moment's groping proved I was in a windowless dungeon—probably a condemned cell.

CHAPTER XV.

O TRIAL FOR MY LIFE—A SINGULAR DIVERSION.

Huddled in a foul hole, which admitted neither light nor air, I tried to imagine what might be the outcome of this fresh entanglement. One thing seemed certain: that I was to be kept fast under bolts for the night. In the morning, if a pestilential air did not finish me in the meantime, I should probably be led forth to a mock trial and convicted by overwhelming evidence of uncommitted crimes, for I knew the ingenuity of the Asiatic mind in devising charges. What would follow—the judgment and form of execution—were matters that could be foretold with disquieting accuracy.

The prospect gave me less concern than might be imagined. Assuredly fortune was using her teeth and claws upon me with implacable malevolence. But her persecutions were beginning to lose something of their poignancy. Like a vain woman, fortune loves to show her power, and like a meddlesome one, she must have a finger in every man's pie, making it sweet and sour according to her whim and humour. But when one has, as the poet puts it, looked on his own funeral procession, he may smile at her efforts to inflict pain. He is then getting beyond her range. To that stage of apathy I was fast approaching.

The ignominy of the thing troubled me most. To die once is the fate of all, and death, as wise men have ever taught, may be made glorious. But to be shut up in a hole like a rat and then probed out to be worried by bloodthirsty hounds is not to close the fifth act of one's play with any dignity or glory. If they would only put a proper sword in my hand, then I might leave my memory green and furnish a tale worth telling to their grandchildren.

In spite of what has been said, I must not boast of confidence, for when at length outwearied nature claimed her boon of sleep I was constantly starting up, with a throbbing heart and a clammy brow. To be rid of the plaguing dreams I decided at last to keep awake. As the best means of doing that I crept about the cell, entertaining myself first by guessing its dimensions and then by feeling its walls inch by inch with my hands. This diversion lasted but a little while, and then I fell back on my own thoughts. They, refusing to be confined, flew to other days—to old scenes and familiar faces. Time reversed his movement, the past became the present, dead things started into life, and the absent and the distant were brought near.

Continued on 4th Page.

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