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THE MESSENGER FROM KHARTOUM

BY:ST. GEORGE RATEBORNE.

Author of "Dr. Jack." "Dr. Jack's Wife," "Miss Caprice," Etc., Etc.

"Stop!

She turns and flits from the spot like a gleam of light. Mynheer Joe has his attention at once occupied by the rush. Parting and holding each a revolver in

his hand, Sandy and the Western orator

rush up. Ther Mynheer Joe stands out between them and the mob of angry Hindoos. He raises his hand, and,

with the gesture of one born to command thunders out in their tongue the

CHAPTER XVIII.

The natives are very much wrought up by something that has occurred. It

does not take a great deal to excite a

crowd of Hindoos, especially if they are engaged in worship. Any indignity to

their god or the mosque wherein every object is sacred to hem, whether the

insult is real or fancied, will bring them around like a swarm of bees, eager for the blood of the trangressor.

Mynheer Joe knows this full well, and, judging from the excitable condi-

tion of the crowd, fears that his friends

have been unwise in doing something.

The Hindoos cease to advance. This

word, spoken in their native tongue,

tells them that the other is a master.

His personality is great. He checks

Eager dark faces, shining out from

under varicolored turbans, greet the

view, some bearded, others smooth.

Two dozen pairs of black eyes are fo-

cused intently upon one point, and this the countenance of Mynneer Joe. He

holds them as if by some magic. They

are swayed in a measure by his mind.

It is the power of one will over others.
"What does this mean?" he asks.

A dozen voices endeavor to answer

him. The babel is such that he cannot

understand. He waves his hand with

Then he selects one who seems to be

more intelligent than his fellows, as his

face is crowned by gray bair and beard.

"Let this man tell me all," he says.

They push him forward as spokes-

man, a position he is eminently fitted to

"It is plain. It is simple. We were worshipping in our temple before Vis-

hnu. No man dares enter there with

his shoes on. Suddenly we hear a ter-

rible noise, and these two foreign devils

jump in through the window. That is

a deadly insult to our god. We burn

to avenge it. We chase the Inglese

hnu will have revenge. Their bloed must wipe out the insult. That is all."

Murmurs of applause arise as the old

Hindoo linishes his little speech. Myn-

heer Joe sees that it is as he feared.

de must be hand

"Now, hear me. You are fair and just.

It is only right both sides should ex-

plain. Your god has been insulted. I

believe it was an accident on the part

of my friends, for they do not go around

insulting honest worshippers. I shall

hear their story and repeat it to you.

His manner pleases them, for they

feel he is an honest man. So Mynhee

Joe turns to his friends and begs Sandy

to explain, which that worthy does in an

excited manner, accompanying his words

The traveller smiles, for he sees the

situation is not so bad as he feared.

He speaks to Demosthenes Tanner, who

eagerly agrees to his proposition. Then once more the friend of Gordon faces

the eager, attentive crowd, and proceeds

to get his friends out of this scrape

into which their lack of due caution has

"Listen!" he says, sharply, and the

muttering in the air ceases as if by magic. "It is, as I believed, an acci-dent. My friends had no desire to dis-

turb you in your worship, or to insult

your great god Vishia. With reverence

they were looking in through a window,

standing upon a platform, when one

end of it gave way and precipitated

them through the opening. They could

not explain matters because they are

unable to talk in your tongue, so the

such a thing has occurred. He desires

to make restitution as far as possible.

ance. A few demur, but they are so much in the minority that they are

speedily snowed under, and the moula-jee comes forward to receive the prom-ised rupees, a venerable man, who re-

embles the priest Joe saw in the mos-

it is all done by word or gesture. Hand

prove their friendship.

Then we will see if this trouble may

not be averted."

with gestures.

thrown them.

gloves in all that pertains to their re-

here. We demand satisfaction.

authority.

and clutch their intended victims.

desire to reach out their hands

All these *hings and others they see. The eyes never tire of watching the human kaliedoscope that moves and changes before him. In no other city on earth can this peculiar spectacle be met with in so intense a form as Bombay.

Mingling with the colored robes of the atives, the white or red coats of the British soldiers remind one of a stupen-lous fact—that India, containing about a quarter of the population of the globe, in reality ruled by some thirty thousand British soldiers. Truly the Hin-doos are a peace-loving people. No war-like nation would thus tamely bear the

yoke of the conqueror.
While Sandy and the Honorable Demosthenes Tanner are thus taking in the sights, Mr. Grimes nurses a lame ankle at the hotel. This leaves Mynheer Joe to show Molly about.

They have a very enjoyable afternoon, though it is just possible they are as much wrapped up a each other as interested in the singular sights upon which they gaze. This is only the same old story, with variations, that has peen told since the days of our first parents, and which will never be antiquated. Love's young dream! What as ecstasy it carries. No time in future life can compare with it.

It is near the close of the day, when they are thinking of returning to the hotel that they arrive in front of a large mosque. Many persons are passing in and cut, for worship is carried on at all hours among the Mohamme "Let us look in," says Joe. "I think

it will repay you for the trouble." He pays no attention to a frowning Hindoo near the door, but soon sees that they will not allow his companion to pass. This mosque is just as sacred as the highest at Mecca. The followers of Mohammed believe so little in women having a soul like themselves that they deprive them of many privileges. They are deemed servants, slaves, or, if particularly beautiful, fit subjects for a harem.

Thus foiled, Mynheer Joe and his fair charge turn away, laughing. They do not seem to feel very badly over the matter. True, the young woman's curiosity is piqued, but there are so many things to be seen in the quaint city that it need not worry one if a single door is shut in one's face.

It is just at this moment that they become aware of something out of the ordinary in the air. Molly shivers.
"Are we going to have a storm? I
feel so very queer!" she remarks; while Joe looks upward in a thoughtful man

"Now that you mention it, I myself am conscious of a strange sensation. Perhaps it comes from being on firm land after two weeks and more on shipboard; or it may be that crowd youder has something to do with it."

His words draw her attention down the Bhendy Bazar Road. Sure enouga, a crowd does seem to be advancing Something in the way of excitement reigns in that quarter, and, Joe, always on the afert, strains his eyes to make out what it is all about. "Listen?" cries Molly.

She stands there like a statue, with her head poised, just as the beautiful deer might hearken in suspense when the distant blast of the huntsman's hora echoes through the forest.

The breeze is light, but it chances to come from a favorable quarter, where the people are seen; and now they can catch voices in deep anger, bellowing forth angry words.

"Listen! Oh. Mr. Joe, it's the governor!" cries the alarmed girl at his side. Sure enough, Mynheer Joe has oc casion to jump to that conclusion himself, for that roar as of a bull cannot possibly come from any one else. He looks closer, and discovers that two figures fly in front of the crowd, one tall and immense in stature, the other rather diminutive-in short, the fugitives can be no other than Mr. Tanner and Sandy.

What sort of a mess have they gotten into now? The pursuers seem determined to wreak vengeance upon them, and it looks serious, for when once excited these Mohammedans and disciples of Vishnu are hard to control; an insult to saint or god is very apt to be tollowed by speedy vengeance upon the head of the thoughtless offender, for these Mussulmans and idolators are more touchy about their religion than true believers.

"Come," mutters Joe, uneasily, "this looks like a serious business. If they overtake them I'm afraid murder with follow. Too bad! What have they been doing? Is this any work of that rascally Russian? Never mind crying over spilt milk. The only thing to be done is to save them-but how!"

That is the rub-how?

Mynheer Joe has to think quickly, for the crowd surges nearer with every minute. He has an idea which promises at least some hopes for success.

If he can delay matters-keep the enemies from coming into personal contact for a little while-all may be well. "Molly!" he says quickly.
"Yes Joe!" she replies.

In times like these etiquette

"It is your father's life that is in peril. I will be able to hold them in peril. I will be able to hold them in check for a time. Will you dare something for his sake?"

thing for his sake?"
"Yes, yes! Only tell me!" she gasps.
"Bun as fast as you can to yonder corner; then down the street to the left until you come to the cantonment.
Tell Colonel O'Brien it is Mynheer Joe

For over thirty years Dr. Pierce has been and is to-day chief consulting physician of the great Invalids' Hotel and Surgical Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y. He is a specialist in the diseases of women and his "Favorite Prescription" has had the greatest sale of all medicines ever devised for the cure of the troubles preculiarly feminine.

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W. Va., writes: "For fifteen years I suffered untold misery. I had given up all hope of ever
getting well. I could not lie down to sleep, and
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across the room. I only weighed ninety pounds
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now weigh one hundred and forty pounds and
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have taken the 'Payorite Prescription,' the
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touching another and have to inflict punishment on himself as a penalty.

Just at this moment there bursts into view a detachment of Sepoys, headed by a British officer, at whose side runs brave Molly Tanner. They come from the cantonment, and it is evident the colonel did rot hesitate a moment when he learned that Mynheer Joe was in Of course, all are relieved when they

see the three Americans uninjured and mark the change in the humor of th crowd. Molly cannot understand it, and as she affectionately greets her father, she asks: "What is this? One time these men

seem eager to murder you, and now they act as though on the best of Demosthenes Tanner, still blowing

hard from the effects of his wild run. jerks his thumb over his shoulder and emarks: "It's all owing to Mynheer Joe. He palavered the heathen and made them believe we were doing their old god a

real favor when we tumbled into the temple through the window, after the beastly platform gave way."
"Indeed! He seems a wonderful man, governor," murmurs the girl, stealing a look at the object of her

thoughts, who, just then is engaged in conversation with the British officer, explaining the cause of the sensation. "Yes, dear child. Such logic as he possesses would even enthuse the Ilsonate Why, unless you're your guard, he can easily bring you around to his way of thinking and make you believe black is white."

The girl turns her head away again, this time to hide her rosy cheeks; she blushes without hardly knowing why save that there is something in her father's manner of speaking that seems like a sly allusion and wasning to her self. Love is very sensitive, especially at that stage where the modest young woman awakens to the condition of her own heart, and the backward young man has not yet gathered courage exough to storm the citadel which he hopes to apture

To be Continued.

Institutions are garments, the older they are the better they fit.

I love justice when it strengthens my weakness; I love it less when it limits my strength.

Nothing prepares the way for despotism better than the passion for equality.

equality.

CARTERS best they could do was to retreat. My stout friend is particularly grieved that Let the high priest come forward an ! accept a handful of rupees. That will The point is well taken, and Joe knows their weakness. Immediately a hubbub arises. Most of the crowd seem to be in favor of an eager accept-

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Substitution the fraud the day. See you get Carter's,

sembles the priest Joe saw in the mosque, though it cannot be the same.

Mynheer Joe has been vareful to keep back a portion of the truth, be cause he fears lest it create new trouble. At the time of the sudden disaster, Sandy has been just putting the finishing touches to a picture of the ugly old idol Vishnu, and he has managed to retain his precious notebook through all the disturbance.

The humor of the crowd has chauged as wonderfully as upon many a similar occasion, for there is nothing more fickle upon earth than a mob. The worshipers of old Vishnu are now eager to call the Americans their friends, though it is all done by word or gesture. Hand-Ask for Carter's, Insist and demand Carter's Little Liver Pills.

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