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THE MESSENGER FROM KHARTOUM

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBORNE.

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

Here some friends among the officers who knew his history made up a purse and sent Kasee to Suez to intercept the steamer, so that good and evil came aboard the Alhambra at her stop there.

As Mynheer Joe has really given the other up for dead, his delight is all the deeper on that account. Kasee acts as his guardian angel during the remainder of the trip, and the explorer feels safer on account of his comrade.

Another thing occurs during the voyage. Molly makes a discovery. It is entirely an accident and puts Joe to no end of confusion but he finds himself in for it, and makes the best of a dilemma.

This event is nothing more or less than a complete explosion of his secret, which is shattered one bright morning. All of them are seated upon deck, when the conversation turns upon the old pipes of nations, and Molly, who is making a collection of these things, declares that she has never yet run across a Persian kalkan, or water pipe; whereupon Joe, without reflection, declares that he has one in his luggage to which she is welcome, beckons the ever-hovering Kasee and gives him an order.

When the Hindoo, a few minutes later, lays in the hand of the fair American girl the object mentioned, she returns her thanks in no stinted tones, for the smoking apparatus is a beauty, jeweled and fit for the use of a king.

They are talking of the Persians, and Joe is narrating some queer scenes he has witnessed in that country, when an exclamation breaks upon their hearing. It comes from Molly, and, as they turn toward her, they find her gazing with distended eyes at the article she holds.

Mynheer Joe suddenly realizes the truth. A tide of crimson flushes his face, and he hastily moves away from the party, to the side of the vessel. "What is it?" asks Demosthenes Tanner, who sees that something unusual has occurred.

"Listen!" Then Molly, still holding the odd water pipe, set with precious stones, reads: "A present from the Shah of Persia to his friend, Joseph Miner Carrington, 1884."

Demosthenes is not blind or dumb. He can see a pretty good-sized rat now. "What! Mynheer Joe the very party we have been scouring the earth after? Bless my soul, now, this is an odd occurrence! I can hardly believe my senses. Are you sure, child?"

"Read for yourself, governor. And if that isn't enough, what do you think of his actions? It is quite evident he forgets there was an inscription on this pipe."

With that, the young lady leaves her chair, and in another moment gains the side of the traveller, who leans over the rail looking at the flashing green water; her hand falls lightly on his arm and sends a mighty thrill, like a shock of electricity, to his heart.

"Give an account of yourself, Mynheer Joe," she says, gravely; and, turning, he looks into her clear eyes, smiles and finally laughs.

"Really? To do you an explanation, Miss Molly. Since the cat is out of the bag now, I am willing to confess all."

So he tells her what is necessary, and Molly drinks it all in with eagerness. It sets her heart to beating wildly at the thought that this hero, the man who has saved her life and been with the devoted Gordon at Khartoum, should of all persons prove to be the Joseph Carrington whom she seeks, the missing heir, whose inheritance will fall to her in case he fails to materialize within a limited time.

It is both singular and romantic, and how can she help weaving delightful theories and plans out of the wool thus begun.

After that, her manner toward Joe changes. He marks it himself, and at first marvels at the fact, for although a campaigner who has seen much of the world, Mynheer Joe is really a novice in all that pertains to love.

Molly has taken upon herself a new reserve. She treats him, not rudely, but with the manner of a lady on her dignity. He poor fellow is on nettles, so to speak. Has he done anything to offend this girl, for whose love he stands ready to peril his life if need be?

It is only the day before they reach Bombay that he gains an inkling of the truth. It comes from Mr. Grimes, who has been keeping his eyes open all this while, and is able to gauge the state of affairs.

To him Joe goes for advice; he has learned to respect the other greatly, and this matter is of so much importance to him that he can afford to take no risks.

Consolation is given to him. When, through various questions, he learns all that has happened, Mr. Grimes smiles serenely.

"Easy as falling off a log, my boy. Don't believe Miss Molly cares the less for you since learning your identity. The truth is she thinks even more of Joe Carrington than she did of Mynheer Joe, and the consciousness of that fact has alarmed her. I know, the symptoms well, my boy. She fears lest she may show her love—that it may look as though she were trying to win the heir. Depend upon it, my dear fellow, all you have to do is to boldly storm the citadel, and the prize is yours."

This kind of talk cheers Joe up. He cuts down the lump in his throat and

looks relieved. "I really feared I had lost her through some blunder on my part," he admits, shaking the sand of his good friend and adviser.

"Nonsense! You were never so near victory in your life. The trouble is your battles have never been fought upon the field of love, and you don't understand the signs of distress. I'm an older man than you, Joe; take my advice, strike at the first favorable opportunity, and the blessing of Heaven attend you and yours."

Thus matters stand when the Alhambra comes to anchor before the great and wonderful city of Bombay, with its three-quarters of a million inhabitants—Europeans, Hindus, Mohammedans, Parsees, Christians, Buddhists, Jews, etc.—one of the most delightfully interesting cities upon the face of the earth.

As soon as it is possible, the whole party, with their luggage, are transferred to the shore, where vehicles are secured to take them to a hotel. Those native shigrams, or, as they are generally called, pulkee gharrys, are peculiarly built affairs. They look like an oblong, black box with four wheels; a sliding door is on either side, and there are also windows. Two seats face each other, and the whole equipage is drawn by a couple of sturdy bullocks, or the species used in India for nearly every purpose, decked in showy blankets, with a driver to walk alongside and urge them on.

Mynheer Joe knows where to go. He has been in Bombay before, and the rest may now profit by his experience. A small hotel is to be found among the bungalows of the rich foreigners and Parsee bankers upon Malabar Hill, a suburb of a charming character, where the grounds of nearly every house are so filled with cypress, and banyan-trees, coconut-palms and tropical vegetation, such as plantains, guavas, custard-apples and the like, that the building can rarely be seen over the wall. There is also a cool fountain splashing in every yard, which adds to the beauty of the scene.

At the hotel they managed to find accommodations, and Mynheer Joe even lives what little space there is to spare. The wisdom of this is made apparent when, later, a palkee gharry arrives, bearing the baron and his companions, who are compelled to go back into the city and seek accommodations at one of the leading hotels, near the Esplanade, where the government buildings are to be seen.

Molly's first act is to secure a lady's maid, for in this enervating climate one does as little as possible, and an ayah is almost indispensable to the comforts of my lady, fanning her, dressing her hair and doing worlds of small things. The gentlemen, of course, find the party in Bombay, and they are not long in picking up their heads. Mynheer Joe presently makes his way to the barracks, known as cantonment in this tropical country. He has business with an officer whom he hopes to find in Bombay. Disappointment awaits him, since the party in question is at present away. His return from Benares is daily expected—Benares, the sacred city, where one of the yearly melas, or religious fairs, that draw thousands of pilgrims anxious to wash in the waters and be made well, is in progress. So Joe can only await his coming. Meanwhile, there is no reason why he should not be enjoying the passage of time.

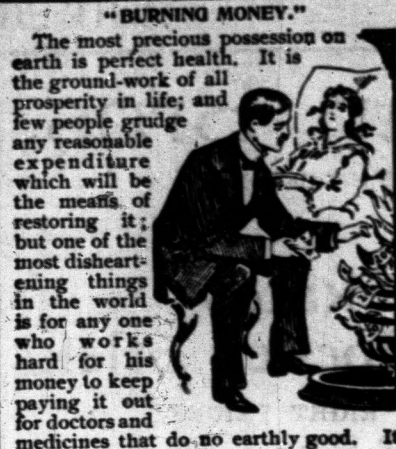
When he contemplates the pleasure with which he will show Molly over this peculiar city of the Hindus, gazing upon its many strange sights, he finds no reason to feel down-hearted over the matter.

He knows it all like a book, from the Towers of Silence on the hill where the Parsees bring their dead for the vultures to prey upon, to the horse markets, where sit, cross-legged, Persians wearing their blue or green cotton kurtans, belted at the waist, and smoking their kullians, together with more active Arabians, with their striped mantles and silk kaffiyas, or tasseled handkerchiefs, all having horses for sale, that have been brought by sea from the land of Mecca.

The mysteries of the native quarter are well known to this man who has travelled, and he is almost as much at home among the shops and bazars of the famous Bhandy Bazar Road as on Broadway, New York.

Thus, the party can in a measure be free from the tyranny of the chowkidar, or guide, although they secure several of these illustrious personages to be useful. They are ready to do almost anything, even to waiting on the table or pulling the cord of the great punka fan that keeps the air cool at meal times.

As in almost every part of the globe, the travellers find money an important factor to bring comfort, and the mighty rupee in Bombay will go far toward making one's stay a rouse of pleasure. The weather is delightful, and it looks as if our travellers from the Nile may have a very pleasant stay in Bombay. Sometimes coming events do not cast a shadow before. The cyclone may burst upon a community with startling rapidity. Perhaps these good folks who have malice in their hearts toward none may yet be surprised by the sudden and awful coming of a storm. As the dreaded monsoon sweeps across the Indian Ocean at certain times, bringing ruin in its path, so the hatred of one man may leave a trail of desolation behind.



"BURNING MONEY." The most precious possession on earth is perfect health. It is the ground-work of all prosperity in life; and few people realize any reasonable expenditure which will be the means of restoring it; but one of the most disheartening things in the world is for any one who works hard for his money to keep paying it out for doctors and medicines that do no earthly good. It is like throwing it into the fire.

"We had spent lots of money for doctor bills and I had almost given up in despair," says Mrs. Ella Schall of Mooshead, Luzerne Co., Pa. in a sincere letter to Dr. E. V. Pierce, of Buffalo, N. Y. "Then I told my husband I was going to write to you. I am very glad I did so. You recommended Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cured me in one month, sound and well."

"Your kindness to me I can never forget," writes Mrs. Josie E. Clark, of Enterprise, Shelby Co., Mo. "I cannot express half my feelings of gratefulness to you. I had despaired of ever getting well. I had been in bed for months, my cold feet, and everything I ate distressed me; my stomach was constipated. I was very nervous, depressed and despondent. When I first wrote to you I thought I could never be cured. I have taken six bottles of Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery, and my health is now good. You have my honest recommendation to all sufferers. I think there is no medicine in the world as good as Dr. Pierce's."

It is an insult to your intelligence for a doctor to attempt to palm off upon you a substitute for this world-famed medicine. You know what you want. It is his business to meet that want. When he urges some substitute he's thinking of the larger profit he'll make—not of your welfare. Shun all such dishonest dealers.

Every sick person in this land should possess Dr. Pierce's grand 1000-page Common Sense Medical Adviser, which will be sent free for the bare cost of customs and mailing, 31 one-cent stamps.

especially when that man is as unscrupulous as the Russian baron who comes to India in the interest of his car, whose covetous eyes have long yearned to possess the rich country of the Indus and the Ganges.

One there is among them who sleeps with part of his senses on the alert—the man whose business has been such that he trusts not to seeming peaceful surroundings—Obed Grimes will hardly be caught napping when the blow finally falls.

Sandy is alive to his opportunity, and endeavors to see as much in a limited time as he possibly can. He takes copious notes in shorthand as he goes, which later on will be written out in the shape of spicy letters to the wide-awake New York journal by whom he is employed.

In company with Demosthenes Tanner of a chowkidar or two, he proceeds to take in as much of Bombay as can be done during a single afternoon.

They visit the Towers of Silence, enter magnificent bazars, watch the worshippers in the mosques, where the venerable moulajee chants in a harsh voice or reads the Koran, while the devout Mussulmans bow in the direction of the setting sun, for Mecca lies thither, far away over the Persian Gulf. They see life upon the great Bhandy Bazar Road, where porters carry loads, state elephants are occasionally met, bullocks draw native vehicles; where stride the rich Brahmin, the poor gwalla, or cow-herder, the lordly rajah and his attendants, and the lower grades of Hindu people, of different castes, each picking his or her way along without touching others, which faculty makes a crowd in India more endurable than in any other place on earth.

There is no pleasanter Christmas gift than a lot of receipted bills. The highbeeled shoe has returned to popularity with the rainy-day skirt. One's personal friend is not necessarily self-made, though the terms are very much alike.

The artist of talent makes that his customers want, the artist of genius creates what he pleases and a market for it as well.

No writer or artist should reflect anybody else; moonlight gives us gracious and softening outlines, but not a little deformity as well. The more personal a good book the more truly does it reflect its author's day; a second rate book does not bear the impress either of its writer or his time.



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