MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 28, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

The address slip pasted on the top of this p[illegible] a date on it, if the date of the paper is later than th[illegible] the slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking th[illegible] with out paying for it. See Publisher's announcement o[illegible] Page

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, either transy 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

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PRINTING FOR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
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Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

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A Beautiful Line of
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JAS. Q. MILLER.
Chatham, 29th Nov. 1893.

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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, Linaments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia Remedies, 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 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.
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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 Kenous River at the northwest angle of lot number one hundred and nine purchased by Isaac Watts, 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. 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 form supplied, and signed with the actual signature of tenderer.

An accepted 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 1893.

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

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Now is the time to order your printed forms for Winter and Spring business. Send your orders to
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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, Plaintiff's solicitor. ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity

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Dated this 15th day of March, A.D. 1898.

ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

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

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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 for the trip.
For rates and information apply to nearest Ticket Agent, C. E. LAIGHLER, Agent.
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ST. KITTS, W. I.
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NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES

CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.

The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is allied 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,
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SHAVING PARLOR
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Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
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Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to PLEASE every time.
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Water St., Chatham.

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"I knew not," he said, curtly, "that I came to fight with one whose spirit left him at the thought of battle. This is not a time for words. While we talk Yumen Yusel maketh his opportunity out of thy fears and delays. Make thy choice quickly. If thou choosest to fly, from this moment reckon me thine enemy. Thou hast fair warning. I will join myself in slaughter to him whom thou callest Satan, and there will not so much as a man of thine army escape to tell the tale of thy disgrace."

"My brother jesteth," returned Amood Sinn, with a sickly smile.

"Fly, and thou shalt see," answered Abou Kuram, and there was a look on his darkened face that was not to be misunderstood.

With a double fear now upon him, Amood turned with what heart a hunted coward might have to rally his scattered forces. Already they had been checked in their headlong flight by our men, who stood with a fierce loyalty by their leader's order to stop or slay, and Koor Ali, energetically aided by Ismael Numar, was trying to beat them back into some sort of formation.

It took a great deal of exertion and a lavish use of many kinds of language more profane than pious to induce the cowering wretches to accept the definite idea of fighting again. But partly by vigorous mauling, partly by threats and coaxings and reproofs, some sort of order was at last evolved out of the reeling chaos. As it would be courting disaster to charge up the hill, it was decided to retire a little distance, marshal ourselves, and await the overtures of the enemy.

Yumen Yusel's men were now swarming like a cloud of locusts over the billow, and with every symptom of leisure and self-confidence completing their arrangements for battle. We were to have occupied that height, but by the chances of war the position fell to the other side, so, as the Scotch say, we stood there and grinned at them till they were ready to come down.

I looked intently, as you may suppose, for the man on the black horse. At first he was not visible, but presently appearing at one side he rode along the lines at a hand gallop. A conspicuous object, all eyes were instantly upon him, and many tongues began to gabble excitedly.

"There goeth Satan," cried Amood Sinn, in the screeching tones of fright, and he fell to cursing the man on the black horse with all the curses known to the Moslem religion, supplemented by many of his own invention. The warrior above, however, in no wise affected by the imprecations poured upon his unconscious head, continued to ride to and fro, altering formations and dispositions, and otherwise completing his preparations for the tussle that was at hand.

Abou Kuram watched his movements with the intentness of an active rival.

"Methinks," he remarked, significantly, "that Satan showeth marvellous skill in marshalling an army."

"He hath the fallen angel's skill," piped Amood. Then all at once, and with intense excitement, he screamed: "See, see! They are coming! They shall destroy us utterly! No, a man of us shall escape!" and he cast a look to the rear—I think in spite of himself—to see if the coast were clear for flight. Abou Kuram shot a glance of contempt and disgust upon him, but said not a word.

A body of the enemy's cavalry, consisting of perhaps 200 lances, had detached itself, and was coming down the slope at an easy trot. When they had travelled a short distance, the camelmen also began to move toward us, slowly, and without noise or excitement. Under the directions of Abou Kuram, who now assumed supreme command, 300 lances cantered out from our side to meet those coming down the slope.

CHAPTER XIX.

THE BATTLE.

When the enemy's cavalry reached level ground, they divided, one troop swinging to the right and the other to the left, with the evident intention of harrying us on both flanks at once, while the camelmen, quickening their pace, advanced straight upon our centre. Our horsemen, going out easily, also divided to check the others, and our main force, massed after the Arab fashion, waited quietly for the attack.

All eyes were, of course, on the cavalry moving from both sides at an easy trot, as if out for morning exercise They made no haste, as yet there was nothing of the mad excitement of the charge in their behaviour.

Presently they broke into a gallop, and my heart bounded at the thought that they were going at each other. But when they should have burst into wheeling and circling, but instead of the charge both sides wheeled simultaneously, waving their lances defiantly, and uttering shrill cries. Again they advanced, again wheeled, and retired, with the same truculent display of weapons. And so they went on, getting closer together they drew away, until finally they must have been a full quarter of a mile apart. At this distance they brought up and stood facing each other. Had I known Arab ways better, I should have understood that now the fray was about to begin in earnest. Those little preliminary flourishes that had set my heart a-beating so violently were simply an introductory ceremony, meant partly to appease the Arab passion for show, partly to prick the courage of the combatants.

Meanwhile Yumen Yusel's camelmen had pushed on and were now down the slope and well into the plain. When within a musket-shot of our front lines they halted. Then, in the twinkling of an eye, down went every camel in both armies, while the musketeers, crouching behind their beasts, brought their long matchlocks to the "ready." At the same moment the opposing bodies of horse, that had been standing motionless, raising unitedly the fierce war-cry of "Techbir, techbir!" started toward each other at the full speed of the charge. The next instant came the shock of meeting, and far in the rear we felt the earth tremble and heard the deadly grunt and thud and clash as the rushing columns came together. As the horsemen met, the front lines of musketeers opened fire, and the tumult and madness of battle were upon us.

For a little the cavalry rolled and reared in confused heaps. Then they scattered, and riderless horses began to career in all directions.; The canopy of dust spread and cleared, and the antagonists retired to their respective sides, the enemy showing unmistakable signs of discomfiture.

At this such as our men as were disengaged raised a triumphant shout, and though Abou Kuram said not a word his glittering eyes declared his wild satisfaction. As for me, I stood in my stirrups waving my sword and yelling myself hoarse, for the hellish feeling, partly unholy glee, partly fight, partly a mad desire to kill, which seizes a man when blood has been actually spilled in battle, had possession of me. I quivered like an aspen, and was as dry in the mouth as if I had been in the thick of the fight for a day.

Again the cavalry on both sides wheeled, formed and charged; again they rolled in convulsive heaps, parted with more empty saddles, and yet again reformed and dashed at each other. It was impossible to tell which was getting the best of it, for in the dusttorm that raged about them nothing was discernible. But there was no doubt on the point when presently, instead of forming again, the enemy's horse burst out of the dun cloud and went spurring up the hill with ours slashing and stabbing at their heels.

Abou Kuram, beside himself with joy, vociferated an order, our camelmen, slinging their muskets, seized their spears, leaped upon their beasts, and with a deafening roar rushed to the charge. Our antagonists were as quick as ourselves. They, too, took to their spears and their camels, and, yelling like savages, the lurching hosts fell upon each other.

Never did leader set a braver example than was then set by Abou Kuram, and perhaps never were a leader's value and influence more potently felt. He was here, there, and everywhere, directing, encouraging, hewing and cutting, and ever seeking the places where perils were thickest.

My orders were to keep by his side, but they were not easily carried out. A hundred times I lost him in the tumbling, whirling eddies of attack and recoil, a hundred times I was struck almost senseless in the bloody crush, a hundred times I found myself clutching in terror at pommel and mane as the steel clashed and glanced about me, and as often I was on the point of fainting at the sickening sight of riven bodies, brute and human.

The reader will gather I had rather lost my head, and indeed that is a feeble way of putting my distraction. I owe it more to the intelligence and dexterity of my little mare than to any effort of my own that I was not carved to death. To this hour I cannot imagine how I escaped where so many better men were biting the dust; but, when you come to think of it, it always is a mystery how any one ever comes alive out of battle. Surely if anything can make the arch enemy dance with delight it must be the ghastly spectacle of frenzied men hacking each other to pieces.

By and by I began to understand—a thing more difficult than it may seem—that the advantage lay with us. I understood it from the fiendish exhilaration of our men, from the short, deep coughs of satisfaction with which they drove their weapons home, and from the greater proportion of shrieks and empty saddles among our opponents.

The discovery acted like a drug that sets the blood on fire. To keep from going stark mad I roared myself black in the face and rode furiously whithersoever my goaded mare chose to carry me, sometimes among friends, oftener among foes, and always with a frantic desire to see my sword run as red as the others. Nothing less than the mercy of God brought me out of that devil's mess alive.

All this while Yumen Yusel and the man on the black horse were posted on the ridge looking down on the battle. They might be mere spectators, indifferent to the issue, so remote they seemed from the scene of anguish in which two armies were pouring out their hearts' blood. But when we began to gain a mounted messenger came galloping down the slope and spoke for a minute or so to the commander of Yumen Yusel's troops. Whatever was his message, it put fresh force and courage into the men, for, getting into closer formation, they hurled themselves upon us with a fury that soon gave them back their lost ground. But though we yielded a little our lances did not slacken in their work. Nay, the slicing went on with redoubled energy and oaths that were curdling to hear.

"Holy prophet, how they fight," cried Amood Sinn, as he and Abou Kuram met for a moment in the rear. "Mine eyes have never beheld such slaughter. Look you now at Ismael Numar—how he cleaveth heads and heweth off limbs! He shall have three more wives and a present of gold for his valour. And look you, too, how the good Koor Ali layeth about him. I have been watching him, and he slayeth like one preparing for the sacrifice. There goeth a man severed in two, another and still another. Didst thou ever see the like? He maketh stepping stones to victory of his enemies. He shall have a dozen of my choicest slaves. And my brother, too, hath done marvellous execution. I have seen his blade smiting with the stroke of lightning. He hath left the dead in heaps behind him. I will bethink me what befitteth him to receive. Yea, and I, too, have smitten the foe. I slit a fellow's ribs as a cook would cut open the ribs of a sheep. By my faith, it was fine sport."

He stopped and looked over the sanguinary scene.

"Our men fight like lions," he said. Then, with sudden change of tone:—"Yet thinketh thou they are being driven back? Doth it appear to thee the enemy is gaining just a little, ever so little? If we lose ground—but no," changing voice and manner again, "there they storm home. I profess Koor Ali's sword is crimson an inch deep. And there go our horsemen. Glory to the prophet, the day is ours! Yumen Yusel's men fly—we are conquerors! They fly! They fly!"

They were not flying, but their leader had been cut down by one of our cavalrymen, and in the confusion that followed they lost ground again.

"I told thee the day was ours," cried Amood Sinn, in a transport of childish delight. But he was soon singing to another tune.

"See, see," he cried, ere the words of rejoicing were well out of his mouth. "He cometh, he cometh—Satan cometh. We are undone. Who can withstand him? He rideth like a whirlwind and destroyeth as a fire. My brother, we are undone."

Abou Kuram made no reply, but turned his eyes to the dread warrior on the black horse, who was cantering down the slope with a band of 50 men mounted on the pick of Arabian studs. As the company advanced it was joined by others, till the total must have been equal to half a British regiment.

A contingent promptly went out from our front to meet them, Koor Ali leading. There was to be no play this time, no circling and wheeling, no retiring and advancing for picturesque display. Lance to lance, body to body, the issue would be decided, and the fittest would survive. Abou Kuram bit his lip with anger at being forced to remain in charge of a coward in the rear, and watched the momentous events in which he could not participate.

The enemy's cavalry came on at a round gallop, their pennons streaming, their faces well forward on their horses' necks. The leader, however, sat his great black horse erect, and held his sword at what I believe British dragoons call the slope. There was something in his appearance that marked him out from his fellows, and I am free to confess that, with Amood Sinn's whining in my ears, a thrill of superstiticus awe passed through me at the thought that he might not be mortal.

As soon as the level plain was gained he waved his sword quickly in the air, and the great black warhorse broke from the gallop to the charge. We could see his fierce leap and the responsive bound of those that followed hard behind. Before half a dozen horse lengths were covered there came to our ears a resounding double peal of "Techbir, techbir!" for our men, too, were riding at the charge, and even from our distance we saw how every rider, setting himself a little forward, hugged his lance close under his right arm. I watched the mustual swoop with straining eyes and a thumping heart, with cold tremors at the pit of the stomach, and a hot whirl of the brain that was as the madness of much wine. There were fear and headlong audacity in the feeling—a fear that could easily have made me turn and fly, an audacity that almost compelled me to rush forward and share the delirious ecstacy of that onset.

Nearer and nearer swept the opposing columns, like two flights of ostriches, darkening the sky with dust, the horses skimming the ground as if fury lent them wings, the riders sleet with a tigerish intentness of purpose. No man could have said which side sped the more furiously or shouted the louder; none whether Koor Ali or the man on the black horse led with the more determined valour.

There is no resisting the magnetism of a desperate exploit enacted under your eyes, and the main bodies paused fascinated by the fearful spectacle. On both sides the men drew in knee to knee in order to have the greater driving and resisting power, and crouched lower upon their straining horses. The last hundred yards were covered as it were at a bound, and then with a cry of vengeance from a thousand throats, a dazzling flash of steel, a shock as of clashing thunderbolts, came the collision. There was a vibrating sensation as of an earthquake, and a rumble of groanings and crushings reached us as the fighters rolled together in a dark seething heap as when two swift sea currents meet.

My vision was suddenly blurred, and involuntarily my eyes closed. When I opened them, the combatants were through each other, and wheeling for another charge. Up went the fierce war-cry again, and again came a tremendous shock and tumult, shattering the close-packed lines. But reforming with prodigious quickness, they dashed at each other again and yet again, with an ever-increasing heap of slain and wounded weltering on the ground.

"By my father's sword, it is to be utter annihilation!" said Abou Kuram, breathing thick and fast. "They mean to kill each other out."

But almost as he spoke the enemy, bursting once more through our lines, were across the intervening space and heading upon our main body, the man on the black horse slashing and hewing in front in a way that fairly justified the tales of his Satanic character. At the same time Yumen Yusel's camelmen, rending the air with yells, ruushed, lurched, and swaying, to the aid of the cavalry.

From that moment, so far as I could see, all order vanished. There is a theory that in properly planned battles things go by method and prearrangement. The idea is a pretty one for drawing-room warriors, but if there were the least truth in it no battle should ever be lost or won. There would be no Marathon, no Thermopylae, no Waterloo, no Alma, no Lucknow, to shed lustre and glory on the human race, and give an interest to desperate hazards. Take my word for it, that a fight between two armies determined to win or die is a thing of heart-shaking surprises and riotous contempt of regulations.

The moment the common soldier, panting for revenge or frantic to save his skin, takes matters into his own hands, prophecies and prearrangements go to the winds. The general may plan, but the soldier does the work, and generally in his own way and in flat defiance of orders. In that wallowing, billowy host, I dare assert, there were not half a dozen men who knew their heads from their heels. Almost every mother's son in that gory chaos cut and thrust and stabbed and charged and recolled and roared at his own sweet will, and in obedience to what might seem to his whirling mind the exigencies of the occasion.

For myself, what with incessant knocks and collisions, the hubbub of rage and agony, the sharp scream and envenomed oath, and most of all the sickening sight of living men being sliced and laid open, my wits were so confounded I might have been in the throes of a nightmare. I had a sword and a brace of pistols, though what I did with them heaven alone knows. They may have accounted for some of the enemy, but I have no knowledge of shedding any man's blood, which is perhaps a solace to the conscience in looking back from the vale of years.

In the dartings hither and thither of my mare I got glimpses of Abou Kuram making flashes of crimson light with his sword, of the man on the black horse hewing savagely where there lay the best chance of doing havoc, of Ismael Numar and Koor Ali laying about them as if they were using pruning hooks in a forest of saplings, and of Amood Sinn scurrying to and fro in abject terror, fighting the air, and ever getting into the places he would have given his kingdom to be able to avoid. I laughed at him with the hilarity of hysteria, and I have an idea cried jeering words as well. But how the tide of war was running I knew not, and probably you would not have known had you been in my place.

Once in a wild swirl I got knocked out of the saddle, but with wildcat clutch I caught something—probably the pommel or mane before me—and was up again in an instant, wondering in my own mind whether I was mortally wounded or whether I was wounded at all, and as I was trying to decide I came upon a sight that drove all thought of self away and made me rein up with a jerk.

In the midst of their partisans, who had formed a circle, as if to see fair play to the champions, were Koor Ali and the man on the black horse in a hand-to-hand fight. I do not know how long they had been at it before I chanced to see them, but the contest did not last long after my coming up. Koor Ali was a good soldier and an expert swordsman, but his fate was upon him.

Continued on 4th Page.

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