MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

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D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

The address slip pasted on the top of this page has date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the paper out paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th page.

Bear Works

BUSINESS NOTICE.

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

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

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

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

The 'MIRAMICHI ADVANCE' having its large circulation distributed principally in the Counties of Kent Northumberland, Gloucester and Restigouche, New Brunswick and in Bonaventure and Gaspe, Quebec in communities engaged in Lumbering, Fishing and Agricultural pursuits, offers Superior inducements to advertisers. Address Editor Miramichi Advance, Chatham, N. B

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We have just received a large supply of
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Special:—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at $4.50 per pair are splendid value.
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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
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WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
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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BATH GLOVES AND MITS.
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A Beautiful Line of
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from five cents to one dollar per cake
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The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased is continued by the undersigned who represents the following Companies:—
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NORWICH UNION
ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON
MANCHESTER.
JAS. G. MILLER,
Chatham, 29th Nov. 1898.

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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 Mulsions Liniments, Cough Syrups, Tonics, Dyspepsia, Rheumatic, Kidney, Asthma and Catarrh Cures.
ALSO A LARGE STOCK OF
TOOTH BRUSHES, HAIR BRUSHES, COMBS, TOOTH POWDERS AND PASTES PERFUMES & SOAPS.
Our perfumes and soaps are the finest in town, and as we have a very large assortment of Soaps, we will offer them at special prices
We also call your attention to our Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes, Tobacco Pouches, Cigar and Cigarette Holders, etc.
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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 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
al kinds cut and made to order on the premises, with quickest despatch and at reasonable terms.
LADIES' COATS & SACQUES
ent 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 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.

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At The Old Stand Cunard Street.
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COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR ORDERS!
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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.

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The courage was urgently needed and sorely tried not less by physical than by mental ills. Every inch of my body was a burning ache. My wound pained me more and more. My head throbbed like a steam boiler, and lips and tongue were as if flayed and laid on smouldering ashes. Not so much as the remnant of a spittle was left to moisten them. I opened my mouth, and a rush of blistering air went down my throat, scorching my lungs to their roots. I closed it, and the dry flesh cracked so that the blood spurted out. Let the man who would feed fat his revenge have his enemy sent out and baked alive under an Arabian sun in the full blaze. The Inquisition never invented a torture half so cruel as that slow process of broiling by the immitigable heavens.

My poor horse was likewise in a far gone condition. The foam was crusted hard about his mouth and flanks, his nostrils were wide, dry, and fiery, his head hung, and his black swollen tongue protruded. Yet he remained as steady as a rock, sheltering me in his shadow. At intervals he turned and looked at me, and once he whinnied softly as if out of pure pity and comradeship.

By and by there came a change. The flaming sky was overcast, the shimmering sand turned gray, and after awhile dark clouds began to gather in the south. Then a tepid, relaxing wind blew from the same quarter, bringing an electric sultriness in place of the white heat. After a little the wind ceased and a dead calm fell.

The atmosphere seemed to have suddenly grown solid, and to be weighing upon the world like a canopy of molten lead. Breathing had been a difficulty before—it was a positive pain now. My horse grew restive, snorting, pawing the ground, and sniffing at the far darkness, now fast spreading and deepening.

All at once out of the deathly stillness came a little blast of wind that tossed the sand spitefully in my face and passed on with a weird, uncanny wail. Another and another followed, with a low, hopeless moan as of incurable sorrow, then silence again so deep that to my beating senses it was audible. It was as if a great, invisible host were treading the loose earth and filling the air, an endless procession passing on into the inane. And let me tell you that the awesome sound of unshod silence is a thing to make the hair rise on the head and the flesh creep on the bones. I spoke to my horse for the sake of company, and my words were ghostly gibber. I was startled at the sound of my own voice.

The darkness was soon an inky blackness. The sullen heavens were descending, and impenetrable clouds were marshalling in forbidding ramparts along the skyline of the south. Then a lambent fire began to flicker about the outer edges of the dense masses, and presently there was borne to my ears the long roll of incipient thunder. A few minutes later big drops of rain began to patter on the sand, sending up volumes of dusty steam.

I got to my feet with joy unspeakable. Praise be to Heaven, my cry for help had been heard and answered! I was saved, saved from the vultures and the heaping sands. Man is an insignificant atom in the scale of the universe, yet easily believes himself the object of a special providence. Here were the streams of water in the desert sent for me and for me alone. I wept with awe and gratitude.

The rain came thicker and faster, first a shower and then a deluge. The sun was eclipsed, and the dome overhead seemed to be cracking and rending as at the blast of the last trump. And indeed to me it was little less than a resurrection. Here was water, and water was life. The thunder roared ever nearer and louder till worlds of wrecked matter seemed to be crashing over my head. My ears were stunned by the exploding bolts, and on my face I felt the hot smack of the forked lightning that made the wilderness as a sea of fire. But through it all the beneficent rain came down in sheets, drenching me not merely to the skin, but to the very marrow. With upturned face and open mouth I slaked my baking throat, and as I drank, with ten times the greediness of the fevered drunkard, I could see my horse with his nozzle turned to the pouring skies, as if he, too, were having a saving draught.

Far into the night the storm boomed and poured. While it lasted I lay stretched full length on the soaking sands, slowly turning over and over, so that the blessed flood might enter at every pore. It was impossible to have too much of that, Heaven's gift, and I would not miss a drop of it. Nor, while reveling in the shower bath, did I forget to fill my water-skin against future needs.

Now and again I had glimpses of crouching forms, with eyes that matched the lightning, ready to pounce upon me, but somehow they never came to the spring. In the air, too, were wheeling things that would swoop down and then dart off, with a cry of disappointment at finding the expected corpse a living man.

In the early morning the storm died away, and the stars came out in a crystalline, dewy azure that was as the cool blue bosom of a summer lake. Not daring to sleep, I lay and looked up at them, meditating at the marvels they must have seen in the course of the countless ages. But though my thoughts were serious enough (and with good reason), they had not the gloom of the night before.

I had leisure to ponder many things besides the stars—such as the strange fate that had led me hither, the perils and hardships that were past, those that might still be to come, the fate of my late companions, and my own present condition. But as you may imagine the subject that was uppermost in my mind was the miraculous meeting with Donald Gordon, for I was convinced that the man on the black horse was none other than he.

What in the name of all the wonders had brought him to this strange quarter of the globe, and how came he to be fighting for Yumen Yusel? These were questions I could not answer, perhaps I did not try very hard to answer them, for I was occupied with the cardinal fact that beyond all doubt Donald was in Arabia, that I had seen him face to face, had even spoken to him and got a hurried glance in reply. But for the sudden mishaps of war I would have declared myself to him, and he would have become my friend and protector. In the most unexpected way my mission came near a happy accomplishment, yet, exasperating to think, had failed as utterly as if we had been as wide apart as the poles. The total failure on the verge of so dramatic a success was another cruel stroke of that malicious fortune that pursued me so relentlessly. But with a spark of the fire that I had thought dead I told myself that I would not be conquered.

Donald Gordon was in Arabia, and I would find him—nay, more, would carry him triumphantly back to Scotland and his friends. As this bold, high project stirred me, I had a vision of two sun-embrowned men, in strange, outlandish garb, arriving in the gloaming at The Elms, and of Isabel, after a moment's mistrust, rushing to greet and embrace them. The delectable imagination inspired me with such heart and energy that I must have expanded inches on the strength of it.

The morning broke sweetly over the waste, with a rosy flush, and a sapphire radiance, and a balm that was as a precious cordial to mind and body. The sand sparkled and gleamed like the sea, and the distant mountains stood out a definite blue-black line against the pellucid western horizon.

Revived to a fresh interest in life, I began to consider the means of escape from this wilderness, and so, having dressed my wound with wet rags, I climbed, not without difficulty, into the saddle. The question was which way to turn. Eastward, northward, southward, the unbroken expanse of sand stretched till it melted into liquid blue spaces on the rim of the desert. To the west alone did there appear to be any prospect of succor, so turning my horse's head to the mountains we started on our trackless path.

For hours we plodded on through billowy ridges, my horse sometimes sinking over the fetlocks, sometimes treading firmly on the crust, and always going just as he pleased, for he had done well enough to deserve a little license. It soon got very hot again, and my steaming clothes suggested a portable vapour-bath, almlessly adrift in a dreary region of sand. The steam kept it moist, though it failed to keep me cool; what was more, it did much to soothe the throbbing pulses of my wound, which, in spite of the night's soaking and baking, had still a sharp, shooting pain, if I chanced to move unwarily. But the excruciating stiffness that had made my leg useless on dismounting after the hunt was gone.

There was no sign of life about save here and there a fugitive jackal or hyena running with its head down and its tail clapped tight between its legs, or overhead a hawk or vulture sharply outlined against the sky. I judge these gentry must have had a royal feast—indeed that it would be many days ere their gorging would be ended—and I shuddered to think of the ravening that went on among the slain on the field of battle.

It must have been noon, when I was again broiling in the glow of the vertical sun, that I gave a start on descrying the tiniest black dot on the ashy waste far to south-west. It was impossible to say whether it was dead or alive, a rock, a man or a beast, but any diversion was welcome, and I made in its direction, quickening my pace. I had not gone far when I guessed it to be a horseman crawling toward the mountains. Putting my horse to a canter, I drew rapidly near the stranger, but for awhile he held on his way, either as if he did not see me or were too far spent and too indifferent to deviate in his course. But at length he halted abruptly, then after a moment's examination came galloping to meet me. My heart beat quick with both fear and gladness. If this were a Bedouin, our meeting would be a tilt for life, and I was but ill prepared for battle, but if he should prove a friend—oh, joy of joys, it made me giddy to think of the bare possibility.

On I galloped and on he galloped. I saw him whirling his lance, and almost unconsciously I waved my sword in return. Then, shouting at the pitch of his voice, he put his horse to the charge. That rather startled me, and I was in two minds about turning and making off with all possible speed, but in the critical moment, when my courage had all but ebbed, I recognized a familiar face. Then I, too, shouted wildly and my horse bounded as the spurs went into his sides. The next minute Tabal and I were hugging and embracing like long separated brothers, both of us having leaped to the ground in order to get the closer grip.

You may be sure we had each a multitude of questions to ask and answer, but before I would hear anything of Tabal's adventures since our parting, I insisted on looking to his injury. It was bad, he said, but not deadly. Baring his left shoulder very carefully, I found a shattered gunshot wound that gave the flesh a torn and broken appearance, different altogether from the clean cut I had got. I dressed it as gently and as well as was possible with the means at my disposal, a service for which poor Tabal was infinitely grateful.

"We are of different nations and religions, yet surely we are not strangers," he said, embracing me again. "Had I seen thee now for the first time I would have driven this lance through thee. But henceforth it will be turned against him who seeks thy hurt. Tabal, the son of Achmet, swears it." And he took the oath in the most solemn manner known to his race.

That done, he played the surgeon to me. "Thou art lucky," exclaimed Tabal, with professional pride, when I was stripped. "By my faith, the man who gave thee this hurt knew not his business, or thou mightest cast away thy leg forever. Methinks if I had my weapon upon him as he had his upon thee he would now be food for the kites and hyenas."

"He was clumsy, Tabal," I said.

"Clumsy," repeated Tabal, scornfully. "Nay, it does not half express his want of skill. Having got his lance upon thee, he should have killed thee as dead as a roasted kid. I hold the fellow in contempt."

"Because, my good friend, he did not make an end of one whom thou hast sworn to cherish and protect?"

"Nay, nay," answered Tabal, quickly, seeing whither his soldierly zeal had led him. "I meant not that. Praise be to heaven thou art alive. I meant that he knew not how to drive his spear. See," and he made a thrust with his own to show how the thing ought to be done. "Methinks that is the way to put an enemy into the dust. But thou art protected of God," he added, reverently, "and it maketh me glad to be with thee. Verily I am thy servant to do as it pleaseth thee to bid me. And praise be to God and the holy prophet that we are not now having our bones gnawed by wild beasts. Saw you ever such a slaughter

The next minute Tabal and I were hugging and embracing.

as that was? Truly I think the man on the black horse is none other than Satan himself."

For a moment I wavered whether or not I should enlighten him. Then I said, very quietly, "The man on the black horse is as much Satan as thou art, my good Tabal. Listen, and I will tell thee a tale," and I told him of my search for Donald Gordon and the meeting in the battle. He listened with wide eyes and gaping mouth, thinking, I suspect, that suffering had turned my brain.

"Thou art telling me one of the tales of the magicians," he said, with something of awe in his voice and manner. "This passeth all belief."

"'Tis as true as the Koran, Tabal," I answered. "Look you here, before thou art many weeks older thou shalt be as a brother to this dread warrior on the black horse."

"Nay. Heaven forbid," exclaimed Tabal, fervently. "I would not forge my chances of paradise for all the favours Satan can bestow."

His horror was so comical that I burst out laughing. Ordinarily I might have answered with my life for such an insult, such an outrage on his most sacred feelings. But happily Tabal was in a mood to forgive much because he loved much.

"I will put cool water on thy hurt," he said, as tenderly as if he were treating an ailing and fractious child, "and on thy head, too, for the sun hath made it hot. Then when thou art refreshed we will talk of our adventures since the flight and the simoon parted us."

He had his way, and indeed it was exceedingly refreshing to be bathed, for I was still more than a trifle feverish. But more soothing and invigorating than the water were the brotherly gentleness and compassion of Tabal, who seemed to make himself responsible for my safety and comfort.

When we came to recount our experiences since parting I learned that he had passed the night like myself, alone. Like me, he had thought himself doomed, had been saved by the rain, and was looking for human succour when I spied him. We went through our perils again as old soldiers re-fight their battles, and embraced at the conclusion in pure exuberance of joy at being together once more.

Not the least happy circumstance of our meeting was that I got back my little Fatima and the precious blue bag with Duncan's pipes. To Tabal the bag was an object of such intense curiosity that I had to produce the pipes and give him a lilt. It scarcely ravished him, and it frightened the horses, so the pipes were put away that I might take formal possession of my mare. Before parting with her, however, Tabal must needs make as fine a speech to her as ever gallant of the old school made to his mistress, dwelling with rapturous phrase on her beauty, her fleetness, her docility, her intelligence, and her dauntless spirit in time of trouble, to all of which I heartily said "Amen."

Fortunately Tabal had some dates—they were really what were left of my own—and when the ceremonious address of Fatima was over we squatted on the sand and ate a few. We dared not venture to eat many, for the store was small, and it was extremely doubtful when it could be replenished. To make up for the shortness of rations, we had a double pull at the water skins, and the cooling draft was sweeter than the choicest vintage of France.

It was again very hot. Indeed after the rain the heat seemed intenser than ever. The pungent streams were trickling into our eyes and mouths, and coursing down our backs and arms and legs as if we were patent self-moisteners that worked the better the greater the draft. Self-moisteners we were with a vengeance, but the moisture could not possibly last long. I looked at the thin, brown visage of Tabal, feeling that he must soon be converted to pemmican, and I, too, was swiftly undergoing the same process of desiccation. A little while and there would not be a drop of liquid in our bodies.

The rate at which we were dissolving to hard fibre made it desirable to get out of the glare of the sand as quickly as might be. Tabal agreed with me that our best hope lay in the hills to the west, and we accordingly made in their direction. If nothing better, their rocks and chasms would at least afford us shelter from the pitiless sun.

CHAPTER XXII.

BEDOUINS.

All day we laboured through the loose, hot, unshadowed sands, our water bottles constantly at our mouths, our garments like unwrung dishcloths, our drooping horses in a lather. Nightfall found us still crawling on, silent, weary, and in much pain. Tabal was the worse of the two. Yet the stoical fellow never complained, nor ever forgot to comfort me when in my torments I panted and groaned.

With darkness it became cooler, and to our joy there sprang up a delicious breeze that put new life into us. We were still wading in sandy seas, but we were now able to mend our pace a little, and indeed there was urgent need of speed, for in our condition another day like the last would clean finish us. By and by our horses began to tread more lightly and firmly, a little later they were stumbling over stones and nibbling at scrubby bushes, and we knew the watercourses were not far off. It was midnight, however, ere we had climbed far enough to feel safe for the night, or perhaps the better way to put it is that at midnight I swore I would go no farther if the halt cost me my life. Tabal said he thought we might rest. So, unsaddling and tying the horses' forefeet to prevent them from wandering, we had another drink, and threw ourselves on the ground to sleep.

We woke with the level sun beating in our faces, greatly refreshed though stiff and sore in the regions of our wounds. Our first act was to scramble to the top of an adjacent crag and reconnoitre the situation. We looked cautiously round among the rocks, then out on the plain as far as eye could see, but nothing living was visible save flocks of ravenous birds going to and fro between the mountains and the scene of the battle. Finding ourselves secure, we descended, watered ourselves and our horses at a bubbling spring, and breakfasted on half a dozen dates apiece. Then we saw to our wounds, and the surgical operation done, we lay in the shade of a rock to think, and for the hundredth time discuss our adventures and prospects.

Continued on 4th Page.

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CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.

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"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"

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