By John A. Steuart.

The man on the black horse first tipped off an ostrich plume from the other's turban, then some ribbons, then he shore a piece of each side, as if second was up again, with Tabal ly-showing the easy and dainty precision ing across the saddle before me. Do showing the easy and dainty precision with which he handled his weapon. Two or three swift passes followed, you come to be in a life and death then, rising quickly in his stirrups, with a lightning-like stroke, he clove his antagonist from crown to breast-bone, so that half fell either way. (As will be seen later on, this stroke was never learned in Arabia.) From the

and independently
when the wits are gone. The thing
was done—and done before I knew I
had undertaken it.
Starting again I cast an eye over raised sword-hand of the divided man which haunts me to this day. Then,

straight into the heart of a group of ways with the pace of the tempest. our men, and the hacking and hewing went on with double vigour, amid peals of triumph from the enemy. Abou Kuram must have seen what had happened, for just then he tore up, his face black with passion, and riding over all that obstructed his way made direct at the champion of Yumen Yusel. That diabolic swordsman catching sight of Abou wheeled, both



horses reared together, and the blades of the riders met with a vicious clash. Both sides sent up a terrific shout, for the crucial moment had come. In the flerce tumult, the mad swirl and crush of the roaring vortex, I could see the fighters only in partial glimpses. But it was plain that here were two men who did each other honour, plain from the quick, sharp swish and ring of their swords and from the madness of the onlookers. Win who might, there would be a tale to tell interest in the black tents for many a

Both armies swayed up in resistless billows to watch the encounter, for on Arabian battlefields the rank and file | that threw the odds heavily to their at times suspend operations to watch their betters give and take blows. It was hard to imagine, however, that they were mere spectators, for in the jam of man and beast lance and butt end were used with all the freedom of battle and curse and scream still mingled. As for me, my condition was little short of distraction. Carried about like a leaf on boiling waters, I should probably have been done to death many times over but for the amazing ingenuity and agility of my mare in dodging in the crisis of a press. I judged of the progress of the fight by the varying behaviour of the par-tisans who were nearest the centre. Once or twice I had a terrible glimpse of two furious men reaching for each other with flashing weapons on horses that seemed to rear and grapple like lions. But I could not tell how the

advantage lay. I was soon to know. Suddenly Yu-men Yusel's men sent up a deep roar that sent the blood dizzily to my head and made me dash into the thickest of the crush regardless of peril. I was just in time to see the end.

The man on the black hore had evidently estimated the skill and strength of his antagonist, and had begun his old game. Down came Abou Kuram's bobbing ostrich plume; then, so quickly that the shearing instrument was a darting sunbeam, the crest of his turban followed. Then, both horses rearing upon each other, there was a wild leap to either side to the spurs went wickedly home, and ere the went wickedly home, and ere the black charger had well touched ground he swung rapidly round as on a pivot. The next second Abou Kuram, too, was about, but as he turned, his sword arm dropped by his side almost clean cut from the shoulder, and his sword itself went rattling among his horse's hoofs. The lightning could not have hit quicker than did the man on the black horse, or caused keener dismay and amazement. He made a pass as if to run the wounded man through the body, but, chang-

ing his mind, he struck spurs to his steed and leaped in among our men, mowing a way for himself like a reaper in a field of barley.

The scene that followed is not to be described. Bursting like an overcharged dam, our men rushed headlong to all points of the compass, cursing, screeching, tramping, and stabbing each other in the fury of their smoke, and the man in front big berse's beed god his neck, and my mantle flew over in his last dire extremity somebody's were hard behind, wreaking a pent-up

In a momentary block of the sweeping torrent, which carried me with it
as a piece of broken driftwood, Yumen Yusel's champion slashed his way
across my front, so that I saw his
face full for the first time. My heart
was thumping against my ribs with
fear and excitement, but when I looked on him it stopped, and I gazed with
open mouth.

open mouth.

Where had I seen that face, so familiar, so handsome, even in its terror? In a dream of the night, in a waking vision? Like a flash came the answer. That was the face which Isabel had shown me in a picture in The Elms. As the knowledge came to me, he dashed in another direction, and I, finding my tongue, screamed after him, "Donald Gordon, Donald Gordon." I fancied he turned at the cry, but the rushing tide carried me off, and my shouts were drowned in the uproar of the yelling, shricking mob. The next minute I was riding for my life in the middle of a band of fugitives, with half a hundred gruel lances hard at our back. lances hard at our back.

> I DINE CHAPTER XX. THE FLIGHT.

A total and irredeemable rout with the frenzied victors amuck among the shattered ranks of the vanished is a thing not to be described by anyone sharing in the panic or the havoc of it. We flew blindly, desperately, knowing neither where we went nor what we did. We had but one idea—to get away as fast as beast could carry us beyond the reach of those mutilating spears, and in the madness and fury of fear we rode each other down without heed or pity. Horsemen plunged into camelmen, camelmen into horsemen, friend cursed friend for barring the way and smote frentically the the way, and smote frantically, the striker caring not if the blood of a fellow were spilled, so only he him-

self escaped. Quarter was never so much as thought of on either side, for venge-ance, fired by fanaticism, does not spare, nor does the terror it inspires plead. The dripping lances sped like weavers' shuttles, and the shrieks of the butchered mingled with the oaths of the butchers, who swore because they could not clear their points quick enough for the fell work in hand. With grunts of hellish glee from foaming mouths, the red points were sent home, and the victims went down, screaming, to be finished under foot. By degrees the fugitives began to scatter, and presently I found myself tearing along in a little group of half a dozen, my heart in my mouth, and just sense enough left to know that a gush of blood was soaking my right leg. Whence it issued I had not the least idea. Nor could I tell whether I had one hurt or many hurts. Feeling in my distraught condition there was none, and examination was impossible. A moment's delay would mean a dozen lances in my body, so heedless of wounds I fled with all the speed that fear and spurs could put into the fleetest steed that ever carried man from such an Aceldama. With stretched neck and ears laid back like a hare's in the chase, my little mare seemed rather to fly than

to tread the earth, and well for me I was on the back of a Kohlan in her prime, or I should not now be writing this history. Glancing about me by and by I found that I was riding alone; that

deed anyone I knew save Tabal, the son of my old benefactor, Said Achmet. He was a short distance to the right and ahead of me, and was urg-ing his camel with all the might of voice and stick. I shouted to him. He turned quickly, sideways, but before he saw me he threw up his arms, gave a queer cry, and rolled to the ground. Mechanically, for I was not capable of thought, I wheeled toward him, leaped to the ground, and in a not stay to ask how I did it. If ever strait, you will find that the nerves and muscles can act independently

my shoulder to see four of the enemy's dropped the sword, but the arm itself horsemen coming full tilt upon me remained rigid in the air, as if with a with level lances. Discerning it was final threat of vengeance, and there to be a neck and neck race for life, I rose from the split throat a shriek touched my little mare with the spurs, convulsive pull of the bridle-hand, the body tumbled from the saddle to be mangled by a thousand hoofs.

Waving his blood-red sabre above his head, the victor leaned his bear and though now carrying double she skimmed along with the speed of the ostrich, quickly distancing our pursuers, who turned to easier game. But glancing backward again presently I saw with fresh dismove these and though now carrying double From their looks I judged them at once to be Bedouin's genuine children of the desert, of whom large numbers were attracted to the standard of Yumen Yusel by the glorious prospects of spoil. They had singled me out, and were riding for death and booty, evidently under the impression that

my companion must be a man of rank and wealth. It was a natural conclusion that a common soldier would be left to die where he fell. I looked into the face of Tabal to see whether he were dead, for he had not spoken a word since I had lifted him. If he were a corpse, it would be the sheerest madness to incumber myself with him. But when I bawled in his ear he opened his eyes slowly and winked at me comically like one awaking from odd dreams. 'Are you much hurt ?" I shouted, at

he pitch of my voice. He wriggled his left shoulder, and the movement brought a gush of

"There," he answered, faintly.
"You must sit up," I said, quickly. Our lives depend upon it." He made an effort, I assisting, and though he swayed considerably from light-headedness, he managed with my aid to keep upright. The Bedouins meanwhile had gained upon us and were yelling riotously in anticipation of an easy Doubtless they concluded horse carrying double could get away from them, but I thought to myself, with a pride which even fear could

not wholly overcome, that they little knew the mettle of my Fatima. Her load once fairly adjusted, she would lead them such a dance as they might talk of with wonder for the rest of their lives. Nor did I calculate amiss. At a touch on the reign she mended her pace with an apparent ease and buoyancy that made my heart beat a wild tattoo of joy. It was short lived, however. I had forgotten we were in a land where horses are swift that would cause breathless awe and as eagles; where every hack might be handicapped against an English racer. The Bedouins, too, were splendidly mounted, and instead of abandoning the chase came on with a double fury

> Scarcely knowing what I did, I drove the rowels deep into my mare's flanks. She turned up a reproachful eye and a distended nostril, as if to say she was already doing her utmost. Nevertheless she bounded on, her neck a little more craned, her ears a little flatter, her forefeet forging out a little farther. Whatever horse could do she would. That was the sentiment of her response.

Looking back, I tingled with joy to find that, in spite of her heavy burden, she was keeping her own. How long she could maintain that terrific pace was the crucial question, for the pursuers came as hot behind as ever. With the corner of my eye I could see their horses rearing like greyhounds, their heads low, their nozzles straight out, and the black faces of the riders themselves thrust forward like the beaks of vultures. On, on, sped my mare in her arrowy flight, as if she knew the terrible need that was upon her, and close in her track came the Bedouins, like beagles on the trail yelping for blood.

The next time I turned to note their progress I was horrified to see they were gaining upon us. There could not be the slightest doubt about it. My flesh crept together at the discovery, so that I must have shrunk to half my natural size. What was to be done To fight or surrender was to be ripped on the spot, for I was hampered, and the pursuers were merciless. There was nothing for it but continued flight, and in flight also there seemed small hope. I could doubtless save myself, but it was impossible to abandon Tabal, the more specially that, having recovered his senses, he was now begging piteously to be taken away from

those gleaming crimson lances. Could my mare carry both? That again was the question of questions. In this extremity I looked about me. and I saw some were to the left, and in our rear a single horseman, hard pressed by two Bedouins, companions. as I took it, of those who were chasing me. His nose was almost on his charger's mane, and his spurred heels were clapped fast to its frothing flanks. Pursued and pursuers kept their distances, and there was a chance that the fugitive might get off; but, finding spears useless, one of the Bedouins, un-

slinging his musket, took aim. There I saw no more of him, but a piercing scream that mingled with the | was the dreaded simoon before which yells of triumph told all too plainly of all Arabia falls down and covers its

The horse bounded on with empty saddle, veering slightly in our direction. Then a sudden inspiration came upon me-an inspiration so wild that for a second it made me blind. The riderless horse, as I have indicated, was a little behind us and was running as nearly as possible parallel to our Tabal on his back. That was the fearful resolution that sent the blood buzzing to my brain. Swerving slightly to head off the horse as men do in capturing wild animals on the prairie, I drove the spurs with all my might into my little mare. It was cruel, seeing how nobly she was already doing, but this was a last chance and a providential one. A man will be exceedingly cruel to preserve his life. She sprang forward with a flash of the

eye, now almost as red as her nostril, and a shower of spume from her The Bedouins, who were appallingly close, must have perceived my intention, for like bolts from a strong bow two made for the runaway horse, while the third came straight upon me. A minute more and the issue of this life and death race should be decided. Gathering myself so as to put all my force into the stroke I drove the rowels home again. My poor mare groaned with the pain of it and leaped like a wounded deer. Two or three more such springs, my Fatima! For God's sake, on, speed thy utmost, or we are lost The long Arabian spurs, which are never used save in the crisis of distress, dug deep into her again and again, and again and again she gave

that pitiful grean and that desperate

Horses love company, particularly when they have been trained to military service. To my consternation, I saw the runaway make for the two | my whole being called out vehemently inward, clutched at the trailing bridle. My heart stopped, as I expected to see him go on his haunches. But either the movement frightened him into an unexpected dash, or they were clumsy, for, with a mignty jump and a wild ing on the top of the saddle prepared | men and beasts. The skin dropped if I had plunged headlong into water I flung myself from my perch, clutching desperately at the strange horse, He shied, and I fell short, just manag-

ing to find the pommel with my left The hold was perilously slender, but what the tense fingers caught they held with more than the strength of the disappointment of finding the skin iron. Adjusting my grip quietly for empty gave an added poignancy to a moment till I got my breath, I was the throbbing of my inflamed throat just on the point of pulling myself up and lips. Oh! for a single drop, just after the manner of gymnasts in or- one drop of clear, cool water to ease der to swing into the saddle, when a that fiery torture. Worlds upon spear came whistling through the air, | worlds would I have given for so catching my horse somewhere in the much liquid as lies on the petal of hind quarter. Wild before, the sting a daisy at dawn, and worlds upon of the steel made him fairly frantic. With a furious leap that nearly cast | there. me to the ground he turned and bolted off in a new direction, I dangling helpless and stunned by his side.

Clinging to girth and pommel with

every nerve and muscle, indeed with every sense and faculty and power of tended to or not? Why defer paybuffeted so that the wind was often knocked clean out of me and the world seemed whirling away into utter chaos, I was dragged along at the speed of lightning. To hold on for many minutes in that condition was impossible, and to let go meant instant destruc-Had I been able to get my toes steady on the earth for half a second, I could have sprung astride the flying animal, but at that fearful velocity the thing was beyond a tiger's agility. Yet if something could not be done, and done quickly, I felt it would be better to breathe a prayer and let the

grasp relaxed I gradually sank lower and lower, till half my length trailed enemies could work their will. The darkness and dizziness of death were some protuberance so that with the mighty speed I bounded like a ball. It gave me my opportunity. Finding myself well in the air, I concentrated all

steel in the moment of supreme need. and millions of quivering arrows seemrose on that terrific pull. Then quicker than thought the girth was let go and the right hand shot across the The hooked fingers caught gling, and nearly blind from excitement and exhaustion, I lay half across the horse's back. Then, with such an effort as a man makes for his life, I Wriggled farther up, and before I knew t was in the saddle and reaching for the rein. As I got it a yell of rage went up close behind, and another spear, less true in aim than the first, whizzed past and buried itself in the For the next five minutes I flew in

instant expectation of death. Crouching, with the long spurs deep in my horse's sides, and my heart afraid to beat, I pelted on. It was bound for bound of pursued and pursuers, a race as of hounds panting at the heels of tongue's-length in front. But woe betide the quarry in case of mishap or bare skin, and I leaped to my feet mistake! Had anything gone wrong with me, had my girth broken, or my horse stumbled or slipped or slackened pace for so much as the tenth part of slaughter. Shaking like a leaf in the second, my blood had been poured gale, I fell prostrate on my face, and

Whither I was going, or whether here were many or few about, I could not tell. I saw nothing but a jumbled, feverish vision of the low-craned head of the horse, a flying mane, and a pair ed to touch the ground, but in my ears was a noise that told me death was riding hard at my back. The spume flakes flew up from my

horse's mouth, wetting my face, and I could feel the increasing heave of his flanks. Now and then, too, I had a glimpse of a red eye and a nostril like "a pit full of blood." It was sheer cruelty to goad him on. But one with three fiends stretching within three yards for his life? I was cruel as cruel could be, plying the long, sharp spurs as fast and as hard as heel could drive them, in spite of the groanings and shakings of my victim. So great was the strain of terror that it may well be imagined no fresh alarm could affect me. Yet when a vicious cry went up, as it appeared, at my very ear, betokening, as I fancied, the triumph of the Bedouins, I shut my eyes, with a creeping, shuddering horror that made me give a little scream. I rode in darkness for what

come, I ventured to open my eyes, but nothing could have induced me to look It was now high noon, and the sun an incandescent globe overhead. There may have been clouds in the sky, but assuredly there was neither shadow nor breath of moving air on the earth. I stewed in my soaked clothes, as if dissolving over a slow fire, and gasped and wheezed like an asthmatic, shut up in an oven, for the quivering, simmering heat not only broiled the body, but was as a stinging acid in the eyes and nostrils, and as burning fumes in

expecting the thrust of cold steel in

he small of the back. As it did not

All at once there came a sharp puff of wind, not sweet and refreshing, but charged with more poisons than ever chemist dreamed of. Looking upward, I saw a great glare in the sky, as it were the reflection of some vast conflagration, and even as I looked, the glare swiftly deepened, till it appeared the heavens themselves were on fire. Then the fiery redness was suddenly overcast, and a dull, coppery hue took its place, this yielding in turn, and very quickly, to a deep purple, and that again to an ominous in spurts of even greater force and longer duration. I was wondering burst upon my ear a great, prolorged fury, and turning to the right-hand quarter, I saw a portentous black cloud rushing toward me with inconceivable velocity. The look showed me, too, that I was riding alone. The Bedouins had abandoned the chase and were now tearing off in another direc-

tion altogether. I had not taken in the situation when I was enveloped in darkness and gasping as if a bottle of volatile salts had been pressed to my nose. At the same time the wind nearly tore me from my seat, and though I could see nothing, I felt that my horse had turned tail to the blast, and was driftface as close as cloth will roll. I lay unable to breathe and in exquisite torture, my horse scudding before the He stumbled often, and would have lain down but that I kept the spurs to him. Had he had his will, in less than half a minute we should both have been buried beneath a wreath of sand, to lie there until the winds came again to unearth our bleaching skeletons.

The storm passed on like a solid wall, and as if by magic the atmosphere cleared, though I could still see the black line of the whirlwind far ahead. I looked eagerly about for company, but found myself complete-No Bedouins in pursuit, no Bedouins in sight, nor indeed any living thing. The simoon had given me my life, but it left me desolate. Dismounting and looping the bridle over my arm, I walked a little bit, shaking loads of sand from the folds of my dress. My right leg, however, was so sore and stiff that I was soon compelled to sit down, though it was a long time before I had any heart for surgery. When at length I got sufficient command of my nerves to examine the wound, I found myself with an ugly gash in the right thigh. from the depths of which blood still oozed. The clotted outer edges were fast hardening and stiffening, so that the pain grew cruelly intense. Perhaps it was because attention was directed to my hurt that it became all at once so sensitive, but the smallest movement now caused a pang that cut the breath like a stab. Besides, I was in a raging fever of thirst. A water-skin dangled from my saddlebow, and I reached for it in hope of relief. It was already cracking and shrivelling in the furnace-like heat, but there was a chance that some of the precious contents might still remain.

Bedouins. The next instant he was for a mouthful of water as the sole between them, and then, each leaning hope of life. Nothing else could save Eagerly pushing the dented sides of the skin apart, I looked in. The dazzled eyes saw only a vacant blackness. Merciful heaven, it could not to that the skin was empty. I peered tossing of the mane, he rushed clear deeper and deeper. My vision must of them, and came careering on alone. be at fault, for if I did not see water With a reeling sensation of hope and I certainly smelled it. Thrusting in despair I turned and made at him.
Then, giving my rein to Tabal, I got my feet out of the stirrups, and crouchinto foulness by struggling, perishing for a spring. On came the runaway from my nerveless fingers, and the on the right. In another moment he was alongside, but too far off. Tabal fore I knew what I was about, I was pulled his rein, and the two animals sucking it for dear life, but it stank nearly collided. Then with a gasp as so poisonously that I had to spit it out immediately. Yet moisture of any sort was too precious to be wasted, so I emptied the trickling mire upon my baking wound, rubbing it in with my finger as a smearer rubs his tar into the divided fleece of a sheep. I cannot say that the application in the least assuaged the pain. And

> worlds could not have purchased it I bandaged the wound-that is to say, I bound it roughly with a rag torn from my long Arab shirt. But

what mattered it whether it was at-

body and mind and will, bumped and ing a debt that is exacted of all men Would it not be best to let death dis train at once, and have done with this fever called living?" Utterly worn out with fatigue and fright and excitement, I was tired of being the sport of destiny. To think of triumph ing over her was a fool's thought. No man had done it. No man would or could do it. Why should I prolong a bootless strife? The cry of the sick heart was the cry of the ancient Celt 'How evil was the lot allotted to Llywarch the night when he was brought forth! Sorrows without end and no deliverance from his burden. No deliverance from his burden! Small things are momentous in de-That was the sentence of old; it was cisive moments, and sometimes weakthe sentence still. A galling struggle ness is salvation. As the quivering tragically relieved the momentary lusions of hope and happiness, endless humiliations, crushing defeat and at least inevitable death. Yet it was Two or three more little slips and my hard to die; hard to think calmly of one's own bones being picked by those vultures which were already hovering already upon me when my knee struck | above me in anticipation of a corpse to feed on. I was not yet philosopher

Crouching on the sand, my head sank deep between my knees in an my strength, drawing fiercely with the agony of despair. The sun beat down left hand. The lax muscles turned to as if the heavens were a vault of fire, ed to dart along my spine. It was calamity full upon me. Merciful Ged. I was to die a raving maniac in the burning wilderness! The thought thrilled for an instant in the brain, Dunlap, McKim & Downs, chill, and then came a strange calm. That at least could be prevented. Drawing my sword, I felt its edge, thinking of Saul and his armour-bearer. The blade was of Damascus steel and as keen as a razor. A moment's courage and all would be over; so sharp an instrument could cause little pain, nothing to what I was al-I learned then that a man may take his own life smiling. I turned the edge inward toward the throat, glad a stag that just managed to keep a saying to myself-no more; then everlasting relief. The edge touched the

> the Almighty was clean against selfprayed for strength and pardon. CHAPTER XXI.

screaming with unutterable horror. No,

no, I could not do that; the canon of

DESPAIR AND HOPE. Getting back to my crouching posture, I threw my mantle over my head gated the blaze of the sun it smothered Casting it off, I rose, still trembling violently, and looked about vaguely, I think, expecting aid. Not a living thing was in sight or sound. Illimitably to every point spread the gray waste of burning sand, hot as the marl that scorched the feet of Satan in his defiant and impious journey. Above was a ball of living fire, below an arid, lifeless plain radiating a blinding, choking heat like an infinite limekiln, naught else to be seen save far away to the west dim, pale peaks that might be the thin veil of dissolv-I tried to walk by way of diversion

but reeled and staggered so that I was fain to sit down again. Perceiving that my horse now cast a shadow, I crept into it, and huddled there with drooping head and an aching heart, thought bitterly of what might have been but for my own perversity. At that moment the heather about Kilgour was in full bloom, making the air a distilled essence of honey, and the bees, with the drowsy song that had so often been a scothing melody in my ears, were thriftly preparing for winter, and shepherds were whistling and calling from cragtops, their voices blending in a far-off music with the barking of dogs and the bleating of sheep, and sparkling streams were leaping down green and purple hillsides, and over all was a soft blue sky with masses of cool white clouds. How vividly it all rose before the eye of imagination! Many and many a time in the languorous summer days have laved my bare limbs in those pellucid waters and watched the flashing of silvery in and scale as the trout darted under bank or stone, and lain on my back in some shady place looking up at snowy fleets, touched with rink and rose, sailing on an inverted ocean. And to think of all that now! It was as the vision of Dives when, raising his eyes from his place of torment, he beheld the felicity of Lazarus. Peace brooded like a guardian spirit over Kilgour and The Elms, amid their quiet, encircling hills, and the affectionate souls there were the blither because they thought I was happy and prosperous. Would no sympathetic spirit tell them of my condition? But their ignorance was part of my punishment. I had once been in paradise, too, and fell by rebellion. As we made our beds, so must we lie.

In the midst of my dream I remempered that my pipes and some other things I cherished were with Tabal and my mare. But luckily all the relics of past happiness were not lost. Undoing the folds of my dress, I drew forth my mother's Bible, and with it the two white roses (now addly withered and crushed) that Isabel had given me. The roses I put carefully back with as tender a caress as if they were sentient beings capable of feeling When I should have ceased from troubling, they would be found next my heart, evidence of at least one

faith kept to the bitter end; and, who

in his last dire extremity somebody's thoughts had gone forth to her. And sometimes in the pensive gloaming, when the mind roams, she might think, in spite of the grandeur and happiness that were sure to be her lot, of one whose lonely grave she could never know, and whose love was no more than a guess to her. Futile and boyish, yet strangely comforting The Bible I opened at random and, lo! thère lay before me the wondrous story of Job :-And now my soul is poured out upon me; the days of affliction have taken So my dim eyes read. But I knew the moving drama by heart; long ago, amid happy domestic scenes, it had been learned by my mother's side. And I thrilled eerily at the thought that it was in this scorched land where I was now lying, under these very skies that were burning my life out, that Job had groaned in bitterness of spirit. All mankind are one in distress, the Jew and the Gentile, the civilized, and the barbarian. Immediately there was established a mystic brotherhood between me and the man of Uz. Uncounted ages had rolled by since he had suffered. In the interval things of vast and vital moment had come and gone, and been forgotten, but the tragedy of the race went on. With a trifling outward difference, a mere matter of time and circumstance, Job's case was mine. Well, his afflictions were over long ago; mine also would soon end. And so, moralizing and turning the leaves, I came to the gra-There shall be a tabernacle for a shadow in the daytime from the heat and for a place of refuge and for a covert from storm and rain. And again : Then shall the lame man leap as an hart and the tongue of the dumb sing,

for in the wilderness shall waters break out and streams in the desert. And yet again : When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the tame kindle upon thee. And once more:—
The Lord will be a refuge in time He shall call upon me, and I will answer Him. I will be with Him in trouble, I will deliver Him and honour Him. will not leave thee nor forsake thee.

doubting heart, and courage, even To be Continued.

It was surely enough. A prayer, O



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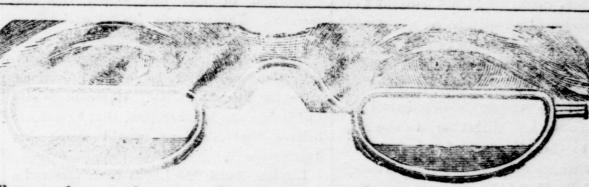
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