The address slip pasted on the top of this page h[illegible] date on it, if the date of the paper is later than that on [illegible] slip it is to remind the subscriber that he is taking the pap[illegible] without paying for it. See Publisher's announcement on 4th [illegible]

MIRAMICHI ADVANCE.

VOL. 24. CHATHAM, NEW BRUNSWICK, APRIL 7, 1898. D. G. SMITH, EDITOR & PROPRIETOR

TERMS—$1.00 a Year, in Advance

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

Robert Murray,
BARRISTER-AT-LAW,
Notary Public, Insurance Agent,
ETC ETC., ETC.
CHATHAM N B

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ATTORNEY & BARRISTER NOTARY PUBLIC
AGENT FOR THE
NORTH BRITISH
—AND—
MERCANTILE FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.

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JOHN McDONALD,
(Successor to George Cassady)
Manufacturer of Doors, Sashes, Mouldings
—AND—
Builders' furnishings generally
Lumber planed and matched to order.
BAND AND SCROLL-SAWING.
Stock of DIMENSION and other Lumber CONSTANTLY ON HAND.
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A MAN: to sell Canada grown Fruit and Ornamental Trees, Shrubs, Roses, Bulbs and Bulbous Plants, Grape Vines, Small Fruits, Seed Potatoes, etc. We catalogue only the hardiest and most popular varieties that succeed in the coldest climates. New season now commencing; complete outfit free, salary and expenses paid from start for full time, or liberal commission for part time.
Apply now, addressing nearest office, and get choice of territory.
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The subscriber is prepared to furnish stone for building and other purposes.
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All Kinds of Clothing,
suitings of single garments
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This Hotel has been entirely Refurnished throughout and every possible arrangement is made to ensure the Comfort of Guests. Sample Rooms on the premises.
TEAMS will be in attendance on the arrivals of all trains.
GOOD STABLING &C.
THOMAS FLANAGAN.
Proprietor

NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE
We have just received a large supply of
PATENT MEDICINES,
consisting of
SOUTH AMERICAN RHEUMATIC CURE KIDNEY CURE AND NERVINE TONIC, DR. CHASE'S SYRUP OF LINSEED AND TURPENTINE FOR COUGHS AND COLDS, CHASE'S PILLS AND OINTMENT ALSO DR. AGNEW'S HEART CURE, CATARRH POWDER OINTMENT AND PILLS.
MUNYON'S REMEDIES
Kola Wine, and Excelsior Egg Preserver Always in Stock.
The Newcastle Drug Store,
E. Lee Street Proprietor.

Manchester House.
Blankets! Blankets! Blankets!
The evenings are becoming cool and our housekeepers are beginning to think they will need new blankets. We have just received 3 cases of Canadian Home-made all wool blankets, which are selling at very low figures
Prices range from $2.50 to $5.00 per pair.
Special:—Our 7 lb. all wool blankets at $4.50 per pair are splendid value.
W. S. LOGGIE CO. LIMITED.

DRS. G. J. & H. SPROUL
SURGEON DENTISTS.
Teeth extracted without pain by the use Nitrous Oxide Gas or other Anæsthetics.
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
Office in Chatham, BENSON BLOCK. Telephone No 53.
In Newcastle opposite Square over J. G Ketchum's Barber shop Telephone No. 6.

WOOD-GOODS!
WE MANUFACTURE AND HAVE
FOR SALE
Laths,
Palings,
Box-Shooks,
Barrel Heading,
Matched Flooring,
Matched Sheathing,
Dimensioned Lumber,
Sawn Spruce Shingles.
THOS. W. FLETT,
NELSON.

WE DO JOB PRINTING
Letter Heads, Note Heads, Bill Heads, Envelopes, Tags, Hand Bills.
PRINTING FR SAW MILLS A SPECIALTY.
We print on wood, linen, cotton, or paper with equal facility.
Come and see our Work and compare it with that of others!

THE MEDICAL HALL.
BATH GLOVES AND MITS.
SPONGES
A Beautiful Line of
TOILET SOAPS
from five cents to one dollar per cake
JUST ARRIVED
—AT—
Mackenzie's Medical Hall,
CHATHAM, N. B.
May 18, 1896.

INSURANCE.
The Insurance business heretofore carried on by the late Thomas F. Gillespie, deceased is continued by the undersigned who represents the following Companies:—
SCOTTISH UNION AND NATIONAL,
ALBION,
IMPERIAL,
LONDON, & LANCASHIRE,
LANCASHIRE,
ÆTNA,
HARTFORD,
NORWICH UNION
ALLIANCE,
PHŒNIX OF LONDON
MANCHESTER.
JAS. G. MILLER,
Chatham 29th Nov 1893.

HEAD QUARTERS.
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, 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.
NEWCASTLE DRUG STORE,
E. L. STREET, - - PROPRIETOR.

HOMAN & PUDDINGTON
SHIP BROKERS AND COMMISSION MERCHANTS.
Spruce Lumber, Laths and Anthracite Coal,
129 BROAD STREET,
COR. SOUTH STREET, NEW YORK.
Correspondence and Consignments Solicited

IMPROVED PREMISES
Just arrived and on Sale at
Roger Flanaan's
Wall Papers, Window Shades,
Dry Goods,
Ready Made Clothing,
Gents' Furnishings
Hats, Caps
Boots, Shoes &c. &c
Also a choice lot of
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS.
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 Wade, 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 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 Plaintiff's 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
atisfaction 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.

FLOUR AND FEED DEPOT.
At The Old Stand Cunard Street.
SHORTS,
BRAN,
CORNMEAL,
CRACKED FEED,
HAY AND OATS,
E. A. STRANG.

BUSINESS
Is Now Rushing!
COME EARLY AND BRING YOUR ORDERS!
Now is the time to order your printed forms for Winter and Spring business. Send your orders to
THE ADVANCE OFFICE
—FOR YOUR—
LETTER HEADS,
NOTE HEADS,
BILL HEADS,
CARDS,
RAILWAY RECEIPTS,
SHIPPING RECEIPTS,
ENVELOPES,
TAGS, ETC.
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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ROBT. MURRAY, Referee in Equity.

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

INTERNATIONAL S. S. CO.
TWO TRIPS A WEEK
.... FOR ....
BOSTON.
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. LAEDLER, Agent.
St. John, N. B.

DERAVIN & CO.
COMMISSION MERCHANTS
ST. KITTS, W. I.
Cable Address: Deravin
LEON DERAVIN, Consular Agent for France.

NOTICE TO HOLDERS OF TIMBER LICENSES
CROWN LAND OFFICE, 24 JULY, 1896.
The attention of all holders of Timber Licenses is called 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,
HAIRDRESSER, ETC.,
SHAVING PARLOR
Benson Building
Water Street, - Chatham.
He will also keep a first-class stock
Cigars, Tobaccos, Pipes,
Smokers' Goods generally

MARK YOU!
We have the best Studio, BEST operator, BEST assistants and the largest and most varied EXPERIENCE, and use only the BEST materials and therefore produce the
Best Photographs.
Whether our patrons be RICH or POOR we aim to PLEASE every time.
IF YOU WANT PICTURE FRAMES,
PHOTOGRAPHS
—OR—
TINTYPES
COME AND SEE US AT
Mersereau's Photo Rooms.
Water St., Chatham.

[Copyright, 1893, by John Alexander Steuart.]

But he was quickly to make amends for his mistake in tactics. He had been a savage before. His failure turned him into a fiend. His sword sang in my ears like a nest of hornets, and he seemed to be striking from all points at once. Overborne by an onslaught that was the very fury of the pit, I went steadily back, though exerting all my strength and skill. Abram ben Aden had got his second wind, which was stronger than the first, while I was done. The end must be at hand.

This curdling thought had just been forced upon me, when in one of our most furious moments my antagonist's sword broke without warning in his hand. My blood leaped afresh at the sight, and I must have swelled with the idea of vengeance. Now, in very truth, I had him, for he could not escape. With a despairing cry upon the name of Allah, he threw up his hands as if expecting to be instantly despatched. And indeed my sword was in the air to cleave him in two, but the blow never fell. Even with all my passions aflame I could not take such an advantage of a defenceless man.

"I have broken your sword," I said, in a hoarse rattle; "now I will break your neck," and dropping my weapon I sprang at him. The next instant we were reeling in deadly wrestle. He was a grown man, strong, sinewy, and uncommonly active. I was but a stripling, soft of bone and muscle; yet my hands were no sooner about him than I knew which of us was master. We rolled and swayed to and fro, I doing my best to squeeze and shake the wind out of him, and he striving like the foul fiend to get at my throat, but my hold was firm if my breath should be short, and besides I was at familiar exercise, whereas the game must have been strange to him.

When I judged the wind to be pretty well out of him, I drew him close to me with a sudden jerk, my elbows hard on his ribs, my left knee at the point of his right leg; then carefully maintaining the bearlike embrace while putting forth my whole strength I bent him back, and he turned over like a willow sapling. Then, clutching his throat and the lower part of his body before he could recover, I lifted him high in the air and brought him down with all my might on the edge of the bulwark. He yelled in fright and pain that his back was broken, but it was death or nothing. In an instant he was up again, but finding him limp and listless in my hands, instead of bringing him down with a second crash I cast him from me, and he fell into the sea, with a splash like a log.

CHAPTER XII.

FIGHTING FOR THE BOOTY.

I took no heed whether he sank or swam, nor indeed so much as cast a glance after him, but turning quickly on my heel picked up my crimson sword, wiping it roughly on a coil of rope that lay handy. Then, making my best salaam to the pirate leader, and speaking as well as a blown man might, I said:—"You have graciously granted my prayer and the satisfaction for which my soul yearned; in token of submission and gratitude I now sheathe my sword in sight of all." And suiting the action to the word, I shot the weapon into its steel scabbard with a clash that could be heard all over the ship. The chief bowed grimly in return, but without speaking a word; then, courtesies being at an end, he gave the command and the looting began.

Leaning against the companion head, I watched the wild rush and scuffle for a minute, but being greatly hustled and buffeted and feeling faint besides, I tottered to a secluded corner, where I sank with a reeling sensation on the deck. Huddled there pretty much like a bundle of discarded clothes, I mopped my face and tried to discover the sources of the many streams of blood that seemed to ooze and trickle all over my body. There was perhaps no great effort made to stanch the flow, for I was far enough gone to be careless. What did it matter? Might I not quietly pant out my life there and be done with it? And even while the thought was in my mind the brightness of the sun was suddenly overcast as by the duskness of death, and the clamour of the robbers died away in my ears.

I suppose I must have been some time in this state of collapse when the brig grated harshly on the bottom, careened slightly, lurched and lay over, fast aground. The queer grating sensation, as of the pricking of a million small fins, aroused me, and I staggered half awake to my feet. The first thing I saw was Abram ben Aden being hauled dripping by two men into a boat. I rubbed my eyes, wondering how he came to be in need of help or to have companions to render it, and finding no answer, called out as lustily as I could: "Hello! What's the matter there?"

He heard and looked up. At sight of me the fire of hell sprang anew into his black eyes, and his thin features gathered in a vengeful scowl. Then my wandering wits began to return, bringing a remembrance of what had happened.

I should have fallen into the sea but for the support of the bulwark. In a dizzying turmoil of feelings I laid hold, with trembling hands, to keep myself up, my eyes fast on the distorted face of Abram ben Aden.

"God! man, are ye much hurt?" I asked, scarcely knowing what I said. "We're a pair of fools," I added, laughing and crying together.

But either he did not hear me or he was beyond speech, for he only cast a look as if to say he wished he had my heart out, and slipped into the boat, which hid him from my view.

I was fain to sit down again, my back propped against the vessel's side, and breathe myself. The commotion of spirit brought a fresh gush of blood, which bathed back and chest in a warm stream. Yet what I had just seen occupied me more than my wounds. Indeed, forgetting both them and the evil storm cloud on Abram ben Aden's countenance, I felt only an all-pervading joy at seeing him alive again. For now, being past thoughts of vengeance and much too weak to have heart for slaughter, I realized in some measure what a disquieting thing it is to face the great last reckoning with the blood of a fellow-creature on your head.

I hoped that the man whom I had so lately and so desperately striven to kill might live, even were it only to finish me. And I am sure I should have smiled inanely, who knows but I may have beamed in welcome, if he had suddenly appeared, sword in hand, and intimated that my time was come. No doubt my mood of Christian meekness and charity was due to the circumstance that nature was perilously near yielding in any case. I suspect the worst of us are pious when lacking the pith to be anything else.

Reviving a little presently, I began to think of my own life (since no one else seemed to desire it specially just then), and exerted all my surgical skill and ingenuity. They were not much, and they were left unaided. Lying there in the midst of a crowd, no one enquired about my hurts; no one offered help; no one, in fact, cared a straw whether I lived or died. The plundering went on with much noise and not a little quarrelling, and if the plunderers came near it was only to curse at me for being in the way.

Perhaps they could not have adopted more effective means of dispelling my lethargy. There are times when a kick, literal or metaphorical, is the very best tonic that can be administered. The rough behaviour of the pirates pricked me to a vigorous self-interest that no process of soothing or doctoring could have induced. The savage oaths and savager looks were to my spirit what the grindstone is to the knife—they turned listlessness and dullness to an activity that had an edge of anger and some possibility of retaliation. The first result of this new-found energy was the thought that to crouch there and bleed to death was most assuredly not the part of a man. So watching my opportunity, for the companionway was mostly blocked with thieves, I went below to finish my dressing.

Fortunately my wounds, though making so gory a show, were neither deep nor dangerous. But it was wonderful in how many points Abram ben Aden had touched me—more wonderful still that having succeeded so far he had not succeeded farther.

Returning on deck presently, swathed in handkerchiefs and stray pieces of cloth, and strengthened by twenty grains of Mr. Watson's quinine, I discovered we were within sight of land. A stretch of shallow, blue-green water ran away to a sandy beach that ended abruptly in iron cliffs, which suggested hardness and barrenness beyond.

"What is the land?" I asked one of the corsairs, pointing shoreward.

"Thou shalt know soon enough," he snarled, and concluding that perhaps the fellow was right, I put no more questions.

Meanwhile the unloading of the brig went on apace. A score of small boats lay round her to receive the plunder, and some thirty or forty men swore on her decks and ravaged her hold. They quarrelled incessantly, shouting, pushing, kicking, brandishing knives and cutlasses and pouring out curdling maledictions and threats that to a less fervid race could mean nothing short of an instant intention to revel in blood, but never staying the main operations to settle personal disputes.

Islam has a Koran which straitly forbids thieving, yet the Arab is by instinct and example a thief. A pattern of piety when there happens to be no chance of profitable roguery, saintly in his observances of prescribed ceremonials inside a mosque or when he has leisure for prayers outside, loud talker about the duty of obedience to God and the prophet, he is the very flower of brigands and bandits when he can securely lay hands on another man's goods. Nor does he heed discipline more than religion, for whatever deference he may profess for authority pillage transforms him into a rebel.

No sooner had the band about me got to work than it was a howling, disorganized mob, regardless alike of leader, order, and unity of interest.

Civilization teaches the value of concerted action. The barbarian lacks the art to understand the use of combination in crime. The art and policy of a judicious division of spoils are beyond him. Consequently in that scene of clamorous contention each rogue simply seized and made off with what he could gather, defending his booty with tooth and claw after the manner of his fellow-savages, the wolf and tiger. Standing idly by I took a grim delight in noting how they thwarted and hindered themselves, and what time and energy they devoted to bootless scuffling.

As the cargo diminished the struggle grew hotter and the hubbub louder. Curses and recriminations rose shrill and fierce, faces were black and swollen with avarice, eyes ablaze with anger, and I really thought the thing would end in a flood of gore.

"Wouldst thou have all, O son of a dog, and leave none to me?" "I will let thy life out ere parting with an ounce weight to thee." "May Azrael (the angel of death) seize thee and drag thee to perdition, thou foul thief." "Calamity make thy leg bare." "May scorpions eat thy heart out, thou unjust man." "Maleo (the keeper of Hades) have thee eternally in his keeping." "May thy hands rot for their greediness, O most wicked of robbers." "Mayest thou seethe in the fiery flood," such were some of the cries with which the pillagers carried on their scramble.

In the midst of the strife, when the tumult was at its height, and the company so intent on clutching and tearing from each other that they had no eyes for anything else, suddenly there rang out a startled cry that sent burdens rolling on the deck and hands gripping in girdles for pistol or blade.

"Enemy, enemy!" yelled a man who chanced to look out to sea, and sure enough there, less than a tenth of a league off, were two large boats full of men coming swiftly toward us under the combined impulsion of sail and oar. Perhaps a sixth of a league beyond these rode at anchor a vessel of strange rig and build, from which it was plain they had come.

The crew on board the Bird of Paradise acted with the valour of surprised thieves. Evidently of the mind that half a loaf is better than no bread, many of them leaped into the boats alongside and tried to make off with what booty they had managed to secure. But before they could get away the strangers were among them, and in a twinkling half the boats were floating keel up. It was surprising to see the rapidity with which boat after boat canted over and emptied its contents, human and inanimate, into the sea. A push, the touch of an oar, a jerk on bows or stern seemed to do it. But skill always gives an idea of ease, and it was plain the present performers were playing familiar parts.

The fellows in the water spluttered, bellowed, and threatened, but as the tongue was the only weapon they were able to use with any freedom, their opposition scarce counted as a hindrance. The strangers laid about them with their oars with such vigour and dexterity, such lightninglike quickness and precision, that ere one could say the thing had well begun hardly a boat remained right side up.

Having worked confusion in the water, the conquerors came clambering over the sides of the brig, their ugly crooked swords in their teeth, and a light in their eyes that was uglier than the gleam of their steel. There was a pretence of resistence by the remainder of the first-comers, but before there was any chance of slaughter they were dodging about the deck and playing hide and seek about the masts.

At this signal of surrender weapons were put up with a promptness that would have astonished one entirely ignorant of Arab ways, and with one accord all hands—first-comers and last alike—fell to the old game, only that now instead of being lowered into boats the goods were thrown into the sea, which was soon quickly mottled with bales and boxes. It did not take long to relieve the brig of her cargo, and as soon as the last bale was overboard the robbers followed it to continue the scrimmage outside.

For me who remained on the brig there was no lack of entertainment. There was exhilaration, amounting at times to an leasurable excitement, in watching the nimbleness and straits of the combatants, and the frequency with which booty changed hands. The incidents were often such as would have made a crowd of spectators on shore roar with delight. Now there would be a knot of men inextricably entangled as it might seem, and just as you thought the lot must go down together, a lucky boat would dart clear. Then there would be exciting pursuit and capture, or the runaway, giving all its attention to its pursuers, would rush into the clutches of a skirmisher lying in wait on the outskirts.

Again a cluster of boats would be locked into a sort of pontoon bridge, which would sway and rock for awhile, till in the energy of the action it would suddenly tilt or careen, pitching men and goods into the water. Or again two men wrestling would lose their balance and turn over like revolving buoys, to come up blinking, spluttering, and streaming at the mouth as if they were automatic pumps. Then, shaking themselves roughly like a couple of drenched dogs, they would probably close again to repeat the same diverting performance. Thus the sport went on with endless variety of incident, and no bloodshed that I could see to mar the enjoyment.

By degrees the combatants drew away from me, for besides the tendency of such a battle to spread the ebbing tide was carrying the wares out to sea, making it necessary to follow them. It was clear the last-comers were getting most of the spoil. A few of the others, dodging and watching their chance, managed to make off, carrying freight for ballast, but the frequent trips to and fro between the centre of war and the anchored ship told where most of the plunder was going.

There are no reapers with a tithe of the energy and speed of pirates. In spite of the time wasted in useless contention, in spite of races, captures, somersaults, and the thousand and one egregious hindrances, indulged in as might almost appear from a spirit of sheer frivolity, the harvest was quickly gathered, and very soon the only floating objects to be seen were the ship with her boats near at hand, and in the distance other boats running for life with the tide.

As the diversion declined my mind naturally reverted to my own miserable condition. What was to become of me? Was I to be left to my own devices with a stranded ship and no commons? And if so, what should I do? Should I make my way ashore and risk the savageness of man and beast or remain on the brig to await developments?

While I was thus thinking and debating, a boat put off from the pirate ship and came toward me. Coming alongside its crew climbed on board the brig, and judging it best to be civil, I received them with a profound salaam and a cordial marhaba, for welcome. I might have saved my pains. Instead of returning my salutation, the leader came forward with drawn sword, demanding to know whether there was any treasure on board, and intimating that if he caught me in a lie my throat would be cut on the spot. I assured him that I knew of no treasure, but invited them to search for themselves, since there might be secret recesses in the ship that I had not discovered.

"Thou shalt be guide," said the fellow, "and, as thou valuest thy life, a true one. Perhaps thou knowest the taste of steel."

I meekly complied, conducting them faithfully into every corner above and below, for the fear of death gives wondrous fidelity. They examined very deliberately as they went along, probing with their sword points into dark recesses and sounding with the hilts the boards for concealed chambers, sometimes even kicking furiously in their fits of chagrin as time passed and no discovery was made.

Their bad humour showed itself also in an ugly inclination to hold me responsible for their ill luck. They would spurt out angry questions about the former occupants of the brig, and before I could reply turn upon me with menaces that more than once fairly brought my heart to my mouth. One fellow, muttering that I was playing the innocent just a little too much, thrust at me ferociously with his sword, saying that if I did not wish to be cut in two I had better make a clean breast of it. Fortunately he was not close enough to do damage, and on my answering him, with a fervency that must have carried conviction to the heart of a stone, that I knew no more than he did, he passed on with a curse on my stupidity and blindness.

Feeling their way foot by foot and taking nothing for granted, they went over the whole interior of the ship—hold, forecastle, cabin, officers' quarters, and all—questioning, contradicting, threatening, and every minute getting more and more frightful with looks of disappointment and rage.

My poor belongings they scattered like chaff, appropriating what they considered worth carrying away and effectually disposing of the remainder by cutting and tearing it into shreds and then throwing the rags into the sea. Beside my clothes they took all my weapons (save a pistol I had hidden) and all the ammunition they could find, but by good chance I was able to save my mother's Bible and Duncan's pipes and Isabel's two bunches of white heather, treasures which, as you may suppose, were almost as my life to me. To this were added some powders and pills left by Mr. Watson. The rifling done, I was peremptorily ordered on deck, and I ascended alone.

Continued on 4th Page.

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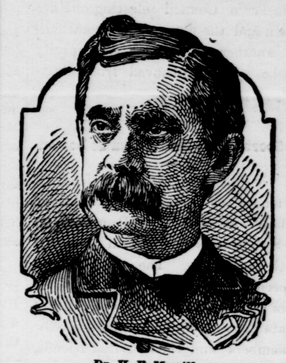

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