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We will sell on Thursday, Oct. 30th commencing at 1:30 o'clock p. m. in the store lately occupied by Mr. Chas. Chandler on Victoria Row a lot of choice furniture, comprising parlor, dining room, bedrooms, hall and kitchen furniture, rugs, mats, shades, oil cloth, squares, dishes and lots of useful household furniture and effects.

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CHAPTER XXI (continued)

The Basha came to a halt before Sakr-el-Bahr. His arms majestically folded, his head thrown back, so that his long white beard jutted forward.

"I am returned," he said, "to employ force where gentleness will not avail. Yet I pray that Allah may have lighted thee to a wise frame of mind."

"He has, indeed, my lord," replied Sakr-el-Bahr. "The praise to Him!" exclaimed Asad in a voice that rang with joy.

"The girl then?" "And he held out a hand. Sakr-el-Bahr stepped back to her and took her hand in his as if to lead her forward. Then he spoke the fatal words.

"In Allah's Holy Name and in His All-seeing eyes, before thee, Asad-el-Din, and in the presence of these witnesses I take this woman to be my wife by the merciful law of the Prophet of Allah the All-wise, the All-pitying."

The words were out and the thing done before Asad had realized the course's intent. A gasp of dismay escaped him, then his visage grew inflamed, his eyes blazed.

But Sakr-el-Bahr, cool and undaunted before that royal anger, took the scarf that lay about Rosamund's shoulders and raising it, flung it over her head, so that her face was covered by it.

back, reminding me that it is not pleasing in the sight of Allah, that is unworthy a good Moslem. At last it hath pleased the Prophet to send me such a maid as I could take to wife."

Asad bowed his head. "What is written is written," he said in the voice of one who admonishes himself. Then he raised his arms aloft.

"Allah is All-knowing," he declared. "His will be done."

"Amou," said Sakr-el-Bahr very solemnly and with a great surge of thankful prayer to his own long-forgotten God.

The Basha stayed yet a moment, as if he would have spoken. Then abruptly he turned and waved a hand to his janissaries.

"Away!" was all he said to them, and stalked out in their wake.

CHAPTER XXII THE SIGN From behind her lattice, still breathless from the haste she had made, and with her whelp Marzak at her side, Fenzileh had witnessed that first angry return of the Basha from the house of Sakr-el-Bahr.



"Sakr-el-Bahr took the scarf that lay about Rosamund's shoulders and flung it over her head."

"May Allah rot off the hand of him who in contempt of our Lord Mahomet's holy law may dare to unveil that face, and may Allah bless this union and cast into the pit of Gehenna any who shall attempt to dissolve a bond that is tied in His All-seeing eye."

It was formidable. Too formidable for Asad-el-Din. Behind him his janissaries like hounds in leash stood eagerly awaiting his command. But none came. He stood there breathing heavily, swaying a little, and turning from red to pale in the battle that was being fought within him between rage and vexation on the one hand and his profound piety on the other.

And as he yet hesitated perhaps Sakr-el-Bahr assuaged his piety to gain the day. "Now, you will understand why I would not yield her, O mighty Asad," he said, "Thyself hast thou oft and rightly reproached me with my cold

of torches mingled with the white light of the full moon. She had seen them hurrying away with Asad himself at their head, and she had not known whether to weep or to laugh, whether to fear or to rejoice.

"It is done," Marzak had cried exultantly. "The dog hath withstood him and so destroyed himself. There will be an end to Sakr-el-Bahr this night!" And he had added:

"The praise to Allah!" But from Fenzileh came no response to his prayer of thanksgiving. True, Sakr-el-Bahr must be destroyed, and by a sword that she herself had forged. Yet was it not inevitable that the stroke which laid him low must wound her on its reprecussion? That was a question to which now she sought an answer. For all her eagerness to speed the corsair to his doom, she had paused sufficiently to weigh the consequences to herself; she had not overlooked the circumstances that an inevitable result of this must be Asad's appropriation of that Frankish slave-girl. But at the time it had seemed to her that even now Sakr-el-Bahr definitely and finally from her son's path—which shows that, after all, Fenzileh, the mother, was capable of some self-sacrifice.

She comforted herself now with the reflection that the infant, whose wailing she feared might be occasioned by the introduction of a rival into Asad's harem, would no longer be so vitally necessary to herself and Marzak once Sakr-el-Bahr were removed. The rest mattered none so much to her. Yet it mattered something, and the present state of things left her uneasy, her mind a cockpit of emotions. Her grasp could not encompass all her desires at once; it seemed; and whilst she could gloat over the gratification of one, she must bewail the frustration of another.

Yet in the main she felt that she should account herself the gainer. In this state of mind she had waited, scarce heeding the savagely joyous and entirely selfish babblings of her eunuch, who cared little might betide his mother as the price of the removal of that hated rival from his path. For him at least there was nothing but profit in the business, no cause for anything but satisfaction; and that satisfaction he voiced with a fine contempt for his mother's feelings.

When they witnessed Asad's return. They saw the janissaries come swinging into the courtyard and range themselves there whilst the Basha made his appearance, walking slowly, with steps that dragged a little, his head sunk upon his breast, his hands behind him, leaning or carrying the girl he had come to fetch. But they waited in vain, intrigued and uneasy.

They heard the harsh voice in which Asad dismissed his followers, and the clang of the closing gate; and they saw him pacing there alone in the moonlight, ever in that attitude of dejection.

What had happened? Had he killed them both? Had the girl resisted him to such an extent that he had lost all patience and in one of those rages begotten of such resistance made an end of her?

Thus did Fenzileh question herself, and since she could not doubt but that Sakr-el-Bahr was slain, she concluded that the rest must be as she conjectured. Yet the suspense torturing her, she summoned Ayoub and sent him to glean from Abdul Mohktar the tale of what had passed. In his own hatred of



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NOTED HYGIENIST Mrs. Clive Rolfe, O. B. E., noted social worker of Great Britain who is to visit Canada this month to attend the National Health Congress. Mrs. Rolfe will lecture in Canada under the auspices of the Canadian Social Hygiene Council. She is the eldest daughter of Admiral Sir Cecil Burnaby, G. C. B., who was second in command at Jutland.

The Races Enrich This English City

LONDON, Oct. 24.—The famous St. Leger race, which was run recently at Doncaster in the north of England, is not only a big sporting event but one which from first to last has added not less than \$5,000,000 in profits to the municipality of Doncaster.

Every year the St. Leger, which is to the people of the north country in early autumn days what the Derby is to Londoners at Whit Sunday, adds from \$50,000 to \$75,000 profits to Doncaster's receipts to lessen the taxpayers' burdens. This is because the Doncaster corporation owns the course.

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(To Be Continued)

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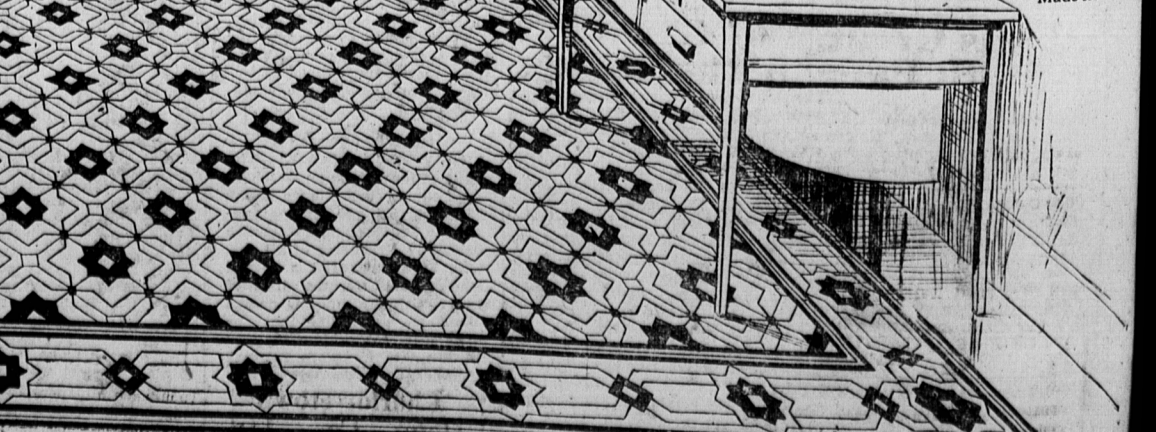
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