



The story is told of a young married woman, who asked another young married woman how she managed to get along so amicably with her husband. The answer was, "I feed the brute—his stomach with food and his mind with flattery." Even a man will have to admit that this young woman had solved about two-thirds of the art of making the average man happy. The other third consists of keeping his body in such condition that he will enjoy his food and his mind in such condition that he will be susceptible to flattery. It isn't much use to put tempting food before a man who hasn't an appetite. It doesn't pay to lavish smiles on a man whose nerves are racked and overworked.

The average man pays very little attention to his health, and won't take medicine of his own accord until he is flat on his back. A shrewd wife will keep an eye on her husband's welfare in this respect, and when she sees that he is bilious or suffering from indigestion, or is generally out of sorts, will see that he resorts to that most wonderful of all investigators, Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. It is the best of all appetite-sharpeners, blood-makers and flesh-builders. It corrects all disorders of the digestion and makes the liver active and the blood pure. It tones the nerves and cures all cases of nervous exhaustion and prostration. It cures 98 per cent. of all cases of consumption, bronchial, throat and kindred ailments. Medicine dealers sell it.

Mrs. Rebecca F. Gardner, of Grafton, York Co. N. H., writes: "I was so sick with dyspepsia that I could not eat anything for over four months. I thought I was going to die. I weighed only 50 pounds. I took two bottles of the 'Golden Medical Discovery.' I am now as well as ever and weigh 125 pounds."

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L. L. BEER



... now crouching like tigers in sight of their prey, crept nearer and nearer to the crest. The enemy must be lying in fancied security, as he had been seen at the dawn. He would rue his supine inactivity when he woke up amid disaster and death. He could not be on the alert, for our scouts were within a few yards of the top.

From the front Koor All was waving his sword as he looked back for a sign. Abou Kuram, tingling with excitement, waved his own in return, and in an instant a cloud of dust rose as another body of cavalry flew up the slope. He did not intend that mad burst, yet it was inspiring to see how it acted on the army. A savage roar went up from every man in the force, and Abou Kuram tingled as if an electric coil encircled him.

"Forward! forward!" he shouted, making circles of light with his sword. Trumpet and kettledrum blared and rattled, officers scurried about, yelling orders no one heard, and the men, howling like an escaped menagerie, roared their plunging beasts. And then, when all were so intent on rushing to victory and spoil that there were no eyes for what was going on above, all at once there was a crackling of musketry on the ridge, and looking up, the very beating of our pulses suspended, we saw it dark with warriors, as if dragons' teeth had sprung up armed men. A line of white smoke ran zigzag along the top; ere we could realize what had happened another spurted out, with vicious points of fire in the midst. The scouts on foot fell to a man, and many were brought out of their saddles. A few shots were fired wildly in return, and the scouts, wheeling about, dashed back at twice the speed with which they had ascended.

In half a minute they were among the first body of horse that had gone out after them, and turned it. In half a minute more the second detachment was met, and turned in dire confusion, and the whole, with a rushing pavilion of dust, came sweeping on our own advancing lines, though the enemy refrained from pursuing.

Amood Sinn did not wait for the shock. Raising his arms to heaven with the despairing gesture of a fatalist, he went about and fled as fast as a fleet horse could carry him; his men, too, urged by a vivid remembrance of the past, promptly followed their general's example, and came pell mell upon our contingent in the rear, trampling and battering with more than the madness and fury of a foe. I saw then for the first time that of all terrible spectacles on earth the most terrible is the first explosive burst of panic stricken troops.

For a little Abou Kuram looked on the demoralized mob speechless with horror and anger, then hastily ordering Koor All, who had galloped back to stop the rabble or slay them, he dashed in pursuit of Amood Sinn, following to the best of my ability.

"What meaneth this?" he yelled, coming up to the scudding general. But Amood Sinn could not stay for answer, so Abou Kuram throwing etiquette to the winds clutched at the bridle and brought the flying steed on his haunches with a mighty jerk. For a moment his passion denied him utterance, and he only glared on his surprised and quaking captive.

"This is a seemly thing to do in sight of the whole army," he roared, at length, and I thought he would have slain the other on the spot. "This is an example to set! Are our names to be branded with shame, as if we were sick women? Get thy men about you, by this right hand, I will have them speared like swine as they fly!"

Amood Sinn, answering something, in a quick, shrill voice, about the futility of encountering Satan, tried to justify the retreat.

"How knowest thou he is Satan?" demanded Abou Kuram, scornfully. "Methinks thou wert in too much haste in getting away to know what he is or even if he be with Yumen Yusel."

"My brother is wroth," answered Amood, insinuatingly, "but he knoweth not what it is to come face to face with the devil." Abou Kuram shook himself in a spasm of disgust.

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

"My brother jesteth," returned Amood Sinn, with a sickly smile. "Fly, and thou shalt see," answered Abou Kuram, and there was a look on his darkened face that was not to be misunderstood.

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

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

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

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

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

Abou Kuram watched his movements with the intenceness of an active rival. "Methinks," he remarked, significantly, "that Satan showeth marvelous skill in marshalling an army."

(To be Continued.)

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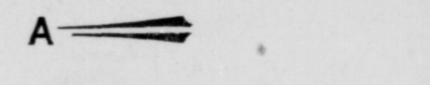
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