



It is warm and weary work that the woman has to undergo who cooks the year 'round for a big family. Thousands of women whose husbands are only in moderate circumstances have to bear this hardship uncomplainingly. If a woman is in thoroughly good health, it does not come so hard, but when, as is frequently the case, the poor woman is suffering from the pains, nervousness, debility and ill-health that are a result of weakness and disease of the distinctly feminine organism, the task is too much.

Under these circumstances, unless the right remedy is used, the poor woman will soon break down completely and fall an early grave. Over 6000 women have testified to the marvelous merits of Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. Many of their names, addresses, photographs and experiences have been published by permission in Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. The "Favorite Prescription" cures all weakness and disease of the delicate and important organs that bear maternity's burdens. It makes them well and strong. It builds up the nervous system. It makes weak, sickly, nervous, fretful women strong, healthy, amiable wives. All medicine dealers sell it.

"My youngest daughter, Mrs. Julia Raphe, was all run down with nervous prostration and lung trouble," writes Mrs. Julia Ann Gibson, of Nickerson, Reno Co., Kansas. "She took Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription and 'Golden Medical Discovery' and was cured."

If you want to read the testimonies and see the photographs of many grateful patients who were cured by Dr. Pierce's remedies send for Dr. Pierce's Common Sense Medical Adviser. Besides telling about these cures it tells about the home-treatment of all diseases. Over 300 illustrations. Send 31 one-cent stamps, to cover cost of customs and mailing only, for paper-covered copy. Cloth-covers 50 stamps. Address Dr. R. V. Pierce, Buffalo, N. Y.



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"Whatever happens, let us stick to each other," I said, in a quick aside. "Our signal for the dash is when we see Baruk and Rance descending among the rocks."

"Never leech along as I will cling to thee," answered Tabal. And then he began to abuse his horse for the son of a mule that couldn't keep his feet in a plain road. And the Bedouins, being closely occupied, saw or suspected nothing.

Reaching the bottom too soon we had to wait behind a bluff. The tail of the caravan still wriggled outside the mouth of the pass, and it would be folly to attack till it had disappeared after the body. While waiting, Ibrahim, our captain, gave his instructions briefly and pointedly. We were to rush the camels, throw them into utter confusion, seize as many laden animals as we could lay hands on, and make off with them to the rear as fast as steel could urge them. Such as were free would protect the others, but as many as could were to pounce on some piece of property. In short, our business was more to pillage than to fight, and, if the pilgrims were not unreasonable, not a man of them need lose his life.

With beating hearts and a burning impatience, we kept still till the tail should have wriggled itself into the mountain cleft. As if to try our self-control, our watchers were constantly reporting that the crucial moment had come, and then immediately contradicted themselves, to reaffirm their first intelligence the next minute. This went on until we were in a fever and ready to rush from our concealment at all hazards. As for Tabal and me, if you have ever laid in wait with the merest chance between life and death and a frantic desire to try it, you will understand our feelings. Being apart, we could not so much as exchange a whisper, and all we had to restrain and encourage us were the muttered curses and comments of our comrades. Once a horse of keen scent neighed, and Ibrahim nearly felled the brute, thinking we were betrayed, but the tail continued to wriggle slowly on, and we breathed again. Then word came that the last man was within the pass. The next moment we were in the open and galloping furiously to the attack.

CHAPTER XXV.

MECCA AND MORE SURPRISE.

The rush was made strictly according to orders, with unhesitating results. Shouting "Tehbir, tehbir!" at the pitch of our voices, we dashed through the mouth of the defile hard upon the tail of the caravan, discharging our pieces and whirling our weapons with the sudden fury in which the Bedouin in a foray has no equal. The point of the tail crumpled up like a feather at a fierce fire, and as we smote and seized, yelling the while to keep up the panic, there were responsive noises in front that told the caravan had come to an involuntary halt to be robbed.

What followed the onset I could not tell in detail if I were to be examined on oath, for I had many things to think of, and thieving was the last and least of them. I saw the hadjis huddled together in the centre like an ice jam in a river; I saw two clumps of pilgrims, one in front and one behind, flashing viciously in the sun, and I saw many camels going swiftly out of the mouth of the pass in charge of new owners. These salient facts the eye took in unconsciously, without the ability to catch minute particulars.

I got the impression that the hadjis offered but a feeble resistance, and that, as I subsequently learned, was true. There is a season for everything, and the pilgrims had a valid one for preferring their lives to their property. Caravans start expecting to be plundered, nor fail to make provision accordingly. Immemorial custom and experience have taught the hadji that it is the will of Heaven he should suffer loss at the hands of the wicked men in the performance of the pious Mohammedan on his way to the holy city has such an aversion to broils and bloodshed that he would rather sacrifice a portion of his worldly goods than present himself at the prophet's shrine with red hands. These things the astute Bedouin knows and profits by; the time of the pilgrimage is his harvest, and he reaps with a wide sickle.

That knowledge was acquired afterward. Just then my sole concern was how Tabal and I were to escape. One situation was of the sort that gives a sudden cold in the back, though the sun may be hot, only we could not afford time to stand and shiver. So as we were about to make an effort to desert the Bedouin lances would be after us, and in case we were caught would have no mercy. That was certain. Had it been equally certain how the hadjis would receive us, the matter would be simple, or, at any rate, simplified. But our reception was exceedingly doubtful, for the Arab, be he Bedouin or pilgrim, is ever sniffing for treachery and suspecting he smells it.

Another difficulty was that we could not make the dash at the most opportune moment for ourselves. We must wait for Rance and Baruk, and very anxiously we began to look for them among the cliffs. If they did not come quickly, our chance would be gone; we might go back with the children of the desert to shame and cruelty and violence, and, it might be, to lasting bondage.

The band had already distrained more than the legitimate tax—that is to say, had taken all the loose camels—and were pressing on for more than their dues, for, having the right of the strong, they were hard to satisfy.

Tabal and I, for unsuspected reasons, were well to the front, and could be minutely observed by the plundered, a circumstance that might tell awkwardly against us later on.

What was keeping the idiotic Baruk? Had the coward ried his promise? If so, by all we held dearly would he pay for it. We were hot with fighting and seizing and shouting, and two of us were beginning to have tremors of despair, when at last, as we were retiring with our booty, Tabal's sharp eye espied two skulking figures slipping craftily down among the rocks. By this time the hadjis, animated by the spirit of the wronged, were behaving in a way that was exceedingly disconcerting to those who meant presently to appeal to their humanity. Baruk and Rance made their appearance at the very worst moment. But there was no time to grumble or make comment. We must take fortune as we found it and make haste to redeem our pledges.

So I gave Tabal the word, and reversing our spears to indicate we were not hostiles we bounded from among the Bedouins, calling out we were hadjis and praying for protection. At the same time we drew attention by pointing and shouting to the two clambering down the rocks.

Thinking, as well indeed they might, that this was but a ruse to get their rars broken, the pilgrims hurriedly formed up, presenting a front of level-

led spears and gun-barrels, and faces that said plainer than any language we advanced at the peril of our lives. And as they stood close together to receive us there went up a diabolic shout behind. We glanced back in terror to see a dozen of our late comrades at our heels with lance-shafts hinged, after the manner of men who have resolved to slay without pity.

The moment that followed was such as a man recalls in his sleep with a horrid, cold sweat and a creeping of the flesh and groanings and writhings. In front was a gleaming hedge of steel, forbidding, impenetrable; behind was more steel already poised to strike by men to whom revenge was as blood to the lion. Half an instant more, and we should be fuller of holes than a fisherman's net.

(To be Continued.)

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These diseases and other Kidney complaints are as common as ordinary colds. But people don't realize that they are afflicted till the disease has eaten deep into the system. Even then, Dodd's Kidney Pills will positively cure.

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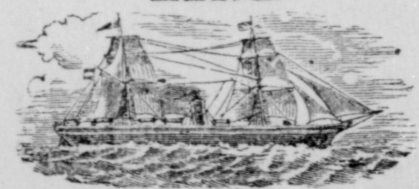
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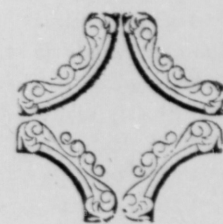
HALIFAX & CHARLOTTETOWN. SEASON OF 1893.

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Charlottetown, May 14, 1893

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Monday 6th June	Monday 30th May
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Monday 4th July	Monday 27th June
Monday 18th July	Monday 1st July
Monday 1st August	Monday 26th July
Monday 15th August	Monday 8th Aug.
Monday 29th August	Monday 22nd Aug.
Monday 12th Sept.	Monday 5th Sept.
Monday 26th Sept.	Monday 19th Sept.
Monday 10th Oct.	Monday 3rd Oct.
Monday 24th Oct.	Monday 17th Oct.
Monday 7th Nov.	Monday 31st Oct.

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Notice is hereby given that a half-yearly dividend, at the rate of 8 per cent per annum, on the Capital stock of this Bank, has been declared payable at its banking house, on and after July 2nd, next. The Transfer Books will be closed from 17th June, to second July next; both days inclusive.

By order of the Board,
J. M. DAVIDSON, Cashier
May 30th, 1893