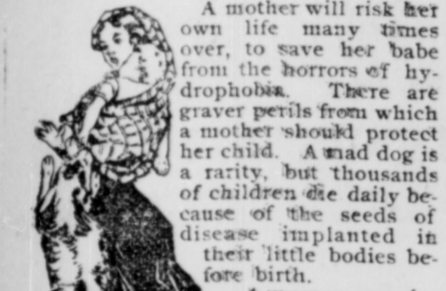


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A mother will risk her own life many times over, to save her babe from the horrors of hydrophobia. There are graver perils from which a mother should protect her child. A mad dog is a rarity, but thousands of children die daily because of the seeds of disease implanted in their little bodies before birth.

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ed, 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, changing 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 over-charged dam, our men rushed headlong to all points of the compass, cursing, screaming, tramping, and stabbing each other in the fury of their flight, and the lances of the conquerors were hard behind, wreaking a pent-up vengeance.

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.

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 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, shrieking mob. The next minute I was riding for my life in the middle of a band of fugitives, with half a hundred cruel lances hard at our back.



The blades of the riders met with a vicious clash.

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 fierce 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 that would cause breathless awe and interest in the black tents for many a day to come.

Both armies swayed up in restless billows to watch the encounter, for on Arabian battlefields the rank and file 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 partisans 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 Yumen 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 horse had evidently estimated the skill and strength of his antagonist, and had begun his odd 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 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 tur-

ed, 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, changing 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.

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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 frantically, the striker caring not if the blood of a fellow were spilled, so only he himself escaped.

Quarter was never so much as thought of on either side, for vengeance, 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 distracted condition where 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 feeblest steed that ever carried man from such an Aeldama. 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 no officer was within sight, nor indeed 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 urging 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 second was up again, with Tabal lying across the saddle before me. Do not stay to ask how I did it. If ever you come to be in a life and death strait, you will find that the nerves and muscles can act independently when the wits are gone. The thing was done—and done before I knew I had undertaken it.

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(To be Continued.)

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