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A SOLDIER OF COMMERCE

BY JOHN ROE GORDON

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He rushed to the chief and found that he was severely wounded. "Who knows anything about sur-

gery?" he asked. As no one answered, Harvey knelt beside the chief and began dressing the bullet wound in his "Is it the last of me, my friend?"

sald Palpak. "Perhaps not. I'm pretty good at this sort of thing. Be patient, and we'll see what can be done."

The hoofs of a horse pounding the road caused them to look up. Domitan soon appeared. "Mow goeth the fight here?" he de-

manded. "We have defeated the soldiers of the ameer." "And so did we," said one of the captains, "but Palpak, our chief, is wound-

"Talpak wounded!" They led Domitan to his brother. There was no sympathy in his dark

"Art thou wounded to thy death, my brother?"

"This American friend saith he can do much, yet I fear the bullet has reached a spot that kills." "It is customary for a dying chieftain

to proclaim his successor. I am thy eldest brother and so will become chief."

Already the eyes of Palpak were glazing, and he was growing weaker. "Yes, thou art chief," he whispered. Then, motioning to his captains to

gather round, he said: "Domitan is chief. I die." Domitan, as soon as he was convinced that his brother was dead, be-

came a changed man. "Zannucks," he shouted, "I am thy chief! Obey me as thou obeyed my brother, and I will make thee rich with the spoils of the caravans. We will pay no taxes to the ameer, but will give him battle in the mountains and kill his soldiers. And thou, American and Muscovite, shalt become my slaves and wait upon me in the palace I will build. I shall not be called chief, but king, and the prettiest of the girls we have rescued from the Bokharans shall

be my queen." "Nonsense!" said Harvey. "Your prother promised that we should be gent to the coast safely."

"Let my brother fulfill his promise. I am chief, and thou art now my prisoners. Obey me or thy life will go as did my brother's."

Harvey made a gesture as if to draw his pistol, and Domitan sprang upon

"The other! Seize the other! Bind them both!" he cried. Aima and Koura screamed with ter-

cor as they saw their gallant lovers algaest buried under the Zannucks that hurled themselves upon them. In a fow minutes Harvey and Orskoff were securely bound. "Dogs of unbelievers!" cried Domi-

tan, shaking his fist in their faces. "Thou interfered with my plans before! Remember the cave! Now will I pay in good coin! Slaves, forever shalt thou serve me!"

Harvey did not answer. He looked at Alma. The poor girl was trembling with terror, and tears were pouring down her cheeks.

"Cheer up, my darling!" he said to her. "We will soon be out of this!" The clatter of horses on the road could be heard, and the force Domitan had left fighting came up.

"We routed them well," said one of the captains. "What! Is Palpak kill-

"I am thy chief!" said Domitan. "But there was treasure in the caravant Where are the camels of the

"Below. They fied. After them, and to get out of the way." bring them back!" Fifty started, and the remainder pre- is" said Harvey. "I can't see friend

pared to bury the dead. It was now late in the day, and Domitan was eager to get his caravan off the highway lest a returning force of Bokha-

rans turn victory into defeat. "We have two of the best camels of the ameer." he said. "We cannot take them up the side of the cliff. We must travel by way of the road farther up. We will arrange for the burial of the dead, foes as well as friends. Remove all trace of the fight."

The two girls were tenderly cared for, Domitan studying them carefully, as if to decide which was the more

"There is my queen," he said, pointing to Alma. "The Georgian is beautiful, but this one, this Muscovite, suits me. I will make her my wife." "Not much," said Harvey. "There's going to be another deal all around

before that takes place." "Dog! Pig! Be silent!" growled

A meal was served, and the two girls were royally treated. A dozen soldiers walted upon them. After this delay Domitan ordered his men to move, and the entire cara-

van, captured camels, horses and all, withdrew from the highway and made camp in the thick forest that formed the border of the pass. The horses were left upon the cliff in charge of rew men, and camp was made for the | "We could manage with our coats tioned, and a guard was placed over to the girls for a wounded enemy." the two girls. Harvey and Orskoff,

"This is terrible!" groaned Orskoff. We have failed, with all our plan-

"Sh-h," whispered Harvey. "Make them think we are sleeping." "The fellow has another plan,

thought Orskoff. The hours of the sight dragged wearily. The soldiers slept, and, not being accustomed in their wild life to keeping guard at night, most of the guards were asleep by midnight. Harvey and Orskoff lay close together. A wriggling motion on the part of Harvey attracted the Russian. In a moment he felt a nudge in the side. Harvey was sitting up, his hands free, industriously untying the cords around his legs and feet. With a swift slash of his knife he set the Russian free.

"Come!" he whispered. He crawled away in the darkness, keeping in the deeper shadows of the trees. Orskoff followed. Neither spoke for many minutes. They kept working their way in the direction of the road and away from Siloon. At last, having cleared the camp, Harvey stood up

"What is your plan?" whispered Orskoff breathlessly.

"I have none except to get away." said Harvey. "Free, we can do something. Let's walk along this road, and as we walk we can think." CHAPTER XXI.

THE MONASTERY OF THE LAMAS. URELY," said Orskoff, peering in the darkness at the face of the American, "it is not your purpose to desert

"I should say not; but with our feet and hands tied and we helpless in that camp we could not assist them. It's this way: Domitan is now camping in the woods. His horses are on the cliff. According to what he said, there is a road farther up the pass by which he will take the camels to the mountains, If that rascal ever gets the girls into the Zannuck stronghold, nothing that we can do will avail. We've got to

think of something to do now." "But what? Is it to fight? I will fight to the last drop of blood!"

"No; fighting will not help us. We've got to win out by some trick." They sat down, and Orskoff leaned his head in his hands. Harvey became intent with his thoughts.

"Hello!" said Harvey, getting to his feet quickly. "Somebody around here! Hear that noise? Sounds like a wounded man calling for aid." "Must be one of the Zannucks or one

of the ameer's men who crawled here "I'm going to see who and what it

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They soon discovered a man, wound ed by spear and sword, lying near the uide of the read.

"Art thou friends?" he whispered in the tougue of the ameer's people. "We have reason to be enemies, but we have no wish to harm you. Is there anything we can do?"

"Canst thou bring water?" "I could if I knew where there was any," said Harvey, "Do you know of a river or spring near by?" "Nay, there is none nearer than the Batoola temple."

"And what is this Batcola temple?" "A place for lamas-priests of the monastery. There are many there. They are hospitable. If I could get there, they would know how to deal with my wounds."

"How far is it?" "It is not far. It stands on the highway, but is surrounded by high walls."

"How came you here?" "I was with the ameer's men when we were attacked by the Zannucks. I was wounded and crawled away from the pass, for the Zannucks kill all their wounded enemies. I could go no farther."

"You came to a good place. The Zannucks are almost within reach of our voices. But tell me more about that Batoola temple." "As I said, it is a lama monastery,

There are monks of all kinds theremissionary monks, begging monks, praying monks."

"Are they all natives of Bokhara?" "Not all. They come of many nations. Could I be carried there?" asked the wounded soldier. "We have work to do here," broke in

Orskoff. "We cannot give you the "You spoke of begging monks," said Harvey. "What do they beg? How do

they reach people?" "They walk along the roads and ask alms of all they meet. It is in this way the monasteries are supported." "What do they wear? What sort of

"You interested in nonks!" interrupted Orskoff impatiently. "We have no time to think of them. "I am thinking of them very hard

just now." Again addressing the wounded man, Harvey asked: "What sort of garb do these monks

"Cloaks and hoods. They are humble and holy men." "I've seen mem near Lake Baikal in Siberia," sad Orskoff. "They cover their head and faces so their own grandmotiers wouldn't recognize

"Oh, mey do! And the monastery is poor, supported by alms?" "Yes," said the soldier of the ameer. "You want to go there?"

"f would live if I could be carried "If we could make a litter of some

night. Plans for removing the booty to make a chair in which to carry to the Zannuck village could be made | nim." said Orskoff, "but we have not in the morning. Sentinels were str | the time. We cannot forsake our duty "We are not forsaking the girls. I bound, were thrust under a bush and have an idea these monks can be of use

to us. I want to see them. Help me make the chair." Harvey's voice was imperative. Orskoff protested, but it was of no avail.

He tied the sleeves of their coats together and formed what he called a Russian field chair. The wounded man was then picked up, and the three "Tell me more about these monks,"

said Harvey as they went along. "They are priests of the religion of Buddha-Sakymuni. They are good and

"Have I not heard somewhere that they are supposed to be gifted with the power to foretell the future-a sort of second sight?"

"Yes, they have magic sight." "Are the Zannucks believers in these monks?"

"How shall we know when we reach his monastery?" "There is a light at the pool. If I an be bathed in the sacred pool of Batoola, I shall be cured."

"Yes, all of them."

"What pool is that?" "The life giving pool of Batoola. It s just within the first gate. One who bathes in it is made holy and is given much power by the Dalai lama." "Watch for the light. But the dawn s breaking; we shall soon be able to

see for ourselves." An hour later they saw the stone walls of the lama monastery. "The first gate is there," said the Bo-

kharan, who proved to be a young, handsome fellow and seemed inclined to be friendly. "How do we call them?" asked Harvey as they reached the iron gate.

"There is a rope. Pull it, and a bell Harvey pulled a rope that dangled from above, and inside a bell tolled twice. Immediately the wicket of the

"Who thus disturbs the peace of this holy city?" asked a voice. The hooded face of a monk peered

"A wounded soldier of the ameer who seeks thy help," answered the young

The gate was opened, and the monk walked away, leaving the three at the edge of a large pool. Soon other monks in their peculiar garb, wearing hoods that hid their faces, came toward them, and the wounded soldier was laid upa bed brought from the interior. Another wall could be seen, and in side of this was a large building.

"He shall be bathed in the pool by our brothers," said one of the priests. "The living waters of Batoola will surely heal his wounds"

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not lock the gate. When we learn of act that Orskoff said they would bethe effect of the bathing on our friend, come play actors next. we will proceed upon our way."

Harvey watched him closely.

"He's my man," he said. The old lama gave several orders, which his inferiors put into execution, and then turned away. Harvey inter- about half way between the camp and

"Holy one," he said as he walked by the old priest's side, "may one who ready and keep cool. It will be the knows but little of thy race and reli- effort of our lives." gion ask a boon?"

"All men may come to us and learn." "It is not to learn, for there is not time. I wish to do that which perhaps is not according to your laws. Not far from here are wicked men, hundreds of them, who have stolen two monng women and will perhaps harm



An aged priest was coming toward them. them if we cannot rescue them. Two of us against so many are powerless, but we could do something by strategy if we wore the garb of your order. have gold, and here-here is a watch from faroff America, here is a diamond ring from Paris; these will I give to enrich thy temple for the use of two such outfits of clothing as thypeople wear."

The old priest looked at him curi-"This request never has been made

before. I do not understand. Wouldst thou seek to harm us by a wrongful

"Is it wrongful to rescue young women from robbers?" "Nay, but the robe of a holy man must not be soiled with blood." "I promise that no stain of crime

shall rest upon it. If blood there is, it shall be our own." The gleaming diamond attracted the old priest. He listened to the ticking

of the watch. "They are wonderful and beautiful. And wouldst thou give both for the use of two of whese garbs?" "Yes, gladly."

"Come with me." Harvey motioned to Orskoff, who followed him. "What are you after now?" he ask-

"You and I are to become monksold and feeble monks." Orskoff stared in amazement. His amazement grew as he saw Harvey hand over to the priest his expensive watch and valuable diamond ring in exchange for two outfits of the monk-

"These garments are new and have not been consecrated to our purpose,' said the lama. "Take them. Remember, thou shait shed no blood." "We promise, and we thank thee."

With the robes and hoods they went out of the place. Harvey started at a quick pace back toward the camp. At a convenient place he stopped and

"As soon as I heard of those monks it seemed to me that this was the solution of the problem. We can't fight 200 men. My idea is to disguise ourselves and appear as old and feeble as possible, traveling in the same direction as Domitan's forces. We will

ask a lift as far as the Batoola mouastery, and if the Zannucks are believe ers, as the Bokharan said, they will

grant what we ask. The camels bearing the girls have the lightest burdens, seats on them. Then-well, let the rest take care of itself. We can tell what

to do when we get there." "I swear by the holy crown of the great white egar," Orskoff exclaimed, "that you are the most daring and the most resurresful devil I ever knew! Did anything ever overcome you? The world is your plaything. You do what you will with all people. If I had asked that old priest for these things, he would have expelled me from the

"Well, you are a soldier. I've got to know how to talk or I couldn't sell windmills."

"Talk! You could convince a man that he was a horse. It takes no great amount of talk sometimes to convince him he is an ass. This is the most surprising result of your skill I have yet witnessed. Well, the thing is fascinat-

ing. We will try it." The Russian wondered still more at the resources of the American during the process of disguising themselves. The people of the region were dark. With the bruised husks of nuts walnut tree he made an olive colored stain, which he daubed over their faces. sadness to his heart. They made them-The gatekeeper went to lock the gate. and practiced the walk of feeble old "Nay, good father," said Harvey; "do men. So well did Harvey execute this

"We are to permit ourselves to be An aged priest was coming toward overtaken by Domitan's army," said them, followed by several others. The Harvey, "and ask to be assisted on face of the old priest was kindly, and our way. Let me do the talking. And, as he examined the wounded man what you see me do, do also. I must plan as I go along, for after we join the Zannucks there will be no time." Slowly they tramped along the road, and at last, judging themselves to be

the monastery, they waited. "Here they come," said Harvey. "Be

CHAPTER XXII. A RACE FOR LIBERTY. OMITAN'S caravan came on slowly, for the men were walking. They had sent a portion of the force round another way to get the horses that had

been left on the cliff. Domitan and his captains rode ahead mounted on horses they had taken from the Bokharans. Following came the little army, straggling along in anything but military style, laughing, singing and celebrating their victory. It was Domitan's watchful eye that discovered two bowed and bent priests resting by the wayside, their great hoods concealing their faces except

captains, "that on the first day of my chieftainship I meet with two holy men upon the way. I will give them alms and have their blessings upon

"Most holy fathers, holy ones of the sun, bless me," he said, "for I am but today the chief of the Zannucks." "I bless you," said Harvey, with a weak and trembling voice as he pocketed the gold. "We are weary, and the temple is far. Hast thou no seat for us on a camel? I see there are two with apparently but little load?" "It is well that thy presence augurs



good," said Domitan in a sort of ex-

One of the greatest American millionaires once said to his physician, "A million collars, Doctor, for a new stomach," and them the sick man groaned and turned away. One of a man's greatest pleasures is that born of a keen appetite, vigorous digestion and a good dinner, and this belongs to many a good fellow who is living on small wages, but the rich man without a stomaca has to forego the good things of the table cause his stomach rebels. Without a ealthy stomach and a good digestion, our blood is thin, watery and poor, our heart Dr. R. V. Pierce, chief consulting physi-Institute, at Buffalo, N. Y., years ago understood this disease, and after a long period of experiment discovered certain roots and herbs which were nature's remedies, and succeeded in putting them up in a form; that would be easily procured and

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