Miss Caprice.

BY ST GEORGE RATHBONE

Of "Dr Jack," "Dr Jack's Wife," "Captain Tom," "Miss Pauline of New York,"

[illegible] in, is delighted with the [illegible] laughs to himself as he [illegible] deadly deadly are all Nr [illegible] A man falls every time [illegible] to be Captain his awful pre[illegible] the wretched Arab [illegible] actually expires through [illegible]

[illegible] seen some wonderful [illegible] that the count of his [illegible] Yet Boris seems if disappointment. Pshaw, the [illegible] would well become this [illegible] here.

[illegible] of the dead [illegible] had enough, [illegible] with the manner of their [illegible] At any rate, they [illegible] and have to be put [illegible] by energetic means.

[illegible] near making [illegible] enthusiasm. It is a re[illegible] the small nor[illegible] aimed his [illegible] breaths. The wonder [illegible] Being a long Arab [illegible] Killer [illegible] but the knowledge of wea[illegible] of Algeria, which will [illegible] him. When he [illegible] the rage [illegible] Bill [illegible] the arms of the [illegible] who has rescued her from the [illegible]

[illegible] of valor a cruel [illegible] when it seems as [illegible] between his fa[illegible] At the [illegible] Arab Arabs pursued [illegible] Bedouins [illegible] Arab riders, who for the time [illegible]

[illegible] happens [illegible] the same system of tac[illegible] in the pre[illegible] men. [illegible] are s[illegible] Sir [illegible] from [illegible] What a great [illegible] him there, while [illegible] Philander, imagines he [illegible] amazing trick [illegible] friend, he clasps his [illegible] the poor creature's neck. [illegible] fellow, he [illegible] won't hurt you, boy. [illegible] Wake to kill me, eh? No [illegible] now, you rascal. Whoa. [illegible]

[illegible] Philander, the horse [illegible] the head of the others, and the [illegible] is not left behind. [illegible] working well.

[illegible] the celebrated veteran can [illegible] Success is apparent [illegible] they have some some [illegible] and only now do the claim [illegible] from their real indicate [illegible] may be made, but it will be [illegible] they are not many miles [illegible] of Algeria, which will [illegible] a big success, and surely [illegible] of this night Lady [illegible] the claims he pre[illegible] and also the arms of the [illegible] who has rescued her from the [illegible]

[illegible] Arab force [illegible] immediately [illegible] such [illegible] character of the cavalry [illegible]

[illegible] of the blue thick [illegible] being straight on to [illegible] would [illegible] the little com[illegible] Mon [illegible] Mon [illegible] the [illegible] of the [illegible] Lady [illegible] Philander is [illegible] what he pu[illegible] such [illegible] for such [illegible] Lady Ruth [illegible] "Why [illegible] is John Craig."

"He [illegible] killed, see these fellows [illegible] to me. John, take care!" [illegible] Lady Ruth [illegible] her eager [illegible] wave her hands [illegible] one of them grasping a [illegible]

[illegible] the cry, they see the sig[illegible] take in the line of [illegible] that awaits their com[illegible]

"Down [illegible] conscious!" exclaims Musta[illegible] play.

Not a [illegible] and too soon do they drop [illegible] of their horses, for a [illegible] from the men of [illegible] a flash that is [illegible] and a hail of [illegible] each the sword [illegible] John Craig and his band [illegible] forward [illegible]

"Then [illegible] Craig, rising to his [illegible] with the orange [illegible] his right hand clutching a [illegible]

[illegible] scene of action that [illegible] the one preceding it. For [illegible] in deadly earnest [illegible] one indeed.

[illegible] gives, he aims to dimin[illegible] of his foes. Sometimes [illegible] gives the benefit of the [illegible]

[illegible] for a minute or so the [illegible] reigns, at first the [illegible] that the bold Craig [illegible] are running away with, [illegible] in the scene, prancing [illegible] neighing. Then they [illegible] in many directions [illegible] Arabs originally in [illegible] Philander knocked one [illegible] that with the tremendous [illegible] gun he snatched from its [illegible]

Another drops from his horse before the fire of Doctor Chicago, and Mustapha, who handles a yataghan with marvellous dexterity actually cleaves a third to the chin with the keen blade.

There is a brief but exceedingly lively engagement between the survivors and the Franks, but the tide of battle is with the strangers in Algiers.

Wounded and fairly beaten, the three riders at last whirl their horses and dash madly away. Perhaps they are wise. It sometimes takes Sir Lionel a little while to get in motion, but that great fire-eater is about ready to enter the engagement at the time they fly, thus showing rare wisdom.

The field is won.

John hears the shouts of the pursuers close by, while sharp whistles sound signals which are meant for the stray horses, loose from the kraal, which they are bound to obey.

"We must make use of every second. They will be after us," he says, hastily.

Lady Ruth shudders when she sees one of the Arabs endeavoring to stanch a wound in his shoulder. There is no mimic war here, it is evident.

When they start in a little squad, it is with a faint hope of making such progress that the enemy must give up the pursuit, but almost immediately John discovers something that gives him uneasiness.

His horse staggers. It is evident that the beast has been struck with a flying piece of lead, and is about to fall under him.

The doctor says nothing, and hopes his absence may not be noticed by the flying cousins, but, as it happens, when the catastrophe does occur, all of them see it.

Fortunately John clears himself just in time, and reaches the ground in safety. Lady Ruth pulls in her horse.

"You must not stop," cries John; "urge your horses on—fly while you have time. I hear them coming."

He tries to start Lady Ruth's nag, but she pulls on the lines.

"I decline to run and leave you here, Doctor Chicago," she says, resolutely.

"But you must go," he decrees.

"Nonsense!" breaks in Philander. "There's room for you. John, Jump up."

The young man sees that the quickest way to get them started is to obey, so he manages to reach the saddle in front of the professor, who clasps his arms about him and holds on.

This done, they clatter on again.

It soon becomes evident that their pursuers gain upon them rapidly, despite their efforts. There can be but one end to the race, and this is in plain view.

John keeps his wits about him. If caught upon the open by the rushing column of fierce desert warriors, a desperate engagement must ensue, which will doubtless end in their complete annihilation, for it can hardly be expected that Sir Lionel will be able to pay his great game twice on the same night.

The Englishman has maintained a stolid silence all this while. Perhaps he is out of humor at the change in the arrangements, and fears lest, after all his hard work, the young Californian may carry off the palm.

Past experience has been of that order.

Hence he moves without much animation. There seems to be a feeling about the sudden appearance of Doctor Chicago on the scene.

Meanwhile John Craig is [illegible] his head along the small [illegible] connected with the matter, [illegible] work out their own final [illegible] He is more concerned regarding [illegible] escape from the threatening [illegible] that are ready to inguilt them.

Something must be done, that is [illegible] and all peradventure and [illegible] quickly changes the situation. There [illegible] no doubt that does not have [illegible] and he made a bogeyman [illegible] here.

As they gallop along they [illegible] structure, built upon the [illegible] side of a singular rock. It was once upon a time a mere [illegible] of stone. John [illegible] features that tell him this deserted place was once a holy spot, the tomb of a marabout, or saint, built in a manner to suit the taste of the Bedouins.

It has long been deserted, [illegible] Islam, and the holy relics moved to some more secluded tomb within the walls of the cemetery on the high hill of Bouzareah.

This is their chance.

To continue the race means possible overtaking and doubtless death, while by accepting the chance the fortune has thrown in their way they may keep their enemies at bay until aid comes, for John has not forgotten the message of Monsieur Constans.

He calls a halt, and briefly explains his plans. All of them save the three horses they ride are not in the face when contrasted with the more decent steeds of their pursuers, and recognizing the fact that what John suggests is probably the best thing to be done under the existing circumstances, they quickly dismount.

The horses are then started along the road in the hope that they will lure the pursuers on while the little party pass through the opening and enter the quaint building, once the resting-place of a holy Mohammedan's bones.

CHAPTER XX.

Perhaps Mustapha Cadi, as a true Mohammedan, may have a certain amount of respect for this odd tomb of a marabout, but as the saint's bones have been removed, he has no hesitation about making a fort out of the rocky recess.

When all have entered, he closes the opening. The door is broken, but there are many loose stones around that can be made to serve.

There is no time just now to use them, for the rush of horses' hoofs is heard up the road, as the men of Bab Azoun come racing along, intent upon overhauling the fugitives.

They sweep past the rocky tomb like a young cyclone; it is a spectacle none of those who gaze upon it will ever forget. The moonlight renders it perfectly plain, and they can even see the savage expression of each Arab face as the riders dash by.

Now they are gone, and Mustapha begins to pile up the rocks against the door.

The others see what he is about and immediately assist him, so that when a couple of minutes have elapsed they have made use of every available stone and can regard their work with considerable satisfaction.

The roof of the tomb is [illegible] tile, and, being made of wood, it shows signs of decay. They know [illegible] as best the [illegible] amount of the same.

It is too much to hope that [illegible] will long be deceived by the trick that has been played. When they take, or sight, the riderless horses, they must grasp the situation, and then look for the fugitives hard by. No doubt the pursuers will at once tell them just where they [illegible] dismounted.

Even as they [illegible] their [illegible] there is a change, [illegible] of the place. [illegible] Tapis Franc [illegible] and the [illegible] and [illegible] bringing [illegible]

[illegible] they [illegible] [illegible] Arab [illegible] [illegible] man [illegible]

[illegible] Arab [illegible] [illegible] the object of [illegible] Christian dog can indeed [illegible] can be so cruel to [illegible] fire.

There within the tomb lurks [illegible] the worst passions of the soldiery, [illegible] can look for no mercy.

The engagement is [illegible] the Arabs have [illegible] upon the place on all sides. They [illegible] over the weakness of the [illegible] lend their energies toward [illegible] this in.

There is a roar, a crash, and more than one of the men [illegible] a long [illegible] of flying lead, together with the [illegible] sting that tells of a burning wound.

It would be hard to say how [illegible] fair might have terminated were [illegible] combatants [illegible] a conclusion, for both sides are [illegible] and one of them would have win.

John has not been without hope [illegible] believes the French [illegible] Kaslah must long ere this have [illegible] on their some march toward the [illegible] of Mustapha, and he [illegible] sound of battle must direct [illegible] the spot where the force [illegible] is in progress.

Men will fight like [illegible] when they have in the world [illegible] John is nerved to greater deeds [illegible] by the fact that Lady Ruth is [illegible] the shelters at the thought of [illegible] falling into the hands of those villa[illegible] rovers.

Finding their efforts to beat [illegible] door useless, the assailants turn [illegible] whole attention toward the roof. [illegible] stones are hurled upon it, and the chances of its holding out are few indeed.

When an opening is made, a dark face appears at it, and the fellow [illegible] tempts to push his gun in so far [illegible] may fire. Before he can succeed Mustapha Cadi has leaped upward, and fastened his hand upon the man's throat, and by the weight of his body pulls the fellow through.

Philander snatches up the gun with a cry of delight. He seems to have a weakness for these Arab weapons, on this night, at least, three having passed through his hands. There is heard the sound of a desperate struggle, a hatchet guide battles with his [illegible]

Again the hole above is darkened, as a human figure attempts to pass through, but the British soldier is ready this time. He has the gun Philander threw aside as useless, and, with all his power, he dashes this against the human wedge that fills the opening, [illegible] the fellow whirling over [illegible] ground. Shrieking out Arabic imprecations, and calling upon Allah to give the unbelieving dogs into their hands, Mecca stores are served. They [illegible] for those who crouch within. Certainly they cannot hold out much longer. Heaven's Kind! Heaven is merciful. The silent prayers of the two women

To be Continued.

MRS. GEO. SMALL, MT. FOREST, ONT.,

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WOES OF DRUNKARDS.

Rev. Dr. Talmage's Strong Denunciation of the Evils of Intemperance.

Worse Than Any of the Ten Plagues That Befell Egypt--Its Victims Are Countless--It Biteth Like a Serpent--God's Grace the Sure Remedy.

Washington, April 30.—At this time, when the evils of the drink traffic are being widely discussed, and the movement for the abolition of the degrading and brutalizing canteen in our military camps is gaining many supporters, this sermon by Dr. Talmage, dealing with the broad aspects of the plague of intemperance, should cheer and inspire the friends of temperance everywhere. His text is Exodus xi. 6, "And there shall be a great cry throughout all the land of Egypt."

This was the worse of the ten plagues. The destroying angel at midnight dipped his wing over the land, and there was one dead in each house. Lamentation and mourning and woe through all Egypt. That destroying angel has fled the earth, but a far worse has come. He sweeps through these cities. It is the destroying angel of strong drink. Far worse devastation wrought by this second than by the first. The calamity in America worse than the calamity in Egypt. Thousands of the land, plague of the slain. No arithmetic can calculate their number.

Once upon a time four fiends met in the lost world. They resolved that the people of our earth were too happy, and these four infernals came forth to our earth on errands of mischief. The one fiend said, "I'll take charge of the vineyards." Another said, "I'll take charge of the gardens." Another said, "I'll take charge of the dairy." Another said, "I'll take charge of the music." The four fiends met in the great Sahara desert, with their [illegible] clutched each other in [illegible] of fidelity, kissed each other [illegible] with lips of blue flame and parted on their mission.

The fiend of the vineyard came in one bright morning amid the grapes and sat down on a vine of twisted grapevine in sweet discouragement. The fiend knew not how to damage the vineyard or, through it, how to damage the world. The grapes were so ripe and beautiful and [illegible]. They bewitched the [illegible] There seemed to be [illegible] every bunch [illegible] in utter indifferent disgustment he clutched a [illegible] it in perfect spite. Suddenly his hand was red with the blood of the vineyard, and the fiend said, "I [illegible] the blood of the vineyard, and I'll [illegible] the juice of the grapes, and I'll allow the juices of the grapes to [illegible] if they not, and I'll call the people [illegible]." And there was a [illegible] and people came with [illegible] pitchers, and they [illegible] of the grapes, and [illegible] and went away [illegible] drunkard; they fell [illegible] time, so that when the [illegible] wanted to return to [illegible] be stripped from [illegible] walked down and [illegible] of the dead.

The second fiend came into the [illegible] field. He was [illegible] clad in the [illegible] of the grain, all the grain [illegible] and prosperous [illegible] happy homes. He thrust his [illegible] into the grain field and he [illegible] the grain and threw it into the water, and he heard beneath it great fires—fires lighted with a spark from his own [illegible]—and there was a grinding and a [illegible] and a stench, and the people came with their [illegible], and they dipped [illegible] and they drank, and they staggered, and they staggered, and they reeled, and they rioted, and they blasphemed, and the fiend of the [illegible] and [illegible] was so pleased [illegible] that he changed his residence from the [illegible] to a whisky barrel, and [illegible] he sat by the door of the barrel [illegible] laughing in high merriment at the thought that out of anything so harmless as the grain of the field he might turn this world into a seething pandemonium.

The Fiend of the Dairy.

The fiend of the dairy saw the cows coming home from the pasture field, [illegible] and as the maid milked he said, "I'll [illegible] and that mess. I'll add to it brandy, sugar and nutmeg, and I'll stir it into a milk punch, and children will drink it, and some of the temperance people will drink it, and if I can do them no other harm I'll give them a headache, and then I'll hand them over to the more vigorous fiends of the satanic delegation." And then the fiend of the dairy leaped upon the shelf and danced until the long row of [illegible] milkpans almost quaked. The fiend of the music entered a grog shop, and there were but few customers, hitherto the customers, he swept the circuit of the city, and he gathered up the musical instruments, and after nightfall he marshalled a band, and the trombones blew, and the cymbals clapped, and the drums beat, and the bugles called, and the people crowded in, and they swung around in mazy dance, each one with a whisky in his hand, and the dance became wilder and stronger and rougher until the floor shook, and the glasses cracked, and the floor broke, and the crowd dropped into hell.

Then the four fiends—the fiends of the vineyard and of the grain field and of the dairy and of the music hall—went back to their home, and they held high carnival because their work had been so well done, and Satan rose from his throne and announced that there was no danger of the earth's redemption so long as these four fiends could pay such tax to the diabolic. And then all the demons and all the fiends filled their glasses and clinked them and cried: "Let us drink—drink to the everlasting prosperity of the liquor traffic. Here's to woe and darkness and murder and death! Drink! Drink!"

But, whether by allegory or by appalling statistics this subject is presented, you may as well as I that it is impossible to exaggerate the evils of strong drink. A plague! A plague! In the first place, the inebriate suffers from the loss of a good name. God has so arranged it that no man loses his reputation except by his own act. The world may assault a man and all the powers of darkness may assault him—they cannot capture him so long as his heart is pure and his life is pure. All the powers of earth and hell cannot take that Gibraltar. If a man is right, all the bombardment of the world for 5, 10, 20, 30 years will only strengthen him in his position. So that all you have to do is to keep yourself right. Never mind the world. Let it say what it will. It can do you no damage. But as soon as it is whispered, "He drinks," and it can be proved, he begins to go down. What clerk can get a position with such a reputation? What shop want him? What church of God wants him for a member? What dying man wants him for an executor? "He drinks!" I stand before hundreds of young men—and I say it not in flattery—splendid young men, who have their reputation as their only capital. Your father gave you a good education or as good an education as he could afford to give you. He started you in city life. He could furnish you no means, but he has surrounded you with Christian influences and a good memory of the past. Now, young man, under God you are with your own right arm to achieve your fortune, and as your reputation is your only capital, [illegible] being upon it suspicion by going in and out of liquor establishments or by an odor of your breath or by any glare of your eye or by any unnatural flush on your cheeks. You lose your reputation and you lose your capital.

The Loss of Self-Respect.

The inebriate suffers also in the fact that he loses his self-respect, and when you destroy a man's self-respect there is little of him. Then a man will do things he would not do otherwise, he would not do otherwise he would not do otherwise. The fact is, that many a good man, or he would be a good man now. He is bound hand and foot by the [illegible] times, and they have shorn his locks, and they have put the cup to his lips, and in the midst of a great horror. After he is three months gone in this slavery, the first thing he will be anxious to impress you with is that he can stop at any time he wants to. He tells [illegible] he is able and in a mood to stop, and they say: "Now do stop this." After awhile it will be the matter of your [illegible] "Oh, no, I can stop at any time. I can stop tomorrow. I can stop now. I can stop tomorrow." His most confidential friends say: "Why, I'm afraid you are losing your manner and your hair. You are going a little farther than you can afford to go. You had better stop." "Oh, no," he says, "I can stop at any time. I can stop now." He goes on further and further and [illegible] 45. I will preach. He loves himself, and he knows nevertheless that strong drink is getting him in its fatal grip, that it is sapping his mind and soul. He knows he is going down, and he has less self control, less equipoise of character than he used to. Why does he not stop? Because he cannot stop. I will prove it by going still further. He loves his wife and children. He sees the disgrace belonging disgrace upon his home. The probabilities are they will ruin his wife and disgrace his children. He sees all this, and he loves them. Why does he not stop? He cannot stop.

Again, the man suffers from the loss of usefulness. Do you know some of the men who have fallen into the ditch were once in the front rank in churches and in the front rank in reformatory institutions? Do you know they once knelt at the family altar and once carried the chalice of the holy communion on sacramental days? Do you know they once stood in the pulpit and preached the gospel of the Son of God? We will not forget the sermon we heard some years ago in my Brooklyn church when a man rose in the midst of the audience, stepped into the aisle and walked up and down. Everybody saw that he was intoxicated. The ushers led him out, and his poor wife took his hat and overcoat and followed him to the door. Who was he? He had once been a mighty minister of the gospel of Jesus Christ in a sister denomination, had often preached in this very city. What shall we hear from strong drink? Oh, what must be the feeling of a man who has destroyed his capacity for usefulness? Do not be angry with that man. Do not lose your patience with him. Do not wonder if he says strange things and gets irritated easily. In the family. He has the Pyrenees and the Andes and the Alps on him. Do not try to persuade him that there is no future punishment. Do not go into any argument to prove to him that there is no hell. He knows there is. He is there now.

But he suffers also in the loss of physical health. The older people in this audience can remember Dr. Sewell going through this country electrifying great audiences by demonstrating to them the effect of strong drink upon the human stomach. I am told he had eight or ten diagrams which he presented to the people, showing the different stages in the progress of the disease, and I am told tens of thousands of people turned back from that uproarious sketch and swore eternal abstinence from all intoxicants. God only knows what the drunkard suffers. Pain flies on every nerve and travels every muscle and gnaws on every bone and stings with every poison and pulls with every torture. What reptiles crawl over his shivering limbs! What spectres stand by his midnight pillow! What groans rent the air! Talk of the rack, talk of the funeral pyre, talk of the Juggernaut. He suffers them all at once.

The Inebriate's Death.

See the attendants stand back from that ward in the hospital where the inebriates are dying. They cannot stand it. The keepers come through it and see: "Hush up now! Stop making this noise! Be still! You are disturbing all the other patients. Keep still now." Then the keepers pass on, and after they are gone then the poor creatures wring their hands and say: "Oh, God! Help, help! Give me rum, give me rum! Oh, God! Help! Take the devils off of me! Oh, God; oh, God!" And they shriek, and they blaspheme, and they cry for help, and then they ask the keepers to slay them, saying: "Stab me, strangle me, smother me. Oh, God! Help, help! Rum! Give me rum! Oh, God! Help!" They tear out their hair by the handful, and they bite their nails into the quick. This is no fancy picture. It is transpiring in a hospital at this moment. It went on last night while you slept, and more than that, that is the death some of you will die unless you stop. I see it coming. God help you to stop before you go so far that you cannot stop.

But [illegible] a man also in the loss of his [illegible] much he loves his [illegible] the [illegible] over him he will do the most outrageous [illegible] to get strong drink he would sell them all to be [illegible] captivity. There are hundreds of homes that have been blasted of it. I am speaking in abstraction. [illegible] for this life you will [illegible] that [illegible] know [illegible] little children [illegible] footsteps [illegible] want will [illegible] and on every page of the [illegible] that are [illegible] by old christians who have lost [illegible] clad in [illegible] drink [illegible] down in the gaily [illegible] O, [illegible] of home [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] the