

# In the Desert

A Story Illustrating the Horrors of War

By H. B. WELSH...

## CHAPTER VII.—(Continued.)

"You are a spy," said the Khalifa, looking from under bent brows at Cleland, as the dervishes paused, "and spies have but one fate with me!" He turned to the two dervishes. "Take him out and hang him behind the zaraba."

"Surely you will at least allow me to say a word in my own defense?" exclaimed Cleland. Life is dear to all, and though Paul Cleland was ready to die in just warfare, as all brave, loyal British subjects are, yet this condemnation to the most ignominious and ignoble of deaths, wholly undeserved as it was, sent a chill of horror through him. "I am no spy, and it is my misfortune that I am here to-night. If you will allow me to explain how I came to be so I shall be under debt of gratitude to your Excellency."

The Khalifa again waved his hand. Then, as well as he could on account of his imperfect knowledge of the language, Cleland briefly related what had passed since he lost himself in the jungle, only keeping back, of course, all mention of Rayburn's treachery.

The Khalifa listened in silence. When Cleland had finished he turned to the dervishes and said something in a low voice; then turning again to Cleland, he bowed.

"They will take you where you can rest to-night, and bring you something to eat and drink. In the morning we shall talk again of this."

Cleland would have thanked him; but, with one wave of his hand, the Khalifa peremptorily stopped him.

He had again to follow his fierce-looking guides. They led him into a small hut, whose sole furniture consisted of a mat on the floor and a goat's skin; then, disappearing, returned with some dried apricots and dates and a little water. These they left on the floor, and then, without another word, withdrew. Cleland tried to swallow the water; but his mouth was so parched with the heat and dust that it was some time before he could do so.

He got no sleep that night. The hut was dirty, dark, and hot as an oven; it was, moreover, swarming with flies.

He felt faint with exhaustion and feverish with heat. He hardly dared think of what fate might lie before him; but he was able to commit himself to the God in whom he trusted with all his heart, and that brought peace and comfort to his mind.

He was summoned early the next morning to the Khalifa, who lay in the same position on his mat, as if he had never moved from it.

"You may not be a spy," he said, "but you are an infidel. Ours is the only true religion. Great is God, and Mohammed is His prophet! Behold what great things we have already accomplished through Him. Renounce your faith, become a Moslem and one of us, and I promise you your life shall be spared!"

"Not for anything that you can give me shall I renounce my faith," answered Cleland quietly, but without hesitation. "I shall choose death—even the most ignominious of deaths rather! You must choose another price, Excellency."

"None other, by the beard of the prophet!" exclaimed the Khalifa, his deep tones vibrating with wrath. "On no other condition shall your worthless life be spared but that, if you refuse, by the great name, you shall hang on the nearest tree!"

Cleland bowed gravely.

"If it must be, it must be, Khalifa, I can die, even a criminal's death, like a man, I hope; but I cannot renounce my faith like a traitor!"

"Take him away!" cried the Khalifa, wrathfully.

The two dervishes came forward and led him away, to what fate Cleland could not tell.

## CHAPTER VIII.

Adrienne Breynton sat alone in her dainty boudoir. It was July now, and the dead season in Cairo. Shepherd's was deserted. No longer gay English and American tourists made the ball rooms and the verandas ring with their chatter and laughter.

Adrienne's beautiful face was paler than usual. She looked like one who had received a heavy blow. So, indeed, she had. Adrienne did not conceal the truth from herself.

Only a week ago the Anglo-Egyptian troops, flushed and triumphant with their victory at Athara, had marched into Cairo to the sound of victorious music, blaring trumpets and screaming pipes. The colonel, Adrienne's brother, had come to her for congratulation, and had found her like a ghost, pale and wan.

"You are ill, Adrienne," he said, anxiously, when the first greetings were over. "This climate is beginning to tell upon you. You must take a trip home, and remain there during the summer months."

Adrienne shook her head, her lips quivering.

"It is nothing, Ned; I have been a little upset, that is all. We women, who stay at home and don't share all the excitement and glory of the enterprise, are apt to get a little depressed and anxious over the results of it. And war is a terrible thing at best. There are always some brave

away with the glory of triumph from the battlefield."

"Ay, that is true," said the colonel, sighing a little; "but it is a glorious death, Addy—no brave fellow could desire a better. A thousand times better than to be taken prisoner; that's the fate a man dreads. And that reminds me there's one poor fellow whose fate may have been that for all we know. I mean poor Cleland."

"Yes!" said Adrienne, quickly. She passed her hand over her lips. "I heard something about him, Ned. Tell me what you know."

"Little enough," said the colonel; "I wish we knew more. We didn't miss him until we reached a place called Hudi, that was a day before the battle; then we found he had disappeared. His boys told a cock-and-bull story of his having been attacked by a hyena, and instantly after disappearing. They thought the spirit of the animal had carried him off. But Rayburn had a still queerer story to tell. It seems he had been up very late the night before, and had gone out for a stroll down by the river. As he approached he saw a boat shoot swiftly down. There were two men in it, and one he was sure was an Englishman, though he did not recognize him. He shouted, but no answer was returned, and the next minute the boat had disappeared from view. As soon as the news got abroad about Cleland's disappearance he related what he had seen; but of course he gave us no clue. Vanburgh, however, told me some time after that Rayburn had hinted to him he—Rayburn—had reason to think Cleland was rather a queer customer, and that he had several times spoken of the injustice of the English in forcing their rule upon the Soudanese, who had previously been well enough satisfied with that of their own Khalifa."

"It is a falsehood!" cried Adrienne, suddenly. She turned towards her brother a face pale as death, in which her dark eyes burned like two coals. "Ned, you do not believe such a manifest lie?"

The colonel looked at his sister in surprise.

"I can't say I do, Addy. I always found Cleland a straight fellow enough, and he had no reason to join us if he felt like that. The truth is, I had a kind of idea Rayburn didn't like Cleland—was jealous of him, in fact; but we can only hope the poor fellow will turn up all right. He did not get into Mahmoud's clutches, anyhow, that is certain; and if the Khalifa has got hold of him we shall find him in the next campaign—when we fall on the Khalifa's traces—if he is still living."

Adrienne drew in her breath a little pantingly; her hand went swiftly to her side. Her brother looked at her anxiously.

"I'll tell you what it is, Addy—you must see a doctor. There's a lady doctor, they say, staying now with Mr. Crombie, the Scotch clergyman, you know. She is on her way to Madagascar as a medical missionary. Why not see her? She comes from Edinburgh, I believe. Will you allow me to send for her?"

Adrienne shook her head, saying she was all right; but the colonel was not satisfied.

That very day he invited Mr. Crombie, his wife and the Scotch lady doctor to dine with his sister and himself in the evening and Adrienne found herself later on awaiting her guests in her elegant little drawing room.

When the servant announced them—"Mr. and Mrs. Crombie and Doctor Crawford"—she went forward to receive them with her usual gracious sweetness; but her eyes dwelt longest on the face of the lady doctor, and during the evening she found them again and again wandering to that pale, pure face, with the expression of strange, deep peace stamped forever upon it.

It was Margaret Crawford, indeed—Margaret, whom two years of devoted work, of unselfish living for others, had enabled to crush down that old pain that still lived in her heart.

Only a few weeks ago she had applied for and obtained the post of medical missionary in Madagascar, rendered vacant by the death of the holder of it. Mr. Crombie was an old acquaintance of Edinburgh days, and he had begged Margaret to stay a few weeks with him on her way.

And something—ah, that longing that years could not kill to see once more a beloved face, to hear once more a dear voice, now lost to her forever—had impelled Margaret to yield.

"She looks a noble woman," thought Adrienne to herself; "but there is a story of suffering behind that face, I am sure. She makes me think of the words, somehow, 'Perfect through suffering.'"

At dinner of course the principal topic of conversation was the late campaign. Presently Cleland's name was mentioned.

"Ah, yes, poor fellow! I heard something of that," said Mr. Crombie. "I'm afraid he must have fallen into the hands of the enemy." He turned suddenly to Margaret. "By the by, did you ever meet Dr. Paul Cleland in Edinburgh, Doctor Crawford? I fancy you must have done so."

Adrienne's eyes had fixed themselves on Margaret's face.

She saw the strange expression that

leaped into those dark gray eyes—one of mingled pain, apprehension and dread.

"Yes, I met him," she answered, in her soft tones, with their slightly Scotch accent. "What about him?"

The colonel briefly rehearsed all that there was to tell. Adrienne, glancing surreptitiously at Margaret, could see the expression of terrible anguish slowly gathering in the girl's eyes, and to herself Adrienne said: "She loves him! Oh, how blind I have been! He had never eyes for any woman but those that told of friendship—no, not even for me, although I tried hard to persuade myself he had. And now I can understand why—he loved her, and for some reason they were parted."

So these two women sat through the two hours of dinner, each living through a lifetime of agony, while outwardly they had to preserve the calm and self-possessed demeanor that social conventionalism demands of the well-bred.

In the drawing room Adrienne found herself alone for a little with Margaret, and, feeling she might never have another opportunity, she made a desperate attempt to plunge into the subject.

"I know Dr. Cleland very well," she said quite suddenly, taking a seat near her companion, but her own face was partly in shadow. "We were, in fact, very good friends. It seems to me a terrible thing that nothing should be done to rescue him, if that is possible. I feel sure he has been betrayed into the hands of the enemy."

Margaret's dark eyes looked long and strangely into the beautiful face. After a long pause she spoke.

"Is there nothing we could do, Mrs. Breynton?"

Adrienne started. The words had seemed to her like an echo of her own thoughts. At that moment there was the sound of a step upon the stairs.

"We cannot talk of it now," said Adrienne hurriedly; "but you are his friend, Doctor Crawford?"

"I am his friend," Margaret murmured, in a low voice.

"Then, will you come and see me to-morrow evening?" said Adrienne, bending a little nearer. "I—I feel as if I should like you to be my friend, Doctor Crawford, too. I have not many out here. Will you?"

She stretched out her hand—a beautiful white hand, flashing with diamonds. Margaret extended hers—one almost as white, but a stronger, more helpful hand—such a hand as one tossing on a feverish pillow might have desired to have upon his burning head. No rings glittered on it.

So the two women so strangely met, each carrying a sad secret in her heart on which the name of the same man was written, clasped hands in a friendship that was only to be sealed—if either had known it—by death itself.

The next morning a hurried message came for Mrs. Breynton. It was from the hospital, and from the principal doctor there.

"Major Rayburn was brought in here last night," the message ran, "and is sinking fast today. He calls for you continually. It is a case of acute typhoid. If you are not afraid, come at once; no time to be lost."

Adrienne went.

She hardly recognized Philip Rayburn's in the ghastly face whose hollow eyes sought hers as she approached him.

At sight of it all Adrienne's anger and bitterness seemed to fade away. She was in that presence which stills forever all angry earthly passions and enmities.

(To be continued.)

## HORSE'S STRANGE DIET.

When Fodder Gave Out in Ladysmith She Ate the Mattress.

An amusing and at the same time pathetic story is told of a horse that survived the terrible siege of Ladysmith. This particular mare was a great favorite with her master, and the first three weeks of the siege fared not so badly considering the peculiar circumstances; but, alas, Mary's master was called away, as an engineer, to erect a bridge, and during his absence from home his valued friend was stolen. Five sad weeks passed and he began to think she must have fallen into the hands of the Boers. However, on reaching home one evening, there she was waiting outside her stable, thin and tired, but delighted to be home again, little dreaming what anxious times were still in store for her. One fateful day the authorities gave orders that no more "meales" must be given to the stock. Fodder was commandeered for the military horses, and the day broke at last when there was absolutely not a mouthful for poor Mary. Her master arose that morning, sad and perplexed for her breakfast. But he suddenly remembered that his wife had made a new straw mattress and two pillows just before the siege began. No sooner said than done. The latter were ripped open and Mary had her novel breakfast. Later on the bed met with the same fate, and they saved Mary's life, or probably "Chevreuil" would have been her end. She is now well and lively.

## A World unto Themselves.

The people of the southern Appalachian mountains number about 2,000,000, their descent being from the Scotch-Irish, French Huguenots, English, and Germans. They have long been in these mountains since long before the revolution. They love their homes, and mingle but little with the outside world.

It has been found that smallpox patients are least marked when kept in rooms darkened with red curtains.

## HELPS FISH TRADE.

RELIGIOUS FAST DAYS AID THE INDUSTRY.

Salted Cod Is an Extremely Popular Article of Food in All Catholic Countries.—The Cod Is the Most Important in Commerce.

Though most of the sturdy fishfolk of Newfoundland are Protestants, they derive the larger part of their living from the people of Roman Catholic countries. The fact that in the course of the year there are many fast days, when millions of Roman Catholics eat little animal food, except fish, has been a godsend to the greatest fishing countries, which have thus been provided with certain and regular markets for their fish. It is well known that the inhabitants of the temperate zones are eating less and less salt fish. Pickled herring, twenty years ago, was landed to the amount of scores of thousands of barrels a year at a few leading northern ports of America and Europe. Scarcely a barrel of this commodity is now to be seen in these ports unless landed for trans-shipment to the Roman Catholics of subtropical and tropical countries, which are buying more salt fish than ever as they grow in population. The cod is commercially the most important of fishes. The only reason that makes it so is because salted cod is an extremely popular article of food in all Roman Catholic countries on account of its nutritive qualities and cheapness. Protestant countries eat comparatively little cod, and most of that is fresh, instead of cured. When the fishermen of all nations toss their hand lines baited for cod over the side of their little vessels, clean and salt the catch as they haul it overboard, and then, after reaching port, expose it on rude platforms to the sunshine till it is flaky white and

thoroughly dried, it is certain that they are working for the Roman Catholic part of the world. Well cured cod, to be sure, is not to be despised by any one; nevertheless by far the larger part of it is eaten by Catholics. It is the fresh cod of our inland fisheries that has supplied most of our markets, while the salted cod of the banks is chiefly sold either in Catholic countries or in lands where that religious element is large. The well-known "stockfish" of commerce is the dried cod of Norway and Sweden, and it is shipped at once for the southern parts of Europe. These lands of many fast days also buy the Scottish dried cod. Wells filled with salt water in the hold of English cod vessels keep the fish alive till it arrives fresh in the markets; for the English eat very few cured codfish. France's cod catch is almost as large as our own, and her fishermen are sent thousands of miles to the banks to catch and cure the great stores of cod which this Catholic country requires. It is not Great Britain, but rather Italy, Spain, Portugal, and Brazil that are the largest buyers of the cured fish which is the greatest resource of Newfoundland. These countries pay cash, too, for they do not send Newfoundland in commodities one-tenth of the value of the fish they buy from her. Canada's exports to Italy in 1896 were wholly fish; to Spanish West Indies, seven-ninths fish; to Brazil, over five-sixths fish; to Spain, over one-half fish. There is no country in the world in which so much fish is eaten as in European Russia, and the reason is because the Greek church has many more fast days, and observes them more strictly, than the western Catholics. The use of meat is prohibited or greatly restricted on nearly half the days of the year, and the result is to give enormous importance to the prolific home fisheries in river, lake and sea, which supply 95,000,000 people with fish food.—Ainslee's Magazine.

## CHINESE WOMEN

They Are Not Secluded, and Their Lives Are Not Unpleasant....

Wu-Ting-Fang, the talented Chinese minister at Washington, speaks interestingly of the women of his country. According to his statements the women of China are much like those of the United States so far as occupation and amusement go. They do not have the same freedom of society with men that American women enjoy, but they are not secluded in any such way as are the women of Turkey, or other Mohammedan countries. They meet, without restriction, the intimate male friends of their respective households, and their husbands do not try to prevent them from knowing the men whom they admit to their own close acquaintance.

The women in China frequently smoke pipes, but they are of the class known as water pipes, or hubblebubbles, and the tobacco is very mild. They play cards, chess and dominoes and read novels. From their point of view household duties are in no way derogatory. Among the well-to-do classes, the women never go to market, the buying of supplies being looked after by the cooks. The wages of servants are low and more domestic are employed than in this country. Where a family in the United States would have three servants, a similar household in China would have seven or eight. Very often there is a nurse for each child. Chinese ladies frequently occupy themselves with embroidery work, but they do not

plain sewing, that being relegated to the servants.

In China a lady calls upon her friends, just as is the custom in the United States. The theater is one of the amusements also, and when she goes to such a place of entertainment she may either occupy a box with her husband and other members of her family, or she may sit in the gallery, which is set apart for women. There are theatrical performances both day and evening, and she is at liberty to attend the latter under proper escort. There are comparatively few forms of amusement open to American women which are not practicable for ladies in China, and in some ways perhaps the latter have better times. A young lady in China is considered to have reached marriageable age at sixteen. From early childhood parents make plans for the marriages of their children, because it is realized that this event in life is all important. To women, of course, it is particularly so, as there is practically no career for a person of the gentler sex and of gentle birth except as wife and mother. Ladies have no way of earning their living independently in China; it is not expected or thought proper that they shall go out into the world and struggle for a livelihood. They may become governesses or perhaps companions, but apart from these employments there is hardly any self-supporting industry which they can undertake.

## THE "IRON DUKE."

Wellington the Greatest Soldier England Had Since Marlborough.

The century may be said to open in a sunset of great personalities. We can only mention such names as those of Pitt, and Fox, and Sheridan, says the Montreal Star. Their greatness illuminated another day. But Wellington made his brightest triumphs in our time, and we may fairly claim him as ours. Wellington was the greatest soldier England ever had, since Marlborough. Perhaps he was the greatest master of defensive warfare England ever had. Before him Napoleon went down. Wellington had, as compared with Napoleon, the one great superiority which the French writer Taine says Julius Caesar had over Napoleon. Caesar, according to M. Taine, knew what he could not do as well as what he could do, and Napoleon did not. Wellington knew what he could not do as well as what he could do, and he showed it in his statesmanship as well as in his battles. Intellectually he was not much of a statesman, and his own natural judgment would generally have led him astray. But he saw that there were great forces coming up in the movement of English politics which neither he nor anyone else could resist, and he knew when to advise his sovereign how to give way, and at what time, and to accept the teaching of facts. Thus although his own untaught opinions would have dictated otherwise, he consented to become the instrument of some of the greatest reforms the people of these islands have ever been enabled to make. Devotion to duty, the safety of the state, the maintenance of the sovereign and the government—these were the great objects of his career. He lived through more than half the century, and the writer of this article saw him often, and once heard him speak in the House of Lords. His career makes an

inherent part of the history of England.

## Ornamental Skyscraper.

New York correspondence Pittsburg Post: In an up-town side street a tall building is approaching completion and will be the first to exhibit a peculiarity of construction which has often been urged here as the best means of mitigating the skyscraper's ugliness. This new building towers above its neighbors, and under ordinary circumstances yards of unadorned brick would face the spectator. But the owner and architects have adopted the plan imposed by law in Paris and have decorated the sides of the building. This ornamentation, which is simple and tasteful, conforms in style to the principal facades of the building, although not nearly so elaborate. If all the New York's towering buildings had been treated in the same fashion, objection to the skyscraper would be less pronounced than it is today.

## Metric System in Russia.

It is probable that the metric system will be introduced before long in Russia; the bill which has been prepared to this effect by the minister of finance has received the approbation of the state council, with the understanding that the university and the various scientific societies will give their assistance in the verification of the weights and measures necessary for commercial use. The details have been nearly all decided upon, and will be submitted to the council in the near future. Since 1896 the metric system has been used by the medical service of the army in the compounding of formulas, this having been made obligatory.

Sillicus—There is nothing new under the sun. Cyalicus—Then what would you advise me to do with the bill for my wife's new hat?

## LIVE STOCK MARKET.

Latest Quotations From South Omaha and Kansas City.

**SOUTH OMAHA.**  
Cattle—Receipts, 2,500; market steady to strong. Native steers, \$4.00 to \$4.75; Texas steers, \$2.00 to \$3.00; native cows, \$2.50 to \$3.25; native cows and heifers, \$1.50 to \$2.50; stockers and feeders, \$1.00 to \$1.50; calves, \$4.50 to \$5.00.  
Hogs—Receipts, 5,000; market strong to higher; bulk of sales, \$1.00 to \$1.25; heavy, \$1.00 to \$1.25; packers, \$1.00 to \$1.25; \$1.15; light, \$1.00 to \$1.25; Yorkers, \$1.15 to \$1.25; pigs, \$1.00 to \$1.25.  
Sheep—Receipts, 1,000; market strong; lambs, \$4.00 to \$4.25; wethers, \$3.00 to \$3.25.

**KANSAS CITY.**  
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## THE TERMS OF PEACE.

United States Will Insist Upon Many Things From China.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 18.—A cabinet official said today that unquestionably the native Christians in China, said to number several thousand, will be included in any arrangement made between the government of that country and China incident to the cessation of hostilities. At the present stage of the Chinese situation this situation has not been seriously discussed by the cabinet, but there is no doubt, according to this member, that the United States is honor bound to protect them and will secretly look out for their security.

"What will be done with them?" he was asked.

"That has not been decided, but rest assured that in their disposition the honor of the United States will be fully preserved. It may be arranged for them to go to the Philippines or one of many other places available."

"It was stated that while the matter has not been formally discussed the indemnity to be collected will be not only for the families of the victims, but to compensate this government for the expense it has been put to in suppressing the uprising."

## Miraculous Escape of a Boy.

BEATRICE, Neb., Aug. 20.—If anything more miraculous ever occurred than an accident which happened here, those who witnessed it will doubt it even if told. A team attached to a pump repair wagon was running away. On the wagon were two Whitcomb boys, the youngest about seven years old. Crossing the street was a Rock Island freight train. The flagman saw the team coming and so did Agent Karstens, who was at the crossing, and both attempted to flag the team, but the horses were unmanageable and couldn't be stopped. The result was one of the most complete smashups that can be imagined. The train struck the wagon squarely and not even a spoke was left intact. Everyone in sight expected both occupants of the wagon would surely be killed, but a few moments after the wagon was struck the youngest boy crawled out from under the debris. He had a cut on the chin which later had to be sewed up, but aside from this he was uninjured except for some bruises. His brother only sustained a slight cut on the thigh and the horses escaped without a scratch.

## No Mass for Humbert.

LOUISVILLE, Ky., Aug. 18.—Father Bouchet, who refused to celebrate mass for the late King Humbert at the request of the Italians of Louisville today, said his refusal was due to the fact that Humbert had been excommunicated. Father Bouchet does not believe the pope allowed mass to be celebrated for the dead king, notwithstanding reports to the contrary.

## Dewet Kludes Kitchener.

PRETORIA, Aug. 18.—General Dewet has managed to elude General Kitchener, in spite of the fact that all the British wagons had doubled teams of picked animals. The Boers evaded the British by marching at night over ground known to them, while their pursuers were obliged to march in the daytime.

An undated dispatch from Tien Tsin says the railroad between Tien Tsin and Pei Tsang has been restored and that the Russians are repairing the line in the direction of Peikin.

## Boys Kansas City Meat.

KANSAS CITY, Aug. 18.—The war department has just closed a contract with a local packing house for a quarter million pounds of breakfast bacon for immediate shipment to China for the American soldiers now serving in China.

## Money for British Prisoners.

CAPETOWN, Aug. 18.—An American consular official has gone from Lorenzo Marquez to Nootgedacht to distribute money to the British prisoners there, each of whom receives £4.