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THE JACKSON STANDARD.

A Progressive Newspaper, Devoted to Politics and Miscellaneous Reading, and Particularly to the Interests of Jackson County.

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VOL. 44------NO. 7. | OLDEST PAPER IN THE COUNTY. | JACKSON, OHIO, THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1888. | ESTABLISHED IN MARCH, 1847. | WHOLE NO. 2118.

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DENTISTS

DENTISTS

(Successors to Dr. S. T. Boggess.)

Jackson, - - Ohio.

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OF JACKSON, OHIO.

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And Remitted for Promptly.

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DELAWARE, OHIO.

Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of sale issued from the Court of Common Pleas within and for the county of Jackson and State of Ohio, in a certain cause wherein Dahl & Baer are plaintiffs and William Rickabaugh et al. are defendants, and to me directed as Sheriff of said county, I will offer for sale, at the door of the Court House, in Jackson, in said county, on

Saturday, February 25th, 1888,

at one o'clock p. m., the following described real estate, situate in the county of Jackson, and State of Ohio, to wit:

Lot number nineteen in the village of Evansville, as described on the recorded plat of said village in the records of Jackson County, Ohio.

Appraised at $325 00.

Terms of sale, cash on day of sale.

To be sold as the property of William Rickabaugh et al., to satisfy a judgment in favor of Dahl & Baer.

Given under my hand this 23d day of January, 1888.

J. M. LIVELY,
Sheriff Jackson county, Ohio.
By I. C. Long, Deputy.

R. U. Wilson, att'y for plaintiff.
26jan5w

Sheriff's Sale of Real Estate.

Notice is hereby given, that in pursuance of an order of sale issued from the Court of Common Pleas within and for the County of Jackson and State of Ohio, in a certain cause wherein Russell, Richardson & Titus are plaintiffs and William Rickabaugh et al. are defendants, and to me directed as Sheriff of said county, I will offer for sale, at the door of the Court House, in Jackson, in said county, on

Saturday, February 25th, 1888,

at one o'clock P. M., the following described real estate, situate in the County of Jackson and State of Ohio, to-wit:

Twenty-two feet front on Main Street and thirty five feet deep, of Lot Number Sixty-four, lying south of that portion of said lot now owned by James Kearney, in Darling's addition to the town of Coalton, as described in the recorded plat of said town save and except all mineral stone coal underlying said premises.

Appraised at $500.

Terms of sale—Cash on day of sale.

To be sold as the property of William Rickabaugh et al., to satisfy a judgment in favor of Russell, Richardson & Titus.

Given under my hand this 23d day of January, 1888.

J. M. LIVELY,
Sheriff Jackson County, Ohio.
By. I. C LONG, Deputy.

R. U. Wilson, Att'y for Pl'ff. 26jan5w

Road Notice.

We, the undersigned petitioners, beg leave to submit the following petition to the Commissioners of Jackson County, Ohio, at their March session, 1888:

For a new road commencing at a point where the Jackson and Oak Hill road crosses the half section line of section 25, in Franklin Township, in Jackson County, Ohio, running west on or near said half section line, on lands owned by Luther Johnson. Thence west on or near said half section line, on lands owned by Sternberger Brothers. Thence west on or near said half section line on lands owned by David E. Evans and Sternberger Brothers. Thence west on or near the half section line of section 26, on lands owned by S. G. Stephenson and Sternberger Brothers, connecting with the road leading to Franklin Valley M. E. Church.

Feb. 2, 1888-5w. PETITIONERS.

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HARNESS DRESSING

The BEST for Men's Boots
" " " Ladies' "
" " " Children's "

ABSOLUTELY WATERPROOF.

SOFTENS and PRESERVES the Leather

Once a week for men's boots and once a month for women's is ample for perfect results. It makes the handsomest and most durable polish you ever saw. You don't have to groan and sweat with a blacking brush. Be wise and try it. Because your grandfather worked hard is no reason you should not spare yourself this worse than useless labor. Sold by Grocers, Druggists, and Shoe Dealers.

WOLFF & RANDOLPH, PHILADELPHIA.

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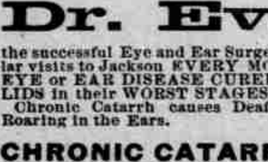

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EXAMINATION FREE.

Dr. Evans will be at Isham House, March 27th.

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OF A LIFETIME,

Combined with attention, caution and carefulness, have enabled the proprietors of *Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla* to make it the best blood purifier in the world, the surest strengthener of the urinary and digestive organs, the finest alterative, the truest tonic. A lady who suffered from weakness peculiar to her sex, in writing to a friend said:

"I tried various kidney medicines, but only found myself growing worse. My husband brought me a bottle of *Dr. Guysott's Yellow Dock and Sarsaparilla.* Its effect was quickly apparent. My complexion ere long became clear and free from pimples; I soon enjoyed a gladsome freedom from aches and pains; I became less nervous; my habits became regular; I gained in flesh and have been made to feel better every way. I can not praise the remedy too highly as a true friend to suffering women and as a strengthening medicine."

It is the safest remedy a lady can use, as it leaves no unpleasant after effects nor does its discontinuance cause a craving for its further use.

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Who find difficulty in breathing a source of much distress and annoyance should give *Dr. Wistar's Balsam of Wild Cherry* a trial, for therein they will assuredly find relief and in many instances it will effect a permanent cure. It is the best family medicine in the world. A single teaspoonful will cure an ordinary cough or cold; a few bottles will cure consumption if taken in time. The day is not far off when every intelligent housekeeper will think as much of having a bottle of *Wistar's Balsam* in the house as a barrel of flour.

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SEAL GARMENTS

In all styles, and all other kinds of FUR GOODS.

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If your Merchant does not handle our goods send to us direct.

WALTER BUHL & CO.,

Manufacturing Furriers,

DETROIT, - - MICHIGAN

[From Temple Bar.]

By The Post-Tonga.

BY J. S. WINTER.

It was in the April of '80. The Royal Regiment of Cuirassiers, which formed part of the British forces in Afghanistan, was split up—part being stationed at Lundi Kotal, part at Jellalabad, and part at Caubool itself.

Somehow or other the Cuirassiers did not seem to care much about the country of the ameer, and were accustomed to look back to the delights of Indian life and society, very much as old people look back to the days of their youth.

The men hated it—and of the officers, why, those at Caubool envied their comrades at Jellalabad, because they were a few marches nearer to India and civilization; while those quartered outside the Fort at Jellalabad envied their fellows at Lundi Kotal, because that delectable spot was so many miles nearer to Peshawur and the Kyber Pass; and the officers of the Royal Regiment of Cuirassiers, then lying at Lundi Kotal, were thoroughly sick of the place, and would have welcomed any change of quarters, whether it took them backward or forward.

It was not altogether a bad kind of place—they admitted that; but it was cool, and in a fairly pleasant situation, with nothing much to complain of except the sand-flies, which, as Scott remarked to Stephen Slingsby, whose tent adjoined his, were the very devil.

And there were frequent excitements attending the intercourse between the occupants of the British camp and the gentry of the surrounding neighborhood. For instance, one night the Shinwarries chanced to go a-raiding a shade too near the British outposts, and the sentries promptly had a shot at them and "potted" a brace.

The following morning these *miserables* were traced by their blood to the village whence they came, and a detachment of troopers was sent out, and their houses burned over their heads — a course of action which might be just in the abstract, but was undeniably hard in the reality.

Next day the Shinwarries took their revenge, and lay in wait for a camel-party returning from water; they sliced the drivers neatly in halves and took entire charge of the camels—nine of them.

Naturally enough, the officer in command of the British camp could not stand this kind of conduct; therefore a second party of retributive revenge went out, several towers were blown up, and a goodly number of crops were confiscatod.

But would the war-loving Afghans quietly submit to that? Not a bit of it! When morning light rose again upon the British camp, it was found that all the pipes and drinking-troughs which supplied the camp with water had beeen smashed—a proceeding which left the commanding officer no alternative but to seize the leaders of the Shinwarries, who were flogged, and made to pay several thousand rupees by way of indemnity.

Of course all these little interchanges of attentions were tc a certain extent exciting; yet they became wearisome in time, and, moreover, big, bronzed Britons grew weary of waging unequal war against unequal tribes.

"It *is* a beastly hole!" exclaimed Scott to Slingsby one day. "I vote we try and get a ten days' leave to go up to Jellalabad, and look up the fellows there. I don't believe we shall ever get any further than this—we shall just dawdle on here until the war is over, and then be sent back to India to receive a medal we have done nothing to earn."

"Yes! It would be great fun to go on as far as Jellalabad," answered Slingsby willingly enough. "They say it's no end of a jolly place. I suppose we should have to go by the post-tonga?"

"Yes; no use taking it out of our own gees," Scott answered. "I shall apply for the leave at once."

"So shall I, though I don't believe I shall get it," said the other.

However, the two officers did obtain the asked-for leave, partly because the commanding officer wanted to send some important letters on to a relative of his at Jellalabad, and this would give him a good chance of sending them in greater security than by a post-tonga, which had only a native driver and a couple of Gezaliekis for escort. So, on a fined clear April morning, Scott (the senior subaltern but one) and Slingsby (a lad barely twenty, of under a year's service) found themselves iu the post-tonga or mail-cart, which ran from Lundi Khana to Jellalabad.

The journey did not begin auspiciously. The tonga was minus its awning, and the early start caused the two officers to miss their breakfast and leave Lundi Khana with no more provision for the day than a little bread and meat, which they thrust hastily into their bags at the very last moment.

What a day's journey it was! Owing to the want of the awning, and being exposed to the pitiless rays of a burning sun, they soon began to feel the heat terribly, though at Dakkha, where the horses were changed, they had a few minutes' relief, and managed to obtain a bottle of execrable soda-water from the bazaar, with which to wash down the now dry and tasteless bread and meat.

And what a road it was! What a mockery to give the name of road to such a track—full of holes, where it was not strewn with big stones, and, where there were neither holes nor stones, knee-deep in sand, so that when the two Cuirassiers were not holding on like grim death to the cart or to each other, lest they should be shaken to pieces, they were choked and almost blinded with sand. By the time they reached Basawul, they were well-nigh exhausted from the combined effects of empty stomachs, the heat of the sun, and the terrible jolting of the tonga. Fortunately they they there fell in with several officers of a native regiment, who carried them off to their mess-tent, where they administered iced stilton and bread and butter; food for the gods (if the gods chance to be in Afghanistan), with the addition of an iced peg, which acted like a charm, and made men of them again.

There, too, they exchanged the tonga for one which had its awning in good order, so that the rest of the journey was made in less misery.

But, all the same, it was comfortless work sitting there, bumping and jolting over stones, and dragging through sand-banks with only a couple of Gezalekis for escort, and with a native driver armed with one pistol.

"I'll tell you what, Scott," said young Slingsby, as they rattled over the broken road, "I don't half like the look of those beggars"—indicating the two Gezalekis by a jerk of his thumb. "And half-a-dozen of the enemy might cut our throats and rob the tonga pretty easily at any moment."

"They'll have to do target for double their number of shots first," answered Scott grimly, feeling for the pair of six-chambered pop-guns which had been beside him all the day.

However, half-a-dozen of the enemy did not show, and as the shades of night were closing around, they safely reached their destination, the Cuirassiers' camp outside the fort of Jellalabad.

And what a fuss the fellows made about them! There was iced champagne awaiting their arrival, and in less time than it takes me to write a line, the sunburnt noses of the two weary passengers had each disappeared within a huge tumbler full of that refreshing beverage.

"I'm better!" exclaimed Slingsby gratefully. "We've had a beastly journey. I thought we should never get here."

"Fact is," exclaimed Scott, from the depths of a big chair, "poor old Baccy's been in a devil of a funk the whole way. Had an idea the tonga would get robbed and our throats cut."

"More unlikely things have happened," Dickson laughed. "We are in a perpetual state of touch and go in this pernicious country. Sometimes we go out for a prowl at night—across the river to the fields on the other side, which are green and comparatively cool—but one always goes with a feeling that there may be some fanatical beggar of a Ghazi lurking ready to stick a knife into one's back. It's an unrestful land of pilgrimage, no mistake about it."

"Yes, we have a most appropriate hymn when we sing, as we did on Sunday:

Pilgrims here on earth and strangers—
Dwelling in the midst of foes."

"I was staying with a married sister of mine just before I came out," said Slingsby. "She lives in Lancashire All the time I was there she us d to have a class of Sunday-school children up twice a week to coach them in the hymns for some church festival. But get 'em to sing 'Pilgrims'? Bless you, not a bit of it! The little beggars used to shout and sing with all their hearts and souls:

Pilgrimes here—on—nearth an' stran—GERS!

How I used to laugh! I didn't think then that the next time I should hear that hymn would be in Afghanistan."

"We don't often think—of what is coming," answered Dickson, with a certain gravity. "There has been a poor fanatical devil of a Ghazi, who, for the last week or two, has gone daily on to Piper's Hill and danced in derision at us. But he was brought down at last by a clever sergeant in the garrison at five hundred yards—and he dances no more. 'Pon my word, I felt quite sorry for him; but he didn't think."

Then the two weary ones were carried off to enjoy the luxury of a tub ere they dressed for mess. It was a good time which followed—the country round was fairly peaceful, though when, after sauntering through the Fort Bazaar in the early morning in quest of odds and ends as mementoes of the city, they wished to extend their peregrinations to the city itself, they laughed at the escort of half a dozen Gezalekis, bearing various antiquated matchlocks and carbines and daggers, which had to be provided according to brigade orders.

One day they passed through the city and out at the famous Caubool Gate, through which Dr. Brydon nearly forty years before dragged his weary and exhausted limbs, and told the news of the cruel fate which had befallen the expedition of which he was the sole survivor, at Jugdulluk. Thence their way led between pleasant and refreshing fields, till they reached the ameer's palace and garden, a retreat which used to beccupied by the ruler of Caubool during the winter months, the climate of Jellalabad being more mild than that of Caubool and the place itself secluded.

Truly they found it a lovely spot. Babbling streams ran through the gardens, kept constantly shaded by the lofty trees, the foliage of which joined overhead. All was then in a wild state, and had the beauty of untended Eastern luxurianse. Parterres and flower-beds alike were masses of promiscuous vegetation, and only gigantic Wellingtonians retained any traces of having once been cultivated, and these presented a formally trim, pyramidal outline. But there were roses in vast and sweet profusion, and jasmine which loaded the air with perfume.

The palace itself consisted of two blocks of flimsy wooden buildings, one for the ameer and one for his followers. These had plastered and stuccoed walls of a style similar to the tea palaces in the gardens at Rosherville.

The four officers, Dickson, Laurie, Scott and Slingsby, tramped through the empty rooms, their heavy boots and spurs echoing and jingling among the crumbling walls and torn casements. They saw from a verandah at the back of the palace, the house, carefully enclosed in a garden, where the great Eastern potentate had kept the many partners of his joys and sorrows.

On the roof whence many a dark eyed Eastern houri had touched the lute for her lord's pleasure were no graceful forms, no sound of silver-stringed lutes, but instead of them the tightly garbed and stiffly braced figures of half a dozen British soldiers, who were smoking their clay pipes and inscribing their unhallowed names upon walls which had once been sacred.

"It really is is too bad," Scott murmured to Dickson, as they reached the roof, after the rank and file had saluted and tumbled down the cranky stairs. "Look here — on the very walls, within which it once was nothing less than death for man's foot to tread—

"'Tommy Atkins, No. 3 Company, 440th Foot.'

And here—

'Sarah Jane Gubbins,
The Manor House,
Newby, Yorkshire,
England.

The rose is red, the violet's blue,
The pink is sweet, and so are you.
And true is he that sends you this,
So when we meet we'll have a kiss.

'Private John Smart, Royal Regiment of Cuirassiers.

Now isn't that too cool? And that limb of evil, Smart, of G troop, eh?"

"Poor beggar," returned Dickson, sighing. "You know he was one of those drowned in the accident in the river here, don't you?"

"No," in a shocked tone. "I hadn't the least idea of it. Poor Sarah Jane Gubbins!"

Thus reminded, they went—after they had been to visit the remains of the cantonments of the 42nd and thence to Commemoration Hill, where the gallant 44th made their last stand and were slain to a man—to the English cemetery, where they saw the great grave fifty feet long, in which lie the bodies of the thirty-five or forty men drowned in the Caubool River. It was a huge mound, on the outside of which was traced in large white stones the rude inscription—

X. HUSS.

Hard by were the graves of the Cuirassiers who had met the same fate, and according to regulation, two open graves ready to be fillled at a moment's notice, painfully suggestive of that part of the service for the burial of the dead, which says, "In the midst of life we are in death."

So in sightseeing and in friendly intercourse the ten days of leave passed over, and Scott and Slingsby had to take their dreary journey back to Lundi Kotal by the post-tonga. Never before had Scott taken leave of any of his brother officers so unwillingly, and poor young Slingsby was quite pathetic over it.

"I've got a sort of presentiment," said he, when one or two of those whom they were leaving behind chaffed him a little for being down in the mouth, "that the blessed old tonga won't make a safe journey this time. I don't know how it is, but I cannot shake the impression off."

"Oh, nonsense; it isn't as if it was the tonga further front," a man laughed.

"I hope you'll get there all safe, and find your presentiment a wrong one. Well, good-bye. Good-bye, Scott, old man. God bless you both."

"Let's give them a cheer," called out a young subaltern gaily.

A ringing cheer rose upon the morning air, and away the tonga went at a full gallop rattling over the broken road, and jolting its occupants one against another in a way which made the little group of officers fairly shout with laughter.

"Poor beggars," said one of them; "but I should think twice, I know, before I went a whole day's journey in such a concern as that."

. . . .

That day the post-tonga running between Jellalabad and Lundi Kotal was attacked, and the native driver with his pistol and the Gezaleki escort ran for their lives, leaving the two officers to fight it out with about a score of the enemy.

Scott's keen eyes took in the situation at a glance, and with a word to Slingsby to stick close to him, he fired a couple of shots, and sprang into a place which afforded good vantage ground, between a couple of huge boulders jutting out from the bank, beneath which the road ran.

No use attempting to fight a score of those beggars in the open," he muttered to his comrade. "Here we have just a chance, for they can only get at us one at a time."

"I've potted five of the devils," Scott muttered to Slingsby with a grim laugh. "I wonder what they'll do next."

It seemed to the two Cuirassiers that the enemy was having a consultation. Then, after an hour or so of suspense, and another attempt to dislodge them—as vain as the first had been, having only the effect of placing another of the Shinwarries *hors de combat*—the two soldiers heard sounds as of wounded men being cautiously moved; and presently the rumbling of the tonga-wheels over the broken and stony road told them as plainly as words could have done that the natives were off with their booty.

Scott stepped cautiously round the side of the boulder, and peered after the retreating party, through the now rapidly gathering gloom of night.

"They're all gone," he exclaimed. "I'll just send a couple of shots after them for luck."

"I wouldn't," urged the junior—but the words came too late; the sharp report of Scott's revolver rang upon the air, followed by an agonized yell from the reatreating Afghans. Scott uttered an exclamation of extreme satisfaction.

"Now let us run for it; they'll be back in an hour or so with the whole tribe, and would countrive to smoke us out somehow, if we stayed here as sure as eggs are eggs."

So they ran.

But it was hard work. They were well-nigh tired out by the long drive in the jolting tonga, and by the suspense and tension of the last hour.

However, on they plunged, stumbling over stones in the darkness, now falling headlong as they stepped into deep holes or ruts, now dragging their weary limbs through sandbanks, now tripping up over the carcass of some dead horse or camel, and then—"By Jove, we have lost the track," Scott exclaimed ruefully.

Slingsby sank down upon the ground with a groan.

"It's no usee, Scott, I'm done — I can't go a yard further," he said desperately. "I think the sun got at my head a bit to-day; I've seen nothing the last hour or more. You get on and do the best you can for yourself. You can send some fellows out to look me up, if you get in."

"Stuff and nonsense, old man; what rubbish are you talking?" Scott cried cheerily. "You are knocked up a little, and no wonder; but as to leaving you, it's simply absurd. I don't know where we are, and if I chanced to get in myself, I shouldn't have the least idea how to direct any one to find you. Take a pull at this, and we'll have another try to find the track and get in. We *cannot* be far from camp now."

He handed his flask to the lad as he spoke, and then, when they had rested for an hour or more, he hoisted him on to his feet and half coaxed, half chaffed him into trying to go on again.

"I do wish you would leave me and make the best of your own chance," the lad groaned.

"Stuff and nonsense!"—keeping his hand fast under his arm and helping him along.

"It's so senseless sacrificing two lives where one would do," Slingsby urged.

"What rot you talk!—whose life is going to be sacrificed? Sacrificed indeed—just because your head has been a trifle touched by the sun! What melodramatic rot you youngsters do go in for, in spite of all your competitive book-learning stuff we hear so much about nowadays! I'll tell you what it is, Baccy, that blessed new system has left no grit in any of you fellows. There's a sight too much of every-man-for-himself tone about the army now, without our starting it in a respectable old regiment like the Cuirassiers. Why, my dear lad, if I deserted you now, I should deserve to be hounded out of society for the rest of my days."

But Slingsby, poor lad, had never been of a particularly robust build, and his constitution, weakened in the first instance by the effort of getting into the service, had suffered from the effects of the enervating Indian climate, and he proved to be so utterly exhausted that, drag and pull, or urge and coax as he would, Scott found there was no way of getting him a step further, unless he turned himself into a "gee-gee" for the occasion.

"Here, get on my back," he said—and Slingsby, too weary to resist, obeyed him, and thus they stumbled on a little way further.

But it was of no use. It would have been as much as any strong man in perfect health, without anything to encumber his powers, could have done to hold his own against the difficulties of the road that night; and handicapped as Scott was by the charge of the worn-out lad, and the fact that they had lost the track, he was simply compelled to give up the attempt, at least until dawn broke over the eastern sky. It began to grow horribly cold, yet, chilled to the bone as both were, Scott would not have dared to run the risk of lighting a fire, had materials for doing so been to hand, which they were not. Therefore he dragged Slingsby close under the scanty shelter afforded by a big stone, over which he had come such a cropper as to determine that a longer struggle would be worse than useless, and, putting his arm around him, to give him all the warmth and rest possible under the circumstances, ventured to fill and light his pipe.

Young Slingsby promptly went to sleep, and Scott puffed away, warming his fingers at the bowl of his pipe every now and again, wishing, as he thought over the events of the day, that he had been able to pot one or two more of the agreeable gentlemen who had placed them in this pleasant situation.

The pipe went out by-and-by, and Scott filled it anew. What a good thing baccy was, he thought, and what a pity the poor lad sleeping so heavily upon his shoulder could not avail himself of its comfort! They called him Baccy in the regiment, because he never had been able to master the noble art of smoking. Poor young Baccy! Scott had liked the lad immensely from the first day he joined. It is probable that had he been able just then to get speech of the so-called Army Reformers—those who have put book-learning in a superior place to the training of bone and muscle—those wise gentlemen might have experienced a new sensation.

He was still puffing slowly at his pipe, and young Slingsby still slept heavily, when, suddenly, there was a terrific howl within a few yards which caused the sleeping lad to spring up, shaking violently in every limb.

"Good God, Scott! What's that?" he cried.

"Nothing, nothing; go to sleep again," Scott answered soothingly.

"It must be a jackal," Slingsby persisted.

"Oh, no; only a hyena after some dead horse or camel lying about!"

"But it wasn't the least bit like a hyena," Slingsby objected, as the howls rang out again upon the stillness of the night air. "It's a jackal, and jackals are beastly things—worse than wolves."

"Nonsense!" Scott laughed. "Go to sleep."

"I can't sleep with that brute prowling about. Strike a light, Scott. I believe it's close to us."

Thus hidden, Scott struck a match, holding it up so that the feeble flame should cast its rays as far as possible; and sure enough there, through the darkness, a yard or two in front of them, were two great angry gleaming eyes.

"Where's my revolver?" muttered Slingsby, trying to free his arm.

The older man caught his wrist.

"For Heaven's sake, don't fire!" he cried. "Do you want a hundred or two of those miserable villagers down upon us? The brute probably won't come near us, whatever it is; and, if it does, it will be time enough to fire then, if a stone won't settle it."

As he spoke, he picked up a stone, which he sent flying in the direction where the eyes had been. There was the sound of a thud, it having chanced to hit the brute, followed by a terrific howling and growling.

"He will keep clear of us for the present," observed Scott, with satisfaction.

They subsided into silence once more; but though after a while Scott fell asleep with his head resting against the big stone, Slingsby had been too thoroughly awakened to close his eyes again that night, and he lay very, very still and watchful, his hand on his revolver, ready to fire at a moment's notice. True, the howling had ceased, and all was profoundly still. Then his straining ears heard a rustling and a sniffing at some short distance, as if the jackal, hyena, or whatever the brute with the glaring eyes might chance to be, were smelling his way towards them. Nearer and nearer it came, receded, grew closer still. Slingsby's heart began to beat furiously, and he levelled his revolver. Then he felt hot breath upon his face, felt the brute's feet resting upon his leg, saw the gleam of the glaring eyes just before him, and—fired!

Bang! The animal, with a fierce howl, rolled over upon Scott's outstretched legs, and lay there panting its last.

"What the devil is it?" Scott demanded, waking with a start, and trying to shake himself free of the dead weight.

"It's that brute of a jackal," Slingsby answered. I felt his hot breath on my face, or I shouldn't have fired."

"The duce you did! I wish he'd get off my legs, the brute," Scott said, dragging one leg from under the now dead animal by an effort. "I hope the row won't bring a pack of Shinwarries down upon us. Let us keep quiet."

In silence they waited, but apparently the report of the revolver had not done more than awake the echoes, for no natives, friendly or otherwise, appeared upon the scene.

And at last the first faint streaks of dawn began to light up the sky, and they were able to take their bearings.

"Why, there's the blessed old camp!" cried Scott with a laugh, pointing to the show of canvas but a few hundred yards away. Then, looking down at their feet, "Why, Baccy, you awful young duffer, you've shot old Growl, *the colonel's colley!*"

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