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Somehow or Other. A burden for every man's shoulder; they escape from its troubles and care...

THE VALLEY OF DEATH.

A Tale of the Last Afghan War.

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In spite of himself, his voice softened as he asked, in her own language: "Have they hurt you, my poor child?" "I would have hurt them, had they not snatched away my knife," answered the Afghanne, proudly, as she pointed to the blood drops that had fallen from her assailant's wound.

"Akbar Khan!" echoed St. Clair, recalling with a sense of vague uneasiness for which he could not himself account, the name of the terrible chief whose influence among the hill tribes was only second to that of the Ameer himself.

"I came to visit—a friend of my father's," said the girl with a momentary hesitation which did not escape her questioner. "She's lying, the little fox!" thought he; "but it's no business of mine."

A few minutes brought them to the eastern gate, and two words to the sentry sufficed to open it. As the girl passed through the deep, shadowy archway, she looked wistfully back to her preserver, and paused for a moment as if about to speak.

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CHAPTER II.—GATHERING OF THE VULTURES. Sixteen days had passed since Captain St. Clair's adventure, and the night of the 5th of November found him slowly pacing the street where it had occurred. As he stood musing, hidden by the shadow of a projecting corner, two Afghans came slowly up the deserted street.

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brothers, shoulder to shoulder, striking hard and deep to the last, with the old English flag flying overhead!" The girl looked at him—a look which, through all the horrors that were to come, he never forgot. Grief, anger, tenderness, wondering admiration, were all mingled in the momentary flash of those marvelous eyes. Then she pressed his hand passionately to her lips and was gone.

Ha! What was that sudden glare that broke out over the whole eastern side of the town? And what could be the meaning of that dull, distant roar, like a far-off sea, swelling ever louder and louder, till the ear could distinguish the sharp crackle of musketry, the crash of falling buildings, the clamor of countless voices, and high over all the terrible war-shout, "Allah Akbar!"—God is victorious.

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In the center sat the principal chiefs of the tribe, and midst of all the stately figure of Akbar himself, in all the splendor of barbaric adornment, with the folds of his jeweled turban overshadowing the fierce black eyes that had never known fear or mercy.

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Night on the Farm. 'Tis dawning on the lonely farm, The flocks are gathered in the fold, The dusky air is soft as balm, The daisies hide their hearts of gold.

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