

UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "OUIDA"

The assent was perfectly tranquil and respectful. He was too good a soldier not to render perfect obedience and keep perfect silence under any sort of provocation to break both.

"Okey, then!" said Chateauroux savagely. "Well, since you love heat so well, you shall take a flag of truce and my scroll to the Sidl Ilderim. But tell me first, what do you think of this capture?"

"It is not my place to give opinions, colonel."

"Parbleu! It is your place when I bid you. Speak, or I will have the stick cut the words out of you!"

"I may speak frankly?"

"Then I think that those who make war on women are no longer fit to fight with men."

For a moment the long, sinewy, massive form of Chateauroux started from the skins on which he lay at full length like a lion starting from its lair. His veins swelled like black cords. Under the mighty muscle of his bare chest his heart beat visibly in the fury of his wrath.

"By heaven, I have a mind to have you shot like a dog!"

The chasseur looked at him carelessly, composedly, but with a serene defiance still, as due from a soldier to his chief.

"You have threatened it before, colonel. It may be as well to do it, or the army may think you capricious."

Chateauroux crushed a blasphemous oath through his clenched teeth and laughed a certain short, stern, satirical laugh, which his men dreaded more than his wrath.

"No, I will send you instead to the khailfa. He often saves me the trouble of killing my own curs. Take a flag of truce and this paper, and never draw rein till you reach him, if your beast drop dead at the end."

The chasseur saluted, took the paper, bowed with a certain languid, easy grace that camp life never cured him of, and went. He knew that the man who should take the news of his treasure's loss to the Emir Ilderim would, a thousand to one, perish by every torture desert cruelty could frame, despite the cover of the white banner.

Chateauroux looked after him as he and his horse passed from the French camp in the full, burning tide of noon.

"If the Arabs kill him," he thought, "I will forgive Ilderim five seasons of rebellion."

The chasseur, as he had been bidden, never drew rein across the scorched plateau. At last, ere he reached the Bedouin tents, he saw the chief and a party of horsemen returning from a foraging quest and in ignorance as yet of the abduction of Djelma. He galloped straight to them and halted across their line of march, with the folds of the little white flag fluttering in the sun. The Bedouins drew bridle, and Ilderim advanced alone. He was a magnificent man of middle age, with the noblest type of the eagle-eyed, aquiline desert beauty.

A glance of recognition flashed from him on the soldier who had so often crossed swords with him, and he waved back the scroll with dignified courtesy.

"Read it me."

It was read, bitterly, blackly, shamefully, the few brutal words were. They netted him as an eagle is netted in a shepherd's trap.

The moment that he gave a sign of advancing the captive's life would pay the penalty; if he merely remained in arms, without direct attack, he would be made the marquis' mistress and abandoned later to the army. The only terms on which he could have her restored were instant submission to the imperial rule and personal homage of himself and all his Djoud to the marquis, as the representative of France—homage in which they should confess themselves dogs and the sons of dogs. So ran the message of peace.

The chasseur read on to the end, calmly. Then he lifted his gaze and looked at the Emir. He expected no sword to be buried in his breast.

With a wild, shrill yell the Bedouins whirled their naked spears above their heads and rushed down on the bearer of this shame to their chief and their tribe. The chasseur did not seek to defend himself. He sat motionless. He thought the vengeance just.

The sheik raised his sword and signed them back as he pointed to the white folds of the flag. Then his voice rolled out like thunder over the stillness of the plains:

"But that you trust yourself to my honor I would send you limb from limb. Go back to the tiger who rules you and tell him that as Allah liveth I will fall on him and smite him as he hath never been smitten. Dead or living, I will have back my own. If he take her life, I will have 10,000 lives to answer it. If he deal her dishonor, I will light such a holy war through the length and breadth of the land that his nation shall be driven backward like choked dogs into the sea and perish from the face of the earth for evermore. And this I swear by the law and the prophet!"

The menace rolled out, imperious as a monarch's, thrilling through the desert hush. The chasseur bent his head at the words closed. His own teeth were tightly clenched, and his face was dark.

"Emir, listen to one word," he said briefly. "Shame has been done to me as to you. Had I been told what words I bore they had never been brought by my hand. You know me, as I have had the marks of yours. Trust me in this, said—I pledge you my honor that before the sun sets she shall be given back to you unharmed, or I will return here myself, and your tribe shall slay me in what fashion they will. So alone can she be saved unharmed. Answer, will you have faith in me?"

"You are a great warrior. Such men do not lie. Go, and if she be borne to me before the sun is half way sunk toward the west all the branches of the tribes of Ilderim shall be as your brethren and bend as steel to your bidding. If not—as God is mighty—no man in your host shall live to tell the tale."

The chasseur bowed his head to his horse's mane, then without a word wheeled round and sped back across the plain. When he reached his own cavalry camp, he went straightway to his chief. What passed between them none ever knew. The interview was brief; it was possibly as stormy, pregnant and decisive as stormy, and the squadrons of Africa marvelled that the man who dared beard Chateauroux in his lair came forth with his life. Whatever the spell he used the result was a marvel.

At the very moment that the sun touched the lower half of the western heavens the sheik Ilderim, where he sat in his alidawd, with all his tribe stretching behind him, full armed, to sweep down like falcons on the spoilers as the hour passed with the pledge unredeemed, saw the form of the chasseur reappear between his sight and the glare of the skies; nor did he ride alone. That night the Pearl of the Desert lay once more in the mighty, sinuous arms of the great Emir.

But, with the dawn, his vengeance fell in terrible fashion on the sleeping camp of the Franks, and from that hour dated the passionate, savage, unconcealed hate of Chateauroux to the most daring soldier of all his fiery horse, known in his troop as Bel-faire-peur.

It was in the tent of Ilderim now that he reclined, looking outward at the night, where flames were leaping rudely under a large caldron, and far beyond was the dark immensity of the star studded sky. From the hour of the restoration of his treasure the sheik had been true to his oath, his tribe in all its branches had held the French soldier in closest brotherhood. Wherever they were he was honored and welcomed; was he in war, their swords were drawn for him; was he in need, their houses of half were spread for him; had he want of light, the swiftest and most precious of their horses was at his service; and he thirst, they would have died themselves, wringing out the last drop from the water skin for him. Through him their alliance, or, more justly to speak, their neutrality, was secured to France, and the Bedouin chief loved him with a great, silent, noble love that was fast rooted in the granite of his nature.

"I wish I had come straight to you, said, when I first set foot in Africa," the chasseur said at last, while the fragrant smoke uncurled from under the droop of his long, pendent mustaches.

"Truly it had been well," answered the khailfa, who would have given the best stallions in his stud to have had this Frank with him in warfare and in peace. "There is no life like our life."

"Faith, I think not," murmured the chasseur rather to himself than to the Bedouin. "The desert keeps you and your horse, and you can let all the rest of the world go."

"But we are murderers and pillagers, say your nations," resumed the Emir, with the shadow of a sardonic smile, flickering an instant over the sternness and composure of his features. "To rifle a caravan is a crime, though to steal a continent is glory."

Bel-faire-peur laughed slightly. "Do not tempt me to rebel against my adopted flag. I never thought at all when I came to Africa. Had I thought twice I should not have gone to your enemies."

Household Hints.

Very little water should be used in washing off cloth, as some of it will seep through to the cloth beneath and rot it. Use a flannel cloth well wrung out and wipe the floor until clean. Salads will salt greatly. Wipe the white spots caused by spilling any hot liquid on the oilcloth with a few drops of spirits of camphor.

To sweep a stair carpet hold a dust pan under each step and brush with a whisk broom.

Freshly spilled ink on carpets may be removed by taking up as much as possible with a spoon, then pouring on cold water repeatedly, taking it up with a spoon. Lay a cloth around the spot so it will not spread. Then apply a weak solution of oxalic acid, sponging this up quickly, and if the color is altered apply ammonia water.

Black lace may be sponged with green tea and wound around a bottle to dry. Be careful not to place it near a fire, as it will make the lace look rusty.

Carleton County Council.

Coun Tompkins—We pretty well understand the law as pointed out by the sec-treas. We do not want to be too strait laced. He believed the law should be repealed, otherwise drowned men will be pushed off the shore where they land. He looked for the Council not to be too strait laced.

Coun Scott wanted the parish of Peel to try and get the bill out of Victoria County.

Coun Melville—Here is a transient man coming in and the expenses coming on us. It is hard where we have made our appropriation for our regular poor. He thought this should be made a county charge.

Coun Shaw said that this was a transient pauper. He was a resident of some parish in Victoria but drifted into the parish of Peel. The councillors of peel seem to have established the residence of this man, at least to their own satisfaction. An action could be brought against them and he did not think they would be any doubt of the recovery of the money from the Victoria county. We have not established a precedent but we have paid bills of this sort out of kindness and in those cases residences could not be established.

Coun Morgan moved that the bill be handed back to the overseer of the poor of the parish of Peel.

Coun Shaw seconded the motion.

Coun Melville—What evidence could we bring that this man was Adams? We could not prove it. The parish of Peel can pay this bill but it has not been the practice before this to saddle it on the parish. He did not claim this county should pay as a matter of law.

Coun Phillips asked how they could find out who this man was.

Coun Melville—We do not know who he was.

Coun Balmain—How do you know his family was simple?

Coun Melville—We do not know.

Coun Kinney—Let us be human let the county pay this bill.

Coun Perry thought if the parish of Peel cannot collect this bill, then the County would come in, but this man was drowned at Rowena in March last. He knew of the circumstances. His name was Adams, he lived at South Tilley, and he has sons living there.

Amendment carried.

Council then took recess.

AFTER RECESS.

Following bills were discussed and on motion paid:

Wm Armstrong (dep Sheriff) \$134.35

Coun Smith asked as to first item, "Searching for tramps, Lower Woodstock, Aug 1910." It was explained.

Coun Morgan asked if expense taking lunatic to asylum should be parish or county bill.

Mr Hartley—It is a county charge.

Robert Kinney \$5.30

Dr. M. E. Cummins (coroner) 4.40

Albion R. Foster 19.05

Union of Municipalities 10.00 (\$31 for membership)

Miss Susie Shaw 4.00 (To be paid when attested)

A. W. Adams 8.75

A. R. Currie (dentist work for prisoner)

Coun Melville objected to the bill as it was a departure to employ dentists.

A motion that the bill be paid when attested was carried. Four Councillors voted nay.

Harley Hanna \$38.25

Coun Melville thought that this should be a parish charge as their was a charge for board.

Coun Shaw—Mr. Hanna told me four weeks ago of this case. A year or perhaps two years ago Hannah Kinney was taken to the insane asylum. She remained there for some time, when a nephew came and took her to Boston. She was there less than a year. Then she was brought to Wakefield to Harley Hanna's home, and they kept her for some 12 days and the bill was for that. That is the history of the case.

Mr. Hartley—The U. S. Immigration agent deported her on the ground that she was an undesirable immigrant.

Coun Shaw—If there are any items on the bill that, under the advice of the sec-treas, the parish of Wakefield should pay, the parish will pay them.

Sec-treas—As to the charge for shoes it might be chargeable to the parish but usually bills for such necessary clothes as would be required would be payable by the county. Any length of board, no necessary, might be chargeable to the parish of Wakefield. Any ordinary charge would be charged to the county.

Coun Melville thought that this woman was in charge of the Parish of Wakefield poor authorities for ten days and moved in amendment that the bill be paid less \$13.00. Amendment. Seconded and carried.

Dr. W. Ross (coroner) \$4.80

Press Publishing Co 1.50

D. E. Brooks 30.00

Mr. Brooks was no motion, heard in the matter. He claimed this was a bill for a return of commission, or taxes overpaid.

Coun Keenan moved that the bill be paid and charged to Parish of Kent. Carried.

The Worden said the Rev. Mr. Jenkins' Curate of Woodstock, had extended an invitation to the members of the County or as many of them as could, to attend a Coronation service to be held in St. Luke's church on Coronation Day.

(To be continued)

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