POOR COPY

THE UNION ADVOCATE, WEDNESDAY, SEPTEMBER 25, 1901.



The lightning fire of the crossing | loved her for what she had done; they swords played round her, the glitter of loved her better still because she set lances dazzled her eyes, the reek of no count on it.

"The empire will think otherwise," smoke and of carnage was round her, but she dashed down into the heart of me, my little one. how did you do this him lying here." the conflict as gayly as though she thing?" rode at a review, laushing, shouting, Cigarette, balancing herself with waving her torn colors that she grasped, with her curls blowing back in the ers, gave the salute and answered: breeze and her bright young face set "Simply, my commander, very simin the warrior's lust. Behind her by ply. I was alone, riding midway bescarcely a length galloped three squadtween you and the main army-three rons of chasseurs and spahis, trampling headlong over the corpse strewn field leagues, say, from each. I was all and breaking through the masses of the alone; only Vole-qui-veut flying with Arabs as though they were seas of me for fun. I met a colon. I knew the man. For the matter of that I did him

once a service-saved his geese and his She wheeled her mare round by Cecil's side at the moment when with six fowls from burning one winter's day in their house, while he wrung his swift passes of his blade he had warded off the chief's blows and sent his hands and looked on. Well, he was bones of the Bedouin's mighty form. "Well struck! The day is turned! Charge!"

corn.

She gave the order as though she a palm there." And Cigarette pointed were a marshal of the empire. The sun to a faroff slope crowned with the rerearing, fretting, half bred gray, with "I got up very high. I could see miles the tricolor folds above her head and round. I saw how things were with bridle and her face all glowing and straight to you. Then I thought I warm and full of the fierce fire of war, should do more service if I let the main a little amazon in scarlet and blue and army know and brought you a re-en- been killed by a musket ball. gold, a young Jeanne d'Arc, with the forcement. I rode fast. Dieu! 1 rode crimson fez in lieu of the silvered fast. My horse dropped under me never grown when the hailstorm of casque and the gay broideries of her | twice, but I reached them at last, and fantastic dress instead of the breast- I went at once to the general. He essed at a glance how things wet te of steel. And with the flag of

Cigarette saved the day.

B

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CHAPTER XIII.

strain, and with the motionless forms i

of their desert riders. When at length

less spahis, whose terrible passions she

huntress feared the beasts of forest

and plain, the raven still hovered

above her exhausted mare, the torn

flag was still in her left hand, and the

bright laughter, the flash of ecstatic

triumph, was still in her face as she

sang the last lines of her own war

chant. The leopard nature was roused

rent the sky, on to the shoulders of

the four tallest men among them, bore

her to the presence of the only ohief !

officer of high rank who had survived |

the terrors of the day.

heir queens.

thank you."

struggle more close, more murderous, | the glitter of gold arrested Cigarette's than this had been. The dead lay by eyes. She caught what the poodle's imhundreds, French and Arab locked in patient caress had broken from the one another's limbs as they had fallen string. It was a small blue enamel mewhen the ordinary mode of warfare dallion bonbon box with a hole through and failed to satiate their violence, and it by which it had been slung-a tiny hey had wrestled together like wolves | toy once costly, now tarnished, for it fighting and rending one another over | had been carried through many rough scenes and many years of hardship, a disputed carcass. "Is he killed? Is he killed?" she had been bent by blows struck at the thought as she bent over each knot of breast against which it rested, and motionless bodies where here and there was clotted now with blood. Inside it

some faint stifled breath or some moan was a woman's ring of sapphires and of agony told that life still lingered opals. eneath the huddled, stiffening heap. She looked at both close in the glow And a tightness came at her heart. of the setting sun, then passed the An aching fear made her shrink as she string through and fastened the box raised each hidden face that she had afresh. It was a mere trifle, but it sufficed to banish her dream, to arouse never known before. "What if he be?" he said fiercely to herself. "It is her to contemptuous, impatient bitter-

uss with that new weakness that had nothing to me. I hate him, the cold said the major of the zouaves. "Tell aristocrat. I ought to be glad if I see to: the hour broken her down to the even of this feverish folly. He was But, despite her hatred for him, she togentiful-yes. She could not bring

harself to hate him; she could not could not banish that hot, feverisb foot on either shoulder of her support- hope, that cold, suffocating fear which, help the brimming tears blinding her turn by turn, quickened and slackened eyes when she looked at him stretched the bright flow of her warm young senseless thus. But he was wedded blood as she searched among the slain. to his past; that toy in his breast, A dog's moan caught her ear. She whatever it might be, whatever tale turned and looked across. Upright might cling to it, was sweeter to him among a ghastly lot of men and charg- than her lips would ever be. Bah! ers sat the small, snowy poodle of the There were better men than he. Why chasseurs, beating the air with its lit- | had she not let him lie and die as he tle paws as it had been taught to do might under the pile of dead?

when it needed anything and howling "You deserve to be shot-you!" said Cigarette, fiercely abusing herself as piteously as it begged. "Flick-Flack! What is it, Flick- she put his head off her lap, and rose own sword down through the chest full of terror and told me there was Flack?" she cried to him, while, with abruptly and shouted to a Tringlo who fighting yonder-here he meant-so I a bound, she reached the spot. The was at some distance searching for rode nearer to see. That was just up- dog leaped on her, rejoicing. The dead the wounded. "Here is a chasseur on sunrise. I dismounted and ran up were thick there-10 or 12 deep-French with some breath in him," she said, trooper and Bedouin rider flung across curtly, as the man with his mule cart one another, horribly entangled with and its sad burden of half dead, moanblaze fell on her where she sat on the mains of a once mighty palm forest. the limbs, the manes, the shattered ing, writhing frames drew near at her bodies of their own horses. Among summons. "Put him in. Soldiers cost them she saw the face she sought as too much training to waste them on her teeth tight gripped on the chain you. For the moment I was coming the dog eagerly ran back, caressing the jackals and kites, if one can help it. hair of a soldier who lay underneath Lift him up! Quick!" "He is badly hurt," said the Tringlo. the weight of his gray charger that had

She shrugged her shoulders. Cigarette grew very pale, as she had "Oh, no! I have had worse scratches myself. The horse fell on him; that was the mischief. Most of them here have swallowed the leaden pill once

and for all. I never saw a prettier

thing-every lascar has killed his own

little knot of Arbicos. Look how nice

She was not going to have him im-

agine she cared for that chasseur whom

he lifted up on his little wagon with so

kindly a care-not she! Cigarette was

as proud in her way as was ever the

Nevertheless she kept pace with the

mules, carrying little Flick-Flack, and

never paused on her way, though she

passed scores of dead Arabs, whose sil-

ver ornaments and silk broideries,

commonly after such a fantasia, re-

plenished the knapsack and adorned in

profusion the uniform of the young

filibuster, being gleaned by her right

and left as her lawful harvest after the

"Leave him there. I will have a look

blood that covered his breast.

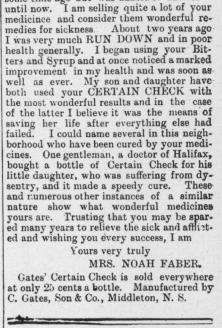
and neat they look."

Princess Venetia Corona.

fray.



Here's the



Certain Check.

Bayside, June 22, 190

For All

Opportunity Knocks

but seldom at one's door. Today it may be easy to insure your life; tomorrow, impossi-Health is uncertain: without it, Life Insurance is refused.

her idolatry, the flag that was as her and I told him to give me my spahis religion, floating back as she went she | and let me go. So he did. I got on a spurred her mare straight against the | mare of his own staff, and away we Arabs, straight over the lifeless forms | came. It was a near thing. If we had of the hundreds slain, and after her | been a minute later, it had been all up poured the fresh squadrons of caval- | with you." "True. indeed." muttered the zouave ry, the ruby burnoose of the spahis

streaming on the wind as their darling in his beard. "A superb action, my litled them on to retrieve the day for the one. But did you meet no Arab scouts to stop you?" France. Not a bullet struck or a saber grazed

Cigarette laughed. "Did I not? Met them by dozens. her: but there, in the heat and the press of the worst of the slaughter, Some had a shot at me; some had a shot from me. One fellow nearly wing-Cigarette rode hither and thither. to and fro, her voice ringing like a bird's | ed me, but I got through them all song over the field in command, in ap- somehow. Sapristi! I galloped so fast plause, in encouragement, in delight; I was very hard to hit flying. Those pearing her standard aloft and unouched; dashing heedless through a But some men always are creeping storm of blows; cheering on her "chil- when they should fly and always are dren" to the charge again and again, scampering when they should saunter. and all the while with the sunlight and then they wonder when they make full on her radiant, spirited head, and fiasco. Bah!" with the grim, gray raven flying above

were such bunglers. Ouf!" "Mademoiselle, if all soldiers were midst of a battle, but, with the rapid shots had been pouring on her in the like you," answered the major of skill and strength she had acquired veteran bird, and the story ran that zouaves curtly, "to command a battal- long before she reached the place, lifted aside first one, then another, of the

The echo of the raven's cry, and the have done," retorted Cigarette, who him and drew out from beneath the presence of the child who, they knew, never took a compliment at the ex- suffocating pressure of his horse's fired in her fair young breast rather (all get the opportunity. Opportunity chasseur whom Flick-Flack had sought than live to see them defeated, made is a little angel. Some catch him as he out and guarded. the fresh squadrons sweep in like a goes; some let him pass by forever.

like an eel to wriggle away. If you cool breeze of the declining day could want a good soldier, take that aristoreach him, a slow breath, painfully crat-that handsome Victor. Pouf! drawn, moved his chest. She saw that All his officers were down, and how he was unconscious from the stifling EFORE the sun had declined splendidly he led the troop! He was oppression under which he had been from the zenith the French going to die with them rather than sur- buried since noon. An hour more withrender. Napoleon"-and Cigarette un- out one touch of fresher air and life

would have given him his brigade ere brandy that she always brought on Cigarette had with her the flask of this. If you had seen him kill the such errands as these. She forced the

end between his lips and poured some down his throat. Her hand shook she returned, coming in with her ruth- er fear. And for you-the cross shall slightly as she did so, a weakness the gallant little campaigner never before then had known.

It revived him in a degree. He breathand turned away to view the carnage ed more freely, though heavily and strewn plain and number the few who with difficulty still, but gradually the mained out of those who had been deathly leaden color of his face was replaced by the bue of life, and his arms in the gray of the earliest dawn. heart began to beat more loudly. Consciousness did not return to him. He ing on water, and her flushed cheeks lay motionless and senseless, with his in her. She was a soldier; death had grew scarlet. Since her infancy it had head resting on her lap and with Flickbeen about her from her birth; she been her dream to have the cross to lie Flack. in eager affection, licking his

She torced the end between his lins.

eyes of the little Friend of the Flag. "He is so handsome, so handsome!"

she muttered in her teeth, drawing a miles that day if she had ridden one, hands and looking at the stricken silklike lock of his bair through her the life glowing in him which, without strength, the powerless limbs, the bare it, might have perished of cold and exchest, cut and bruised and heaved painfully by each uneasy breath. She was of a vivid, voluptuous, artistic nature; she was thoroughly womanlike in her | heat of the day and pierced through | passions and her instincts, though she | the canvas walks of the tent. It was supply 100 candle power 100 hours per so fiercely contemned womanhood. If very bitter, more keenly felt because month 1 year for a room 20x60 feet. To

never have looked twice at him, never There was no cloak or covering to fling over \$75 worth of electricity; \$37 worth of stoves, tinware, etc. once have pitied his fate. And he was beautiful still, though

his hair was heavy with dew and dust, shivering despite herself, curled closer though his face was scorched with to the little fire. powder, though his eyes were closed as with the leaden weight of death and his beard was covered with the red stains of blood that had flowed from the lance wound on his shoulder.



She dropped down before the fire. He moved restlessly, and she went to him. His face was flushed now; his breath came rapidly and shortly; there was some fever on him. The linen was displaced from his wounds. She dipped it again in water and laid the cooled bands on them. "Ah, bah! If I

were not unsexed enough for this, how would it be with you now?" she said in her teeth. He tossed wearily to and fro. Detached words caught her ear as he muttered them:

"Let it be; let it be! He is welcome! How could I prove it at his cost? I saved him. I could do that. It was not much"-

him," she said at the first empty She listened with intent anxiety to tent they reached. Cigarette, left alone hear the other whispers ending the with the wounded man. lying insensisentence, but they were stifled and ble still on a heap of forage, ceased her broken. song and grew very quiet. She had a

"Listen!" she murmured below her certain surgical skill, and she dressed breath. "It is for some other he has his wounds with the cold, clear water ruined himself." and washed away the dust and the She could not catch the words that

followed. They were in an unknown "He is too good a soldier to die. One language to her, for she knew nothing must do it for France." she said to herof English, and they poured fast and self in a kind of self apology. And as obscure from his lips as he moved in she did it and bound the lance gash feverish unrest; the wine had saved close and bathed his breast, his forehim from exhaustion, inflaming his head, his hair, his beard, free from the brain in his sleep. Now and then sand and the powder and the gore a French phrases crossed the English thousand changes swept over her mobile face. It was one moment soft and ones. She leaned down to seize their meaning till her cheek was against his flushed and tender as passion: it was forehead, till her lips touched his hair, the next jealous, fiery, scornful, pale and at that half caress her heart beat. and full of impatient self disdain. her face flushed, her mouth trembled He was nothing to her! He was an with a too vivid joy, with an impulse aristocrat, and she was a child of the half fear and half longing, that had people. She had been besieged by never so moved her before. dukes and had flouted princes. She had borne herself in such gay liberty, "If I had my birthright," he murmured in her own tongue-"if I had it. such vivacious freedom, such proud and careless sovereignty - bah, what would she look so cold then? She might love me-women used once. O God. was it to her whether this man lived if she had not looked on me I had or died? If she saved him, he would

(To be continued.)

AMPLE AND CHEAP.

never known all I have lost!" give her a low bow as he thanked her, Cigarette started as if a knife had thinking all the while of miladi. And stabbed her and sprang up from her yet there she staid and watched him. rest beside him. She took some food, for she had been fasting all day. Then she dropped down before the fire she had lighted

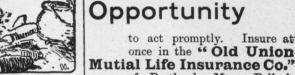
and in one of those soft, curled, kittenlike attitudes that were characteristic low wood fire. of her kept her vigil over him. She was bruised, stiff, tired, longing This was to be ever her reward. like a tired child to fall asleep. Her Her eyes glistened and flashed with eyes felt hot as flame, her rounded,

supple limbs were aching, her throat was sore with long thirst and the sand leave him. that she seemed to have swallowed till no draft of water or wine would take the scorched, dry pain out of it. But, as she had given up her fete day in the hospital, so she sat now-as patient in the self sacrifice as she was impatient when the vivacious agility of her young frame was longing for the frenzied delights of the dance or the battle. Ev- murmured-his past and the beauty of ery now and then, four or five times in

an hour, she gave him whom she tended the soup or the wine that she kept warm for him over the embers. He took it without knowledge, sunk half in lethargy, half in sleep, but it kept LIGHT THAT IS

haustion as the chill and northerly wind of the evening succeeded to the For \$5.00 cost the Canton Lamp wil he had not been beautiful, she would of the previous burning of the sun. produce same results you will have to buy over him. She took off her blue cloth City gas; \$33 worth of acetylene; \$44 tunic and threw it across his chest and, worth of smelling kerosene. When you

buy the "one match" Canton lamp you She did not know why she did it-he have the best, cheapest, safest system on was nothing to her-and yet she kept market to-day. In a very short time it herself wide awake through the dark saves price, to say nothing of comfort and autumn night lest he should sigh and labor saving arguments. Now is the time stir and she not hear him. to get 3 samples at cost of 2, to introduce



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Newcastle, April 4th, 1901. 3m "She-she-always she!" she muttered fiercely, while her face grew duskily scarlet in the fire glow of the tent,

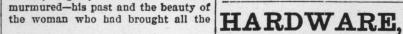
and she went slowly away, back to the Tinware,

Enamelware, Ironware.

the fiery, vengeful passions of her hot I have just received a large stock of the and jealous instincts, yet she did not above goods and am prepared to sell at She was too generous for that. "What prices to suit cash purchasers. is right is right. He is a soldier of

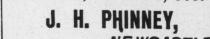
All kinds of tinware made up at shor France," she muttered, while she kept not her vigil. He did not waken from the **REPAIRING A SPECIALTY.** painful, delirious, stupefied slumber

FRANK MASSON. that had fallen on him. He only vaguely felt that he was suffering pain; he only vaguely dreamed of what he





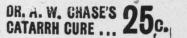
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DR. A. W. CHASE'S OF



of France. In the name of France, I The tears rushed swift and hot into squadrons to charge. Cigarette's bright eyes-tears of joy, tears of pride. She was but a child still in much, and she could be moved by the name of France as other chiltures in the torture of their wounds.

dren by the name of their mothers. "Chut! I did nothing," she said rapidly. "I only rode fast."

things only require a little judgment. And Cigarette laughed again. "Men her, shrieking shrilly its "Tue, tue, tue!" The army believed with superstitious faith in the potent spell of that whenever he flew above a combat ion would be paradise." France was victor before the sun set.

"All soldiers would do anything I lifeless Arabs that had fallen above pense of her "children." "They do not weight the head and the frame of the

whirlwind, bearing down all before You must be quick with him, for he is Then, as she drew him out where the

were masters of the field, and covered her curly head reverentially, would have been extinct. pursued the retreat of the Arabs till for miles along the plain the as at the name of a deity-"Napoleon line of their flight was marked with horses that had dropped dead in the

chief!" "He will have justice done him, nevbe on your breast, Cigarette, if I live

feared no more than Virgil's Volscian over tonight to write my dispatches." And the major saluted her once more wakened by the clash of the Arab Cigarette's eyes flashed like sun play-

ere then, threw themselves forward, to the actual moment. She sprang rial temperaments, kissed her boots, ' dreds of better soldiers than I lie vonher sash, her mare's drooping neck, der. Let us look to them first. We

and lifting her, with wild vivas that will play the fool afterward." And, although she had ridden 50 though she had eaten nothing since sunrise and had only had one draft of

And he, a grave and noble looking stiff and bruised and parched with ceteran, uncovered his head and bowed thirst, Cigarette dashed off as lightly before her as courtiers bow before as a young goat to look for the wounded and the dying men who strewed the

"Mademoiselle, you saved the honor She remembered one whom she had not seen after that first moment in which she had given the word to the

The frenzied hurrahs of the men who She had seen great slaughter often heard her drowned her words. They enough, but even she had not seen any

lit, dauntless youth as hers alone can the one undying desire, of her soul, Flack, if it had not been for you and be, returning in the reddening after- and, lo, she touched its realization. glow at the head of her comrades to The wild, frantic, tumultuous cheers his lips with more brandy. "Ah, bah! the camp she had saved, while all who and caresses of her soldiery, who could And he would be more grateful, Flickremained of the soldiers who, but for not triumph in her and triumph with Flack, for a scornful scoff from miher, would have been massacred long her enough to satiate them, recalled her ladi." crowded round her, caressed and down from her elevation and turned his head lie on her lap, and as she laughed, and wept, and shouted with on them with a rebuke. "Ah, you are looked down on him there was the glisall the changes of their intense mercu- making this fuss about me while hun-

bad water, though she was tired and

plain far and near.

It was a terrible sight-the arid plain,

lying in the scarlet glow of sunset, covered with dead bodies, with mutilated limbs, with horses gasping and writhing, with men raving like mad crea-

neither feared to give nor to receive above her little lion's heart. It had hands and his hair. it; she was happy as such elastic, sun- been the one longing, the one ambition.

