## POOR DOCUMENT

THE SEMI-WEEKLY TELEGRAPH, ST. JOHN, N. B., SAFURDAY, MAY 28, 1904.



Dr. Silex.

A STIRRING TALE OF ADVENTURE.

By Harris Burland author of "Dacoura," Dr. Silex is the latest thing in fiction.

Under cover of this fire, a thousand me

could see nothing but figures leaping ou

tumbling in heaps against the very walls
It was like hell let loose—the continuous

shrieks of pain, the bodies of men writh

impossible that anyone could live within our zone of fire. But they came at us

again and again, and the king was evident

y determined to pour out the lives of hi numbler subjects like water. There wa

the thunder of axes at our gates, and several ladders were planted against the walks, and hurled back again to the ground.

Two or three men set foot upon the para

herself with one blow of his axe, if I had

not emptied my revolver in his face.

Then we heard the rifles ring out all round the building, and we knew that the worst part of the battle had begun.

There were no guns to beat off an at

tack on the other three sides, but we

CHAPTER XX.

of knights and nobles, gay with armoria bearings and golden device. Captain Thor It looked as though we were caught like rats in a trap, but Captain Thorlassen came to my side and pointed towards the forts with a smile. The circle of steel was lassen watched them with a grim smile The advance had stopped, and for a min ute there was almost complete silence. Then the air was darkened, and the ar rows came rattling against the walls like hailstones. And a few seconds afterwards huge masses of rock and iron beat against the masonry and sivered part of the paraless than half a mile from their walls. "There is the weak spot in the chain," he said. "They won't stay there long, if I know Captain Edwards. A retreat will pet into fragments. They were working their mangonels from the castle walls, but they seemed unable to pitch their misbe left open to us if we want it. And, by God, there will be some dead before to-

siles at proper elevation, for none of them fell into our courtyard. Even as he spoke, four white clouds floated from the forts, and we saw four long gaps in the ring of steel. Then the whole line of battlements began to belch forth smoke and flame, and the wind which blam from the detached themselves from the ranks and ran swiftly towards us across the open courtyard, some bearing ladders and some huge shields of metal, and every man of them armed with a long-handled axe. Simultaneously, the whole building shook with the roar of our guns, and the rattle which blew from the sea, carried a thick white haze between us and the contest. When it had cleared away and the firing had ceased, I saw no trace of waving pen-non or gay armour between us and our

"I thought so," said Captain Thorlassen "I thought so," said Captain Thorlassen,
"it is our turn now. Here, young fellow,"
turning to the Princess, who stood behind me, "go down to Captain McCaul
and tell him to widen the embrasures so
as to sweep 45 degrees to right and left.
Then tell him to open fire on both sides
of the castle, but carefully. We shall
want all our ammunition before tonight."
She went off, only too glad to be out of
his sight, and he turned to me. his sight, and he turned to me.
"Who is that lad, Dr. Silex? I seem
to know his face."

"He's on the Skylark," I replied, looking out at the forts, as though the matter did not interest me. "Captain Bulmer told him off to do a job for me one day, and him off to do a job for me one day, and he's rather taken a fancy to me."

"H'm, he looks a weakling. But lots of those poor-looking chaps have grit. By Gad, Dr. Silex, we shall all of us need controlled to the skulls of two men, and would have annihilated the Princess herself with one blow of his controlled.

grit today."

"Nothing can stand up against our guns." I replied.

"Niggers have rushed guns before now," he said, "and these are no niggers, Dr. Silex, but better men than you or I."

"We shall see "." I raplied laconically." "We shall see," I replied laconically; strength is not everything."

We watched the movements of the troops around us. Then there was the boom of guns beneath our feet, and the masonry quivered. Our work had begun. We watched the shells burst left of the castle, and they did their work excellently. And a few minutes after-wards we saw the long circle of steel begin to close in upon us. As they advanced we spat out our shells upon them at the rate of four a minute, every sot carefully aimed at the thickest parts of the line so as to deal the greatest destruction pos-sible. But though we tore long and ter-rible gaps in the circle, we could not check its advance. The northern part of it was apparently advancing without hin-drance through the streets of the town. We could see nothing but an occasional banner, and it was useless to waste ammunition with so small a hope of fitting anything. Our whole attention was centred on the other three points of the compass, which lay within the range of our guns on the south wall, though on hundred and fifty of our number lined the other sides of the house, and were ready to do their best when the time

As the advancing army drew nearer to us, we could hear the hoarse cries of command, the groans of the wounded, and the continual clash of steel. Our rifles now opened fire, and swept the whole circle from left to right like the stroke of a scythe. But the waves of steel rolled on, still nearer and nearer, though we beat them into bloody foam with our shells and bullets. When we could almost see the faces of our enemies, Captain Thorlassen gave the order to cease firing. only heard the crack of rifles and the clash of steel. By degrees the smoke cleared away, and as we looked out on the square an awful scene of death lay before our It was evident, even to me, the most un-warlike of men, that they intended to rush us, and that they so outnumbered our little garrison that we should have to liteyes. A man could hardly have walked across the ground to the castle without stepping on a dead body. In places they erally blow them back from the walls of had to reserve our ammunition until the real contest began—a fight not for the mere honor of the victory, but for our yery lives.

The ring closed in upon us until it swept had now shifted round to he other side of the huilding and on this side rething stir. our fortress, or else be overwhelmed. We

along the castle walls, fifty men deep in close formation. In the front a forest of spears, behind these dense masses of bowmen, and behind these again a triple line steam rose from the ground as the sun The Princess trotted bravely by my side,

beat upon it, and some distance off we saw the glint of steel still circling us round. We had yet to meet the knights of Asturnia. Only a few of them lay dead n the square, and they were evidently not anxious to prove their chivalry by tilting

The ships and the line of forts were still firing at the enemy, wherever a sufficient body of them came within range, and I was glad to notice that there was a clear path between us and the sea. It was time for us to retreat, for no reinforcements could save us, and it was necessary to con-duct the Princess out of danger at any

The battle was raging furiously now against the north wall, and both our max-ims were sweeping the streets to right and left. The guns on the other side were silent and useless. We learnt from the gunners that they had just twenty rounds left for each gun. Captain Thorlassen had ordered these to be kept for an em-

I left the Princess in the care of som of the gunners, and sought out Captain Thorlassen. I found him on the north wall with Sir Thule de Brie. They both

wall with Sir Thule de Brie. They both looked grave, and were anxiously scanning the town between us and the forts.

"We must go back," I cried, breaking in upon them; "bhis is useless, and there is a way open for us. The Princess is here, and she must be got away at once."

"Yes," answered Captain Thorlassen, "and in ten minutes it will be too late. We cannot hold this wall any longer. The We cannot hold this wall any longer. The enemy won't require-scaling ladders. Their dead reach nearly to the parapet." And he did not speak idly. The maxims must have piled up nearly two thousand men in that narrow street, and still the stream

and bleeding men who stood near him.
"Who will stay here with me?" he cried retreat to the fonts, and we must cover the retreat. I may as well tell you, boys, that there is a good chance of our not getting back. I want a dozen of you."

Ten dozen hands went into the air, and

invitation. He quickly picked out a dozen, and I afterwards learned that they were and a transfer of the matter as his authority and terms, for every snen would also be way of friends as foes. The only possible way of the matter as his authority and escape was to administer so severe a check that matter as his authority and the scape was to administer so severe a check that the matter as his authority and the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe as the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe a check that the scape was to administer so severe as the scape was to administer so severe as the scape was th experience were so necessary to the whole expedition, and I instanced the case of a general on the field of battle. But he would have none of my arguments. It was his simple faith that a captain should be the last to leave his sinking ship, and the example of generals did not appeal to him.

In less than five minutes every arrange. mounted a maxim to command two of the streets, and our men fought like heroes the last to leave his sanking ship, and the streets, and our men fought like heroes till their rifles grew hot in their hands. Captain Thorlassen came up to me, his face black with smoke, and his left hand bleeding.

The kingurs were only two inducts are enterprise. They knew that the Princess was either dead or a prisoner, and it was complete. We resolved to take the gun with us, and leave only the two maxims to hold the north wall. The enemy on that side would not be likely to a breast they rode, in glittering armor and tain Edwards, of the Sweltholm. But I

"We can't keep this up, Dr. Silex," he said hurriedly, the ammunition will run out. It will be a hand to hand fight before long, and then, God help us. Thank heaven, the Princess is safe. Here, you young skulker," he cried, catching sight of the Lady Thora, who was doing nothing in particular, "get to the north side and let fly as well as you know how. You'll get your head broken in by an axe in five minutes, so you may as well make some show of being a man."

emy on that side would not be likely to notice the withdrawal of the main force, as all our fighting had been done under cover, and they had no means of judging of the number of defenders left. Our departure would, of course, be noticed from the castle, and probably by the troops in the distance, but we should get a start of these, and might beat them off if they came too close. It was, however, absolutely necessary to keep back the main attack on the north wall, as if the firing and only ceased for a moment a flood of had only ceased for a moment a flood of men would have been poured over the The Princess turned round and looked

him in the face with a faint smile, and I saw his cheek whiten. I whispered quickly in his ear.

"My lady," he stammered, and then, "Oh, my God—it is too awful. But we will stick by you to the end, and they won't touch you, if you let them know who you are."

"Thank you, Captain Thorlassen," she replied with quiet dignity, "I would rather die with you, than fall into their hands. And I would gladly go to the north wall if I felt sure I should be of any use. But please don't waste time on me, either of him in the face with a faint smile, and I parapet, and our flight detected. As we swept past the corner of the house we heard loud shouts and cries, and knew that we had been seen. But Captain Thorlassen had, with admirable judgment please don't waste time on me, either of you. I can look after myself."
"You stay with her, Dr. Silex," said and self-sacrifice, moved one of the maxims to command the direct line between the Thorlassen; "put her into shelter. I will come back; but my hands are full just

enemy and us, and no living thing could have passed the stream of bullets that swept the street.

The brave fellows had, however, signed their death warrant. The north side, de-prived of half its defence, was rushed at last; and looking back we saw the men fighting and falling round their guns, and caught a glimpse of Captain Thorlassen wielding a huge axe against half a dozen spears. Then the maxims ceased fire, and as we passed round a corner, the house

was lost to sight.

We were a quarter of a mile on our ing down a wide street of road now, passing down a wide street of barred doors and shuttered windows. The inhabitants had retreated into their shells

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her face as white as death. I fancy shi was thinking of Captain Thorlas the silent maxims.

Our own people on the forts had seen us, and we saw that the long line of wall was bristling with rifles, and that the muzzles of the guns had been swung into

Then, suddenly, behind us we heard the thunder of hoofs, and the loud shouts of "Asturnia!" "A Marmorel!" "St. Etoile!" and other battle cries, and, looking back,

and other battle cries, and, looking back, we saw a wave of steel and pennons sweep across the square and begin to pour down the street. The knights of the castle had been roused from their inactivity, and were coming to break up our retreat.

I grasped the Princess by the arm and hurried her along. Three shells from the forts came hissing over our heads and burst among our pursuers. The check was sufficient to enable us to swing our guns into position and prepare for a stand. It that there is a good chance of our not summent to enable us to swing our guits getting back. I want a dozen of you."

Ten dozen hands went into the air, and thrice as many would have answered if they had not been too far off, to hear the they had not been too far off, to hear the they had not been too far off, to hear the they had not been too far off, to hear the they had not been too far off, to hear the they had not been too far off, to hear the they had not been too far off, to hear the they had not been too far off, to hear the they had not been too far off. The total three too had not been too far off. The The guns on the forts would be useless directly our enemies came to close quar-ters, for every shell would kill as many

man with lance in rest, and a huge sword or axe hanging from his side. We fired our four guns, and every rifle

we fired our four guns, and every the sputted out its mesage of death, and the hail of iron and lead took them clean abreast, ploughing long lanes of dead and dying through their ranks. I saw the armor bend and crinkle up like tinfoil crumpled in a man's hand. Lances, swords and morions were grushed into a shapele mass of splintered steel and wood. M and horses writhed and slipped and sand But the hearts of these knights were a that held of destruction came the unh

of their comrades, trampling the unde foot, spurring their horses as their fee slipped in the blood, and rushing at us like an avalanche. Our rifles spoke three times, and o guns once again before the wave of ste reached/us. We literally blew it back fro reached/us. We literally blew it back from the muzzles of our guns, and the blood spurted in our faces like rain. Then there was a momentary pause, and a silence only broken by cries and curses and groans. Then from the shattered column rose the cry of "A Marmorel!" "A Marmorel!" and the remnant flung themselves out of the smoke upon us with a fury and strength that nothing could resist.

The guns formed a barricade for us. I tell you, Cordeaux, I saw two of these knights seize a fifteen-pounder and fling it out of their path, crushing one of the gunners with his own weapon. In less

gunners with his own weapon. In less than a minute they had leapt from their horses and were among us like terriers in a pit of rats.

Then began a scene which beggars all description. At close quarters, we were swords and axes rose and fell in the su like flashes of lightning, shearing the cutlass and rifle as a knife cuts the cutlass and rifle as a knare cuts through these. Men fired point blank into the grim faces and died before they could fit again. Sir Thule de Brie had five dea bodies at his feet; he waited with a dripping sword for each knight that came a him, and I could see that he was a man had. Wething could store that for every blade. Nothing could stop west terrible men. Half a dozen, at least, were fighting with one arm hanging from its shoulder like a piece of loose pulp, and most of them were streaming with blood. For my part, I clutched the Princess by the arm and shrank to the rear. I had no thought of making a fight, but only considered here the arm and stream and stream and stream and shrank to the rear. sidered how to save her. That was me small part in the contest. I managed t extricate her from the melee, and slippe into a doorway. The door was closed, an moment's breathing space. She clung my arm and looked up in my face. I not think she was as frightened as I was but the sight of the carnage had sickened her woman's heart. I myself knew tha death was near to both of us. Then suddenly arose the cries of men in error and confusion, the shouts of "Re

treat!" "To the forts." "For your lives," and a tumbling, fighting melee of men swept past our shelter down the street. The battle was over. Our brave fellows had given way at last, and it was a case of "Sauve qui peut."
Before I could decide to join in the mad race for life, it was far beyond us, and from the shadow of the doorway we saw

Then a gigantic shadow passed between us and the light, and stopped. I laid my hand on my revolver, and was ready to fire my last shot into the dark handsome ce that looked sternly at us. "Yield," he cried, "quarter or no quar I could not help smiling. It sounded

o mediaeval. But 1 answered him, a sest I could, to the effect that we yielded He laid one great hand on each of us and drew us out into the light. I slippe my revolver back into my pocket. It might be of use some day to mysolf—or the Prin

glood from a masty cut across the fore ead, and I saw that his broken helme

was evidently the work of Sir Thule de Brie. His eyes were keen as those of a hawk, an there was something about his mouth that I did not like. It was hard and cruel, and I trembled to think of what might befall the Princess.

He looked at us both with searching eyes, and as he did so, my gaze was rivetted by his silken surtout. It was torn into shreds, and blackened with powder, but I thought I could recognize the armorial bearings worked thereon. I had seen them when the herald came into the main cabin of the Aurora. They were the arms of Count Guy of Marmorel.

rms of Count Guy of Marmorel. He did not condescend to address us further, but handed us over to the charge of two archers, who conducted us to the castle, and we had the unpleasant experience of seeing the shells from our own forts burst all round us.

When we reached the castle, we were—

as fortune would have it—thrown into separate cells, and one of us, at least, passed the night in thinking of the other's pain.

CHAPTER XXI. Prisoners of War.

For three whole weeks I was confined in the narrow limits of my stone cell, seeing no face but that of the man who brought me my daily portion of food and water, and knowing nothing of the fate of the

Princess.

There was a single window in the cell. It was a thin slit, not more than six inches in width, and by standing on tiptoe, I could catch a glimpse of and part of the forts. The British flag was still flying from the battlements, and I saw that my comrades had not abandoned their position. The ships were still in the bay, and I looked at them with longing eyes, wondering when they would turn their bows to the south again. The discovery of the North Pole seemed to have sunk into insignificance beside the stirring events into which we had plunged ourselves. It appeared ridiculous that men should trouble themselves about such paltry matters as geography and explorati As far as I could judge, the Pole lay about twenty miles from us, but I will venture to say that the thought of its proximity entered into the minds of but few of those who had left England to look for it. Other and larger matters had risen before ou eyes, matters not of mere fame and dis-covery, but of life and death.

dow, hostilities appeared to have almos ceased, and indeed, Cordeaux, a single day know that her honor was safe in his hands leave no stone unturned to avenge our de

Day after day I saw the sun rise to a ower altitude in the heavens, and day by day the air grew colder, and the nights grew longer. From my narrow window I could see the ice pack forming in the south, and I watched it creeping up from the horizon like a long white wall. And as I gazed on it, my thoughts for the moment were taken of the irred with the full weight of my limbs and body, and faced them. ment were taken off the immediate event that confronted me, and I looked into the future, and realized that we were being slowly cut off from our own world by

tary; I had so much else on my mind that I was able to think but little of my own fate. I was racked with anxiety about the Princess, of whom my gaoler had told me nothing. I did not even know if she wer alive or dead. I wondered if her sex had been discovered, or if she had managed to keep her secret in spite of all the many chances of detection. I asked myself how she would fare at the hands of Count Guy of Marmorel if he once knew her to be a woman, and the answer worked like madess in my brain.

ness in my brain.

Then one evening my gaoler told me that it was time I worked for my living, and catching me roughly by the shoulder bundled me out of the cell, and gave me a kick that sent me crashing in a heap to the bottom of half a dozen stone steps. I rose almost stunned and trembling in every limb. My whole soul rose in revolt against the needless brutality of the act, and if had had my revolver I should have killed

the man where he stood.

He laughed at my white face and flash ing eyes, and holding me by the arm in a grip like that of a steel vice, he led no down several long passages into the greathall of the castle.

As we entered I heard loud laughter and a faint scream of pain or fear. My blood ran cold at the sound, for it was a

tions, two hundred feet long, half as wide and quite sixty feet in height. From the walls hung long lines of drooping banner for the most part torn and faded, but few of them bright with armorial device. They were doubtless the ensigns of the of peace the place was probably the ban queting hall, and reserved for the Governor and his officers, but it was now turned into a kind of barrack room. Stacks of lances, bows, and battle axes were pile up against the walls, the tables were li tered with jugs and knives, and various remnants of food, and there were at least three hundred men-at-arms in the room some eating and drinking, some playin ng uproariously.

My eyes passed rapidly over the scen in search of what I feared to see, untiin search of what I feared to see, until they rested on a large group of men gathered round a huge fire at the far end of the hall. Their tall forms were silhouetted in a black ring against the blaze, and I thought I could see the slender figure of a boy cowering in front of them, and so close to the flames that they seemed to be flickering round his body.

With a sudden wrench I tore myself from the man who held me, leaving a

from the man who held me, leaving piece of my sleeve in his hand, and dashe lown the whole length of the hall. Ther was a brief silence for a second or two was a loud chorus of laughter, and, as I passed, they pelted me with bones and bits of bread.

me np, but I rose to my feet again an no one troubled to prevent me. But ar other played me the same trick, and ye another, and by the time I reached th fire I must have fallen half a dozen time and each fall was greeted with a fresh roa of laughter. Iney were quite good-tempered about my discomfiture. I scarcely noticed them, but bruised and bleeding reached the fire at last, and one gland

# WEAKNESS

In the Springtime

Can be Promptly Clanged Into Vigor and Health by Nourishing

Invigorates, Tones, Rebuilds, Cives Vital Stammia and Force.

pplies to health, especially at this se has rendered of dy impoverished, lacking in red is is why your mind grows tired, For instan corpuscles, deficie it is this lack of blood tone that

why your memor; dermining yo You have to fig sleep fou have to force yourself to can, had so f. D. I't you think it's a foolish policy when of ou? Think of it; consider how enjoyable or nore able to work and toil like other folks. I'ver you would have it fixed. Your body is ation. Try Ferrozone. It strikes at the very ch, nutritious blood that can't fail to impart you're not trying to h Ferrozone will make a life would be if you we If your watch got surely just as worthy of

new strength to every org ct food elements that are needed to rebuild the the brain and spinal cord. It will quicken your ppy, healthy, and well. You are foolish to wait. Get Ferrozone today and get better that much sooner. Price 50c. per 60x, of six boxes for \$2.50, at all Druggists, or by mail from entire being, make you N. C. POLSON & CO., Kingston, Ont., and Hartford, Conn., U. S. A.

idden in her hands, and her whole body trembling with rage or terror. Her cap had fallen off her head, and I noticed with surprise that her hair had been cut short like that of a boy. Three or four lances were pointed close to her body, and she was forced had; to within less then a foot were pointed close to her body, and she was forced back to within less than a foot of the flaming logs. It was a form of torture not unknown in the rougher days of our public schools, and these semi-barbarians would probably look on it more as a form of sport than as any sarious causalty.

Again and again I struck him, now on the semi-barbarians would probably enged to the form of sport than as any sarious causalty. orm of sport than as any serious cruelty

veins, and a red light flashed across my eyes like a stream of blood, and I flung self on the men nearest to me wit the fury of a wild beast, tearing them apart with my hands, and fighting my way through them with such suddenness and strength that I was by the side of the

and body, and faced them.
"Are you men?" I cried, using their own "Are you men?" I cried, using their own language brokenly as best I could, and freely interspersed with Latin, "to torture a—boy like this? If you want anyone to amuse you, you can have me. You cowards! If any one of you will come out in the open, I will give him as much sport as he wants. But a boy—I thought you wave colliers and not curs!" were soldiers, and not curs!"

They withdrew their lances and laughed.

My challenge was so idle and so futile that it could not help affording them amuseent. Any man of them could have fough me with one hand tied behind his back But at that moment I felt as though could have taken on any two of them with

to gather what I meant, and the idea seemed to appeal to them. There were exlamations of approval, and some of them shouted to their comrades in distant par shouted to their comrades in distant parts of the room. The crowd round the fire broke up, and the Princess came to my side. There were tears in her eyes, and her clothes were singed and blackened. 'You must not do this," she whispere hurriedly, "they will kill you. I must tell them who I am. I should have done so,

if you had not come."
"No," I replied sternly, "you shall not tell them. Do you realize what it would mean-with these rough men. It would

"There is still chivalry in Asturnia," she replied, with flashing eyes.
"These are not knights," I answered

but men whose souls have been crushed ut of them by generations of servitude "Come along, Sir Cockerow," cried one of the men, catching me by the arm. "You have promised us sport, and we meant t

room. The men had all left their table and had gathered themselves into a wide ing. Their grim faces were lit up with

Then a heavy bludgeon of oak was thrus on either side of the ring to let someon through. It was my opponent, and ever the sense of my unpleasant position could not prevent me from smiling when I saw his grotesque figure waddle out into the centre of the room.

He was a man of about my own height eemed a dwarf. He must have measure early four feet from shoulder to shoulde nd about ten feet round the waist. Hi imbs were of proportionate thickness, and cooked like great bolsters of flesh. I am nyself, as you know, a very thin man, an the sense of ludicrous contrast had, I suppose, prompted them in the choice of their In his right hand this mor strosity grasped a huge stick about the chickness of a scaffolding pole. In spit of his unwieldy flesh, he was, in all prob peen sufficient to kill an ox. I noticed however, that he moved slowly, and with so much difficulty that it would be im-

as we faced each other. I set my teeth and gripped my stick more firmly in my hand. I was determined to make some sort of a fight of it, though I was tempted to keep well out of the man's reach, and I should have done so if the Princess had ot been there to see me do battle on he I walked quietly up to within striking

o avoid him.

listance of him, and as he raised his pon-

fingers of an ordinary man. It might just as well have fallen on a vubber cushion, and though I saw the blood spurt up, he

the face, now on the legs, now on the shoulders, and each time I went in peril But, knowing who the victim was, and seeing the sufferings of a woman, and, moreover, of the woman I loved, I became for a moment a madman, without control of my reason or thought of future consequences. My blood boiled in my women and conditions and consequences with flashed across with the face, now on the legs, now on the le

"How like you being tickled with a straw, Orbeuil?" cried one of the men to him, and I have no doubt that my blows were of as little annoyance to him as flicks with a feather. I was getting exhausted, and noticed with some apprehension that I was less nimble in avoiding his blows. One of them grazed my shoulder, and another caught my stick with such force that it fell twenty feet away from me. I picked it up, before he could reach it, but I began to be more careful. I did not be a pick with kim so offen and I tried to close with him so often, and I tried to

round the ring.

Then at last I struck him so fierce a blow across the top of the head that the stick broke, and staggering back from the force of the concussion, I stepped on the broken piece and came crashing to the ground. When I looked up, he was standing over me, and the huge piece of timber was raised above his head. There was terrific applause from the spectators, and I heard he faint cry of a woman.
"Not with that, Orbeuil," cried some-

one, "not with that. Count Guy wants the prisoners alive, not dead." A man rushed into the ring and handed him a slender cudgel, about as thick as an ordinry walking stick. I watched the change with a faint smile of interest, but wi weapon in the hands of this giant.
"Now will you yield, Sir Cockcrow?" he cried, with a hoarse chuckle, "and let the

by go back to the fire."
"No," I replied faintly, "I will not For answer he caught me across the arn with the stick, and I felt as though it had been touched with a red hot iron. But the blow raised me to action, and struggling to my feet, I gripped my leathern jerkin and pulling myself to my feet caught hold of his stick, with both hands before he could strike again. The spectators cheered and laughted, and for one moment I saw the white face of the Prin-

Orbeuil looked down in my face for a second with a broad grin, then he caught hold of the stick with both his hands and swung me clean off my feet into the air. I set my teeth and was determined not to let go, though I could have easily dropped to the ground and escaped.

He held me high avove his head an I egan to swing me slowly round in a circle.

My head swam, and my arms were nearly ngers on the bar of oak, and held on like drowning sailor to the plank that floats had let go I should have been swung out into the circle of spectators like a sack of coal. Then he suddenly stoppel, and brought me down on the ground with and brought me down on the ground with so great a shock that I lost consciousness.

When I came to they were pouring water on my face. I saw the Princess looking at me with tears in her eyes, and it was mostly any pair to see set to down a look of

Orbeuil was for finishing the work he had begun, and waved his stick lightly over his head. But some of the byst nders were against it, and cried out that I had proved my pluck. It was put to the vete, and I watched the uplifted hand with strained eyes. Orbeuil gained the lay by a substantial majority, and the crowd fell back to let him thrash me. It vas decided that he was only to have a dozen strokes, but I had no doubt in my own nind that he would manage to give me ail ne wanted in that limited number oo bruised and shaken to rise agin, and too proud to cry out for mercy.

He lifted his stick, but beforehe could

strike, there was a sudden str in the crowd, and the Princess sprag to my side with flaming cheeks and flaming eyes. "You cowards," she cried in their own suffering at your hands, and wy he will not speak to ask anything of you?" She stopped and faced them like a youn tigress. I motioned her to be silent, by she turned her head, and I sawthat not ng would stop her now.

(To be Continued)

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I placed her inside the building and re-

turned to the courtyard. A minute or two later the guns ceased firing, and we

50c. bottles of Liquozone and given them free to the sick. During the past four months, we have spent over \$500,000 to announce and fulfill this offer. We have done this to convince the sick that Lique zone does what medicine cannot do, and we are willing to do the same with you

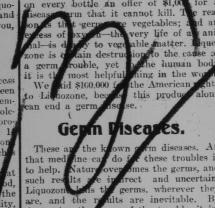
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s Sir Thule de Brie and dark as night had only just saved him from death-it cowering form of the Princess, her face derous arm and weapon to strike me, ade as Powley's Liqueded Osens.