Attacked on Craigflower Road

A Young Lady the Victim of a Brutal Assailant on Monday Night.

Was Struck from Behind and badly Wounded—Assailant Fled.

A young lady who resides with her family at Victoria West was the victim of a singular hold-up affair on the Craigflower road soon after 10 p.m. on Monday. She had left the city just prior to 10 o'clock, and was proceeding home along the Craigflower road when attacked by a strange assailant, who struck her about the head and face several times, running away immediately after his savage and inexplicable attack. She was proceeding along the narrow two-board sidewalk through one of the secluded and poorly lighted parts of the trunk road of the western suburb—the identical spot for the lighting of which the residents have several times petitioned the city council—when she heard a rustling sound from the bushes at the road side. Thinking that a dog was wandering through the shrubbery, she paid no heed, until she heard steps on the sidewalk behind her, and when the man, as it proved to be, came close up behind her, she swerved to allow him to pass, and then it was that the miscreant struck the unfortunate young lady on the back of the head with what she thinks was a sand bag. She reeled slightly, and as she did, the assailant struck again, this time, it is believed, with a sharper instrument, cutting her face and inflicting a wound which bled profusely. The two blows half-stunned her and she fell. The assailant then fled, leaving his victim lying on the sidewalk where she had fallen.

What was the object of the attack it is hard to say. The victim is a well known young resident of the western suburb, and as far as can be learned, has no enemies. Nor was robbery the object, for no attempt was made to rifle the pockets of the young lady, or to take her purse, which she carried in her haud, and which was picked up on the sidewalk near where she fell. The assailant, after his attack, immediately ran away, and so quick was the attack and so soon did he run away, that the victim was unable to distinguish him sufficiently to give any description. After his flight, she made her way as best she could to the residence of Mr. Churton, on the Craigflower road, where the story of the attack was told, and the residents assisted her to her home. Dr. Hart was then called to attend her. The police were not notified of the attack until yesterday morning, and since then they have been investigating the case and endeavoring to capture the assailant.

This is the second affair within the past two weeks in which a resident of the city has been struck from behind with a weapon, and like the former instance, this affair of Monday night points to the fact that it was not the work of a professional hold-up man, the man running away as soon as he had wounded his victim. This was also the case when Capt. Thomas Gunn was held up a week or so ago on Menzies street. He was struck from behind with a belaying pin, which was afterwards found lying in the street nearby, and from the size and appearance of the belaying pin, coupled with the fact that there was one missing from a sailing ship then here, it was believed that the assailant in that case was a sailor. Who was the assailant in this latter case is a matter which the police are now endeavoring to solve, and which as yet is still far removed from solution.

CONSOLIDATED BY-LAWS.

Chief Langley Posting Himself on New Sections of City Statutes.

During the past year the by-laws of the city have been enforced more strictly than was the case before, and this rule is to be continued. At present Chief Langley is busy mastering the new sections incorporated in the by-laws during the revision, and will issue instructions to his officers. One of the by-laws which has been radically changed is that relating to laundries and wash-houses. Under this every Chinese laundry in the city will have to be changed, the law providing among other things that the floor shall be of concrete, and in some cases it will be necessary for the laundrymen to move to comply with the provisions respecting the distance from the street and other matters. There is one clause particularly affecting the Chinese which the Chief is having printed in Chinese. It is as follows:

"Every laundry shall be maintained, conducted and carried on in a sanitary and decent manner, and so as to occasion no offence to anyone. No laundryman or person employed in a laundry shall sprinkle clothes in the process of wringing, pressing or ironing, by sprinkling or spouting from the mouth, nor shall sprinkle with the hands, but all sprinkling shall be done by proper and cleanly appliances. No laundryman or person employed in a laundry shall deliver or cause to be delivered to, or call for or take away from the house of any customer or person any clothes on a Sunday."

THE MINERS SORE FEET.

A Source of Distress and Suffering Which Many Miners Avoid By Using Dr. Chase's Ointment.

The sale of Dr. Chase's Ointment in British Columbia is enormous, and on enquiry it is found that it is used by miners in large quantities as a cure for chafed, sore feet, made so by wearing heavy boots and being continually on foot.

Every miner who reads this will appreciate the value of an ointment which promptly gives relief to this and every other form of irritated and itching skin. In order that you may try Dr. Chase's Ointment for yourself, we make the following offer:

To every miner who will send his name and address, mention this paper, and enclose a two-cent stamp to pay postage, we shall send post-paid a sample box of Dr. Chase's Ointment. It is indeed the miner's friend, for besides curing chafing and itching skin, Dr. Chase's Ointment is an absolute cure for piles. Sixty cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

TELEGRAPHIC BRIEFS.

Kind Edward has received a number of addresses from delegates representing various churches. He assured them that it would be his constant care to maintain religious liberty and toleration and aid in the progress of truth, morality and peace.

CATARRH.

Called an American disease, is cured by an American medicine, originated and prepared in the most catarrhal of American countries.

That medicine is Hood's Sarsaparilla.

It cures radically and permanently, in that it removes the cause, cleansing the blood of scrofulous and other impurities. It overcomes all the effects of catarrh, tones and builds up the whole system.

Cable Line Up the Coast

Col. Domville Has a Company Formed to Lay Cable to Skagway.

Would Serve All Coast Points in British Columbia and Alaska.

Col. James Domville, of St. John, N. B., formerly a prominent member of the Canadian House of Commons, arrived in the city yesterday from Seattle, accompanied by his son, Mr. Harry Domville. Col. Domville was in Victoria the other day just long enough to catch the steamer Rosalie for Seattle, and he has been for several days in the latter city discussing the proposal of his company, the Northern Commercial Telegraph Company, which was formed nearly two years ago to construct and operate a cable and telegraph system up the coast and thence to Dawson and Nome. Col. Domville says he received every encouragement from the practical men in Seattle with whom he conversed upon the subject, and if it should happen that the international aspect of the project hinders the capital he has secured in the Old Country from being invested in the system, he has every confidence that he can secure the necessary aid on the other side of the line.

"The cable must go," said Col. Domville yesterday evening, in discussing the matter, "and it would have gone, and would have been a finished and operating line direct from here to Dawson and Nome a year ago, had not the Dominion government concluded to construct their overland line, which is yet uncompleted, and which will never, when it is completed, enter into serious competition with a line such as our company proposes to construct.

"It is really a great coast system of telegraphs which will be constructed by our company. We have the charter to build to Dawson, and as that is Canadian, it is necessary to have similar powers from the United States for those parts of the system which will be constructed on United States soil or laid in United States waters. With that there will be no difficulty, for the Americans are alive to the importance of the cable."

"Is it the intention of your company to build the line with a view to creating a service for all the up-coast points in the province and intervening localities on United States territory?" was asked Col. Domville.

"It is certainly the intention of the company to build a line as will give service not only to the canneries and mining camps on the coast," was the Colonel's reply, "but by means of branch lines reach the interior on such rivers as the Skeena and Stikine.

"Juneau, Siltka and other Alaska points will be connected by the line, and the building of the line from Dawson on to Nome will also be a feature of the scheme of construction. Our line will only parallel or duplicate the government line on that part from Bennett to Dawson, a distance of 450 miles, and the advantages of the coast route for the line, over that of the inland route via Quesnel and Atlin, with its thousand miles of non-producing line and its expensive rate of maintenance through an almost unbroken wilderness, will be apparent as soon as it is opened for commercial business. It will cost much less to keep the cable system in repair, and the maintenance will be a trifle alongside that of the overland line. Of course I am not speaking from political motives at all, but merely as a business proposition. Our company has decided to go ahead after waiting a year to see the effect of the construction of the government line.

"Over a year ago the necessary deposit was made with the government, and the company forwarded a quantity of wire for the land portions of the route, which still lies in the C. P. R. warehouses in Vancouver waiting the move to active construction."

Col. Domville returns to Seattle on the 10th, and after being there a few days, he will go direct to England. The line, if constructed by an American company, and possibly in any case, will have an extension to Seattle. The Colonel is enthusiastic over the success of his project, and says that there is also a possibility, more than likely to be realized, of an extension by way of Siberia, to connect with the Russian system, and thus to Western Europe, without the use of the Atlantic route at all. This, he points out, is really the same idea which the Western Union had in 1862, when they commenced the construction of a land line via Telegraph Creek, where there still remains some of the wire they left when they abandoned the scheme to go into the cable across the Atlantic. He says there is a cable from Nome to St. Michaels, and from thence it is only 40 miles to the Siberian coast, whence it would not be a difficult matter to arrange a connection with the Russian system.

New Industry.—Messrs. T. N. Hibben & Company are about to start a paper box factory in the city. Part of the machinery has already arrived.

Arrived Safely.—A despatch to the Colonist from Hazelton says Messrs. Otterson and party reached there yesterday on their way into the Omineca country, and the St. Anthony Company's party were expected to-day.

Honorably Mentioned.—Gen. Roberts' despatches covering the period he was in South Africa are published in detail in the late English papers. Among other Canadians who received honorable mention were Lieut. Pooley and Pt. Anderton, of this city.

Illustrating B. C.—Mr. R. E. Gosnell, in his capacity of secretary to the bureau of provincial information which is being established by the government here in connection with the office of the agent-general in London, is in receipt of a large number of photographs from various parts of the province. It will be remembered that a circular letter was addressed to municipal councils and others at the beginning of the year, asking for their co-operation in securing collections of photographs suitable for illustrating the country. Among the cities which have availed themselves of the opportunity of widening the circle in which their respective advantages are known are New Westminster, Columbia and Kamloops, and others are constantly adding to the collection which Mr. Gosnell is getting ready for forwarding.

Reports Now Ready.—The annual reports of the municipality are now ready, and copies can be had on application at the city hall.

Victoria Clearing House.—The totals of the Victoria clearing house for the week ending March 12 were $495,122; balances, $131,183.

Cumberland Fund.—The fund for the widows and orphans of the Union mine victims now stands: Previously acknowledged, $1,068.75; J. L., .50; J. M., $2.00; Mrs. Saunders, $2.50; J. R. S., $5; total, $1,078.75.

British Empire League.—A preliminary meeting is to be held in the Victoria Cafe on the evening of Friday, March 15, for the purpose of organizing a branch of the British Empire League in this city. Members of the organization will address the meeting, which is entirely public to those who are interested in the movement.

Interior Delegation.—The delegation from the associated boards of trade of Eastern British Columbia have arranged a conference with the government in Hon. Mr. Turner's office at 11 o'clock to-day. The delegation will meet in the Driard at 10 o'clock for the purpose of arranging the matters to be discussed with the government.

Laid at Rest.—The funeral of the late Nicholas Vienna took place Tuesday afternoon from the parlors of the British Columbia Funeral & Furnishing Co., at 3:30 o'clock. Services were conducted by Rev. V. V. Alexandrof, of Seattle, Wash., at the parlors and grave. There was a large attendance of friends. The pall-bearers were Messrs. C. Birch, J. Calepario, J. Hooper, L. Basso, R. Pamphlet and I. Calepario.

Ladies Interested.—Large numbers of ladies of the city are daily availing themselves of the privilege of attending the classes in decorative art needlework being conducted by Miss Barrett, of Ottawa, assisted by Mrs. Cranston, of Vancouver, in the parlors of the Balmoral, under the auspices of the Cornelli Silk Co. Mr. H. M. Burritt, manager of the British Columbia branch of the company's business, is at present in the city in connection with the movement. The classes will continue for some weeks yet.

Securing Accuracy.—The historical branch of the Natural History Society recently formed, will devote considerable attention to the matter of securing data with the object of having the names of localities, rivers, mountains, etc., in the province settled definitely as to spelling and other details, so that uniformity and accuracy will be secured. At present they have prepared a list of names of points at or near Glacier station, on the C. P. R., which when determined will be submitted to the Dominion geographic board.

Licensing Board.—There are seven applications to come before the board of licensing commissioners, who hold their quarterly meeting in the police court room at the city hall at 10 o'clock this morning. All are for transfers of licenses, but one of them will be opposed. That is the application for the transfer of the license of the Royal saloon, at the corner of Fort and Douglas streets, to the International hotel on Johnson street. There is a petition from residents and property owners of Johnson street against this application, contending that the 18 saloons now on that street are sufficient.

COLONIAL HOUSE

MONTREAL.

Departmental Store.

About the end of this month we will issue

A Handsome Catalogue

of about 350 pages, profusely illustrated, giving descriptions and prices of the goods we offer for sale, which will be mailed

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Our facilities for doing a mail order business are unexcelled. We carry a very comprehensive stock, and will do everything in our power, by sending samples, etc., to give customers the most complete satisfaction.

A trial respectfully solicited.

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The Berliner Gram-o-phone is louder, clearer, sweeter and simpler than any other Talking Machine at any price—it plays cakewalks, waltzes, marches and operatic selections, it sings (words and music) of all the popular songs of the day as well as Coon songs, patriotic and sacred selections—it tells funny stories or repeats a prayer.

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INTERVIEW GOVERNMENT

Kamloops Move for a Sanatorium Endorsed by Local Physicians.

After the regular session of the house yesterday afternoon, the members of the government received the delegates from Kamloops, by appointment, to discuss matters with them and hear their views on the necessity and desirability of the establishment of a sanitarium for the special treatment of tuberculosis. The delegation consisted of Mayor M. P. Gordon, Dr. A. P. Proctor (medical health officer), and Mr. C. E. Stevens, sent by the city of Kamloops. They were accompanied by Mr. W. J. Gage, the Toronto publisher and philanthropist, who takes a keen interest in everything pertaining to the improvement of the conditions surrounding the treatment of tuberculosis patients.

The officers of the Victoria Medical Association—Dr. Helmcken (president), Dr. Fraser (vice-president, and Dr. Robertson (secretary)—were also deputed to attend with the Kamloops gentlemen, and to present a resolution which they passed at a special meeting on Saturday evening, endorsing the idea of establishing such an institution and the locating of it in the district surrounding Kamloops, of which the climate is admirably adapted for the successful treatment of the disease.

The government listened closely to the representations made by the medical and other gentlemen who attended, and careful consideration of the matter was promised, with the possibility of some assistance toward the establishment of at least the beginning of such an institution will likely be the result of the conference. Members of the government freely expressed their sympathy with the aims and objects of those who are pressing for the sanitarium. It largely resolves itself into a matter of ways and means. The delegates expressed themselves as well pleased with the reception, and are confident of ultimate success for their proposal.

Yesterday forenoon they had a consultation with Dr. Fagan, provincial medical health officer, who has just returned from attending the convention on tuberculosis at Ottawa, and they were delighted to find that gentleman so alive to the very subject they are pressing. Indeed, he was quite in touch, as he has been making a special study on the same lines while East, and will in due course present to the government his report.

TELEGRAPHIC CONNECTION.

Northern Commercial Telegraph Co. Promoting Northern Coast Cable.

The Seattle Post-Intelligencer says: A submarine cable from Seattle to Skagway, with branches to Sitka, Juneau, Ketchikan and other points on the coast, is the project for which has been organized the Northern Commercial Telegraph Company. The company has been formed in London, and has secured a charter so far as Canadian territory is concerned. It is proposed to lay a submarine cable from this city to Skagway, taking in Victoria and Vancouver and all intermediate points along the coast where canneries, mines or other industries are located. A branch telegraph line will also be extended through Dawson to St. Michael. It is possible, too, that lines will be strung up the Skeena and Stikine rivers.

The promoters of the enterprise consider that this service will be of great benefit to the Northern country, and all those who are interested in its development. They wish, however, to be assured of adequate support before making the very large initial outlay which will be necessary. With the object of obtaining assurance of this support, Lieut.-Col. Domville, until recently in command of the Eighth Hussars, the crack Canadian regiment, arrived last evening from Victoria and is registered at the Butler. Last night he said:

"We have plenty of money to lay our cable and build our branch lines, but we want to be assured the service will receive substantial support before starting, and we have come to the conclusion that the best way would be to try and get some of your prominent men interested in it. While here I hope to see the chamber of commerce and some of Seattle's leading citizens in the matter. I hope to get them to take an interest in the company, or perhaps to build a portion of the line in American territory. My great object is to get Seattle people identified with the project, which will then be sure of success, and I am not so particular as to the details of the arrangement which will attain that end. I am willing to agree to any reasonable proposition.

"We shall require, too, permission from the secretary of war to land our cable on American territory, and, while we do not anticipate any difficulty at Washington City, it will strengthen our position to have Americans identified with the enterprise."

Laid at Rest.—The funeral of the late John Shaw Mathers, who died at Alert Bay and whose remains were brought down by the steamer Wilapa on Saturday, took place on Saturday afternoon, the burial services being conducted by Rev. Dr. Wilson. Deceased was 86 years of age and a native of the north of Ireland.

Commission Organizing.—The commission appointed by the Dominion government to inquire into the subject of Chinese and Japanese immigration will hold their first meeting on Wednesday morning, when the scope of the investigation will be outlined. Messrs. R. C. Clute, K. C., of Toronto, D. J. Munn of New Westminster, Chris. Foley of Rossland, F. J. Deane (secretary of the commission), and A. Crawford (stenographer), are in the city.

Natural History Society.—At the meeting of the Natural History Society last night, arrangements were made for a conversazione to be held on March 28 at which there will be a number of interesting features—historical, microscopical, etc. An able paper on "Continuity of Protoplasm" was read by Canon Beanlands. Arrangements were also made for the formation of an historical branch of the association.

H. C. Bailey.

MY LADY OF ORANGE.

Copyright, 1901.

(Continued from Last Edition.)

after all?" said I, as I entered. He looked at me gravely.

"A crime is not less a crime because it is successful—or profitable," he said. slowly. The burgomaster had gone to bid his servants bring wine and we were alone.

"And yet I was right," I answered; "it was the only way."

"You have raised the siege of Breuthe. Yes. You are a better soldier sir than I. Perhaps it is not for me to judge you, but I would rather have been one of those men you betrayed to their death than you."

I stared at him; this was another tale from the burgomaster's! My plan had succeeded, and the burgomaster talked of the grace of God, but St. Trond liked it none the better for that. Well, I am no saint—you have found that out by now—but I did not feel inclined to boast to St. Trond any more.

The burgomaster came back with his wine.

"Gentlemen, the information is this," he began solemnly. Alva is marching with all his force on Alkmaar!"

"I could have told that," said I, sipping the wine.

'He is marching by Herpt and Haring." I put down the wine.

"Ah, this is the deserter's tale," said a.

"The question to decide is what action we are to take," quoth St. Trond. I stared at him.

"What action? Why none," I cried.

"Men from all quarters are gathering to Alkmaar," said he. "It is said there will soon be 14,000 men in the lines."

"Probably more," said I.

"Still, you advise us to do nothing?" said Trond quickly.

"Cordieu! yes; because we can do nothing. Alva has 3,000 still. We cannot make a thousand to march. The risk is too great. And what should we gain if we won? If we lost we bring him back here."

"But how will Alkmaar fare?" cried the burgomaster.

"Charity begins at home," I said dryly. St. Trond's eyes flashed.

"You were ready enough to fight men in a trap," he said scornfully.

"I am ready enough to fight when aught can be gained," said I.

"I wonder if you ever fought without thinking of yourself?" St. Trond said

"I fight for the man who pays me!" quoth I.

St. Trond looked at me sadly and so fixedly that my eyes fell, and then he began to speak softly as if we were alone.

"There was a man went into Alva's camp and one thing that made him go was the wish to save a girl of whom he knew little, because he fancied he had failed in his duty to her before, and there was a man took money from those he led to their death; will you tell me which man is giving counsel now?"

"Cordieu! both," I cried. "I had to pay my men—let that pass. What do you want to do?

"I want to attack Alva!" said he.

"Heaven above us! Where? How? With what force?"

"Between Herpt and Haring. With those who will follow me."

"I should guess they will be few. So you take Alva's route on the word of a deserter?"

"Is he the only deserter we have trusted in Breuthe?" he asked. Ay, it was a fair thrust, and I did not gainsay him.

Then you will go in spite of all?" I cried.

"If the men of Breuthe will follow me."

He rose and went out, and left the burgomaster and me looking at each other.

"Indeed, sir, I think the Seigneur St. Trond spoke harshly more than once—" began the burgomaster."

"He is going to destruction," I said, sharply. "Will he get men to follow him?"

"There are men in Breuthe—many a one—would follow anywhere he led," said the burgomaster. "Do you think, sir, there is no chance of success?"

"Chance? There may be a chance. But the risk, man, the risk!" said I. "What in the devil's name made Alkmaar rise when Alva's forces lay all round it?"

"Sir, it is better to die for a faith and die free than live under Alva and the Inquisition," said the burgomaster, quietly.

I sat silently, playing with the wine-glass. A man does not like to find others braver than himself. Yet why risk so much for a town that chose to rise at an ill moment? The cause of Alkmaar was the cause of Orange, and I was a soldier of Orange. Ay, a soldier, and it was not war to risk my men on a bare chance. But St. Trond seemed still there with his steady eyes, and there was something grand about the man ready to throw his life away for the sake of those fools in Alkmaar. Fools? Were they fools? I had done what no man in Breuthe could do—torn the town out of Alva's grasp, and yet more than once before St. Trond, ay, even before the burgomaster, I had felt myself ashamed because my thoughts were not like theirs. Is a man a fool because he does not always follow his brain? Such were the thoughts that ran in my head as I sat in that wain-scoted room with the empty wine glass in my fingers, and I sat there long while the little burgomaster watched me in silence. At last he left me, and I still sat thinking.

Suddenly the door opened and Gabrielle de Tond came in. I turned and she drew back.

"I thought—I thought the burgomaster was here," she said.

"Your father and he have both been here and gone."

She took a step forward.

"You—do you know where my father has gone? I saw him march out of the gate. Where is he going?"

"He is going to attack Alva."

"To attack Alva! With so few men?"

"With all the men who would follow him," said I.

"You—you would not?"

"I would not."

"I might have known. I might have known,' she cried. "You, oh, you can be cruel to the helpless! You can even fight, if your pay is large enough! But to fight fairly, only for the cause—no, you will not risk that! You would rather see others go to their death."

"It was not with my good will he went," said I.

"You thought it too dangerous?" I bowed. She laughed shortly.

"If you take me for a coward, remember I went into Alva's camp," I cried in anger.

"I wish I could forget," she said softly, and I saw the blue of her eyes grow darker behind the tears.

Yes, I had been thinking hours, and the end of my thoughts had come. I looked at the drooping head, and I rose and went out silently.

I hurried through the streets and found a trumpeter.

"Sound boot and saddle", I cried.

The men came grumbling into the market place, but ready enough to fight; a little success goes far.

"Where's Vermeil?" I asked Zouch when we were mustered.

"Went with the burghers, captain," said he.

"With the burghers? Vermeil with the burghers?"

"Ay; oil and vinegar, eh, captain?"

CHAPTER IX.

HIRELINGS' BATTLES.

The day was far gone when we set out, and we trotted quickly along the level road through the cool, fragrant air, with the shadows lengthening beside us. A little on the flank, I rode alone for indeed I had much in my mind. Where we should find St. Trond, where we should find Alva, what we should do when we found either—none of these things I knew. Surely never did soldiers march on such an errand as unknown as this. Why had I come? I knew though I would scarce confess it, even to myself; it was because Laurenz de St. Trond thought me a cowardly knave; it was because I sought to save the men he had taken with him; it was because we had a chance to hurt Alva; it was for anything but because a girl had cried. What was it she had said? She wished she could forget I had come to Alva's camp. She did not forget, then? Nay, I could not forget it either. But she, who thought me a murderer, half a traitor, money seeking, cruel, yet remembered that I had saved her. I thought of how she had looked at me, how her head had nestled on my shoulder, ere she knew all I had gone to do and all that I had done in that camp. O, laugh if you will; I did not repent, I do not repent now of the way I saved Breuthe. Judge the deed altogether, think of the end as well as the means, and say I was wrong? But was she wrong either? I had fought for Alva more years than one; is it likely I was a better man than she fancied?

It grew dark, and still we pushed on. St. Trond's men must have marched well, for though they had many hours' start of us we were mounted and they were on foot, and yet we had to halt and water and rest our horses without finding them. I would have marched again almost at once, but Zouch came grumbling up:

"I don't know what you want, captain, but 'tis little use catching Alva if we founder the horses to do it."

So we halted for two hours, and I lay wrapped in my cloak, sleepless watching the stars.

Morning dawned over the plain red and clear, and at last, away to our right, we saw a cloud of dust moving quickly. The sun rose higher in the sky, and now there was another and bigger cloud farther off than the first. We began to trot faster.

"Curse it, there's no cover," I muttered."

"What's he trying for?" Zouch asked.

'Who, St. Trond? How should I know?" I said angrily.

"Ought to have some one with him to tell him what to do I reckon," Zouch growled.

"Are we not with him?" said I sharply.

"Umph! he's there; we're here."

Alva's line went straggling thin and long and St. Trond still marched on the flank.

"Cordieu! I think they are both fools together," I cried. "Why not—ah!"

"O! it was the chance—the chance of a lifetime. Had I but been with St. Trond

Had I but been a mile nearer! Two wagons broke down across the road, and the rear-guard halted perforce; but the van knew nothing of it and kept on the march, and for a moment right in the middle of Alva's force there gaped a hole. Had I but gone with St. Trond at first!

St. Trond hesitated; he was not a soldier by trade, and to plunge into the middle of Alva's men was a thing he would not do without thought. He hesitated, and the chance was gone; the van turned and closed again, and then—then, when they were all ready for him St. Trond flung his men at the Spaniards.

I can guess how Alva looked; I can see the cold sneering smile come over his lips; I can hear the harsh orders. It was a task after Alva's own heart to crush 600 men with 3,000. St. Trond's pikemen charged—they charged well, I will not gainsay that—and Alva gave back a little before the charge. Little by little his centre fell back, and little by little the wings advanced; slowly the circle closed round St. Trond. Alva was to have his revenge for the market-place; and he sat there (many times have I seen the like), sat quietly, slowly stroking his long thin beard, with the pupils of his eyes growing bigger, and his lips bent in a cruel smiling curve.

It was well planned and carried out as well. But one thing he forgot, and that was the horsemen I led. He should have seen us sooner; perhaps he did and yet could not guess what we were. For indeed it is a strange design to march with pikemen two miles in front of their cavalry. Whether he saw us or not, we saw him.

"Charge!" I shouted. "Charge! Vivent les gueux!"

"Vivent les gueux!" the men shouted in answer, and with the warcry of the Netherlands thundering on before us we swept down on Alva's wing. They tried to strengthen it, but the time for that had gone by, and ere any support had come we had crashed down on their flank, and were breaking through to where St. Trond's pikemen rolled like a hedgehog in the midst. We were through.

"Break out, break out on your right flank!" I shouted to St. Trond as we turned our horses and rode back again, cutting down the broken ranks as we passed. The pikemen fought their way through, unbroken yet; the jaws of Alva's trap had closed in vain.

"Fall back, back to the higher ground," grunted Zouch. The fight was not over yet. Alva would not give up his prey without a struggle, and his horsemen were waiting for a chance to charge. They never found it. While they changed ground to try and draw us away we galloped down toward Alva again, and, thinking their time had come they started toward our pikemen. Suddenly, in the midst of our charge, I swung the men round to the left and we took the hapless Spanish troopers in flank, and cut through them as a tight string cuts through cheese. So we came round to St. Trond, and the Spaniards fell back and formed again behind their foot.

"You will fall back on the town?" asked St. Trond as I came up. "We have lost very many."

"Ay, but not too fast," said I. Though, indeed, the Spaniard did not threaten more.

"We came out 600 strong and we are little more than four now," quoth St. Trond. "And you?"

"Oh, we have lost some," said I.

Just then Vermeil came up.

"You did not grudge me to the burghers, captain?" quoth he.

"Cordieu! no; but you might have kept them out of this mess."

"I was not in command," said Vermeil; "I was not in command."

(To be continued.)

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