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the perilous drink and senseless with fury, were too blind to see and too furious to care that they were faced by a soldier of France, but rode down on him at once, with their curled sabers flashing round their heads. His horse stood the shock gallantly, and he sought at first only to parry their thrusts, but he soon saw that if he struck not, and struck not surely, a few moments more of that moonlight night were all that he would live. He wished to avoid bloodshed, but it was no longer a matter of choice with him, as his shoulder was grazed by a thrust which, but for a swerve of his horse, would have pierced his lungs, and the four riders, yelling like madmen, forced the animal back on his haunches and assaulted him with breathless violence. He swept his own arm back and brought his saber down straight through the sword arm of the foremost. The limb was cleft through as if the stroke of an ax had severed it, and, thrice infurated, the Arabs closed in on him. The points of their weapons were piercing his harness when, sharp and swift, one on another, three shots hissed past him. The nearest of his assailants fell stone dead, and the others, wounded and startled, loosed their hold, shook their reins and tore off down the lonely road, while the dead man's horse, shaking his burden from him out of the stirrups, followed them at a headlong gallop through a cloud of dust.

"That was a pretty cut through the arm. Better had it been through the throat. Never do things by halves, friend Victor," said Cigarette carelessly as she thrust her pistols back into her sash and looked with the tranquil appreciation of a connoisseur on the brown, brawny, naked limb where it lay severed on the sand, with the hilt of the weapon still hanging in the sinewy fingers. Cecil threw himself from his saddle and gazed at her in bewildered amazement. He had thought those sure, cool, death dealing shots had come from some spahis or chasseur.

"I owe you my life!" he said rapidly. "But, good heavens, you have shot the fellow dead!"

Cigarette shrugged her shoulders, with a contemptuous glance at the Bedouin's corpse. "To be sure, I am not a bungler."

"Happily for me, or I had been where he lies now. But wait. Let me look. There may be breath in him yet."

Cigarette laughed, offended and scornful as with the offense and scorn of one whose first science was impeached. "Look and welcome, but if you find any life in that Arab make a laugh of it before all the army tomorrow."

She was at her fiercest. Cecil, disregarding her protest, stooped and raised the fallen Bedouin. He saw at a glance that she was right. The lean, dark, lustful face was set in the rigidity of death. The bullet had passed straight through the temples.

"Did you never see a dead man before?" demanded Cigarette impatiently as he lingered. Even in this moment he had more thought of this Arab than he had of her.

He laid the body down and looked at her with a glance that, rightly or wrongly, she thought had a rebuke in it. "Very many. But—it is never a pleasant sight. And they were in drink. They did not know what they did."

"What divine pity! Good powder and ball were sore wasted, it seems. You would have preferred to lie there yourself, it appears. I beg your pardon for interfering with the preference."

Her eyes were flashing, her lips very scornful and wrathful. This was his gratitude!

"Wait, wait," said Cecil rapidly, laying his hand on her shoulder as she flung herself away. "My dear child, do not think me ungrateful. I know well enough I should be a dead man myself had it not been for your gallant assistance. Believe me, I thank you from my heart."

"But you think me 'unsexed,' all the same!"

The word had rankled in her. She could launch it now with telling reprisal. He smiled, but he saw that his phrase, which she had overheard, had not alone incensed but had wounded her.

"Well, a little perhaps," he said gently. "How should it be otherwise? And, for that matter, I have seen many a great lady look on and laugh her soft, cruel laughter while the pheasants were falling by hundreds or the stags being torn by the hounds. And they had not a tittle of your courage."

"It is well for you that I was unsexed enough to be able to send an ounce of lead into a drunkard!" she pursued, with immeasurable disdain. "If I had been like that dainty aristocrat down there, it had been worse for you. I should have screamed and fainted and left you to be killed while I made a tableau. Oh-he, that is to be 'feminine,' is it not?"

"Where did you see that lady?" he asked in some surprise.

"Oh, I was there!" answered Cigarette, with a toss of her head southward to where the villa lay. "I went to see how you would keep your promise."

"Well, you saw I kept it." She gave her little teeth a sharp click like the click of a trigger.

"Yes. And I would have forgiven you if you had broken it."

"Would you? I should not have forgiven myself."

"Ah, you are just like Marquise. And you will end like him."

"Very probably."

"Why did you give those chessmen to that silver pheasant?" she asked him abruptly.

"Silver pheasant?"

"Yes. See how she sweeps, sweeps, sweeps so languid, so brilliant, so useless—bah! Why did you give them?"

"She admired them. It was not much to give."

"Ah, you would not have given them to a daughter of the people."

"Why not?"

"Why not? Because her hands would be hard and brown and coarse, not fit for those ivory puppets, but miladi's are white like the ivory and cannot soil it. She will handle them so gracefully for five minutes and then buy a new toy and let her lapdog break yours!"

"Like enough." He said it with his habitual gentle temper, but there was a shadow of pain in the words. The chessmen had become in some sort like living things to him through long association. Cigarette, quick to sting, but as quick to repent using her sting, saw the regret in him. With the rapid, uncalculating liberality of an utterly unselfish and intensely impulsive nature she hastened to make amends by saying what was like gall on her tongue in the utterance.

"And yet," she said quickly, "perhaps she will value them more than that. I know nothing of the aristocrats—not I! When you were gone, she championed you against the Black Hawk. She told him that if you had not been a gentleman before you came into the ranks she had never seen one. She spoke well. If you had but heard her?"

"She did?"

She saw his glance brighten as it turned on her in a surprised gratification.

"Well, what is there so wonderful?" Cigarette asked it with a certain petulance and doggedness, taking a name-sake out of her breast pocket, biting its end off and striking a fusee. A word from this aristocrat was more welcome to him than a bullet that had saved his life!

Her generosity had gone very far, and, like most generosity, got nothing for its pains. "Well! Well!" thought his champion as she made her way through the gay, lighted streets. "I swore to have my vengeance on him. It is a droll vengeance to save his life!"

"Hola, Cigarette!" cried the zouave Tata, leaning out of the little casement of the As du Pique, as she passed it. "Come in. We have the devil's own fun here!"

"No doubt!" retorted the Friend of the Flag. "It would be odd if the master fiddler would not fiddle for his own!"

"Come in, my pretty one!" entreated Tata, stretching out his brawny arms. "You will die of laughing if you hear Gris-Gris tonight. Such a song!"

"A pretty song, yes, for a pigsty!" said Cigarette, with a glance into the chamber, and she shook his hand off her and went on down the street. A night or two before a new song from Gris-Gris would have been a paradise to her, and she would have vaulted through the window at a single bound into the pandemonium. Now, she did not know why, she found no charm in it. And she went quietly home to her little straw bed in her garret and curled herself up like a kitten to sleep; but for the first time in her young life sleep did not come readily to her, and when it did come for the first time found a restless sigh upon her laughing mouth as she murmured, dreaming, "How beautiful she is!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Sex Characteristics.
Have you ever noticed in a fashionable crowd how much like men the women are and how much like women the men? It is not that the men are really effeminate or the women really masculine, as a keen observer once put it, but there is, nevertheless, a curious approximation in type. It may be to some extent a matter of dress. Women affect the mannish in their costume, men in summer seek more color. But it is not dress alone. The woman's face seems stronger and the man's less sensual than it would have been even a century ago. The figure, too, has changed. The man is less gross, the woman more athletic, and both are taller.—London Tatler.

Lion Cubs as Pets.
The most attractive household pets in the entire animal kingdom are said to be very young lion cubs. They are docile, affectionate and quick to learn tricks, it is said, besides being very decorative, considered merely as an article of furniture. Persons who have adopted young lions as pets and enjoyed their society for any length of time are ever after intolerant of any animal so tame and uninteresting as a dog or a cat.

A Quaint Sort of Wedding.
When a marriage takes place among the Negritos, a people of the Philippine Islands, the whole tribe assembles, and the affianced pair climb two trees growing close together. Then the elders bend the branches that the young folks are on till their heads meet. When the heads have thus touched each other the marriage is legally accomplished, and there are great rejoicings. A fantastic dance completes the ceremony.

Spain Brought Us Horses.
The Spaniards were the first to bring horses to this continent, though the paleontologists tell us that the rocks abound with fossils which show that equids were numerous all over America in the eocene period. It is a singular fact, however, that there were no horses in America when the first Europeans came hither.—John Gilmer Speed in Century.

What She Meant.
"She told me," said the young man who had consulted a fortune teller, "that I was born to command."

"Well, well!" exclaimed Henpeck. "She means then that you will never be married."—Exchange.

About the Size of It.
"Aunt Amy?"

"Yes, Ethel?"

"What is a confession?"

"Gossiping about yourself, my dear."

"It's well enough to aim at stars, but there are things below the level of stars which are worth the winning."

THE ETERNAL FEMINE.

Womanly Sympathy, Not Intellectual. Counts at Last.

"I got another glimpse of the 'eternal feminine' recently," says a Washington physician. "and I shall never again express surprise that men of admitted intellect should marry women who are not their mental equals. Among my patients for the last few weeks—in fact, until he died—was a man of remarkable ability and character. The case had been in the hands of another doctor, and when I took charge I saw that there was little hope of recovery. The illness was complicated and, I will confess, difficult of diagnosis, and it was not until shortly before the fatal termination that all the symptoms developed.

"The patient's wife was a little woman whom one could best describe by the term 'sweet.' I never saw greater devotion displayed in the sick room. Her anxiety was pathetic, her watchful care unceasing, and I grew to look up to her. But I never could explain to her just what was the matter with her husband, although after I really found out I made the most perspiring efforts to do so.

"How is he today, doctor?" she would say in the most pathetic fashion. The first time she put the query I went into details by way of explanation.

"The danger from pneumonia has diminished to a certain extent," I said, "but from the heart action I notice certain symptoms of carditis which give very little grounds for hope." Then I would continue to explain the trend of the disease so simply, I thought, that a child could understand it. When I concluded she nodded intelligently and said in a manner so pathetically sweet that my heart went out to her:

"I understand. But, doctor, how do you think he is?"

"I groaned inwardly and made some reply, holding out little hope, and never again attempted to go into detail. But as I watched her during the trying days until the end came I forgot all about her failure to comprehend my explanation. I forgot everything, in fact, except that I was a witness of that wonderful depth of affection of which the feminine nature alone is capable, and it would have made no difference to me if she had not been able to say her alphabet. I honored her as my equal if not my superior."

THINGS NOT TO DO.

To contradict your friends when they are speaking.

To say smart things which may hurt one's feelings.

To talk about things which only interest yourself.

To grumble about your home and relatives to outsiders.

To speak disrespectfully to any one older than yourself.

To be rude to those who serve you either in shop or at home.

To dress shabbily in the morning because no one will see you.

To think first of your own pleasure when you are giving a party.

To refuse ungraciously when somebody wishes to do you a favor.

To behave in a street car or train as if no one else had a right to be there.—Gem.

Boston the Literary Center.

The assertion that Boston was the literary center—without quotation marks—during the period in which American literature acquired a shelf of its own in the library of the race is hardly open to dispute. The production of books possessing something like permanence is perhaps the most characteristic mark of a center to which the term "literary" in its true meaning of "related to literature" may be applied. Name the American writers whose work has stood the test of half a century, and, with a few notable exceptions, they belong to Boston and its neighborhood. All this is thrice familiar. The record of it in outline or detail is a story which has been told by many tongues and many pens.—M. A. De Wolfe Howe in Atlantic.

Willful Woman.

After the old gentleman had invited the young one to be seated the latter coughed once or twice to clear his throat and then bluntly suggested that he wished to marry the old gentleman's daughter.

The old gentleman didn't wish to be too ready to give his consent, but he admitted after a few minutes he thought he had no objections.

"That's just the trouble," protested the young man disconsolately. "If you'd only oppose it and order me out of the house once or twice and buy a bulldog I'd have some show of getting her."

What It Really Lacked.

"I put in the French phrases here and there," said the would be author, "to give the book an atmosphere of culture."

"H'm!" remarked the critic. "It would have helped a bit if you had put in a little good English in spots."

Delay Has Advantages.

First Farmer—You oughter took a trip to New York—you ago.

Second Farmer—Oh, I dunno. The longer you wait the more there is to see.—Judge.

The Night Traveler's Experience.

There is no place like home, especially when you are riding in a sleeping car.

It's well enough to aim at stars, but there are things below the level of stars which are worth the winning.

K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K K&K

VARICOCELE & STRICTURE

No other disease is so prevalent among men as Varicocele. As it interferes with the nutrition of the sexual organs it produces emiasions, loss of semen through the urine, decay of the organs, pains in the loins, aching in the back, nervousness, despondency, basiffulness, palpitation of the heart, constipation, and a combination of these results in complete Loss of Manhood. Thousands of young an' middle-aged men are troubled with Stricture. If you have reason to believe you are afflicted with it, don't neglect it. It will ruin you. Don't let doctors experiment on you by cutting, stretching or tearing it. Our New Method Treatment dissolves the stricture tissue hence it disappears and can never return. We cure Varicocele and Stricture without operation or loss of time. The treatment may be taken at home privately. Send for our Free Illustrated Book on Varicocele, Stricture and Gleet. We guarantee to Cure or No Pay.

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