

THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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"Charge, my brother! France! France! France!" His voice, well known, well loved, thrilled the hearts of his comrades...

"Follow me!" he shouted. Then, like arrows launched at once from a hundred bows, they charged, he still slightly in advance of them.

The effort was superb. For the moment the Bedouins gave way, shaken and confused, as at the head of the French they saw this man, with his hair blowing in the wind and the sun on the fairness of his face, ride down on them thus unharmed.

And for the moment they recoiled under the shock of that fiery onslaught. For the moment they parted and wavered and oscillated beneath the impetus with which he hurled his hundred chasseurs on them with that light, swift, indescribable rapidity and resistlessness of attack characteristic of the African cavalry.

Though a score or more, one on another, had singled him out with a special and violent attack, he had gone as yet unscathed save for a lance thrust in his shoulder, of which, in the heat of the conflict, he was unconscious. The "fighting fury" was upon him.

As he spurred his horse down on them now 20 blades glittered against him. The foremost would have cut straight down through the bone of his bared chest and killed him at a single lunge, but as its steel flashed in the sun one of his troopers threw himself against it and parried the stroke from him by sheathing it in his own breast.

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JOHN A. DARLING CHEMIST - AND - DRUGGIST DURHAM, ONT.

The French horses were forced with marvelous dexterity through a bristling forest of steel, though the remnant of the once glittering squadron was cast against them in as headlong a daring as if it had half the remnants of the empire at its back.

Cecil held the eagle still and looked round on the few left to him. "You are the sons of the Old Guard. Die like them."

They answered with a pealing cry, terrible as the cry of the lion in the bush of the night, but a shout that had in it assent, triumph, fealty, victory, even as they obeyed him and drew up to die, while in their front was the young brow of Petit Picquen turned upward to the glare of the skies.

The Arabs honored these men, who alone and in the midst of the hostile force held their ground and prepared thus to be slaughtered one by one till of all the squadron that had ridden out in the darkness of the dawn there should be only a black, huddled, stiffened heap of dead men and of dead beasts.

"Have we shown ourselves cowards that you think we shall yield?" A yell of wild delight from the chasseurs he led greeted and ratified the choice. "To the death! We will not



"Charge! Charge!" surrender!" he shouted. Then, with their swords above their heads, they waited for the collision of the terrible attack which would fall on them upon every side and strike all the sentient life out of them before the sun should be one point higher in the heavens. It came. With a yell as of wild beasts in their famine the Arabs threw themselves forward, the chief himself singling out the "fair Frank" with a violence of a lion flinging himself on a leopard.

"Charge! Charge! Tuo, tuo, tuo!" Above the din, the shouts, the tumult, the echoing of the distant musketry, that silvery cadence rang. Down into the midst, with the tricolor waving above her head, the bride of her fiery mare between her teeth, the raven of the dead zouave flying above her head and her pistol leveled in deadly aim, rode Cigarette.

The lightning fire of the crossing swords played round her, the glitter of lances dazzled her eyes, the reek of smoke and of carnage was round her, but she dashed down into the heart of the conflict as gayly as though she rode at a review, laughing, shouting, waving her torn colors that she grasped, with her curls blowing back in the breeze and her bright young face set in the warrior's lust. Behind her by scarcely a length galloped three squadrons of chasseurs and spahis, trampling headlong over the corpse strewn field and breaking through the masses of the Arabs as though they were seas of corn.

She wheeled her mare round by Cecil's side at the moment when with six swift passes of his blade he had warded off the chief's blows and sent his own sword down through the chest bones of the Bedouin's mighty form. "Well struck! The day is turned! Charge!" She gave the order as though she were a marshal of the empire. The sun blaze fell on her where she sat on the rearing, fretting, half bred gray, with the tricolor folds above her head and her teeth tight gripped on the chain

bridle and her face all glowing and warm and full of the fierce fire of war, a little amazon in scarlet and blue and gold; a young Jeanne d'Arc, with the crimson fez in lieu of the silvered casque and the gay brochures of her fantastic dress instead of the breastplate of steel. And with the flag of her idolatry, the flag that was as her religion, floating back as she went she spurred her mare straight against the Arabs, straight over the lifeless forms of the hundreds slain, and after her poured the fresh squadrons of cavalry, the ruby burmose of the spahis streaming on the wind as their darling led them on to retrieve the day for France.

Not a bullet struck or a saber grazed her; but there, in the heat and the press of the worst of the slaughter, Cigarette rode hither and thither, and fro, her voice ringing like a bird's song over the field in command, in applause, in encouragement, in delight; bearing her standard aloft and untouched; dashing heedless through a storm of blows; cheering on her "children" to the charge again and again, and all the while with the sunlight full on her radiant, spirited head, and with the grim, gray raven flying above her, shrieking shrilly its "Tuo, tuo, tuo!" The army believed with superstitious faith in the potent spell of that veteran bird, and the story ran that whenever he flew above a combat France was victor before the sun set. The echo of the raven's cry, and the presence of the child who, they knew, would have a thousand musket balls fired in her fair young breast rather than live to see them defeated, made the fresh squadrons sweep in like a whirlwind, bearing down all before them.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shooting Himself In. At a party given last winter in a western city, says an exchange, was a bashful cowboy who had not been in civilized society for several years. He was a good looking fellow, and one of the young ladies present kindly took an interest in him and tried to make him feel at ease.

"You forgot your overshoes last night," he said, awkwardly handing her the package. She thanked him and opened it. "Why, there's only one overshoe here!" she exclaimed.

Threadneedle Street. Threadneedle street is a corruption of Thridnal street, meaning the third street from "Chepeyde" to the great thoroughfare from London bridge to "Bishop Gate" (consisting of New Fysh's streate and Bishop Gate streate, Anglo-Saxon, thridda, third). Another etymology is Thrig-needle (three needle street), from the three needles which the Needle Makers' company bore in their arms.

Foiling a Fakir. A story used to be told at Cairo of Sir Richard Owen during one of his sojourns in Egypt. The great naturalist was seated in the shade on the veranda at Sheppard's hotel when the inevitable snake charmer came to him and produced from his bag a lively specimen of the horned asp—the deadly cerastes.

Not Very Far Wrong. In one of the public schools on one occasion, while an examination was in progress in one of the eighth grade classes, the teacher inquired of one of the sweet girl pupils: "What form of government have we in the District of Columbia?"

"The pupil hesitated an instant. Recalling that the district commissioners had been busy making addresses at the several commencements then in progress, she explained in true schoolgirl style: "In the District of Columbia we have an oratorical form of government."

A Feeling of Security. "I'm so surprised to hear your wife likes the house so much; it's so small." "Yes, but there are lots of closets in it." "True, but they're extremely small too." "That's just it. My wife is satisfied that not one of them is big enough to hold a burglar."—Exchange.

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