THE DURHAM CHRONICLE

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DURHAM, ONT.

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"Charge, brother! France! my France! France!

His voice, well known, well loved, thrilled the hearts of his comrades, and brought them together like a trumpet call. They had gone with him many a time into the hell of battle, into the jaws of death. They surged about him now, striking, thrusting, forcing with blows of their sabers or their lances, and blows of their beasts' ore feet, a passage one to anot er, until they were reunited once more as one troop. They loved him; he had called them his brethren. They were like lambs for him to lead, like tigers for him to incite. They could see him lift aloft the eagle he had caught from the last hand that had borne it, the golden gleam of the young morning flashing like flame upon the brazen wings and they shouted, as with one throat: "Mazagran! Mazagran!" As the battalion of Mazagran had died keeping the ground through the whole of the scorching day, while the fresh hordes poured down on them like ceaseless torrents, snow fed and exhaustless, so they were ready to hold the ground here until of all their number there should be left not one living man.

He glanced back on them, guarding is head the while from the lances that were rained on him, and he lifted the guidon higher and higher, till out of the ruck and the throng the brazen bird caught afresh the rays of the rising sun.

"Follow me!" he shouted.

Then, like arrows launched at once from a hundred bows, they charged, he still slightly in advance of them. the bridle flung upon his horse's neck his head and breast bare; one hand striking aside with his blade the steel shafts as they poured on him, the other holding high above the press the eagle of the Bonapartes.

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, though a dozen spears were aimed at his naked breast, dealing strokes sure as death right and left as he went, with the light from the hot blue skies on the ensign of France that he bore.

They knew him, they had met him in many conflicts, and wherever the "fair Frank," as they called him, came there they knew of old the battle was hard to win, bitter to the bitterest end, whether that end were defeat or victory costly as defeat in its achieve-

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 unwounded 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. The blow was mortal, and the one who had saved him reeled down off his saddle under the hoofs of the trampling charges. "Picpon remembers!" he murmured, with a smile, and as the charge swept onward Cecil, with a great cry of horror, saw the feet of the maddened horses strike to pulp the writhing body and saw the black, wistful eyes of the child of Paris look upward to him once with love and fealty and unspeakable sweetness gleaming through their darkened sight.

But to pause was impossible. Though

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JOHN A. DARLING

DURHAM, ONT.

the French horses were forced with marvelous dexterity through a bristling | warm and full of the fierce fire of war, forest of steel, though the remnant of a little amazon in scarlet and blue and the once glittering squadron was cast | gold: a young Jeanne d'Arc, with the against them in as headlong a daring crimson fez in lieu of the silvered as if it had half the regiments of the casque and the gay broideries of her empire at its back, the charge availed | fantastic dress instead of the breastlittle against the hosts of the desert plate of steel. And with the flag of that had rallied and swooped down her idolatry, the flag that was as her afresh almost as soon as they had been | religion, floating back as she went she stricken. They closed in on every side, Arabs, straight over the lifeless forms and thither, striking with lance and poured the fresh squadrons of cavalsquadron till there remained of them led them on to retrieve the day for but one small nucleus-a ring of horsemen, of whom every one had his face to the foe; a solid circle curiously wedged one against the other, with the around them and with the ground seaked with blood till the sand was one red | song over the field in command, in ap-

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 hush 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 Picpon 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. The chief who led them pressed them back, withholding them from the end that was so near to their hands when they should stretch that single ring of horsemen all lifeless in the dust. "You are great warriors!" he cried in

will spare!" answered:

the Sabir tongue. "Surrender! We

that you think we shall yield?" seurs he led greeted and ratified the himself in due time at the young lady's



"Charge! Charge!"

surrender!" they shouted. Then, with lady in Threadneedle street" by Wiltheir swords above their heads, they liam Cobbett because, like Mrs. Parwaited for the collision of the terrible | tington, they tried with their broom to attack which would fall on them upon keep back the Atlantic waves of naevery side and strike all the sentient tional progress. After giving the forelife out of them before the sun should going. Brewer notes the following exbe one point higher in the heavens. It tract from Dickens' "Dr. Marigold:" came. With a yell as of wild beasts in | "A silver curl paper that I myself took their famine the Arabs threw them- off the shining locks of the ever beauselves forward, the chief himself sin- | tiful old lady of Threadneedle street" gling out the "fair Frank" with a vio- (a bank note). lence of a lion flinging himself on a leopard. One instant longer, one flash of time, and the tribes pressing on them would have massacred them like cattle driven into the pens of slaughter. Ere it could be done a voice like the ring of a silver trumpet echoed over the field:

"Charge! Charge! Tue, tue, tue!" 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 bridle 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 reck 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

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 for the instant of the shock panic spurred her mare straight against the wheeling their swift coursers hither of the hundreds slain, and after her blade, hemming in beyond escape the ry, the ruby burnoose of the spahis doomed fragment of the Frankish, streaming on the wind as their darling

Not a bullet struck or a saber grazed her; but there, in the heat and the press of the worst of the slaughter. bodies of chargers and of men deep | Cigarette rode hither and thither, to and fro, her voice ringing like a bird's plause, 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 "Tue, tue, tue!" 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.

Cigarette saved the day.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Shooing Himself In.

At a party given last winter in a western city, says an exchange, was a Cecil looked back once more on the bashful cowboy who had not been in fragment of his troop and raised the civilized society for several years. He eagle higher aloft where the wings was a good looking fellow, and one of should glisten in the fuller day. Half | the young ladies present kindly took an naked, scorched, blinded, with an open interest in him and tried to make him gash in his shoulder where the lance feel at ease. He fell desperately in had struck and with his brow wet with love at once, and the hostess, noticing the great dews of the noon heat and this, encouraged him-all she could. On the breathless toil, his eyes were clear leaving the house the young lady who as they flashed with the light of the had taken a friendly interest in the sun in them. His mouth smiled as he cowboy forgot her overshoes, and the hostess told the young Lochinvar from "Have we shown ourselves cowards | the plains that he might return them to the girl if he wished. The herder A yell of wild delight from the chas- leaped at the chance and presented choice. "To the death! We will not house. She was surprised to see him. but greeted him cordially.

"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.

"Yes, Miss X." said the blushing cowboy earnestly. "I'll bring round the other one tomorrow. I only wish, my dear miss, that you were a centiped!"

Threadneedle Street.

Threadneedle street is a corruption of Thridenal street, meaning the third street from "Chepesyde" to the great thoroughfare from London bridge to "Bushop Gate" (consisting of New Fyshe streate and Bushop 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. It begins at the Mansion House, and therefore the Bank of England stands in it. The directors of the Bank of England were called "the old

Foiling a Fakir.

A story used to be told at Cairo of Sir Richord Owen during one of his sojourns in Egypt. The great naturalist was seated in the shade on the veranda at Sheppeard'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. The professor gazed and, nothing daunted, stopped and plucked the horns from the head of the reptile wriggling at his feet, remarking to a bystander that the man would probably think twice before trying to palm off upon any one else a harmless snake as a cerastes by the aid of a couple of fish bones. With anybody else the charmer would probably have succeeded. He had tried it on the wrong man.

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

"True, but they're extremely small "That's just it. My wife is satisfied that not one of them is big enough to fiold a burglar."-Exchange.

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