

THE EXPLOITS OF BRIGADIER GERARD

How the Brigadier held the King.

BY A. CONAN DOYLE

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CHAPTER V.
Finally he began to speak of what the English call sport, and he told such stories of the money which he had lost over which of two cocks could kill the other, or which of two men could strike the other the most in a fight for a prize, that I was filled with astonishment. He was ready to bet upon anything in the most wonderful manner, and when I chanced to see a shooting star he was anxious to bet that he would see more than me, twenty-five francs a star, and it was only when I explained that my purse was in the hands of the brigands that he would give over the idea.

Well, we chatted away in this very amiable fashion until the day began to break, when suddenly we heard a great volley of musketry from somewhere in the front of us. It was very rocky and broken ground, and I thought, although I could see nothing, that a general engagement had broken out. The Bart laughed at my idea, however, and explained that the sound came from the English camp, where every man



SUDDENLY WE HEARD A GREAT VOLLEY OF MUSKETRY.

emptied his piece each morning so as to make sure of having a dry priming. "In another mile we shall be up with the outposts," said he.

I glanced around at this and I perceived that we had trotted along at so good a pace during the time that we were keeping our pleasant chat that the dragoon with the lame horse was altogether out of sight. I looked on every side, but in the whole of that vast rocky valley there was no one save only the Bart and I—both of us armed, you understand, and both of us well mounted. I began to ask myself whether after all it was quite necessary that I should ride that mile which would bring me to the British outposts.

Now I wish to be very clear with you on this point, my friends, for I would not have you think that I was acting dishonorably or ungratefully to the man who had helped me away from the brigands. You must remember that of all duties the strongest is that which a commanding officer owes to his men. You must also bear in mind that war is a game which is played under fixed rules, and when these rules are broken one must at once claim the forfeit. If, for example, I had given a parole, then I should have been an infamous wretch had I dreamed of escaping. But no parole had been asked of me. Out of overconfidence and the chance of the lame horse dropping behind, the Bart had permitted me to get upon equal terms with him. Had it been I who had taken him I should have used him as courteously as he had me, but at the same time I should have respected his enterprise so far as to have deprived him of his sword, and seen that I had at least one guard besides myself. I reined up my horse and explained this to him, asking him at the same whether he saw any breach of honor in my leaving him.

He thought about it, and several times repeated that which the English say when they mean "Mon Dieu." "You



IT WAS DETERMINED NOT TO HURT THIS YOUNG MAN.

would give me the slip, would you?" said he.

"If you can give no reason against it," "The only reason that I can think of," said the Bart, "is that I should instantly cut your head off if you should attempt it."

"Two can play at that game, my dear Bart," said I.

"Then we'll see who can play it best," he cried, pulling out his sword. I had drawn mine also, but I was quite determined not to hurt this admirable young man who had been my benefactor.

"Consider!" said I. "You say that I am your prisoner. I might with equal reason say that you are mine. We are alone here, and though I have no doubt that you are an excellent swordsman, you would hardly hope to hold your own against the best blade in the six light cavalry brigades."

His answer was a cut at my head. I parried and shore off half of his white plume. He thrust at my breast. I turned his point and cut away the other half of his cockade.

"Curse your monkey tricks!" he cried, as I wheeled my horse away from him.

"Why should you strike at me," said I. "You see that I will not strike back."

"That's all very well," said he. "But you've got to come along with me to the camp."

"I shall never see the camp," said I. "I'll lay you nine to four you do," he cried, as he made at me, sword in hand.

But those words of his put something new into my head. Could we not decide the matter in some better way than by fighting? The Bart was placing me in such a position that I should have to hurt him, or he would certainly hurt me. I avoided his rush, though his sword point was within an inch of my neck.

"I have a proposal," I cried. "We shall throw dice as to which is the prisoner of the other."

He smiled at this. It appealed to his love of sport.

"Where are your dice?" he cried. "I have none."

"Nor I, but I have cards."

"Cards let it be," said I. "And the game?"

"I leave it to you."

"Ecarte, then—the best of three."

I could not help smiling as I agreed. For I do not suppose that there were three men in France who were my masters at the game. I told the Bart as much as we dismounted. He smiled also as he listened.

"I was counted the best player at Watier's," said he. "With even luck you deserve to get off if you beat me."

So we tethered our two horses and sat down, one on either side of the great flat rock. The Bart took a pack of cards out of his tunic and I had only to see him shuffle them to convince me that I had no novice to deal with. We cut and the deal fell to him.

My faith, it was a stake worth playing for. He wished to add a hundred gold



"I HAVE A PROPOSAL," I CRIED.

pieces a game, but what was money when the fate of Col. Etienne Gerard hung upon the cards? I felt as though all those who had reason to be interested in the game, my mother, my hussars, the Sixth corps d'armee, Ney, Messena, even the emperor himself, were forming a ring around us in that desolate valley. Heavens, what a blow to one and all of them should the cards go against me. But I was confident, for my ecarte play was as famous as my swordsmanship, and, save old Bouvet, of the hussars, who won seventy-six out of one hundred and fifty games off me, I have always had the best of a series.

CHAPTER VI

The first game I won right off, though I must confess that the cards were with me, and that my adversary could have done no more. In the second I never played better and saved a trick by a finesse, but the Bart voided me once, marked the king, and ran out in the second hand. My faith, we were so excited that he laid his helmet down beside him, and I my busby.

"I'll lay my roan mare against your black horse," said he.

"Done," said I.

"Saddle, bridle and stirrups!" he cried.

"Done!" I shouted.

I had caught this spirit of sport from him. I would have laid my hussars against his dragoons, had they been ours to pledge.

And then began the game of games. Oh, he played, this Englishman; he played in a way that was worthy of such a stake. But I—my friends, I was superb! Of the five which I had to make to win I gained three on the first hand. The Bart bit his mustache and drummed his hands, while I already felt myself at the head of my dear little rascals. On the second I turned the king, but lost two tricks, and my score was four to his two. When I saw my next hand I could not but give a cry of delight. If I cannot gain my freedom on this, thought I, I deserve to remain forever in chains.

Give me the cards, landlord, and I will lay them on the table for you. Here was my hand—knave and ace of clubs, queen and knave of diamonds and king of hearts. Clubs are trumps, mark you, and I had but one point between me and freedom. As you may think, I declined his proposal. He knew that it was the crisis, and he undid his tunic. I threw my dolman on ground. He led the ten of spades. I took it with my ace of trumps. One point in my favor. The correct play

was to clear the trumps, and I led the knave. Down came the queen upon it, and the game was equal. He led the eight of spades, and I could only discard my ace of diamonds. Then came the seven of spades, and the hair fairly stood straight up on my head. We each threw down a king at the finale. He had won two points, and my beautiful hand had been mastered by his inferior one. I could have rolled on the ground as I thought of it. They used to play very good ecarte at Watier's in the year '10. I say it—I, Brigadier Gerard.

The last game was now for all. This next hand must settle it one way or the other. He undid his sash and I put away my sword belt. He was cool, this Englishman, and I tried to be also, but the perspiration would trickle into my eyes. The deal lay with him and I may confess to you, my friends, that my hand shook so that I could hardly pick my cards from the rock. But when I raised them what was the first thing that my eyes rested upon? It was the king, the king, the glorious king of trumps. My mouth was open to declare it when the words were frozen to my lips by the appearance of my comrade.

He held his cards in his hand, but his jaw had fallen and his eyes were staring over my shoulder with



MY BEAUTIFUL HAND HAD BEEN MASTERED.

the most dreadful expression of consternation and surprise. I whisked round, and I myself was amazed at what I saw.

Three men were standing quite close to us—fifteen meters at the farthest. The middle one was of a good height, and yet not too tall—about the same height in fact that I am myself. He was clad in a dark uniform with a small cocked hat and some sort of white plume upon the side. But I had little thought for his dress. It was his face, his gaunt cheeks, his beak of a nose, his masterful blue eyes, his thin firm slit of a mouth which made one feel that this was a wonderful man, a man of a million. His brows were tied into a knot, and he cast such a glance at my poor Bart from under them that one by one the cards came fluttering down from his nervous fingers. Of the two other men, one, who had a face as brown and as hard as though it had been carved out of old oak, wore a bright red coat, while the other, a fine portly man with bushy side whiskers, was in a blue jacket with gold facings. Some little distance behind three orderlies were holding as many horses, while an escort of lancers were waiting in the rear.

"Heh, Crawford, what the devil's this?" asked the thin man.

"D'you hear, sir," cried the man with the red coat. "Lord Wellington wants to know what this means."

My poor Bart broke into an account of all that had occurred, but that rook-face never softened for an instant.

"Pretty fine," pon my word, Gen. Crawford," he broke in. "The discipline of this force must be maintained, sir! Report yourself at headquarters as a prisoner."

It was dreadful to me to see the Bart mount his horse and ride off with hanging head. I could not endure it. I threw myself before this English general. I pleaded with him for my friend. I told him how I, Col. Gerard, would witness what a dashing young

officer he was. Ah, my eloquence might have melted the hardest heart; I brought tears to my own eyes, but none to his. My voice broke and I could say no more.

"What weight do you put on your mules, sir, in the French service?" he asked. Yes, that was all this phlegmatic Englishman had to answer to these burning words of mine. That was his reply to what would have made a Frenchman weep upon my shoulder.

"What weight on a mule?" asked the man with the red coat.

"Two hundred and ten pounds," said I.

"Then you load them deucedly badly," said Lord Wellington. "Remove the prisoner to the rear."

His lancers closed in upon me, and I—I was driven mad, as I thought that the game had been in my hands and I ought at that moment to be a free man. I held the cards up in front of the general.

"See, my lord!" I cried, "I played for my freedom and I won, for, as you perceive, I hold the king."

For the first time a slight smile softened his gaunt face.

"On the contrary," said he, as he mounted his horse, "it was I who won, for, as you perceive, my king holds you."

[THE END.]

Clear Case.

Justice—You are accused of resisting a police officer.

Toots—Then I plead guilty to insanity.—N. Y. World.

EUGENE FRANCIS LOUD.

California Congressman with a Romantic Career.

In a Legislative Way He Has Become Famous as the Chairman of the House Committee on Post Offices.

Eugene Francis Loud, named, it is interesting to note, for Napoleon's stepson, Eugene Beauharnais, member of congress from the Fifth California district and chairman of the committee on post offices and post roads, who has made himself conspicuous through his agitation of postal matters, especially for his opposition to the present law regarding newspaper postage, which he says is now subject to great abuses, is of Puritan descent. He was born in the picturesque old town of Abington, Mass., on March 12, 1847. His father, Reuben Loud, was known by his neighbors as a man of independent and radical spirit.

Young Loud, says the New York Tribune, inherited this spirit and gave evidence of it at the early age of 13 by following in the footsteps of so many youths of the Bay state and running away to sea. A sailing vessel carried him around the Horn. By the time he reached California he had seen enough of adventure, and was content to settle down in the state which has since been his home, and which he has represented for four congresses in the lower house.

But Mr. Loud's romantic experiences were not to end with his service before the mast. This ardent young Yankee enlisted at the beginning of the war in the California cavalry, and served until the end of the struggle. He was with the army of the Potomac, with Sheridan in the Shenandoah valley, and it fell to his lot to be frequently in the midst of the hottest fighting.

After the close of the war Mr. Loud returned to California, and was honored by the state of his adoption with several political offices. He was for some time in the customs service, a



EUGENE FRANCIS LOUD. (Chairman of the House Committee on Post Offices and Post-roads.)

member of the California legislature in 1884, and cashier and collector of the city and county of San Francisco. His experience in the house began with the Fifty-second congress, and he has been elected to every congress since.

Mr. Loud occupies a unique position on the money question. He is, first, last and for all time a gold man, but the convention which nominated him adopted resolutions in favor of free coinage, and pledged their candidate to it. On hearing this, Mr. Loud proposed to withdraw, but his friends refused to allow him to do so, and he was nominated and elected. He informed his constituents that the honor they had bestowed upon him had in no wise changed his opinions; that he was, as ever, for the gold standard, and refused to accept if there was any misunderstanding on this point. They were, however, willing to have him serve them, and since he has been in the house Mr. Loud has remained loyal to his principles, voting with the advocates of gold when the contest has been close, but casting his vote for silver when a vote either way made no difference. During his last campaign Mr. Loud made many gold speeches.

His ideas concerning the national post office have been thoroughly exploited and are well known, and no one but a layman would deny that some of the reforms he proposes would, if they could be properly initiated and carried out, be an improvement to the service; but, like all reformers, his zeal sometimes carries him too far. On several occasions Mr. Loud has enjoyed a tilt with Lemuel Ely Quigg, of New York, and Mr. Quigg does not always come out winner. Only recently Mr. Loud said, in characterizing one of Mr. Quigg's statements as false and unfounded:

"I have oftentimes regretted that the gentleman from New York could not know as much as he assumes to know."

The following facts were recently quoted by Prof. Kober, of the Georgetown university, in illustration of the good that has been accomplished in hygiene through the introduction of germicides and antiseptics. During the Crimean war many more than half the amputations that were performed resulted in the death of the patient, the exact percentage of mortality being 63.5. During the American civil war the mortality from amputation was still 48.7 per cent. Then the new methods came to be more and more employed, and in 1890 the statistics of amputation showed that the mortality was but 6.9 per cent.

No City Councils There.

Under the laws of China the man who loses his temper in a discussion is sent to jail for five days to cool down.

Inhabitants of the Sea.

A statistician asserts that every square mile of the sea is inhabited by 120,000,000 finny creatures.

LOVELIEST IN THE WORLD.

But It Seems That He Was Referring to Another Woman.

"I know what I am talking about," remarked a member of congress, "when I say that a congressman has troubles of his own. It's a fine thing to be a statesman and show up in the national parade of greatness at the capital, but there's a good deal more to it than that. And one of the things that is hardest to bear is what they say about us. Why, a lady can't come up here and ask to see a member that there aren't half a dozen people to wink and shake the head and a lot more of the same to make him wish all the women were in hades. Of course, there is some ground among us for remarks, just as there is among preachers and doctors and hod carriers and everybody else human, and I know a woman or two who find their chief delight in trying to involve congressmen and other officials in any kind of a flirtation that comes handy. They are pretty and persuasive, and before a man knows what he is about he is down in the senate restaurant paying for a lunch and listening to some kind of a tale of some woman."

"But they miss it now and then, and I am glad to note an instance which occurred only a day or two ago. A member from a northern state had been invited to call at the lady's hotel the next day and she had asked him to let her know if he could come. He wrote saying among other things: 'Tomorrow, madam, I hope to see the loveliest woman in the whole world.' Naturally she was pleased and told all the people around the hotel about it. The next day he did not appear, and the next she saw him at the restaurant and ascertained what he meant by treating her so."

"What did I do?" he asked, innocently.

"You said you were coming to see me," she said, blushing at the remembrance of his words.

"I think not."

"Indeed, you did," she insisted. "You said you would see the loveliest woman in the world," she blushed again.

"Oh, I beg your pardon," he said, smiling. "I meant my wife. She just arrived yesterday."—Washington Star.

A Benefactress' Kind Act.

From the Evening News, Detroit, Mich.

Mrs. John Tansey, of 130 Baker Street, Detroit, Michigan, is one of those women who always know just what to do in all trouble and sickness. One that is a mother to those in distress. To a reporter she said: "I am the mother of ten children and have raised eight of them. Several years ago we had a serious time with my daughter, which began when she was about sixteen years old. She did not have any serious illness, but seemed to gradually waste away. Having never had consumption in our family, as we come of good old Irish and Scotch stock, we did not think it was that. Our doctor called the disease by an old name which, I afterward learned, meant lack of blood."

"It is impossible to describe the feeling John and I had as we noticed our daughter slowly passing away from us. We finally found, however, a medicine that seemed to

help her, and from the first we noticed a decided change for the better, and after three months' treatment her health was so greatly improved you would not have recognized her. She gained in flesh rapidly and was soon in perfect health. The medicine used was Dr. Williams' Pink Pills for Pale People. I have always kept these pills in the house since and have recommended them to many people. I have told mothers about them and they have effected some wonderful cures."

"Every mother in this land should keep these pills in the house, as they are good for many ailments, particularly those arising from impoverished or diseased blood, and weakened nerve force."

February Excursions.

Opportunities for visiting the South during this month, via the Louisville & Nashville Railroad, are as follows:

Home-Seekers' Excursions on first and third Tuesday at about one fare for the round trip.

Florida Chautauqua at DeFuniak Springs begins on the 14th inst. Splendid programme, beautiful place, low rates.

Mardi Gras at Mobile and New Orleans on 22d inst. Tickets at half rates.

For full particulars, write to C. P. Atmore, General Passenger Agent, Louisville, Ky., or Jackson Smith, D. P. A., Cincinnati, O.

This Is How to Make Grain-O.

In directions last week in this paper for making Grain-O, it should have been stated that a tablespoonful (not a teaspoonful) be used to two cups of cold water. Try it this way.

We wonder why preachers always pray longest when we are standing.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Miss Johnsing—Yes, sah. Mistah Smiff, I wouldn't stoop tuh do sum ob de things dese heah white sassisty wimmah do! You hain't nebah seen me wif black cou' plash on mah face, has you?—N. Y. Journal.

A 50-year-old man down in New Jersey, it is reported, is just learning to talk. It takes most of us that length of time to learn not to talk.—Providence Journal.

Family Tradition—"Did you read about that mince pie ten feet in diameter, Mrs. Jones?" "Yes; but I presume my husband's mother has made bigger ones."—Chicago Record.

A Recommendation.—Customer—"Is this the latest thing in sealskins?" Salesman (impressively)—"Yes, madam. This is a pelagic sealskin."—Puck.

"I fear," said the manager, as the living skeleton sat on him and intermittently hammered him, "I fear that my curiosity has got the best of me."—Indianapolis Journal.

"Yes, my sight improved just as soon as I was p'inted postmaster." "How do you account for it?" "Readin' postal cards."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The difference between an optician and an editor is, the former may wear his own glasses, but the latter was never known to read his own paper.—Washington Democrat.

It's easier for a camel to get through the eye of a needle than it is for a Chinaman to get through his need of an idol.—Chicago Daily News.

A banana peel on the sidewalk is a nuisance and the man who steps on it usually tumbles to the fact.—Chicago Daily News.

The man who dyes his whiskers and the woman who bleaches her hair never fool anyone but themselves.—Chicago Daily News.

Because a man is apt at quoting from great writers is no sign that he knows anything else.—London Democrat.

A LETTER TO WOMEN.

A few words from Mrs. Smith, of Philadelphia, will certainly corroborate the claim that Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound is woman's ever reliable friend.

"I cannot praise Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound too highly."

"For nine weeks I was in bed suffering with inflammation and congestion of the ovaries. I had a discharge all the time. When lying down all the time, I felt quite comfortable; but as soon as I would put my feet on the floor, the pains would come back."

"Every one thought it was impossible for me to get well. I was paying \$1 per day for doctor's visits and 75 cents a day for medicine. I made up my mind to try Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound. It has effected a complete cure for me, and I have all the faith in the world in it. What a blessing to woman it is!"—MRS. JENNIE L. SMITH, No. 324 Kauffman St., Philadelphia, Pa.



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The Klondike?

If you are interested and wish to post yourself about the Gold Fields of the Yukon Valley, when to go and how to get there, write for a Descriptive Folder and Map of Alaska. It will be sent free upon application to T. A. GRADY, Excursion Manager C. B. & Q. R. R., 211 Clark Street, Chicago.

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