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What with its glare and what

with its moonlight everything was as

clear as possible. On the other side of

the glade there was a single tall fir tree

which attracted my attention because

colored as if a large fire had recently

been lit underneath it. A clump of bushes grew in front of it which

concealed the base. Well, as I

ooked toward it I was urprised to se

projecting above the bush, and fastened

apparently to the tree, a pair of fine riding boots with the toes upward. At

first I thought that they were tied

there, but as I looked harder I saw

that they were secured by a great nail

which was hammered through the foot

of each. And then suddenly, with a

thrill or horror, I understood that they

were not empty boots, and, moving my

head a little to the right, I was able to

see who it was that had been fastened

there and why a fire had been lit be

neath the tree. It is not pleasant to speak or think of horrors, my friends,

and I do not wish to give any of you

bad dreams tonight, but I cannot take

out showing you what kind of men

they were and the sort of warfare that

they waged. I will only say that I un-

derstood why Monsieur Vidal's horse

was waiting masterless in the grove and that I hoped that he had met this

terrible fate with sprightliness and

It was not a very cheering sight for

me, as you can imagine. When I had

been with their chief in the grotto I

had been so carried away by my rage

ever threw his thigh over a charger

been more politic had I spoken the

ruffian fair, but it was too late now.

the wine. Besides, if the harmless

who had snapped the spine of their

lieutenant? No, I was doomed in any

case, so it was as well, perhaps, that I

should have put the best face on the

matter. This beast could bear witness that Etienne Gerard had died as he

had lived, and that one prisoner at least had not qualled before him. I lay

there thinking of the various girls who

would mourn for me, and for my dear

old mother, and of the deplorable loss

that I should be both to my regiment

and to the emperor, and I am not

shamed to confess to you that I shed

tears as I thought of the general con-

sternation which my premature end

But all the time I was taking the very keenest notice of everything

which might possibly help me. I am

not a man who would lie like a sick

norse waiting for the farriar sergeant

and the pole ax. First I would give a

another at those that were around my wrists, and all the time I was trying to

see if I could find something which was in my favor. There was one thing

which was very evident. A hussar is

but half formed without a horse, and

there was my other half quietly graz-

ing within thirty yards of me. Then

observed yet another thing. The path

by which we had come over the moun-

tains was so steep that a horse could

only be led across it slowly and with

difficulty, but in the other direction

the ground appeared to be more open,

and to lead straight down into a gently

sloping valley. Had I but my feet in

yonder stirrups and my saber in my

hand, a single bold dash might take

me out of the power of these vermin of

I was still thinking it over and strain-

ing with my wrists and my ankles

when their chief came out from his

grotto and after some talk with his

lieutenant, who lay groaning near the

fire, they both nodded their heads and

ooked across at me. He then said

ome few words to the band, who

clapped their hands and laughed up-

roariously. Things looked omnious, and I was delighted to feel that my hands

were so far free that I could easily slip them through the cords if I wished.

But with my ankles I feared that I

ould do nothing, for when I strained

t brought such pain into my lance

yound that I had to gnawmy mustache

to keep from crying out. I could only lie still, half free and half bound, and

see what turn things were likely to

For a little I could not see what they

were after. One of the rascals climbed

up to the top of a well-grown fir tree up on one side of the glade, and

led a rope around the top of the trunk.

He then fastened another rope in the same fashion to a similar tree on the

other side. The two loose ends were

now dangling down, and I waited with some curiosity and just a little trepida-

tion to see what they would do next. The whole band pulled upon one of the

ropes until they had bent the strong

young tree down into a semi-circle, and they then fastened it to a stump,

so as to hold it so. When they had

bent the other tree down in a similar

fashion, the two summits were within a few feet of each other, though, as

the rocks.

take

yould give rise to.

courage, as a good Frenchman ought.

CHAPTER III.

"You buried him alive?" For a moment I was too stunned act. Then I hurled myself upon the man, as he sat, with that placid smile of his upon his lips, and I would have torn his throat out had the three wretches not dragged me away from him. Again and again I made for him, panting and cursing. shaking off this man and that, straining and wrenching, but never quite At last, with my jacket nearly its trunk and lower branches were distorn off my back and the blood dripping from my wrists, I was hauled backwards in the bight of a rope and cords passed around my ankles and my arms.

"You sleek hound," I cried. "If ever I have you at my swordspoint I will teach you to maltreat one of my lads. You will find, you bloodthirsty beast, that my emperor has long arms, and, though you lie here like a rat in its hole, the time will come when he will tear you out of it, and you and your vermin will perish together." My faith, I have a rough side to my tongue, and there was not a hard word that I had learned in fourteen campaigns which I did not let fly at him, but he sat with the handle of his pen tapping against his forehead and his eyes squinting up at the roof as if he had conceived the idea of some new stanza. It was this occupation of his which showed me how I might get my point into him. "You spawn," said I, "you think that you are safe here, but your life may be as short as that of your absurd verses, and God knows it could not be shorter than

Oh, you should have seen him bound from his chair when I had said the words. This vile monster, who dispensed death and torture as a grocer serves out figs, had one raw nerve which I could prod at pleasure. His face now grew livid and those little bourgeois side whiskers quivered and

thrilled with his passion. "Very good, colonel. You have said he cried, in a choking voice. "You say that you have had a very distinguished career; I promise you also a very distinguished ending. Colonel Etienne Gerard, of the Third hussars, shall have a death of his own."

"And I only beg," said I, "that you do not commemorate it in verse." I you among the Spanish guerrillas withhad one or two other little ironies to utter, but he cut me short with a furious gesture which caused my three guards to drag me from the cave.

Our interview, which I have told you as nearly as I can remember it, must have lasted some time, for it was quite dark when we came out, and the moon was shining very clearly in the heavens. The brigands had lighted a great fire of the dried branches of the fir trees; not of course for warmth, since the night was already very sultry, but at the cruel death of young Soubiron, to cook their evening meal. A huge who was one of the brightest lads who copper pot hung over the blaze, and the rascals were lying all around in tient I had never given a thought to my yellow glare, so that the scene own position. Perhaps it would have looked like one of those pictures which Junot stole out of Madrid. There are some soldiers who profess to care noth- The cork was drawn and I must drain ing for art and the like, but I have always been drawn toward it myself, in which respect I show my good taste death, what hope was there for me, and my breeding. I remember, for example, that when they were selling the plunderd after the fall of Danzig, I



Colonel Gerard Shall Have a Death of His Own."

bought a very fine picture called "Nymphs Surprised in a Wood," and I carried it with me through two campaigns until my charger had the misfortune to put his hoof through it.

I only tell you this, however, to show you that I was never a mere rough soldier like Rapp or Lefebvre. As I lay in that brigand's camp I had little time or inclination to think about such matters. They had thrown me down under a tree, the three villians squatting round and smoking their cigarettes within hand's touch of me. do I could not imagine. In my whole career I do not suppose that I have ten times been in as hopeless a situation. 'But courage," thought I, "courage, my brave boy, you were not made a colonel of hussars at 28 because you could dance a cotillon. You are a picked man, Etlenne, a man who has come through more than 200 affairs and this little one is surely not going to

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spring back to their original position the instant that they were released. I already saw the diabolical plan which those miscreants had formed. "I presume that you are a strong man

colonel," said the chief, coming toward me with his hateful smile. "If you will have the kindness to oosen these cords," I answered, "I will

show you how strong I am.
"We were all interested to see whether you were as strong as these two young saplings," said he. "It is our intention, you see, to tie one end of each rope round your ankles and then to let the trees go. If you are stronger than the trees, then, of course, no harm would be done. It on the other hand the trees are stronger than you-why, in that case, colonel, we may have a souvenir of you upon each side of our little glade." He laughed as he spoke, He laughed as he spoke, and at the sight of it the whole forty of them laughed also. Even now if be the last." I began eagerly to am in my darker humor, or if I have a glance about for some chance of estouch of my old Lithuanian ague, I see cape, and as I did so I saw somein my sleep that ring of dark savage thing which filled me with great astonfaces with their cruel eyes and the firelight flashing upon their strong white I have already told you that a large fire was burning in the center of the

CHAPTER IV. It is astonishing-and I have heard many make the same remark-how acute one's senses become at such crisis as this. I am convinced that at no moment is one living so vividiy, so acutely, as at the instant when a violent and foreseen death overtakes one I could smell the resinous fagots, I could see every twig upon the ground, could hear every rustle of the branches, as I have never smelled, or seen, or heard, save at such times of langer. And so it was that, long before anyone else, before even the time when the chief had addressed me, I had heard a low, monotonous sound, far away, indeed, and yet coming nearer at every instant. At first it was but a murmur, a rumble, but by the time he had finished speaking, while the assassins were untying my ankles in order to lead me to the scene of my murder, I heard, as plainly as ever I heard anything in my life, the clinking of horseshoes, and the jingling of bridle chains, with the clank of sabers against stirrup irons. Is it likely that I, who had lived with the light cavalry since the first hair shaded my lip, would mistake the sound of troopers on the march? "Help, comrades, help!" I shricked, and though they struck me across the mouth and tried to drag me up to the tree, I kept on yelling: "Help me, my brave boys! Help me, my children! They are murdering your colonel!" For the moment my wounds and my troubles had brought on a delirium, and I looked for nothing less than my five hundred hussars, kettle-drums and all, to appear

at the opening of the grade. But that which really appeared was conceived. Into the clear space there



Help, Comrades, Help!"

came galloping a fine young man upon a most beautiful roan horse. He was fresh faced and pleasant looking, with the most debonnaire bearing in the world and the most gallant way of commissariat man was put to such a carrying himself, a way which reminded me somewhat of my own. He wore a singular coat which had once been red all over, but which was now stained to the color of a withered oak leaf wherever the weather could reach it. His shoulder straps, however, were of golden lace, and he had a bright metal helmet upon his head with a coquettish white plume upon one side of its crest. He trotted his horse up the glade, while behind him there rode four cavellers in the same dress—all clean shaven, with round comely faces, looking to me more like monks than dragoons. At a short gruff order they halted with a rattle of arms, while their leader cantered forward, the fire beating upon his eager face and the beautiful head of his charger. I knew of course by the strange coats that they were English. It was the first sight that I had ever had of them, but from their stout bearing and their musterful way I could see at a glance that what I had always little tug at my ankle cords, and then been told was true, and that they were excellent people to fight against. loosen them I was peering round to

"Well, well, well!" cried the young officer, in sufficiently bad French: What devil's game are you up to here? Who was that who was yelling for help, and what are you trying to do to

It was at that moment that I learned to bless those months which Obriant, the descendant of the Irish kings, had spent in teaching me the tongue of the English. My ankles had just been freed, so that I had only to slip my nands out of the cords, and with a single rush I had flown across, picked up my saber where it lay by the fire. and hurled myself onto the saddle of poor Vidal's horse. Yes, for all my wounded ankle, I never put foot to stirrup, but was in the seat in a single bound. I tore the halter from the tree. and before those villians could so much

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you understand, they would each as snap a pistol at me I was beside the "I surrender to you, sir," I cried though I dare say my English was not much better than his French. "If you

> honorable gentlemen who fall into their hands." The fire had flared up at the moment, and there was poor Vidal exposed before them, as horrible an object as one could see in a nightmare. "Godam!" cried the officer, and "Godam!" cried

will look at that tree to the left you

will see what these villians do to the



There Was Poor Vidal Before Thom.

each of the four troopers, which is the same as with us when we cry "Mon Dicu!" Out rasped the five swords and the four men closed up. One who wore a sergeant's chevron laughed and clapped me on the shoulder. "Fight for your skin, froggy," cried he.

Ah! it was so fine to have a horse between my thighs and a weapon in my grip. I waved it above my head and shouted in my exultation. had come forward, with that odlous smiling face of his.

"Your excellency will observe that this Frenchman is our prisoner," he said.

"You are a rascally robber," said the Englishman, shaking his sword at him. "It is a disgrace to us to have such allies. By the Lord, if the general were of my mind we should swing you up to the nearest tree." "But my prisoner?" said the brigand,

in his suave voice. "He shall come with us to Lord Wellington's camp.'

"Just a word in your ear before you take him.

He approached the young officer, and then, turning as quick as a flash, he fired his pistol in my face. The bullet scored its way through my hair and burst a hole on each side of my busby. Seeing that he had missed me, he raised very different to anything which I had the pistol and was about to hurl it at me, when the English sergeant, with a single backhanded cut, nearly severed his head from his body. His blood had not reached the ground, nor the last curse died on his lips, before the whole horde were upon us, but with a dozer bounds and as many slashes we were all safely out of the glade, and galloping down the winding track which led to

the valley. It was not until we had left the ravine far behind us and were right out in the open fields that we ventured to halt and see what injuries we had sustained. For me, weary and wounded as I was, my heart was beating proudly and my chest was nearly bursting my tunic to think that I, Etienne Gerard, had left this gang of murderers so much by which to remember me. My faith, they would think twice before they ventured again to lay hands upon one of the Third hussars. So car ried away was I that I made a small oration to these brave Englishmen and told them who it was that they had helped to rescue. I would have spoken of glory also and of the sympathies of brave men, but the officer cut me short. "That's all right," said he, "any in-

juries, sergeant?" "Trooper Jones' horse hit with a pistol bullet on the fetlock." "Trooper Jones to go with us. Sergeant Halliday with troopers Harvey and Smith to keep to the right until they touch the videttes of the German

hussars." So these three lingled away together. while the officer and I, followed at some distance by the trooper whos charger had been wounded, rode straight down in the direction of the English camp. Very soon we opened our hearts, for we each liked the look of the other from the beginning. He was of the nobility, this brave lad, and he had been sent out scouting by Lord Wellington to see if there were any signs or our advancing



He Nearly Severed His Head from Hi Shoulders.

through the mountains. It is one advantage of a wandering life like mine, that you learn to pick up those bits of knowledge which distinguish the man of the world. I have, for example, hardly ever met a Frenchman who could repeat an English title correctly. If I had not traveled I should not be able to say with confidence that this young man's real name was Milor Hon. Sir Russell Bart, this last being an honorable distinction, so that it was as the Bart that I usually addressed him, just as in Spanish one might say "the

As we rode beneath the moonlight in the lovely Spanish night we spoke our PRENCE REMEDY minds to each other, as if we were brothers. We were both of an age, you see, both of the light cavalry also (the Sixteenth light dragoons was his regiment) and both with the same hopes and ambition. Never have I learned to know a man so quickly as I did the Bart. He gave me the name of a girl whom he had loved at a garden called Vauxhall and for my part I spoke to him of little Caralle opera. He took a lock of hair from his bosom, and I a garter. Then we nearly quarreled over hussar and dragoon, for he was absurdly proud of his him curl his lip and clap his hand to his hilt when I said that I hoped it might

[To Be Continued.]

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For Northumberland, Pittston, Wilkes-Barre, Plymouth, Bloomsburg and Danville, making close connections at Northumberland for Williamsport, Harrisburg, Baltimore, Washington and the South.
Northumberland and intermediate stations, 6.0, 8.55 a.m. and 1.30 and 6.07 p.m.
Nanticoke and intermediate stations, 8.66 and 11.20 a.m. Plymouth and intermediate stations, 8.50 and 8.55 p.m.
Pullman parior and sleeping coaches on all express trains
For detailed information, pocket time tables, etc., apply to M. L. Smith, city ticket office, 28 Lackawanna avenue, or depot ticket office.



DELAWARE AND HUDSON RAIL-

ton station for ton station for Carbendale and in-termediate points at 220, 5.45, 7.09, 8.26 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 220, 3.55, 5.15, 6.15, 7.25, 9.10 and 11.20 p.m. For Farview, Waymart and Honesdale at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.20 and 5.15

at 7.00, 8.25 and 10.10 a.m., 12.00, 2.29 and 5.15 p.m.

For Albany, Saratoga, the Adirondacks and Montreal at 5.45 a.m. and 2.20 p.m.

For Wilkes-Barre and intermediate into at 7.45, 2.45, 9.35 and 10.45 a.m., 12.05, 1.29, 2.38, 4.00, 5.19, 6.05, 9.15 and 11.35 p.m.

Trains will arrive at Scranton station from Carbondale and intermediate points at 7.40, 8.40, 9.34 and 10.40 a.m., 12.00, 1.17, 2.41, 2.40, 4.54, 5.55, 7.45, 9.11 and 11.33 p.m.

From Honesdale, Waymart and Farview at 9.34 a.m., 12.50, 1.17, 2.40, 5.55 and 7.45 p.m.

From Montreal, Saratoga, Albany, etc., at 4.54 and 11.33 p.m.

From Wilkes-Barre and intermediate points at 2.15, 8.04, 10.05 and 11.55 a.m., 1.16, 2.14, 3.29, 5.10, 6.08, 7.20, 9.03 and 11.16 p.m.

Erie and Wyoming Valley. Trains leave Scranton for New York and intermediate points on the Eric railroad at 6.35 a.m. and 324 p.m. Also for Honesdale, Hawley and local points at 6.35, 9.45 a.m., and 3.24 p.m.
All the above are through trains to and from Honesdale.

Trains leave for Wilkes-Barre at 6.40 a.m. and 3.41 p.m. m. and 3.41 p.m.



North Bound. South Bou						
205 Feed	NYDere Erp g	Pass	Stations (Trains Daily, Except Sunday)	Pass	Ontario &	Local &
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sengers.
Secure rates via Ontario & Western before purchasing tickets and save money. Day as high Express to the West.

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