

# SAHARA OASIS TOWNS



Street in a Sahara Oasis Town.

Prepared by the National Geographic Society, Washington, D. C.

ISKRA, in Algeria, nearly 200 miles back from the edge of the Mediterranean, is a typical oasis town of the near Sahara. It is clustered around oases, group making up Ziban. There, a short distance from the Eulizian coast, the traveler may be the life of the great desert stretches on south and east for hundreds of miles.

One of the oases of Biskra is six miles from the coast. It is a typical oasis town of the near Sahara. It is clustered around oases, group making up Ziban. There, a short distance from the Eulizian coast, the traveler may be the life of the great desert stretches on south and east for hundreds of miles.

There are five villages in this island of sand-sea, and the outlying oases of Biskra and Geddoua also belong to it. The Arab villages and oases are built of mud, with doors and flat roofs of palmwood. Among the ruins of Biskra, where before the new was constructed the French fort, the old Kasbah existing at their feet, are a heap of Roman blocks, columns, which are all that remain of the Roman outpost of Adram. The French village is clustered around Fort Saint Germain, and for a gallant officer killed during Zaatcha Insurrection of 1849, which is capable of sheltering the civil population.

There is a pretty public garden, with feathery pepper trees make a shade, a church, a mosque, a shop, a handsome casino, officers' club, and three good hotels, of which the principal one, the Hotel de France, is said to be the best in Algeria. It is certainly a surprise to find in the Sahara a town with every appointment of comfort.

Market Place is Fascinating. It is the market place during the morning is one of the sights of the town and oriental in every tone. Groups of bronze-legged men, in brown and white camel-hair tunics, are selling cous-cous, peppers and, of course, dates. There is fresh grass and green barley. The inclosure, Moorish slippers and a pile of red fezzes there, for the tourist not lacking a few francs one may put a set of graceful gazelle horns, a sword and a dagger, and a pair of knives and Arabian gowns. An Arab boy in a white and not much else, carries a basket of purple fruit in green leaves. There are, besides, turban, and a white all crushed together, a kaleidoscope of color in the square. Bags of henna for staining the nails in Arab send forth their pungent odor, a aroma of coffee and cigarettes. A Kabyle girl in red and white, with her forehead blued, and her face and hands, stained yellow as to her tips, passes, cigarette in her hand, and anklets clank-clank-clank.

of-rose whiffed on the air, as one of these oriental gilded youths walks by, and one is reminded of what an Arabian courier once said: "In my country, if a man have perfume on his clothes, it makes scandal!"

**Street of the Ouled-Nails.** There is a mysterious charm in the quiet night as one goes "slumming" in the street of the Ouled-Nails. The stars are intensely bright overhead, and the bristling purity, and sweetness of the air beggar description. Passing into the street of the Ouled-Nails is a sudden transition to much life, color and noise, the street itself full of Arabs, young and old, while on matting outside nearly every door sit the Ouled-Nails girls, drinking coffee, smoking cigarettes, and chattering what is presumably Biskran slang at any halting passers-by.

The Ouled-Nails, sometimes called Almees, are girls from an oasis at some distance from Biskra, and of mixed Arabian and negro blood. They are more remarkable for their singularity of costume and grace of dancing than for the rigidity of their morals. Their faces are daubed with tar and saffron to accentuate the color of the face; tattooing in blue is quite a mode, and their hair, mixed with wool and stiffened with grease and tar, hangs in ebon loops about the face. They wear loose gowns of bright cotton, and gold and silver coin, coral, and flagree in barbaric abundance, sometimes twenty pounds of silver being carried in the shape of bangles, anklets, chains, and massive girdles. One sits in a brightly lighted, low, white building and sips Arabian coffee while some of the girls dance their peculiar desert dances.

If Biskra is the political and social center of the Ziban, and the Ziban is the group of prosperous oases, villages extending from the foot of the Aurès mountains to the Chott-Melghir, the religious capital is Sidi-Okba. Sidi-Okba is an oasis distant twenty kilometers from Biskra, and is named for that old warrior who, at the head of a small body of Arab cavalry, went forth to conquer Hedira in the sixteenth year of the Hedira. When he had extended his conquest from Egypt to Tangier, he spurred his horse into the Atlantic, declaring that only such a barrier could prevent him from forcing every nation beyond it who knew not God to worship Him only or die. In a revolt of the Berbers he was killed, A. D. 641, and when the Arabs had reconquered the Ziban their leaders were buried in the oasis which bears his name.

**Going to Sidi-Okba.** The track across the desert to Sidi-Okba is practical for carriages. Most of the turbaned drivers gallop their three horses harnessed abreast over the hummocks of sand and tufts of sage-brush till the passengers beg for slower pace. Soon after leaving Biskra the road crosses a stony tract a quarter of a mile broad, with a deep stream in the center, the Oued-Biskra, and emerges on the desert. The tiny oasis of Beliah is passed on the right, the dome of a marabout's tomb shining among its trees. The long, low-lying line of the palms of Sidi-Okba is in the distance; the Aurès mountains rise in golden and rose glory, the deep clefts in their side blue and mysterious.

Groups of Bedouin tents are passed at intervals, and the scarlet rug, the copper pan, the fire, and its group are dashes of bright color in the yellow-browns of earth and camp, canopied always with the dazzling blue of the sky. Herds of camels feed on the dry sage-brush of the plain, and the baby camels trot by their mothers in calistholic fashion.

Five other oases are passed, Chetnah, Drob, Sidi-Khabil, Seriana, and Garta, and at length one approaches the mud wall which surrounds the sacred oasis. Four thousand Arabs live in this village, and the mud houses are thickly packed, the streets narrow and indescribably dirty, with rivulets of muddy water running down the center. The tiny shops are open to the street, in eastern fashion, and behind their wares the cross-legged merchants sit in stolid indifference.

## LOCK PROTECTS RAZED HOTEL BAR

Court Refuses to Lift Ban on Famed Inn.

Milwaukee, Wis.—By a peculiar quirk of fate, enforcement of the prohibition laws is preserving the bar-room of the Kirby hotel, among the last vestiges of old Milwaukee, and the city's oldest hostelry.

A federal padlock protects the bar-room while the remainder of the old structure has been razed to make way for an office building.

The Lincoln hotel barroom also has been preserved by a padlock. Around it, however, an office building is being built. The space occupied by the sealed barroom will be a court. The Federal court refused to lift the padlocks, fastened because of liquor violations.

The Kirby hotel, built in 1844, was a political rendezvous, and many careers began and ended in the council chamber. Abraham Lincoln, Horace Greeley, Ulysses S. Grant, William T. Sherman, Phil Sheridan, Robert Ingersoll and Roscoe Conklyn were among the many famous persons whose names were on its registers.

Abner Kirby, once mayor of Milwaukee, was the early owner. He designated his 36 rooms by names. Faded newspaper clippings tell of his sending newsworthy to "Paradise," the bridal suite, and inebriated to the room called "Hell." He had bellboys walk through the halls regularly sniffing for gas.

Kirby boasted of the comforts of his hotel with the slogan, "Wake me up when Kirby dies," which he had embroidered on napkins and stamped upon menu cards and stationery.

The city council has been no more successful in removing padlocked structures than have private concerns. The city widened Cedar street to relieve downtown traffic. The court refused to lift its order on a closed place so that it could be removed for the street widening.

## Church Kissing Cult Is Revealed by Suit

Gallipolis, Ohio.—That kissing is one of the essentials of salvation is the doctrine preached by a cult here, as revealed in a court appeal filed with Probate Judge John G. Evans by an excommunicated member of the church.

The sect has been responsible for breaking up several homes and is now on the verge of shattering another happy family. The pastor of the flock, who is blind, is charged with teaching his flock that promiscuous kissing is highly desirable and necessary to escape damnation.

Married men kiss other men's wives and married women do not hesitate to kiss other men. It is charged. The man who gave the information to the court said he was "read out" of the church because he refused to kiss the women of the congregation. He also said that he knocked down one member of the church who attempted to kiss his wife.

**"Tar Heel" Farmers Do Well With Bees**  
Raleigh, N. C.—As a farm industry in North Carolina, beekeeping is a \$2,500,000 enterprise.

C. L. Sams, state agricultural extension specialist, says the honey alone is valued at that figure. Twelve years ago it was worth only \$408,914.16. At that time there were only 20 farmers who had 100 or more colonies, and not a person in the state devoted full time to the industry. A total of 19,936 colonies produced 4,323,256 pounds of honey.

This year there are 21,945 colonies of bees in North Carolina and they produced nearly 14,000,000 pounds of honey. Due to improved conditions the increase of 61,000 colonies boosted production nearly 10,000,000 pounds.

**Rich Stone Age Find**  
Vernon, France.—A Stone-age tomb, discovered in the valley of Eppe, France, is proclaimed as one of the richest finds of the kind in recent years. It contained a great quantity of human bones, broken utensils, chipped flints and other articles of historic interest, belonging apparently to the Neolithic period.

**Kept on Trying**  
Newark, N. J.—Joseph C. Branelow is a firm believer in the principle that if you don't succeed try again. Once he got a city job after taking 15 civil-service examinations. He passed them all—in fact, was first eight times, but the somebody else was appointed after the first 14 tests. Now he is buying a seat on the New York stock exchange.

## Thieves Steal 54 Hens Leave Orders for More

Haverstraw, N. Y.—Louis Hoyt, of Haverstraw, reported to the police that thieves raided his hen coop at daybreak, carried off fifty-six hens, and left a mean note scrawled on a piece of paper saying that they would be back for the young chickens when they had grown up.

"Fatten them up and we will be back later," the note read. Hoyt said the thieves also took two large bags of corn to feed the hens. He said if they came back he would have a shotgun ready and a burglar alarm rigged up in his hen house.

## Two Strings to Her Bow

By LILLIAN M. MITCHELL

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"If I had a chance at two men the way you have," said Marie bitterly. "It wouldn't take me long to decide to say yes to one of them—and leave one for some other girl."

Ellen stared at her friend. "But you see, I've known both of them ever since I was a child and sometimes I think it's one and then again I think it's the other." Her blue eyes clouded for a moment and then she smiled. "But I know that I'll know—pretty soon—"

"I believe that you know right now and are just—" "Both!" interrupted Marie and slammed out of the house.

It was Saturday afternoon and Ellen began preparing for the evening. Tom always took her to dinner downtown on Saturday nights and then they usually went to a show while they were still downtown. And so on Saturday afternoons Ellen always washed her hair and disordered her nails with extra care for Tom, who, although he never said anything concerning her personal appearance, always had the air of regarding her critically as she stood in the hall.

She and Tom and David McGuire had all gone to school at the little red schoolhouse which lay equidistant between their three homes. Tom had gone to the city where he had made a definite success in the bond business which his uncle had founded some forty years before, while David McGuire had stayed hard in Hillstown, where he worked hard on the farm all summer and slaved all winter at the little model of the potato-hiller he was trying to perfect.

That evening she was drawing on her white gloves under the affectionate yet critical eyes of Tom when David McGuire was announced. The men greeted each other with the friendliness that their school days warranted; yet, Ellen thought, there was a reserve on the part of each.

Tom wore his clothes well and was entirely at ease; David, however, was plainly from the country.

It was decided that they should all dine together and Ellen found as they drove downtown in the taxi that Tom had ordered that she had ample occasion to look at the two men together.

She thought of the two proposals, so like the men who had made them. "I—I can't give you much now, honey—except love," David said as they had stood under a tree laden with cherry blossoms, "but some day the potato hiller will work out and then—then—" his eyes had looked far away over the hills.

Tom's proposal had come while they stood waiting for a taxi after the theater. "I think a whole lot of you, Ellen, and with your looks and my money we'll just make the little old town hum—I can give you everything!"

Everything—and nothing! Tonight she would decide. She felt instinctively. At dinner she said little. Tom did the ordering easily and she saw that David McGuire was delighted to be relieved of the duty. David was plainly distressed by the silverware and Ellen found that he watched her eagerly to see which of their school days she used first. Between courses Tom said:

"Ever study psychology, Dave?"

David shook his head. "I'm much interested in it," Tom went on easily, "psychology, mental sciences, Freudian theories and all of that. I believe that a man can get on faster in the world if he knows a good deal about the workings of the minds of the men with whom he deals. Take me, for instance, when a fellow comes into the office with a lot of money to invest I can usually tell to a 't' whether he is interested in public utilities—in industrial or railroads. I watch him—that's all—just watch him and see where his eyes travel. After I know that I mention different sums of money until I see, by the flicker of his eye, how much he wants to invest. Most people are rather reticent about mentioning a certain sum of money. Without knowing how much they want to put up it's hard for me to tell what suggestion to make in order for them to get the most return for their money. What's this, Walter?" he broke off impatiently, and his face grew red. "I told you well done—well done. Do you understand English? Look at the red blood running out of that meat!"

He pointed a finger shaking with wrath toward the silver platter before him. And Ellen knew! It didn't make any difference about manners or money or anything else. It was disposition that counted. David was looking at the confused waiter with sorry eyes and kept telling Tom that he liked his meat rare anyhow.

And on Sunday morning when she met Marie at church she told her, "We're going to live on the farm, on the top of a hill, and the cherry blossoms in the spring—oh, Marie, you must come to visit us next spring!" "And—and you're not going to marry Tom?" amazement spread over Marie's face.

Ellen shook her blond head and her eyes grew slow. "I guess I've always loved Davey—only I didn't know you know I said yesterday I'd know pretty soon—I must have known right then—subconsciously," she ended, using one of the very terms that Tom had liked so well as she spoke of her man, David McGuire.



By KATHERINE G. CORNELL  
Director of the Kalkulator  
Domestic Institute

WHAT has become of the emergency shelf once so important in the housewife's estimation? That shelf, whose boxes and tins and jars and bottles were dedicated to the day when company might descend upon us unexpectedly and find us with a cupboard as bare as Old Mother Hubbard's, has gone the way of the horse and buggy and the tallow candle. In these days of electricity and swift travel, company is never unexpected. In place of the emergency shelf we have that modern treasure chest of the up-to-date housewife, the perfectly constructed electric refrigerator.

Within the cool depths of this reliable aid to good housekeeping such a supply of good things may be kept all so fresh and inviting that were a queen to come visiting unbidden some fine day, her hostess would be in no way disconcerted.

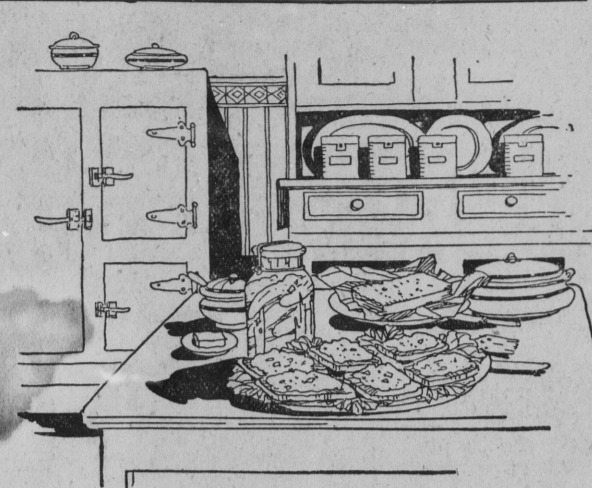
Hospitality is no longer the stilted, formal thing it once was. Casual entertaining is far more delightful and more suited to our modern way of living, and only on high days and holidays does the old elaborate entertainment which entailed so much anxious preparation now prevail.

## Always Ready for Guests

There are no anxious moments about refreshments when friends drop in for an evening at bridge in the household which has installed one of these modern treasure chests in the kitchen. Its store of good things is always ready for just such occasions, and almost at a moment's notice the hostess is ready to set forth a Dutch lunch of unimpeachable delicacy; or a may offer sandwiches and fruit punch on the porch while her guests listen in to some radio program.

● Sunday evening supper, too, in the treasure chest home, becomes one of the most delightfully informal affairs one could wish to give or attend. There are always

## THE MODERN TREASURE CHEST



a few cold, cooked vegetables which may be quickly transformed into a tasty salad with the aid of the mayonnaise jar and a few leaves of lettuce. And cheese omelet, or a fish Newburg, or chicken à la King, each a feast in itself, is a small matter when it is so convenient to keep the electric refrigerator stocked with the ingredients for making these tempting dishes.

## Saves on Food Bills

It is an economy, too, to have a supply of easily and quickly prepared foods on hand. One may buy with so much better judgment when not hurrying to meet an emergency, and often it is possible to pick up bargains or to buy more cheaply in quantities.

The electric refrigerator provides a place for everything that one may require for emergency repairs—a can or two of fish, or chicken—or mushrooms; a jar of pickled lamb's tongue; a small bottle of maraschino cherries and one of pimiento; an extra bottle of cream, which you can keep

fresh and sweet for a week; a pack of cream cheese, and one or two small jars of some more pungent variety—all these and other handy staples may be given a corner in that modern treasure chest, to come forth cold and fine and ready to add a distinctive touch to the quickly made salad or sandwich or sweet.

## Fish Newburg Recipe

Fish Newburg is one of the tastiest of hot dishes. To make it use a can of tuna fish, crab meat and shrimp, or lobster, crab meat and salmon, or any combination of fish that you prefer. Open the cans, drain and flake the fish in not too small pieces. Mince white sauce a little richer than usual, and turn in the fish, simmer till hot, then fold in a well beaten egg yolk, a dash of mace, and if you have it, two tablespoonsful of sherry flavor. Do not crutch off the flavor has been added. Serve hot on chicken—or mushrooms; a jar of pickled lamb's tongue; a small bottle of maraschino cherries and one of pimiento; an extra bottle of cream, which you can keep

## NEW GOWNS ARE BEAUTIFUL

"One of the fascinating experiences about going to the theater at this time of the year has very little to do with play or plot," observes a modern lady, "who knows." There are still very few theatrical offerings that don't offer some thrills to the clothes-conscious woman—and how few women aren't clothes-conscious," adds the writer concerning this subject.

Whether the stage has toned itself down to the level of everyday-ness or whether we have gradually become used to gayer and more startling apparel, seems to be neither here nor there. But there has been a change. The new fabrics may be responsible for equalizing the standards of clothes worn on the stage and off the stage as those brilliant shimmering things of rayon and silk, or rayon and wool, look equally well in the spotlight or in the more subdued light of one's own home. No longer is it necessary to resort to outre' materials, glazed and artificially brightened fabrics that will stand forth in the trying light of the theater. Perhaps this may be partly due to the fact that some of the leading New York forces have recently inaugurated departments especially destined to outfit and costume our leading dramatic characters. At the theaters or at musical comedies on Broadway, one sees dozens of gowns that make the heart ache with envy. Simple gowns, but oh, how becoming and smart!

## ENEMIES OF CIVILIZATION

Thirty million dollars worth of livestock and game is being destroyed annually by wolves, coyotes, mountain lions and bobcats, according to a statement made by the United States Bureau of Biological Survey. The coyote is described as the most destructive of all the animal highwaymen, for it not only kills but it is responsible for the spreading of disease among livestock and human beings, such as rabies and tularemia. More than 1,000,000 coyotes have been killed by hunters of the Biological Survey during the past 12 years.

A report on the whole predatory animal control situation has been transmitted to Congress by Secretary of Agriculture Jardine to back up his suggestion for a ten year cooperative predatory-animal control campaign. He recommends annual appropriations of \$1,878,700 for the next ten years to carry the program into effect.

If all these animals could be destroyed, and hawks, owls, crows, weasels, skunks and roving house cats were exterminated there would be little difficulty in maintaining a sufficient supply of wild game and game birds on our farms, fields and forests, and on rivers, lakes and streams.

The new dollar bill is going to be smaller in size. It has looked smaller to us for quite some time.

## Have a Brooder House All Ready for Baby Chicks Ahead of Time

### Chicks Should Receive Feed When Placed in Brooder.

It is a real problem to hatch strong, husky chicks, but possibly a bigger one is to raise them. Whether or not you will be successful depends, to a great extent, upon the attention you give to the details.

One of the first essentials is to have a good brooder house. For the average poultry raiser it should be of such size and weight so that it may be readily moved from one place to another. A brooder house ten by twelve will very nicely take care of 300 chicks and provide plenty of room for the pullets after the cockerels are removed when broiler size.

### Sanitation Important

The big advantage of a small portable house is that it can be moved to new ground each year. After the chicks have run on the same range several seasons they seem to have removed certain elements from the ground and often times contaminate the soil. Soil contamination is a real danger. Better chicks can practically always be raised on new ground.

If you already have the brooder house, clean it and the equipment in your spare time and give the walls a coat of whitewash containing some good disinfectant. Set up the stoves so if any of the parts are missing or worn out you have plenty of time to replace them. Have everything in readiness when needed.

Two days before you expect to put the chicks in the brooder, start the stove. This will give you time to see if everything is working correctly and give you a chance to regulate the thermostat. The temperature in the brooder house for the first week should be 95 degrees. Place the thermometer about two inches from the floor and at the outer edge of the hover.

The chicks themselves are the best indicators you have with regard to proper temperature. When they encircle the brooder stove at the outer edge of the hover with bodies flattened, the heat is just right. If they stand with their mouths open they are too hot and if they pile in a huddle it is too low or they are troubled with floor drafts.

### Feed Chick Starter

It is best to hold the chicks in the incubator or in baby chick shipping boxes until they are 48 hours old, when ready to receive their first feed. Before putting them into the brooder, spread newspaper over the litter and sprinkle some Chick Starter to which a small amount of granite grit has been added on the paper. Putting the chicks on paper will help to teach them what is feed and avoid their filling up on litter. Litter eaters

have usually little room for nourishment so ordinarily a great many die after the yolk has been absorbed. The paper may be removed after the third or fourth day.

Put the chicks in the brooder late in the afternoon. Place a half inch mesh wire or a galvanized iron ring or tar paper around the hover, allowing enough room for the chicks to get away from the direct heat when they so desire. This makes it impossible for the chicks to get into the corners of the house and become cold or chilled. The fence should be moved out each day giving the chicks more space so that by the fourth day they have the run of the brooder.

Chicks must be fed when they are put in the brooder house. For the first few weeks they should be receiving nothing but a soft easily digested mash. Feed a good Chick Starter, preferably an oatmeal base mash. The first few weeks are commonly known as the critical period and a great deal depends upon the feed and care you give the chicks during that time.

Formerly everything was blamed on the war and now every cough is promptly set down as the flu—Chicago Post.

Foolish question: Have you kept your New Year's Resolutions?

## PUBLIC SALE of Valuable PERSONAL PROPERTY

The undersigned will offer for Public Sale at his residence two miles east of Sand Patch, Larimer Township on

TUESDAY, JAN. 29, 1929  
Beginning at 12:30 P. M.

The following described personal property:

Dump Hay Rake, Hay Wagon and Ladder, low 3 inch tread Farm Wagon, 2 seated Spring Wagon with top, Sleigh, Log Sled, Buggy Pole, Wagon Box, Oliver 2 Spring Tractor, 40, Shovel Plover, Spring Tooth Harrow, Flying Dutchman Manure Spreader, Champion Drill Press, 3 Cross Cut Saws, Lot of Bars, Lumber Chains, Boom Chains, Rufflock Chains, Grab Hooks, Cant Hooks, Singletrees, 2 2-Horse Spreaders, 2 1-Horse Spreaders, Doubletrees, Spring Wagon Harness, Collars, Bridles, Lot of Hammers, roan Mare, 7 years old; gray Mare, 10 years old; 2 Cows, 2 head young Cattle, 3 Pigs, Lot of Chickens.

TERMS: 90 days. All sums under \$5, cash; on all sums of \$5 or over, a note with approved security is required.

S. W. KEEFER

## The A Ro Bradd

HUGH P. Bradd

Illustrated by W. N. Copyright

CHAPTER I—

open-handed gentleman Virginia gentleman Brond is serving for the army unprepared for it. Duquesne. He Alexandria from where, posing as secured valuable stock, bred to E. Brond is sent back also bearing Croghan, English Indiana.

CHAPTER II—

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CHAPTER III—

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CHAPTER IV—

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CHAPTER V—

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