

The Citadel Of Troyes.

A WAR STORY OF FRENCH AND COSSACK.

The disastrous campaign of 1814 was drawing to a close. The allied forces covered France like a cloud of locusts, and the wild Cossack who had marched from the banks of the Borysthene was soon to slake his conquerer's thirst in the waters of the Seine. Napoleon was winning desperate victories against terrific odds, but the sun of Austerlitz was doomed to a near and total eclipse.

The Russians had gained possession of the city of Troyes, and without its walls they lay encamped in overwhelming numbers. The troops of the French emperor, too few and feeble to contend against such crushing odds, had disbanded, yet the remnant of a heroic band, laying aside their uniforms, still lurked about the city, sleeping and feeding where they could, the bolder of them seeking every opportunity to pick quarrels with the Russians and engage them in duels, glutting that hate in single combat which they could no longer slake upon the field of battle.

Among these dangerous and inveterate enemies of the Cossacks was a certain Caesar Pompon, a sergeant of the Imperial guard, who lodged at a little inn kept by a little black-eyed Frenchwoman who had made the campaign of Russia and lost her husband, a one-eyed voltigier, in the passage of the Bezina.

Fanchette would willingly have married the sergeant and even offered herself to that valiant warrior, but he would hear of no such arrangement till peace had been restored to his distracted country. Another inmate of Fanchette's little hostelry was a Captain Bonville, who was waiting for better days and an opportunity to strike a blow. Fanchette did an excellent business, having no scruples about selling beer, brandy, tallow candles, lamp oil and other refreshments to the Cossacks, but she never gave them credit, and they dreaded her sharp tongue almost as much as they did the thongs of the knout.

Sergeant Pompon was very regular in his habits, but he would often absent himself for hours together without telling either Fanchette or Captain Bonville where he was going.

When he came back after one of these mysterious absences, he would generally bring with him a bundle and, saying "That makes so many," make a chalk mark on the score he kept behind the bar. After this ceremony he would march up and deposit his bundle in his little attic room, of which he kept the key, for he took care of it himself and let no one enter.

Fanchette often teased him about these mysterious proceedings, and his invariable answer was: "Fanchette, when this is all over and the cursed Cossacks are driven out of the country and the Little Corporal is firmly established on the throne and you and I are married I am going to Paris to set up a ready-made clothing shop, and I shall have a stock in trade on hand."

His fair hostess was forced to be content with this explanation.

One night when Fanchette had closed her doors and was sitting with Captain Bonville talking over the events of the campaign and the prospect before them Sergeant Pompon entered in a state of great excitement and, dashing his hat upon the floor, marched to and fro with enormous strides.

"What is the matter?" exclaimed Fanchette.

"Matter! A thousand bayonets! Matter enough! Bombshells and rockets! In a French town! In a French cafe! Millions of firelocks!"

"Any ill news from the emperor?" asked Captain Bonville.

"No, no, captain," answered Pompon; "he is beating the villains in every engagement and fighting his way step by step to Troyes. Saperlotee! We shall soon hear his guns, I hope, and then he'll lead these Cossacks an infernal dance, the murderous villains!"

"Well, something has happened, I know," said Fanchette.

"Of course it has," replied the sergeant, sitting down and wiping his brow. "You know, captain, the Cafe de la Victoire?"

"Certainly. It is a cafe theater; they act little vaudevilles there in the refreshment saloon to attract and amuse customers."

"Precisely. Very well, captain, they played a piece there this evening called 'The Soldier's Return.' In it Bressant—a capital actor and a good fellow, too—had to sing a verse against the Russians, and the room was filled with them. You may be sure there was a tapage then. The Russian colonel, Ostro-

goff, was there. He insisted on an apology. Bressant refused, and the curtain fell. The piece is to be played tomorrow, and they swear he shall leave out the objectionable verse and make an apology for singing tonight or pay dearly for it."

"And Bressant will apologize!" exclaimed the captain.

"Not a bit of it. He will sing his song and make not a bit of an apology. What do you think of it, captain?"

"He's a glorious fellow," cried Bonville, "and we must support him!"

"I knew you'd say so!" cried the sergeant. "Hurrah! Vive l'empereur!"

"Hush!" said Fanchette. "The patrol is marching by."

"Who cares for them?" cried the sergeant. "Fanchette, I brought home another bundle today. That makes ten."

"Ten what?"

"Ten bundles," said the sergeant, with a wink. "Ask me no questions, and I'll tell you no lies. Well, captain?"

"Well, sergeant, what are you thinking of?"

"Tomorrow night and the Cafe de la Victoire."

"So was I. We will warn all of our fellows tomorrow. Let them go armed, and we'll put Bressant through, whatever comes of it."

"Good," said the sergeant, rising and taking up his bed candle. "I'll oil my pistols before I go to bed. And if we don't meet again, captain, the rendezvous will be the Cafe de la Victoire, the hour sharp 7. Good night, captain."

"Good night, sergeant."

"Pleasant dreams," cried Fanchette.

The next night the saloon of the Cafe de la Victoire was crowded with Russian and French soldiers, the latter dressed as citizens, with swords and pistols concealed under their blouses. There was a great consumption of brandy among the Cossacks, and the waiters who supplied their calls looked anxious and flurried. They evidently expected trouble, nor were their forebodings deceptive. The curtain was rung up and the piece commenced.

When Bressant, the offending actor, appeared, there were murmurs among the Russians, but these were drowned in the applauding shouts of the French spectators, and one or two bouquets were thrown at his feet. The play, however, was suffered to go on till the finale was sung, and when the orchestra played the symphony for this piece the audience sat perfectly motionless and silent. It was the lull that precedes the hurricane. Bressant advanced fearfully to the footlights and commenced the obnoxious verse. Then rose a storm and howl of groans and hisses mingled with applause.

Colonel Ostrogoff, a gigantic Russian, rose in his place and addressed the actor:

"French dog," said he, "apologize for the insult you have offered us!"

"Never!" replied the actor. "I sing what is set down for me, and I will apologize to no living man for doing my duty."

Quick as a flash the Russian drew a pistol from his belt and fired it full in the face of Bressant, who fell without a groan.

"Revenge!" shouted Bonville, throwing off his blouse and disclosing his artillery uniform. "Up, Frenchmen, and down with the Cossacks!"

A terrible struggle ensued. Pistols and knives were freely used. Frenchmen and Cossacks grappled. The tables were overturned, the lights were put out, the most dire confusion prevailed. The combatants fought their way out into the street and there continued the deadly encounter. But it was not of long duration. The firing and cries brought down a re-enforcement from the Russian camp.

A troop of Cossacks dashed into the melée and dispersed the feeble band of Frenchmen, killing some of them, while Captain Bonville, the ringleader, remained a prisoner in the hands of Ostrogoff.

The next day was an eventful one for Troyes. Intelligence was brought into camp by scouts that Napoleon was approaching. As the day wore on heavy firing was heard gradually drawing near the town. It was reported by fugitives that the French had utterly routed their opponents and were moving on at a rapid rate, flushed with victory, to the relief of Troyes.

All was confusion in the Russian camp. A brief period of illness, consumed in unbridled debauchery, had demoralized and weakened the Cossack force, and the officers calculated with concern the chances of a conflict. Still the prisoner, Bonville, was not overlooked in the midst of this crisis. During the forenoon he was examined before a military tribunal, a mere form, extorted by his rank, and sentenced to be shot. At the very moment he listened to his sentence, with unmoved countenance, the rattle of musketry was heard near at hand,

as the French skirmishers drove in the enemy's pickets.

"You hear that?" said Bonville, with a smile, to the Russian commander. "I shall die, but I shall be avenged."

"Take him away, Colonel Ostrogoff," said the Russian general. "Take a file of men with you and execute the sentence."

Ostrogoff saluted and withdrew with an escort. In spite of his protestations, Bonville's arms were bound tightly behind him.

"He shan't have a ghost of a chance to escape in the confusion," muttered Ostrogoff.

The little party reached an opening in the dense wood and halted. A few moments afterward an aide-camp galloped up furiously.

"I am ordered to recall your firing party, colonel," said he. "They are wanted to defend the intrenchments. The French dogs are pressing us hard."

The platoon marched off, and Ostrogoff and Bonville were left alone. The former drew a pistol from his belt and cocked it.

"Are you going to turn executioner?" said Bonville scornfully. "It is worthy of you. You are fitter for a hangman than a soldier."

"I shot one of your countrymen last night for less provocation," answered the Russian, raising his pistol. But at this moment a small party of Russian soldiers advanced to the spot under the command of a noncommissioned officer.

"Halt!" cried the colonel. The platoon obeyed.

"Are you loaded?"

The sergeant nodded.

"Then shoot this fellow." The platoon faced the prisoner, with their backs on Ostrogoff.

"Ready—present—fire!" said the Russian.

At the word "Fire!" the platoon wheeled to the right about and poured their volley into Ostrogoff at ten paces! He fell riddled with bullets.

"Hurrah!" cried Sergeant Pompon, for it was he, pulling off his false beard and rushing to cut the cords that bound Captain Bonville. "Hurrah for our side! Captain, my secret is out. The bundles I used to fetch home each contained a Russian uniform. They were the spoils of fellows I killed in fair fight. I never thought I should make such a good use of them."

Bonville threw himself into the faithful fellow's arms.

"No time for hugging now!" cried the sergeant, extricating himself from the embrace of his officer.

"Take this saber and come along with us. We are beating them at all points, but we haven't quite finished them yet. There's a little glory left, though we're late in the day. Long live the emperor and down with the Cossacks!"

The sergeant's predictions were correct, and before nightfall the French colors waved over the citadel of Troyes.—New York News.

BILLY EDWARDS' WAY.

Billy Edwards, the one time lightweight champion pugilist, had a long and peaceful reign as house detective at the Hoffman House in New York. He had the smoothest, pleasantest way imaginable of getting rid of objectionable persons. His reputation as a great fighter was so well known that he simply would not strike an ordinary man.

The writer saw a well-dressed young negro begin to raise a disturbance at the Hoffman bar one night because he could not get anything to drink.

Billy Edwards pushed his way through the crowd and encountered him as if by accident.

"Oh, Mr. Morgan, how do you do?" said Billy, extending his hand. "This is a great pleasure. I haven't seen you in years. You must join me in a little drink. Let's sit down at our ease."

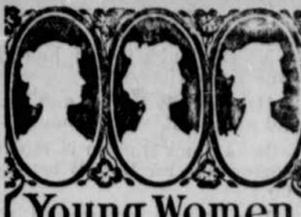
The negro looked puzzled, put away a roll of bills he had been flourishing, hooked his hand inside of the arm Edwards offered and toddled away in silence.

AN OLD CUSTOM.

Once upon a time Charles VI of France gave a masquerade ball, and he and five courtiers took the part of satyrs. To do this artistically they were clothed in loose linen habits, besmeared with rosin and then stuck all over with down. One of the company, in a frolic, lighted one of the satyrs with a torch, and in consequence four of them were burned to death. This is supposed to be the origin of the tar and feather custom.

BRIDLES.

Bridles were in use in very distant ages. Ancient Thessalian coins often represent a horse with a long rein touching the ground. The young Romans were trained to ride and mount unassisted, but the use of the bridle was known from the first. According to Livy, Aulus Cornelius in a battle with the Fidenae ordered the Roman cavalry to unbridle before charging, probably to give them more weight.



Young Women

The entry into womanhood is a critical time for a girl. Little menstrual disorders started at that time soon grow into fatal complications. That female troubles are killing graveyards proves this. Wine of Cardui establishes a painless and natural menstrual flow. When once this important function is started right, a healthy life will usually follow. Many women, young and old, owe their lives to Wine of Cardui. There is nothing like it to give women freedom from pain and to fit young women for every duty of life. \$1.00 bottles at druggists.

Miss Della M. Strayer, Tully, Kan. "I have suffered untold pain at menstrual periods for a long time, was nervous, had no appetite, and lost interest in everything, in fact was miserable. I have taken four bottles of Wine of Cardui, with Theodor's Black-Draught, when needed, and to-day I am entirely cured. I cannot express the thanks I feel for what you have done for me."

For advice in cases requiring special directions, address, giving symptoms, the Ladies' Advisory Department, The Chattanooga Medicine Company, Chattanooga, Tenn.



Sale of Land for Taxes.

On Monday, the 6th day of May, 1901, at 12 o'clock I shall sell at the court house door in Smithfield, or satisfy taxes due for the year 1900, the real estate specified below:

WILSON'S MILLS TOWNSHIP.		TAX.
A. B. Austin, 224 acres	\$7.33
Mamie Hedgepeth one half acre	1.37
A. D. Jones heirs 395 acres	14.83
Bettie R. Parker 33 acres	55
H. B. Turner heirs 100 acres	1.83
Edith Turner, 214	5.50
Zilpha Turner, 1 lot	1.83
R. C. Wallace, 74 acres	22

CLAYTON TOWNSHIP.		TAX.
Dillon Avera, 105 acres	\$4.29
Richard Bryant 1 lot	92
Haywood Barber, 1 lot	37
Jane Durham, 1 lot	14
Isaac Jones, 50 acres	3.38
William A. Jones, 34 acres	2.41
Taylor Jones, 62 1/2 acres	1.75
John Partidge, 1 lot	23
Richard Rand, 1 lot	33
Kinchen Pope, 20 acres	92

PLEASANT GROVE.		TAX.
P. T. Massey, Agent, 95 acres	\$1.17

INGRAMS.		TAX.
Atkinson and wife, 36 acres	70
L. L. Booth, 12 acres	40
Dock Watson, 17 acres	34

BOON HILL.		TAX.
Lucy Atkinson, 1 1/2 acres	10
D. H. Davis, 29 acres	67
Nancy Evans heirs, 15 acres	50
Gabriel Holt, 106 acres	2.67
Iola McCauley, 310 acres	6.67
Daniel Whittle, 93 acres	3.00
Marinda Warren, 12 acres	17

BEULAH TOWNSHIP.		TAX.
D. M. Eure, 50 acres	67
Burden Holland, 15 acres	34
Mrs. J. H. Johnson, 34 acres	45
J. T. Outland, 85 acres	1.41
J. R. Outland, 85 acres	1.60
Aelsey Parrish, 181 acres	2.34
C. A. Pittman, 51 acres	1.63
L. J. Rains, 14 acres	50
Jno. H. Renfrow, 20 acres	40
W. A. Watkins, 9 acres	18
W. H. Wellons, six acres	16

O'NEALS TOWNSHIP.		TAX.
Mary G. Bunn, 70 acres	\$2.29
Nancy Brown, 200	3.66
C. O. Ball 43 acres	86
Cleovus Whitley, 75 acres	2.00
K. W. Barnes, 50 acres87
Mrs. S. P. Gill, 126 acres	3.10

WILDERS TOWNSHIP.		TAX.
A. J. Battle, 27 acres	75
Blackman Grey, 82 acres	\$2.40
M. G. Wilson, 123 acres	2.29

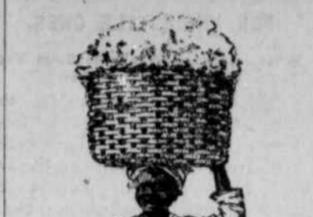
SELMA TOWNSHIP.		TAX.
C. C. Batten, 1 acre06
Sarah J. Hatten, 27 acres	34
Erastus Gaudie heirs, 1/2 acre	47
Julian H. Hatten, 1 lot	22
J. H. Howell, 1 lot	47
Rinda Lee, guardian, 166 acres	3.64
Claude McCauley, 1 lot	5.05
Taylor and Bowling, 1 lot	1.15
Woodard heirs, 1 lot	22

SMITHFIELD TOWNSHIP.		TAX.
B. C. Beckwith, 81 acres	\$3.67
R. B. Beckwith, 47 acres	3.67
Smith Brooks, 1 lot	1.83
W. N. Benton, deceased, 3 lots	7.54
Monroe Dublin, 1 lot	2.69
J. T. Langston, deceased, 8 acres	92
J. F. Senders, 107 acres	2.16

This April 2, 1901.
J. T. ELLINGTON,
Sheriff Johnston Co.

NOTICE OF REGISTRATION.

The Board of Town Commissioners of the town of Smithfield have ordered a new registration for said town for the municipal election on May 6th. The registration books are now open and will be kept open until Saturday, May 4th. Every person who expects to vote in the coming town election must register.
Z. L. LEMAY,
Registrar.
April 3rd.



Bill Files, Letter Files.

Every cotton planter should write for our valuable illustrated pamphlet, "Cotton Culture." It is sent free.

Send name and address to GERMAN KALI WORKS, 93 Nassau St., N. Y.

Keep Letters

You receive? Then buy one of our Letter File Books. With one of these books you can keep every important letter where you can find it in a Moment, Without any Trouble.

All the above goods on hand at reasonable prices. We also have a few Single Entry Ledgers on hand at low prices.

BEATY, HOLT & LASSITER,
SMITHFIELD, N. C.

NOTICE.

By virtue of an order of the Superior court made in the special proceeding entitled J. J. Harper, Ex., of John Harper and others, execute petition to sell land for assets to pay debts, the undersigned will on Monday, May 6th, 1901 at 12 o'clock M., at the court house door in the town of Smithfield offer for sale to the highest bidder the following real property:

First tract, lot No. 10 in the survey of the land of John Harper, deceased, the same being a part of what is known as the "Pond tract" and bounded as follows: Beginning at a stake in the old stage road, S. 1. Thornton's corner and runs with his line S. 87 E. 100 poles to a stake, thence S. 7 W. 43 1/2 poles to a stake, I. W. Langston's corner, thence N. 89 W. 9 poles to a stake, thence N. 88 W. 10 poles to a stake on said road, thence N. 30 E. 25 poles, thence N. 5 E. 6 poles to the beginning containing 36 acres more or less.	
Second tract, lot No. 9 in said survey and situated between the old stage road and the Goldsboro and Aversboro road and beginning at a stake in the stage road, S. 1. Thornton's corner and runs with said road N. 54 poles, thence N. 5 E. 6 poles to a stake in said road corner of lot No. 10, thence same course 53 poles to a stake in a ditch, S. 1. Thornton's corner; thence N. 43 1/2 W. with said ditch 40 poles to said Goldsboro and Aversboro road, thence S. 54 W. 15 poles, thence N. 10 W. 10 poles, thence S. 81 E. 13 1/2 poles to a stake in said road, thence N. 34 E. 13 1/2 poles to the beginning, containing 44 acres more or less.	
Third tract, lot No. 8 in said survey and beginning at J. A. Barbers corner in S. W. Morris and S. L. Thornton's line and runs with said line S. 43 E. 122 poles to the Goldsboro and Aversboro road, thence with said road S. 54 W. 15 poles, thence S. 64 W. 10 poles, thence S. 78 W. 44 poles to a stake in the road, thence N. 31 W. 11 1/2 poles to a stake in J. A. Barbers line, thence N. 73 1/2 E. 41 poles to the beginning, containing 37 acres more or less.	

Terms Cash.
The other lots in said survey of the John Harper lands can be bought also.
Apply to J. J. Harper, Smithfield, N. C.
This April 2nd 1901.

J. J. HARPER, Executor of JOHN HARPER.
WILLIAMS & MORGAN, ATT'YS.

NOTICE.

The undersigned having qualified as administrator of the estate of Ben G. Beasley, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 4th day of March, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.
This 4th day March, 1901.
BEN HUDSON,
Administrator.

NOTICE!

The undersigned having qualified as Administrator of the estate of Jerome Brown, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 15th day of March, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.
This 4th day of March 1901.
BEN HUDSON,
Administrator.

The undersigned having qualified as executor of the estate of Mrs. Rebecca Lane, deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to us duly verified on or before the 8th day of March, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.
This 8th day of March, 1901.
JOSEPH E. LANE,
ZILPHE LANE,
Executors.

The undersigned having qualified as executor of the estate of Sarah Kelly, deceased, all persons having claims against said estate are hereby notified to present the same to me duly verified on or before the 15th day of March, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.
This 15th day of March, 1901.
N. R. POOL,
Executor.

The undersigned having qualified as executor of the estate of Mrs. Rebecca Lane, deceased, hereby notifies all persons having claims against said estate to present the same to us duly verified on or before the 8th day of March, 1902, or this notice will be pleaded in bar of their recovery and all persons indebted to said estate will make immediate payment.
This 8th day of March, 1901.
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