

UNDER TWO FLAGS

By "QUIDA"

So the boy scribe's scrawl, crushed and blotted and written with great dir-



"You have his face!" she muttered. "What are you to him?"

scully, ran in its brief phrases that the slow muttering of the old shoemaker drew out in tedious length.

Cigarette heard. She never made a movement or gave a sound, but all the blood fled out of her brilliant face, leaving it horribly blanched beneath its brown sun scorch, and her eyes, distended, senseless, sightless, were fastened on the old man's slowly moving mouth.

"Shot!" she said vacantly. "Shot!" Her vengeance had come without her once lifting her hand to summon it.

"The blow was struck for her," she muttered. "It was that night, you hear—that night?"

"What night? Thou lookest so strangely. Dost thou love this doomed soldier?"

Cigarette laughed—a laugh whose echo thrilled horribly through the lonely Moresco courtyard.

"Love! Love! I hated him, look you! So I said. And I longed for my vengeance. It is come!"

Then she crushed the letter in one hand and flew, fleet as any antelope, through the streets of the Moorish quarter and across the city, to the quay.

The people ever gave way before her, but now they scattered like frightened sheep from her path. There was something that terrified them in that bloodless horror set upon her face and in that fury of restless speed with which she rushed upon her way.

Once only in her headlong career through the throngs she paused, it was as one face, on which the strong light of the noontide poured, came before her. The senseless look changed in her eyes. She wheeled out of her route and stopped.

"You have his face!" she muttered. "What are you to him?"

"To whom?"

"To the man who calls himself Louis Victor, a chasseur of my army?"

Her eyes were fastened entirely upon him, keen, ruthless, fierce, in this moment, as a hawk's. He grew pale and murmured an incoherent denial. He sought to shake her off, first gently, then more rudely. He called her mad and tried to fling her from him, but the little fingers only wound themselves closer on his arm.

"Be still, fool!" she muttered. "You are of his people. You have his eyes and his looks and his features. He disowns you or you him. No matter which, he is of your blood, and he lies under sentence of death. Do you know that?"

With a stifled cry the other recoiled from her. He never doubted that she spoke the truth. None could who had looked upon her face.

"Do not lie to me," she said curtly. "It avails you nothing. Read that."

She thrust before him the paper the pigeon had brought. His hand trembled sorely as he held it. He believed in that moment that this strange creature, half soldier, half woman, half brigand, half child, knew all his story and all his shame from his brother.

"Shot!" he echoed hoarsely as she had done when he had read on to the end. "Shot! Oh, my God, and I—I am his brother!"

She was silent. Looking at him fixedly, it did not seem to her strange that she should thus have met one of his blood in the crowds of Algiers.

"You are his brother," she said slowly. "Tell me his name, his rank."

He was silent. Coward and egotist that he was, both coward and egotist were killed in him under the overwhelming horror with which he felt himself as truly by moral guilt a fratricide as though he had stabbed his elder through the heart.

"Speak!" hissed Cigarette through her clenched teeth.

"He is the head of my house!" he answered her, scarce knowing what he answered. "He should bear the title that I bear now. He is here in this city because he is the most merciful, the most generous, the most long suffering of living souls. If he die, it is not they who have killed him; it is I!"

"Battle with yourself for that sin," she said bitterly. "Your remorse will not save him. But do the thing that

I bid you if that remorse be sincere. Write me out here that title you say he should bear and your statement that he is your brother and should be the chief of your house, then sign it and give it to me."

He seized her hands and gazed with imploring eyes into her face.

"Who are you? What are you? If you have the power to do it, for the love of God rescue him! It is I who have murdered him—I who have let him live on in this hell for my sake!"

She brought him pens and paper from the Turk's store and dictated what he wrote:

I hereby affirm that the person serving in the Chasseurs d'Afrique under the name of Louis Victor is my elder brother, Bertie Cecil, lawfully, by inheritance, the Viscount Royalieu, peer of England. I hereby also acknowledge that I have succeeded to and borne the title illegally under the supposition of his death. **BERTIE CECIL.**

He let her draw the paper from him and fold it away in her belt. He watched her with a curious, dreamy sense of his own impotence against the fierce and fiery torrent of her bidding.

"Can his life yet be saved?"

"His honor may—his honor shall. Go to him, coward, and let the balls that kill him reach you, too, if you have one trait of manhood left in you!"

Then, swiftly as a swallow dart, she quitted him and flew on her headlong way down through the pressure of the people and the throngs of the marts and the noise and the color and the movement of the streets.

The sun was scarcely decimated from its noon before she rode out of the city on a half bred horse of the sphais, swift as the antelope and as wild, with her only equipment some pistols in her holsters and a bag of rice and a skin of water slung at her saddlebow.

She had a long route before her. She had many leagues to travel, and there were but four and twenty hours, she knew well, left to the man who was condemned to death; four and twenty hours left open for appeal, no more, betwixt the delivery and execution of the sentence. There were 50 miles between her and her goal. Abd-el-Kader's horse had once covered that space in three hours, so men of the army of d'Aumale had told her. She knew what they had done she could do.

Once only she paused, to let her horse lie a brief while and cool his foam flaked sides and crop some short, sweet grass. Then she mounted again and again went on in her flight. The horse was reeking with smoke and foam and the blood was coursing from his flanks as she reached her destination at last and threw herself off his saddle as he sank faint and quivering to the ground.

Whither she had come was to a fortress where the marshal of France, who was the viceroy of Africa, had arrived that day in his progress of inspection throughout the province.

"Have a care of him and lead me to the chief."

She spoke quietly, but a certain sensation of awe and fear moved those who heard. They hesitated to take her message, to do her bidding. The one whom she sought was great and supreme here as a king. They dreaded to approach his staff, to ask his audience.

Cigarette looked at them a moment, then loosened her cross and held it out to an adjutant standing beneath the gates.

"Take that to the man who gave it me. Tell him Cigarette waits and with each moment that she waits a soldier's life is lost. Go!"

A few minutes and the decoration was brought back to her and her demand was granted. The marshal, leaning against a brass fieldpiece, turned to her with the smile in his keen, stern eyes.

"What brings you here?"

She came up to him with her rapid, leopardlike grace, and he started as he saw the change upon her features. She was covered with sand and dust and with the animal's blood flecked foam.

"Monsieur, I have come from Algiers since noon."

"From Algiers?" He and his officers echoed the name of the city in incredulous amazement. They knew how far from them down along the sea line the white town lay.

"Since noon, to rescue a life—the life of a great soldier, of a godless man. He who saved the honor of France at Zarrala is to die the death of mutineer as dawn!"

"What! Your chasseur?"

A dusky scarlet fire burned through the pallor of her face, but her eyes never quailed, and the torrent of her eloquence returned under the pang of shame that were beaten back under the noble instincts of her love.

"Mise, since he is a soldier of France, yours, too, by that title. I am come here from Algiers to speak the truth in his name, and, by my cross, by my flag, by my France, I swear that not a hair of his head shall be touched, not a drop of blood in his veins shall be shed!"

"You speak madly," he said, with cold severity. "The offense merits the chastisement. I shall not attempt to interfere."

"Hear me at least!" she cried, with passionate fervor—the faculty of a dumb animal wounded by a shot. "You do not know what this man is, how he

has had to endure. I do. I have watched him; I have seen the brutal tyranny of his chief, who hated him because the soldiers loved him; I have seen his patience, his obedience, his long suffering beneath insults that would have driven any other to revolt and murder; I have seen him—I have told you how—at Zarrala, thinking never of death or of life, only of our flag. Look you! I have seen him so tried that I told him—I, who love my army better than any living thing under the sun—that I would forgive him if he forgot duty and dealt with his tyrant as man to man. And he always held his soul in patience. Why? Not because he feared death—he desired it—but because he loved his comrades and suffered in peace and in silence lest, through him, they should be led into evil."

His eyes softened as he heard her, but the inflexibility of his voice never altered.

"It is useless to argue with me," he said briefly. "I never change a sentence."

"But I say that you shall!" As the audacious words were flung forth she looked him full in the eyes, while her voice rang with its old imperious oratory. "You are a great chief. You are as a monarch here. You hold the gifts and the grandeur of the empire, but because of that, because you are as France in my eyes, I swear, by the name of France, that you shall see justice done to him—after death if you cannot in life. Do you know who is he, this man whom his comrades will shoot down at sunrise and they shoot down the murderer and the ravisher in their crimes? He is a man who vindicated a woman's honor. He is a man who suffers in his brother's place. He is an aristocrat exiled to a martyrdom. He is a hero who has never been greater than he will be great in his last hour. Read that! What you refuse to justice and mercy and courage and guiltlessness you will grant maybe to your order."

She forced into his hand the written statement of Cecil's name and station. The French marshal glanced his eye on the fragment carelessly and coldly. As he saw the words he started and read on with wondering eagerness.

"Royalieu!" he muttered. "Royalieu!" The years had been many since Cecil and he had met, but not so many but that the name brought memories of friendship with it and moved him with a strange emotion.

He turned with grave anxiety to Cigarette.

"You speak strangely. How came this in your hands?"

"Thus: The day that you gave me the cross I saw Princess Corona. I hated her, and I went—no matter. From her I learned that he whom we call Louis Victor was of her rank, was of old friendship with her house, was exiled and nameless, but for some reason unknown to her. She needed to see him. I took the message for her. I sent him to her. He went to her tent, alone, at night. That was, of course, whence he came when Chateauroux met him. I doubt not the Black Hawk had some foul thing to hint of his visit and that the blow was struck for her—for her! Well, in the streets of Algiers I saw a man with a face like his own—different, but the same race, look you. I spoke to him. I taxed him. When he found that the one whom I spoke of was under sentence of death, he grew mad. He cried out that he was his brother and had murdered him—that it was for his sake that the cruelty of this exile had been borne—that if his brother perished he would be his destroyer. Then I bade him write down that paper, and I brought it hither to you that you might see that I have uttered the truth. And now is that man to be killed like a mad beast whom you fear? Is that death the reward France will give for Zarrala?"

As he heard he was visibly moved. He remembered the felon's shame that in years gone by had fallen across the banished name of Bertie Cecil. The history seemed clear as crystal to him seen beneath the light shed on it from other days.

His hand fell heavily on the gun carriage.

"Heavens! It was his brother's sin, not his!" The marshal swung round with a rapid sign to a staff officer.

"Fens and ink—instantly! My brave child, what can we say to you? I will send an aid to arrest the execution of

the sentence. It must be deferred till we know the whole truth of this. If it be as it looks now, he shall be saved if the empire can save him."

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

The French marshal is prepared to supply elegant and beautiful calendars to advertisers. Don't place an order until you see our samples. Don't forget this!

THE GOVERNOR'S FACE WORE A WICKED SMILE.

and lost. The governor's face wore a wicked smile. "Governor," said the Indian, "you got my money, my saddle, my blanket and my pony; now I bet you my squaw." The governor's expression at once became benevolent. "Capoue," he explained, "I cannot take your wife. The paleface does not indulge in double blessings of this variety, but if you will promise never to play poker again I will give you back your money and your property." Capoue was delighted and always after that told the story to illustrate what a great man was Governor Nye.

By order of court we will on the 7th day of July, 1906, offer for sale at the court house door in Kinston, N. C., at the hour of 10 o'clock noon, to the highest bidder for cash, all of that property situated on the north corner of Queen and Gordon streets in the town of Kinston, N. C., better known as the John H. Stevenson property. Fronting Queen street with five hundred feet, running back one hundred and ten feet, making a frontage on Gordon street one hundred and ten feet. The object of the sale is to make division between E. H. Stevenson and Mary A. Stevenson. Sale will be made subject to approval of court. This the said day of May, 1906.

T. C. WOOTEN, A. D. WARD, Commissioners of Court.

Stevenson Property!

..YOU CAN MAKE.. your life easier by buying your Ice Cream from Skinner.

Delivered in any quantity from one quart up.

J. T. SKINNER, Phone 140. KINSTON, N. C.

If you want up-to-date Tailoring done place your order with

S. J. WALLS. Everything guaranteed with a guarantee that is good! Could you ask fairer? KINSTON, N. C.

From the Lenoir County Cotton Patch to the Lenoir County Foot.

It is possible that by purchasing the excellent hosiery, for man, woman and child, made by the ORION MILLS, of Kinston, N. C., that you may wear socks or stockings made from cotton spun in the Kinston Cotton mills and knit in the Orion Knitting Mills, thus encouraging the cotton grower of Lenoir county and two splendid manufacturing giving employment to labor in the county. Thus you will be assisting the cotton grower, the cotton picker, the cotton ginner, the cotton spinner and knitter—all people of your own neighborhood.

The Benevolence of Governor Nye. Back in the sixties Governor Nye of Nevada was an inveterate poker player. One time while at Stillwater he was playing poker in the presence of Capoue, peace chief of the Putes. Capoue asked the governor to play with him, and the request was granted. The play was two bits ante and a dollar limit. The Indian's capital was \$10, and the governor, who cheated outrageously, soon won all the money. Capoue then put up his saddle, which quickly went with his cash. His blanket followed. His pony was staked



THE GOVERNOR'S FACE WORE A WICKED SMILE.

and lost. The governor's face wore a wicked smile. "Governor," said the Indian, "you got my money, my saddle, my blanket and my pony; now I bet you my squaw." The governor's expression at once became benevolent. "Capoue," he explained, "I cannot take your wife. The paleface does not indulge in double blessings of this variety, but if you will promise never to play poker again I will give you back your money and your property." Capoue was delighted and always after that told the story to illustrate what a great man was Governor Nye.

By order of court we will on the 7th day of July, 1906, offer for sale at the court house door in Kinston, N. C., at the hour of 10 o'clock noon, to the highest bidder for cash, all of that property situated on the north corner of Queen and Gordon streets in the town of Kinston, N. C., better known as the John H. Stevenson property. Fronting Queen street with five hundred feet, running back one hundred and ten feet, making a frontage on Gordon street one hundred and ten feet. The object of the sale is to make division between E. H. Stevenson and Mary A. Stevenson. Sale will be made subject to approval of court. This the said day of May, 1906.

T. C. WOOTEN, A. D. WARD, Commissioners of Court.

Stevenson Property!

..YOU CAN MAKE.. your life easier by buying your Ice Cream from Skinner.

Delivered in any quantity from one quart up.

J. T. SKINNER, Phone 140. KINSTON, N. C.

If you want up-to-date Tailoring done place your order with

S. J. WALLS. Everything guaranteed with a guarantee that is good! Could you ask fairer? KINSTON, N. C.

From the Lenoir County Cotton Patch to the Lenoir County Foot.

It is possible that by purchasing the excellent hosiery, for man, woman and child, made by the ORION MILLS, of Kinston, N. C., that you may wear socks or stockings made from cotton spun in the Kinston Cotton mills and knit in the Orion Knitting Mills, thus encouraging the cotton grower of Lenoir county and two splendid manufacturing giving employment to labor in the county. Thus you will be assisting the cotton grower, the cotton picker, the cotton ginner, the cotton spinner and knitter—all people of your own neighborhood.

Run your eye over your reflected face in your truthful mirror. Is it such as Nature gave you in color and smoothness



or have freckles, sunburn, tan, sallowness, etc., clouded its former flesh-tinted transparency? If so, apply

Hagan's Magnolia Balm

and redeem Nature's gift. Delightfully refreshing, and entirely free from all injurious elements. It gives a complexion that makes a lady look years younger.

It is a LIQUID, easily applied and sold by druggists at 75c.

Keep out the pesky flies by having your Doors and Windows fitted with SCREENS. We make them to fit any door or window. Come and see our Ideal and 20th Century

Ice Cream Freezers.

Also our large lot of Water Coolers.

We make you comfortable

DIXON & HOOKER.

HARDWARE, KINSTON, N. C.

ARE YOU TIRED OF QUACK MEDICINES THAT HAVE DONE YOU NO GOOD?

GIVE HARRIS LITHIA WATER A TRIAL.

IT flushes the Kidneys and Bladder and exercises the uric acid in the system. It has cured thousands of Kidney and Bladder Troubles, Rheumatism and all Kindred Diseases, and

IT WILL CURE YOU! The man or woman who has used Harris Lithia Water has made a discovery. Cases 1 1/2 gallon bottles, \$4.00, delivered. One dollar allowed for return of bottles. Harris Lithia Water carbonated in quarts and pints. As a table water it is unequalled. For sale by dealers.

LOCAL DISTRIBUTORS: TEMPLE-MANSTON DRUG CO. AND J. E. HOOD. HARRIS LITHIA SPRINGS CO., Harris Springs, S. C.

Tobacco Flues!

Tobacco Flues!

Have Plenty of Sets Already Made. Can Deliver On An Hour's Notice.

Roofing, Plumbing, Heating and General Repair Work Done in a First-Class Manner.

S. H. ISLER, JR., KINSTON, N. C.