

FONTENA THE DO SAVADEREDS REAN. A MILITARY NOVEL.

BY FORTUNE DU BOISGOBEY.

(Translated by H. L. Williams.)

CHAPTER XIV.-Continued. To listen Fontenay stopped behind a mound of the dead ; here had been a handto-hand combat of French light-horse and English dragoons. Men had fallen with cleft skull or perforated breast, and two horses lay there, shot dead with small arma. Lying upon one another they formed a breastwork behind which a stubborn soldier might have sheltered himself to maintain firing, in imitation of the American hunters who made their ponics lie down, and kneel themselves to shoot over them, resting the rifle-barrel on the side of the animal trained to be a living rampart.

With outstretched neck and attentive ear. Fontenav turned his back on this cadaveric pile. He was so near it that his cloak hem brushed the helmet of a dragoon extended across a horse opened by a shell. He did not think of turning as, since a few seconds, he seemed to hear at a distance bugle-calls, sounded in a low tone-short notes repeated at regular intervals.

"Tournesol has got across," said Paul to himself, "he has made his report-the marshal has issued the order for all to mount-and as my man will take the head of the first troop, our men cannot miss the ford and they will not require more than a quarter of an hour to cross. I hope I shall not be frozen stiff before then," he mentally added ; "I feel the chill rising to my heart, and I have not my spirit flask. I fancy a sup of brandy, would set me right. I hope Tournesol has not drunk my life a second time-but by the strong waters !"

He resumed stamping where he stood

him or carry him away.

he did all he could to revive him. His of his plans. canteen, which he never laid by, was still Fontenay anxiously questioned himself half-full of brandy. He poured a mouth- as to what Napoleon might do with him. ful between the wounded man's lips, In a war, as elsewhere, "les absents ont whose eyes opened. He heaved a deep tort," and there is little doubt that the sigh and tried to sit up. Surprised and Emperor no longer recollected the underdelighted by this miraculous resurrection, lieutenant charged by him with a perilous the orderly aided and supported him and commission, but, though he had achieved renewed the alcoholic remedy-his only it, failing to return. one available. Evidently Paul was not Nothing came from Paris. A whole death-stricken, since he could drink. It regiment was required now to escort the was through cold that he had lost con- mail-carrier. sciousness rather than the stab.

"I feel better," he stammered.

"It will be nothing," said the orderly. "But, lieutenant, who treated you in this manner ?"

fancy I fell asleep."

not been fighting a small-sword duel ?"

Paul drew his hand across his chest and returned to him and he muttered :

"Yes, I remember now-a man rushed at me and stabbed me-I thought it was a the scrape. No one rejoices more heartily blow with the fist, but it was so heavy than I, and I try to be the first to announce that I fell."

-just over the heart. Luckily the point seems to have been doubled there, so that time, on the report of Marshal Bessiéres, ensanguined the talisman he always wore to you.

dead, and the wounded man was in no Uncle Blas, and sometimes Diego Perez's, state to furnish explanations to Tournesol, | as he bounded, dagger in hand, over the who remained in despair unable to help mound of corpses. He called on Marguerite incessantly.

Only the cavalry laggards passed by, His situation looked gloomy when he thinking but of joining their squadron. could study it. Benavente was occupied The infantry would not come up till the solely by the stores of the army on the following day when a bridge of boats would | march, and hardly any news of the Embe constructed, and with them the muni- peror came here. It was known only that tion and hospital corps. Would there be he had reached Astorga and that the Engtime to save Fontenay ? Would he live lish had retired to Corunna, where their long enough ? Tournesol feared not, but fleet awaited them. Nothing was known

Despairing in this general silence, Fontenay was beginning to regret that fever had not swept him into the other world, when Tournesol brought him a 'etter one morning which the commander of the "I hardly know-I was freezing-I town had received with the official dispatches from head-quarters. This blessed "But this !" went on Tournesol, un- missive came from Captain Vergoncey and buttoning the officer's coat, "it looks like much surprised Paul on reading it. It the stab of a fencing foil. Yet you have was short but taught him much in its few words:

" MY DEAR BROTHER OFFICER':--We removed it smeared with blood. Memory believed you were gone, and I swear that I sorrowed for you. We have just learnt that you have victoriously come out of that you are male a captain! Yes, my "It was a knife cut-in the right place dear Fontenay, captain ! The Emperor appointed you lieutenant after Somo did not penetrate deeply, for you would Sierra, but it appears that some blunderer have been killed outright. Your cape neglected to inform you officially. This all his, and when he comes he will save you owe your life perhaps to your tailor." his majesty has promoted you to a cap-Fontenay felt over his shirt and found tainey and your commission is on the way next his skin-the sachet embroidered by "Two grades in less than two months !

Marguerite de Gavre. This was wadded splendid ! but you have handsomely won that he owes the power to cross the Esla "I had a forewarning that it would save to you. All my congratulations ! You us! you might cross the Danube by swim-"What a piece of luck that the ruffian ming ! I suppose you know the war is "What was he like? did you see his vile hole, Astorga; in a week we will be in Paris and in three months in Vienna. "Scarcely-yet it seems to me it was But comfort yourself for not being of our party. The Emperor would certainly have "Well my idea is that it is the scoundrel brought you along if you had been fit for marching. To give you time to recuperate, he attaches you to Marshal Lannes' staff, who commands the siege of Saragossa, and will be called into Germany as soon as the city is taken. That will not be long and we shall soon meet. So, get ready, my dear Fontenay, and good luck ! Do not forget me, and write to me at Paris where I hope we shall spend the winter in company.



Mrs. M. E. Merrick, Of Toronto, Ontario, Cured of

Catarrh and Neuralgia

Good authority has said that "neuralgia is the cry of the nerves for pure blood." The prompt action of Hood's Sarsaparilla on the blood, combined with its toning and strengthening effect upon the nerves, make this a grand medicine for neuralgia and also for catarrh, etc. We commend this letter to all having such troubles, and especially to

Suffering Women "For a good many years I have been suffering from catarrh, neuralgia and

General Debility I failed to obtain permanent relief from medical advice, and my friends feared I would never find anything to cure me. A short time ago I was induced to try Hood's Sarsaparilla. At that time I was unable to walk even a short distance without feeling a

Death-like Weakness

overtake me. And I had intense pains from neuralgia in my head, back and limbs, which were very exhausting. But I am glad to say that soon after I began taking Hood's Sarsaparilla I saw that it was doing me good. When I took 3 bottles I was entirely

Cured of Neuralgia

gained in strength rapialy, and can take a two-mile walk without feeling tired. I do not suffer nearly so much from catarrh, and find that as my strength increases the catarrh decreases. I am indeed a changed woman, and am very grateful to

Hood's Sarsaparilla





(LIMITED).

from inability to run up and down to keep warm. He still listened with attentiveness, and soon very distinctly heard splashes as from a heavy body falling about in the water.

"There they are !" he muttered. Then a horse neighed. No farther doubt was possible; a detachment had ridden into the stream and would soon be over unless some accident supervened.

The sub-lieutenant felt like going to meet the horsemen so impatiently awaited; but he reflected that they would land rather pell-mell and tumultously race over the level land toward Benavente, which they would hope to take by surprise. If he were in their road, they might trample upon him, taking him for a marauder, from knowing no better, or cut him down without warning. This is why Fontenay deemed it more prudent not to stir from his stopping-place a little aside on a knoll,

At this emergency other sounds attracted his attention-not coming from the river-side and inexplicable at the first. It was like a rumbling on the far edge of the plain, perhaps from heavily laden vehicles on a paved road. He quickly guessed that it was the enemy's artillery galloping off with the rearguard evacuating the town. Had the English been advised that the French cavalry were coming to attack them or had they received orders from their head-quarters to fall back on their main body, beating the retreat? It little mattered which if they were retiring. The French horsemen had still ample time to pursue them, if on the point of landing. At any instant Fontenay expected to see them appear with Tournesol at their head.

He was not deceived, for almost in. stantly burst forth hurrahs and bugles sounding the "Forward !"

Fontenay had been for the past instant looking toward Benavente. On these warlike sounds heralding his comrades he was turning to see them when a man sprang up abruptly from behind the rampart of corpses, threw himself on him with a dagger in his hand and struck at him, yelling in Spanish :

"Die devil !"

Paul received the stab full in the chest, and so violent was the shock that he fell backward. In falling he could hear Tournesol's call

ant?"

and had broken the blow so that the knife them. The marshal says to everybody had only gashed the flesh.

me," thought Paul, raising his eyes in no more fear water than fire ! What a gratitude to heaven which had protected pity you are not coming into Austria with him.

did not finish you," observed Tournesol. decided upon? To-morrow we leave this face ?"

not unknown-I believe, Spanish."

who tried to lure us into that hole! he spoke French in calling out for us to oblique instead of keeping straight on." "I have it !" exclaimed Fontenay, beating his brow ; "it's that wretch Diego !" "Who's Diego ?"

"The guide given me at Chamartin to conduct me to the Escurial. I did not recognize him at the moment when he assailed me but I am now sure. He speaks French as well as you and I."

"Only to think that you might have had him shot at Chamartin when you learned he betrayed you ! he rewards you richly for letting him off !"

giving us the false advice, he did not know he had to deal with me, and when he stabbed me he could not see my face."

"What ! are you taking up his defense?

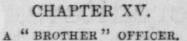
Oh, lieutenant, you do not know what a people these are! they make less bone over slaving a Frenchman than a dog." Fontenay did not argue ; the eau de vie had revived him for a space, but he felt weakening again. The cold spread and his eyes closed in spite of himself so that Tournesol, who had seen soldiers die in the icy bogs of Poland, doubted not that his officer would never wake if he slumbered now. He caught him up in his arms, forced him to stand erect and with incredible efforts contrived to hoist him upon his horse which he had led along by the bridle.

Fontenay helped him slightly and could hold up in the saddle, though feebly. Their goal was Benavente where they might find a house, if not a hospital to shelter the wounded man, and a bed to lay him upon

impediment, without any idea that it was the last stage in this unfortunate expedi-"Lieutenant! Where are you, lieuten- tion. Fontenay lived and his wound was not serious, but one of those fearful fevers Lefebvre had his horse wounded on the seized him next day, which decimate return, and was captured. Comfort his armies and attack soldiers exhausted by wife. Young Fontenay bears himself well, fatigue and privations. The doctors who saw him did not conceal from Tournesol that they had scant hope of saving him. she had repeated it verbally to Prégny This was known among the staff, who who transcribed it under her dictation for believed him lostse thatnot one brother-of. ficer came to bid him farewell, although proud of the passage concerning him. The the Emperor stopped many days in Bena- Emperor had written about him, the vente, previous to resuming pursuit of the youngest of his body-guard officers, at the English. Fontenay wavered for a fortnight be- and he brilliantly justified the choice. week in the new year, 1809.

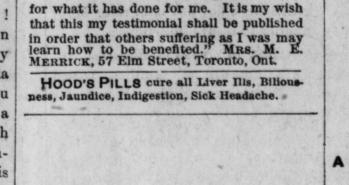
"I see," muttered Paul, "it is decreed that I am to leave my bones in Spain, and never to see Marguerite again !"

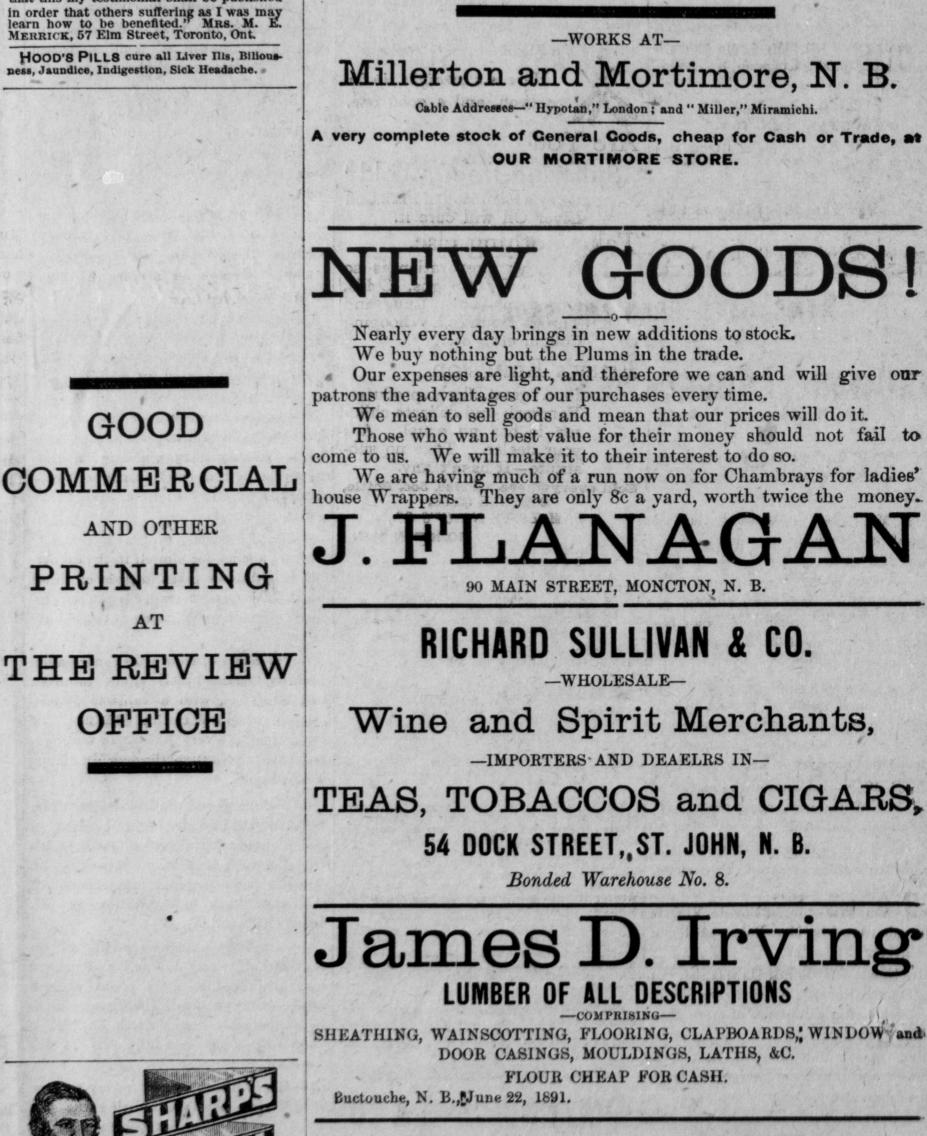
All predictions do not come true, but Marguerite's betrothed was not at the end "Awhile ago when he hid away after of love's labors, though wrong in his forecast.



In less than a mouth a complete mental and physical change took place in Paul Fontenay. At Benavente, he could hardly stand, and saw everything under a cloud. On arriving before Saragossa, he was as strong as a bridge, felt happy at being in life and cared not an atom for the future. This is the ordinary effect of unexpected cures, and his promotion to captain's rank had not a little assisted in restoring his good humor ; but it must be added that, before starting for Aragon, he had received a letter from George de Prègny putting an end to his loving unrest. Mlle. de Gavre spoke of nobody but her absent worshiper. The Empress had shown her a laconic note from Napoleon written on the 31st of December.

"MON AMIE :- I am in pursuit of the English, They flee terrified. Bad weather. They reached it with pains but without Lefebvre 1s a prisoner. He was skirmish ing with three hundred light horse-daredevils who swam a river and rushed amid the heavy cavalry ; they slew many, but





That was all.

Tournesol had passed over the shallows at the head of the file and was first to land on the right bank. He had done his duty in guiding his comrades, but he was not bound to dash in chase of the foe retiring from Benavente. While the light-cavalry were forming for the ride, Tournesol dismounted and came in search of his officer, loudly calling him. He knew pretty nearly where he had left him and was not long finding him lying on the frozen ground, speechless, and without movement.

He believed him dead ; he rushed forward to lift him up and on taking him in his arms, felt that Fontenay's heart still throbbed. A thin thread of blood trickled over the stabbed officer's uniform coat, and Tournesol, an expert in such matters, saw immediately that a bullet had not inflicted that wound. Was it the cut of a much consciousness of his state, for sword or a bayonet? Who could have delirium had not left him. In his sick-

boast of having materially contributed to Saragossa.

his cure. Fontenay had deeply suffered without delivered it? None was here but the bed dreams he saw the atrocious visage of

which pleases me. Adieu mon Amie !"

Marguerite had learnt this note by heart; transmission to his friend. Fontenay was time of sending him upon a commission,

tween life and death until the vigor of his After this testimony to his services from constitution prevailed and he entered into the great warrior, Fontenay might depend convalescence at the beginning of the third on rapid advancement, as he could on the constancy of the adorable girl whom he Tournesol, never quitting him, had loved-at a distance, alas ! But he hoped watched him with a father's care and might | to see her soon in Paris after the taking of

> Joyous and ready, he arrived to take part under an illustrious leader, in the terrible seige which retained the French army for six weeks before a town unprovided with regular fortifications. TO BE CONTINUED.



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