Napoleon Smith.

By a Well-Known New York Author.

CHAPTER XVIII.—Continued.

As Smith talked and she listened he was startled to see her evince a feeling he had never noted before. It is said that the cat never loves his master or mistress only as it receives favors at their hands. It purs at the warm fireside and snuggles down to the soft cushion, but unsheathes its claws at a rough touch, even from a loved hand. So the years of tender care often breed a semblance of love, which is only gratitude for a softly cushioned life. The eyes of Aimee grew luminous, and her little hand fell into his broad palm as he told of his wealth. Her head grew erect as he told her what gold would do, and she whispered:

"Napoleon, my brave captain, I, too, am the heir of such broad acres as you describe. I, too, have a chateau where the long halls echo to the footfalls of an army of srvants, and on the walls are the pictures of the race to which I belong—the Beauharinais of the royal blood of Brinvilliers of a line of dukes. But I have been wronged and a false relative has usurped my right. Your gold shall add luster to a grand old name," and she arose and walked the floor with rapid strides.

"All that love can do, all that gold can buy, shall be cast at your feet, for, Aimee, I worship you, my child," said Smith in a constrained voice; but as he spoke a pained look came over his face, and he put his hand to his head and groaned with anguish.

Aimee stopped in her rapid walk, and looked at him in astonishment.

"It is my old wound," said he. "When I am excited the pang comes and I forget myself."

Strangely she gazed upon him, and thought of the fierce questioning of her love in the old abbey. As she pondered, a knock came to the door, and, springing to his feet, Smith drew her to his breast and tried to imprint a kiss upon her lips. She pushed him back and thoughtfully walked away. An orderly came into the room and said:

"Captain Smith, the General would see you instantly at his office."

"I will go with you now," said our hero, as he donned his cap and buckled on his sword. At the General's office an unwonted commotion was found. Orderlies coming in and going out; mounted men waiting in the street; Trochu himself was pacing the floor, issuing orders to a clerk who wrote them down and transmitted them.

"Leave us alone for a moment," said the General, and in an instant the office was cleared of all but he and Smith, who stood with his cap in his hand.

"How is your wound?" asked the General kindly.

"Healing rapidly," answered Smith.

"Are you fit to sit in the saddle for a few hours?" the General asked.

"For a week if necessary," responded our hero.

"Had you ever, in your American army, to send out to what you call the forlorn hope?" asked Trochu, sadly.

"I think I know what you mean," said Smith.

"To-morrow morning Paris will be surrendered," said the General.

"You do not mean it!" cried Smith.

"I wish I might be able to joke about it, my friend. To-morrow Paris falls. It is determined, but there is much to be done. A diversion must be created to conceal our distress while we prepare for the last scene in the drama. We dare not lie supine and let the enemy drift in upon our stores and armament in disarray. A nation must have the respect of its conquerors even in the hour of defeat. We must hold our lines until the flag of truce rings in our foemen to assist in maintaining order. I am going to sacrifice good men in order to maintain order and decency in our downfall. Dare I say to many I am about to surrender? No. I tell you, my friend, and France will honor your name and the names of your comrades who fall, for I send you out to fight a losing battle. I give you orders to conduct it out to the German lines on the St. Denis road, and then fight until annhilated or night falls. I kiss you a good-bye, my brave comrade, and if we meet not on earth, may we meet in Heaven!"

Smith made no answer, but took the order from the hand of Trochu and went out.

The brigade to which Smith carried the deadly order was one that had remained loyal to a man during the seige of Paris. It was an organization which had among its officers legends of terrible deeds at Magneta and Sebastopol. Many of the men were grey-mustached, and had the swing in marching which fifteen or twenty years of experience gives. They had lived the best years of their lives under the knapsack and a tent. Their racks were full, for they had been the main dependence of Trochu in his terrible experience in Paris. Every piece clanged to the ground as one piece as they ordered arms, and when they swung them to their shoulders it was as if a long serpent had turned his scales to the sun. Smith whispered to the commanding officer for a moment as he gave him the order. He did not change color or tremble, he merely wheeled the column into a hollow square and said in a ringing tone:

"My men, we are the forlorn hope! On us rests the honor of France when she droops in death. Not many of us will come back, but I wish to save as many lives as possible. Now hear me: We shall take the German's first line. If we can spike a few cannon, good! We shall lie down in the works. If they turn guns on us from other forts, we will get over the works and come back. For this, a few is as good as many. All who have wives and children in Paris step two paces to the front."

About a score stepped out.

"Right face—forward, march!" and the few married men marched away.

Then the line was formed and belts were tightened, and a few examined the hammers of their muskets. Not a man trembled, but many were pale. It is an axiom of war, "Beware the pale soldier who fights;" he will die but he will not retreat.

They were now rushing right over a picket line of Germans, who remained, and were some of them bayoneted in their pits. German reserves were ordered up, but this was no battle—it was only an advance to death. No supports of galloping artillery horse came behind them; no ambulance corps to care for the wounded. Wounds meant death, and not a hospital. Terrified at the resistless tide of French valor, the German line broke and ran back to their works. Drums beat to arms on the right and left, and the bugles added their clangor, and now came what they had expected—the cannons opened on them from the fort.

"Fix bayonets!" rang out, and then, "Forward, double-quick—march!" and the mad rush came.

A soldier never seems to fall in love with a picture of a battle. He knows it can never be put on canvas. He without doubt regards it very much as a thrush would regard his song written out in notes in a music book.

There are a thousand things occurring at once. The cannons are blooming; the man at your side is stumbling forward dead, and his musket flying from his hand; you are clambering over a bank of earth, and your feet are in the face of a dead man; you are yelling at the top of your voice, and yet you do not hear it, for a louder din is all about you. For a moment you are one in a compact line, and in another moment you are one of a group of a half-dozen, and the noise grows less, for you have shot or driven away the gunners from the guns, and you see no enemy to fire at, and you stop and wipe the sweat and grime from your face and look around. You have captured the enemy's works. You look back over the path you have trod, and it is spotted with hideous hummocks of dead or writhing bodies. At your feet are several in the uniform of the enemy. One lies across the trail of the cannon; he has a swab in his hand yet. In front of the limber chest lie two more as they fell when about to hand ammunition. You feel sad, but—boom! they have turned the guns on you from the right and left. A shell buries itself in the earth and then explodes horribly with dirt and dead bodies, and a living one borne on its force high into the air. "Lie down!" calls an inferior officer—the one who commanded in the charge is dead.

Now they have our range, and every shell drops among us, and the guns are dismounted and torn apart. A limber chest is struck by a shell, and you all leap over the works to the escampment to escape the explosion. The enemy see the effect of their fire, and now behind us rises a long gray line and gradually draws near. They are going to try to retake the works. The artillery ceases; they do not wish to shell their own men. The officer says again:

"Men, we cannot retreat! Save your fire, and stay on the works."

Thus far Napoleon Smith told me of the battle: then a bursting shell tore off his scalp on one side; he whirled around once, and grasped at the air—fell, and all was dark. The forlorn hope had done its work.

CHAPTER XIX.

Now is the cup of France's humiliation full! The white flag has been sent out and with much military pomp the commanders have met to arrange for the capitulation. Long did Paris argue and plead against the Germans entering the city. Take all the rich armament of her forts; take the long rows of stacked muskets and count up the flags and guidons with the eagles, but for the sake of mercy and Heaven, do not make a Roman triumph of it by entering the city. But all the indemnity money to be paid in millions and billions of francs, all the glory of captured thousands, will be as nothing to Germany if she may not march her hosts of victorious troops down the avenues and boulevards and humiliate proud France in the dust. She would drag the French generals at her chariot wheels if she dared, for she has been storing up wrath against the day of wrath for half a century. Germany imagines that she cannot balance the books unless she blare with trumpets and bands in the streets of the French capital, as did the little corporal once in Berlin and Vienna. How certainly the wanton insults of that victorious army of Napoleon come back now, even to the shame of dismantled palaces, half-burned houses, and works of art trampled in the streets!

But what a strange silence prevades the German ranks as they pass in through the dreary streets! No songs roll down the square-cut platoons and sections of the infantry. The heavy horses of the cavalry seem to step with rhythmic regularity, as if they were only a part of a vast military machine. The German postillions of the artillery sit like statues on their horses, and evince no curiosity as they enter the city for which they have fought so long, and on the limber chests and caissons sit with folded arms the statue-like cannoneers, as motionless as wooden men. What is this army? It is incarnate. It is the lesson that all nations must learn now—that battles must be won, not by dash or surprise, but by perfection in obedience. What can courage or dash do with a stone wall? Just battle itself into fragments against it, that is all.

And so the almost endless line with sedate and rhythmic motion, and Paris gazes out of hungry and malevolent eyes upon her conquerors. As they turn with fan-like wheel by platoons they hear the rolling discharge of a score of muskets. The prince turns to an aide and asks the meaning.

"It is the execution of squads of the Communists. They are drawn up against a blank wall and shot by the National Guard," the aide answers.

With a sneer on his lips the Prince rides thoughtfully along. The more of this fiery material is quenched in death the safer will be his conquest. He cares nothing for that, but we do, and we will go down where we hear the rolling musketry and see the strange sight. There is little of law but much of revenge in these closing scenes of the siege of Paris.

Here comes another squad from the prison. They are the Reds who clutched the throat of Paris and choked her down while she was in the throes of a mortal combat with a foreign foe. It is the misfortune of this cursed agrarian idea that it is always in the hands of fiends who love blood and anarchy, and so all men's hands are against it. These Reds are the only men who sing in this pandemonium of surrender and triumph and blood. They sing in hoarse tones that come by late hours, harsh wines, and evil passions. They are now pushed back in a long line against a blank wall, and the firing party take their muskets, every alternate one containing a bullet, and every alternate one a blank cartridge. No soldier knows whether he shoots a fellow-mortal or not. It is one of those shifts which Satan puts upon man to veil an evil. This is a short ceremony.

"Ready! Aim—Fire!" and a long row of writhing bodies falls in a swathe along the wall. The commanding officer motions with his hand, and the human clay is tumbled into carts and hurried away. Several of these Reds were found alive at the graveside, and lived to mingle in other riots. We are hurried now, in this exciting time, and even the killing is done carelessly.

The officer awaits the loading of the muskets and the bringing out of another string of Communists, and as he waits he curls his mustache and watches a group of French prisoners turned loose that morning from the field hospitals of the Germans. A few of them turn into the square and lean on their crutches to watch the executions. One of them is a small officer whose uniform is torn and muddy. He has no hat, for his head is swathed in bandages. Evidently he has had a cut from the sabre of an artillerist, for it comes down and involves one cheek in a long bandage.

Here comes an old gentleman, evidently, for he has white hair, and his face wrinkles with a sneer as he picks his way over the stones to see a batch of the canaille shot. It will relieve a picture he always carries in his memory, of tumbrils filled with the aristocrats, and they were consigned to the guillotine in the Place de Greve. And now, as the old gentleman smiles in anticipation of feasting his eyes on the death of the hated lower orders, we can recognize him. Ah! it is the Marquis Larue. Yes, and yonder, with a slim cane in his hand and the head of it at his mouth, stands the grinning Victorien, his son. He trips circularly forward on his weak legs and smilingly says:

"My dear papa, you are here for the afterpiece to the play of the Siege of Paris. It is noisy, my papa, but well acted."

The Marquis smiles grimly and waits. Why, this is to be a matinee of our friends, it seems, for yonder is Sturgis. A great change has taken place in his appearance, but it is he. He is cleanly shaven, and dressed in a half-military suit of superfine blue cloth; on his head a beautiful silk hat. The Marquis recognizes him with a scowl, and then contemplates his changed appearance with curiosity. Evidently dealers in soap have a lucrative business, he thinks, but says nothing.

Here they come, another desperate gang of cut-throats, singing a song of the Commune. Now the play will go on, but a commotion attracts yall eyes to the Marquis Larue. The little French officer with the bandaged heads leaps at the throat of the Marquis and cries in shrill tones:

"Sieze him! It is the traitor Marquis Larue! I have been a prisoner with the Germans, and I have seen him in communication with the Crown Prince. For Heaven's sake, Colonel, sieze the traitor!"

"What is this about?" says the officer in charge of the executions.

"It is th Marquis Larue. Curse him, he has sold us to the enemy!" cried the wounded officer.

"I have heard of him. Is this the Marquis Larue?" he asks.

"He wil not deny it. See! he struggles to get away. Ah, mouchard, would you?" the little man cries as he chokes him down.

"Who are you?" says the Colonel, as he looks at the struggling officer clinging to the Marquis.

"I am Lieutenant Boh of the Guards. I have been in the German hospital, wounded in the head, and demurious. Ah, villain, you shall not escape me!" and he clung like a monkey to the pale and writhing old Marquis.

"In the pay of the Germans, was he?" said the Colonel, with a scowl.

"Search him now—tear open his pockets!" cried the breathless Lieutenant.

With an eager hand the Colonel tossed from the pockets of the Marquis handkerchief, pocket-books, glasses—and now what is this? A map! A line of entrenchments—lines of figures—number of pieces of artillery. And here a safe-conduct from the German officers! A scowl of hate shadows the Colonel's face. The soldiers have their muskets, and stand at order arms, waiting.

"Put him wit the Communists!" says the Colonel white with wrath.

"You dare not!" shrieked the Marquis. "Even now the Germans are in the city. Curse you, let me go!"

"Put him with the Communists!" says the Colonel again.

They pick up the writhing form and hurry him across the square and drop him among the scowling canaille whom he hates. They embrace him—they laugh, and cry:

"Ah, we have with us good company—one of the men with spurs who ride over the tollers. Good! he will die with us."

But now the ape-like Victorien springs forward. Is it to defend, to support, the white-haired, breathless old man? No; he cries as he breaks from the crowd:

"The papers, papa—the papers from the Prince! The papers for the estate at Brinvilliers!"

"Ready!"—

"Come back, fool! they are going to fire," cries the crowd.

"Ah but, papa, give me the papers you have in the pocket-book"—

"Aim!"—

"Come back, or lie down. Oh, fool! look this way do you see?" cries the crowd—

"Fire!"

The smoke clears away, and amid the tangled mass of Communists lies an old man with one hand yet in his breast, where he sought for the documents the son demanded—and across his legs, as he fell, was seen the dapper form of the son in a posture of pain, with his hands over his face. The carts rattle up and take their loads. A sedate German officer rides into the square to inquire into the executions, but they are over. The Colonel forms his men and marches away. In twenty minutes only some battered bricks in the wall, and a slow stream of blood working its way to the gutter, show where the last execution of the Communists took place.

Poor France! when will she learn that a godless revolution never prospered? When will she study the pages of history and learn that only where the theory meets the assent and accord of man's better nature can it be solidified in institutions that live? Consecrated swords cut deeply, and bullets carry a long distance impelled by prayer. Theorize and laugh and flout it, if you will, but Switzerland founded on a prayer hasock, and America entrenched in lines of village churches, are proof against the armies of the world. Better the Mohammedan shout of "Allah il Allah!" than the devilish shriek of Infidelity, "Vive la Commune!"

Lieutenant Boh stood with extended hands and a prayer for mercy on his lips when the volley of muskets settled his long account with the Marquis Larue. He stood astonished like a magician who had invoked the presence of the evil one, and then trembles at the sudden power of his incantation. Death came at his command like a bolt of lightning. As the Colonel rode away, the Lieutenant saluted and said:

"You will keep the evidence of his crime, so that if we be called to account for this we shall be able to show cause."

"The President shall see the evidence to-day. Borrow no trouble about that, Lieutenant," said the Colonel.

(To be Continued.)

Giraffes are almost priceless since the dervishes have occupied the Upper Nile.

WEEKLY SUN!

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SIR CHARLES TUPPER.

He Talks About the Prospects of the Canadian West—New Mining Regulations.

He is Glad that They are Being Revised—People Dissatisfied With the Premier's Broken Promises.

OTTAWA, Jan. 14.—Sir Charles Tupper returned to Ottawa this evening on the Winnipeg train, looking in the best of health and spirits and apparently quite unaffected by the incessant hard work he has been undergoing during the past six months. Since he left Ottawa Sir Charles has crossed the ocean four times, has presided at a number of important meetings, has taken an active part in promoting extensive projects for the advancement of Canadian interests, and has drawn upon his resources of energy and endurance in a manner which would have taxed the strength of a much younger man, yet when seen by your correspondent within an hour of his arrival he was already at work at his correspondence and looked as fresh and hearty as if he had been enjoying a holiday. Sir Charles said that he felt in excellent health, and added: "I should have been back a day sooner had it not been that at the request of friends I stopped over a day in Morden, to attend a meeting there in company with Hon. Hugh John Macdonald. It was a most successful gathering, I may say, the hall being crowded by about 500 people of both political parties. Yes, I addressed the meeting, speaking for about three hours. My visit to the west," Sir Charles continued, "has been a most interesting one. All my investigations into the question have satisfied me that it is impossible to over-estimate the great mineral wealth of British Columbia, and that taken in conjunction with the attention drawn to the Canadian Yukon, will result in a great influx of population to Canada, much of which will, no doubt, remain in the country. The demand for products of Manitoba and the Northwest Territories in connection with the opening of the Crows Nest Pass road, and the great impetus that will be given to mining development in British Columbia and the large amount of British capital now being attracted to Canada, must produce a wonderful effect on the whole of the dominion, and the western country especially. If the government discharges its duty in the establishment of an all Canadian route, the advantages to British Columbia, the Northwest Territories and Manitoba, in fact, to the whole of Canada, will, in my opinion, be very great."

Asked as to the political outlook in the west, Sir Charles said: "The dissatisfaction that is found existing in every section of the western country in regard to all the pledges given by the liberal party before they obtained power, and their failure to redeem any of them, is very great, and has produced a wide-spread feeling of revulsion against the government, which will make itself manifest at no distant day. Indeed, there is every reason to believe that the country west of Ontario will, at the next general election, stand as solidly conservative as it has done heretofore.

"The good crops and the realization of double the prices obtained for many years past, have rendered the agricultural classes quite prosperous and independent and I have no doubt that population and capital will steadily pour into the country, with greater rapidity than in the past."

"What is the impression created in the west, Sir Charles, by the Yukon regulations now in force?"

"As I said before, under proper regulations there is no reason to doubt that the great Canadian Yukon gold fields may be made, for many years to come, the means of creating a great demand for the productions of Manitoba and the Northwest, as well as the agricultural portion of British Columbia. Now I am glad to see that the government is engaged in revising the mining regulations applicable to the Yukon. I believe the world would be searched in vain for any proposals so monstrous as those which were previously promulgated, and no greater injury could be inflicted on the country than an attempt to carry them out."

Sir Charles takes a hopeful view of the outcome of the campaign for good provincial government which is being urged in Manitoba.

"I have no doubt whatever," he said, "that the next general election will result in the Hon. Hugh John Macdonald obtaining a good working majority to carry on the province of Manitoba."

A ST. HELENA EXILE.

A Black Napoleon Held Captive by the British.

His Ancestor Emulated the Great Corsican—The Empire He Created Fell Before the Same Power.

On the island of St. Helena, where the white Napoleon ended his days a prisoner to the English, a black Napoleon is living now, also a prisoner. It is a singular chapter of coincidences which seems to unite the fortunes of the house of Bonaparte and the house of Chaka. Early in the century, when Napoleon was overrunning Europe with his armies and dazzling the minds of men with his genius, an English sailor was wrecked on the African coast and wandered into Zululand.

He was taken before the young chief, Chaka, and to him he told of the wonderful outside world, of whom the chief had heard rumors, and as all the world was then filled with the name of Napoleon, he told of the rise of the Corsican and how he had conquered nations and built up for himself a great empire. The story of Napoleon captured the fancy of Chaka, and he resolved to be an African Napoleon.

Then began the rise of the great Zulu power in South Africa, and Chaka spread his conquests over great territories and subjugated neighboring tribes and built for himself an empire. It flourished until it broke itself to pieces against the English, just as the empire of the man whose name had inspired its building did before it. The empire established by Chaka stretched along the whole southeast seaboard of Africa, from Limpopo to Cape Colony, and extended far inland.

When the English landed in Natal in 1824 the empire of the Amazula was the most powerful in Africa. Chaka made a treaty with the English, allowing them to live in Natal, and for this he was killed by his brother, Dingaan, in 1828. Then began the struggle between the white man and the black which was to end in the destruction of the empire founded by Chaka. Peace and war alternated and all the time the Zulus lost ground.

Finally, in 1883-84, the British felt bound to blot out the Zulu power. Then it was that Cetewayo, the heir of Chaka, summoned forth his whole force and hurled his "impis," or regiments, on the British. At Isandulu the Zulus broke the British squares and routed the redcoats, but the end was the capture of the chief and the breaking of the Zulu power.

In this war the house of Bonaparte again became mixed up with the fortunes of the house of Chaka. The prince imperial, grand-nephew of the man whose example had inspired the building of the empire of the Amazulu, went out to fight in the ranks of the English and was killed by a Zulu spear. In 1884 Cetewayo died and the quarrel was continued by his son, Dinizulu. Dinizulu was conquered, and now he has been sent to St. Helena to end his days on the spot where the man whose example caused the building up of the black kings empire died.

As becomes the head of a great and warlike line, Dinizulu is accompanied in his exile by a numerous retinue. His two uncles, several chiefs, a physician and a clergyman, with their wives and children, make up a household as numerous as was that of the great Napoleon when at St. Helena.

The chaplain of the royal exiles is Paul Hlimkulu, a "catechist" from Cape Town, who was invited many years ago by Cetewayo to come to Zululand, and teach the people. He is called by the Zulus "Doctor Paul." He accompanied the exiles to St. Helena of his own accord. Dr. Wilby, an Englishman, is the physician to the exile household. All the Zulu attendants who went on the exiles went to St. Helena of their own accord.

Dinizulu speaks and writes English fluenty, and is a man of more than ordinary intelligence. An effort is now being made to procure the release of Dinizulu. It is argued that his return to his own people would convince them that the English intend to deal fairly with them. But the British government would hardly dare to place again in the heart of the valiant nation a man of the ability and the bravery of Dinizulu.

HOPES FULFILLED

The following letter tells what people think about Laxa-Liver Pills:

Dear Sirs,—I gladly testify to the virtues of Laxa-Liver Pills. I used to be troubled with severe headaches and constipation for a long time and took these pills, hoping for a cure, and my hopes were rapidly fulfilled. I have found them a never-failing remedy, and heartily recommend them.

(Signed), MRS. S. LAWSON,
Moncton, N. B.

The first record made of astronomical observations was at Babylon, 2234 B. C.