

# THE MAIDS OF PARADISE

By  
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"Maids at Arms" etc.

Illustrations by  
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(Continued from Last Week.)

A bright blush spread over brow and cheek. "So—I was love—after all," she said, under her breath. "God be with me today—I love you."

"March!" cried Mornac, as two soldiers took station beside me. Speed passed out first; I followed; the countess came behind me.

"Courage," I stammered, looking back at her as we stumbled out into the torch-lit garden.

She smiled adorably. Her forehead had mounted the guillotine smiling.

A soldier dressed like a Turk lifted a torch and set it in the flower bed under the wall, illuminating the spot where we were to stand. As this soldier turned to come back I saw his face.

"Salah Ben-Ahmed!" I cried, hoarse. "Do Marabouts do this butcher's work?"

The Turk stared at me as though stunned.

"Salah Ben-Ahmed is a disgraced soldier!" I said, in a ringing voice.

"It's a lie!" he shouted, in Arabic. "It's a lie, O my inspector! Speak! Have these men tricked me? Are you not Prussians?"

"Silence! Silence!" bawled Mornac. "Turco, fall in! Fall in, I say! What! You menace me?" he snarled, cocking his revolver.

Then a man darted out of the red shadows of the torch-light and fell upon Mornac with a knife, and dragged him down and rolled on him, stabbing him through and through, while the mutilated wretch screamed and screamed until his soul struggled out through the flame-shot darkness and fled to its last dreadful abode.

The lizard rose, shaking his fagot knife; they fell upon him, clubbing and stabbing with stock and bayonet, but he swung his smeared and sticky blade, clearing a circle around him. And I think he could have cut his way free had not Tric-Trac shot him in the back of the head.

Then a frightful tumult broke loose. Three of the torches were knocked to the ground and trampled out as the insurgents, doubly drunken with wine and the taste of blood, seized me and tried to force me against the wall; but the Turk, with his shrill, wolf-like battle yelp, attacked them, saber-bayonet in hand. Speed, too, had wrested a rifle from a half-stupefied ruffian, and now stood at bay before the countess; I saw him wielding his heavy weapon like a flail; then in the darkness Tric-Trac shot at me, so close that the powder flame scorched my leg. He dropped his rifle to spring for my throat, knocking me flat, and, crouching on me, strove to strangle me; and I heard him whining with eagerness while I twisted and writhed to free my windpipe from his thin fingers.

At last I tore him from my body and struggled to my feet. He, too, was on his legs with a bound, running, doubling, dodging; and at his heels I saw a dozen sailors, broadaxes glittering, chasing him from tree to shrub.

"Speed!" I shouted—"the sailors from the Fer-de-Lance!"

I had picked up a rifle with a broken bayonet; the countess, clasping my left arm; stood swaying in the rifle smoke, eyes closed; and, when a horrid screeching arose from the depths of the garden where they were destroying Tric-Trac, she fell to shuddering, hiding her face on my shoulder.

Suddenly Speed appeared, carrying a drenched little figure, partly wrapped in a sailor's pea-jacket, slim limbs drooping, blue with cold.

"Put out that fire in there," he said, hoarsely; "we must get her into bed. Hurry, for God's sake, Scarlett! There's nobody in the house!"

"Jacqueline! Jacqueline! brave little Bretonne!" murmured the countess, bending forward and gathering the unconscious child into her strong, young arms.

A fresh company of sailors passed on the double, rifles trailing, their officer shouting encouragement. And as we came in view of the semaphore, I saw the signal tower on fire from base to top. The marines fired steadily from the windows above us.

"They want the Red Terror!" laughed the sailors. "They shall have it!"

Blackened, scorched, almost suffocated, I staggered back to the tearoom, where the countess stood clasping Jacqueline, huddled in a blanket, and smoothing the child's wet curls away from a face as white as death.

Together we carried her back through the smoking hallway, up the stairs to my bedroom, and laid her in the bed.

The child opened her eyes as we drew the blankets.

"Where is Speed?" she asked, dreamily.

A moment later he came in, and she turned her head languidly and smiled.

"Jacqueline! Jacqueline!" he whispered, bending close above her.

"Do you love me, Speed?"

"Ah, Jacqueline," he stammered, "more than you can understand."

Late that night the light cavalry from Lorient rode into Paradise. At



Stabbing Him Through and Through.

dawn the colonel, established in the mayory, from whence its foolish occupant had fled, sent for Speed and me, and when we reported he drew from his heavy dolman our commissions, restoring us to rank and pay in the regiment de marche which he commanded.

At sunrise I had bade good-by to the sweetest woman on earth; at noon we were miles to the westward, riding like demons on Buckhurst's heavy trail.

I am not sure that we ever saw him again, though once, weeks later, Speed and I and a dozen hussars gave chase to a mounted man near St. Brieu, and that man might have been Buckhurst. He led us a magnificent chase straight to the coast, where we rode plump into a covey of Prussian hussars, who were standing on their saddles, hacking away at the telegraph wires with their heavy, curved sabers.

That was our first and last sight of the enemy in either Prussian or communistic guise, though in the long, terrible days and nights of that winter of '71, when three French armies froze, and the white death, not the Prussians, ended all for France, rumors of insurrection came to us from the starving capital, and we heard of the red flag flying on the Hotel-de-Ville, and the rising of the carbiniers under Flourens; and some spoke of the leader of the insurrection and called him John Buckhurst.

Then, for three blank, bitter months, freezing and starving, the First Regiment de marche of Lorient Hussars stood guard at Brest over the diamonds of the crown of France.

## CHAPTER XXII.

### The Secret.

The news of the collapse of the army of the East found our wretchedly clothed and half-starved hussars still patrolling the environs of Brest from Belair to the Pont Tournant, and from the banks of the Elorn clear around the ramparts to Lannion bay.

For three months our troopers scarcely left their saddles, except to be taken to the hospital in Recouvrance.

Suddenly the nightmare ended with a telegram. Paris had surrendered.

On the first day of March, by papers from London, we learned that the war was at an end, and that the preliminary treaty of Sunday, the 26th, had been signed at Versailles.

The same mail brought to me an astonishing offer from Cairo, to assist in the reorganization and accept a commission in the Egyptian military police. Speed and I, shivering in our ragged uniforms by the barrack stove, discussed the matter over a loaf of bread and a few sardines, until we fell asleep in our greasy chairs.

When I awoke in the black morning hours I knew that I should go. All the roaming instinct in me was roused. I, a nomad, had stayed too long in one stale place; I must be moving on.

Leave of absence, and permission to travel pending acceptance of my resignation, I asked for and obtained before the stable trumpets awoke my comrade from his heavy slumber by the barrack stove.

Speed awoke with the trumpets, and stared at me where I knelt before the stove in my civilian clothes, strapping up my little packet.

"Ch," he said, briefly, "I knew you were going."

"So did I," I replied. "Will you ride to Trecoart with me? I have two weeks' permission for you."

We hoisted our breakfast of soup and black bread, and bawled for our horses, almost crazed with impatience, now that the moment had come at last.

Far ahead we caught sight of the smoke of a locomotive.

"Landerneau!" gasped Speed. "Ride hard, Scarlett!"

The station master saw us and halted the moving train at a frantic signal from Speed, whose uniform was to be reckoned with by all station masters, and ten minutes later we stood swaying in a cattle car, huddled close to our horses to keep warm, while the locomotive tore eastward, whistling frantically, and an ocean of black smoke poured past, swarming with sparks.

At Quimperle some gendarmes aided us to disembark our horses, and a sub-officer respectfully offered us hospitality at the barracks across the

square; but we were in our saddles the moment our horses' hoofs struck the pavement, galloping for Paradise, with a sweet, keen wind blowing, hinting already of the sea.

As we dismounted in the court yard the sun flashed out from the fringes of a huge, snowy cloud.

"There is Jacqueline!" cried Speed, tossing his bridle to me in his excitement, and left me planted there until a servant came from the stable.

Then I followed, every nerve quivering, almost dreading to set foot within, lest happiness awake me and I find myself in the freezing barracks once more, my brief dream ended.

After a while a glimmer of common sense returned to me. I squared my shoulders and breathed deeply, then rose and walked to the window.

A step at the door and I wheeled, trembling.

The Countess de Vassart stood in the doorway, a smile trembling on her lips. In her gray eyes I read hope; and I took her hands in mine. She stood silent with bent head, exquisite in her silent shyness; and I told her I loved her, and that I asked for her love; that I had found employment in Egypt, and that it was sufficient to justify my asking her to wed me.

"As for my name," I said, "you know that is not the name I bear; yet, knowing that, you have given me your love. You read my dossier in Paris; you know why I am alone, without kin, without a family, without a home. Yet you believe that I am not tainted with dishonor. And I am not. Listen, this is what happened; this is why I gave up all; and . . . this is my name!"

And I bent my head and whispered the truth for the first time in my life to any living creature.

When I had ended I stood still, waiting, head still bent beside hers.

She laid her hand on my hot face and slowly drew it close beside hers.

"What shall I promise you?" she whispered.

"Yourself, Eline."

"Take me. . . . Is that all?"

"Your love."

She turned in my arms and clasped her hands behind my head, pressing her mouth to mine.

(THE END.)

## GIVE YOUR MERCHANTS THE FIRST CHANCE

Some Reasons Why You Should Spend Your Money in Your Home Town, Your County and Your State.

The following are from the Payroll Builder, and are worth remembering: "I buy at home because—My interests are here.

The community that is good enough for me to live in is good enough for me to buy in.

I believe in transacting business with my friends.

I want to see the goods.

I want to get what I buy when I pay for it.

My home dealer carries me when I run short.

Every dollar I spend at home stays at home, and works for the welfare of my town.

The man I buy from stands back of the goods.

I sell what I produce here at home.

The man I buy from pays his part of the town, county and state taxes.

The man I buy from always gives value received.

When all luck, misfortune or fe-reavement comes, the man I buy from is here with a kindly greeting, his words of cheer and pocketbook if need be.

Here I live and here I buy, giving first preference to goods that are made here.

In helping local pay-roll builders I am helping myself.

"I am for Utah."

Paste the above in your hat and let your motto be: My town first, my county second, then my state.

## PAYS NO TAXES

If the government takes over all the railroads and telephone and telegraph lines it must pay an enormous sum for them. And when the government has possession, where will the taxes come from? From the home and farm owners. The government certainly will not confiscate these properties, and some means must be found of raising the revenue which these concerns now pay—Greeley (Colo.) Republican.

## Ladies Look Young, Darken Gray Hair

Use the Old-time Sage Tea and Sulphur and Nobody Will Know.

Gray hair, however handsome, denotes advancing age. We all know the advantages of a youthful appearance. You hair is your charm. It makes you mar the face. When it fades, turns gray and looks dry, wispy and scrappy, just a few applications of Sage Tea and Sulphur enhances its appearance a hundred-fold.

Don't stay gray! Look young! Either prepare the tonic at home or get from any drug store a 50 cent bottle of "Wyeth's Sage and Sulphur Hair Remedy." Thousands of ladies recommend this ready-to-use preparation, because it darkens the hair beautifully and removes dandruff, stops scalp itching and falling hair; besides, no one can possibly tell, as it darkens so naturally and evenly. You moisten a sponge or soft brush with it, drawing this through the hair, taking one small strand at a time. By morning the gray hair disappears; after another application or two, its natural color is restored and it becomes thick, glossy and lustrous, and you appear years younger.



## NATIONAL HIGHWAYS

The people of this country are building a National Highway as a lasting monument to a great man.

Through fertile fields, thriving cities, across rivers and over mountains, the Lincoln Highway will extend from the Atlantic to the Pacific.

San Francisco will be joined with New York, and the thousand cities and towns along the way will be benefited.

Another National Highway—The Telephone Way—will be open to the Public before the Lincoln Way is ready for travel.

From New York to San Francisco the big copper wires of the Bell System extend in an unbroken line—the broad highway of Universal Service.

This Highway, too, is a lasting monument—to the energy of private enterprise.

To that spirit of service that has made the Bell System one of the largest and most useful corporations in the country.

In your own telephone company's territory alone—the seven Mountain States—there are 80,000 miles of long distance highways open for your messages every day.

## The Mountain States Telephone & Telegraph Co.

"The Corporation Different"

## RESOURCEFUL, CREATIVE MAN

Hearst's Magazine recalls a story that attracted country-wide attention at the time of its occurrence, as being illustrative of the wonderful efficiency, resourcefulness and creative ability of a wide-awake, alert intelligent man who has cultivated the natural faculties with which God has blessed him—the intelligence that sets him above the beasts. Incidentally it conveys the lesson that no man blessed with these natural faculties, and with health, should ever despair and consider himself helpless.

The article follows: "On August 4 of last year Joseph Knowles, a Boston artist, plunged into the forests near Spence Lake, Maine. He was naked. He had no weapons, tools, food or raiment of any kind. He promised to come out of the woods October 4 in prime condition.

"He kept his promise, and on the day set he reappeared, clad in the skins of deer and black bear, with good moccasins on his feet, and a pack on his back containing a fire machine and other tools which he had fashioned.

"There is a mighty truth all of us can learn from this naked man in the wilderness.

"We often hear young men asking what is the secret of success.

"The whole secret of any real achievement lies in the brain and spirit of man. There is no other real failure than that of the dull brain or the daunted spirit.

"Advantages mean nothing to the soul. Pull means nothing, influence, opportunity, help, friends, all mean nothing in the ultimate struggle.

"It is always the man himself, and the stuff that's in him.

"The purse means nothing. 'Tis something, nothing; 'twas mine, 'tis his, and has been slave to thousands.

"We should call no calamity a punishment of heaven sent us, except such a happening as dims our intelligence or lowers our courage.

"We thank Knowles for his experiment. It is a noble piece of poetry. A naked man against the tooth and claw of Nature, and coming out victor—clothed, fed, healthy; it is a deal more comforting to our proper human nature."

G. P. Parker J. W. Robinson

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WE DELIVER PROMPTLY.

pride than the erection of a Woolworth building.

"For we are apt to forget that there is but one unconquerable thing in the universe. It is man. It is not money, or gunpowder, nor institutions. It is man, this little dynamic fraction of God Almighty.

"All you who whine because you have lost your money, or have been dismissed from your position, or are poor, or unappreciated, or lonesome, get that picture of the naked man in the woods before your mind, and buck up!"

"Healthy bodies, good blood, clear minds, and unafraid spirits—these are those treasures that neither moth nor

dust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal."

"Whoever can raise the courage quality of the people one degree has done more for his country than one who adds to the people's wealth a billion dollars."

Dizziness, vertigo, (blind staggers) shallow complexion, flatulence are symptoms of a torpid liver. No one can feel well while the liver is inactive. HERBINE is a powerful liver stimulant. A dose or two will cause all bilious symptoms to disappear. Try it. Price 50 cents. Sold by Wm. Thornton.

## Culmer Hotel

OPEN TO THE GENERAL PUBLIC. GOOD ROOMS AND FIRST-CLASS MEALS.  
IF YOU WANT A HOME-LIKE HOTEL STOP HERE.

Prices Reasonable.  
MRS. E. T. CULMER, Prop.  
Pleasant Grove, Utah

## At Once! Opens Up Nostrils and Clears Stuffy Head---Colds and Catarrh Go

Instant Relief When Nose and Head are Clogged From a Cold. Stop Nasty Catarrhal Discharges. Dull Headache Vanishes.

Try "Ely's Cream Balm." Get a small bottle anyway, just to try it—Apply a little in the nostrils and instantly your clogged nose and stopped up air passages of the head will open; you will breathe freely; dullness and headache disappear. By morning the catarrh, cold-in-head or catarrhal sore throat will be gone.

End such misery now! Get a small bottle of "Ely's Cream Balm" at any drug store. This sweet, fragrant

oil dissolves by the heat of the nostrils; penetrates and heals the inflamed, swollen membrane which lines the nose, head and throat; clears the air passages; stops nasty discharges and a feeling of cleansing, soothing relief comes immediately.

Don't lay awake tonight struggling for breath, with head stuffed; nostrils closed, hawking and blowing snot or a cold, with its running nose, foul mucous dropping into the throat and raw dryness is distressing and truly needless.

Put your faith—just once—in "Ely's Cream Balm" and your cold or catarrh will surely disappear.

## Provo Reservoir Co. and Utah Lake Irrigation Co.

will furnish water for the entire north end of Utah County. Our canal from Provo Canyon last year carried as much water as came from American Fork Canyon. This additional water means doubling our cultivated area.