

tols do not carry effectively more than twenty paces. We will not, however, under any circumstances, fight on "poltroon distance."

'I agree,' replied Mr. Drummond.

'Now then, gentlemen, take your places.'

The doctor whispered to Roland: 'Is it fair, quite, to fight him when he says that you are a crack shot, and that he has never fired?'

'He lies, doctor; it is the other way. I learn that from childhood he has been firing at all sorts of things with pistols; and *I have never fired a pistol shot in my life.*'

'Your places, gentlemen,' cried Drummond. Roland was already at his post; but his opponent was not yet upon his ground.

'Why this unseemly haste?' he gasped. 'I am so unsteadied by my illness, that I am really not in a position yet to take my ground.' Harland spoke a word or two to Drummond, and then said in a voice distinct and audible to all:

'If after I call three Mr. Ham is not upon his ground the affair shall be declared off. My other alternative will then be in order. One, two —'

'Hold, hold, I'm coming,' groaned the coward, as he took his place.

'Now, gentlemen, your backs to each other,' said Harland. 'I shall count one, two, three, and at the end of the last count each man shall wheel and fire.'

'If I fall I shall have you proceeded against, Drummond—you are in a conspiracy to murder a sick man.'

'I did not know that Mr. Ham was an Irishman,' chimed in Harland.

'One!'

'Oh!' groaned the respectable Mr. Ham.

'Two—three!' Simultaneously with the word 'three' there was a pistol shot. The gentlemanly Mr. Ham had fired before his opponent turned. Before he could see the result of his shot, Gray who had turned promptly at the