POOR COPY

THE UNION AVOCATE, WED VESDAY, DECEMBER 25, 1901.



Thus spoke the gunmaker to his ly upon the glistening snow, and the boy as he balanced the beautiful air was still and calm. The sharp weapon in his hand. frost of the atmosphere served only "I think you are right, my mas- to brace the system up, and Ruric ter," the boy returned, who had be threw open his pelisse that he held the trial of the blade with un-bounded admiration. "But," he add-been upon the ground but a few ed, "could you not temper a blade minutes when the other party came in sight around the head of the like that?

"Perhaps if I had the steel. But river. I have not. The steel of these two, As soon as the count and his secblades came from India and was ond arrived and the horses had been originally in one weapon, a ponder- secured the lieutenant proposed that the motion of the eye, and he saw ous two handed affair belonging to they should repair to the building a Bengal chieftain. The metal pos- which was close at hand. This was sesses all the hardness of the finest a large open boathouse which was razor, with the elasticity of the unused and deserted in the winter, most subtle spring. My old master and it was proposed to go in there at Toledo gave me these as a me- because the reflection of the strong mento. Were I to mention the sum sunlight from the bright snow was of money he was once offered for calculated to blind and blur the eye. the largest one you would hardly "Ha! What means that?" uttered credit it.' Orsa as he saw a sledge just turning

"How much?" asked Paul, with a the bend of the river with an officer boy's curiosity. in it.

"It was a sum equal to about 700 "It is only a surgeon," replied ducats." Damonoff. "I would not cut a "And yet he gave it away."

"And yet he gave it away." man's flesh without giving him a fair chance to survive it." nary, while its worth to him was on- | "And then you may find him ly commensurate with the good it serviceable to yourself, eh?" sugdid him. If he told the truth, he loved me, and these he gave me as a parting gift as the best patterns I what may happen." could wish for when making such." In a moment more the new sledge After this Ruric put up the small sword, and then he gave Paul a few directions about the work, promising to be back before night. The his name. faithful boy shook his head dubiously as he heard this promise, but he cried Urzen. said nothing, and shortly afterward Ruric went into the house. Just then Alaric Orsa drove up to the door. Ruric was all ready but putting coming. on his bonnet and pelisse. His mother was in the kitchen. He went to her with a smile upon his face. He put his arms about her and drew her to his bosom. "God bless vou, my mother! I shall come back." He said this and then kissed her. "God keep-and"-It was all she could say. Ruric gazed a moment into her muscle of my arm." face, then he kissed her again, and again he said: "God bless you, my mother! I shall come back." He dared not stop to speak more. ric followed his example. Gently seating his fond mother upon a chair, he turned and hurried from the place. In the hall he threw on his pelisse and bonnet, and then he opened the door and passed put. "Have you a good weapon?" asked Orsa as the horse started on. "I have a fair one. I think it will not deceive me," returned Ruric. "I asked," continued Orsa, "behead." cause Damonoff prides himself upon the weapon he wears. It is a German blade, and he thinks he can cut in twain the blade of any other weapon in Moscow with it." "I have a good weapon," Ruric said quietly, "and one which has do so honorably." stood more tests than most swords will bear." And after some further remarks he related the peculiar circumstances attending the making of | said: the sword and his possession of it. At length they struck upon the river, and in half an hour more they reached the appointed spot. The day as my own if you wish it."

-

up, and Buric recognized its inmate as an army surgeon whom he had seen before, though he knew not "Now for the old boathouse," "Aye," added Damonoff. "Let us have this business done, for I would be back to dinner. I dine with Olga today, and a fair maiden awaits my "Notice him not," whispered Orsa, who walked close by Ruric's side. "That is one of his chief points when engaged in an affair of this kind. He hopes to get you angry and so unhinge your nerves." "Never fear," returned the gunmaker. "Be sure he only brings new danger to himself, for such efforts will find their point in the The party halted when they reached the interior of the rough structure, and the count threw off you can"his pelisse and drew his sword. Ru-"Sir count," the latter said as he moved a step forward, "ere we commence this work I wish all present to understand distinctly how I stand. You have sought this quarrel from the first. Without the least provocation from me you have insulted me most grossly, and this is the climax. So, before God and man, be the result upon your own "Out, lying knave"— "Hold," cried the surgeon, laying his hand heavily upon the count's arm. "You have no right to speak thus, for you lower yourself when you do it. If you have come to fight, An angry reply was upon Damo-noff's lips, but he did not speak it. He turned to his antagonist and "Will you measure weapons, sir? Mine may be a mite the longest. I seek no advantage, and I have one here of the same length and weight | the Holy Ghost, had thy head but

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touched his bosom. It had pressed Chronic against his heart and had not been driven home. Well he knew that his life was his no longer, for the gunmaker had gained it and spared it. "You fence well," he gasped, struggling to regain his composure. "You are not a novice," returned Ruric calmly, at the same time al-

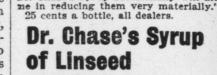
lowing his point to drop. "Come on," the count uttered, now gathering all his energies for another effort.

And again the weapons were crossed. This time Damonoff was more guarded. Before he had been impelled by his own assurance, but now he was forced to regard his opponent's power. Ruric quickly found that the other was more careful than at first, and he carried his own point accordingly. At the twelfth stroke the count made a feint to the left, then at the throat, and then, with a quick, lightning-

the made me a well man." Mr. W. R. Alger, insurance agent, Halifax, N.S., says:-"I used Dr. Chase's Syrup of Linseed and Turpen-tine for a severe attack of bronchitis. Permit me to testify to its splendid curative properties I so thetter from CHAPTER VI. curative properties. I got better from the time of taking the first dose. Hav-ing a family of young children, my doctors' bills have annually come to a considerable sum. I believe a bottle of Dr. Chase's Syrup occasionally will aid

Mr. Wm. Davidson, St.

Bronchitis



like motion, he brought his point to his antagonist's heart. But his meaning had been read from the and Turpentine. first by Ruric. The youth caught

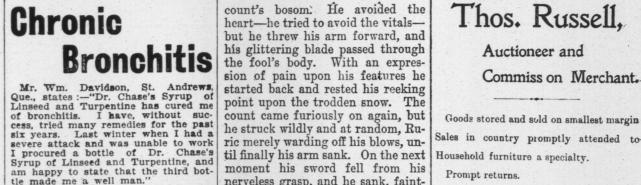
that his heart was the place looked to. His own movement was almost his friends saw it all. instinctive. He received his antag-"Ha! Whom have we here ?" cried onist's sword midway upon his own Alaric, whose eye had caught a dark

blade, then moved his arm quickly form at the entrance of the old forward and caught the point under building. his cross guard; then, with all his It was Vladimir, the monk. power, he wrenched his arm upward "How now? What seek ye here?" and backward, and the count's asked Urzen as the fat, burly monk sword went flying across the buildwaddled toward the party.

ing. It struck the opposite wall "I heard the clash of arms, my with a dull clang, and the next inson, as I rode by, and I stopped to stant it was half buried in the snow. see what it was. Surely where the "Fear not, sir," said Ruric as the work of death is going on a child of count started back, with both hands the holy church of God may come." "I never strike an unarmed "Aye," cried the count. "Come in

and welcome, but meddle not. Now, 1y. Damonoff's arms fell to his side. my sword, where is it?" and a deep blush of shame mantled Reluctantly Urzen brought fornow ?" suggested the monk. "Now ward the second sword, but ere he is the best time, for the place is not "By St. Paul," cried the surgeon,

"your life is forfeited, sir count, gave it up he said: yet inflamed, and while he is thus in-"Beware, Conrad. You had betsensible he will be free from pain.'



CHAPTER VI.

BEFORE THE EMPEROR.

ing quickly forward.

break his skull."

side.

"Is he dead ?" asked Ruric, start-

"Hold, my son," uttered the

monk, laying his hand upon the

young man's arm. "Surely you have

nothing to fear. It was none of

"But why not probe the wound

gerly and with a painful expression.

passed below the right lung and on-

vessels. I think, with proper care,

ed Ruric, with his hands clasped.

"Thank God!" fervently ejaculat-

"But why so anxious ?" asked Ur-

"Aye, else you would have called

zen. "You were ready enough to

me coward." returned the gunmak-

er, with a flashing eye. "Had I re-

fused to meet him that fatal word

would have met me at every turn.

knew that such a man as he was no

cope for me at any game where

strength of arm and sleight of hand

were required. So I meant to dis-

arm him and then give him up his

life, believing that such a move

would end the combat. You know

how I labored to spare him. But I

must come from the hand of man.

But to die thus would be a curse

upon my name, and to inflict such

"I believe you, my son," the monk said. "Only if the count dies you

you mention to overcome you. In

"True, father. You speak truly,"

added the surgeon. "The young

man has acted most nobly, and no

Ruric seemed somewhat relieved

by these assurances, and, having

seen the count's wound dressed and

assisted in bearing the insensible

form to the sledge, he took Alaric's

proffered arm and proceeded to his

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continued.)

own team.

blame can be attached to him."

no way are you to blame for this."

he may recover."

accept his challenge."

"I do not think this wound is

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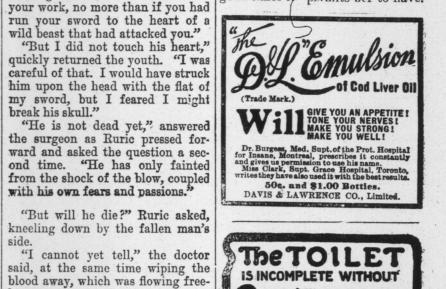
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Miss Gay-But think of the good times it permits her to have.



RELIEVES CHAFING, ITCHING OR IRR

TATION. COOLS, COMFORTS AND HEALS

blow 'twould not be upon thy shoul-"I am well satisfied as it is," reders now!" plied Ruric. But the count was beyond all rea-

"Then take your ground, Are you The two swords were crossed in

an instant, with a clear, sharp clang. There was some contrast between the two combatants, but not much apparently. The count was a little the taller, and Ruric was somewhat heavier. But to a close observer there was a peculiar contrast in the Carter's bearing of the two men. That breast swelling out so nobly and those massive shoulders, made for Little Liver Pills. the seat of physical power, were fin ic's alone to possess. Let Coura-Damonoff was accounted a stron man. In the athletic sports of the court club he had few superiors and

Breutsood not many equals. But Rurie Nevel had never shown his strength there. See Fac-Simile Wrapper Below. Now, for the first time, that contemptuous look passed from the

ready?"

"I am!"

count's face. As his eye caught his antagonist's position, as he notic-CARTER'S FOR HEADACHE. ed the calm, dignified, quiet ease of every limb and as he caught the FOR BILIOUSNESS. deep, mystic fire of those expressive FOR TORPID LIVER. eyes he knew that he had no com-FOR CONSTIPATION. mon amateur to deal with. FOR SALLOW SKIN.

At length Conrad Damonoff start-FOR THE COMPLEXION ed back, and a quick cry escaped his lips. His antagonist's point had

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and now you should be satisfied." "No, no," the discomfited man ex-"Peace, babbler!" the excited fool claimed, starting up with rage and hissed, snatching the weapon and mortification. "That was but a slip.

raised.

man."

his face.

Voll can

then turning quickly upon the gun-'Twas a false step, a cowardly feint. maker. I am not overcome. Thus far Ruric had remained si-"But, man of mortality, even now lent, but he felt it his duty to speak your life is Nevel's. He may run you through now if he chooses." now "Sir count," he said in a tone so

"But he has not," the count cried, stern and authoritative and with a springing to where his sword had look so commanding that the other fallen and snatching it up. "Sir count," here spoke Ruric was held in abeyance by it, "I must speak one word. You have provokcalmly, but with marked contempt, ed a quarrel with me, and you have "you should not blame me for what challenged me. I have no fear of I have done, for thrice have you death when duty calls for my life, tried to break my sword."

"Then try it again!" Damonoff but I would not die thus, nor would returned. "Take my sword again if I slay a fellow being thus. Six separate times today since our swords first crossed have I spared your "Perhaps not," our hero retorted.

"But be sure your sword shall be life"used no more after this day." "Liar!" -"and twice have I had you be-

"Ha! Brag not, but strike. fore me unarmed," Ruric continued The conclusion of the sentence without noticing the interruption. "I had hoped this would have shown was drowned by the clash of steel. you that I sought not harm to you At the second stroke the count made another furious thrust at his and, furthermore, that you were no match for me at this kind of work." antagonist's heart. Ruric sprang "Out, fool!" yelled Damonoff, now quickly aside, and with the whole power of his good right arm he struck Damonoff's blade close to the

fairly frothing with rage. "If you dare not cross swords again, say so, but do not crawl off like a coward!" haft and broke it in twain. "One word more," uttered Ruric, "My other sword, my other paling for an instant bencath the sword!" the count shouted, now blinded by absolute madness. "Oh, unmerciful insult of the senseless tongue that assailed him, and he My father died fighting for his coun-

give me my other"stood proudly erect while he spoke, try, and so would I die if my death "Hold!" cried both the surgeon "before these men here assembled and Stephen Urzen in concert. "You and before God I swear that thus are mad. Conrad." "Mad? Oh, I shall be mad! far I have spared you, but my own life may be the forfeit if I trifle with death upon another would be a curse Where is my sword?" the reckless vou more. So now beware. You in my memory." man yelled, casting the bladeless have sufficient warning." pommel down.

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Perhaps the count really over-"But will you not listen one"looked the facts of which Ruric had should not allow such feelings as "Away, I say! Shall I give up bespoken. In his ungovernable rage cause my sword is broken? By the gods, the weapon deceived me. he may have fancied that 'twas only accident that had worked against Where is the other ?" him. However, he started forward "Deceived thee, Conrad?" repeat-

once more and made a furious lunge ed the surgeon sarcastically. "By it his antagonist. received a hundredth part of the "Now," he gasped, "play your best, for my sword's my own.

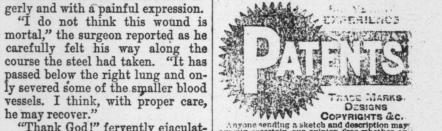
But Ruric spoke not. He saw that the count was stronger than before -for his rage seemed to give him a son. In his madness he saw not that his sword had been broken on purmaniac's power-and that he was pose. He did not see that he had earnest only for life or death. He heen at his antagonist's mercy. But struck quickly and furiously, and his movements were strange and unprecedented. He threw up all rules RAW WINDS of exercise and cut and thrust only in wild madness. Twice Ruric cam nigh being run through. He lost al WET WEATHER run of his opponent's play and quickly saw that he must put a stop cause the Colds that cause Pneumonia and Consumpto the conflict or run the risk of leaving a childless mother in his

very largely on the health of the wife and mother. If she is nervous, peevish and irritable, worried by the little cares of every day life, and tormented home to see that day's sun sink. "Will you give o'er?" he asked as by pains and irregularities that are sure to accompany a rundown system, there can be no happiness in the home he struck the count's point down. "Never! Submit to such as you? there can be no happiness in the home for husband and children. Too many women are victims of ner-vous exhaustion, and do not know it. They suffer from indigestion and dys-pepsia, nervous headache and sleep-lessness, and drag themselves about the house faciling longwild and tined out Bah !" A few moments more the conflict lasted. One more opportunity he had at Damonoff's heart, and he spared him. All present saw it save the house feeling languid and tired out. You can be healthy and vigorous if

the madman. "Fool!" uttered the monk, who trembled from head to foot with ex-would not deceive you, and his treattrembled from head to foot with ex-citement, his huge belly shaking like a bag of jelly. "Will you throw away your own life, Ruric Nevel? Would hot deceive you, and his treat-ment never disappoints. Dr. Chase's Nerve Food is intended for just such cases as are here described. By supply-ing to the thin, watery blood and weak, exhausted nerves the very materials of Shall I tell your mother you left her which nature constructs new nerve cells and new bodily tissue it gradualof your own will?"

This mention of his mother called ly and certainly reconstructs and re-vitalizes the weakened and debilitated the last lingering doubt from Ru- nervous system, cures nervous headric's mind. Again he struck the op-posing point down, and then he pressed his own point upon the

Avoid dangerous, irritating Witch Haze The surgeon at once saw the preparations represented to be "the same as" Pond's Extract, which easily sours and often truth and propriety of this, and he proceeded to act upon the suggescontain "wood alcohol," a deadly poison. tion. Having selected a probe which appeared applicable, he examined the wound. Ruric watched him ea-



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