

# A JEWEL IN THE ROUGH

Dick talked loudly, and with a great many of the miners, his oaths, and the imputations of cowardice he heaped on his employer, carried the day. Some of the others, quieter men with keener perceptions, merely listened to silence, and shook their heads when appealed to for an opinion.

"I dunno. He's got grit," remarked one between mouthfuls of bread and bacon, in response to a sanguinary burst of Dick's.

"He's a slip," answered Dick, contemptuously.

"But a dead sure shot."

"He'd fund it," said Dick, his face paling a little. "He'd never stand up to me. He's got no fight in him. Why, he's managed that claim there now for two years and he's never so much as fired a shot over it. Now that fellow Robinson, wot's got the claim a mile further up the creek, he's been there two days before there was a trouble, and at the end of the week he was reckoning up he had made five corpses over it."

He looked around the circle, and there was a murmur of admiring assent.

The old miner nodded his head slowly as he munched his beans.

"Yes, that's Talbot's way; he's just as smooth as butter as long as you know he's the boss and act according," but just as soon as you begin to try and boss him, you'll know you have your hands full."

Dick took another pull at the tin whiskey bottle, and tightened his belt.

As the men returned to work they were surprised to see their employer leaning idly against his window, and still more surprised when they passed round to the main entrance to find the great door shut. Talbot came himself and let each man in turn as they came up, shutting the door afterward. Their curiosity at this unusual state of affairs was great, but there was a look on the pale, stern face they encountered on the threshold that froze all open question or comment, and each man went by silently to his work.

When they got down toward the shaft and out of hearing, however, their tongues were loosened again.

"He's waiting for Dick to come back, that's what he is," volunteered one of the miners; "and somehow or other I don't feel jest dyin' to be in Dick's shoes when he do come."

There was no dissent openly to this guarded opinion. Most of the men hung about in the tunnel, and seemed unwilling to quit the scene of the coming contest.

At last, among the final batch of men, Marley came sauntering past the window. Talbot's eyes flashed as the tiger's when the brush crackles. He walked out to the great door and flung wide open. Dick fell back a step, and the little crowd of miners who accompanied him closed in round the two, open-mouthed and eyed, to see the battle.

"You can't come in," said the sentence had an accent of inflexibility that made it seem like a drawn sword across the entrance.

"To hell I can't!" returned Dick, a dull red flush coming over his face.

"No, you can't," Talbot replied, in the same calm, incisive way, that contrasted strongly with the coarse, whiskey-thickened tone of the other.

"Oh, well, I guess I'm coming in anyway," answered Marley; and he made a step forward.

A slight motion of Talbot's right hand to his belt was his only answer.

Marley stopped, put his own hand, half involuntarily, to his hip, remembered he had no revolver with him, and turned pale and red in confusion.

By this time the loud voices and talking at the door had brought the remainder of the men upon the scene. Those who had already passed into the shaft left their work and came

mines that he was the right sort. They glanced at Dick expectantly, and some said to themselves he weakened. They were not going to take sides with either party. One of the men was their friend and fellow-worker, the other was their employer. The two had a difference, and they could settle it between themselves. They had no business to interfere. All they had to do was to stand round and see a square fight and "with old their judgment," as they said afterward, talking it over in the bar of the Pistol Shot. They waited, and Dick hesitated. He felt his opponent's eyes upon him; he glanced round the men—they were watching him.

"Fetch your six-shooter," commanded Talbot again, with increasing sternness; and Dick, feeling he must do something, nodded sullenly and turned away toward his cabin. He strode up the incline to the direction of the miners' dwellings, and Talbot whose brain seemed to himself half splitting with nervous, angry excitement, began to pace up and down a short length before the door, waiting for him to come back. He did not order his men away, and they stayed in their places.

The excitement was intense among them as they waited, not one of them shifted his place on the log or bank where he had sat down; they hardly seemed to draw their breath. All their eyes were fixed upon Talbot. He walked up and down in front of the door, his arms folded, his revolver still in its case on his hip. The men watched him curiously. His face was very white and exceedingly determined.

The afternoon was placid and love-ly. The temperature was not within many degrees of zero, but the gold of the sunshine was bright, and the air dazzlingly clear. It was absolutely still; not a leaf rustled, not a breath stirred. Nature was in her calmest, gentlest mood; nowhere could there have been a more tranquil arena to witness the passions of men. There was perfect silence, except for the crack of the ice sometimes as it split beneath the firm, resolute steps of the man pacing up and down. His face was set as a stone mask, as immovable and as calm, but the passion of anger increased within him as he waited; a mad impatience for his adversary to return grew at each step and he walked to and fro.

At last he stopped in his walk and fixed his gaze on the road which led to the miners' cabins. All the men's eyes followed him, and they saw the figure of their fellow-worker coming slowly down toward them—a huge, hulking form, contrasting strongly with the slim one of the man waiting for him. Some of the miners glanced up at Talbot, wondering silently if he "fucked it," but there was something in that attitude and that iron countenance that reassured them and stirred a dull admiration in their hearts. Talbot ceased to walk up and down. He planted himself directly in front of the wide-open door and waited there. Passion and excitement had dilated his pupils until the usually calm light gray eyes looked black; his nostrils quivered slightly as he watched his enemy coming up. As Marley drew nearer, the miners noted with satisfaction his enormous six-shooter swinging in his belt; the sunlight caught the steel at every other step forward he made. Their hearts beat fast with keen anticipation. There would soon be some fine shooting and one dead man, perhaps, or two—for Marley meant business; and as for the other he looked like the devil himself; as he stood there. And he was a fine shot; there was no mistake about that. Denbigh stared hard at him with round, fixed eyes. He was thinking of the nights when he had watched Talbot teaching Dick to shoot straight—teaching the very man he sent off now to get his pistol to shoot himself with! He remembered how Talbot had stood with Marley at this very tunnel's mouth and showed him how to snuff a candle at thirty yards! And Denbigh stared and glowed with admiration. Marley drew nearer down the path, his heavy, crunching steps echoing through the serene and frosty air. A few minutes more and he was close up; a eager, expectant, silent circle the men watched with him with their breath suspended. On he came, sullenly, filled with a sort of dogged, brutal animosity against the man he had wronged and insulted. He stepped between the men, who made a short line, and then into the clear open space, facing Talbot.

For the first time he looked him full in the face, with a fugitive, fleeting glance, and then his eyes shifted a little. His pace slackened, but he did not stop; his feet dragged loosely over the rough snow and gravel, his huge form seemed to shrink together, to lessen; while the fascinated eyes of the men watching the two, that slight figure at the door-way, motionless as a statue, seemed to dominate the scene. Marley fit a peculiar, sick paralysis stealing over him, a curious tugging back of his muscles when he tried to get his hand to his hip, a strangling feeling in his throat; that glance seemed petrifying to him. The absolute fearlessness, the indomitable will that filled it, seemed to overcome him.

The very fact, perhaps, that Talbot did not even yet draw his pistol, the extreme coolness that relied upon the swiftness of his wrist to draw it at a second's notice, staggered and scared him. He remembered the skill that had long been his admiration, and that he had at last learned to imitate the sureness of aim and eye, the dexterity and quickness of this hand, and his tongue fairly cleaved to the roof of his dry mouth. He


struggled to draw his revolver, but his arm refused to obey his will. Yet it was not wholly cowardice that swept over him in a sickly tide. As he had met those scornful, indignant eyes, there had rushed back to his mind a thousand small benefits conferred upon him by this man, a thousand instances of friendliness, the memory of the first days they had worked together, how he had slept under his roof, fed at his table, how, more than all, it had been given by him and instructed in the use of this very weapon that now would be turned over to the giver's own breast. A horror of killing this man, of wounding him, firing upon him, combined with his terror of being killed, swept over him, and between these he felt come and face him, unable to do anything but drag one trembling foot behind the other and go by, keeping watch from the side of his eye that that deadly pistol was not drawn upon him. But Talbot never moved, simply stood and watched him, too, with fixed eyes; and Marley, overwhelmed by some power he did not understand, as if dragged forward against his will, without another look at his opponent, passed by them all and went slowly down the road leading to the town. Not a word was spoken, not a breath was drawn, no one moved. They watched his retreating figure, some half hoping, half expecting, some fearing he would turn and shoot from a distance—all wondered greatly and a little overawed. Then, as he neither turned nor looked back, but kept steadily ahead, his large figure well outlined against the stretches of white snow, his six-shooter glistening in

the sun, his head hanging down, till at last by a turn in the road he was lost to view, there was a long-drawn breath of surprise and wonder, a general turning of the eyes to Talbot—it was a victory, though a bloodless one, and they felt it. Each one felt that the conqueror was before them. Talbot said nothing. He simply stood aside from the door to let the miners who were outside enter. The men took it as a signification that they were to recommence work, and hastened to obey. They did not dare to speak to him, not even to congratulate him. They were awed into submissive silence before him. Not a sound was uttered. The men filed silently into the tunnel like cowed sheep into their pen, leaving their master standing motionless in the sunshine.

(To be continued.)

**ASTHMA—HAY FEVER**  
—sleepless nights, constant sneezing, streaming eyes, wheezy breathing—  
**RAZ-MAH**  
brings relief. Put up in capsules, easily swallowed. Sold by reliable druggists for a dollar. Ask our agents or send card for free sample to Templeton's, 142 King St. W., Toronto.

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**Cuticura Does Much To Prevent It**



Dandruff, itching, scalp irritation, etc., point to an unhealthy condition of the scalp, which leads to thin, falling hair and premature baldness. Frequent shampoos with Cuticura Soap and hot water do much to prevent such a condition, especially if preceded by a gentle anointing with Cuticura Ointment to spots of dandruff and itching.

See 25c. Ointment 25c and 50c. Sold throughout the Dominion, Canadian Dispensary, Limited, St. Paul St., Montreal.

**Interesting Text Books.**

A school in Italy uses stamp albums to teach geography and history. Each student has his own collection, while the school owns a larger and more complete one. The boys and girls are a great deal more devoted to their studies with such novel text books to attract and interest them than they would be with just common pink and blue maps.

**Natural Barometer.**

One of the simplest of nature's barometers is a spider's web. When there is a prospect of wind or rain the spider shortens the filaments by which its web is sustained and leaves it in this state as long as the weather is variable. If it elongates its threads, it is a sign of fine, calm weather.

**WOULD TAKE NO CHANCES.**

Miss Miggins—if you were me, dear, would you be married in the spring or the fall?

Miss Keen—if I were you and had actually secured a man, I would set the wedding for the earliest date possible.

**HAD SPOKEN HIS LAST.**  
(Edinburgh Scotsman.)

Rever: Poor Brown! He's gone over to the silent majority.

Rover: Why—I when did he is he dead?

"No, married."

Recognized as the leading specific for the destruction of worms. Other Grave's Worm Exterminator has proved a boon to suffering children everywhere. Itselmid falls.

**Historic Fifth of Forth.**

The Fifth of Forth is, of course, one of the most notable things in all Scotland. From Kinross, where it officially begins, to that imaginary line just west of the Isle of May, from the East Neuk of Fife to the mouth of the Tyne, in Haddingtonshire, where it officially ends, is a distance of 48 miles; while from shore to shore the expanse of water measures anything from one and a half miles, at Queensferry, to seventeen and a half miles off the Isle of May. Within this great expanse of water whole fleets may ride at anchor in perfect safety, and although little is known of the great scenes which must have taken place in these waters during the last four years, the story of the Fifth of Forth during the great war, culminating, as it did the other day, with the surrender there of the German high seas fleet, will not be the least interesting of the many stories which still remain to be written.

**Underground Canal.**

The most remarkable canal in the world is the one between Worsley and St. Helen's, in the North of England.

It is sixteen miles long and underground from end to end. In Lancashire, the coal mines are very extensive, half the country being undermined. Many years ago the managers of the Duke of Bridgewater's estates thought they could save money by transporting the coal underground instead of on the surface; therefore, the canal was constructed and the mines connected and drained at the same time.

Ordinary canal boats are used, the power being furnished by men. The tunnel arch over the canal is provided with cross-pieces, and the men who do the work of propulsion lie on their backs on the loads of coal, and push with their feet against the cross-bars of the roof.

**Women Can Fortify Their Health**

With constantly aching backs, weary, dragging-down pains, dizzy and nervous headaches, women have a hard burden to carry. It is wise for every woman to fortify herself against those derangements which are present when extra demands are made upon the system by Nature's laws. No better remedy exists for women's peculiar ailments than DR. HAMILTON'S PILLS, which possess tonic properties that act upon the proper organs at the proper time. To prevent headache, to overcome dragging weariness, backache, nervousness and pallor—to look well, sleep well, eat well and enjoy the manifold blessings of sound, regular health, every girl and woman should regulate her system by Dr. Hamilton's Pills, 25c per box.

**Emeralds of the Aztecs.**

Among the Aztec treasures of Mexico, besides other precious stones, many exquisitely cut emeralds were found, and it is from this source that the magnificent emeralds now forming part of the royal collection of Spain were supposed to have come.

It is in Demand—So great is the demand for Dr. Thomas' Electric Oil that a large factory is kept continually busy making and bottling it. To be in demand shows popular appreciation of this preparation, which stands at the head of proprietary compounds as the leading Oil in the market, and it is generally admitted that it is deserving of the lead.

**MUST BE DIFFERENT.**

"To be happy have a hobby," advises an exchange, "only it must be entirely different from your usual daily employment." That is well put in. For a dealer in storage eggs to collect antiques wouldn't be of any use.—Boston Transcript.

**The Terror of Asthma** comes like a thief in the night with its dreadful throttling, robbing its victim of breath. It seems beyond the power of human aid to relieve until one trial is made of that remarkable preparation, Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Asthma Remedy. Then relief comes with a rush. Life becomes worth living, and, if the remedy be used persistently, the disease is put permanently to rout. Take no substitute.

**UNREASONABLENESS.**

"Charley, dear," said young Mrs. Torkins, "I think I begin to understand why men talk baseball all winter."

"Thanks! Please explain."

"It must be fee-something like the reason that women wear furs all summer."—Washington Star.

**ATTENTION.**

Jack—He didn't have enough nerve to propose to Agnes the other night, but he overcame the obstacle.

Jack—Brought a record with him and put it on the phonograph. It did the work.

**A Medical Needs Supplied.**—When a medicine is found that not only acts upon the stomach, but is so composed that certain ingredients of it pass unaltered through the stomach to find action in the bowels, then there is available a purgative and a cleanser of great effectiveness. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills are of this character and are the best of all pills. During the years that they have been in use they have established themselves as no other pill has done.

**A LINE OF REASONING.**

Little Eva—Mother, what is a book-worm?

Mother—One who collects books and puts them everywhere and all over.

Among the guests next evening was Miss Sparks wearing many rings. Little Eva, very observant, suddenly cried out: "Look at Miss Sparks, mother, she must be a ringworm!"

Only the unformed endure the agony of corns. The knowing ones apply Holloway's Corn Cure and get relief.

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Gentlemen—I have used MINARD'S LINIMENT on my vessel and family for years, and for the every-day ills and accidents of life I consider it has no equal. I would not start on a voyage without it, if it cost a dollar a bottle.

CAPT. F. R. DESJARDIN,  
Schr. Storke, St. Andre, Kamouraska.

up behind Talbot in the tunnel; those in front pressed a little nearer. Talbot stood now completely surrounded by the crowd of rough working-men. Marley's adherents were in full force. He was quite alone. He did not glance round them. He did not think of himself nor of their back upon their fellow and commence to hustle him. He felt nothing but a cool, though intensely savage determination to subdue this burly brute, to defend his position and title, though it cost him his life.

"There can be only one boss here," he said, coldly, as Marley hesitated before him. "If you are not satisfied who it is, go to your cabin and get your six-shooter, and we will settle it here on the dump."

There was a movement and a murmur of satisfaction among the men. Now this was coming down to business and giving them something they could understand. Here was a man willing to defend his rights in a good square stand-upfight on the spot, and they one and all agreed in their own