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BY FREDERICK R. BURTON. Author of "Her Wedding Interlude," "Josef Helmuth's Goetz," "A Pot of Gold." "The Strange Object of

Thornton Wetmore," etc. CHAPTER VIII.-THE BATTLE OF

SPADES. Warren caught his adversary's spade about midway of the handle with the blade of his own, and holding the edge of his blade against the shank of the other, with a deft and powerful movement tried to wrench it from Golding's hands, somewhat as a swordsman might try to disarm his antagonist. Golding hung on like grim death, and carried along partly by the force of his own attack and more by the added impetus of Warren's parry, he hopped around in a semi-circle, the spades remaining interlocked, before he recovered his balance and drew away his crude weapon.

Each man had dropped his rake as a fragile and useless encumbrance. It did not occur to either of them in the heat of the moment that they were fighting a most singular battle. To them the peaceful implements of agriculture were as broadswords, and each saw in the other a foe as hateful and determined as ever he had faced in genuine war. Golding had attacked on the impulse of his terrible pas-sion, and Warren was stirred by it, not only to self-defense, but to all the fury of aggressive combat.

Golding made a feint with his spade as if he would catch his enemy in the abdomen, and as he saw from Warren's eyes that such a blow would be parried, he instantly changed his maneuver and thrust straight for Warren's face. The Granite farmer, however, was as keen in reading his adversary's intentions in his eyes, and up he brought his spade, catching and raising it so that Golding's blade fanned his face but did not touch it. At the same instant, Golding being momentarily unguarded, Warren thrust forward with both hand upon the handle of his spade and landed it with

great force upon Golding's chest. Golding gasped violently and stag-gered back. Warren, had he been followed his ad nger, might vantage and laid out his enemy with a single swinging blow, but although he was not an old man, years of farm work had stiffened his muscles, and before he could accomplish this movement Golding had recovered and was at him again.

The vigor with which he had begun the combat and the skill and strength with which Warren had resisted, made both men wary, and for a moment they faced each other, feinting and watching. The edges of their spade clicked and ting-tanged as they sparred for openings, and when Goldig thought he saw one he bore hard down upon Warren's spade and tried again to thrust toward his face.

Again Warren parried the thrust, and again the spades hung together for a second while each tried to disarm the other. Then they broke away and each retreated a pace, for each had come to have a high respect for the other's power, and the exertion had so far cooled their passions that were inclined to combine caution unintended truce each man saw the blind folly of their fight.

With his eyes still on Warren and every nerve prepared for further conif necessary, Golding slowly lowered his spade. He leaned upon it, breathing heavily, while Warren remained standing with his spade half raised, his attitude one of defense. "Haven't we had about enough of this?" asked Golding.

"Speak for yourself," retorted War-"You haven't made me holler." For an instant it seemed as if Golding would be provoked by this taunt into renewing hostilities. His fingers clutched his spade handle convulsively and his brows contracted ominous-Better sense prevailed, however, and he responded:

"I'm not hollering myself. If you want more fight you can have it."
"I didn't begin it," said Warren, by way of acknowledging that he didn't care to continue. "You fight like a soldier," remarked Golding.

'I am a soldier," returned Warren, "I fought all through the proudly.

"I might have known it by the way you handled your spade. 'Tisn't quite like bayonet exercise, though, is it?" and Golding grinned, as if he saw something ludierous in the scrimmage that had just taken place. "You're a soldier, too," said Warren,

lowering his spade at last. Yes: I fought through the warthat is, the most of it. I got knocked out early in the Wilderness."

"I was in the Wilderness from start to finish." 'You were! Wonder if 'twas your

shot that did for me?" Warren looked a little puzzled. "I was in the Union army," he said, "and for a long time my closest com-

rade was Freeman Dutton."
"Great Scott!" exclaimed Golding, slowly, and he gazed at his adversary with new interest. "I was on the other side, and it was my bayonet that fixed Freeman." "You were the man, then, that he

had the hand-to-hand tussle with, in which he got the worst of it?"
"I was that same."

There was a moment of silence. "We drove you back after that," said Warren presently, "and in the lull that followed I hunted up my comrade. He appeared to be dying. Before he could be removed you fellows were at us again, and we left Dutton in your lines that night. I supposed he was dead. He was so re-

ported, and-"What else?" interposed Golding, eagerly, as Warren paused. "I never saw or heard of him again until last night."

"I felt proud of my success with him," said Golding, after another pause, "and when we had recovered the ground you had taken from us I hunted for him." "You wanted to make sure and fin-

ish him, I suppose?" "No, sir; I'm not that kind of a sol-No, I did go to see if I had finished him, and when I found him still alive I did everything that one soldier could do to help him. I gave him the last drop from my canteen, I got the surgeon, who was a personal friend of mine, to attend to him early. He got just as good care as any one of our men, and when next day I got a shot in the leg, I was taken to the cot next to his in the hospital. The war was over when we recovered. We became friends and partners till-It was Golding's turn to pause and Warren's to ask eagerly: "What

else?" "Till some little time ago in Africa, I was going to say, but he and I are partners still, Mr. Warren, partners now, and I intend to keep an eye to his interest, and revenge his death if he dies here."

Had it not been for circumstances but partially understood by either of these men, the deadly feud upon which they had entered might have come to an end right there and then in this interchange of experiences. The old-time enmities of war had nothing whatever to do with their present feelings-on the contrary, the memories of former conflicts had tended promptly to cool their passions and bring them closely together. The soldier of the South, partner of the soldier of the North might easily have become the friend of this other northerner, respecting his courage, admiring his strength, and finding everything pleasing in his character; but there were the diamonds, and there were other things of mysterious import that kept them apart.

From the moment when Warren had mentioned Dutton's name, Golding had studied his face and racked his brain for some memory that eluded him. He had suspected almost from the time when he discovered that Dutton had suffered foul play, that Warren was the guilty man, led thereto in the first instance by the remark Warren had let fall when his carried the unconscious man wife from the burning cabin. The cloud upon his suspicions had been the extreme improbability that Warren knew about Dutton's diamonds. All attempts to extort from Warren an admission that he knew of them had and another motive for hostility between the two he could not even guess.

Suddenly there flashed upon his memory the scene that had eluded him, and then, though there were still points of doubt, details that he could | recognize a diamond where others not understand as yet, he was positive av, he knew -that Nic holas Warren had attempted the life of Freeman As much seems to be accomplished in a dream of a second's duration, so the memory sets forth in a single impression what it may have taken hours of action and conversation to effect in the first in-

Golding saw a lonely camp in the wilds of Mashonaland, wherein a Union and a Confederate soldier lay battling with the silent enemy, fever. It was a case of sick caring for the sick. There was no other white man, for aught they knew, within hundreds of miles. These two who had fought one another upon the field of battle, each summoning death as his ally, now faced the grim destroyer with fortunes and hopes bound together. He had no terrors for them but in his presence with his damp breath upon their hot brows, words were spoken that might have remained unuttered had further life seemed possible.

Nature prevailed, and in due time death withdrew, relinquishing for a with attack. And in that instant of period the claim he held upon these two soldiers. The confidences of that solemn hour when dissolution seemed imminent, were never referred to by either. They had been life secrets, and while life endured so should the secrets.

It was in this spirit that Golding had dismissed the story told to him in half delirium by his partner, Freeman Dutton. In his own fever the details had not made an over clear impression, and now after a lapse of years he strove almost in vain to recall them. In spite, however, of the haze through which he saw again that scene in the African wilderness; in spit of the confusion in which Dutton's words came back to him, he felt that he had retained the salient features of the narration. There was enough of it, provided he could establish certain identities and recall names, to account for any hostility, however violent, that Nicholas Warren might manifest toward

Freeman Dutton. It had occurred to Golding, while the heat of his combat with Warren was passing, that he might make an ally of this brave and stubborn adversary, for he had not then seen that other motives than greed might account for the attempt to put Dutton out of the way. Now it was clear that they must remain enemies, for Warren was not to be trusted. This was Golding's reasoning, and though he spoke emphatically of his purpose to revenge Dutton's death, should it occur here, that was by no means his ultimate purpose or his chief incentive. In truth, revenge, if that really eninto Golding's calculations, would be directed rather against Dutton himself than against his wouldbe slayer. For the present Golding was debating how best to take advantage of the situation with a view of getting possession of Dutton's diamonds.

Warren had made no response Golding's last speech. He had picked up his rake, and was wondering who could have searched the ashes. was certain that Golding had not.

#### Who else in this vicinity knew of Dutton's diamonds? The tramps of LETTERS TO THE "ADVERTISER." whom Will had spoken? Possibly.

If you have a grievence to ventilate, informa-tion to give, a subject of public interest to dis-cuss, or a service to acknowledge, we will print it in this column, provided the name of the writer is attached to his or her communication for publication. Make it as brief as possible.

ren, "and that little might sound more like fabrication than the truth. ORANGE RESOLUTIONS. To the Editor of the "Advertiser":

Loyal Orange Lodge, No. 762, held an open meeting in their lodge room, in the city of London, on the 10th sooner he learns to let me alone the Golding was so absorbed in his reinst., for a conversation upon the political aspects of the country. In-

building up of a purely and solely

British nation in this Dominion.
3. That we heartily support the

Government and Province of Mani-

toba in their struggle to maintain their national school system against

the hierarchy of a certain church backed by the Dominion Govern-ment, and will vote for no candidate

himself to support the cause of

Association, but every other loyal society in Canala of all traitors and

unworthy members, of whatever de-

gree they may be; and request every

6. That this meeting calls upon all loyal people of both political parties and all others to initiate the example

of the loyal men of Britain to unite

to protect the civilization and British

7. That the public prints be re-

the meeting was adjourned. The utmost harmony prevailed and the con-

viction is evidently deeply impressed

upon all who were present that we have fallen upon serious times, and all loyal men must stand together,

No secretary was appointed at the

CALEB S. SIMPSON.

meeting, and its proceedings are re-ported by me at its request.

Make Yourself Strong

they are short lived, and begin to ex-

hibit the marks of an age soon after 25.

Nerves on Edge.

I was nervous, tired, irritable and cross.
Karl's Clover Root Tea has made me well and happy- Mrs. E. B. Worden.

Knights of the Garter wear the emblem of the order on their left leg; the

Queen wears the riband over her shoul-

ders and across her breast, and a brace-

let on the left arm with the motto and

Pills Do Not Cure.

Pills do not cure Constination. They only aggravate. Karl's Clover Root Tea gives perfect regularity of the bowels.

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How to Cure Skin Diseases.

No internal medicine required. Cures

the face, hands, nose, etc., leaving the

skin clear, white and healthy. Its great

healing and curative powers are possessed by no other remedy. Ask your druggist for "Swayne's Ointment." Ly-

man, Sons & Co., Montreal, wholesale

from Turkey to England in 1721.

Inoculation for smallpox was brought

We have no hesitation in saying that

Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery Cordial is without doubt the best medicine ever

introduced for dysentery, diarrhea,

cholera and all summer complaints, sea sickness, etc. It promptly gives relief,

and never fails to effect a positive cure.

Mothers should never be without a bot-

To remove bad breath from catarrh, bad

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proper work done to your watches and

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T. C. Thornhill's, 402 Talbot street, who

has had over forty years' experience. All work guaranteed satisfactory, be-cause he understands cylinders, du-

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Kindling Wood .- Don't get up in the

norning and try to light your fire with-

out kindling. Six bundles for a quarter,

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Bowman & Co., Bathurst street. Red

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levers, Swiss, English or American.

tle when their children are teething.

teeth, etc., use ODOROMA.

HINDOO REMEDY

RESULTS in 30 DAYS.

Simply apply "Swayne's Ointment."

or any scion of a royal house.

devices of the order.

would resist pneumonia, bronchitis,

London, Oct. 11, 1895.

Votes of thanks were then given the ladies and other visitors, and a meeting was adjourned. The

quested to publish these resolutions.

national life of this country.

body to take immediate steps

electors to do the same.

Orange Association of

ernment

Parliament who does not pledge

flections that it did not occur to him to raise a question as to who had swept up the ashes of the cabin. He vited guests were present from L. O. L., 805, and 298; from the Ladies' Loyal Orange Victoria Lodge, No. 2, had no reason to suspect other than Warren himself. So he, too, picked up his rake and remarked ironically: the Sons of England Lodge, No. 53, "We're getting to a much better understanding, Mr. Warren. What-ever else has happened, and whatever and others. A chairman was appointed, a number of stirring addresses were made, Freeman may have done to you, you and the following set of resolutions are after his diamonds, and I'm no were passed with great enthusiasm:
1. That this meetitng believes that

fact that you haven't found them the time is now urgent when every person who is loyal to our institu-"What do you mean," asked Mr. Warren, sharply, "by whatever Freeman may have done to me?" tions and British national life should speak out boldly for the same and back up his word by vote. 2. That this meeting regrets that so few newspapers advocate the "Guess, as you northerners say," responded Golding. "I don't use words

they found the jewels

Come what might, he would not take

"I've little to tell," thought Mr. War-

Let him hunt in his own way, and the

Golding into his confidence,

If so, had

for nothing." Warren frowned upon him, and feeling of fear came over the northern soldier who could still fight a known foe without a sense of anxiety. Golding interpreted the frown correctly, and satisfied that he was gaining a hold upon Warren, he shouldered his tools and prepared to go down the

judge of appearances if it isn't the

"Suppose I am after the diamonds," said Warren; "that doesn't mean that I want them for myself. If they belong to Dutton, they're his, and I don't intend that anybody shall have them, least of all a stranger who comes along making trouble and claiming a partnership that I don't know any-thing about." Golding gave a contemptuous laugh.

"It's not worth while disputing with you on that point," he said. "I know human nature, and I know the man or woman don't live who could resist the 'President.'"

"Well," suggested Warren, his heart beating fast with excitement as he attempted a little ruse, "you've no idea that Dutton would carry such valuable jewels about him?

"Haven't, eh?" retorted Golding, falling into the trap. "Why, I remember one straight month when Freeman carried the 'President' round with him in his vest pocket. If you haven't got that diamond, Warren, somebody has who hasn't any right to it, and let me warn you that possession of such a stone is in itself proof of guilt unless you can fully prove your right to it. The 'President' can be identified easily by those who have seen it."

With this Golding set forth down the winding road, and Warren saw him disappear with a keener sense of excited hope and fear than he had The "President" had ever known. been carried in Dutton's pocket for a month! That was probably in Africa. But if there, why not here, too? Was it not altogether likely, then, that he, Nicholas Warren, had had this wonderful jewel in his hand but a few hours before? And now-had it been thrown away with rubbish, or had Dr. Nason appropriated it

Warren thought of the doctor's learning, and reasoned that he would might see only a bit of crystal. "And I don't

he did with the contents of that little

basket!" groaned Warren. He started down the mountain shortly after Golding, and when he turned into the highway at the base, he saw the traveler just passing the house. Golding turned his head to look at it as he went, but he showed no disposition to enter. Warren hurried on. There was just a bare chance that the catch-all had been emptied with a toss from the chamber window. All in the house were probably now asleep, and he could search under the win-

dows unobserved. He proceeded cautiously up the path and turned to the left just before he reached the door. Yes! There on the dewy grass was a shred of red worsted, just such a fragment as he re-membered was on the top of the odds and ends in the catch-all. He fell upon his knees and began to feel in the

(To be Continued Tomorrow.)

The Latest Charade. My first if he would fain succeed, Must give and keep my whole; My second's remedies have saved The life of many a soul;

My third is what my whole will be, Tho' ages o'er us roll; My fourth my first won't need to fill

If you will take my whole. The answer is one of the best remedies for female troubles ever known. For periodical pains, excessive flowing, prolapsus, bearing down, inflammation, nervous headaches, and all diseases resulting from "female weak-There is nothing so good as Dr. Pierce's Favorite Precription. The only remedy so certain in results that it can be sold under a guarantee. Money returned if it doesn't cure.

Rev. Richard Durnford, bishop of Chichester, died suddenly in Switzerland, aged 93.

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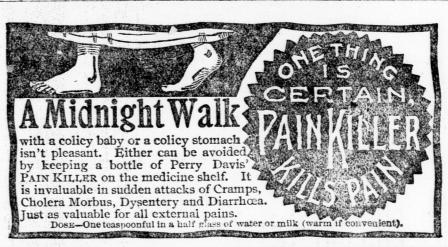
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