

WOODED UNDER FIRE

"You have come. It is well. We shall have this affair over in ten minutes or so, and then refreshing sleep to the one who remains," remarks the colonel, with an emphasis that cannot be mistaken.

Baron Sam pays no heed to it, knowing that the plain object of the man is to make him uneasy, and render his nerves unsteady. The one who could do this would have to invent some very ingenious method, indeed.

Dudley McLane takes hold at once with the energy characteristic of his Canadian nature, which will not allow grass to grow under his feet. He has had no experience in affairs of honor—they do not form a part of ordinary life in Montreal or Quebec society; but Dudley does not mean that the colonel shall know of this.

He proceeds to discuss matters with the Italian second, and to hear him grumbling over some small point in the game one would imagine that the duello was a part of Dudley McLane's daily life, its most intricate mysteries no sealed book with him.

Thus a choice of positions is made. Although the moon is almost due south it will shine a trifle in the eyes of one man as they stand face to face. Then, again, while the principal standing on the west will receive the light over his right shoulder, his opponent must take it over the left and face the moon in a measure.

It can be seen, therefore, that the western position is the more favored one, and the colonel gives a cry of delight when he draws it for his man. Dudley says nothing, for he knows Sam can use a revolver equally well with either hand.

While these few minutes have been taken up by the seconds in arranging the necessary details, Sam, standing there, has not been idle. He has been taking an eye measure of his man, even as a tailor might for a new suit of clothes, though it is probable that the only outfit Sam has in view is a wooden jacket.

In a word, the cool American has decidedly exactly where he will put his bullet when he comes to disabling the count. He is going to have trouble with Tivoli in the future, it is just as well that the man be incapacitated from using his sword arm, which Sam has decided is his right one.

In the day time he would have no doubt of his ability to accomplish just what he seeks, relying upon his wonderful skill with the revolver; but in the night, firing by the deceptive light of the moon, it may be a different matter. At any rate, Sam is bound to do his duty.

"Gentlemen, we are ready to place you," says the polite colonel, with a wave of his arm.

Count Tivoli has a revolver in his hand, which his second examines for the last time as he places him across a line marked after the ground has been paced off.

It is a peculiar picture—the grim walls of the gray monastery rising on one side, the snow-covered mountain stretching down on the other, and a bright moon lighting up the scene until even minute objects near by can be distinguished.

The four men themselves form a group that might be worthy of an artist's pencil, as they stand there in the position chosen. When he has placed his principal and whispered a few last instructions in his ear, the Italian colonel steps back a few paces.

Dudley has performed the same kind of office for his man, who stands there facing the count, with not a bit of white showing about him, even his face being hidden under his Alpine hat.

"Gentlemen," says the colonel, in a voice loud enough to reach both parties, and yet not alarm the sleeping inmates of the grim building so close at hand, "you understand the provisions of this little affair. At the word fire, both are to begin, advancing at the same time, if you see fit. A wound will end the matter, if the wounded man drops to the ground, and the flow of blood wipes out the insult. First of all, I will ask if you are ready?"

The count replied in the affirmative, his voice a whisper, but the words, immediately receives a shock when he notices what his antagonist has done. Baron Sam no longer faces the moon, but holds the revolver in his left hand, having altered his position at the last second in order to demoralize the Italian.

In so doing he exposes his heart to the enemy's fire, the result of which he avoids having the moon in his eyes. By this action he has neutralized the poor fortune that gave him a worse position than his enemy. This is not all—he has managed to unsteady the nerves of the count at the most critical moment which must figure against the Italian, who certainly has need of all his powers at this stage of the affair.

Sam also answers in the affirmative, but the duel is not to take place without at least one interruption. A cry is heard, and the monk who has kept the doors closed upon them, his long, scabbard garments, fluttering, his arms outstretched, and his voice, coming from under the owl that is drawn over his head, issued in booming tones. He has, it seems, suspected the designs of the men who went out, and has arrived just in time to be a witness of the duel, for the principals pay not the least attention to him, but continue to face each other, ready for the business in hand.

McLane chooses to be in the path of the advancing monk, and, throwing out one arm, he catches the fluttering robes, bending the St. Bernard refuse to a sudden stop, for that arm is like a bar of steel.

"Good! Father, hold fast—you cannot prevent this little affair of honor being settled, therefore cease your racket. It is not often that a man of your persuasion is given a chance to witness such a scene as this. I am a surgeon, and can bind up the wounds that may ensue. Do you remain in order to offer our hand about the last sacrament, should be chance to cross the dark river," the

last words being uttered aloud for the benefit of the enemy.

"Perdita!" the count is heard to mutter half under his breath, proving that the Canadian's grim suggestion has struck home in a tender place.

"Are you ready, gentlemen?" came in clear tones from the colonel, who has been disturbed in his calculations by the monk's coming, and repeats his question.

"Silence, now, good father," says Dudley, his eyes fastened upon the two principals, for the critical moment is at hand, and presently a life, perhaps two of them, may be sacrificed upon the altar of honor.

"Ready!" replies Baron Sam, raising his left arm with an automatic movement like the swinging of a pendulum, or the action of a machine.

The count is slower in answering. Dudley instantly conceives the idea that this is part of a preconceived plan between the two Italians—what would he not give to be able to warn his chum?

"Ready!" cries the count.

Instantly the colonel ejaculates: "Then fire, gentlemen!"

The count has expected this, and immediately presses the trigger of his revolver; but when the report sounds upon the night air it is accompanied by a second, for Baron Sam has not been caught napping. Then both contestants are seen to advance a step—if either has been wounded they do not care to admit it, but mean to continue the affairs until it reaches a more serious stage.

This is only a beginning—there remain many more leaden messengers in each weapon, and the men are only too anxious to send them on their way, winged with pain as they may be, or even death itself.

Dudley McLane holds his teeth, awaiting the second discharge—he has his eyes glued upon his friend—he sees Baron Sam advance that one pace forward, his thumb meanwhile drawing back the hammer of his revolver, which he has kept levelled all the time in the direction of the Italian.

Again comes a double report as the two firearms are discharged. The American advances a second pace, and that sturdy thumb again draws back the hammer—he is evidently ready for another exchange of compliments.

Meanwhile how fares it with the count? A cry is heard, and a groan—the former proceeds from the colonel, dances about in a fever of rage and consternation—his hot Italian blood has been aroused by what he sees, for the right arm of the count drops uselessly to his side, and the pain of his wound through the shoulder forces that groan from his lips.

The strange duel has reached its legitimate conclusion—it is the stars and stripes that has come out victorious, and Dudley McLane can with difficulty repress a shout.

The duelist count will have to keep his revenge until some future occasion—at least his hour is not at hand.

McLane steps forward—Baron Sam still stands there, calmly waiting to see whether the affair is to be continued or not, his revolver hanging carelessly at his side, ready to be raised with lightning rapidity.

"Colonel Marchesi, are you satisfied?" demands the young Canadian.

The other ceases his wild gyrations, and looks at the person who questions him with such a wry countenance, that Dudley almost smiles—it reminds him of a boy taking a bitter dose of medicine and declaring it to be splendid, even while his mouth puckers, and tears come into his eyes.

"Perfectly," he replies.

"The honor of both parties has been vindicated?"

"Exactly," with a French shrug of the shoulders that means a great deal. "Then we will consider the affair done with. Now, I am a surgeon by profession—you must allow me to examine your friend's wound."



**GILLETT'S
LYE**
FOR
MAKING SOAP
SOFTENING
WATER
DISINFECTING
CLOSETS, DRAINS
SINKS, &c

McLane is a surgeon, used to doing queer things. In his love for the profession, he sinks other feelings.

At the same time it makes him think of the old story of the scotched serpent, or the frozen viper a peasant warmed back to life in his bosom, to have it sting him.

Some day he will have cause to regret bringing this man back to a state of activity, but the common dictates of humanity govern him now.

He finds that the count's wound, while perhaps less serious than it might have been, is nevertheless one of a trifling order. Sam aimed to disable his opponent, and could not have done better. His first bullet drew blood from the Italian's arm and came within half an inch of accomplishing its duty.

So the Canadian surgeon does his work, and makes the stricken man easy. His wound does not hurt just yet—it is a smile, which the quick eyes of Aileen catches, the girl makes up her mind that the Canadian knows more about the nature of Antonio's wound than he cares to disclose, and hence determines to make secret inquiries later, being possessed of a fair amount of the curiosity that is supposed to be monopolized by her sex.

So they ramble on, conversing on many subjects, such as naturally come to the surface when a party travel under such different and varied conditions in Switzerland and Italy.

Colonel Marchesi is in the other idling most of them believe, but Sam knows better. He has accidentally learned that the Italian friend of the count secured a private vehicle, and left the inn at the base of the Alps at day break.

When he learned the reason of this haste, he will learn about it, ere many hours elapse.

"This their destination is reached; and they find that in an hour a train will start. There has been one morning train already, and it strikes Sam that the count must have been in a very great hurry to have hired an occasion conveyance in order to catch this. Perhaps an urgent call awaits him in his native land; perhaps—but it is useless speculating when there is no foundation for conjecture.

The count is fortunate in one thing—he has by his polite attention quite won the heart of the Yankee spinster, and she invites him to accept a seat in the compartment they occupy—which is meant to hold four, but can accommodate one more—an invitation he seizes upon readily, though falling to hear the Californian girl second it.

"This casts a damper on Sam, even if he does not show it, for he has hoped to have a pleasant tête-à-tête with Aileen on the trip to Turin. Three men, each of them really in love with a girl, traveling with her for a long distance in a compartment of an Italian railway carriage, with only her chaperon present besides, Aileen will not lack for cavillers at any rate.

Strange how easy the count is. One would think that the pain of his wound, and the loss of the man he had given it to him, would be apt to make the

for entertainment, the free box on the wall receives voluntary offerings. Sad to relate, these do amount to one-fifth of what a hotel would demand, and hence the good would demand, and hence the good their visitors.

There is talk of pressing on below. The guides are consulted, and it is determined that the occasion is propitious, so a general packing up is the order of the day. Soon they leave behind the grim wall of the monastery behind, each one having dropped into the box what his generosity allows.

Although snow covers the mountains around the monastery, the farther they descend the warmer the air becomes, until the snow becomes slush, and finally, at the base of the great rise there is nothing to be seen but pools of water.

At the inn they find comfort, and here another night is passed. Baron Sam has had several interesting conversations with Miss Aileen, and learns that she intends passing into Italy, so as to be present in Rome during the carnival season, which happens to be his own plan.

He believes there is something like fate in this arrangement, which pleases him wonderfully.

Aileen has long had her own way—she is a girl with some queer notions, and yet possessed of a warm heart underneath it all.

Sam Buxton likes her the more he sees of her, she is so different from all girls he has ever met. At the same time he does not push his suit too ardently, though it is generally his way to rush things.

Sam is no Apollo in face and figure, like the Count Tivoli—he even lacks the winning face and magnificent figure of Dudley McLane, but in spite of his undersized form and homely physiognomy, he makes all who come in contact with him feel his leadership.

It is not the large man who rule the world by any means. We have had Napoleon, Jay Gould, and innumerable other rulers in war and finance, who have been small in stature but mighty in their achievements.

From the inn the travellers have to make a trip by diligence to the terminus of the railway that will carry them to Turin, if good luck attend the train.

A merry party it is that attends the vehicles provided for them in the morning. Others besides our friends are going that way, and two stages are filled.

Count Tivoli has assurance enough to push his way among the others. He is a good actor, and his face does not betray the feelings of his heart. When Aileen asks, with some solicitude, why he carries his arm in a sling, he replies that he has met with an accident—that it does not amount to a great deal—and laughs good-naturedly over it, turning the subject neatly before she can ask the nature of his wound.

Sam preserves a calm face, but Dudley cannot keep from indulging in a quiet smile, which the quick eyes of Aileen catches, the girl makes up her mind that the Canadian knows more about the nature of Antonio's wound than he cares to disclose, and hence determines to make secret inquiries later, being possessed of a fair amount of the curiosity that is supposed to be monopolized by her sex.

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Italian monks, especially when the chances are that the same man has already outstripped him in the race for Aileen's heart.

ARE YOU FIT TO MARRY.
This is a time of strange social upheaval, says Emily Willard, in November Technical World Magazine.

Sixty-ninth woman says longer-haired men are shouting from the lecture platform that "practical eugenics" is the one and only cure for all social ills, and great many quiet, well-meaning people are being swept off their feet by these pseudo-scientific theories.

But it is to be observed also that many solid persons still remain standing.

The radical eugenist intends to carry out his work of race redemption on a stock farm plan. He clamors for "scientific mating" and "selective breeding." He urges that only the "fit" or the "normal" shall be allowed to marry and have children. Laboratories of eugenics, called clearing-houses for scientific race investigation and improvement, have been opened in Europe and America. There is one of these at Cold Springs Harbor, Long Island, which persons about to marry are invited to apply, giving their family histories and asking for advice as to whether they are fit to take the fatal plunge. Sometimes the wise men of the laboratory after carefully scrutinizing their actual records, solemnly reply that there is no reason why a certain couple should not marry and raise children, and again other couples, after their records have been duly put through the mill, are advised not to wed. In the case of the couple who rush in and get married, if they feel so disposed, at the professor of eugenics has had his hand in their matrimonial plans.

Eugenics, as preached by the radical is full of fallacies. In its actual working it will not allow parenthood to those who are less than three per cent of the population. If it were a desirable thing to burn down the houses of the poor, it would be desirable to toast upon humanity such laws as these fanatics propose or as they actually secured in some cases.

But no matter if angels fear to tread upon the holy ground of married relations, as to high the count go right out and get married, if they feel so disposed, at the professor of eugenics has had his hand in their matrimonial plans.

After your cold, calculating, materialistic laboratory marriage of the perfect type is consummated, what assurance have you that they will have as strong and healthy children as the village wagoner and his wife? None whatever! The fact remains that human nature is and always will be human nature and that the curtailment of its inheritance. One of these things is the right of man to breed his kind.

Sergeant-Major Under General French
Vetera of Boer War Who Lost Health on the Veldt Tells Experience.

Good Advice for All Who Have Indigestion or Stomach Disorders.

In his home at Walden, N. S., no one is better known than Sgt. Major Cross, late of the Fourth Queen's Own Hussars. Speaking of the ill-effects of a campaign upon a man's constitution, the Sergeant-Major writes: "I served under General French during the late Boer war, in the capacity of sergeant-major. It was probably owing to a continued diet of bully beef, hard tack and bad water, but at any rate my stomach entirely gave out. I was in such a state that I could eat nothing without the greatest suffering.

The army doctors did not help me much, and since leaving the service I have been very miserable. Some few months ago a friend told me he had been a great sufferer from indigestion and that he had tried Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cured him. I confess it was without much hope that I bought a box, but the first dose gave me relief better than I had had for a long time. Dr. Hamilton's Pills completely cured, and now I can eat everything and anything. I have recommended them to others, and in every case the result has been similar to mine."

Quick, sure results attend the use of Dr. Hamilton's Pills. They cure indigestion of the stomach, correct indigestion, make you feel unwell and strengthened. To renew or maintain health, Dr. Hamilton's Pills always prove a good prescription. 25c per box, five boxes for \$2.00; all dealers, or the Catarthozone Co., Buffalo, N. Y., and Kingston, Ont.

ONTARIO AND QUEBEC.
The place names of the two Provinces eloquently reflect the historical background of the respective peoples: Journey through Ontario and you are confronted with names of counties, townships, towns, and villages lifted almost bodily from England, as in Middlesex, Lincoln, or York. Go through Quebec and you meet the names of French kings, governors, and explorers, not to speak of innumerable saints held in close reverence by a devoted people. In Ontario we find in the nomenclature a solemn march of heroes, governors, poets, philanthropists, statesmen, discoverers, and men connected with the expansion or glory of England, such as Sir Isaac Brock, Sir Guy Carleton, General Hal-dimand, Governor Hamilton, Governor Hope, General Prescott, the Duke of Richmond, Lords Durham, Sydenham, and Aylmer, Governor Simcoe, Sir Charles Bagot, Hilton, Collingwood, Wellington, Nelson, Haldigh, Hampton, Palmerston, Pitt, Harcourt, Franklin, Wilberforce, and Macaulay, with such reminders of victory as Bleinheim, Trafalgar, Vincent, Daterloo, and Sebastopol.

In Quebec how different are the scenes culled up by the names of cities, rivers, counties, and parishes: Champlain, after the founder of Quebec; Chicoutimi, the first French victory; Montmagny, who succeeded Champlain. Two officers of the Carignan regiment, St. Louis and Richelieu, perpetuate the Grand Monarch of France and his long-trusted Minister Frontenac. Yaudouville, and Beauharnois were three of the most able and energetic of the French Governors of Canada, while Bishop Laval, Generals Montcalm, and de Levis, Cardinal Richelieu, Charlevoix, and other celebrities are similarly remembered. As to the names of saints, the calendar and Acta Sanctorum seem to have been ransacked and not even the most obscure result of canonization overlooked. Throughout Quebec we meet names unfamiliar and meaningless to Ontario, names only quoted at general election time, and then only to be pronounced!—M. O. Hammond in The Canadian Magazine.

PRESERVE BABY'S SKIN



With **CUTICURA SOAP**
Assisted when necessary by Cuticura Ointment. They keep the skin and scalp clean and clear, sweet and healthy, besides soothing irritations which often prevent sleep and if neglected become chronic disfigurements.

PEARLS IN HISTORY.
Has Fascinated People of Every Age Known.

The pearl is the only gem found in the heart of man, to bring to perfection, and history affords ample evidence of the intense fascination in has always exercised among the people of every age. It is the oldest object of personal adornment. Indian mythology often speaks of the pearl, attributing its discovery to the god Vishnu, who is said to have caused it to be drawn from the ocean for his daughter Pandana. The records of the Romans, Babylonians, Persians and Egyptians also make mention of it. There was the wife of the Emperor Caligula, who for an ordinary betrothal feast, decked herself with pearls to the value of \$200,000, and Julius Caesar's daughter, Servilia, mother of Brutus, with a specimen valued at \$50,000.

Coming to more recent epochs, we find that Philip II, king of Spain, paid \$60,000 for a single pearl known as "Perle-royale" found in France. It was less than a half-inch in diameter, and was cut and shaped and weighed 124 carats. Another king of Spain, Philip IV, purchased one weighing 125 carats. It was brought from India.

France, also, owns some exquisite examples; but the biggest pearl known is that which was once the property of the banker Henry Philip Hone. Cylindrical in form, it is two inches long and one and a half inches in circumference at one end and one and three and a half inches at the other. It weighs 1,800 grains and is valued at \$2,000.

It is known that the beauty of the natural pearl sometimes proves evanescent. To retain its shimmering splendor it needs air and light. Acids can affect it, and eruptions from the skin can destroy the precious bloom, which, once gone, cannot be revived. Sometimes, too, owing to their comparative softness, they become scratched and thus a source of anxiety to their owners. There is little wonder, therefore, that possessors of valuable necklaces should seek to protect themselves with duplicates which may be worn when they are not wearing the real one.

A Melon Hint.
The housewife with a small family often finds but half a melon is eaten at one sitting. To preserve the pristine freshness of the half that is left, cut the watermelon across, not lengthwise, and use one end up first. Melt a little paraffin on a clean plate and dip the cut end of the other half of the melon in this. It hardens immediately. Keep the melon in a cool place, cutting off a very, very thin slice to remove the paraffin when ready to serve it, and it will taste like a freshly cut melon.

First a Cold Then—Consumption
Catarth Never Stops in the Nose or Throat, But Works Down to the Lungs.

Doctors Freely Recommend the In-haling of "Catarthozone."

An inflamed condition of the throat affords the necessary conditions to develop the germ of consumption. The medical world asserts positively that the infection of the majority of consumptives is caused in this way. For that reason we want you to know about Catarthozone. It is a throat and lung healer made of balsamic and healing oils that possess the power of destroying the germs that maintain Catarrh. You know Catarrh does no good—it can only temporarily relieve, it cannot destroy the germs that cause the disease. Now, Catarthozone is a medicine that you breathe to the very spots that are infected with disease germs. The air passing through the Catarthozone Inhaler becomes laden with a healing germ-destroying vapor that quickly cures the worst case of Catarrh known.

Catarthozone has been used in many lands for many years as the most successful, the most highly commended, most pleasant and efficient for disease of the respiratory passages the world knows. You can do nothing wiser today than buy Catarthozone. Fifteen minutes' use will prove how true every word of the above is. Complete outfit, guaranteed satisfactory, and sufficient for three months' treatment, price \$2.00, smaller size, 50c all dealers, or the Catarthozone Co., Buffalo, N.Y., and Kingston, Ont.



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Don't waste time on inferior salves because they're a few cents cheaper.

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