

BOOK I. THE DUEL AT AJACCIO.

CHAPTER I.

"Yes, I rather imagine this is the exact oot," says Mr. Burton H. Barnes, of aw York, to the venerable host of the very eld and very dilapidated little inn that stands on the shores of the Gulf of Ajaccio, mear where the Bastia road turns inland, end, following up the Gravona torrent, fret through the orange and citron groves of the fartile Campoloro and then over hills evered with the vine and olive, is lost in the chestnut woods that hide the lewer slepes of the great Monte del Oro.

Nothing can be in more vivid and striking contrast than the man and his surroundings; the light civilization of an exponent of New York fashion of the year 1882 stands face to face with the barbaric romance of the eld Corsican scene and the medieval picturesqueness of the native costume of the eld inn-keeper, who curiously asks, in his southern patois, ignoring the French in which Mr. Barnes has addressed him, "The spot for what, Signor?"

'The spot where there is going to be a first-class duel this morning, as soon as there is light enough to kill."

'To kill what?' "Each other! Don't you knew what a duel is?" Here Mr. Barnes gives a short discertation on the code of honor, illustrating his French with vigorous pantomimic

"Ah! a kind of vendetta," says the old man, brightening.
"Yes, a civilized vendetta. You know what that is, I've no doubt." My father, the fisherman, fell in one," says the Cersican, moedily; "he was drown-

And the man who killed your father," asks the American, with some interest.
"Was drowned also. I am the son of my father. My father's slayer was the last of their accursed family, so new I sleep in peace. Would the gentleman like break-fast?" and trade overcomes his romance.

"Yes; place a table for me, Matee-I think that's what you call yourself-out here on the portico. Give me a flask of your best chianti, some fruit, and something to eat, if you've got anything not stuffed with chestnuts. I'll make myself comfortable till the time comes.

"Eggs?" triumphantly suggests the host.
"Yes. Eggs don't taste of cheetnuts." As Mateo goes in to attend to his order, Mr. Barnes mutters to himself, "Always best to take things easy till it's time to act," and sinking lazily upon the most comfortable stool he can find, gazes meditatively over the exquisite scene that the early morning light is just making distinctly beautiful

The pertice of the inn faces the bay, and is only separated from its terpid ripples by a few feet of shingle and rocks that run out into the blue water. This is now just brightening in the morning sun, rising over the white peaks of the Corsican mountains, that, as usual, in spring, are shrouded in mists. Far out to sea, the lateen sails of fishing boats look like sea-gulls' wings; in the harbor a score or so feluccasand speron-ares from Sardinia and Sicily are hardly moving under the lazy breeze, while the dark low hull of an Eaglish gun-beat, which has put into Ajaccio to purchase seme supplies of poultry and fruit for her officers' mess, is giving out from her short funnel a black cloud of smoke that indicates that she will soon be under way for Alexandria to assist at Arabi Pasha's downfall. Mr. Barnes looks gloomily at her as he says to himself, "Wish that beggar would sail before her time; it would perhaps save me making a fool of myself." Then rolling

a eigarette, he turns, and looking inland up the Bustia road, continues: "No sign of Marina yet. I sent the courier for her at ten o'clock last night. If Corsican horseflesh can do it, she should be here in time. But Corsican horseflesh is at best only polopony horseflesh; the roads are slow, and (looking at his watch) it is seven o'clock If I can't stop these fellows making fools of themselves, and anything happens to him, Heaven pity her! it's a hard

With a sigh, Mr. Barnes goes off into a brown study, meditating what a fool he has been to come to Corsica, moufflon shooting, when he might just as well have been shooting some other wild animal, on some other part of the earth's surface. Mr. Barnes is net a typical New Yorker.

At first sight he is always suspected of being what is now contemptuously called a dude; but if his dress from its elaboration, amost to the point of affectation, might make an observer suppose him one, his bearing and manner would in a very short time prove that he was also a man, and a man who knew and understood both the world and himself pretty thoroughly. Mr. Barnes' occupation in the twenty-eight years of his life has been killing time. Being blessed with an ample fortune, he has never carnod his own living; though he once thought he ought to have a profession, cry till he discovered that the death rate of the world was ten a year to every practicing physician; whereupen, glad of the excuse, Mr. Barnes said he glad of the excuse, Mr. Barnes said he would of his ten men live, and refused to take out is diploma. Being compelled to kill time, he has mostly killed it by killing wild animals. A crack shot of the New York Rifle Club, he has once or twice saved an International match by literally having no nerves at the critical moment when it was absolutely necessary to shoot a bull's eye to win; consequently, before dangerous game, especially tigers, Mr. Barnes is very

Not averse to the chase in any form, he would gladly have hunted in the preserves of Belgravia and Fifth Avenue, for he had the entree to both English and American society, but he despised a long firtation with its imperceptible advances and calculated maneuvres, which he stigmatized as "Snaring canary birds and not true

of Baccarat at a Parisian club, a passing acquaintance, Count Musso Danella, a Corsican, invited him to visit his estates on the island for the purpose of killing moufflon, Mr. Barnes accepted, and within the three weeks preceding the day we meet him, had abot all the moufflon he desired, travelled general y over the island, but had missed carry what he was most curious about-a

vendetta in actual progress, and was at Ajaccio, en route for France, when he became engaged in the merning adventure that now occupies him, not on his own account, but for the sake of a young lady he had met in the interior of the island.

The next estate to that of his host in the fair valley of the Gravona, below the far spreading chestnut and beech woods of Bocognane, was one belonging to a family in whose veins flows the blood most honored and most leved in Corsica, that of the old-time patriot and liberator, Pasquale Paoli, and the young lady was one of the last of that ancient name.

Count Musso Danella was the guardian of both the girl and her brother,—their father having died while they were children,—and had invited Barnes to visit, with him, his young ward who had just returned from an Italian boarding school, in order to meet her brother, a young naval officer in the service of the French Republic, expected ome from a three years' cruise.

"She will return to school no more; they write that they will not have her back, says the Count as they rode up the avenue of olive trees, toward the low, Corsican

"Indeed! Why?" asks Barnes. "Per Bacco! she is too Corsican for them; she loves liberty too well. She ran away from school to hear Gerster sing in Florence one night, and threatened her painting master with an unknown vengeance if he dared to desecrate with daubs from his no-school medern Italian brush, a painting she had just finished. The Italian sent her picture unaltered to me with his complaint; I sent Mar-ina's picture to the Salon, and when it received an honorable mention, I threw the Italian's complaint in the fire!"

"A picture from a girl receive mention at the Paris Salon?" Mr. Barnes gasps in un-

"I think it was as much the subject, as the treatment, secured its success; for with true girlish vanity she had painted herself,' laughs the Count, as they enter the house. The next instant Barnes sees the original, and then only wenders that the copy, if half a likeness, did not gain the gold medal

As she rises to receive them, the girl trapes her modern Parisian dress about her, like some old Grecian robe, and outlines a form perfect as her face, which is of the most bewildering, dazzling, Southern beauty, animated by a soul, that, shining through it with changing piquancy of expression, makes it indescribable. To love her would have been to love, perhaps, within the hour a Juliet and Madonna; and, perchance, in one dread moment of her life. Lady Macbeth-all strangely beautiful

and each Marina Paoli. Barnes, whose descriptive adjectives are limited, called her "a stunner," and was right as regards his own sensations, for she simply appalled him, not perhaps when he first saw her—but afterwards. As she comes towards them with a smile

of welcome, the Count presuming on his guardianship is about to kiss her lips;—the smile changes to a flash of hauteur as she coldly says: "I've grown older now-my

While the man of the world with his forty years of Parisian life that cost him fitty, smiling behind his white teeth bends over her tingers, Barnes suddenly thinks that Musse loves her; and that the young rl with her sex's instinct has placed rampart between his passion and herself.

As Mr. Barnes is introduced, her smile

is back again; she exclaims, "An American! a freeman! you can kiss my hand also!' "You like republicane "I hate tyrants and despise slaves. I should only bow to a Russian or a Turk, but an American—it is different!"

"I'm glad I'm an American," says Mr. Barnes, kissing her hand; and that kiss gave him interest enough in her life to make him turn out of his way, on the day we first see him, to do her a service.

They are friends at once. The girl sings him a strain or two from an opera, accompanying herself on a mandelin. Then, from Italian music, she turns to that of her own island, and chants some old native ballads which are all Lamenti relating to the vendetta-for in Corsica there are no other local songs. This leads to her explaining to Mr. Barnes what the vendetta really is; that it is considered a sacred duty to avenge one of the family whe falls by another's hand; that the "Rimbecco" is a reproach which is speken or sung to him who forgets the wrongs of kindred, and a Corsican who did not listen to it would be forever despised. With this, she chants a Rimbecco with a wild pathes that shows, though educated in the civilization of the continent, Marina Paeli is still in spirit a

With some curiosity he asks her whether there has ever been a vendetta in her fam-

ily. "Not for three generations," says the girl, "but it always comes in the third, and that is ours. There are only three of us old Tomasso, who serves me so faithfully and who is my foster-father and would avenge my wrongs as his own; myself, and Antonio, my brother" (her eyes take an expectant look), "the only one of my blood I have to lose, whose letter I shall soon receive telling me when I shall place my kiss upon him. Ah! I hear horses' heefs! Mia Madre! if it is he!"

Her face brightens with a great joy and she darts out into the pertico. After a pause the Count says: "Would you like to see the picture of the Parisian Salon?"

He draws aside a curtain, disclosing a canvas that as Barnes throws the lamplight en it, develops into a portrait of Marina in the costume of a Cersican peasant with its brilliantly colored mandile and short skirt, that give to her graceful figure even additional charms; but her face has a dreamy expression, as if her soul was far away from her body, and her eyes look in-tensely strained, seeking some one that comes not. The attitude is one of expectant passion. Underneath is written, "WAITING!"

"Ah, waiting for her lover! I understand!" laughs Barnes. "No! Waiting for her brother-he is the only being Marina loves. The two children grew up, as it were, in each other's arms; until three years ago, their lives were one—and now she awaits his coming like an expectant bride. There is no room in her heart for any other love!" remarked Musso

The words have hardly left him, when Marina enters like one inspired. "See," she cries, "his letter! my Antonio's letter!" and she kisses it. "He will be in Corsica

to-merrow, and the next day," (a sigh of lenging) "with me! I have sent old To-masse to light fires of good omen on the hills, so that our shepherds on the higher ranges of del Ore may know their master is retarning, and come to give him welcome. I shall wear that dress when next I see him," she points to the picture. "He leved me best as one of his own people!" "We had better go," whispers Danella to our American. "She will now think only of her brother."

As they take their leave the Contract of the leave the leave

with its imperceptible advances and calculated maneuvres, which he stigmatized as "Snaring canary birds and not true sport."

Too languid to dance in a ball-room, he would climb the Rocky Mountains to kill a lig-horn; consequently, when over a game of the stigmatized as they take their leave, the Count asks for the bunch of white laurel flowers the girl wears. But she plucks them from her bosom and thrusts them into the hands of the astonished Barnes. Danella scowls threateningly at the young man. Marine

noticing, says quickly with a laugh, "Do not be jealous; Mr. Barnes will take them for me to Ajaccie, and if he saes my brother, give Antonio the flowers of his native land and tell him that Marina, who is waiting sent them, and will rest no more until he gives them back to her. Understand you are not even to amell them; their perfume is all for my brother."

As the two men rode away she stands

As the two men rode away, she stands looking after them, her eyes beaming with expectation. Backed by the fire-light that streams from the epen panes past the iron gratings that defend all windows in this unquiet country, she forms a picture of joy and love that is almost mediaval in its intensity.

tensity.
"By George! They don't manufacture such girls in Fifth Avenue!" says Mr.

"No! Civilization would stunt the growth of such a heart. Marina has the two great native passions—love of country and love
of family; but there are none like her, not
even in Corsica. While her brother lives
she will love no other man." "But if she should?" suggests laughingly

the American. "Not while I live!" cries the Corscian with a muttered oath and a sudden sinister contraction of his face that tells Barnes his secret. "But you take the road to Ajaccio, and it leaves mine here." On which the two men part with many a kindly farewell, two men part with many a kindly farewell, for, though Barnes despises a man who cannot keep his temper, and the Count has the passons of the lower regions, they have have been good comrades for their three weeks' shooting and have bagged much game; which makes all sportsmen feel kind-

to one another.

As Barnes rides down the beautiful valley that is watered by the white rapids of the Gravona rushing towards the sea, he smells the perfume of the laurel flowers and sees the fires of welcome lighted upon the hills, and knows that any kindness done to the brother will make the sister his friend; and, though his common-sense forbids him to love a velcano, he would do much to gain

The next evening he is in Ajaccio; and, thoughtful of his message to Antonio, lounges into the local Club, which with the traditional hespitality of all Corsica, is open to foreigners, thinking to find him.

There are but few visitors at that mest quiet of all quiet clubs, The Circle of jaccio, and Barnes at first thinks there are none; but soon angry voices come to him from the next room, followed by a couple of good round home-made Anglo-Saxon eaths that no foreigner could imi-

Glancing in, he sees two French officers, and an English one, who evidently belongs to some British man-of-war in the harber, as he wears the naval uniform of that

The matter of their dispute is the Egyptian question, which up to this time makes very bad blood between the two countries; and, in 1882, before the bombardment of Alexandria, was the cause of even more decided and bitter teeling than now. The controversy has been brought about by an extremely clever cartoon in the London Punch, that is lying on the table of the club. This picture represents a gigantic palm tree laden with Egyptian cocoanuts, that France, in the costume of a French officer, is shaking so that the fruit will fall right into the open and capacious jaws of the British lion, who is reclining lazily beneath its branches.

As Mr. Barnes looks in, the climax is reached by the French officer calling the Englishman a liar, and the next instant getting knocked down for his trouble. The Frenchman gathers himself together, which takes some little time; as the blow was straight from the shoulder, rises and is about to spring at his eppenent, when his comrade stops him, saying "Not now!" The assaulted man restrains himself,

bows and presents his card, in the eagerness of the moment drawing two from his case. The Englishman takes one, leaving the other on the table, and then says, "You must excuse my giving my card in return."
"A brave man!" thinks Barnes. "He has courage enough to refuse a duel." "And you are an English officer?" says

the Frenchman, with a sneer. "And it is because I am an English officer that I refuse. To send or accept a challenge is against the orders of the British Admiralty."

"Not quite so brave as I thought him; he fears the British Admiralty," mutters "Ah! you dare not!" says the French-nan. "You are only fit to fight Egyp-

"I am very well able to murder you if you wish it," replies the Englishman, "and if you put it on the ground of courage, I'll face both you and a court-martial togeth-

A meeting is arranged for the next meraing at eight sharp, at the little inn by the shere, called Il Pescatori, for the Englishman's ship sails at nine. Then the men leave the club, the French officer remarking, "Demain! a la mort!"
This affair would not have interested Mr.

Barnes greatly; he had once looked en a duel between cow-beys in Texas, and had seen enough bloed shed at that meeting between those vagabonds of the wilderness to make him wish never to see another; but, happening a few minutes afterward to stroll into the room where the dispute had taken place, he picked up the card from the table. After one hasty glance at it, and then another to be absolutely sure, he went hurriedly out into the street, and, ten minutes after, a Corsican boy, instructed to ride for his life, was spurring wildly into the darkness up the Bastia road with a despatch for Musso Danella.

The next morning Mr. Barnes hurried to the inn of Il Pescatori for the sake of the girl he had seen waiting so expectantly the coming of her brother; for the card he had picked up in the Ajaccio Club was.

> M. ANTOMIO PAOLI, Sous Lieutenant

> > CHAPTER II.

Mr. Barnes divides his time on the little balcony of the inn where we first meet him, between alternately gazing impatiently up the Bastia road for the dust of moving horses, glancing at his watch and looking at the English gun-boat, in hopes she will

sail; all the time industriansly smoking eigarettes. He is interrupted while rolling the third of these little southors of human nature, by the return of Mateo with his

"Put it on that table there!" "Signor, this is the shady side of the bal-

cony," says the innkeeper.
"But the other has the view! That's the ticket! New those fellows can't come here and kill each other, by any chance, without my getting my eye on them! That's better chianti than I thought you had in the island." Saying this, Mr. Barnes proceeds to make his breakfast with a very tolerable

appetite.

Mateo anxiously waits near him and at last asks eagerly, "Do you think these men who are to kill each other will come soon?"

"Yes; but what does that matter to you?"

"They might want some breakfast also.
They might be hungry before they kill each other."

"Ah! that's what interests you." laughs

"Ah! that's what interests you," laughs Mr. Barnes. "You only look at the duello

point—you've have seen one?"

"No. We will in (orsics, but not in that way. Have you enjoyed a duel before, Signor?" remarks Marco, removing the emption deg shells from before his quest

and arranging the fruit.

"Yes; once, between cow-boys in Texas.
They killed each other in ten seconds. It will suit me very well never to view an-"I should have liked to have seen it; it must have been grand " mumbles the old

sight of his life makes Mr. Barnes anxious about his present episode. He rises and again looks up the road coming from the interior—not even a dust cloud—not a sign

"If Marina comes, her brother can't fight if he has any feeling for her. I couldn't with such a sister as that. I'd take no chances of leaving her alone in the world," he half mutters.

Rolling another cigarette, he is about to sit down again, when as he turns toward the water, he sees a boat rowed by a couple of stout native fishermen rapidly round one of the points of rocks that outline the little bay. A moment after, her bow, driven by a vigorous stroke or two, is well up on the shelving beach. In her stern sits the English officer of the night before, accompanied by another, who is dobbtless his second. "The beggers are shead of her," Mr. Barnes mutters. "Pil have to do what I can myself. Anyhow it's best to see the Englishman first."

As the two officers land and look along the beach, and then up at the inn, ap-parently expecting to see their antagonist, a wild thought flashes through Barnes brain; Marina's brother is not yet here: why not present himself as the brother's representative, offer an apology from him to the Englishman, and send him back to his ship, which has already hoisted in her beats, and is evidently about to leave the harbor. A grim smile passes across his face at this novel idea, but, even as he

glances about to see that the Corsican is glances about to see that the Corsican is not yet near enough to prevent his plan succeeding, he rejects it as a trick unworthy of him, feeling certain that if Marina ever discovered he had juggled with what she would consider her brother's honor, she would doubtless hate him for such impertinent interference. The next instant he has taken his line,

and impatiently tossing away his half-smoked cigarette, he calls out, "I say, you chaps down there! Come up here and have some breakfast with me! I haven't seen an English face for a month! I'm Barnes of New York!"

The two British officers start in astonishment at the familiarity of his address, and one of them, the principal of the affair, after a short pause, says, taking off his cap, and bowing in almost mock politeness, "Much obliged for your kind invitation, but we are not hungry, and are here on an affair of business, Mister Barnes, of New York!" The other, a more morose creature, mut-ters to himself, "Curse the infernal impu-

dence of Barnes, of New York," during this, taking out of the beat a couple of ominous looking packages.

They think I'm a fool cogitates Barnes, of New York, and that's half the negotiation. An acknowledged idiet can generally drive a better bargain than a wise man; people are not on their gnard against his wisdom. That makes a great deal of what is commonly called "Fool's luck."

Mr. Barnes and New York has the new

Mr. Barnes, of New York, has the peculiar faculty of always leaving as a first mpression, the fact that he is an utter Mabecile, though on further acquaintance most people think they have made a mis-

'That's the business I want to see you about. Come up and have a glass of wine with me in the shade ! That'll be better than my going down to you. That shingle belew, now the sun is en it, would reast a

The two officers hold an undertone con-sultation, and then ascend the half-decayed little wooden stairway that leads from the shore to the inm. They are both young men. One, the principal of the affair, is probably about thirty years of age, and wears the full dress uniform of a lieutenant in Her Majesty's navy: the other who is but little over twenty, that of a midshipman in the same service. They are both generally very much the same sert of felows who fought under Nelson, and are described by Captain Marryatt, with the addition of a century's advance in refinement. The man of the night before, is fair, reasonably tall, and apparently amiable; the other, darker, shorter, and more inclined to be punctilliously bloodthirsty, as seconds in affairs of honor generally are. He has

affairs of honor generally are. He has rather a bull-dog countenance, and, with the recklessness of youth, is apparently determined his principal shall smell powder.

Arrived on the little balcony, the latter advances with quarter-deek decision towards Mr. Barnes, who has taken another fruitless clanes were the Partie many the providers. fruitless glance up the Bastia road, and speaks to the point.

"You say you want to see us on this af-fair—what affair?" "His affair of honor—he's come here to to fight? Hasn't he?" replies the American, indicating the principal by his glance.
"With whom?" inquires the second, di-

plematically. "With Monsieur Paoli, sous lieutenant in the French navy!" says Mr. Barnes.
"Ah! you came then as a friend of the Frenchman?

"No! I am here on my own hook!" "Then by what right——?" The Englishman is drawing himself up haughtily.
"I am a friend of his sister's!" interrupts he Americaz.

"His sister!" ejaculates the second in surprise. The Englishmen looked at each other, and the principal turns away with a soft look in his eyes.

His second does not regard the matter in the same light, as he sneers, "Ah, breakers ahead! I guess you're his sister's lover, and

perhaps are spoons enough on the sister to take the sister's brother's place!"
"I am not spoons on the sister, but if I did not take the sister's brother's place in front of you, sir, you would not like it. I am Barnes, of New York!" The American

finds it difficult to keep his temper.

This peculiar repetition of "Barnes, of New York," evidently sets his hearer to thinking, for he suddenly exclaims, "Not Barnes, of New York? the celebrated rifle shot, who won the International off-hand cup, and whose shooting with the pistol in Paris astonished the Frencheys so much, the Times said?" "That's my name!" The answer is nei-

ther modest nor logical, but it is true, for Barnes' skill with all kinds of fire-arms has made his name celebrated the world over. "Then, you're the man who can drive tacks, split cards and hit swinging bullets?" Both the Britons look at him with much respect. For a man to be admired in England has only to best everybody else at land has only to beat everybody else at some sport that calls for nerve and pluck; and Mr. Barnes, in the shooting gallery, or before the butts in the open fields, is, to use an Americanism, "on top of the heap."

"No! I don't care to stand before you," says the second. "I'd like to have one more chance of seeing England; as I will, in spite of those brutes of Egyptians, the cholera and all that; but before your pistel I'd have none!"

I'd have none!"

I'd have none!"

This speech has no fear in it, it is merely a statement of feet.

"But we must sattle this matter quickly," he goes on. "The Vulture" (he points to the gun-boat) "will sail in half an hour. That Frenchman must be here in ten minutes or we return to our ship."

"Then let me give you some wines it

Mattest glasses for the gentlemen!"

While this is being done, Barnes goes out of the inn, and taken another long searching gase up the Bastia road. At first be can see no sign of moving life in the early morning light; after a time he is almost sure there is a little cloud of rising dust between two hills some miles distant. If that is she

two hills some miles distant. If that is she it will be fifteen minutes before Marin comes. As he turns away, two figures in French uniform are rapidly approaching him along the road that comes from Ajaccio; him along the road that comes from Ajaccio; and he knews that though the sister may be too late, the brother will be in time. Returning to the Englishmen again, he quietly says: "I know the interference of an outsider in such a matter as this is unusual, and may be impertinent, but before you fight the man I want to tell you of his

After a moment's pause, the principal now for the first time speaks. His voice, in contrast to his second's, is fall of feeling; his manner cultured, as he says: "His sister? What can any man's sister have to do with a miserable affair of this kind?" His voice softens on the word sister, while the other, his second, turns his eyes seaward, as if looking towards his home in old Eng-

"A great deal," is the reply. "Have you

"Yes, a dear one!" says the sailor. "But my sister in this matter takes her chance of losing a brother, and his sister must do the same. For God's sake den't talk to me of home and sisters, and all that, at such a moment as this!'

As he hastily drinks down a glass of wine to conceal an emotion that does him honor, Barnes now knows that, if he makes no mis

old Corsican home on the slepe of the mountain; of the young and beautiful girl he has seen only the other day; her romantic tempermaent that has but one passion, her leve for her brother; the only one of her blood upon earth; and her expectation of that very day meeting him on his return from

long foreign service.

"After what I have told you," Barnes concludes, "will you be the man to prevent that meeting?"

The question is put straight, and is answered squarely. "God forbid! Not if I wered squarely. "You can avoid it!"

"How?" "By making an apology!"
This is answered with equal squareness and more force by the second. "Im d—d

Mr. Barnes wonders how he got on to the quarterdeck, and more, why he was selected by one who is evidently a gentleman, to support him in an affair of this delicate But the principal interrupts his second,

saying, "You have enlisted my sympathy for the young lady you describe, but her brother is a naval efficer like me. Your brother is a naval efficer like me. Your appeal would do equally well to his commanding officer to prevent his going into action; and how do you suppose his commanding officer would answer you? Besides, I did not challenge the beggar; I don't wan't to kill him; I only want to pre-

"And if he pops at my friend, my friend shall pop at him!" rejoins the second, who is now becoming excited. Barnes pays no attention to hatk, but waits till he catches the end the principal, then looking him full in the five, says, "Very well, if he hill you?"

"There'll be one less lingitishman for the

Egyptians to shoot at!"
"And if you kill him?" says Mr. Barnes. "I have told you already I den't want to kill him. I don't mind taking my chance of life or death on the quarter-deck slong with the rest in action, though I want no with the rest in action, though I want no private blood-stains upon me; but a mea, with these foreign chaps, out here, must upheld the henor of the British sailor and that flag!" He points to the beautiful ensign of his country, floating from the gair of the distant gun-beat, that wherever seen, the world over, means protection for the Anglo-Saxon race. "Situated as I am, would you apologise?" he asked.
"Yes, if I were in the wrong!" says Mr. Barnes.

Barnes. "But I am not in the wrong; at least not more so than the other. This miserable affair all came about from a picture of Punch, intended to make men laugh, not murde

each other." "Ah, yes, political carteens, when witty, make one side laugh, and the other side savage; I wender hew many murders Punch and Puck have produced."

The young naval officer is now laughing at the remembrance of the picture. "It was so awfully jolly, you see. The lazy British lion—ha! ha! was cating all the fruit the French monkey was shaking down to him"—and he now describes the cut to his companion, who bursts into a loud guilaw and says, "A deuced more mouthful it will be for the lien; I wonder how we chaps 'll like the dish, who have to do the crunch-

ing for the lion!" Mr. Barnes takes another look up the Bastia road: the dust cloud has left the hills and is now coming across the plain along the banks of the Gravonna; it is a little larger, consequently nearer. But the two French officers are within three minutes' walk of the inn. He catches his man's eye and now strikes for the last time, saying, "For some political cause, it hardly mat-ters what new, you got into a dispute that

was not personal."
"Not till he called me a liar!" "For which you knocked him down; you've had the best of the affair so far," insinuates the mediator. "You see a man has to do something

when a man calls him that; he can't swallow such a name; I can't, anyway!" rejoins the Englishman.

"Yes," says Mr. Barnes diplomatically,
"I should not like to have any one call me
a liar; he might be telling the truth, you
know; I should have knocked him down,
too, but having knocked him down I should
not care to kill him."

[To be continued.]

MARY LOUISE



Having recently purchased the steamer Mary Louise, I am in a position to engage for family excursions at reasonable rates during the present pleasure season. This bright little steamer has been rebuilt, repainted and fitted up in a style abreast with the times, and no pains will be spared to add to the comfort and pleasure of patrons. JOS. B. PARKIN.

CURE YOURSELF! If troubled with Gonor leet, Whites, Spermate any unnatural discha of any unnatural discharge sekyour druggist for a bottle of hig G. It cures in a few days without the aid or publicity of a doctor. Non-poisonous and guaranteed not to stricture. The Universal American Cure. factured by The Evans Chemical Co. CINCINNATI, O.

for the Garden.

OUR STOCK OF

FLOWER AND VEGETABLE is now complete. Remember we are direct importers from the largest seed growers in England and France, and can give you advantages in

OUR MANGOLD, CARROT AND TURNIP have long been known to the public, and this year they are better than ever. Market gardeners will find our seeds the best, and our prices

price and quality.

E. GREGORY,

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HUGHAN & CO. WATCHMAKERS, ENCRAVERS.

We would remind our customers that we are constantly replenishing our stock in all its departments, and they will always find something new and in the latest patterns and styles.

Give us a call and you will be surprised to find how cheaply we can fit you out. Looking will incur no obligation to purchase. Look and welcome.

Our stock consists of WATCHES, CLOCKS, JEWELRY, FANCY GOODS, TOYS, SPEC. will incur no collection to purchase. Look and welcome.

"I won't talk to you of your sister; I'll early speak to you of his." And he gives them, in a few words, a description of the our customers. Prices as low as consistent with good workmanship and according to the work our reputation as good Watchmakers is well known, and we refer you to all them, in a few words, a description of the our customers. Prices as low as consistent with good workmanship and according to the work

done. You can be told the cost when you leave the job

When you need anything in our line, try us you cannot do better. HUGHAN & CO.,

FARMERS, ATTENTION.

Having secured the Agency at Victoria Road for the MASSEY and HARRIS Companies, I am prepared to supply Farmers with the best

Farm Implements at Prices and Terms which Cant be Beaten A full stock of Repairs always on hand. I will also keep on hand Organs, Sewing Machines. Washing Machines, etc. Insurance effected in the best English companies. I am also agent for the sale of monuments and headstones, both marble and granite.

Call and see me before purchasing elsewhere. JOS, V. STAPLES, Victoria Road. Victoria Road, Nov. 4th, 1891, -7-26

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LARDINE - MACHINE - OIL! The famous heavy Bodied Oil for all Machinery. Those who use it once use it always.

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Undertakers and Cabinet Makers.

Call and see our stock. No trouble to show it.

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Having extended my business, the last move being to purchase from MR. JAMES LOTALL hir entire ste and the good will of his business, who now retires, I am prepared to give all my old customers, and as ma new ones as favors me with their patronage, satisfaction in all orders with which I max be entrusted. My Stock of Harness, Collars, Whips, Trunks and Valises

Is large, well selected, guaranteed, and cheaper than any place in town. Hand made collars a specialty Remember that all my work is finished by experienced workman, none other employed. This is money well invested. All I ask is an inspection of my stock and you will be convinced that it is the largest to choose from, best workmanship, and prices really cheaper than any place in town. My expenses being lower therefore I give my customers the benefit. Gentleman, place in your orders at once and don't miss this gopportunity. Repairing promptly done. Don't forget the place. Give me a call.

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Having contracted for a carload of the leading brands of

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We are in a position to furnish

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A full stock will be kept on hand during the season. Orders HOGG BROS.

OAKWOOD

Lindsay, Dec. 12th, 1888;-1619.