

Damon and Pythias.

'No gentleman would defend such an action, much less be guilty of it,' and the speaker emphasized his remarks by a gesture of disgust.

'Charlie,' said the other man quietly, 'you must be going mad.'

'Mad or not, I have warned you, Mr. George Radford. If it occurs again, you will regret it only once, and that will be forever.'

'Really, Mr. Leslie,' replied the other man coldly, dropping the more familiar name, 'you have missed your vocation. I would suggest tragedy.'

'Yes. By—, if you venture so much as to address her, I will knock you down, even if I have to do it in public. You admit yourself that your intentions are nothing more than a flirtation.'

'They are not even that.'

'Very well. My relationship with her means more. It is my desire that the lady shall be my wife.'

'Good heavens! You cannot mean it. Why, you have not known her for a week. By her own account she is roaming through Europe alone.'

'That will do. We do not discuss the matter further.'

'If you take my advice, old man, you will pause and consider well before you tie yourself up,' said Radford, dropping again into a more kindly tone.

'Take your advice and friendship to the devil!' was the response.

'It seems that I have,' remarked his companion, with a smile.

Mr. Leslie was not in the frame of mind required to appreciate a joke, so the other man bade him 'good by.'

'Here! One moment, sir. You have not given me your promise that you will avoid the lady in future.'

'I give no promise demanded in the way you have thought courteous, nor is it my intention to do so. Hold!' he cried as the other was about to blaze out. 'The companionship of the lady is nothing to me, nor is she, in my mind, worth talking about, but you have gone out of your way this afternoon to use language which I can not allow even you to use, and I warn you not to repeat such conduct. It pains me to say anything at the expense of a lady, but she is playing you false, for by her account your presence is not at all to her taste, and your attentions are an annoyance. In other words, she is merely flirting with you, but at the same time keeping her eyes open for any one else more suitable to her taste.'

'You lie,' he hissed, 'and what is more—Without another word, the exasperated man raised his cane, but the one who confronted him gripped his arm firmly and prevented the blow.'

'Leslie, you mad fool, what are you about?' he whispered hoarsely. 'Have you parted with your senses over this painted adventuress?'

The other man lowered his arm. 'You are right. We can settle this in another way.' And without another word he swung in the direction of the hotel.

For a while the man who was left behind stood thinking over the disturbing element which had come between him and his friend. Since Eton days they had been firm friends. At Oxford where you saw one you saw the other, and they were popularly known as Damon and Pythias, whose devotion to each other, it is said, did not exceed theirs. Each would have surrendered his life for the other; now, through a woman, they were bitter enemies, and as he thought of the woman he bit his lip and swore.

He was not surprised to find on arriving at the hotel that there was an officer waiting to see him, in whom he recognized a casual acquaintance which they had made in the office room a few days previous. Like all Italians, he was studiously polite.

'Any time and whenever; just let me know,' was the grateful reply of the Englishman as he flung himself into a chair. 'I don't know any one in this infernal place. Can you procure me a second? It doesn't matter who he is; merely a formal matter.'

That was quite easy. Fortunately a brother officer had arrived that very day, and he assured Mr. Radford that nothing would give his friend greater pleasure. There was a quiet little ruin about half a mile along the Appian way, and the duel could be fought there. He was most careful to impress upon him the exact spot, and, with many protestations of service, he left.

That night each of the principals went through a mental martyrdom. Strange to say, Charles Leslie did not seek the company of his ladylove, as he usually did, for a walk on the terrace. He sat in his room

trying to smoke, for he had not the heart to go down and join the genial company. Many times he was on the point of rushing to the room of his friend. Then the remembrance of the deadly insult of which he had been guilty caused him to shrink. He behaved like a bear when his second returned with the information that all was arranged, pistols the weapons, half past 6 the time.

It was useless for Radford trying to sleep. Each time he succeeded in dozing over the most horrible nightmare haunted him. Again and again he saw his friend lying on the ground, with his face upturned to the sky as if in appeal to heaven for justice on his murderer. Then they played together as lads. The old scenes of boyhood came back again. Twice he got up, half dressed himself, determined to go to his friend's room in order to open the matter again, to put before him all he knew of her—the cause of it all. Then the thought of the insult offered to him, as also the certain knowledge of Leslie's pigheadedness, acted as deterrents.

Next morning, soon after six, Radford was at the rendezvous with his second, a chatty, fussy, little officer of the cavalry. Was the signor a good shot? Yes. That was good. He believed the other signor was too. Ah, well, it was much more satisfactory when men understood the use of weapons, especially pistols.

The Englishman, mentally cursing him for his chattiness, paced up and down. He was a stern looking man, but the hours of agony he had gone through had made him look more so and given him the hard lines about the mouth. This duel, he knew, was no child's play. His old chum could hit a five shilling piece with ease at 25 paces. Each of them had done it scores of times.

He took off his cap and allowed the cool breezes of the campagna to fan his hot temples, which, strive as he would, throbbled as if the blood were impelled by some powerful engine.

George Radford would have given all he possessed to have retained his peace of mind, for what was his life to be afterward if he killed his friend? Then, with frowning brows, he entertained a suggestion that came into his mind. Why had he not thought of that before? The noise of wheels called him to the immediate present.

'They are here,' said his second, just two minutes before the time arranged, so we have nothing to complain about.' And he added a few remarks on the virtue of punctuality.

Radford stepped forward with outstretched hand, but he was too precipitate. His old friend had just entered the ruin, and, although he seemed to be looking at Radford, his thoughts were really elsewhere, so the would be peacemaker turned away, with a crimson flush on his face, as the newly arrived Italian shook hands with him, which he accompanied with another mental note on the eccentricity of the English.

While the two seconds paced off the ground Leslie tried to catch his friend's eye, ready at the first recognition to rush forward and offer his hand, but to his grief as well as astonishment he noticed that his old chum kept his face away from him.

'I suppose any other solution is out of the question?' said one of the seconds, and George Radford answered 'Yes.'

Both seconds murmured something and retired to toss up the coin which decided who should give the fatal command. The toes was won by Radford's who decided that the other man should count.

'Get ready!' he shouted, and the two men who had so often shared each other's blankets in many a hunting adventure, took up their pistols.

'One—two—three—fire!' And two shots rang out in the morning air.

In the fraction of a second from the snapping of the caps to the fatal destiny of each shot the men looked into each other's face, and in that brief interval read each other's inmost soul.

'George!'

'Charlie, old!'

But the sentence was never finished, for each man dropped forward on his face. George Radford lived for a few seconds, during which he tried hard and desperately to drag himself to his friend's side. The seconds noticed this, and, with solemn faces and with eyes that softened with tears, they carefully carried him to where they saw he would be.

He grasped the hand of his friend, warm in the grip of love, just as he had done in the old days. Then his eyes turned up in death, and the light passed out of them forever.

'Ah, they loved each other! See!' cried one of the seconds. 'You never can understand these English, they are so eccentric. To love each other like school-boys, and then to—Santa Maria! It is too horrible!'

That night the woman over whom they had fought sipped her coffee, smoked her cigarette and, concluding that her English cavaliers, having possibly found out her antecedents, had moved on to another town, solaced herself by making eyes at a Polish Jew with an ostentatious display of diamonds, and next night they walked the terrace together and discussed the latest version of Damon and Pythias.—St. Louis Star.

HEALER TRUTH IN FLORIDA.

Jacksonville's Council Orders Him to Pay \$2,500 for a License to Work There.

Francis Truth, self-styled 'Divine Healer,' who is now located in Jacksonville, Fla., heretofore will have to pay a license here of \$2,500. If he practices healing without a license he is liable to a fine of \$500, or imprisonment for ninety days in jail. That is what the city council decided at a special session called by Mayor J. E. T. Bowden, to consider the matter.

Truth went there several months ago, and opened up fine offices in a building on a main thoroughfare. He advertised extensively, told of his miraculous cures, and soon had crowds blocking his office doors at all hours. His system of offering 'free' treatment was a drawing card.

A young man named Smith living in Orange Park, fifteen miles south of here, came to see Truth. He was bent nearly double. Truth is said to have assured him he might cure him and Smith gave him \$3, all he had, and go one course of treatment. He came again the following week but had no money. Truth's treatment had done no good and Smith says that Truth, finding he could get no more money, ordered him out, saying he would kick him out of the door if he did not move fast. Smith told the mayor of his treatment.

Other cases of similar character came to the mayor's notice and his indignation was aroused.

After investigating the cases the Mayor called a special meeting of the council. They at once passed an ordinance making it unlawful for any one to do business as a curer or healer of the sick or lame or crippled save by lawful means as recognized in the professions, unless a license fee of \$2,000 was paid. The council says that if this is not sufficient they will pass other laws to force him to leave. The government issued a fraud order against Truth two years ago when he was in Boston. He was then "curing" by mail. Now it is done by laying on of hands. He was forced to leave Boston and thousands of dollars, seized in his mail, were returned to the senders.

A Weekly Medal for Heroism.

The Christian Herald announces that it will award, once a week, a medal for the most meritorious case of personal bravery occurring during each week in the year. The first medal awarded will be for the most deserving act of heroism taking place in the first week of January, 1901. Every reader is invited to forward to the religious paper just mentioned, earliest information of any deed of true heroism, occurring in his own locality. Send accounts only of thoroughly authentic cases, and tell the story from personal knowledge, not from hearsay. A committee in New York will meet once a week, and, on investigating the facts presented, will decide which case is most deserving of recognition. This award is not for heroism in the line of paid professional duty, but for that which is absolutely voluntary and spontaneous, and without emolument. The medal is of bronze, of elegant design.

In addition to this award, honorable public mention will also be made, weekly, of others who have distinguished themselves in an heroic way in the same period, and whose names, together with the story of their heroism, are received by the editor in New York.

The medal is intended as a recognition of such humble every-day heroes as the man who saves the life of a drowning child, the woman who flags an express train and averts a holocaust, the youth who seizes a mad, runaway team, or he who rescues human beings in peril of fire flood, or danger in any of its manifold forms. Not a week passes without some such brilliant deed, that brings a thrill to all hearts. There are hundreds of just such heroes, men and women, whose acts deserve enduring reward and commemoration.

Give the exact date, as only cases happening on or after January 1, 1901 will be considered. Address all letters on this subject to the Christian Herald, Bible House, New York.

Contentment.

Giles—'A happy New Year to you, marm, and I hope you'll be as lucky this year as I was last.'

Lady—'Oh, thank you very much, Giles, but you surely forget that you lost your wife in the spring, and broke your leg in the summer.'

Giles—'Yes, but t'other leg's all right,

and as for poor Soosan, it might have been I to be took instead.'

Security too big to Store.

One of the big speculators in the street recently went to a banker and said that he wished to borrow \$1,000,000.

'All right,' was the response. 'What is your security?'

'My cheek,' was the airy and surprising reply.

'Well,' responded the banker thoughtfully, 'your security is good enough, but I shall have to decline the loan, as our vaults aren't large enough to hold it.'

No Wonder.

Barnestorm—'Yes; poor Ranter has gone crazy as a loon. The part he had to play was too much for him.'

Buskin—'What was he playing, Jekyll and Hyde?'

Barnestorm—'No; 'Monte Cristo, at \$12 per week and six week's salary due.'

Despite Remedies.

'Unless you pay us the ransom demanded, we will cut off your boy's hair,' wrote the fierce kidnapers.

'Do your worst,' wrote the father in reply. 'I have been trying to get that Fautleroy idea out of my wife's head for ten years.'

Corn! Corn! Corn!

Tender corns, painful corns, soft corns, bleeding corns. The kind of corns that other remedies have failed to cure—that's a good many—yield quickly to Putman's Painless Corn Extractor. Putman's Corn Extractor has been a long time at the business, experiences in fact just know to do it. At druggists.

Not up to Date.

'Lucy has gone away to boarding school,' said one East End girl to another.

'So I heard.'

'But I don't think it's a very high toned school.'

'Why?'

'Because it has terms instead of semesters.'

It's the Otter Fellow's Worry.

Bingham—'Yes; this is a fine establishment, and one might suppose you are very happy in it. But don't you sometimes worry about the heavy rent?'

Stinson—'Oh, don't, no. I suspect, however, the landlord has qualms in regard to that matter.'

Willing to Learn.

Mr. Johnsing—'Am yo' sho' yo' kin suppoht mah daughter in de style to which she has been accustomed?'

Mr. White—'Yes, sah; but ob course we'll hab to lb wit yo' lo' a yeah or so, till I git well acquainted wit the style yo speak ob.'

Minds the Main Thing.

The young man who is engaged to marry the young Queen of Holland seems to be more interested in his allowance than in his prospective bride every time he visits The Hague, if the cable reports the facts correctly.

What We Teach our Children.

Instead of 'Twinkle, twinkle little star,' Boston kindergarten wee ones are taught to recite:

'Scintillate, scintillate, globule vivific. Glazed on with rapture by girls scientific, foisted in ethereal atmosphere high, A sparkler from way back hung up in the sky.'

Yellow will dye a splendid red. Try it with Magnetic Dyes—costs 10 cents a package and gives fine results.

BORN.

Canaan, Jan 3, to the wife of H Gifford, a son.

Hants, Jan 11, to the wife of Walter Dill, a son.

Genard, Jan 11, to the wife of A S Clarke, a son.

Highbury, Dec 31, to the wife J Adams, a daughter.

Dorchester, Jan 23, to the wife of Charles Hickman a son.

Hantsport, Jan 5, to the wife of Abijah Pearson, a daughter.

Falmouth, Jan 12, to the wife of Edward R Lunn, a daughter.

Norwich, Conn, Jan 13, to the wife of F R Haley, a daughter.

Kentville, Jan 13, to the wife of J I Lloyd, a daughter.

Watertown, Conn, Jan 3, to the wife of Arthur Rose, a son.

Bellefleur, Yarmouth, Jan 13, to the wife of Peter Babine, a son.

Annapolis, Jan 4, to the wife of Walter McCormick, a daughter.

Rockville, Yarmouth, Jan 10, to the wife of Stayley Ricker, a son.

Caledonia, Queens, Jan 10, to the wife of Richard Telfer, a daughter.

MARRIED.

Truro, Jan 14, Foster Blaikie to Maggie Rod.

Pictou, Jan 8, Daniel Sutherland to Mary Gunn.

Halifax, Jan 8, Warren Demmons to Laura Savage.

Yarmouth Jan 15, by W F Parker, John Rhyno to Grace Boyd.

Sydney, C B, Jan 1, John William Sobey to Eliza B Creighton.

Boston, Jan 21, by Rev J Foster, W J Murphy to Lily Thomas.

Halifax, Jan 21, by Rev J McGlashen, Bert Mills to Annie McClatchy.

Yarmouth, Jan 15, by Rev W Parker, John C Ryan to Grace Boyd.

Port Williams, Jan 15, by Rev Fr Holden, Wilfred Ryan to Violet O'Key.

Falmouth, Dec 21, by Rev John Reeks, Maud El bridge to Leslie Leachart.

Pictou, Jan 12, by Rev J Rattee, Angus MacDonald to Julia MacDougal.

Yarmouth, Jan 23, by Rev W F Parker, Thomas Atkinson to Viola Greenow.

Halifax, Jan 9, by Rev J MacGlashen, Chas McDonald to Rebecca Brown.

Clark's Harbor, Jan 23, by Rev A McNinch, Chas Nickerson to Selma Nickerson.

Cocagne, Jan 21, by the Rev Fr L'Archeveque, Mr Thomas Caisie to Mlie Goguen.

DIED.

Truro, Jan 20, Geo Wynn, 28.

Pictou, Jan 10, Geo Logan, 65.

Truro, Jan 24, Lily M Hunt, 28.

St John, Jan 20, John Slater, 81.

Hants, Jan 10, Nancy White, 64.

Pictou, Jan 14 Mrs Catherine, 54.

Moncton, Jan 25, John Donald, 24.

Job's Cove, Jan 8, Philip Eagish.

St John, Jan 23, Mrs Hugh Finley.

Casco, Jan 18, Joshua Whitney, 69.

Halifax, Jan 22, Patrick Hobin, 30.

Halifax, Jan 23, Duncan O'Neil, 31.

Moncton, Jan 2, Minnie Stevens, 21.

Job's Cove, Dec 24, John Gilbert, 61.

Halifax, Jan 29, Mr Patrick Rodger.

Halifax, Jan 13, Francis Kirland, 53.

Parabro, Jan 19, Edward Power, 74.

Yarmouth, Jan 10, Charles Doane, 27.

Jardineville, Jan 21 Mary Weston, 18.

Pictou, Jan 16, Mrs Pan Hamilton, 79.

New Miner, Jan 14, Harry Kilcup, 78.

Colchester, Jan 10, Daniel Upam, 86.

Yarmouth, Jan 10, Mrs Jarvis Pothier.

Montreal, Jan 8, Mrs Robert Williams.

Barrington, Jan 10, Mr Chas Doane, 27.

Greenwich, Jan 12, W Ross Forsyth, 27.

Halifax, Jan 16, Mrs Ada Nickerson, 91.

Chatham Jct. Dec 19, James Jellison, 89.

Black Cape, Jan 13, Ralph Pritchard, 91.

Apple River, Jan 19, Mrs John Elderkin.

West Tatamagouche, Cathrine Murray, 89.

Storv Island, Jan 14, Mrs J. S. ph Trott, 65.

Amberst, Jan 20, Mrs Willard Stillman, 39.

Amberst, Jan 21, Mrs Florence Harlow, 30.

South Africa, Dec 19, Annie B Titcombe, 31.

Stake Road, Jan 1, Miss Catherine McDonald.

Los Angeles, Cal, Jan 3, Edgar A Morrison, 38.

Hammon Plains, Jan 22, William J Pulsifer, 41.

Middleton, Colchester, Jan 6, Mr Hugh Forbes.

Loversness, C B, Dec 3, Willie George AuCoin, 4.

Shubenacadie, N S, Jan 24, Mrs Roderick Fraser.

Jersey City, N J, Jan 13, Mrs Jessie McDonald, 58.

Memramcook West, Jan 9, Luce LeBlanc Melanson, 62.

Halifax, Jan 16, Ralph, infant son of Geo and Mary Rowe.

Yarmouth Jan 8, infant son of Norman and Caroline Gravel.

Halifax, Jan 24, John, infant son of John E and Gertrude Wood.

SUFFERING WOMEN. My treatment will cure promptly and permanently all diseases peculiar to women such as, displacements, inflammations, ulcerations & ulceration of womb, painful suppressed and irregular menstruation and leucorrhoea. Full particulars, testimonials, and list of FREE GIFTIONS of prominent physicians, sent on application. Julia C. Richard, P.O. Box 996, Montreal.

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Intercolonial Railway. On and after MONDAY Nov. 26th, 1900, trains will run daily (Sundays excepted) as follows:— TRAINS WILL LEAVE ST. JOHN. Express for Point du Chene, Campbellton and Halifax..... 7:30 Express for Halifax and Pictou..... 12:15 Express for Sussex..... 15:40 Express for Quebec and Montreal..... 17:05 Accommodation for Halifax and Sydney..... 22:15 A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 17:05 o'clock for Quebec and Montreal. Passengers transfer at Moncton. A sleeping car will be attached to the train leaving St. John at 22:10 o'clock for Halifax. Vestibule, Dining and Sleeping cars on the Quebec and Montreal express.

TRAINS WILL ARRIVE AT ST. JOHN. Express from Sussex..... 8:30 Express from Quebec and Montreal..... 12:40 Express from Halifax, Pictou and Point du Chene..... 16:00 Express from Halifax and Campbellton..... 19:15 Accommodation from Pt. du Chene and Moncton..... 24:45 *Daily, except Monday. All trains are run by Eastern Standard time. Twenty-four hours notation. D. POTTINGER, Gen. Manager, Moncton, N. B., Nov. 26, 1900. CITY TICKET OFFICE, 7 King Street St. John, N. B.