THE QUIET MAN.

When I was quite a young fellow and didn't long joined the army, I used to belong to a fashionable club in London, the members of which were just the sort of men you read about in Lever's novels—as wild as wild could be, always in some scrape or other, and spending their whole time in riding, shooting, gambling or fighting—all except one.

That one was a small, quiet, pale faced, very haggard man, with a very sad, weary look, as if he had seen more crushed by some great misfortune and had never been able to make it off. He hardly ever spoke to any one, and when he did it was in a voice as meek as his face. So of course we made great fun of him among ourselves. Making these quiet ways of hers very queer contrast to our own rackety, boisterous manner, and we nicknamed him the "quietest man in the Club," though, indeed, we might just as well have called him the only quiet man in it.

Well, one evening when the room was pretty full, and we found the quiet man was sitting in one corner in the fire-light and talking somebody was, we got to talk about duelling, a subject which we were all especially familiar for there was hardly a man among us who hadn't been "out" once.

"They did some little duelling in the old times," said Lord H., who was killed afterward in action. "You remember how there all chums of Henry III of France fought three to three till there was only one left alive on each side."

"That was pretty fair arithmetic," said Charlie Thornton of the Guards, "even after all it doesn't hold the great deal of years ago between Harry Mattingale and Colonel Fortescue."

He had hardly spoken when up jumped the quiet man as if somebody had stuck a pin into him.

"What on earth's the matter with him?" whispered Thornton. "I never saw him like this before."

"But what was the story, then, Charlie?" asked another man. "I've heard of Fortescue, of course, for he was the most famous duellist of his time in all England, and I've heard of his fight with Mattingale too, but I don't think I've ever had any particulars, or at least none worth speaking of."

"I can give them to you, then," answered Thornton, "for my uncle was Mattingale's second. I've heard him tell the story many a time, and he always said that though he had been in plenty of duels he had never seen one like that and never wanted to see it again. What they quarrelled about I don't know, and I dare say they didn't know themselves, but my uncle used to say he looking for the look in their eyes when they took their places to fire that it could not end without blood, and it didn't.

"They fired twice, and every shot told, and then they seconds, seeing that both men were hard hit and bleeding fast, wanted to put an end to it. But Fortescue—who was one of those grim fellows who are always most dangerous toward the end of the fight—insisted upon a third shot. The third time, by some accident, Mattingale fired a moment too soon and gave a firm bad wound in the side, but Fortescue pressed his hand to the wound to stop the bleeding, and then, almost (not double with pain though he was, he fired and brought down his man."

"Killed him?"

"Rather. Shot him clap through the heart. But it was his last duel, for from that day he was never heard of again, and people said he had either committed suicide or died of a broken heart."

"Well, I don't see why he need have done that, for, after all, it was a fair fight," struck in Lord H., who had been looking over the newspapers on the table. "But, if you talk of duelling, what do you say to this?"

"Another duelling tragedy in Paris. The notorious Fortune bully and duellist, Armand de Villemorte, has just added another wreath to his blood-stained laurels. He was a young being the Chevalier Fleurd ou Polignac, a fine young fellow of 22, the only son of a widowed mother. Some strong expressions of disgust used by the chevalier with reference to one of De Villemorte's fortune-hunting cousins came to the latter's ears, he sought out De Polignac and insulted him so grossly as to render a meeting inevitable.

"The chevalier having fired first and missed, De Villemorte called out to him, 'Look to the second buttonhole of your coat!' and sent a bullet through the spot indicated into the breast of his opponent, who expired half an hour later in great agony. His mother is said to be broken hearted at his death. How much longer are we to stand with this savage he allowed to offer those insults worthless to his own inordinate vanity?

"Just then I happened to look up and saw the quiet man rise slowly from his chair, with a face so changed that it startled me almost as much as if I had seen him disembowelled and another man rise up in his stead. I had once seen an oil painting hanged in which an avenging angel was blasting lightning upon Sodom and Gomorrah, and that was just how the man looked at that moment. He glanced at his watch and then cross across the room and went quickly out.

"The next night, and the next, and the next after that, the quiet man didn't appear at the club and we all began to wonder what sort of bear he could have, but we didn't come to on the fourth evening, when we were talking it over—it happened one night—in the parlor at a bedfor that night.

"Here's news for you, Fred," called out Charlie Thornton. "That friendly Fortune duellist, De Villemorte, has met his match at last, and he lingered for two days after he got home, and he talked of his adversary, and he thought, too, that the world ought to know all about it."

"Well, tell us how it happened," began the chorus.

"Why, it happened in this way, and Colonel de Villemorte was with a very startling change the Tuileries and was suddenly accosted by a stranger on the street. Bitter words De Villemorte then the Bois, and I don't just know to make a long story of the fellow's left hand and 'look to your guard' when a man stepped forth from the crowd and put a stop to anything to look out for, and suddenly struck him a blow.

"Then there was a rush and clamor of voices, and everybody exclaimed and found to that I English are anything but peaceful by Mabit came up to me and said, 'Lamont, we shall want you in this affair, although I'm afraid that you won't have a chance of showing your mettle, for De Villemorte never wounds without killing.' Just then the crowd opened, and I saw to my amazement that the man who had insulted and defied the most notable fighter in all France was a slim little fellow, with a pale, meek face.

"'As the challenged party, I have the choice of weapons,' we heard him say quietly, and I choose swords.

"'Are you mad?' cried De Mabit, seizing his arm. 'Don't you know that De Villemorte is the finest swordsman in Europe. Choose pistols—give yourself a chance.'

"'Pistols may more—swords suit I,' answered the stranger in a tone of such savage determination that every man who knew him—even De Villemorte himself, fortune frowns he was gone a kind of shudder. 'I had vowed never to fight more, but with a man who provoked to this I feel just as I should if I could be good and decided to—kill, and she you shall.'

"There was no other way to engage in fight then and we had no such preparation. They now that morning, Colonel de Mabit, Colonel Fortescue, and I, and the Colonel Fortescue offered nothing for De Villemorte.

"They fought for some time without a wound on either side, and then suddenly the Englishman stumbled forward on his knee, for left side. Springing up lightning the Frenchman's point darted in, and instantly the other's blade crossed it, and with blood, not the diamond he left the dust place from his side in a burst while all his strength and hatred he stood and at the blow in De Villemorte's body. Then I recognized that he had deliberately had himself open to an opponent's weapon in order to make sure of killing him. So he had for De Villemorte's cruel spite again."

And as the doctor said this down fell a chair with a good crash, and looking up we saw the quiet man trying to step past us to the door. Dr. Lockett sprang up and caught him by both hands.

"You know," he cried, "Let me congratulate you upon having avenged, as he deserved, the most cold hearted coward that ever existed. I trust your wound does not pain you much?"

"What?" we all shouted, "was it he who killed De Villemorte?"

"Decided it was," answered the doctor, "and it was the prettiest thing I ever saw."

We all jumped up from our chairs and came crowding round the hero, setting up a cheer that took the air ring, but he looked at us so sadly and darkly that it made the cheer die upon our lips.

"Ah, fool! fools!" said he in a tone of deep depression, "for heaven's sake don't praise a man for having shed blood and taken a life! I killed that coward as I would have killed a wild beast to save those whom he would have slaughtered, but God help the man who shall take a human life merely to gratify his own pride and anger! If you wish to know what happiness a successful duelist enjoys, look at me. Do you remember that story which Captain Trevanion told you the other night about the duel in which Colonel Fortescue—the famous duellist, as you call him—killed Sir Harry Mattingale?"

"To to one," answered Charlie Thornton, looking rather scared. "But what of it?"

"I was once Colonel Fortescue," was the answer.—Exchange.

Queer Directions About a Funeral.

John Underwood of Whittlesea, Cambridgeshire, who died in 1770, gave directions for a curious funeral. None of his relations was to follow his corpse, which was to be conveyed to the grave by six gardeners, who were specially desired not to come in black clothes, and during the ceremony were instructed to sing the last stanza of the second book of Horace. The coffin was green, and the deceased was placed in it with all his clothes on. Under his head was placed a copy of Horace, under his right hand a small Greek Testament and on his left a miniature Horace, while Bentley's Horace was put under his back.

A rich supper at his house followed the ceremony, and after the cloth was taken away the guests repeated the thirty-first ode of the first book of Horace. Each was to receive 10 guineas out of the sum of 120,000 left to the testator's sister on condition of carrying out the will. The will ended with the words, "Which done, I would have those drink a cheerful glass and think no more of John Underwood."—London Telegraph.

Mean People in Maine.

You can't poison a bicycle or some cheap people in the dogs which they dislike, but, as a friend in Hancock tells me, there are ways to use bicycles on the public street so that bicycles cannot safely ride them, the loss of several few weeks having been sustained and raised. What champion mean people are in our cousin in this country?—Boston Commercial.

Suppose Prince politeness is a myth. It is not to be cultivated the world over. Even the least learned present in the smallest province is endowed with an all-seeing quizzing contact that is brought into play in the most commonplace matters. If one sneeze could only be taught some of it, how many hours easily would run the schools of life's boarding? Business is business, of course. The rush and worry of money getting desert the real nature, yet at the same time stories would serve to keep irritability, life would be no less rosy to be paid, peace would come to more frequently if the arbitrators of great affairs would but remember to bring into their business life a little more of the softening influence of refined courtesy that use by flowers in a tender or at such seasons.—New York World.

The Foot Language for Foreigners.

The French language is admirable, is better adapted to the purpose of foreigners than the English. It is stated that Lord Dufferin, when a young man, was allowed to English employs his foot very and accurate means of communication. Some English words are especially difficult to pronounce by telephone. The word "cow" is often a source of trouble. Proper nouns are the worst of all. In the notion of an otherwise perfectly sensible and intelligent conversation which, for one minute, possibly ensue. Those who be spelled out, according duty.—Boston Transcript.

Hair Death

Nature's cause and cure. Advice to people bald or gray. It stands back of every hair of the body and is equally sure to stop the hair falling or to restore hair where it has fallen. If you are in danger from baldness, or have dandruff, or your hair is growing scanty and coarse, or gray, or faded, write a letter or card to the Hair Specialist, and he will tell you how to grow a good head of hair. It will be good and decided to colors, and she you shall.

"Where fools differences so eager to fight there and so hard to make peace, I know. They are that sweet song, Colonel de Mabit, Colonel Fortescue, and I, and the Colonel Fortescue offered nothing for De Villemorte.

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AGENT OR SALARY OR COMMISSION [illegible]

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182 OUTLAY LESS THAN 1 CENTS [illegible]

17 YEARS BEFORE THE PUBLIC! THE [illegible]

65 OFFICE HAS BEEN OFFERED AND [illegible]

MEMBERSHIP CARDS SOLD AT [illegible]

MONEY SUPPLIED WHEN OUR EX [illegible]

WATCHES WITH EXCEPTIONAL EX [illegible]

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IF YOU WANT A GOOD PAYING [illegible]

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IF YOU WANT A GOOD PAYING [illegible]

SEVERAL DESIRABLE ROOMS [illegible]

WORK OR HALF INTEREST [illegible]

A FEW DESIRABLE OPENINGS IN [illegible]

IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU [illegible]

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$25,000 TO LOAN ON CITY [illegible]

IF YOU WISH TO BORROW MONEY [illegible]

MONEY TO LOAN.

O'[illegible] PROPERTY, CITY AND [illegible]

MONEY TO LOAN ON CHOICE HOME [illegible]

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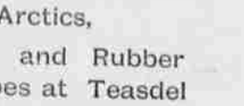

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